

*Teach a man to fish, and he shall find contentment.*

by Brett G. Baker



Upon our long awaited arrival to the waters of the Green River, I am unable to shake the excitement and anticipation ringing through my head. As we load into the rafts I feel I should ditch my lifejacket and cram rocks into my pockets for fear of floating away. I even attempt to curb my enthusiasm by reminding myself that I am technically in school, but semantics cannot bring me down, I am finally here. The presence of each fish is announced fanatically for the first half of an hour, resorting to grunting and finger pointing before I am pushed from the raft. We had searched for the Green River's namesake prior to our arrival, it almost seems silly to me now as I am mesmerized by the glowing boulder laden riverbed, any other name would not do. I continually check my pulse for fear I have expired and am in heaven. Surely some cruel joke is being played on my senses. We stop several times and drift our flies past hundreds or thousands of apparently satiated fish. I try and tell myself I am as disinterested in catching a beautiful trout - apparently fishermen will even lie to themselves. Floating through this life-sized aquarium I cannot help but identify with these fish put here by some hand other than my own, tempted continuously by harmful lures, but yet still diligent at work, swimming against the current only to reach some dam. If someone would only throw them a line... No! even going the theological route produced no fish. So I was content to gaze wantonly at them and even tempted into snorkeling for a better look. By evening I am so anxious to land a fish I can hardly stand still, snap! Line goes stiff, and after an excellent battle Mr. Sal Motruta is within arms reach, I stoop to lift him from the burden of my line and he is gone before I know it. Does it count? I smell my hand, fragranced with the scent of trout. It's more than enough for me. I was going to let him go anyway. I feel at peace with myself inside now, peace with the world, nature and my classmates sitting with me in camp. I look forward to a wonderful adventure in a place I do not know. Having no idea what a wonderful journey lies ahead.