

OUTDOORS

Tight Lines’ Merry Fishmas Wish to All ...

By Rick Goines

A very Merry Christmas to you and yours. We wish you a healthy, joyful holiday, and a happy 2017 full of tight lines and tons of fishing success. Wifey and I did not send out Christmas cards this year, so please allow this Christmas Poem to fill that void:

*’Twas before winter fishing season,
when all through the South,
The fish started stirring early,
even the resident Cottonmouth.
The rods were rigged and
hung by the back door with care,
In hopes that shad fishing season
would soon be there.*

*Fishermen were nestled
all snug in their beds,
While visions of trophy fish
danced in their heads.
And wifey in her ’kerchief,
and I in my cap,
Had just settled down
for a quick winter’s nap.*

*When out on the water
there arose such a clatter;
I sprang from my bed
to see what was the matter:
I heard whooping and hollering,
so I moved lightning fast.
The fish had come early
and I didn’t want to be last.*

*The moon on the water
made the Tar River glow,
I swear the fish were laughing
and taunting us below.
When what to my wondering
eyes seemed so unclear,
Were hickorys and whites –
this early in the year?*

*With my Custom Jimmy-D shad
rigs
moving so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment
this would do the trick.*



PHOTO BY LINDA GOINES

Here’s Tight Lines’ Rick Goines with a rather jolly fishing partner, Santa Claus, as he needs to bait Santa’s hook and take off the fish, because Santa does not want to get his pretty red suit dirty getting in one final outing before he makes his Christmas Eve rounds. For After every catch Santa he chuckles, “Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry FISH-MAS!” A sincere thanks to Santa’s special Tarboro helper, Ray Parrisher. All frivolity aside, we hope you will remember and observe the true reason for this season. God bless, and Merry Christmas!

*And then, in an instant,
my fishing buddies had gath-
ered;
They’d heard the good news
and were completely enamored.*

*Sittin’ in my blue chair in a boat
at the mouth of Fishing Creek,
I turned to see familiar faces
who were too stunned to speak.
“Hickory Shad! White Shad!
and a few Rockfish too!”
I exclaimed loudly to the locals,
“We have lots of work to do!”*

*Standing on the creek banks,
working my magic,
My gut instincts quickly told me
this could turn quite tragic.
“Would we fish this place dry?
Would the tournaments season
turn cold?”
“Are we outsmarting ourselves?*

*Don’t We have integrity to up-
hold!”*

*As I shook my brain into action,
and was turning around,
Down the boat ramp came
St. Nicholas with a bound.
A wink of his eye
and a twist of his head
Soon allowed me to know
I had nothing to dread.*

*He was dressed all in fur;
from his head to his foot,
And his words of wisdom
were quite frankly well put.
Fish? This many?
“It is my Christmas wish to you:
Please continue to gleefully
reel them in – two by two.”*

*So up to the water’s surface
came both species of shad,*

*I chuckled to my jolly old self,
“Hey! This isn’t half bad!”
More rapid than rockfish
they swam and they swam;
I knew in an instant
this year’s going to be a grand
slam.*

*Santa laughed and he chuckled
as he watched with careful eye;
He turned with a jerk,
but there was with no chimney
near-by.
With little to offer,
but my rod and my chair,
I encouraged asked him to join
us – assured
he’d feel like a millionaire.*

*The fish kept biting and
Santa was clearly having fun;
But I knew his time was short
and he needed to run.*

*A Christmas Day to remember,
a tale to repeat.
It was certainly a day
that I felt complete.*

*“I fished with Santa!” –
I could now brag all day.
He needed to leave,
but I insisted he stay!
It was truly a Christmas
wish come true
For each and every
Eastern Carolina angler I knew.*

*But I gave it some reflection,
pondered intellectual thought,
Maybe all anglers weren’t
as independent as I had sought.
So when wetting a hook,
you don’t have to go it alone,
FishIBX and Down East Guide
Service – I want you to phone.*

*Or if you prefer, there’s always
Fisherman’s Post Schools;
I am here to attest they won’t
make
your crew out to be fools.
Carolina Outdoor Expo in
Greenville
at end of January beckons:
Seminars, vendors, important
info
and intel, I reckon.*

*So, this holiday season,
I ask you to reflect
On the blessings and good
tidings we never expect.
May each of you have
an epic day on the waters.
Frankly, to this old salty dog,
That’s all that matters.*

*So here’s the moral
of this witty Holiday cheer:
2017 is going to be
an even better fishing year!
So as I cast out another,
and throw each of you a cheer;
Merry Fishmas to all,
To all a great catch this New
Year!*