**Lake Margrethe**

**She sparkles in the morning light,**

**Her Surface shines with diamonds bright.**

**She’s more serene, when day is done,**

**Reflecting last rays of the sun.**

**Her beauty’s there for all to see,**

**Her wooded shores stretch endlessly.**

**Thick cover for the hawk and owl,**

**Safe haven for the waterfowl.**

**Tall tales about her have come forth —**

**Our gentle Lady of the North.**

**So many lives she’s touched through time —**

**This “jewel” set down among the pine.**

**Here, Indians once made their home,**

**Her pristine setting theirs alone.**

**Her waters offered fish and game,**

**Her bounty never seemed to wane.**

**Trapper and traders, passing through —**

**All waterways these woodsmen knew.**

**The portage of their goods and stores**

**Would lead them to her friendly shores.**

**For “Portage Lake” she had been named,**

**Before the wilderness was tamed.**

**Historically, her place she takes**

**As “gateway to the Greater Lakes”.**

**Time has a way of fading “fame”,**

**But Lake Margrethe remains the same.**

**Now, steeped in history she lies,**

**Her ageless spirit never dies.**

Joan Dickerson-Peters

Reprinted with the permission of the author who resides in the Grayling area

and is 92 years young.