

Cool Waters

Janet McCumber

ALTHOUGH I HAVE always been awed by the beauty of the land around me, it was not until this summer that I became conscious of still another kind of beauty. I spent my summer at one of Indiana's beautiful northern lakes. Here I learned of the scenes that were revealed by water, crystal clear and pure.

It was in the early morning that it was most picturesque, when the long fingertips of the seaweed slowly stroked the calm surface of the lake. The little bright-eyed fish played hide and seek while occasionally a large, proud bass would effortlessly glide by, undisturbed by the antics. Tiny black water bugs scurried about, endlessly busy, while in the deep, cool depths little bugs no larger than a pin head, of brilliant scarlet, drifted with the slow current that flowed always to the morning sun. Here and there a turtle lazily stretched, sending up fine sand to sparkle in the slanting gold rays of the sun. This was their world, a world of emerald green, a world undisturbed except by life and death and storm.