



## Greetings Friends



By: Michael Brooks

### A Tribute to Dads

My dad has been gone over twenty years, and I still miss him every day! My dad was a colonel in the army. We moved all over the world, lived in Germany, and coast to coast in the states. I know that he loved us kids and did the best he could with 4 children.

One particular event I will never forget took place in Ansbach, Germany. I was 8 years old at the time. My dad, being an officer, often took us kids to the officers club. In the club there was the biggest head mount of a wild boar I have ever seen. It was huge considering I was 8 and any mount would have looked bigger than life hanging on the wall. I asked my dad if we could go hunting for a wild boar. His response was, "Some day!"

One early Saturday morning my dad woke me up and said, "Mikey, get dressed. Let's go hunting for that wild boar." I was out of bed in a flash. I don't think I was ever more excited in my life. We walked across the street to the thick black forest. I remember the smells of fall and the wet cold grass. As we walked through the woods, my dad made this hunt very exciting. He pulled out a pocket knife and handed it to me as we walked deeper into the woods. We had no chance of ever seeing a wild boar, but he made that 2 hour trip the most exciting trip I have ever been on.

He taught me several tricks of the woods—looking for deer tracks, which nuts deer like to eat, etc. It was a great day of learning and having fun.

I encourage you to take your children out to the woods or fishing. It's a great time to bond and share what God has created for them. Use the outdoors as a bible lesson or to give a testimony

### In This Issue—

- Greetings Friends.....1
- Floundering Around with Dad.....2
- Who Me? Survival-How Not to be a Victim.....4
- Walk Gently Through Life .....6
- Calendar of Upcoming Events .....7
- COFA Elk Hunting Information.....8

about how God used the outdoors to help you grow closer to God. Making God the center of your family will make a difference for the whole family. Thank you God for all our dads!





## Floundering Around with Dad



*By: Cathy Channing*

I grew up on the Gulf Coast in Alvin, Texas (just three houses down the street from Houston Astros pitcher, the great Nolan Ryan—my one and only claim to fame!). Growing up on the coast meant being in close proximity to

lots of water to catch lots of fish, whether it be lake, river, bayou, creek or ocean fishing.

My dad never took me “fishing” as a kid—he took me floundering. Floundering is a whole different animal from your typical fishing outing. There’s a whole ritual to catching a fish with both eyes on one side of his head, who’s constantly on the lookout for predators. The ritual begins with making sure your lantern is in working order. My dad had a rule about the light we used—always kerosene lanterns, never modern battery-operated flashlights or the like. This rule caused my dad considerable trouble when once before a floundering trip, he lit the lantern to verify it was working correctly and didn’t realize the bottom seal of the lantern had a torn seam. The bottom of the lantern was soaked in kerosene which had leaked through the seam, so when he lit the wick, the lantern exploded in his hand, catching his hand and head on fire. Luckily, there was a visiting gentleman drinking coffee in our kitchen who saw my father was on fire and tackled him with a blanket to put out the fire and rushed him to the hospital. Needless to say, the fishing trip was cancelled as my dad lay in a hospital bed for several weeks recovering from third degree burns to his face, head and left hand.

After the accident, it was decided by my dad that perhaps battery-operated lanterns were okay, even if flashlights weren’t. Once the lanterns were confirmed to be in working order, the ritual continued. You don’t use a fishing rod to catch a flounder (not a true-blue flounder fisherman, anyway). You use a “gig.” A gig is a long wooden pole (or the handle from a retired broom) with a spike or nail driven into one end of it—pretty simple rig. You also don’t need sunscreen to go floundering since gigging for flounder is done at

night. My dad would check the tide tables and load up me and my brother in his yellow 62 Chevy pickup and drive us down to the ocean in search of the elusive flounder.

We would all pile out of the truck on the beach at low tide, each grabbing our individual lantern and gig. We would then wade into the ocean only as deep as mine and my brother’s ankles, standing at arm’s length from one another and begin our hunt. When gigging, you drag your feet along the sandy bottom to stir up all the critters along the ocean floor, which is where flounder hang out. You hold your lantern out in front of you with your gig in the other hand, drag your feet and watch in front of you for the flounder to scurry out from under your feet. Then you gig the fish right behind his two beady eyes looking up at you.

