

The final bell of the school year rang announcing the summer break! Children ran helter skelter looking for parents and classmates while trying to balance belongings removed from cleaned out desks and lockers. Tommy carried one box and a bag while he pushed another box with his foot. He could only think of how he would spend his entire summer break at his grandparents' house in the country. He would fish all day and eat his catch at night. He thought about a story he'd heard in Sunday school when Jesus cooked fish for the disciples; who had fished all night, but caught nothing. When they finally decided to give up, they saw Jesus waiting for them on the shore. Tommy closed his eyes and breathed deep trying to smell fish and bread cooking on an open fire. He couldn't imagine anything being better than that moment in time. He also remembered his teacher saying the disciples were not happy about their unsuccessful evening. He shook his head because surely he could smell Trout. He imagined himself fishing with Jesus and then listening to Him while they ate. Tommy knew what Jesus would say. He would tell him about that one particular morning with the disciples and how they fished all night in vain. He would laugh and continue the story by asking if they caught anything. No they didn't. Jesus then told them to throw their nets on the other side of the boat. Tommy smiled because sometimes when the Lord works, it's funny. So the nets are cast and the load of fish nearly sinks the fishing boats. When the disciples finally bring the catch in Jesus tells them to come and dine. Tommy watched it all with his imagination.

"Tommy, over here," his mother motions for him to get in the car. As she helped him load his things in the trunk; Tommy began to think of all the things he needed pack for his trip to the country. Balls, bat, glove, tackle box certainly can't forget that. Tommy looked out the car window as his school became a memory. He knew there were many things he needed to do, but he couldn't wait to get to that riverbank, toss in his hook, and allow his mind's eye to see more stories.