

Floating the Madison

by Joni Eareckson Tada

Floating the Madison, the skies bright and kind;
The stream flowing gentle; no need to mend line.
With caddisflies hatching and fish on the rise;
It's your day to dry cast for trout of great size.
You've got the right bug, and right fly line, too;
The right weight of rod, from Orvis, brand-new.
And just where the river flattens out over nigh;
You see a fish dimpling for fat, juicy flies.

Don't miss this chance, Ken; don't tense up with fear;
A trout's by the rock and your boat's drifting near.
So, keep a tight loop when you're loading your rod;
Single haul line and breathe prayers to God.
The fly you presented, in beautiful flight;
It landed so softly; big brown took the bite.
He's making a splash; keep a bend in your stick;
Keep your line tense; this fight's getting thick.
Playing him through, up and into the net;
This fish is a trophy you'll not soon forget.

You cradle him gently with water on gill;
He's released in the flow, and you smile at the thrill.
This moment is special; this day, from the start;
Other friends in their boats, each guy, a great heart.
Ten, maybe more, each man and his match;
Floating the Madison, there are others to catch.
The stream flowing gentle; no need to mend line;
The Spirit is moving, working softly on minds.

With earnest prayers hatching and hearts on the rise;
It's your day to dry cast for souls of great size.
The fish in this stream can't but illustrate well;
The need to "catch" men into heaven, from hell.
Life's larger questions will help them to think;
There's adventure to live before their hearts sink.
A beauty to rescue, a battle to win;
A Savior worth serving who forgives all our sin.
So, smile at your buddies and give them a nod;
You're fishing for trout, but you're fishing for God.

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