



# E-Mag

Christian Outdoor Fellowship of America  
September 2007



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Artwork used by Permission:  
“Our Bird” by Don Marco



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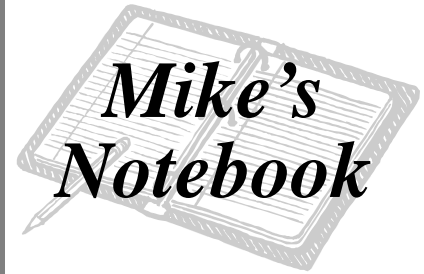
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Mike Brooks



Fall is here in the Rockies, the elk are bugling in the back meadow, archery starts this Saturday, black powder starts the 8th of September. The leaves are starting to turn bright yellow, there is snow on the peaks. I know many of you are starting to think about getting your rifles, bows, shotguns out of the closet. This will be my first year of black powder hunting. I am looking forward to it and believe me I am pumped. This will be a new experience for me. I am used to my 338 Win Mag for elk hunting, and not being able to chamber a new round if need be is going to be a hard adjustment. I often wonder about the plainsmen or mountain men of the 1800's and how good of a shot they had to be. Let's face it, if you missed your elk or deer there went your supper. Thank goodness I don't have to worry about that. If I miss my shot at my elk, Wendy's is not that far away. This will certainly be a learning experience and one that I have waited for a long time. If you are a hunter I want to speak to you for a minute. Have you thought of using your passion for hunting to share the gospel with others that you hunt with? You may have some friends who you will be hunting with this year that have never heard your testimony about how you came to Christ. Take some time and pray about sharing the gospel with those you hunt with this year. As you build relationships with the unchurched, learn to listen. This is key to getting to know those you come into contact with.. Take

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time to listen to those you come into contact with and plan to make new friends. You may be the only Jesus with real skin on that they will ever see!

COFA will launch its new website this month, we need your idea's on what you would like to see on the website, what kind of forums would you like to have? We are also in need of some articles about your hunting/fishing/camping tips, we need your funny/embarrassing experiences in the outdoors, or moving story's where God spoke to you and encouraged you. Pray for this new aspect of COFA's ministry I know Tony, our web page designer, would appreciate your prayers.

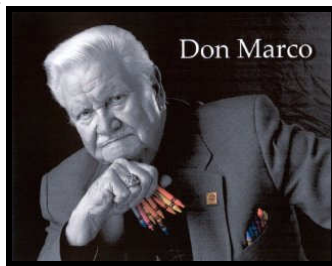
In closing I want to say that if you feel God moving upon your heart to become a part of this ministry, we encourage you to contact Mike Brooks at 303.456.0555 or e-mail him at mbrooks33@aol.com . Hope you all have a great September, blessings on you all and I will see you on the trail.

**Mike**

←—————→  
**COVER STORY**

The Cover of the “COFA E-Mag” features one of the latest works by Don Marco. He has become known as the Master Crayon Artist.

Don Marco was born in Northern Minnesota in the late 1920's. His interest in art was evident even before starting school. As a young adult in the Army Air Corp, he began his life's career in Air Traffic Control, which continued until his retirement from Honolulu International Airport in 1973. Much of his spare time was spent as a professional artist.



Before retirement, Don started developing a technique to create fine art using Crayola Crayons. Shortly after retiring he published his first print. <http://www.themastercrayonartist.biz>



Dan DeWitt

**“Sighted In”**

*(The slightly irreverent musings of one pastor to another. This is a report from Dan DeWitt after a mid-day trip to a target range to sight in his son's new Marlin 45-70 1895 guide gun rifle)*

Howard,

Well, as luck would have it

*(God looked down on me with gracious providential favor)*

I was able to sneak away from the office today when no one was looking

*(It was the Lord's will that I take some time away from the office for spiritual reflection and quiet meditation)*

and grabbed Levi's rifle and went to the shooting range in Coffeyville

*(I just happened to be in the neighborhood, and as God had fore-ordained it, I had, for no known reason, brought along Levi's rifle, ammunition and targets, tape, ear plugs, a few sand bags and shooting rest. I had no idea why God would want me to do such a thing, but felt it was important to follow His leading in this matter.)*

I was able to sight in the Marlin 45-70 with the scout gun sights in very short order using the 300 grain hollow points -- only took about 4 bullets to have them grouping in very tight patterns around the little orange dot in the middle of the target.

*(Isn't the Lord good. His blessings were flowing abundantly, allowing great economy of my time and efforts)*

Then I switched to shooting the 45 ACP's out of the 45-70 rifle using the MCA Sports/Ace Bullet

Company adapter. I guess I was pretty nervous about shooting the 45's in the 45-70 because my first shot was about 8 inches high and about 6 inches to the left.

*(Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Why should my heart be faint with fear?)*

When I discovered the 45 ACP's weren't going to blow up in my face, I settled down and had a lot of fun shooting the 45's for a while. I was throwing the little pingers into about a pattern of about 6 inch groupings. Not exactly great accuracy, but it was a fun and cheap way of target practicing.

*(God granted me a tremendous sense of His presence -- and though I still struggled, I was able to prevail)*

The lack of accuracy might be due to the cheap 45 ACP's I was using, or it might be the nature of the beast of using the 45 ACP's in the 45-70 since the 45-70 bullets are slightly larger in diameter than the diameter of the 45 ACP's. After shooting a few of the 300 grain 45-70's, the little 45's are like shooting a cap-gun. Interestingly, their holes in the paper target aren't as easy to see from a distance either. There is no paper left from the 45-70 holes, but lots of paper left from the 45 ACP's.

*(He who is faithful in little will be given little. But he who is faithful in much will be amazed at the results)*

Before I left, I double checked the 300 grain 45-70, and plugged the orange center dot just for fun.

*(If we have faith we can claim the victory and God's blessings will be ours)*

Thought you'd be interested in hearing.

*(and figured I ought to give you the religious version just in case one of the Deacons is checking up on me and reading my email)*

## MUZZLE AWARENESS

**And our walk**

By: Dave Quick



Dave Quick

One aspect of hunting safety that simply cannot be re-visited enough is that of being aware of your "muzzle" at all times... As a child, I can recall my dad's friend Bill, taking his son Sam and me out walking through the woods near their house in Delphi, Indiana, using nothing but some little rifles that Bill had cut out of old pine boards... We were about nine years old, and Bill began teaching us about gun safety, by simply walking with us, and making sure that no matter where any of the three of us moved, that we always kept our muzzle in a safe position. Bill showed us several different ways to "hold" our guns. The familiar ones... Shouldered, holding the rifle at our side, safely pointed forward and down, and also carrying it ahead of us, pointed up. Then, on purpose, Bill would suddenly walk in front of us, or in some other way as to cause us to need to change the position of our little wooden rifles so as to keep the muzzle pointed in a safe direction. We found this difficult at first. Sometimes, it was hard to move the rifle without momentarily letting the muzzle swing past one or the other of us... But, in time, we gained skill and learned to anticipate each other's moves. We also learned to "call our shots" so to speak, so that any momentary contact was avoided.

