

The wakes of life



The Wakes of Life by Kyle Vest How would you describe life Is it preplanned track that you must follow to be successful Is it a series of peaks and valleys that you experience How would you describe this phenomenon When thinking about this topic one experience comes to my mind that incorporates the experiences of life, and how it affects us.

It was a warm summer morning when I woke up starting my week off of work. Chirp, chirp the birds cried for me to get out of bed because they knew that even though I was not working there were many tasks that I had to complete. So, eagerly I popped out from underneath the covers, and proceeded to put on the proper attire for the day. I chose my lost board shorts and a light blue Hollister shirt for the day. For the following days I packed only a limited amount of clothes sort of like what I picked out for that day. As I strolled out to the shop where my truck and vessel sit parked one next to each other, I inspected the preparation that I had done the prior week.

As the old 1979 bass tracker sit I took a minute to glare at the gloriously gleaming hull. I had taken hours to slowly buff out the stain that the years had put on the aluminum. Standing there I know the time I had put into the old boat was in no comparison with the experience I was about ready to have. The newly restored motor that sits on the stern of the boat was not native to it for 5 years in the past the original had shattered the side of the block as the sound of tearing metal and cast aluminum pieces flying past my puzzled head. The next thing to do was go through my mental checklist for the supplies I would need throughout the week. I had been up the past night in the A. M.

preparing the supplies and loading them in my truck. Skis, wake board, tent, grille, fishing tackle and poles, and anything else I would possibly need on my lake bound trip. The last thing I needed to do is to load up a few snacks incase the fish were not biting for the closest restaurant around that had decent food was the diner that was on the opposite side of the lake about 15 miles away. However, one grocery store and a few gas stations that sold some grub sat about 7 miles from the place that we had chosen to pitch the tents.

As I loaded up the food and hitched the trailer onto the truck the screech of the rusty latch as it locked into place signaled that I was ready to start the adventure. After calling my friends and telling them that I was getting ready to leave out I pulled out in the direction of the neighboring town to go pick up my girlfriend and one of her friends. I was on my way to the lake.

As I pulled up to the campsite the dark green water that I had remembered from past trips seemed to gleam a slight bluish tinge this time. After seeing it instantly I started thinking of which bait I would use to allure the crappie, bass, and catfish to my hook. From past experience I tended to have luck with a golden yellow, but because of the lighter tinge I had decided to use a chartreuse green jig. After picking a spot to set up camp the three of us unloaded the cooler tent and chairs. This is where my eagerness got a hold of me.

Instead of waiting to unload the boat when my buddies showed up I instructed my girlfriend on how to properly unload the boat, pull the winch in, pull the truck out of the dock, and park trailer and truck at the parking

spot. I knew she could complete this simple task, but after setting sail on the boat I watch her pull out of the dock. Being a native to the lake I knew to set the emergency brake on the truck before stepping out to unload the boat. However, my girlfriend did not know this and proceeded to take off out of the water with the break on. I knew this as soon as I heard the rev of my truck motor, for I knew that I had not told her of what I assumed every time after pulling out of a dock.

However, this was not a major problem I simply docked the boat moved the truck and started my boat back up. Upon taking a lap to test out the newly restored motor I pulled it ashore and made some minor adjustments. When the rest of the crew showed up it was getting late so instead of doing some water sports we went out to catch dinner. When I set out to fish I don't come back until I have dinner. I don't know what it is about catching your own food, but the tenderness after it comes out of the frying pan is in no comparison to the store bought fish. The mess of crappie that we had was not a great amount, but it was enough to keep the 6 of us fed. After getting little sleep that night me, my best friend, my girlfriend, and her friend went out on the boat for a morning stretch.

I don't know what it was but something about that morning, but it was perfect. My girl, my best friend, the summer morning air, or maybe it was the fact that I was at my most favorite place to be, but something made me feel content. My inner feeling was so strong that not only was I being overtaken by them internally, but my girl and her friend tell me to turn around as I sat there in the middle of the lake just staring into the blue. They said that my

eyes looked like they were saying something because in all of the years that they had known me my eyes had never been so beautiful.

Being a guy I just shrugged and didn't show much emotion, but I knew that in my heart it was because of the people, place, and position that I was in. As I get ready to strap up my bindings I instruct my friend on how to throttle the boat that way I could pop out of the water like a cork on a champagne bottle. Then I gave the task of spotting to my girlfriend.

Finally, I throw out the rope and kick off the side of the boat diving into the shimmering lake. As the crisp cool calm morning water dripped from my hair I quickly strapped up the bindings of a Hydroslide wake board to my feet. Wakeboarding is life.

Whether it is the driver of the boat or your parents when you take off in either one you can get a good smooth start or a rough entry. It all depends on who is guiding you. Then after you are out standing up on top of the water you must keep your balance much like you do in everyday life so that you don't get consumed on what may be factors you put below.

You have to find the balance in life and what position you need to be in to be successful just like you do on a wakeboard. After you find that balance you are then ready to venture out from behind your guider. In life you take chances, make decisions, and venture away from your parents. In wakeboarding you break the path of the boat past the wakes to venture out to the sides. The wake is the highs and lows of life. You reach high points in life where you can consider a prime, and you accomplish many things just how you accomplish a sick flip or jump off of the top of the wake. There are <https://assignbuster.com/the-wakes-of-life/>

the lows returning you to the path of the boat when you need guidance to regain your thoughts and plan your next move. From time to time a crash into the water is to be expected.

For me this represents the failing at a big project, loose something that is close, or something tragic event happens. You can either see this coming much as if you can feel yourself loosing balance, or sometimes it just happens unexpectedly. When stuff in life happens without notice we tend to let it hit us harder, but when we see it coming we can brace our self and wait to hit that cool water.

Finally, you don't let one thing keep you down. Once you have fallen, your guidance or boat comes back to throw you a line. We grab on to that line and once again pop out of the murky water.

There are many things that can happen in life, but it all has to come to an end. Death ultimately can be the stopping of the activity. You can hear your guidance of life cutting out as it sputters out of gas. Though you are still out on the water you know that the day is coming to an end. Just as when you see your parents die you know that life is getting near its end. It is a realization point not a certain age. You can still stay out on that lake a while, but you realize what is to come after your guidance is no longer there for you.

You know that you must be separated by that lake of life as the sun sets. At that time, like any other time I had been wakeboarding, I did not think of this concept. However, because of the perfectness of this experience, I have been able to relate it to life while looking back. The perfectness of my

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friends, my girl, and the one place that I hold true to me all in one simultaneous event brings one closer to the thought of life. When one is truly happy it opens up many possibilities that the mind normally don't grab on to. That is what I got out of this experience; what really represents life.

It is not planned, predicted, or portrayed in a path; rather it is full of peaks and valleys of wakes. It may be predictable, but there are a few spills and wrecks in-between the wakes of life.