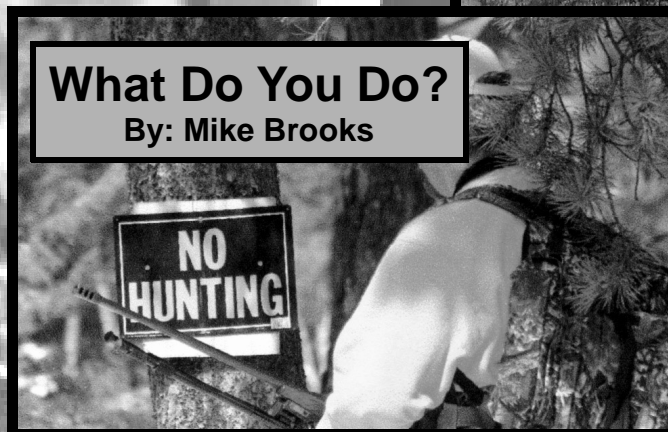
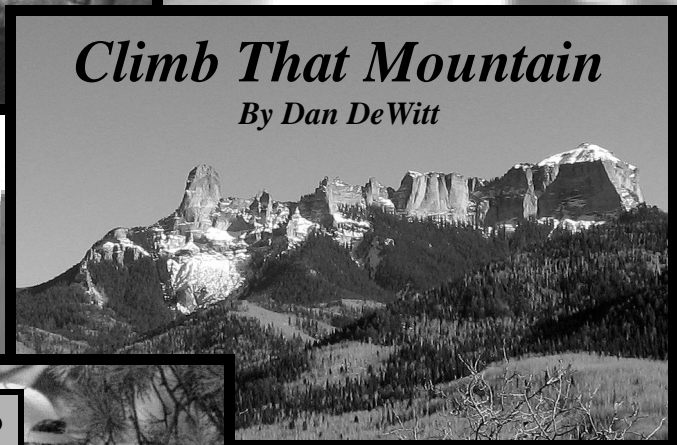
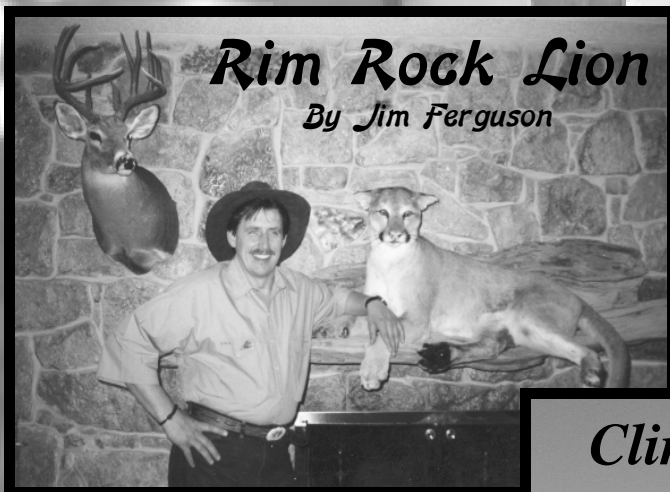


WILDERNESS OUTFITTERS

CHRISTIAN OUTDOOR FELLOWSHIP OF AMERICA
FEBRUARY 2007





Christian Outdoor Fellowship of America

In this Issue

Feature Article:

“Rim Rock Lion”

By Jim Ferguson Page 2

“Climb That Mountain”

By Dan DeWitt Page 9

“No Trespassing or Hunting, What do you do?”

By Mike Brooks Page 10

Grandpa Brooks and Me Page 7

The Last Century Page 8

Temple Renovation Project Page 12

A Cat For All That Page 13

What’s In The Pot Page 14



Rim Rock Lion

By Jim Ferguson

The cold that woke me was deeper and more penetrating than the creases left on my face from the rock that I had slept on. Light snow began to fall as I tried to recognize my surroundings and remember just how I had gotten there. Suddenly it came back to me, I had spent the better part of the last two days chasing a pair of hounds through the back country, west of Reserve New Mexico, after a big mountain lion. The temperature hovered right at zero.

As I put my sleeping bag and goretex cover back in my pack I could hear the hounds barking in the distance. The remnants of last nights campfire began to sizzle as the snow grew in intensity, hitting the embers, sending little puffs of moisture into the air. I broke pieces of dry tinder and with a little effort had a fire going in no time. Breakfast would be light again. Dry fruit, jerky and tea was all we had. We had fixed ourselves a feast the night before saying we deserved it after crossing through five canyons, trudging through at times, thigh deep snow.

I melted snow for the tea as Bill Jernigan, my guide, surveyed the situation. We had met at a sport show in Denver and he asked me to hunt mountain lion with him. I heard his stories of how you could catch your tom in as little as a half a day and readily accepted his invitation. Had I known that I

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would be into my third day and would only be within earshot of a treed tom I probably would have thought twice about accepting.

