

The first day of the 2009 youth hunting weekend was like one I would never forget. My dad had gotten permission to hunt on two of our relative's property, one of our cousins and my great uncle allowed us to hunt on their property and I thanked them both very much.

When my dad and I were about to go out, he gave me a choice of two firearms to use, his .243 or my grandfathers .308. My grandfather, who recently passed away this July, was an avid hunting enthusiast, he went out for rifle season every year, and managed to get results just about every year. Now I had been practicing with the .247 for the past couple weeks because I was preparing to use that rifle, but that day something felt different about my grandfather's rifle. I had never fired it before, but out of respect for my late grandfather I thought I would give it one more run in the field. Who knew that run would get such a huge result.

Our hunt at our cousin's property yielded no results, but we could tell that there had been a lot of buck activity around there because there were numerous tree hookings and scrapes. So we called it a day there and headed back to the house. Later that day we headed down to my great uncle's house and set up a rifle stand in a blind we had put up earlier that day next to a spruce tree plot. My great uncle said there were deer there almost every-day so we decided to give it a shot. After waiting for about an hour I saw horns move across the plot and into a small patch of corn about seventy-five yards away from us. My dad didn't see the buck from the blind but rather a doe that walked straight into a clearing right in front of us. He told me I had a perfect shot at the doe but I was so sure I saw horns I waited patiently for the buck to reappear. After an excruciating couple minutes the corn started to rustle and the buck appeared trotting out of the corn. My dad

still couldn't see it but he said "if you see it, go for it, shoot"! I fired and ended up bringing down a 154 lb 8 point deer! Till this day I still firmly believe that my grandfather's spirit was there with us in that gun and that's how I got the deer.

After I got the meat back from the processor, I divided up a portion of the venison and gave it to my great uncle as thanks for letting me hunt on his property. I also sent the head to the taxidermist so that I may remember my accomplishment and my grandfather's hunting legacy he left to my family for years to come.

This being my first deer, it will be very hard to top in the future, but I will keep using the .308 every year from now on in hopes that I may one day be as good as a hunter my grandfather.

