

## **What Rush Lake Means To Me**

*by Connor TenNapel, Braham, Minnesota*

Rush Lake is something I have always considered to be a landmark in my life. It is hard not to, as I have lived within a few miles almost my entire life. After moving to Braham in 2002, I was anxious to make new friends in the small welcoming rural community. Of course, this meant learning to fish. Many of my classmates loved going out to the lake, and it wasn't long before I followed suit. I could never remember quite how to get there, all I knew is you go across the tracks, and head towards Rush City. Soon enough there was a road to a park, the one with the huge fishing dock. I would remember going there with my neighbors, and catching more fish than we knew what to do with. It was always the same short type of fish, the one with a yellow stomach that tasted delicious when fried.

These are the memories I have from my childhood. Now, as of 2009, I live just across the road. I know that park with the huge dock is actually right off N Lake Drive, and I know just how to get there. I also know those tasty little yellow fish are called Sunfish, and are in the same family as Crappie and largemouth bass. I have learned a lot about the lake over the few years I have been here, and it has taught me a lot, largely to respect it. Rush lake is not the cleanest lake in the world, or for that matter in this state, however that never stopped me from doing my part. As a kid I would fill plastic bags with trash I found at the boat landing. Bags, beer cans or bottles, soda cans, fishing equipment, and any scattered debris I could get to. It is a relatively insignificant part, but as a 7 year old I felt I was single handedly saving the lake and the fish as well.