Bill also tried hard to distract our attention. Pointing out something really cool, such as an Indian arrowhead (*I always wondered if he planted those there*) a deer, or anything that would suddenly and unexpectedly distract the attention of a nine year old. Then, he would really go to work, deliberately getting us to forget our "muzzle awareness" and get

us to do the wrong thing... In doing all of this though, Bill managed to teach us habits that to his day, fully 45 years later, still dominate our deeply engrained habits in the woods.

As we advanced in our skills, Bill began throwing in another factor that neither Sam nor I expected. That, being the surrounding area. Houses, cows and horses, and the like. We suddenly found that not only did we need to keep our "muzzle awareness" in mind as related to each other, but that we also needed to make sure that we were not walking along, with our little wooden rifles pointed at a house, horse, or cow...

As time went on, this set the stage for Bill teaching us to evaluate our shot when a game animal came into view. Not only did we have to make sure the shot was close enough, but he taught us to stop, think, and look beyond the animal... Was there a safe "stop" for the bullet, or was there a house or open field back-dropping the target. Was there another hunter on that hill just beyond the animal? Was the shot up-hill, over a ridge past which we could not see? If so, we were required to call the shot off, and tell Bill why...

As far as actual hunting training went, again, he started us off with our "wooden guns"... We went out in the woods and sat quietly... Then, using birds, squirrels, or whatever other common animal frequented the scene, Bill would help us "evaluate" whether or not the shot would be safe to take...

In the following years, of course we began using real rifles, usually single shot 22 rimfire rifles at the target range. Then we began working with shotguns. Finally, one day Bill announced, "Boys, you are ready to go rabbit hunting." And with that, off we went for our very first "real" hunt. I'll never forget the excitement of that first real hunt. Nor will I forget the exciting pheasant, quail and other hunts Bill treated us to...

These rules and training have really come in handy while hunting wild boar with dogs and guides. Things can really get exciting doing this, with the dogs all over the place, and having not only trying

to get a safe shot, but to keep track of the dogs, guides and any other factors... It turned out to be a HUGE factor in this area...

To this day, those long hours spent with Bill at our sides, along with an occasional refresher course sitting through our local hunter safety classes, has paid off in making the "firearms safety" aspect of hunting something that is second nature, and has helped keep the sport a safe and rewarding experience. Thanks to Bill, those long hours have paid off in a lifetime of safe hunting...

And so it goes with our walk with Christ... Being constantly aware of our attitude, what comes out of our mouth, and the things others see us do, even from a distant perspective. Constantly being aware... and as the Bible instructs us, to be in a constant state of prayer... As with Bill, there will be "distractions" thrown in... There will be temptations, and there will be those moments of lurking danger... Danger, not from a physical view as with the rifle, but danger from OUR attitude and frame of mind with God.... Muzzle awareness! I need it every moment of every hour or every day in this life, walking with my Savior....

Visit Authors Website: **HANDLOADING FOR HUNTING** <http://www.accs.net/users/drquick>



## September Deer Management

By T.R. Michels,  
Trinity Mountain Outdoors



T.R. Michels,

During September all of the deer are bulking up for the rut and winter; feeding on alfalfa, clover, green forbes, ripening soybeans and corn in some areas, and mast (acorns, beechnuts). You can put out mineral licks and deer attractants in areas where you want deer to come during the hunting season. Early in the month the bucks should be

shedding velvet, and creating rubs and scrapes near late summer nighttime food sources. They may be still traveling together, and may begin sparring at this time. Later in the month both the bucks and does may move to fall home ranges.

With their testosterone levels rising the bucks are less tolerant of each other, fighting may begin, and the buck groups break up as the bucks begin to establish breeding ranges. Scout to find out where the deer currently are; watch food sources for feeding deer and sparring bucks to determine what the bucks look like. Continue clearing deer trails, and shooting lanes. Hang portable stands for the archery season and build permanent stands for the gun season.

### Age and Antler Size


If you want to see more large raked bucks in your area the first thing you have to do is use a little restraint. You must let the young bucks go so they can grow. I often hear hunters complain that they see nothing but small raked bucks in their area. These hunters often wait patiently through the season for a big raked buck to appear. Then, instead of going home empty handed they end up taking a small raked buck. If this pattern continues year after year those hunters will see nothing but young, small raked bucks, because the young deer never live long enough to grow large racks.

Deer experts used to believe it took 4 1/2 years for a whitetail buck to develop a trophy rack. It is now believed that a whitetail doesn't achieve full body size until it is about 7 1/2 years old. Until then much of the food and mineral a buck takes in is used to develop bone and muscle mass. Once the buck is fully mature excess food and mineral can be used to develop antler mass, and many hunters equate antler mass with a high score. A close look at any scoring chart will reveal that it is the number and length of tines that makes up the majority of inches needed for the rack to score high enough to enter the record books. The difference between a massive rack and a thin rack might only add 10 inches, which is 1/14 of a 140 class buck, not enough to really matter.

Milo Hanson's world record whitetail has several tines with extremely long points and main

beams, with a good spread, but it is not massive. The length of the tines is what made it the new world record. Game officials aged the buck at 4 1/2. Obviously it had superior genetics, and it lived until it was 4 1/2 years old. It is conceivable that a 3 1/2 year old buck could make the archery record book but most trophy bucks are over 4 1/2 years of age. In many areas bucks don't make it past their first year, and the chances of a 2 1/2 year old buck making the book are slim. If you want to see more trophy bucks you have to let the 1 1/2 to 3 1/2 year old bucks go, so they can grow. By letting the young bucks grow, and taking does, you not only keep the herd below carrying capacity, you increase the buck to doe ratio in favor of bucks. Eventually you will have more older-class bucks, which may translate into more trophy deer.

This article is adapted from *Deer Managers Manual* and *The Complete Deer Addicts Manual* by T. R. Michels.



