

Ode to Holiday Lake

by Donna Bays

People always ask me “Why?”

Response ... “I’ll never know unless I try.”

That explains my adventure of late ...

My attempt to run around Holiday Lake.

My heart was filled with doubt for sure

But a practice run would be the cure.

We set out late on a Friday,

For the run we knew would last all day.

I’ve definitely learned from past mistakes,

This time maps and directions I would take.

My planning failed due to one main reason ...

It was **OPENING DAY OF DEER SEASON!!**

Signs were posted “No hunting allowed!”

So reassured, onward we plowed.

Hills and fields we did cross

Suddenly I knew it, we were lost.

Hunters left and hunters right

We turned around and ran in fright.

Finally back inside the Park

That’s when dogs began to bark.

We looked at each other in dismay

Then Jenny grabbed the pepper spray.

The dogs gave chase, we were in a race

Jenny screamed, "Pick up the pace!"

We never actually saw the hounds,

But we're sure they each weighed one hundred pounds.

Then to our great delight,

The 4-H Center was in sight.

On the way home we stopped to reflect

And determined after all it was a good trek.

Did I mention the rain, snow and mud?

I guess it's all worth it for a "Horton Hug".