My mother never joined us on our floundering expeditions and she refused to cook fish of any kind. However, my dad being the ethical fisherman he was, made sure we ate our catch. Luckily, we had a cleaning lady, Bertha, who came every Tuesday to cook, clean and do the week’s ironing. Bertha is French Cajun and could work magic with a fish. On the way home from our floundering outings, Dad always stopped by the docks where the commercial fisherman hauled in their catch for the day and we would buy shrimp fresh off the boats and pack them on the ice our flounder was cooling in. We knew on Tuesday when Bertha showed up, we’d be having a feast of stuffed flounder and shrimp gumbo for dinner that night. My mother may have refused to cook our catch, but she sure agreed to eat Bertha’s incredible seafood fare.

Daddy only took us on our special floundering trips when my brother and I were little. Once we were older and the demands of Dad’s job as a pipe fitter were a daily constant, my dad didn’t have the opportunity to take us floundering much any more. Of course, as we got to be teens, we didn’t much have the inclination to ask either. Before we moved to Colorado, when my own children were little, I told them about how their Papa used to take me and their uncle floundering and they were able to talk their Papa into a floundering trip of their own. The ritual had not changed over the years except that I was the one doing the cooking of their catch instead of Bertha.





Now, my dad is 78 years young and was just recently diagnosed with multiple myeloma (cancer of the blood and bone marrow). I know that Daddy



would give anything to be in good enough health to go floundering again. I, too, would give anything for my dad to have another opportunity to go to the ocean and gig up a whole mess of flounder. Unfortunately, I don't see that happening, especially since my dad is confined to a walker now and four years ago my parents moved away from the coast. There are probably a lot of places that my dad now wishes he could go back to and will most likely never get the chance to this side of Heaven. But I'm so thankful that we both have memories like those of him taking me floundering and we both can go back and visit those places at any time in our minds now.

Dads, take your children fishing—it will give them a lifetime of wonderful memories. If you've missed the chance with your own children, take your grandchildren or children in your church and community. In doing so, you'll touch the life of a child in a very profound way.

## A Bit of Trivia....

### The Story of Father's Day

Father's Day, contrary to popular misconception, was not established as a holiday in order to help greeting card manufacturers sell more cards. In fact when a "father's day" was first proposed there were no Father's Day cards!

Mrs. John B. Dodd, of Washington, first proposed the idea of a "father's day" in 1909. Mrs. Dodd wanted a special day to honor her father, William Smart. William Smart, a Civil War veteran, was widowed when his wife (Mrs. Dodd's mother) died in childbirth with their sixth child. Mr. Smart was left to raise the newborn and his other five children by himself on a rural farm in eastern Washington state. It was after Mrs. Dodd became an adult that she realized the strength and selflessness her father had shown in raising his children as a single parent.

The first Father's Day was observed on June 19, 1910 in Spokane Washington. At about the same time in various towns and cities across American other people were beginning to celebrate a "father's day." In 1924 President Calvin Coolidge supported the idea of a national Father's Day. Finally in 1966 President Lyndon Johnson signed a presidential proclamation declaring the 3rd Sunday of June as Father's Day.

Father's Day has become a day to not only honor your father, but all men who act as a father figure. Stepfathers, uncles, grandfathers, and adult male friends are all honored on Father's Day.





## Who Me?

### Survival—How Not to be a Victim

By: Neal Browne

Let's be honest—we never think it will happen to us. It's always the other guy that the search and rescue teams head out to find. But the embarrassing fact is that those who end up lost, stranded, injured, or unable to make it back never thought it would happen to them either.

Each year it's estimated there are (ready for this?) 50,000 search and rescue missions across the United States looking for people lost or in trouble. They are most often hikers, hunters, skiers and snowmobilers. Search and Rescue crews say the numbers don't lie: Men 20-25 years old and 50-60 years old are statistically the most likely targets of their operations, although they've rescued hundreds of people of all ages, and both genders, all too frequently.

Nobody needs to rehearse why we all love to venture into the wilderness or mountains, but if unprepared, you might not come back at all. And if you do (here's another staggering number), the average cost of a full-scale search and rescue operation is \$32,000. Many states require that you pay back those costs.