When my grandson Billy and I entered our vacation cabin, we kept the lights off until we were inside to keep from attracting pesky insects. Still, a few fireflies followed us in. Noticing them before I did, Billy whispered, "It's no use, Grandpa. The mosquitoes are coming after us with flashlights."

When my grandson asked me how old I was, I teasingly replied, "I'm not sure."  
"Look in your underwear, Grandpa," he advised, "Mine says I'm four to six."

## DNR NEWS

### “Retired conservation officer paddles off into the sunset”



Jeff Thielen

What does a conservation officer do when he hangs up his badge after 25 years? In Jeff Thielen's case, paddle the Mississippi River.

Thielen, 52, joined the river at its source at Lake Itasca in the Minnesota northwoods shortly after retiring on June 26.

“I have no particular reason to do this other than I now have the time to do so,” Thielen said. “I also thought it a fitting way to culminate my career.”

The Little Falls native will travel the 2,300 miles of the world's fourth largest river by canoe, ending in the Gulf of Mexico in early September. Initially he averaged about 35-40 miles a day on the water, but with the current reaching around 6 miles per hour on the southern stretch of the river he has been averaging 50 miles a day. At last report he was about to enter Arkansas.

Along the way he said he's meeting “friendly people” who have congratulated him on his retirement, and envying the time he now has to take such an adventure.

Thielen's been camping and sleeping in a tent, stay-

ing on sandbars, campgrounds, marinas, backyards, and even a dock during the trip. The most luxurious place he's stayed was a camper Conservation Officer Brent Speldrich of McGregor set up near Palisade, Minn. Patty Thielen says it's the only time her husband has been in air-conditioning during the trip. Many days the heat index was 105 degrees.

“Jeff traveled during some of the hottest weather in the country,” Patty Thielen said. “It was tough on him, but people have been very generous. He had a boater come up to him one morning and offer him blueberry muffins and ice cold orange juice. Jeff really appreciated that.”

Patty paddled with her husband for five days, starting in Bemidji and going to a little town called Jacobson. Other than that his only constant companionship has been “Nelson” and “Uncle Joe.”

In the movie “Castaway,” Tom Hanks survived a plane crash and swam to a deserted island and opened all the Fed Ex packages that washed ashore. One of the packages contained a *Wilson* volleyball. Craving companionship, Hanks painted a face on it and called it “Wilson.” As a retirement gift, the DNR staff at Nelson Hall at Camp Ripley bought Thielen a basketball, signed it and named it “Nelson” after the friendly ghost claimed to live in the building. “Uncle Joe” is another story.



Jeff Thielen on the Mississippi

-More-

“Jeff is carrying a vial with him that contains the ashes of Conservation Officer Tracy Hanson’s uncle,” said Captain Mike Hammer, a friend and former coworker of Thielen. “Her ‘Uncle Joe’ always wanted to paddle the Mississippi River, but apparently never had the opportunity to do so while he was alive. When Jeff reaches the gulf he’ll release the ashes into the ocean.”

Though companions they may be, Thielen said he would not choose to make another solo journey; however, he has been keeping a diary of his trip.

“He is very faithful about writing in it each day,” Patty Thielen said. “I also gave him a digital waterproof camera so he could take pictures of his trip, but he’s had little time to do so. But I know Jeff will come back with many new experiences to share.”

“I’ve met a lot of really nice people along the way,” Thielen said, “but have not noticed as many young people enjoying the river as I thought I would. What I have also noticed is a lot of all-terrain vehicles parked at the homes, cabins and resorts along the river. I hope my trip can get a few more people on the water either canoeing or kayaking.”

Patty Thielen said after a lifetime of giving to others her husband’s trip is well deserved.

“I am glad he is finally getting to do some of the things he has always wanted to do,” Patty Thielen said. “Jeff likes to do things in a big way. I know he will be happy to say that he has paddled the entire Mississippi River. How many people can say they did that when they retired?”

Reprint from:  
DNR NEWS - FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE  
August 28, 2007 For more information, contact Rich Sprouse, public information officer, Minnesota DNR Division of Enforcement (Camp Ripley), Little Falls, MN 56345; 1-800-366-8917, Ext. 2511



(Grizzly)

## Temple Renovation Project



(Brooksy)

### Hint of the Month!

## Domestic Meat or Game Meat. . . Which is better for us?

By: George Reinbold



George Reinbold

I believe that living in Colorado for the past 32 years has had its advantages. And, as a hunter, just one of the advantages has been the changing of the seasons. At the end of August the evenings progressively cool down as they move toward their October low mountain average of 34 degrees. The leaves on the Aspen trees turn from being a beautiful green to gold within a matter of three weeks and the Gamble Oaks (also known as Scrub Oaks) become mountain sides of gold, red, and orange. All of this is blended together with the greens and blues of our Spruce and Evergreen trees. Now sprinkle all of these colors with cool, crisp air and the sounds of bugling elk and smells of the high country and it becomes a perfect recipe for hunting big game.

Over the past century or so, hunters have repeatedly been asked why they hunt when they can just go to the butcher or market and purchase beef already packaged for them. I’ve heard answers that have ranged from “that’s what God made men to do” or “we can’t afford to pay what the stores charge for meat anymore” to “it’s a *MAN THING*” or “I just like it”. But now, I want to give you a **REASON**, not an **EXCUSE**, as to why you may want to hunt.

To begin with, I would like to “stand on my soap box” for a moment. (The older readers will have to explain to the younger readers what that means.)

Something that has become a “burr under my saddle” is being soooooo “PC” (politically correct) in the way we speak that we attribute the food we grow or animals we harvest as coming from “Mother Nature”. Or, we may say things like “Nature fully intended us to . . .”. In the same way that we have been taught other fairy tales, society has substituted “God” with the word(s) “Nature” or “Mother Nature”. Stop it! Give credit where credit is due.

The Bible says in John 1:3 that “Through [Jesus] all things were made; without [Jesus] nothing was made that has been made.” (NIV) Speaking for myself, I don’t worship a goddess named “Mother Nature” or a god named “Nature”. Instead, I worship God and His Son, Jesus Christ. And now that I’ve gotten THAT out of my system, let’s move on to the article at hand.

American beef, pork, chicken, etc., is usually regarded as being the best in the world; widely because of all the protective rules and regulations of the FDA. But, instead of encouraging people to eat as much meat as they want, nutritionists placed a caveat on this and said the average person should not consume more than 3-4 ozs of our American beef per day. (Regardless of whether it is pumped full of growth hormones or not.) This is largely due to the protein levels in our hormonally grown beef.

