

The Momentum Of Savage Lake

The early morning was cool just outside the small town of Oakland. We had come to visit our friends and spend some time relaxing in their quiet mountain home. Sitting on their front porch we sipped coffee and chatted a while. A short time later we enjoyed a tasty breakfast in the open air. The weather was to be sunny with warm temperatures and today we would tackle kayaking.

Mid morning the men loaded the kayaks on the 4 x 4. My husband and I had only been kayaking once and we hadn't done too well, so I wondered how this time would pan out.

We jumped in the truck and headed to our destination: Savage Lake. As we were getting close to town along side us came a freight train. We were close enough for the engineer to see us motion for him to pull his whistle-he did, we smiled and waved. Twenty minutes later we were getting close to the lake and we began our decent. As our conversation went, we learned that in Garrett County the mountain we were on was the highest elevation but the lake was the lowest point.

Suddenly my husband said, "a bear"! Sure enough just along the edge of the tree line a furry black bear scattered swiftly away. Just before I lost sight of him, he turned back as if to question, who are you and what are you doing here?"

After a few miles we were backing the 4 x 4 down the rocky loading area. While the men were unstrapping the kayaks, I took in the warmth of the sun on my face. I gazed at the beautiful surrounding where I would spend the next two hours. From the corner of my eyes, I caught a cluster of butterflies. When I went to investigate the cluster of five or so I, the depth of the most beautiful turquoise on their wings mesmerized me. I had seen yellow, red and orange, but never turquoise. I searched to see what they were doing; it was obvious they were feasting as they fluttered around.

After a brief time of kayak instruction, off we went. The tranquility of the lake was wonderful. A slight breeze was against us as we paddled along. Even with the gentle breeze the trees seemed motionless. Because kayaks allow for closeness to the water I could see tiny minnows darting swiftly in and out of their coves. Further out, I could not see the bottom of the lake so my attention fell upon the various sounds of songbirds. As we continued to paddle along we moved closer to the shoreline. I glanced down at the water and saw one lone cruppy. Once in a while I would hear a plop in the water and I would turn quickly to catch a glimpse of whatever had just jumped. I never actually saw anything, only the after effects noted by the ripples of the water.

Our pace was slow and time seemed to stand still. Stopping in a cove we heard the sound of creek water rushing over a trek of rocks that helped feed the lake. Shortly after, we decided to take a rest. Paddling to the shoreline we carefully climbed out and secured the kayaks. As we were stretching, snaking and chatting about the beauty and quietness of the lake, out of

nowhere I heard a familiar buzz, a creature I am delighted with-a hummingbird! Whenever I get to observe these creatures I count it as a gift. No sooner than I recognized she was there, she had disappeared. Fifteen minutes later we were paddling again. About half way through our time on the lake I was truly resting in the momentum. I observed and absorbed all that surrounded me-gentleness, quiet and peace. Not much of our remaining time was eventful. The last significant thing that stirred something in my heart was what we passed in the middle of the lake. My attention was taken to an oak leaf floating on top of the water. This brown, cup shaped leaf had fallen prematurely and was rocking in the midst of the ripples. What was so interesting was not the leaf itself, but the way it did not seem to move. That's when it struck me, the momentum of life for most of us is like swift ripples of water carrying us along and we just go where ever it takes us. But in that instant, from the angle I had, this leaf seemed to have an anchor keeping it from moving too quickly.

The momentum of this lake is not as its name indicates. It was entirely opposite. God stirred in my heart to look at the momentum of my life. It is swift; there are ripples and it wants to carry me away in my frailty. But He gives me opportunity to be anchored in Him. What will I choose?