Today I went Catching by Grace Crain

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On a hot summer day in June, as my daddy breached to a stop, I knew that this was going to be a good fishing day. Born and raised in Houma, Louisiana, I know that there are good fishing days and bad fishing days, and we have no control over that. I have learned the hard way that fishing is called "fishing," and not "catching." Of the many things I've learned from living here, being patient is the greatest. It takes patience to get to that perfect fishing spot. Patience to cast your line right where you want it. And patience to get a bite.

On the way to Lake Hatch, my daddy and I pulled the boat over to a nice little spot where we could see the mixing line in the water. I fixed a small spinner bait to the end of my line hoping to catch at least one fish. We met my Paran there, and he and his son had already caught the bass limit at that very spot. I knew today was going to be a good day! Of course my daddy caught the first fish. It was a huge bass, and that got my hopes up that I would catch an even bigger one. A few more casts, and he caught another one! I had to keep reminding myself that fishing takes patience, because I really wanted to catch one, too. As my dad reeled in another fish, I became disappointed, because I was only getting nibbles on my bait. I decided to cast my line one more time before changing baits. I casted my line and reeled it in real fast, ready to change my bait. About four feet from the boat a fish took my bait, and I reeled him in the quickest I ever have reeled before! It came up to be a pretty good sized bass. On my next cast I caught another bass, and another, and another! We caught our limit, too, that day! It was "catching" day after all!

I live for experiences like these. In the moment, I'm just having fun, but I don't realize that what I'm doing is making memories. I will remember that day forever, and it will continuously remind me of where I am from and how I was raised.