

The Pool that Lay Above - Jon Dwyer

THE POOL THAT LAY ABOVE

When I was a little boy, I used to watch my dad go to a **fishing spot** far up stream. Where **no one else would go**. When he came back, he wore a smile this man **who I did love**. As he recounted of his find, **a pool that lay above**.

He told me, no one could go up there **and not return to find**. A better life among the faults, **that have beset mankind**. He gained an inner peace within **that dark and shady glen**. As well as a **Spiritual Growth**, that made him the tallest **of all tall men**.

Then one day, he passed beyond **the pool that lay above** (*December 31, 1969*). No more to share **his gifts with us**. His gifts of **honesty and love**.

In sadness, the following year I walked upstream in hopes **that I might find**. An answer to life and death, **that had perplexed my mind**.

My thoughts of dad had taken me beyond the pathways **made by men** and led me to a shady spot, **a dark and lonely glen**. A strange and holy quietness seemed to **fill the air**. As though my very presence spelled out doom **to creatures there**.

A blue jay spoke in whispered tones, a squirrel **ran from sight**. A frightened doe nudged her fawns and urged them **to take flight**. I quietly dropped beneath a pine **and as I settled there**, I heeded a compulsion **to genuflect in prayer**.

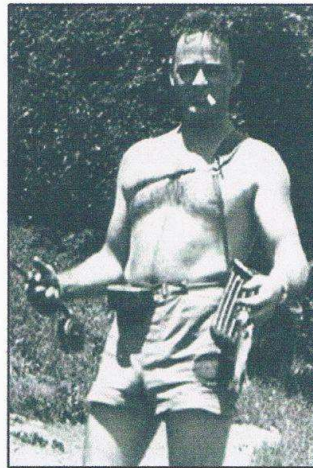
When I looked up, my eyes fell on an object **near at hand**. Dad's fishing hat,
I recognized it as one I gave him, the one with the **sweat stained band**.

It was hung with care, upon a limb and seeing it was proof positive **that I'd found**
the pool that lay above. The one he loved so much. So with this, in mind **my heart began to pound**.

I placed Dad's hat upon my head and felt **an untold glow!** A new found strength came over me **for I was soon to know**.

That God's plan here in the glen. Where Dad had learned **to love**.

The creatures here and men beyond, **before he went above**.



I learned that in the stream of life, that each and **every man**. Must leave life's dull and beaten paths, if he would be **God's man**.

To gain an earthly happiness, that comes along **with love**. Before he travels life's last mile, **to that one last pool above**.

As I stood there the doe came back, **to stand erect and proud**. The blue jay spread his thread of song,
that echoed far and loud.

The little squirrel came back, to sit upon **his favorite seat**. The forest seemed to come alive,
with breezes soft and sweet.

A hungry trout rolled merrily, **as I watched a hatch take birth**. And all of God's creatures,
entered with a song to Mother Earth.

I knew that they had thought, **that I was he**.
The one they **learned to love**.
It was then I vowed to live my life, **like he who fished above.**

I placed that hat where it had hung **and promised to return**. Whenever in my heart I found,
that hate and sin **may burn.**

I had learned to love my fellow man, **as he had done before**. Until the day my travels cease,
along life's weary shore.

Then I can join, the dad I lost. **And share again his love**. As we fish, side by side once more.
In that pool that lay above.

My dear friends and family, when I wrote my first contribution to (*Fish Tales*) which Brian Grimes has asked us all to contribute to. I decided to dedicate this one to my father, Bob Dwyer Sr. for whom the Club is named.

Trout fishing has been described as the contemplative man's recreation. It offers each of us an opportunity to forget our burdens and cares, while finding a little inner peace. A time to commune with nature.

A time to soak in a little beauty which is so much the surround of a babbling brook and to simply restore the soul. If by chance, one happens to catch some trout ... so much the better.

In fact, the catching is only a small part. Sometimes a very small part of it. To be sure, trout fishermen are notoriously competitive. Matched perhaps, only by their miraculous propensity to make a trout increase in size each time it is orally re-caught.

So, as we enter into our 55th year as a Club, I pray God's blessing on each of you.

(+) the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit
... Amen

Jon Dwyer