



THE CHRISTIAN Outdoor Fellowship of America

COFA

Volume 5: October 2005

COFA Newsletter

Greetings Friends



By: Michael Brooks
 Let me first extend to you a hearty welcome to the COFA (Christian Outdoor Fellowship of America) family! We at COFA feel honored that you have joined us in COFA's ministry outreach. Our goal for COFA is to help you grow spiritually through the study of God's word, while using the great outdoors as a ministry tool.

When you partner with COFA, you're not just supporting ministry in the outdoors, you're helping to build strong Christian families, sending knowledgeable men and women in the outdoors who are able to share the Gospel, and using God's word to promote the Gospel in the great outdoors. You're part of a ministry family that is dedicated to changing lives through the outdoors and God's word.

I feel that we (COFA) are to deepen our ministry around the United States and Canada. There is a need to share the Gospel with all outdoor enthusiasts. We have more than 149 million people in the outdoors and COFA wants to reach each one—one at a time. That is my challenge to you. Do you have the tools to share the Gospel with fellow men/women in the outdoors? Do you know how to share the Gospel or lead someone to the Lord? I believe a lot of us would like to think we know how to share and present the Gospel, but in all honesty, do you?

Hunting season is upon us. For many of you, being in the woods is a great way to escape from the doldrums of work and the busy life. We can put church behind us, and enjoy the church of the field. This is an extremely busy time for COFA. This month, we will be hosting over 30 hunters and fishermen—some believers and some not. We know that God has called each one of us into

In This Issue—

- Greetings Friends1
- Time Growing Up2
- Opportunity Lost3
- Fly-Fishing Terminology5
- Lost in a Blizzard.....6
- Pastor's Corner9
- Success in the Woods.....10
- Sighting in a Rifle11
- Calendar of Upcoming Events13
- Wilderness First Responder14

sharing the Gospel with fellow outdoorsmen. We are reaching the church and unchurched while in the mountains of Colorado. The Gospel will be presented in such a way that it's clear and concise. A fellow hunter will share in his own way how the Lord changed his life, and as we sit around a campfire, lives will change forever as they hear a salvation message presented by one of their peers.

Your contributions stroke the bright lights of COFA; here are a few insights of what God is doing at COFA through the generosity of friends like you:

Elkcamp in the City brings outdoor enthusiasts to hear seminars from experts in the hunting arena. The men/women and children that attend will get to hear and talk to gunsmiths, see demonstrations in how to use a GPS, proper deer/elk stand and ground blind placement, how to use deer/elk scents and cover scents properly, how to call elk with various calls, outdoor survival skills, wilderness medicine classes, how to cook wild game properly, learning about ballistics, how to choose a proper scope and binoculars, and how effective ATVs are. The list goes on, but at the end of the day, the attendees will hear the Gospel presented by a local





pastor who is an outdoor enthusiast. This is an incredible way of getting the Gospel out! We hope next year to help set up several elk/deer camps in the city in different states. If you are interested in having this in your city, please contact us!

Elkhorn Camp—yearly elk hunting camp that has men coming from across the country during the hunt in October. This camp has the great opportunity of sharing the Gospel with several non-believers that attend the hunt.

Most of COFA's resources are used in this camp. Many have trusted in Christ through this event. We would like to sponsor several camps next year, including muzzleloaders, archery and more rifle hunts.

The fishing ministry is growing. We want to have a Fishcamp in the City that is exclusively for fisher men/women/children. A whole day seminar that will attract all kinds of fishing enthusiasts and instructors, seminar speakers. The number of people who fish in this country are astronomical, to say the least.

We are having many folks contact COFA that want to lead hiking and camping events, which certainly is an answer to prayers, but we need your contributions to make these events happen.

In closing, I want to thank you and encourage you to continue this valuable partnership with COFA. We need you! When you think of us, would you please pray for COFA? I, along with every person in Christian Outdoor Fellowship of America, believe this ministry is prayer-driven, not personality-driven. The moment we forget Who ordained this organization into being, we need to shut the doors.

Please keep in touch with us. No telling what new adventures lie ahead for us in the coming years, though we have had nearly 10 incredible years of ministry memories. We know that God is not done yet!