Bill said, "as soon as we can we better get to where the dogs are. If this snow continues it's going to be a tough walk out of here, that's if the cat stays treed." I knew all too well what he was referring to. In the last two days, the tom had been treed at least twice. Each dog had a collar and when the dogs were barking up the tree at the tom the collar gave a different sound than when the dogs were just on the track. The first time the tom got away. He did it by jumping from a tree limb to a ledge and went over the hill into another canyon. Our dogs were smart and when they sensed he wasn't there any longer they had begun to circle the tree and picked up his scent. The second time, he came down the tree and knocked the strike dog over a cliff and in the commotion beat a hasty retreat. Now, both the dogs, the cat and the hunters were ready for it to be over.

Bill Jernigan is as tough as they come. His focus is getting you to the animal you're after. He guides for elk, deer, bear and lion. He's headquartered in Los Lunas, New Mexico and his hunters have taken several B&C and P&Y record book trophies. I was amazed at his agility. At 60 he's just as spry as men half his age.

Bill knew we were at a critical point in the hunt when we had been close to the cat who, in turn, came down the tree after the dogs. He didn't say a word but merely pointed to me and then pointed to his feet. I knew what he meant. He was quietly saying, I know that you're an experienced hunter but my job is to help you get your trophy. So, when he made that motion with his hand I knew he wasn't doing it in a mean way he just wanted me to move when he moved. If he stopped I should. If he broke into a run I better keep up. How often do we question the motives of people even when they are trying to help? I know that young people don't want to listen to their parents. I know I didn't. At times I got by, but never did I ever do as well as I could have.

As we doused the campfire and got on the trail, I

thought about the last two days. We had struck the track right after daylight Tuesday morning. Bill let the strike dog loose and immediately she was out of sight. Ten minutes later, he let the second dog go and the same thing happened. That was the last time we saw them. Two days went by and if it weren't for the collars on the dogs and the occasional barking, that seemed like a hundred miles away, we'd have had no idea where they were. I discovered that when you're trailing dogs you have to be as committed as they are. I thought about our last two nights on the mountain. We thought we were close so when darkness enveloped us we pressed on, until our flashlights gave out and we had to make a hasty camp. When we awoke the next morning we found that where we stopped, had we continued, we would have dropped about 1500 feet to the valley floor because of a sheer drop off. It would have come on us so quick we couldn't have recovered from the first step. Last night the only reason we stopped was because we were sure we were within a quarter mile of the dogs. As I laid my head on a rock, that I used for a pillow, the dogs barked only once in a while. It was like they were taking turns

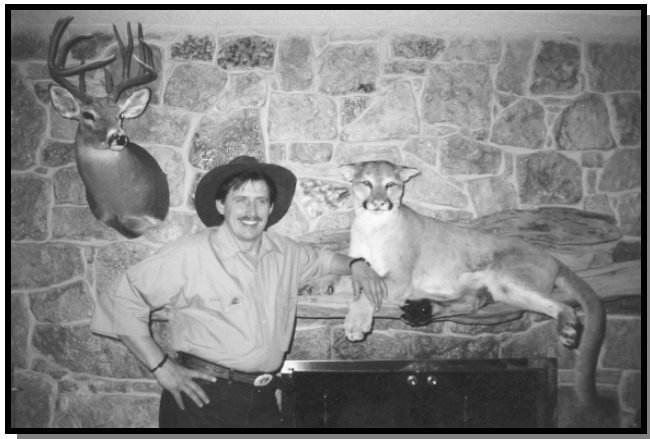


letting each other rest. I saved some of my jerky for them so I could give them a treat for their hard work.

As we approached the dogs the snow that was falling was now the size of silver dollars. They were tired but very happy to see us. As I looked up I saw him. His eyes were the color of stainless steel and fixed on the dogs until he caught a glimpse of us. He was in a very large ponderosa pine that was just over the crest of the hill. This was interesting because from the top of the hill we were almost at eye level. He snarled, as we approached. He was a magnificent animal. His muscles bulged as he moved with grace along the tree limb that held him. It was as though he lived in a tree his whole life. As I studied him I

was in awe of his brute strength. When we struck the track we came across a carcass of a mule deer he killed. One bite from his massive jaws broke the deers neck like I broke the twigs to start the fire this morning. Bill told me that one lion will kill as many as 125 deer a year and if it's a female with cubs it can kill as many as 200 just teaching its offspring how to hunt.

The hunter had become the prey. Snow was coming



down to where I had to move closer to the tree, the cat was in, to line up the shot. I nocked a XX75 arrow with a Muzzy tip in my Oregon bow. At full draw, I thought about the last two days and I was glad it was over. The arrow struck the tom perfectly and the mussy tip put a perfect X right through the heart. The cat measured 8' 7 1/2 inches long and weighed 160 pounds. His front paws were 4 1/2 inches across. He was the king in the back country west of Reserve, New Mexico.

The trek out was difficult. We traveled more than 10 miles through five canyons following dogs which, by the way, were Plotts to one of North Americas great animals. As I look at the tom mounted over my fireplace I recall the time Bill gestured to me to follow him, and if I did he would lead me to the trophy I was after. I've realized if you'll follow the advice of one who has been there before and do what he says to do, move when he says to move and rest when he rests, you too will reach your goal. JF



Climb That Mountain

By Dan DeWitt

I had made plans one year to go Elk bow hunting with a friend from Colorado. At the last minute, his wife declared that she was too concerned about the danger of Chronic Wasting Disease and didn't want her husband to go hunting that year. This was a big problem, because my friend was the one who had organized the trip, knew the area and had the contacts to get us onto the land. Without him, my trip was shot. I was totally blind-sided. I figured I had two options: cancel my hunting trip or try to make some last minute plans of my own. I decided to make my own plans and go on out to Colorado .

