

Fishin' is Always Good

Get the net! GET THE NET! I was about 7 years old and had tangled with my first large fish. A northern pike that, according to the proprietor of the resort my family was vacationing at, was big enough to have eaten ducklings! To a kid that prior to this, had only been able to catch some barely, keeper-sized sunfish and crappies, this must be one humongous fish!

I grew up in St. Paul and summers, my buddy and I would tie our fishing rods onto our bikes and ride to lakes on the outskirts of St. Paul and fish from shore for sunnies, crappies and the occasional bass. I still remember bringing home a few crappies for the first time and being so proud to be able share them with my family for dinner that evening. However, when I heard we were going to spend A WHOLE WEEK in a cabin by a lake, I was pumped. Unfortunately it rained the first FIVE DAYS! Undeterred, I would don my raincoat, head to the dock and cast, and cast for that big, duck-eating fish. And one day, I hooked it. This was no panfish, I was certain of that, prompting my yells for someone, anyone to bring a net. Well, I lost that fish (my plaintive yells went unanswered) but that 7 year old boy was hooked on fishing.

I was fortunate to have a father that took me fishing. After that first vacation memory I can remember many more weeks spent at cabins in fishing towns throughout northern Minnesota. And I remember vacationing in Park Rapids years ago and seeing the big fish displayed on ice in Fuller's window. I learned that my grandfather had taken my dad and his six brothers to Park Rapids, where he loved to fish for sunfish on the Crow Wing lakes.

Soon after starting my own family we began renting cabins or camping at lakes in Ely, Orr, Grand Rapids, Bemidji and Park Rapids. For a parent, it does not get much better that spending an afternoon on a lake with your kids, watching the wonder in their eyes when they see the bobber go under the water and the anticipation of what could be on the other end. I wanted to share my joy of fishing, but also sought to teach them technique as well as a respect for the fish and the lakes that sustain them.

As a boy, I remember crying at the end of our week at the cabin. I loved being at the lake and did not want to go home. Now, I am "living the dream" by owning a home on a beautiful little lake in Hubbard County where, even if the catching is not good, the fishin' is always good.

May you too experience "tight lines" in 2015.

Jeff Mosner and his wife (Olga) retired from jobs in the Twin Cities and moved to Park Rapids in 2010 and reside on Peysenske Lake. Besides fishing, kayaking and biking, they enjoy the slower pace our smaller community offers and the many relationships they have made with new friends. Jeff also built and maintains Hubbard COLA's website.