With appreciation for you,

Mike

Time Growing Up



By: Kurt Thaemert

The old saying "the older you get, the faster time goes" really rings true as each year passes. In an effort to minimize the trend I spend time reflecting upon my youth. I grew up on a farm in southern Idaho. My childhood was unique in that I have a sister

20 years older and a brother 17 years older than me. Needless to say my parents were at a different point in their lives when I was growing up. Not having a sibling around, and with no neighbors simply a few feet away, I spent a great deal of time playing by myself and with the many animals on the farm.

Living in rural Idaho had many advantages in the early 1970's. Not only did I have a horse, dog, chickens and variety of livestock but I also had a dirtbike and a trusty BB gun. The BB gun soon gave way to a pellet gun and then soon to a 22 rifle. The abundance of trees provided cover for a variety of birds. My dad, being an avid hunter and my mom being the marksman of the family, had not only taught me good hunting ethics but also patience and shooting skills.

Not only did we have many trees around our barnyard and farmhouse but one of our farms bordered Rock Creek and the 200+ foot canyon gorge carved out by ancient waters, made famous by Evil Knievel's failed jump. Our farm was just one mile from the confluence of the two waterways, thus Rock Creek Canyon was smaller but just as rugged. The canyon rims were home to hundreds of ground squirrels and even more rockchucks.

From an early age my dad enlisted me to help in our efforts to control the rockchuck populations. It is amazing that such a small animal can have a devastating effect on crops with beans and alfalfa being their preferred meal choices. The fields bordering the canyon pastures showed significant impact from the animals early in the growing season. Neighbors had enlisted trappers and even tried poisoning with limited success. Our evening rituals of hunting may not have eliminated the marmots but it did have a distinct impact on their populations and the resultant crop losses.





Those hours spent having fun, honing hunting skills, and helping Dad out would turn out to be some of the most treasured memories of my life.

I have been blessed with two loving, Christian parents that spent a great deal of time sharing faith, values and teaching me what is really important in life.

Many of these lessons were taught to me by my father as we sat on the canyon rim patiently waiting for the next rockchuck to appear. We spent hours upon hours talking about life and growing up. Sharing stories and asking questions. Now that my father is in his eighties and no longer able to hunt, each time I reflect upon those memories I get a smile on my face and warm feeling in my heart. Those times weren't about the hunt or who made the longest shot. They were about sharing special times with my dad and close friends.

Now as time seems to zoom by as I get older and I have a young son and daughter of my own, I realize what my parents did for me. It isn't about who has the best job or makes the most money. It is about doing things you enjoy and sharing time and memories with those you love and care about. It is about sitting with your dad while hunting and talking about the future. It is about sharing your thoughts with your mom as you drive together to the store. It is about having a quiet dinner with your wife and talking about your day at work. It is about watching your kids as they sleep.

Growing up is a continual process. Slow down and treasure each moment. Take the time to remember those little moments in life.

Kurt Thaemert
God's Country Camouflage
 "Wear your faith on your sleeve."

Opportunity Lost

By: Mike Raether



It looked like a great spot. I could see 100 yards in most directions through the lodgepole pine that cloaked this Montana ridge top. The fresh snowfall that had hushed the woods a couple of days earlier was pocked with a shotgun pattern of fresh deer tracks. By the half light of a promising dawn I brushed a few inches of snow off a convenient fallen log, took a seat, and rested the rifle across my knees.

But I wasn't after deer, even though I had a buck tag in my pocket. I had drawn one of the few coveted cow elk permits available for this area and I was out to fill my freezer with some of the finest eating available from the hunter's woods. And mixed with the whitetail tracks were well-trodden paths cut by elk hooves. The elk tracks traversed this east-west ridge, so I figured that the elk were feeding on the grassy, open south face at night and bedding in the tangle of dense downfall and brush on the north face during the day. I was hoping to ambush them here on the ridge top.

I slid down the log a bit, put my back up against a convenient tree, blew out a frosty sigh and settled in for the wait. After a few minutes to let the woods settle down, I raised a cow elk call to my lips and blew a few enticing notes. I waited, then repeated. I waited some more.

