

## The Twitch of a Master's Hand

Not all fishing trips are special, but some are just the tops. I was enjoying one of the best days along a trout stream out of State. The weather was perfect. The sun was shining, but the mountain air was cool and best of all, I was catching fish! It was picture perfect walking along the bank from pool to pool with a backdrop of mountain scenery, clear waters full of trout that seemed unafraid and not at all spooky at your movement. I had found the choice bait of the day and a color that seemed irresistible. A great fishing day like this means you have forgotten how many fish you have caught.

Great fishing spots draw crowds. I was a little shocked that most of the fishermen had left, but it sure made the late morning more enjoyable not fighting the crowd. I just kept moving down the stream to the next hole and continued to reap the reward waiting.

Easing down the bank to the next hole, I could again see numbers of big trout just waiting there for my lure. Then I saw the problem. On the far side of the stream, trees were growing close to the water. They hung over the water so low that I could not cast into this fish sanctuary. The pool was on a side protected from wind and there was no current to carry bait into their zone. I cast as close to the trees as I could, but the fish had no interest in my offering. I took a break, sat on a rock, and as I rested, tried to plan my next attack.

As I was sitting there lost in my own world, a young fisherman appeared. He walked past me and looked at the trout resting under the trees. He had a funny looking rig, something I had only seen in movies, something called a fly rod. The method that I had seen for this rig took lots of open space to whip that pole back and forth and just looked stupid to a flat lander. He looked at me for just a second, and then he went to work. He pulled off some line, dropped it in the water, and with a little flip of his wrist, started walking his fly across the open water. As it came to the overhanging branches, it slipped underneath them without any trouble. When he got his bait to the place he wanted, he let it sit there. He watched and when he saw a trout gently move to face the fly, gave just the smallest touch to the line. The fly made the slightest twitch, but the trout exploded onto it right before our eyes. This fisherman made short work of landing the rainbow, and just as quick, had him released. He then made eye contact with me for the second time, but before any words were spoken, turned and continued down the trail.

God loves Fishermen! Of all the occupations that exist in this world, He chose more than one fisherman to be in His twelve. He told them that he would make them fishers of men in Matthew 4:19. If we choose to be fishers of men, we need to learn a lesson from this youngster with a fly rod.

Men, like fish, do not always leave their sanctuaries to enter God's Sunday Sanctuary. Someone has to enter their pool. Someone has to figure out how to reach them. We cannot just invite them to Church, we have to go to their world to catch them. We have to use different baits and methods.

That is the goal of Legacy Outfitters and why I am proud to be a part of this mission. Plain and simple, go fish!