

Canoeing in the East

by Natalie Lawson

While canoeing up the stream in front of my daughter and son-in-law's country home, I get caught up in a current of memories. The stream is connected to the Conewago River in Pennsylvania. It is one of my favorite places to visit. Mylo, my daughter, paddles the single canoe and I ride with Fitz. They always pack a wonderful picnic lunch although we stop to eat it right on the water. The fried chicken tastes twice as good as expected, naturally, under a canopy of trees over the stream. Looking up we see a rare blue heron flying above the trees.

While we continue paddling quietly, my mind wanders to the time my sister Sally and I went on a bus trip to Nashville to see the Elvis Presley mansion. On the way back to Colorado, we stopped and took a cruise on the Tunica Queen Riverboat on the Mississippi River. The Tunica Queen Riverboat represents the rich and colorful era of steamboats. Thus, reminiscing of storybook characters such as Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. Also, Mark Twain and the list goes on.

Rolling along, I think of the three ducks, Mylo and Fitz adopted and fed every day. The ducks became like family, so Mylo and Fitz named them Larry, Curly, and Moe. Moe was a domestic white duck, Curly was a female, and Larry, also a Canadian duck, would chase any other ducks that came near them. It was comical watching them coming out of the water into the yard when it was time to be fed.

The quiet peaceful ride continues exercising my mind. I look at the woods to my right and it reminds me that a battle took place there more than a century ago during the Civil War. The history in the east of our country is so interesting and stepping on the ground where our country was formed continues to excite me. The end of my canoeing trip down the stream leaves me with thoughts of revisiting soon. Happy day!