I made a few calls and was able to make arrangements with the friend of a friend who is a hunting outfitter from the Craig, Colorado area. His name is Bruce Rhynes. Bruce had already shuttled a couple groups of hunters into hunting camps with his team of horses and was willing to help bail me out of my tough spot.

Bruce created a quick little hunting camp out of a camping trailer, brought a couple of horses along, and made plans to haul me up the mountains early each day so I could hunt elk. The first morning with Bruce started with a 4:00 a.m. wake-up call. After a quick breakfast, Bruce saddled a couple of horses so we could head up to the top of a ridge where he had seen some elk a few days earlier. I guess I had "jet lag" from the change from the Central time zone to the Rocky Mountain time zone, and from my all-day drive from S.E. Kansas to Craig, Colorado, because I had a tough time getting my mind and body to wake up and get going. I stumbled around the camp site, put on my back pack, slung my bow and arrows over my shoulders, and climbed onto one of the horses. Bruce took the lead and started heading up the mountain.

His plan was for me to follow him. I liked the idea. I wanted to follow him. But I was unable to do so because the horse I was riding had a different itinerary for his morning activities. It was dark and cold and that horse had no interest in climbing that mountain carrying some fool flatlander who wanted to hunt elk with a bow at 4:00 o'clock in the morning. So, the horse I was riding implemented Plan B: his plan. His plan was to head *down hill* in the opposite direction from where Bruce had headed.

You probably figured it out by now, but I am not much of a cowboy. I feel more comfortable riding an inanimate motorcycle through city traffic than I do riding down a mountain trail on a horse that has a mind of its own. I guess the horse realized that the dude on his back was a clueless idiot, because he paid absolutely no attention to my gentle attempts to turn him around and head up the mountain. He was going down hill and there wasn't a thing I could do about it.

It didn't take Bruce long to realize there was a problem. Pretty soon he rode up to me and said, "where are you going, Dan?" I responded, "I don't know, ask this stupid horse!" Now Bruce wears a big old championship rodeo belt buckle and knows a thing or two about horses. He didn't say so, but I was certain he disagreed as to which one of us was the stupid one.

Since this is a family publication, I probably shouldn't repeat the exact words he used, but he basically told me that I should jerk the horse's head around and kick him hard in the flanks to get his attention and to let him know I was in charge. He said that my horse was wanting to head down the trail to the next camp site and visit the other horses instead of going up the mountain.

Too many times I am like that horse when it comes to spiritual matters. I don't really want to climb any spiritual mountains. I like it down in the valley just fine, thank you very much. Life is far more comfortable down in the valley with all of the other "horses." If I allow the Lord to take hold of my "reins" and lead my life, who knows what scary, unsettling, and unpleasant things might lie in my path. God might want to stretch me in places

where I am not all that flexible. God might want to push me in directions I don't want to go. God might want to lead me out of habits, attitudes, thoughts and actions that He finds inappropriate. No, I'd rather take the easy paths in life. I'd rather do life my way. I'd rather stay down in the valley and not go up God's mountains!

But there is a problem with this approach to hunting and with this approach to life. You aren't likely to find a bunch of trophy elk hanging around the elk-hunter's camps, and you aren't likely to reach your spiritual potential if you refuse to let God lead your life out of the old paths you have traveled all of your life. True spiritual growth comes when we allow God begin the process of transforming us. Sometimes the path of transformation is one of discomfort. Sometimes His path of transformation takes the road of most resistance.

This is true when it comes to spiritual transformation and it is true when it comes to physical transformation. In His book, Body For Life, Bill Phillips shares a fact about exercising and muscle building that took me by surprise. I have always operated under the assumption that we build muscles by working out. He says this is a myth. In reality, he says our muscles grow stronger while we are resting and recuperating after a time of exercise. He teaches that the goal of a proper "workout" is to "slightly damage the muscle fibers by overloading them" (Body For Life, p. 39). In other words, the exercise itself actually causes a microtrauma to the muscle tissue and makes us weaker. But God has designed our bodies so that when we exercise and weaken our muscles by making them work, our body mobilizes to fix the damaged muscle cells. The "repair team" is designed to collect its needed energy for the repair work from the stored body fat. When the repair team has done its duty, the muscle tissues are actually stronger than they were before you exercised.

So, the strength doesn't really come from the exercise, the strength comes as a result of the healing powers God has placed in our bodies which only gets activated when we exercise. You don't gain strength by remaining comfortable. You gain strength by exercising and pushing your muscles,

and then allowing your body to replenish itself.

