

## Grandpa Jay to the Rescue

*by Loweta Kimball*

Did you know the tail of a gator and a tree stump look alike? Well, Mister didn't either. In the early morning the second day of our fishing trip to the Louisiana Bayou, I heard Mister rushing out of the camper to observe a dynamic colorful sunrise over Lake Toledo Ben, on the Southern borders of Louisiana and Texas, I thought because it was a feature listed in the Louisiana travel brochure. I went out to join him. He was standing on the bank, hands on hips and cursing up a storm. Our rented house boat with most of our supplies on it was floating out to sea tied to the tail of an extremely large gator. But, I'm getting a little ahead of myself. Remember the 'planning ahead' stories told previously?

This trip to the Bayou was the fourth and final leg of a three month family fishing trip and, living on a house boat the big surprise for the children.

We were all fading from the many weather conditions we had endured over the past few weeks with Arkansas and Louisiana being the most extreme; torrential rain, then blistering hot sun for days in a row. The houseboat would have been the energizer we needed if only the rain would stop. In the camper the children read "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" stories but I could tell they were getting bored. We were stuck in the camper going on three days. Now with the houseboat gone, limited supplies or food, we had planned to eat fish, what now?

Mister turned our camping rig around to higher ground and waited for his dad, Grandpa Jay to come from Shreveport, a few hundred miles away, with new supplies. Grandpa came with new supplies alright AND his fishing boat. It wasn't a houseboat, just a regular old fishing boat with benches, high sides to corral the children, a trolling motor "to not scare the fish," Grandpa said, fishing gear for everyone, and plenty of room for the catch. Grandpa said he didn't need a fancy rig for his fishing and he wanted a real bed for his sleeping.

Rains continued intermittently over the remainder of the week yet fishing was bountiful beyond belief. We truly ate fish breakfast, lunch, and dinner. Best of all, we had opportunity to fish with Grandpa Jay in a "sho'-nuf" fishing boat.