

Bodies of water have always been a collection of mysterious places to me. Life memories so often quarried from the sunrise over a Michigan inland lake where bass and pike lay waiting for their next meal. The greenish water of the Gulf of Mexico swarming with schools of mackerel and bonito, or the clarity of the Sea of Cortez watching an oversize roosterfish terrorizing a school of mullet. Yes, just like hunting, fishing is being in a place that creates peace of mind not to be found on paved overground. [Read More](#)