We gain strength in our spiritual muscles in a very similar fashion. The Bible tells us that we should rejoice when we encounter problems in life. The problems often times beat us down and weaken us – sometimes gently, sometime severely. The problems of life do not make us stronger, they make us weaker. But when we are weaker, we are in just the right position for God to step in and show His power by making us stronger spiritually (James 1:2-4; 1 Peter 1:6-7; 2 Cor. 12: 7-10). Our problems force us out of our comfort zones and make us stretch our faith muscles by relying on God. When we rest from our struggles and begin to let God take over them, God is able to send in His “rescue team,” the Holy Spirit, who renews us from the inside out. The Holy Spirit’s power rebuilds us even stronger.

Although I eventually got the horse to take me to the top of that mountain, I never did get an elk on that hunting trip. I did, however, learn an invaluable lesson from that horse. I learned that I need to let God have free rein in my life. I learned that I need to avoid simply taking the easy path in life, the path of least resistance. The reason I need to avoid this “easy” path is that it doesn’t always take me where I need to be. Sometimes I have to get way out of my comfort zone and follow God’s lead up those mountains!

So, God, I hereby relinquish the controls of the reins in my life over to you. If you have a mountain for me to climb, let’s go!



fect hunting and fishing getaway property located on a well-maintained county road with power and phone available on the lot line, making

it ideal to add your dream cabin or a full or part-time residence. This property is made up of large draws that come down from the State Wildlife Area leading to the meadow and a year-round spring in the center for Deer and Elk to drink from. A combination of sagebrush and tall, dense oak brush make this property and surrounding area unbeatable for mule deer hunting. If you are not familiar with BLM and State Wildlife Areas, it is public land that you may enjoy to hike, horseback ride, camp, hunt, fish, etc. So your 70 acres is like having thousands of acres to enjoy.

This land was reduced from 249,000 to 225,000 – but we will sell it to a COFA member for 210,000 with no realtor fees.

Owners: Tim and Michelle Hemerley
303-838-1016



From the Desk of
Chaplain Marianne Jacobs

Have you ever been told, “Life’s not fair!”? Have you ever done something you weren’t supposed to do and got severely punished, only to find out someone else (perhaps a sibling or cousin, or someone younger) did something they shouldn’t have done but “got off the hook”? Eventually, they will get caught, or get in big trouble for something else down the line.

God is being more than fair to you.

It was also very unfair to Jesus that he had to die. He didn’t do anything to deserve being crucified. But it was God’s will for that to happen so he could save us from our sins. Whatever things seem unfair that happen to us remember, they are part of God’s plan, too.

Other verses: Mark 15:29-32; Colossians 3:18 – 4:1; Hebrews 12:1-13



70 acres in
Meeker,
Colorado.

This beautiful 70 acres of hunting land is bordered by State-Owned BLM land and the pristine 6,000 acre Jensen State Wildlife Area. It is located approximately nine miles north of the town of Meeker in the northwest corner of Colorado, which is home to the largest Elk herd in the world. This is your per-

Grandpa Brooks and me!

By: Mike Brooks



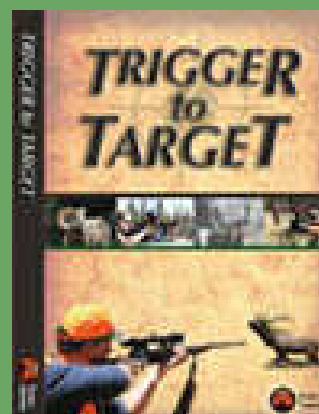
I can remember my very first fishing experience was on a small lake in southern Minnesota. I was 5 years old, and the son at the time of a major in the army. Our family being from Minnesota, fishing was something we all did. My dad dropped me off at grandpa's house on the small lake. I remember getting into a small row boat with two fishing poles and a tackle box. The outboard motor was a small one, as I sat in the front of the boat; the boat shook as grandpa pulled the starter cord. The sputtering sounds along with the smoke and vibration the boat made as we started our trip. I vaguely remember any dialog between us, maybe me asking some questions about putting a worm on my hook.

But that all changed when I caught my first fish, grandpa Brooks was as excited as I was, he was so proud of me, I remember him telling my dad about the sunfish I caught, it was a great experience. It's funny what you can remember about certain events and my recall is it was a sunny warm day, I can remember the smell of the cattails, pond lily's, the singing of Redwing Black birds, the sound of a power mower and grandpa saying let's have a treat.

As I sat on the hard seat in the little row boat, I looked across at my grandpa and noticed the white shirt and straw hat, the sun glasses, and his pipe, and the smell of cherry tobacco.

I remember taking my daughter Alissa fishing, wanting her to experience the same experience, I pack a light lunch, soda pop, her very own Zebco 202 spinning reel, and small tackle box. We went

fishing with Uncle Bruce on the Rock River for white bass; Alissa was excited as we left for a father daughter trip. We arrived by the river, got our gear she was 7 years old, and found a nice spot on the bank and spread out a blanket and she sat and fished. I remember her yelling daddy, I got one, I got one! I sat down on the blanket and talked to her, telling her to slowly reel in the fish. For a 7 year old this was some fish, and I was excited for her just as my grandpa Brooks was for me, and the feeling was awesome. Take a kid fishing, your son or daughter, if you don't have kids take your neighbors kid. Make a difference in someone's life!