But now let’s hear from Loren Cordain, Ph.D. of the Department of Health and Exercise Science at Colorado State University. Dr. Cordain and his colleagues were granted a special permit to scientifically collect (harvest) elk for his special research study. After harvesting six animals, the researchers fed the butchered meat to volunteers, who agreed for the following six weeks to replace ALL other dietary meats (i.e., America’s feedlot-raised beef, pork, chicken, etc.) with wild elk.

The before-and-after blood tests of the subjects proved to be eye opening. All the volunteers enjoyed significant improvements in the following prime indicators of heart health – 1) total cholesterol, 2) the proportions of so called good and bad

cholesterol, and 3) triglycerides.

What caught me off guard was that nutritionists were not at all surprised by these findings. Apparently, nutritionists already know that the meat of “wild ruminants” like deer, elk, and moose is good for you and is as close to the natural health food we were designed to eat. “Deer hunters don’t have to worry about the nutrient quality of the animals they shoot,” agrees David M. Klurfeld, Ph.D., a professor in the Department of Nutrition & Food Science at Wayne State University in Michigan. “It’s generally a much better choice than the commercially available animal.”

If you think about it, the only difference (beside the obvious) between harvesting an animal in the wild and purchasing meat at the store is what the animal ate prior to being harvested which is in direct proportion to its nutritional value. “The same nutritional benefits,” says Cordain, “apply to the flesh of pretty much any wild animal culled in nature”. He goes on to say, “Basically, the muscle tissue of any vertebrate – a monkey, a boar, a lion, a rat, even a human – all looks the same under the microscope. This is provided, of course, they are eating wild foods and exercising.” Dr. Cordain, makes a convincing argument for eating game in his book, *The Paleo Diet: Lose Weight and Get Healthy by Eating the Food You Were Designed to Eat*.

<b>DOMESTIC VS. WILD</b>		
<b>SPECIES</b>	<b>FAT%</b>	<b>PROTIEN%</b>
	<b>CHOL.mg/100g</b>	<b>CAL.cal/100g</b>
Beef	6.5	22.0
	72	180
Lamb	5.7	20.8
	66	167
Buffalo	1.9	21.7
	62	138
Whitetail Deer	1.4	23.6
	116	149
Mule Deer	1.3	23.7
	107	145
Elk	0.9	22.8
	67	137
Moose	0.5	22.1
	71	130

(Figures are courtesy of North Dakota State University)

God created our bodies to run efficiently, precisely

to His plan. He designed us to live long and healthy lives. But, God does not take away from us our free will to put into our bodies whatever we want to eat. The adage of “garbage in – garbage out” not only applies to computers and car engines; but, also to the most perfectly created engine. . . our bodies! I also want you to pay close attention to that last part of what Cordain said – “. . . This is provided, of course, they are eating wild foods *and exercising*.” We’ll talk about that in a minute.

A clear thinking human being wouldn’t consider putting sugar into a car’s gas tank BECAUSE it will cause damage to the engine and money to be spent in repairs to that engine. That being the case, why do we, as human beings, continue to put garbage into our bodies? Let me give you a case in point.

Mike Brooks and I have similar ATV’s. We each have Yamaha Grizzly’s, 1998 and 2000. They look alike, they weigh the same, they perform the same way; there is virtually no difference. In July of 2005 though, I went through about a tank of gas in a half mile and could NOT get my ATV running. After taking it to the Yamaha service techs, they told me it would cost \$454 to repair the problem. What was the problem you ask? I was the problem. I had left the tank, fuel line, and carburetor, full of gas from 9 months earlier which had varnished in the system and it cost me all that money to repair what one bottle of fuel stabilizer would have prevented.

My ATV had not been fed properly, shut down properly, or exercised properly and it cost me dearly. Have you ever noticed the hundreds of diet programs advertised on television? I’ll bet most all of you hear what the ad says; but, hardly any of you have noticed the lettering at the bottom of your screen which says that “results vary” or “these results are not typical” or “this product, when combined with proper diet and exercise. . .” You see, even the advertisers can’t get away from the truth – our bodies were ALL meant to consume good food (not junk) and exercise!

There’s an old saying “the definition of insanity is doing the same thing over and over again but expecting different results”. We must all be somewhat insane according to that definition when we consider what commercially grown cattle and pigs eat. “These animals are immobilized in a feedlot and fed high-caloric grain until they become obese from overeating and lack of exercise,” says Dr. Cordain. “Fat eventually covers their abdominal area, appears in all their organs, and marbles its way throughout their muscles. These animals that we eat today are pathological. No animal in the wild looks anything like them.” Mm, mm, goooooooooooooooood! Doesn’t that make your mouth water with anticipation?

Dr. Klurfeld notes that fat, per se, is not necessarily a bad thing. It’s the type of fat that is important. Why? Because the majority of excess fat in these overstuffed, non-exercising commercially fed animals is SATURATED (it stays in a solid form in 100 degree plus heat)! This is the kind of fat heart doctors have been warning people about for years as being the kind that most threatens your heart. Researchers are still finding other, more subtle, fat anomalies as well.

But this CAN change, especially for the hunters who trek for miles in pursuit of wild game and consume regular portions of what they harvest, noted Dr. Cordain. “Indeed, we’ve analyzed exactly what’s in the muscle tissue of animals like elk and deer,” he says, “and we’ve found that the overall amount of fat, the types of fat, and the fatty acid breakdown are *exactly* what scientists around the world have been discovering promotes good health.”

So, remember. . . *you are what you eat*; but, you’re also what your dinner eats. And without exercise, none of it means much anyway!

(Based on an article written by Jim Thornton for the March, 2004, Field & Stream.

# Wilderness Years

By: Mathew Henry

Fourth of a five part series—See August Issue.



*“Hunter”*

It was mid January and winter had a strong grip on everything. The snow was not as deep as I had always pictured, but ten to fifteen inches covered all the landscape, including the lakes. Most of the time the temperature hovered ten degrees above to ten below the zero mark, however, the icy north wind had hardened the surface of the lakes to a depth that made all but the very center of the open water safe for a man to cross.

The time spent inside was starting to give me “cabin fever”, so I decided, very much on the spur of the moment, on a new adventure. When I had arrived at the cabin many months ago, I found an old pair of snowshoes on the wall. It was obvious from their condition, that they had not been used for quite some time. By using moose hide, and pictures from the old “Wildlife of the North” book, I managed to repair them. Learning to walk in them was quite another story.

