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# Heavenly fishing

trout whisperer

- Blog: Adventures, stories -



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**Description :**

Somewhere in the future...

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**salmon fishing** trout whisperer in action..

Somewhere in the future a baby will be born. Boy, Girl, no matter, and I have no preference. This little person will grow up and wonder hopefully as I have. For instance, I wonder if I like cigars, like my grandpa did. Then from my comfortable perch in heaven I will hit the "oh that's a given" button. Since its heaven, I will also hit the " but no smoking till your old enough, switch".

Since my cigars probably got me up yonder earlier than necessary, I can from a distance still be a great grandpa, right? I can't erase all the photos of me makin smoke, and I really don't want to. I may be the exception, but whoever invented a fine rolled stogie will always have my respect.

Wonder who invented cigars?

But the little tyke of the future will also question things like, should I use a Mcginty, or one of those ancient Mickey Finns. Since the Irish lineage must persevere I will gently, with a mere wisp of my angelic wings tip the balance to the Mcginty of course.

The fly will sail forth and light softly at the head of the pool and as my second generation offspring lifts ever so slowly on the rod tip, the progeny of some Wiley strain of brook trout with a skewed eye will snap at the fly. The fish dives and the rods respond's with bowed arc and it's on.

I will be jumpin around in my white robe trying not to make to much ado but cheering with every fiber of me being for a solid hook set, and one sturdy fish with a staunch regard for nothing but light flour and real butter after one serious

## Heavenly fishing

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tussle throwing water and snagging some underwater obstacle, but with deft care by the rod holder in playing the fish ultimately to the net.

Now if it's my grand daughter who brings the fairest of trout to creel, the man in her midst must now be a gentleman by congratulating her in all haste. I mean a big fuss over the rod handling and fly selection with special aplomb on the knot selection that held that nineteen inch fish.

Here is where she softly tips her cap, and just loud enough for all to hear, "my gramps taught me that knot before he went to his trout pond, up above". Um, I think I'd send a small breeze across the rivers surface for her perfect testimonial about then.

If it be my grandson, well then he best light one for both of us right then and there. Nothing like fine tobacco to settle my nerves and the quicker the better after a nineteen inch kyped jawed male the likes of which I saw once in all my years of brookie fishin on earth. Up here, I catch twenty inchers all the time. No, really, you can't lie once you're up here, honestly.

With me hopping and flying all over the porch up in heaven it would surely draw a crowd of eternally winged fishing fans. They all ask almost at once what the fuss is about and I would say how my great grand child just put the touch on one of the finest brook trout ever reared from a wild one spotted egg in the darkest streams still flowing in the boreal forest.

Oh, can you hear that heavenly sigh?

The music plays, they all congratulate me for inspiring my earth bound kin with the desire to fish. I float just abut off my cloud and humbly announce it was all I could do, I mean it was "his will", as I point to the big office with the trumpets pealing, up the golden road next to the biggest set of pearly gates in heaven by the pond guarded day and night by retired game warden angels with the twenty four incher brook trout swimming in it.

I wonder if God owns a nine foot five weight.

The trout whisperer [justnorth.com](http://justnorth.com)