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/>



The Last Century

Wylodine Bowman McCormick

Spring Events

Winter, with its long nights and short days seemed like it would never end. True, much of the hard work of the farm was reduced to a few daily chores, but it was also the time when we made the daily trek to the school house. Snow, ice, wind, or rain would not close the doors so we all began to look forward to the days when the boys and men of the community starting thinking about spring farm work more than school.

As January turned to February, we all started to look forward to the warmer days of spring, and started counting the days. Ground Hog Day was always a sign that winter was ending. It was hard to concentrate on studies on that day. Everyone kept watch for the sun to show its face and thus signal another six weeks of winter weather. Little did we know, or want to believe that there would be six weeks more of cold weather whether that dumb “pig” saw his shadow or not.

Valentine’s Day was the next interlude to the gray days of winter. In recent years it has become the custom to give cards to everyone in the class. Wouldn’t want to be politically incorrect and let someone think they weren’t liked. We didn’t think that way in the 1930’s. In the first place we had to make our own cards, and materials were not plentiful in a family with as many children as ours. We usually made four of five at the most, and gave them to just our best friends, or at least to those we would like to have as “best” friends. These were placed in a decorated box to wait till studies were over, then the teacher would pass them out to those special folks. The boys could get all bent out of shape if someone dared to send a valentine to a girl they considered “their girl”.

This competition among the boys lead to the first social event of most springs seasons. Most of the boys were needed on the farms as soon as the weather was such that they could start plowing so school never lasted till more than the first of April. Before this happened, there would always be a spring “pie” social at the school.. Although it was held at the school, most of the single girls and young women in the community took part.

On a given evening, the girls and single women would bake their best pie. This was placed in a box that was decorated special for the occasion. These were taken to the school where an auction was held to benefit the school. The boy who bought a girl’s pie had the privilege to eating it with her, so the idea was to buy the pie baked by your girlfriend. The boxes were not to be marked and some of the girls would go to great pains to keep ownership secret. Secrets often got out, and the bidding for a popular girl’s pie could get rather spirited. Some would bring as much as five dollars at a time when that represented several days wages. Needless to say, there were hard feelings on occasion and it was not unusual for these to be settled “out behind the school” before the evening was over. The older men were generally more “civilized” about the bidding, as they realized the money was going for a good cause. Often an unlucky bidder who lost his best girl’s pie was asked to join the winner and the young lady in eating the pie, and the high bidder was forgiven. That is as long as he didn’t try the drive the lady home after the social was over.

In a farming community like ours, spring brought work fast and furious as soon as the “April showers ended and the ground dried to a point that plowing was possible. The older boys were needed at home to work, so attendance dropped dramatically. Some schools, like ours, had a farmer as the teacher so the farm work had to come first. We students liked this, because it meant that summer vacation would start early. This was up to the discretion of the teacher in those days so as the winter weather turned into work weather the vacation had a way of starting without warning. (Just like this Article is ending) God Bless till we meet again in the past!

No trespassing or hunting, what do you do?

By: Mike Brooks

As I rode my ATV down into a valley in the Colorado Rockies, my friend George and I stop and parked our ATV's at our regular drop off spot. We would hike up from this spot to an area a half mile uphill that had a great bench for seeing elk. As we unloaded our gear, I noticed a "No Hunting" sign posted on the tree off in the distance. I looked at George and said, do you see the no hunting sign on the large fir tree? We walked over to check it out. He put his gear down and pulled out a USGS forest service map out of his hunting coat pocket. He unfolded it and opened it up. After studying the map for a moment he went over and tore the sign down. I said, George what are you doing? Mike, this is state land and someone doesn't want us hunting here. We picked up our gear and continued on to where we would elk hunt.

You now have hunters who use these kinds of tactics to keep us hunters out of their hunting areas. Seems to be a national growth of unethical ways to keep hunters from enjoying their hunting.

What can you do to help yourself get into good areas to hunt? First find a good area that you want to hunt, and then go talk to farmers or ranchers in that area. Stop by and see if you can talk with the owner. From my personal experience, getting to know the landowner goes a long way. Make sure that you plan to talk with the landowner long before the hunting season starts. Offer to help with ranch chores, bailing hay; fix fences, white wash his barn, what ever chores you can barter for a hunt. Many times you will make a good friend out of the deal. Share your game with the landowner, often times hunters will hunt and then harvest game and never say thanks when they leave to go home. Make sure that you establish a good friendship. Treat his/her



Dumb remarks I have heard from people who abuse no trespass and no hunting signs.

"A friend of mine said it was OK to hunt here, the signs are old ones."

"If we get caught, we will tell them we are lost, and didn't know where we are".

"The fine can't be that much, and who cares, if we get a nice animal, it will be worth it."

property as your own. If you see trash, pick it up. Keep an eye out for hazards that may injure his livestock. Communication is extremely important with all landowners, a simple phone call to check and let them know when you will be hunting goes a long way. Then stop by the farm or ranch and let them know you're headed into the woods, and stop by when you're done. If the rancher/farmer lets you know that others will be hunting, find out who they are, make sure you ask him for names that will be hunting. Ask the rancher how he wants you to handle trespassers. Does he want you to call him from your cell phone, or the sheriff, make that very clear!