#### PREPARATION --

Proper preparation won't take you any more time than properly preparing for your hunt or your hike, but it just might save your life, so you can hunt another day.

"Right preparation, right thinking, and the right equipment are key," says Peter Kummerfeldt, the former survival instructor for cadets at the U.S. Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. "The biggest danger," he says, "is getting cold and wet. That's the quickest set-up for hypothermia, which can kill you." (Hypothermia happens when your body starts losing heat faster than it can replace it).

#### THE DANGERS OF HYPOTHERMIA --

Hypothermia is deceptive. It can even happen on only a moderately cool day, especially if it's raining. Experts say it pulls you in a spiral downward: It shows itself first as uncontrolled shivering and blurred thinking (even though you won't notice

just how poorly you're thinking). I can attest to that myself. For me, it wasn't the wilderness, but rather coming home from work years ago on my motorcycle (when I was a 24-year old know-it-all). A 70-degree day turned nasty with a cold front that brought 41-degree temperatures and blowing sleet. Neither my insulation nor my rain gear was adequate. Still, tough-guy here thought he could make it, and wasn't going to be humbled by a little storm. It was only a 30-minute ride home, and yes, I got there without putting the bike sideways, but then the interesting part began.

I came inside and while trying to get warm, what I thought were complete rational sentences (I was in broadcasting and was paid to talk well) ended up being incomplete, and at times, incoherent phrases. My family knew something was stranger than normal. After about an hour's immersion in the tub with continual fills of more hot water, they told me they wished they had used a tape recorder, because that would be the only way I would believe how out-of-it I was. Their verdict was unanimous. I finally realized just how imperceptibly and subtly hypothermia comes on. I knew I was very cold. I didn't know how stealthily it had robbed my ability to function and think well, while I thought I was just fine.

Wrong, or blurred thinking leads to wrong and sometimes disastrous decisions that can take your life if you're in the back country and a long way from shelter and warmth. During my reporter days, I even had the uncomfortable task of finding a man who had made it back to his car during a powerful blizzard, but had frozen to death inside it, all because he too was not properly prepared. All we could do was call the Sheriff.

#### YOUR MUST-HAVE SURVIVAL KIT --

Time to cut to the chase—What to do to protect yourself, every time you go out. First, always tell at least two people where you expect to be, what route you plan to take, and when you expect to be back. If you don't show up, they can get help.

Second, Kummerfeldt recommends that you always, always, always take a small survival pack with you. "The best survival gear made is useless when it's left in the truck." So what should you include?





The Big Kahuna Complete Pack has in it these items:

- A Nalgene water bottle (best kind, won't taint the water, holds up well)
- A water purifying device (bacteria in even "clear" streams can give you diarrhea—you don't need that!)
- A small tin cup or bowl (you can melt snow for water, and boil it or purify it to keep yourself hydrated)
- A knife
- Thin, but durable, goatskin gloves (don't neglect keeping your hands warm)
- A flashlight, extra batteries (put electrical or duct tape over the lens to protect it when not in use)
- A mirror and a whistle (for signaling)
- A small, short camp saw (He says an axe can slip and hurt you more often, causing extra problems)
- One layer of extra insulation (He recommends polar fleece: light, warm, doesn't soak up water)
- Rain gear (windproof and waterproof, keeping you dryer and warmer)
- A GPS (they are becoming less expensive. Don't trust your own innate "sense of direction.")
- Head gear (a long, versatile hood that can be worn like a scarf, but pulled up over your head and cinched down with a draw-string is best. Keeping your head warm is critical)
- Protein Bars (good for keeping up your energy level, even though you can survive without food for 2-3 weeks)

Your Always-With-You-Even-if-You're-Taking-A-Short-Walk Pack should contain these additional items:

- About 20-25 feet of nylon line or small rope (all kinds of uses: shelter, resroof. Tuck in your legs).
- A Metal Match (that will strike under almost any conditions)
- Back-up regular REI matches (Kummerfeldt says they are the best) in a waterproof container
- 6-8 Cotton balls soaked in petroleum jelly in a waterproof container (use one to get a fire started)
- Compass (not as good as a GPS unit, but far better than nothing)
- A large (big as you can get) plastic garbage bag (For visibility, get an orange one from your state highway department if you can. Otherwise,

make it a 55-gallon (or larger) regular bag. You'll cut out only the CORNER or TOE of the bag to form about a 5-inch diameter hole—just enough for your eyes and nose, to see and breathe. With your hood up, pull the bag over you to keep you dry and wind-proof. Tuck in your legs).

