

July 5, 2010

Life in the slow lane.....

Clear sky and warm morning made a swim in the lake impossible to miss. An hour in the sun followed by a cappuccino and late breakfast.

A beaver swam up to our dock this morning and failed to notice me watching him – hope he just visits under my dock rather than setting up home...I really do not like trapping them out – a bit messy. As they say – beavers are big rats with good PR.

A bit later we had a pleasant surprise when our local loon couple swam proudly by displaying their new-born chick. They seldom succeed and this was their second try – the rising water from spring rains flooded out the first egg. The single chick needs to survive the motor boats, muskies from below and hawks and eagles from above – we all sit on our docks and watch the annual battle for survival and cheer them along...

We love to watch the eagles even as they must live on some of our other favourites. The local bald eagle pair built a new nest on the island opposite us this year and we can watch the proceedings....they are always spectacular to watch as they sit at the top of the highest trees and proclaim they have no enemies...

We travel across the lake to find the absolutely right place to fish and other fishermen troll in front of our dock....We all throw most of them back.

6 year old Mila caught some perch minnows off the dock yesterday and placed them in a big pot with rocks on the bottom and a toy sailboat on top as her 'lake'. We release most of the big fish and when she went home we let the young perch have another chance at life in the big lake.

Saturday nature went wild and we had our version of the tropical monsoon which made deep ruts in our little bush road and cut the power for a while. With all of our Germans and Brazilians in the cottage fixated on FIFA soccer the external environment did not really matter....

The stormy night took out our fireworks in Kenora so a night playing poker was the substitute – it really does not matter what nature does – we are all on the dock or in the water when the weather invites and inside when it

does not. We often apologize for our climate but Bia helpfully declared that our water was warmer than the beach in Rio where she comes from.

Mila made a big breakthrough this weekend when she spend hours with the 5 kids next door who are swimming and jumping from higher places than she has ever accomplished – no kid wants to be left behind and she moved up her risk ladder a lot this weekend.

Inviting guests always has its surprised and benefits. Enri and Bia brought their Brazilian expertise and we had authentic churrasco from the BBQ plus some new drinks. The Germans made French crepes that were spectacular and Lee and I can mainly enjoy the party.

Although we are here to relax somehow the Internet has its hold on us and when it fails it is the problem of the day. It failed after the Saturday monsoon. After a lot of investigation we realized that a poplar tree had grown its branches and the rain made them heavy and one branch had dropped in front of the satellite receiver that connects us to the tower – actually my neighbors receiver who has a direct line of vision to a tower and I run a plastic hose with a cable inside and then a wifi station. After the major task of cutting branches our electronic life is back to normal...

Tonight the sky is moody with no wind. The water is pure silver as the boats leave their wake against the dark outline of the trees. All is quiet except for the odd blast as someone discovers a leftover firecracker from either July 1 or July 4.

As I write this Lee balances the quiet and the odd external noise with her quiet and sensitive playing of her new electronic keyboard – the lake is turning slowly dark, the birds have become quite and the world here is OK....

Such is a day at the lake....a bit of work on the property, getting some supplies and the daily paper, starting a new book, checking email, a swim and bit of sleep under the umbrella, some of Lee's great food and then we wait to see what surprise tomorrow will bring.

Life is good. Art