I once hunted a friend's farm back in the Midwest; it was the second day of deer season. As I was sitting in my stand when a man about 25 years old, walked past my stand, without ever seeing me. The owner Paul saw him and approached him and asked did he know he was trespassing on private land? The trespasser didn't know where he was and said that he was lost. It was funny, he had no clue the name of the group he was hunting with as Paul pressed him, which farm he was hunting on. I figured the guy got caught and lied about being lost.

He was pointed to the highway and the guy took off rather quickly.



“Some guys will sneak into a property before dawn and hope not to get caught. No wonder we are losing area's to hunt, not only do hunters get a bad name, but more often then not, more signs will get put up to keep hunters out, and that's a shame. Some hunters never think about their actions!” **Jack Enright**

I can remember a few years ago, where a trespasser was asked to leave private property in Wisconsin, the shooter Chai Vang from Saint Paul, Minnesota, 36 years old at the time, responded by shooting 6 hunters with a semi-automatic assault rifle. There are lots of unanswered questions, why did he shoot, and what prompted him to kill 6 hunters who confronted him.

That is an important reminder for those of you who confront trespassers, don't argue, more often then not the one you're talking to, may do something stupid with a rifle in his hands, being tough will never get you anywhere, maybe shot!

Did you know about 60%, over 1.27 billion acres in the lower 48 states is privately owned. In some states private land is owned by 90% of the people. That's why most good hunting property is privately owned. Not every owner you ask will allow you to hunt, he/she may have family that already uses the property for hunting, some will not allow you to hunt for legal reasons, and others may just love watching wildlife on their property. If any of these reasons are given, just move on and ask other property owners.

My thoughts on how to make an impression on asking and hunting on someone else's ranch or farm:

Always ask permission, try to make a new friend, and help with any ranch duties they may have. Leave a good impression, be helpful, and get to know the rancher/farmer on a personal level. If the owner allows you to hunt, ask him where he would like you to hunt, keeping away from his home, barn, livestock and crops. Don't stretch his fences, or break his wires, close gates at all times. Never leave without saying thanks, and send cards and gifts at Christmas. Simple tips but they work. Good hunting!



Things I have learned living in North Carolina

Email From: Forrest Strickland

1. Possums sleep in the middle of the road with their feet in the air
2. There are 5,000 types of snakes and 4,998 of them live in NORTH CAROLINA
3. There are 10,000 types of spiders. All 10,000 of them live in NORTH CAROLINA, plus a couple no one's seen before.
4. If it grows, it sticks; If it crawls, it bites.
5. "Onced" and "Twiced" are words.
6. It is not a Shopping cart, it is a buggy.
7. Fire ants consider your flesh as a picnic.
8. People actually grow and eat okra.
9. "Fixinto" is one word.
10. There is no such thing as "lunch". There is only dinner and then there is supper.
11. Ice tea is appropriate for all meals and you start drinking it when you're two. We do like a little tea with our sugar!
12. Backards and forwards means "I know everything about you."
13. The word "Jeet" is actually a phrase meaning "Did you eat?"
14. You don't have to wear a watch because it doesn't matter what time it is. You work until you're done or it's too dark to see.
15. You don't PUSH buttons, you MASH them.



Wilbur (Grizzly) McCormick

Temple Renovation Project

Hint of the Month!



Bob (Brooksy) Brooks

How Water Cures What Ails You

Dr. Mike Brooks

From time to time I've touched on hydrotherapy -- the use of water in the treatment of medical conditions such as sore throat and fever. Since hydrotherapy has been used effectively for eons, I was intrigued to learn about the applications of this traditional treatment method. So, I called on hydrotherapy expert Thomas A. Kruzel, ND, a naturopathic physician in private practice in Scottsdale, Arizona, and author of the *Homeopathic Emergency Guide: A Quick Reference Handbook to Effective Homeopathic Care* (North Atlantic) to find out the applications of hydrotherapy. Dr. Kruzel told me that today this modality is being rediscovered and practiced by more and more health-care professionals, especially NDs who include hydrotherapy as a core discipline, and it can help with everything from easing the symptoms of arthritis and side effects of chemotherapy. These treatments are best performed under the watchful eye of an expert. However, individuals can use hydrotherapy to help with fevers, stress relief and detoxification.

HOW IT WORKS

Hydrotherapy has been used in all cultures since the beginning of civilization. Sometimes warm or hot water is used in hydrotherapy, other times cold... while alternating hot and cold has an espe-

cially intense impact on the body internally.

Heat calms and soothes, quieting the body, explains Dr. Kruzel. When you are anxious and your muscles are tense and tight, a hot shower or bath (I like to add Epsom salts and lavender) is just what the doctor ordered. This technique has worked wonders for my daughter's sore muscles especially after physically active soccer games. In contrast, cold energizes and stimulates. When you are overtired and dragging, try a warm shower or bath followed by a short, cold rinse for a quick burst of energy.