#### FINAL TIPS --

Kummerfeldt recommends that you take a full survival course in the off-season. Until then, these essentials will help keep you dry, warmer, and lessen the effects of the wind---your best bet to come out alive.

For more on survival tips and equipment, you can visit Peter Kummerfeldt's web site at:  
<http://www.outdoorsafe.com/>





## Walk Gently Through Life



By: *Tim Riter*

### The Bait

Shepherd's Creek was once a great unknown trout stream. Still fairly unknown, but no longer great. Nestled in California's Owens Valley, just south of Independence, population of maybe 1,000, and county seat of Independence County.

Decades back, while driving up highway 395, Dad saw the thin green line of trees, indicating water. To Dad, even a small trickle of water meant trout. He spotted a gate in the barbed wire fence along the road, right at Manzanar, the WWII era relocation camp for Japanese Americans. A trace of a trail led farther up the stream. That's all it took.

He carefully eased his 1941 Ford through the granite boulders that formed part of the "road," and worked his way up midpoint between the highway and the foothills. The trail came to its merciful end at the stream. No campsite, just a small clearing where a few former fishermen had spent some time.

He found a fisherman's heaven. Wild German brown trout made the stream their home. Scattered trees provided little just a little shade and cover. Later, I learned to stalk trout there. Cautiously avoiding their sight lines, walking softly so vibrations wouldn't carry through the ground.

Hard fishing, especially for the impatient twelve year old I was when Dad first took me up there. But from an expert I learned how to entice rather than spook them. Few knew of it, even fewer fished it. That made it great.

Ever gracious, Dad took a neighbor up a few years later. The best fishermen seem willing to share some secrets. Ever cautious, he made him promise to not tell anyone else about it (remember those Montanans I mentioned earlier? They had a valid concern).

That neighbor's word to Dad proved just as reliable as his vows to his wife, whom he left within a few years. He took three or four friends with him the next summer. They each did the same the year after that. When we went up the third year, Shepherd's Creek was neither unknown nor great. Too many fishermen took too many trout out for it to sustain itself.

### The Hook: *Reeling It In*

God created a marvelous world, didn't he? The mountains always strike with awe. I need them to replenish my soul, not just for their trout. He then graciously gave this all to us, for food, for shelter, for recreation, that we could see the Creator in the creation.

But I need to keep in mind, I don't own it, so I can't use it just as I desire. I don't have the right to abuse God's creation. I'm struck by some hints at how we're to relate to the physical world. In Genesis 2:15 we read, "The LORD God took the man and put him in the Garden of Eden to work it and take care of it" (emphasis added).

Yes, we're to use the earth, God designed it to take care of our needs. But we're also to take care of it. To not overfish its streams. To not pollute its air. To not let greed run unchecked.

Why do we so often go to extremes? To some, cutting down a tree almost becomes a crime. To others, ruining a fishery is OK if we can make some money from it. Let's protect, and enjoy, the Shepherd's Creeks of our world.





## Calendar of Upcoming Events

### ATVING, DIRT BIKES, HIKING & PHOTOGRAPHY

Sat., 6/24/06—8:00 AM

Meet at Ranger Station in Idaho Springs, CO

Take I-70 West to exit at Mt. Evans Ranger Station on right side of the road. Bring snacks, beverages, and camera. This is a great time to explore the trails.

Mike Brooks—303.456.0555

mbrooks33@aol.com

George Reinbold—303.880.3800

### WOMEN'S HIKE (MT. FALCON IN MORRISON, CO)

Sun., 6/25/06—9:00 AM

From 285, take Parmalee Gulch Rd. (Indian Hills). Turn right on Picctis Rd., turn left to Comanche Rd. Stay to the left and follow Nambee Rd. to Mt. Falcon Rd. Parking at top (follow Mt. Falcon Trail signs).

