

As I sit here writing this I am thinking of one thing; “How nice it would be if I could just get outside”. The only problem is that there are several inches of metal and glass between me and outside world. That’s because I am sitting in an airliner. Unfortunately, we are not moving and have not moved from our spot on the tarmac for an hour and a half.

Sitting in a metal tube that is stuffy and smelling like jet fumes for long periods of time can give one a greater appreciation for being able to be out in God’s creation rather than sitting in one of man’s.

Right now I would much rather be out in a small boat on a lake in the heat or even sitting in a deer stand with frozen fingers and toes. However, after the most recent announcement from the captain, I am again reminded that “short delay” in airline parlance actually means a very long time. I am also reminded that airline travel is not necessarily “outdoorsman friendly”.

Several hours earlier I found out fishing hooks just like fingernail clippers are considered dangerous weapons and are not allowed in carry-on luggage. Of course I learned this at the security checkpoint which meant I had to go back to the ticket line and check in another piece of luggage.

Even though I have flown quite a bit in the post Sept 11th world, I guess it just never dawned on me that a fishing lure is a dangerous weapon. Well at least if you’re not a fish or the victim of someone hooking you when they are casting.

Earlier in the day at the end of a vacation on a beach in North Carolina, I decided to stop at a sporting goods store and buy these lures I had noticed a few days before. They are salt water baits that seem like they could be good for musky and large pike.

Buying the lures was pretty much the only thing related to fishing that I did during this vacation even though most of it was spent near waters teeming with all kinds of fish targeted by the locals.

This vacation was strictly to celebrate mine and Kristy’s fifteenth wedding anniversary and fishing was intentionally left out of the plans. I did occasionally think about those fellow fisherman who were surfcasting, sitting on the long piers or heading out on the charter boats, but sometimes a smart fisherman has to know when and when not to fish.

Anyway, I did spend a few dollars on the lures which I figured would add little to the bill that we had rang up on the various t-shirts, sea shells and other gifts that were purchased in our own effort to keep the North Carolina economy moving forward.

Of course the security guard as friendly as he was, did not bend even though I told him that it would take a bolt cutter to get the lures out of their packages. The lure maker had seen fit to put them in plastic boxes that were impossible to open. Believe me, I had tried.

So in the end, my new lures had to join the other dangerous weapons like the nail clippers, nail files, and blunt children's scissors in the cargo hold of the jet plane.

At this point, I can see that some would gather the impression that I hate flying. That's really not true. I actually love to fly. It's the whole waiting in lines, being cooked by x-ray machines and the ever present delays that I hate.

Once in the air, the views many times have been spectacular. Whether it was some interesting cloud formations or a view of object far below on the ground, I have been reminded of what beautiful world we live in.

Looking down onto our local lakes from several thousand feet can also be an educational experience. Lake features that are normally viewed by a lake map or a fish finder look entirely different when seen from above. Lake structures even 20 feet under water are readily apparent when seen from that high up.

In the end we landed over 3 hrs later than our itinerary called for, but we were happy to be off that plane. I am already making plans to go back to that beach in North Carolina, but next time some fishing time will be included in those plans and the fishing lures will go into the checked luggage.

Terry Bitz