When the snow had been on the ground for about a week or so, I ventured out to see what I could do. I could almost hear the animals laughing as I made those first stumbling steps. It is amazing how easy it looks in pictures, and how hard it really is. You have to walk with your feet far enough apart that you don’t step on the inside edges. If you do, it is like trying to walk with your shoelaces tied together. Let’s just say that I had a lot of snow, head to foot, before I started getting the hang of it. You also have to learn that you never lift them totally

off the ground. Only the toes are lifted high enough to slide them up on the snow ahead. The whole process is a kind of a straddle legged shuffle that leaves the legs very tired until you get used to it and your muscles strengthened. Not having anything else to do, I set up a routine of two or three laps around the island, on the edge of the ice, each day until I felt confident. Next, I began to venture on longer and longer trip afield.

On this morning, the sun was bright and there didn’t seem to be a cloud in the sky. The idea hit me, that it was a great day to make a trip to the HBP. (Hudson’s Bay Post) There really wasn’t anything I needed, but the five-mile hike would kind of be a snowshoe graduation. The trip was great. I shuffled along at a good pace. I had a pack board, but all that was on it was a blanket, ax, and lunch. By mid afternoon I arrived at the Post. The folks were as glad to see me, as I was to see them. We sat around the big stove and talked till suppertime. Night brought the use of the extra bunk in the back room of the post with the promise of a wakeup call early the next morning.

After a big breakfast and the purchase of ten pounds of apples (I think) and some tobacco and candy, I was ready for the trip home. The day was overcast so I set a compass course just in case it should start to snow and I would lose my back trail. By noon the snow began to fall and my progress was slowed, but I wasn’t worried because I only had about a mile to go and I was in familiar territory. The only tough part of the trip was descending a line of rocks that took me into the last strip of pine forest before I reached “my” cove. To do this, I had to take off my snowshoes and climb down through the rocks. Going up had been no problem although there was some ice to look out for, so I had no idea that I was in for trouble.

I took off my snowshoes and slung my pack on one shoulder. There were times that it was easier to lower it down ahead of me rather than try to climb down with it on my back. About half way down the fifteen or twenty-foot descent I slid the pack down, but to my disgust, it went all the way to the

bottom. I remember hoping that it didn't bruise the apples. About that time, my foot slipped on the ice. I remember thinking that this was going to hurt, and the lights went out.

I have no idea to this day how long I lay there. All I know for sure is that when I came to, it was totally dark. My head was thumping like thunder, but other than that, I seemed to be all right. I began to remember where I was, and what had happened, and panic reared its ugly head. I struggled to stand up, but sit up was the best I could do. Something was holding my legs down. I could move them and there didn't seem to be any pain, but I just couldn't raise them up. By this time, I had settled down some and reality began to take hold. I had been in tighter spots than this and made it all right. I just had to find out what was holding me down. I found my matches and lit one. By its light, I discovered I had slid down and under an old windfall. When the wind blew out the match, I lit another, but could not make any better assessment. I somehow knew that I had to pull myself up and out from under the windfall before I could stand. I reached around in the dark, but couldn't find anything that would hold well enough to slide my weight out of the crevice and from under the pinning windfall. By this time, I was totally under control. I felt sure that if I could see, there would be a simple way out, but for now I couldn't see and I didn't feel it was a good idea to use any more matches. I was out of the wind, and the old army parka and arctic pants were keeping me warm, so the best thing to do for the moment was to do nothing and wait for morning light.

The thumping in my head had subsided to a great extent, and I was actually feeling quite comfortable. I remember thinking that might be a bad sign, but I was too tired to care much. I would deal with it in the morning. I pulled the parka hood around my face and, I think, went to sleep for a time. When something caused me to awaken, the clouds were drifting by in broken patterns, letting a little moon light shine through. I still couldn't see in the valley toward the pines below, but I could make out some forms against the snow above me toward the ridge.

There it was again, the ever so faint odor of skunk. That must have been what caused me to wake. Had I disturbed a den when I fell, or was the little critter after the apples in my pack? Something caused me to look up, and what I saw made my blood chill to my very soul. The fear was so deep that there are no words to describe it. There on a rock above me stood a monster of a wolf. He made no move toward me but I knew that those cold hunter eyes were fixed on the stupid man in the rocks. Helpless pray to be torn apart at will. Oh God! Was this the end I was to meet? Here in the wilderness with no one around to even know. Would anyone come looking for me, and what would they find? In my short trips the last month, I had seen the sites of wolf kills, and there was little remaining to tell what had been the victim. Looking up again in extreme fear with a need to see but horrified by what I might see, I got a surprise. He was gone. I expected to hear those howls I had heard so many times in the last months, the howls that told the rest of the pack that pray was at hand. Come and join the kill, but nothing. I lay there, trembling with fear. I knew that at any moment, the onslaught would come and I would suffer being torn apart and devoured even as I was dying.

Then, just a short distance from the top of the rocks came low growl, followed by the most vicious snarl I have heard to this very day. Seconds later it was joined by others and I could hear the sound of toenails struggling for a hold on the crust of the snow. I wrapped my arms around my face in expectation of what was to come but nothing fell upon me to tear me apart. Instead, the sound of the struggle seemed to be moving away and down to my right. For a minute, maybe two, all was quiet, then the sounds of battle again. This time it was much farther away and moving out along the ridge of rocks. Again I caught the musky sent of skunk.

The night grew silent as only a snow-covered landscape can be. A half hour passed and every cell in my body strained to hear every sound, catch every order, and see every moving shadow. All the time I was hoping against hope that there would be none to detect. I had almost decided that all was well,

when a shadow loomed to my right. That monster of a wolf was back, standing and peering at me. I must have gasp because he turned his head to one side as if to hear better and zero in on this victim. Now I know how pray animals can be so frightened that they can't move. I thought of the hand ax in my pack, but it was at the bottom of the rocks. I thought of my hunting knife, but it was under my parka and impossible to reach. He took two or three steps toward me. Now he was so close that I could have reached out and touched him. He lay down and crawled a few inches closer. There was still no sign of aggression toward me, only what seemed to be a questioning. He moved a little closer and stretched out his nose toward me. Still no aggression. Then in a move that seemed totally like a big dog, he placed his nose under my hand and rooted it up on his head just like my pet shepherd used to do to get me to pet him.

Suddenly the story Pete had told me about The Whitehouse Pack leaped back into my mind. In all my fear, I had blocked it out. About four years before Jacob Whitehouse had left his island, he had found a young she wolf, injured and dieing of starvation. Probably driven away by the pack's alpha pair. After he put her down he discovered that she had two pups. He took them in and nursed them along on powdered milk and oatmeal. When they were old enough, they reverted to the wild from which they had come. The story was that the male had become the alpha of the pack and came back to live around Jacob every winter. Although they lived totally wild, the story had it that they would visit the cabin from time to time. Hunter and Molly, as Jacob had named them, were thought to still be with the pack. Could this be one of those wolves?