According to Dr. Kruzel, hydrotherapy has a number of specific physiological effects on the body, depending on the type of therapy. *It can...*

- 1 Stimulate circulation, ease digestion problems and thyroid function.
- 2 Increase blood and oxygen flow.
- 3 Boost white blood cell count and enhance immunity.
- 4 Calm the central nervous system, easing anxiety, tension and insomnia.
- 5 Loosen tight muscles.
- 6 Kick temperature up a half degree or more.

HOW IT'S USED

Hydrotherapy comes in many forms. We're all familiar with hot baths and cold showers, but there are also sitz baths (baths taken in a sitting position that cover the hips and buttocks), foot baths, hot and cold compresses, steam inhalation, whirlpools, saunas and more. *Here are Dr. Kruzel's favorite do-it-yourself techniques...*

- 1 **Reduce congestion associated with colds and flu.** Try a home steam treatment. Inhaling steam helps loosen secretions, thus reducing congestion. Simply fill a third of a bowl with hot water, pull a towel over your head and inhale the steam for several minutes. (Some people like to add a drop or two of an essential oil such as eucalyptus to the water.) Warm compresses with Epsom salts can also help sinuses drain.
- 2 **Melt away stress.** Soak in a hot bath, or better yet a whirlpool, which has a massage-like effect.

You might want to add soothing herbs to your bath, including lavender and chamomile.

3 **Reduce pain and swelling of hemorrhoids.** Dr. Kruzel suggests alternating hot and cold sitz baths. Women who have received episiotomies during childbirth may also want to ask their obstetricians or midwives for medical clearance to seek naturopathic advice about sitz baths to speed healing.

4 **Treat vaginal infections of all types, including yeast.** Dr. Kruzel recommends that you alternate hot and cold compresses to your upper inner thighs and pubic area which improves lymphatic drainage in the specific sentinel nodes that often are involved with these infections (To make a compress, simply wet a clean washcloth with hot or cold water and wring it out.) A compress with witch hazel also helps relieve itching.

5 **Sooth sore feet.** Add a tablespoon of Epsom salts and three to five drops of your favorite essential oil to a bowl of hot water. Soak feet for five to 15 minutes.

6 **Sweat out metabolic wastes.** After your workout at the gym, visit the sauna or steam room for 15 to 20 minutes. To prevent overheating, wipe your face and neck frequently with a cold, wet washcloth. *Also:* See precautions below.

For upper respiratory infections (URIs) and fever:

Wet a T-shirt and socks with cold water, and wring as much water out of them as possible. Next take a warm shower, and afterward don the T-shirt and socks. Cover with a dry, warm sweat shirt and a dry pair of sweat socks, and climb into bed. Sounds uncomfortable, but Dr. Kruzel assures me that it calms the nervous system, and causes the fever to spike and then break. Note: This treatment should be supervised initially by a health-care professional.

More fever relief: Wet a towel with cold water, and wring it out. Wrap the towel around the base of the skull and neck. This cools blood going to the brain. Try dunking your feet in ice water for only a minute and toweling dry. This can draw circulation down away from the head. Alternatively, just take a cool bath.

A FEW SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS

If you want to utilize hydrotherapy as part of a regular treatment plan and want specific guidance, Dr. Kruzel recommends that you seek the care of a naturopathic doctor (ND). *Other simple precautions to follow are...*

1 If you are pregnant or have abnormal blood pressure or heart disease, do not use saunas or steam baths.

2 If you have diabetes, do not apply hot applications to the legs or feet as you may not be able to have accurate temperature sensation in the limbs.

3 Do not use cold applications if you suffer from Raynaud's syndrome (a condition that causes parts of the body -- such as the fingers and toes -- to feel numb in response to cool temperatures or stress).

4 The very young and the very old should avoid extended hot treatments. And -- those with heart problems, MS and pregnant people should do these treatments under the care of a physician.

Anyone who has ever luxuriated in a hot bath or soaked in a whirlpool is already aware of the symptomatic benefits of water therapy. There are many other hydrotherapy techniques that can help more challenging conditions -- ask your naturopathic physician.



A Cat For All That

By: Grizz

It was one season The air and cold the sun attempt to on the far zon. As I der an old lot of great



of those late mornings. was crisp even when made a first show its face eastern horizon there unhickory, a memories raced through my mind. It had been a morning al-

most like this that my dad took me to the woods for the first time. We had been in search of squirrels on that morning, but this time I had my grandson out for his first whitetail hunt.

Ayron had spent the night at our house so we could be up at our early. Sleep had been slow in coming as he had a thousand last minute questions. Six AM came almost before our heads had hit the pillow. We hit the deck and had a quick breakfast of donuts and drove the eight miles to a farm where we had permission to hunt, and where we knew the whitetails to be plentiful. The lights of the farmhouse greeted us as we approached. Southern Ohio farmers are early risers. He stepped out on the porch as we retrieved our guns from their cases and donned our blaze orange coats. I inquired about the whereabouts of his livestock that morning, and he gave us the usual "Good Hunting!"

I could tell Ayron was in a hurry to get to the woods because he had crossed the barnyard and was at the gate to the woodlot before I, with my bum knee, had hardly started. I warned him that we had to be quiet even though we had some time before shooting light and legal hunting started.