Sandy Tippins—303.467.0289

Call Sandy for additional information or directions.

### ELKCAMP IN THE CITY

Sat., 7/15/06

Beaver Ranch Community Park

11369 Foxtan Rd., Conifer, CO

This will be a seminar on all aspects of elk hunting, calling, equipment, ATVs, public lands & where to hunt. Talk to a DOW warden and have a chance to ask questions, and get tips on the right survival gear.

Cost: Adults (age 18+)—\$10

Child (age 12-18)—\$5

Under Age 12—Free

Mike Brooks—303.456.0555/mbrooks33@aol.com

George Reinbold—303.880.3800

Bob Luce—303.816.2129

### ATVING, CAMPING, HIKING, PHOTOGRAPHY & FISHING

Fri.-Sun., 8/4-6/06

Uncompahgre Nat'l Forest near Montrose, CO

Meet at Wal-Mart parking lot in Wheat Ridge, CO off of Youngfield and I-70. This is a 5-hour drive from Denver.

George Reinbold—303.880.3800 or

gareinbold@msn.com

### SHOOTING

Sat., 8/12/06—8:00 AM

Meet at Subway in Conifer, CO

This is a great time to shoot and enjoy pistol and rifle target shooting. Will be shooting near Baily, CO.

Mike Brooks—303.456.0555 or

George Reinbold—303.880.3800

### WOMEN'S HIKE

Sat., 8/19/06—9:00 AM

Elk Meadow Park (Evergreen, CO)

From North I-70 or from South I-73, to Evergreen Pkwy, follow Stagecoach Blvd. parking to the right.

Sandy Tippins—303.467.0289

### ALASKA RIFLE MOOSE HUNT

Sun.-Sun., 8/20-27/06

Kenai Peninsula, Alaska 15-C

This moose hunt will take place in the Kenai Peninsula and is on a first-come-first-served basis. Call John for details, meals and donations will be explained.

John Novak—303.816.2724 or

Steve Petersen—303.469.1069 or

Bob Luce—303.816.2129





## COFA's Elk hunting Camps, hunts of a lifetime! 2006



Dates for rifle hunt:  
 Oct 19-25 Colorado  
 Nov 2-7 Colorado

Dates for Archery  
 "watch for dates to  
 be posted in March.



This years COFA elk hunting camps, will be bigger, better and we will have more camps to offer. We are in the process of putting together bow hunting camps. We are excited to add additional volunteers to help run these camps. Here is the hunting information.

**When:** October 19-25 2006, this includes camp set up on Thursday and scouting on Friday and hunting beginning on Saturday 21st, Second camp will be November 2nd-7th 2006.

**Where:** Uncompahgre National forest unit #65

**Cost:** There is a \$150 dollar non-refundable donation fee to hold your place in camp. We are limited to 15 per camp, so sign up early. Elk hunting tags can be checked on the DOW-Division Of Wildlife website at <http://wildlife.state.co.us/> for prices on elk tags, you can buy bull tags over the counter, but you must do this before the season begins. We highly recommend that you try to purchase cow tags, lots of cows in area!

**Tents and eating arrangements:** You will be assigned to a group of people who are responsible for taking turns cooking evening meals during the week. That group will plan and cook meals for the entire group. You will only have to cook one evening meal. Your group will provide everything from main course, breads, desserts, and beverages. Each person is responsible for their own breakfast and lunch. Tents will be provided and they are large, warm and have plenty of room to walk around in. No pup tents in this camp!

**Gear and such:** You will need your hunter safety card, no exceptions for lost cards. As far as tent gear, a sleeping cot, with a foam pad under your sleeping bag, two extra blankets. A pillow, a carpet square to go under your cot. Hunting gear and rifle recommendations, call Mike Brooks at 303.456.0555 for COFA suggestions. ATV's need a current state sticker.

**Spiritual context:** We encourage Christians to bring non-believing friends or family members to this camp. We will share the gospel around the campfire in a clear and concise manner, from a fellow hunter or peer. This is an incredible hunt, sign up soon, before the camps fill up. Call 303.456.0555 to reserve your spot! Or e-mail mike at [mbrooks33@aol.com](mailto:mbrooks33@aol.com), see you in on the trail.