I managed to block out enough of my fear to let my gloved hand pat his long muzzle. Could it be that I had the order of Jacob's cabin on me, and that was what made him act this way? Then I spoke his name, Hunter. With that he raised his head and crept a little closer. "Hunter, is that you?" I managed to say. With that he stood up and moved close and lay down again. His long nose worked its

way under my hand again and I found myself actually petting him like he was my pet on the farm so many years ago. At that moment, I felt a complete peace come over me. Somehow I knew that he was not there to destroy me, but was guarding me. I have told this story many times, and it sounds more incredible to me each time I tell it, but the story isn't over.

Through the rest of the night and up into mid-morning, Hunter laid there with me. I could hear sounds of movement above me, but the big wolf's reaction was little more than to raise his head from



time to time. Even as I worked to free myself, he stayed near by. I was working on this project when I heard the distant engine of the beaver. Pete was making his weekly pass by at the cabin. When I didn't come out and there was no smoke, he would start looking for me. I was right. I heard the beaver making a long, low circle over the treetops and then turn along my back trail, By the time he passed overhead, Hunter had gone like a mist of morning. Pete tipped his wings and was off to the lake where I knew he was landing. By the time he made the snowshoe hike from the lake and through the pines, I had worked myself free of my trap and climbed back to the ridge. Pete climbed up with his rifle ready. I quickly told him he wouldn't need it as I had made a new friend; old Hunter.

Pete pointed to the tracks and hollows where beds had been made in the snow. "Looks like Hunter

had some friends with him, five or six it looks like, and I think, as the Indians would say, the great Spirit sent them to take care of you. Looks like there has been a skunk bear following your back trail for about two miles.”



The picture of the whole night came into focus. Hunter and his pack had driven the ornery little predator away. “So that was what the sounds of fighting was all about. Pete, do you mind if I say the prayer this time?” I would never know if I was in any danger from the wolverine, but I thanked the Lord for that mighty symbol of the north, the wolf pack and His having it present among the rocks that night. Hunter and his pack would always have a home base at a little cabin on an island in the wilderness just as it had had while Jacob Whitehouse lived there, a wilderness that really belonged to them, not me.

(to be continued)

“The Journey Home”

Photographs from various websites: Photographer Unknown

## ***COLORADO 6X6***

*By: Randy Jacobs*

It will be a day I'll never forget as long as I live! I came across about a dozen cow elk while hunting in Colorado in late August. Archery season had started a few days before, and after getting a nice 6X6 bull last year I was just hoping to get a cow this year. All of the cows were behind cover so I waited a bit.

All of a sudden one cow saw me even though the wind was blowing towards me. She started to walk away and then I saw what my eyes couldn't believe: a huge 6X6 bull emerged from behind a small group of lodge pole pines and started to follow her.

I instinctively pulled my bow back and waited until the monster bull was in the clearing. He was walking at a brisk pace and I only had a window of about 10 yards to let my arrow fly or he would be a ghost and a dream that only a few archery hunters have an opportunity to only talk about.. He was at full broadside from me, so I led him by placing my 40 yard pin a few feet in front of my target. I held my bow in full draw what seemed like an hour and then I released my fingers from the string.

It seemed like slow motion as the arrow slightly arched towards the moving target. I hoped and prayed that my arrow would find its mark. I slightly miss judged the speed of this moving giant of the forest and the arrow struck the bull's neck a few inches below the spine and a few inches behind the jaw, although I wasn't exactly sure of the entry point of my arrow. Did I hit him too low, too high, too much forward or too far backwards? I asked these questions over and over again as I tried to re-wind the mental picture in my head of those fleeting seconds. I watched him run over a hill, so I decided to wait 15 minutes, but it seemed like forever!



After what seemed like an eternity of waiting and

shaking with excitement, I took a deep breath and started to look for a blood trail. Most afternoons this summer it rained in this area of Colorado so I was thankful it had not started to rain this particular day. About 10 yards from where I estimated I hit him, I suddenly saw some blood and I continued in the direction of where I last spotted him running over the hill. As I scanned the ground, I saw more and more signs of a good hit. As I walked over the ridge where I last saw him disappear, I saw more and more blood. Then at last there he was lying down on his side, about 60 yards from where I hit him. I cautiously walked toward him, looking for any signs of life. It was a clean hit and I could hardly believe his size!

I field dressed him and I engaged the help of my son and two of his friends and my wife Cheryl load him up in my truck. At rocky mountain meats, Steve weighted this city and he was about 750 pounds! My neighbor, Mike called a taxidermist to ask him if he could mount my bull. The taxidermist estimated this bull would score over 350 points. It was a great day and one I'll always remember..



## Hunting season has arrived at Camp Seed Hunting Ranch!

The partnership between COFA and Camp Seed Hunting Ranch will pay off for all COFA members this hunting season. We are excited about this new partnership for both of our organizations. God has been moving!

Camp Seed has been blessed tremendously by a fine Christian family with 1600 acres of prime hunting land. No individual or group will be left out-men, women, families and groups will be able to come to our ranch for fellowship and ministry time, connecting together with their passion for

hunting and the outdoors. We at Camp Seed believe that through this ministry we will be able to reach many lost outdoorsmen with our quality hunts.

### Deer

We are very fortunate to have a long deer hunting season in Alabama; 34 days of bow only and 75 days with guns. That's 109 days of exciting hunts with a two deer (1 buck & 1 doe or 2 doe) a day limit with 3 bucks for the season.

#### Bow Season:

October 13<sup>th</sup> - January 31<sup>st</sup>  
buck or doe

#### Gun Season:

November 17<sup>th</sup> - January 31<sup>st</sup>  
buck all season  
doe from December 4<sup>th</sup> -  
January 12<sup>th</sup> (Ranch Rules)

Alabama State Rules and Regulations will apply, see [www.outdooralabama.com](http://www.outdooralabama.com) for specifics.

### Turkey

The Ranch is covered with them, we see them every day!

March 15<sup>th</sup> – April 30<sup>th</sup>  
gobblers only

### Wild Boar

You can hunt for wild boar during any gun season regardless of the species year round with no bag limits! This is a unique and exhilarating hunt! If you have never experienced this, than your hunting experience is not complete. Fully guided and partially guided hunts will be available on the Mobile Bay Delta. Reservations are necessary for this hunt because boat space is limited.