I let him move ahead. We knew where we were going from earlier scouting. Ayron picked the spot he wanted to sit, and I found my hickory a few yards behind and to his left. Although I had my trusty Ithica 37, my plan was to let him do any shooting. This was his first hunt and I have killed my share of deer.

Our vantage point was about half way up a wooded hillside that overlooked several converging trails used by the deer to travel to and from the bedding grounds in thick pines to the more open fields to the south. The fence lines created a bottleneck between thick cover, somewhat open woodlots and open pasture. If all went well, Ayron should be presented with a thirty yard shot in rather open conditions. I was confident that this was well within his ability with his Rossi 20 gauge.

The morning started to come alive as only hunters

see. Squirrels came from their nests to find breakfast in the treetops where the sun first struck with its warming rays. At first I noticed Ayron getting excited every time one of these critters crossed the leaf covered floor with that jump, pause, jump sequence that so many, even seasoned hunters, mistake for the footsteps of a monster buck. Crows would dive at the rustling branches overhead, causing the squirrels to respond with their loud discussed chatter. Woodpeckers drummed away on a dead snag, making the wood chips sprinkle the forest floor.

I was deep in thought and almost asleep when something prompted me to look over my shoulder toward the neighboring property line and the dense cover there. He appeared from the morning haze and the dark pines without a sound. He stood by the fence for what seemed like hours. I whispered to Ayron to look over his right shoulder very slowly.

The buck was a nice typical southern Ohio white-tail. A heavy rack with eight perfect points. He wasn't at all interested in us, as something farther along the fence line seemed to hold his attention. Every indication was that he was ready to jump the fence and take the trail that would lead right past Ayron. I could almost smell the tenderloin frying.

Instead, he walked down the fence line, just inside the heavy cover, always with his attention on something in the distance. I came to the conclusion that he had detected does on the other hill, and was torn between bedtime and lovetime. I watched Ayron out of the corner of my eye and I could tell that with movements ever so slight, he was turning his body to get the shot to his right. I also saw that if the buck continued on his present course, he would give Ayron a rather unsteady shot at about forty yards. I wondered if he would try for it.

Twenty minutes had passed, and the buck now stood like a stone figure, showing no signs of doing, or going anywhere. I couldn't imagine what was keeping his attention. It wasn't us, because he never even looked in our direction, and we had a

strong wind advantage. I gave some fleeting thought to trying to turn enough to take a left-handed shot, but thought better of it as the buck started to stomp his foot and become nervous. He turned and walked back up the fence line in the direction he had come, and without another sound, melted into the thick pines, never to be seen again.

It was then that I noticed that most other critter activity had come to an end and I could hear the sound of uneven footsteps coming down the other hill toward us. Jumping to conclusions, I muttered some, maybe not so holy words, about stupid hunters out walking around like a heard of horses in the middle of private farm land. The sound kept coming, a few steps then a pause, and so on. Then I caught a bit of white among the leaves and then some black and then the whole critter appeared. At first I thought it was a very smelly intruder, but lo, it was just a big house cat on the prowl.



I must admit that the thought crossed my mind as it did Ayron's, to make this old cat pay dearly for messing up our deer hunt, but the thoughts faded as the ever so distant sound of a young, high pitched voice could just be heard. "Kitty, Kitty, Kitty". The old cat raised it head and listened for a moment then abandoned his hunt and started out across the pasture toward home.

Ayron looked back at me and said that he was getting a little chilly. It was then that I realized that I wasn't a little chilly, I was downright cold. "Lets go get some real hot breakfast, that old buck will be here tomorrow!"

Ayron took the lost buck and the freeze out with good nature and looked forward to the next time in the woods. We hunted more, but this just wasn't our year. Although we saw other deer, the shot just didn't present itself. I was proud of Ayron for his careful consideration of each opportunity. He followed old Grizz's hunt ethic. "If you don't have a stone dead shot, don't shoot!"

What's In The Pot?



UNCLE BOB'S VENISON LOAF

- 1-1/2 lbs. ground venison
 - 1/3 cup V8 juice with 4 or 5 dashes of Tabasco added
 - 1/3 cup apple sauce
 - 8 soda crackers (finely crushed)
 - 1 medium onion (diced)
 - 2 medium/large carrots (shredded)
 - 3 or 4 cloves garlic (crushed)
 - pinch of oregano
 - salt and pepper (to taste)
- Combine 1st four ingredients in a large mixing bowl. Sauté onion, carrot, garlic and oregano in cast fry pan with about 1 tbsp. butter until onions are translucent. Sprinkle lightly with salt and generously with pepper while sautéing. Combine ingredients from fry pan into venison mixture in mixing bowl and mix everything thoroughly. Pack mixture firmly into a well buttered 8-1/2 by 4-1/2 by 2-1/2 inch baking dish. Bake in 400 deg. oven for about 1 hour. Serves 4 or 5.

Bob R.



Have a favorite? Send it to me to be added to our file. I plan to have one issue of the E-mag be all the favorite recipes of you, our readers. Yours just might turn out to be a favorite of all who try it...

Grizz