

Micki's meanderings

Well, school is back in session, fall is upon us and time keeps flying by. Since the last issue of Her Voice many things have happened in my life. I lost a dear friend, June Ellingson. When Marty and I moved to Yankton we looked at Vern and June's house. They were there when both of us and our daughter Jill went through the house. Marty, Jill and I all fell in love with this wonderful couple (and the house). Over the years we have had the delightful opportunity to see them a lot out at the Elks and have to come to care about them more and more. At her funeral service we heard of the great love she shared not only with her husband of 60+ years, but with her children, grandchildren and friends. To know June was to love her and I am thankful that I got to know her.

We also had two bridal showers for our youngest daughter Jill. She and fiancé Collin will be getting married in November. Together, Marty and I have four children; three daughters and a son. Jilly is the last girl to get married. Mart and I have discussed many times over the years how lucky and blessed we are that the men our daughters have chosen for husbands are all men of faith, honesty and integrity.

I wanted to share this story with you as I found it enlightening:

THE FISHERMEN

There was a group called 'The Fisherman's Club.' They met regularly to discuss the thrill of catching fish.

Someone suggested that they needed a philosophy of fishing, so they carefully defined fishing and the purpose of fishing. They developed fishing strategies and tactics. Then they realized that they had been going at it backwards. They had approached fishing from the point of view of the fisherman, and not from the point of view of the fish.

How do fish view the world? How does the fisherman appear to the fish? These are all good things to know. So they began research studies, and attended conferences. Some traveled to far away places to study different kinds of fish, with different habits. Some got PhD's in fishology. But no one had yet gone fishing.

So a committee was formed to send out fishermen. As prospective fishing places outnumbered fishermen, the committee needed to determine priorities. A priority list of fishing places was posted on bulletin boards in all of the club halls. But still, no one was fishing.

A survey was launched, to find out why. Most did not answer the survey, but from those that did, it was discovered that some felt called to study fish, to furnish fishing equipment, or to go around encouraging the fishermen. What with meetings, conferences and seminars, they simply didn't have time to fish.

Jake was a newcomer to the Fisherman's Club. After one particularly stirring meeting, Jake went fishing. He tried a few things, got the hang of it, and caught a choice fish. At the next meeting, he told his story, and then was scheduled to speak at all the chapters and tell how he did it. Now, because of all the speaking invitations and his election to the board of directors of the Fisherman's Club, Jake no longer had time to go fishing.

It didn't take long though for Jake to long for the feeling of the tug on the end of the line once again. So, he cut the speaking, resigned from the board, and said to a friend, "Let's go fishing." They, did, just the two of them, and they caught fish.

I leave you with the lesson in this story...do you ever wonder if we analyze things too much and forget to simply enjoy them? So my advice is, go fishing (or whatever else you enjoy in life) and just absolutely enjoy it!

Micki