All hunters will be provided transportation to and from Mobile Regional Airport to the Hunting Ranch. Lodging will be primitive camping and three meals a day will be provided. More details including dates for COFA members only hunts and prices will be available soon on our website [www.campseed.org](http://www.campseed.org) or you can call Laura at (251) 463-5457.

**EDITORS NOTE:** It should be noted that "COFA" and "Camp Seed" mutually benefit each other by Publications, Advertising, Activities, etc. However, these two organizations are totally separate in all ways, with neither having any control or responsibility for the actions or policies of the other. With this in mind, we happily forward the following letter to our readers.

## ALL ABOARD!!!!!!!!!!!!

God has been moving in a very powerful way and we want you jump aboard. Recently Camp Seed was blessed with 1600 acres for its Hunting Ranch ministry. *Read all about it in the current COFA E-Mag (page 15) and how you can hunt there.* Well, we do not want to sit on it, we want to jump on God's train. Camp Seed is looking for your help.

Over the past two months Camp Seed has been in the process of trying to buy an additional 200 – 300 aces for its Camp and Conference Center. This has been an exciting time. Our new and improved website will be up and running soon at [www.campseed.org](http://www.campseed.org) so that you can read all about it. If Camp Seed can raise \$500,000 - \$1 million for the building of the facilities a local donor is willing to purchase the property and be a part of Camp Seed's success.

Please pray and ask God how you can help. Be creative! Save you lunch money for a week, rent a movie instead of taking your family to the theater, every dollar helps.

Camp Seed Hunting Ranch is all ready for this hunting season. Plans are in the works for the establishment of the first COFA lodge. This would be a hunting vacation in the south at a top notch facility. The foundation has been set with the Hunting Ranch now it is time to move on to the next step with Camp Seed Camp and Conference Center.

We are standing on God's promise that all things are possible for those that love Him and are called according to His purpose. We love the Lord and believe that this is God's purpose for Camp Seed.

Camp Seed Camp and Conference Center along

with our Hunting Ranch is requesting you to become a part of this vision and mission. We are an IRS recognized 501(c)(3) organization and we will send you a receipt for your donation.

Last year Camp Seed had to turn down 800 children and youth from attending a summer camp. Camp Seed does not want this to happen again. Let's make it happen...together!

Blessings,

Todd Isenburg  
Executive Director  
(251) 680-6736

Camp Seed  
312-T Schillinger Road South #223  
Mobile, Alabama 36608

All donations will be used for the purposes of,  
"Planting a Seed Today, For a Harvest Tomorrow."

## How Long Do We Have?

About the time our original thirteen states adopted their new constitution in 1787, Alexander Tyler, a Scottish history professor at the University of Edinburgh, had this to say about the fall of the Athenian Republic some 2,000 years earlier:

"A democracy is always temporary in nature; it simply cannot exist as a permanent form of government."

"A democracy will continue to exist up until the time that voters discover they can vote themselves generous gifts from the public treasury."

"From that moment on, the majority always vote for the candidates who promise the most benefits from the public treasury, with the result that every

democracy will finally collapse due to loose fiscal policy, which is always followed by a dictatorship."

"The average age of the world's greatest civilizations from the beginning of history, has been about 200 years."

"During those 200 years, those nations always progressed through the following sequence:

1. from bondage to spiritual faith;
2. from spiritual faith to great courage;
3. from courage to liberty;
4. from liberty to abundance;
5. from abundance to complacency;
6. from complacency to apathy;
7. from apathy to dependence;
8. From dependence back into bondage

Olson believes the United States is now somewhere between the "complacency and apathy" phase of Professor Tyler's definition of democracy, with some forty percent of the nation's population already having reached the "governmental dependency" phase.

Maybe we should take our Nation and Our Privileges a little more seriously and vote with reason, looking to the good of the majority instead of the greed of the few!

Remember we are:  
"One Nation under God!"



## THE WAR IS ON!

Diana Beach

Being the planner that I am, I tend to always pack early for trips. Checking my list over and over, packing, unpacking and repacking to get all the gear, just right in my car.

Wednesday evening I am antsy and excited to get away on a much needed kayak trip to Southern Missouri. With the evening growing past my bed time, I decided to call it quits for the evening. In my weariness, I forgot to close the trunk of my car. No big deal you say? The weatherman wasn't forecasting rain but what you don't realize, I live in the country, a very rural area where the only sounds you hear are coyotes yipping in the darkness or bull frogs bellowing out their serenade to the froglets across the moss covered pond. The smell of fresh cut hay and the only light is from the stars making a quilt against the black sky. Got the picture, sounds serene doesn't it? But what lurks in the serenity of this picturesque life is the general mayhem caused by a band of hooligans.

These trouble makers are known as a gang called Arakum's, alias raccoons.

The masked bandits took the liberty of making the trunk of my car into an animal house haven that would make John Belushi proud. By the looks of the outside of the car, it seems as if this was the place to be late Wednesday night to the wee hours of Thursday morning. What these greedy roughens consumed was; one bag of Cheezits, a bag of Twizzlers, a box of granola bars and gummi bears, with each individual package opened, they consumed a bag of English muffins and one gallon bag of trail mix.

There are very distinct paw prints covering the party chariot. Not just the bumper, but the roof, the sides and remember the trunk of my car being open? Well, they must have had the imagination to use it as a slide. I can visualize them having the thrill to climb to the top edge of the trunk sliding down "who-hooing" having enough momentum to fling themselves up the window to the top of my car only to surf down my front window and down the hood. I am sure it was a virtual theme park to this pack of scoundrels.

As the hours turned to daybreak, the party came to a close. Letting me know they appreciated my thoughtfulness or my forgetfulness, the band of misfits left me a calling card. I have a rather large

planter, filled with beautiful impatiens. These rogues pulled the flowers out of the container and used the pot (no pun intended) as an outhouse. So thoughtful.

The war is on, with their Native American name being Akrakum, meaning "scratch with hands." My hands are itching to catch this gang of misfits. You will hear my war whoop and see the stripped tails of my deranged victims waving in the wind from my car antenna in the next few weeks or me sporting a fuzzy warm coon skin hat this winter that would make Davey Crocket jealous.

Now if my methods seem to be a bit rough to any tree huggers, please contact me and I would be more than happy to deliver several fattened critters to your residence.

\*\* There have been several reports of cow tipping in the area. It seems that this could be the same gang viscosly harassing the mild manner Holstein community.

