

Eagle Lake: My Little Slice Of Heaven

I was around 10 years old the first time I was on Eagle Lake. It was 1960, and my family was vacationing at the Blue Spruce Resort on Island Lake when we went through the river to Eagle Lake. The first memory I have of Eagle Lake was my Dad catching a 5-pound walleye just as soon as we entered the lake. The second memory was Eagle Bay Lodge, as we trolled past it. My whole family thought Eagle Lake was beautiful, and that Eagle Bay Lodge would be a great place to stay some time.

The next summer, we stayed at Eagle Bay Lodge. It was the first of many summers we spent there. I have so many happy memories of this lake and fishing with my Dad. The one-week vacations every year were so special, and my Dad and I spent many hours every day fishing. Even after I grew up, we would come back here. Some years, we would go to another lake, only to come back to Eagle Lake the following year. Although the fishing may have been better other places, there was just something special to us about this lake!

After my Dad died, we still came here for family reunions. We may have been flung across the country, but we all came here to celebrate life and remember our special times together. One year, as we were fishing, I decided I wanted to make Eagle Lake my summer destination. There were too many good memories to savor and too little time.

That fall, not knowing what I was doing or what I was going to find, I hauled off and came to Park Rapids. I found a real estate agent, and we started looking at lots and cabins for sale. We looked at many places on many lakes but my heart was on Eagle Lake. However, nothing was for sale there. The next morning we met, and my agent told me a property had just posted on Eagle Lake. We tromped through the woods and found the lot at the northwest corner of the lake. It took me about 50 milliseconds to decide it was perfect, and we went back and put in an offer on it. The offer was accepted and my paradise was found!

For the first year, we would just come here and camp out for a weekend. Then I decided I would build a garage, and use it temporarily as a cabin. I drew up plans and found a great builder. He framed it, and I did most of the interior finishing. We decided we liked the small size. After all, it was suppose to be a cabin! And so we kept making little improvements to it. It is still a small cabin, but it is our summer home! And my brother and sisters, and their grown families, still come here to celebrate with us.

As I look down the hill to the lake, I can still see my Dad out fishing. Without a doubt, this place is my little slice of heaven!