

My Hunting Prayer

I was asked if I would share my story of December 28, 2010, of an adventure I had during an afternoon of hunting, by our Elm-Hat Club President, Elvis Manasco.

My husband, Dave, and I wanted to be on our stands earlier that afternoon, as we thought the deer and hogs just might be moving earlier. On our way to the property, Dave wanted me to go to one stand; I on the other hand wanted to go to another. At our pin out board, he questioned me again, which stand do you want to go, and I replied, I wanted to go to #19, his look was priceless, and his reply was, okay I will just have to back track, but I will.

I had a gut feeling about this stand, I had not gone there at all this year. One must go with your gut feelings. I arrived early, got in the stand, and I always say a prayer after getting into the stand. This time I prayed for just to see something that I could at least take some pictures, as my camera accompanies me just about everywhere I go. Mostly when I get into a stand my prayers are to see something, it may not be game, and it may be something else that takes ones eye.

I got out my book and started reading, would read a paragraph and look up, then placed my book back into my back pack, I cannot see anything if I am reading. It was not long Dave buzzed me on our radios and asked if I was okay. My reply was okay, and wait, I saw a group of hogs running by me, and got up my rifle and tried to take a shot. Well I knew I had not lead this one enough, and I totally missed.

It was about 1 hour longer and another group of hogs came, and one stopped and started feeding, I took aim and shot. It went down, and it also got up and ran off. I made the radio call, I need help, and Dave came, we tracked blood for approximately ½ mile, and it getting dark, I begged him for us to leave the swamp, as I was really getting scarred. He agreed, and out we went, upon arriving back at the stand, he said you get back up in the stand, I will get the 4 wheeler and come back and get you. I had left my back pack in the stand and needed to retrieve it. I climbed back into the stand, sat down, caught a glimpse of movement, and turned around to see a nice buck walking through the wood line just in front of the area I was hunting. I got my rifle up on the rest, and I was steady, no heart pounding, calm, and again I said a prayer, please Lord help me make this a good shot. I also could hear in my head, Dave saying to me, you can do this, you will not know if you do not try. I took the breath, held the scope just even with his back, and again, Lord please help me make this shot, and I squeezed the shot. I knew I had a good one as the deer kicked out its back legs, and bounded for about 100 yards, and I lost sight of him.

I took a marker of where I lost sight of him and again said, Lord please let me to have made a good shot.

I made the radio call to Dave, well I have done it this time, I think it is either an 8 or 10 point not sure just which one. He came and got me and we went to the point I made the shot and I took out looking.

In our looking Dave hollers out to me, I found it, and much to our dismay it was another deer that had been shot. He then made the statement to me; I will come out in the morning and look as I will also look more for the hog that I had shot. He did not take 5 steps, and he was so excited, there my deer lay.

It turned out to be a nice 9 point, 160 pounds, but what was amazing, it was a 294 yard shot.

Again I stopped and said Thank You Lord for helping me find this deer. I immediately started to cry, and Dave asked me why I was crying, my reply was, we cannot hunt Baker Brown any more this year.

Our rules are not to exceed 3 deer on a given area. We both had taken nice bucks, so the other deer to be taken from that property would be a doe, and we did not want to do that.

Dave had taken a nice 9 point buck, 185 pounds the day before, Monday December 27th, so he had only gone out to take me.

These 2 deer that we were blessed with this year we have been waiting on since 2001, we both have passed up deer waiting for the right one to come along.

My prayers have been answered this year with 2 nice deer, a long time in coming and well worth the wait.

I am Sandy Maxson, wife of Elm-Hat Club Member, Dave, and this year all my prayers were answered.