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## **TURKEY SURPRISE**

By: Mike Brooks



Photograph by: Nancy Murphy

Most things rarely frighten me; on occasion I have been caught off guard and yes, scared out of my gourd. One particular day, I decided to take a different way to my deer stand. I would walk off the road and head west through the deep marsh grass, figuring that a different approach might help me in bagging the big buck that I had been looking

for. He had left scrapes and had honed his horns on several saplings on the eastside of my deer stand.

This was the middle of November and the fall rains and light snows had the back forty in several inches of water, among the marsh grass and patches of corn. As I slowly waded through the wet land I purposely took my sweet little old time getting to my stand, it was 5:45 AM and extremely dark. I didn't want to use my flashlight unless it was absolutely necessary. As I got closer to the edge of the woods I stopped and just looked at the tops of the trees silhouetted against the dark sky. I took in a deep breath and appreciated the small of fall in the air.

I continued for several more yards, and stopped and listened. I thought that I heard some movement up ahead. I waited and didn't hear anything more, so I took a few more steps and heard the noise again. I waited patiently for a moment and then continued. Suddenly, I thought that the world had come to an end. The earth all around me erupted with wind coming from all directions and a noise that was deafening. I almost fell to the ground and curled up into a ball, except the water prevented me from doing that. I had my hands over my face to protect it from what ever was causing this commotion.

As the sounds drifted off into the distance, and my heart slowed down it was then I realized that I had walked into a covey of turkey and scared them just as much as they scared me. This backside approach didn't conceal my stealth approach to my stand. Every critter with-in fifty yards heard my gasp as they heard the flight of turkeys for freedom. Have you ever had such a surprising event in your life that you were shaken to the core, out of fear? What was your response? Remember events like these happen all the time, but they are normally daily events in our lives. God has the answers for these events. How would you handle them the next time and what advice would you give someone who was going through such and event?

# COFA NEWS

## SEEKING CEO

COFA has been without a Chief Executive Officer since the resignation of Roy Hanschke earlier this year. The Board of Directors is currently considering who to name to this position.

In the interim, Mike Brooks has been filling the position and carrying out the duties associated with this important position. An announcement is expected in the next few weeks as to who has been chosen to replace Mr. Hanschke.

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## COFA HAS A NEW LOOK

For some time now, COFA leadership has been seeking an update to the website, with the idea of making it more user friendly, more attractive, and more functional for the friends and members of COFA.

This being his profession, board member Tony Scialdone has established a brand new website with the brand new look we wanted. The nice thing is that the web address is the same:

[www.cofausa.org](http://www.cofausa.org)

Take a few moments, and check it out and see how easy it is to navigate.

In addition to the new web look, there is a new COFA forum on line where outdoor folks of all interests can post ideas, ask general questions about a great number of outdoor activities, and help follow-up on questions others may have. Just go to:

[www.cofausa.org/forum/index.php](http://www.cofausa.org/forum/index.php)

Click on the "register" button in the upper right area of the screen, and sign up following the screen prompts to become a forum user. Enjoy!

## NAME CHANGE

Along with the new look, the decision has been made to return the online magazine to the old name of "COFA E-Mag" instead of "Wilderness Outfitter".

Delivery of the e-mag will also be somewhat different. You will receive notice of a new issue by email, just as in the past, but instead of the whole magazine being in your email, the downloadable .pdf file will be on the web page. Just go to the web at [www.cofausa.org](http://www.cofausa.org), and click of "Free Stuff"

Back copies of the E-Mag can be found there as well.

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## MEMBERSHIP

For COFA to continue to grow and reach out the thousands of unchurched outdoorsmen and women in the United States and even around the world, we must have two things. One is willing hands to do the many tasks that any outreach program needs, and the other is money.

Looking at our real membership rolls, it is evident that there are many, many who know of COFA, and whole heartedly agree with what we are working toward, but have never given any support beyond this point. You may even ask how you can do more. Here are two easy ways to start:

1. Become a supporting member yourself. COFA requests a \$40.00 per year donation to be a full supporting member of COFA.
2. Encourage your Church to support COFA as a partner at a \$250.00 donation per year.

Questions, call Mike Brooks at 303-456-0555 or go to [www.cofausa.org](http://www.cofausa.org) and click "join us".



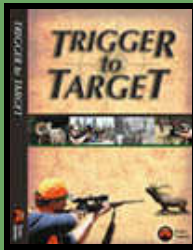
## GOD'S MERCY

Chaplain Nicole Dake  
God's Outsiders

Psalm 118:1

*“O GIVE thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: because his mercy endureth forever.”*

In this Psalm it says his mercy endureth forever. If you think about it, this is a great way to show some friends who aren't in church that He forgives and He will be merciful and let you repent for your sins. I was thinking this week and I came up with the idea to ask at least one person, who does not yet know God, to see if they would want to come to your church. If any of you would like to do this with me, I think it's a great thing to try, maybe every week.



Rocky Mountain Outdoor Adventures is pleased to present **Trigger to Target**, the first in the RMOA Video Library. This instructional DVD gives you nearly an hour's worth of insider tips to make you shoot better and with more confidence in the field. When you have that heart-stopping chance at that shot of a lifetime, you'll increase your odds of bringing it home.

All profits from the sale of **Trigger to Target** go to COFA,

<http://rmoatv.com/>



## What's In The Pot?

### Something Different: Stuffed MuskoX Tenderloin with Cranberry Coulis

Serves/Makes: 4

- 16 ounces MuskoX tenderloin; butterflied and slightly pounded
- 8 ounces Swiss cheese; thinly sliced
- 4 Mushroom; sliced
- 16 small Broccoli florets
- 

#### \*\*\*CRANBERRY COULIS\*\*\*

- 16 tablespoons Cranberries
- 8 teaspoons Orange juice; fresh squeezed
- 

#### \*\*\*SIDE DISH\*\*\*

- 4 tablespoon Butter
- 2 cloves Garlic; finely minced
- Assorted fresh veggies
- 4 medium Potato; boiled
- 2 tablespoons Lemon juice
- 4 teaspoon Soy sauce
- 1 or 4 dashes Tabasco (to taste)

Simmer the cranberries in the orange juice until they just start to burst. Set aside and keep warm. Stuff the muskoX with the cheese, mushroom and broccoli and roll it up and tie it with string. Bake for 25 minutes at 350 F. Untie the muskoX and top with cranberry coulis. Serve with fresh vegetables sauted in garlic butter and sprinkled with lemon juice and a boiled potato marinated hot for a few minutes in soya and Tabasco.