

# GIFTS THAT COUNT

BY MILES

On Father'sday morning, I woke up in an Adirondaks campsite. I watched the beautiful red morning sun and thought about what I had planned for my Father's day present: a piece of land that had snatched my heart.

I tip-toed over to Dad's tent and unzipped it, waking Dad. I said, "Dad, let me show you your Father's day present."

"OK" he answered.

I shepherded him between the two rows of trees, out into the sunlight, onto my point. The point was covered with soft meadow grass, sprinkled with tiny wild flowers. I watched Dad take in this precious bit of the world and knew I had given him the right gift. Then from its hiding place I drew forth a fishing rod and laid it triumphantly in Dad's hands. His eyes sparkled and I said "you deserve the honor of being first."

Dad nodded and cast. The line sailed through the air.

We watched in silence. We all waited; Dad, Mom, Evan, and I. Dad held his breath, his fingers tense.

Suddenly the line jerked. A huge dark shape struggled under the water. Dad slowly brought it to the surface. We gasped. A huge bass... Suddenly, snap! The string broke under tension and the monster fled to the bottom of the lake. So we christened the point, 'Bass Point'. On that day, Evan and I gave the love of fishing to Dad.