

Foggy Fishing

By Michael Gaynor

We expect a slight wind, a comfortable chop on the water, and a speckle of light on the horizon as we anticipate sunrise.

This morning, Lake Michigan tosses a curve ball: fog. The shoreline disappears in a mist as we power toward the sunrise. A sheer curtain veils the lake, obstructing vision. We set our lines. The driver searches for red and green boat lights and listens for fog horns. One of the mates encourages the driver to trust his instruments, watch carefully, and enjoy this unusual morning.

The Lady of the Lake has draped a mysterious shroud over the water, attempting to confuse us, while her finned friends below the surface swim unconcerned, searching for an early morning meal.

Our downrigger pulses and the first fish of the day is on. It's a little tricky, but the three-man team works cautiously and carefully, landing an early morning rainbow trout.

Cheers are heard as we put the fish on ice, but a bigger cheer echoes across the water as we respond to a fracture in the sky and a burst of sunlight, revealing a beautiful blue sky. The morning we anticipated has arrived, and we savor another day on Lake Michigan.