The white-tailed buck appeared out of nowhere, as unexpected as a spring snowstorm. I hadn't seen him approach. Suddenly he was just there, standing barely 30 yards away, eyes boring holes into me. Apparently he'd crept in to investigate the elk call. White-tails sometimes like to hang out with elk, perhaps to take advantage of their superior senses.

I wasn't what this buck expected to find, but he was curious. I studied his antlers during the stare-off, and finally dared to slowly raise my binoculars for a better look.

Nice rack. Not huge, but nice. The main beams were thick and grooved at the bases. They





gracefully swept up and forward and in width stretched out well past his ears. There were just three tines per side but they stood up tall and proud, the tallest better than a foot long. In the growing sunlight the tines gleamed like polished ivory.

"I think I'll let him go." I lowered the binoculars. I was more than a mile from my truck. It would take all day to get this buck off the mountain, and my elk hunt would be cancelled for the day. And I had plenty of season left to fill my buck tag. Four more weeks lay ahead of me. Still, he really was a pretty decent buck...

I raised the binoculars again for another peek with the buck standing as still as a fence post and watching me all the while. I might get a chance at a bigger buck later in the season, but then again I might not. If I filled my buck tag now, then I could put all my efforts into hunting elk for the rest of the season. And the longer I looked at that rack, the bigger it got.

"I think I'll take him." Lowering the binoculars, I began to ease the rifle up to my shoulder. But the buck had grown tired of the game. Suddenly, without warning he turned his nose, flipped his tail and was gone. I'd looked too much, and waited too long. The opportunity was lost, gone as quickly as a popped balloon.

I continued to call for elk but without success. Late in the day as I descended the mountain, I thought long and hard about the drama with the buck. Why had I hesitated? That buck was probably a gift from God, a diamond opportunity to tag out. And I had missed it.

I began to think about some of the other diamond opportunities God has given me over the years that I've missed because I've hesitated or waited too long. Not just opportunities to take game, but opportunities He has given me in other areas of life: opportunities to make a difference in His kingdom, in my family, and in the lives of others; opportunities to be on mission with God in various ways. I sure haven't missed them all, but I'll have to admit that I've missed more than a few. Perhaps you have, too.

We serve a God who is not silent. He speaks in many ways: through Scripture, prayer, life experiences, and other people just to name a few. He calls to us, sometimes even challenges us. He might call us to a higher level of obedience, a deeper prayer life, or a special work. And like the buck on the ridge, He often waits patiently while we make up our minds. But also like the buck, He won't wait forever. If we hesitate too long, the opportunity might turn its nose, flip its tail and flee.

Of course, sometimes the opportunities come again. Certainly they do in the areas of prayer and obedience. But an opportunity to do something special with God may only come once. There might not be a second chance.

I think of Moses. God called Moses to lead the Hebrews out of slavery in Egypt. After hesitating, Moses finally accepted God's call. But in order for Moses to deliver the people, he would have to convince Pharaoh to let the people go.

Moses protested long and hard about going up against Pharaoh. He didn't want to speak to Pharaoh because he didn't consider himself to be much of a speaker (Exodus 4:10 and verses following).

God assured Moses that He would give him the words to say, but Moses kept hesitating. Finally God gave up on Moses and told him to take his brother Aaron along with him when he went to talk to Pharaoh. God would still give Moses the words to speak to Pharaoh, but instead of speaking directly to Pharaoh Moses was to whisper God's words in Aaron's ear, who would in turn speak to Pharaoh in Moses' place.

Moses had hesitated – and lost. He lost the opportunity to see God work in a great way through him, although God still allowed Moses to be involved. But Moses lost out on God's biggest and best. From that point on, Moses had to speak through Aaron. Opportunity lost – never to return.

I don't know about you, but right now in my life God is calling me to do some things. And the things He is calling me to do are bigger than I





am. Without God's help they won't get done. Even so, I'm not about to hesitate. I don't live at that address anymore.

Maybe God has tapped you on the shoulder recently and invited you to join Him in something He's doing. And maybe you're hesitating. Whatever it is, if you wait you may lose. May I suggest that you grab hold of that diamond opportunity with both hands? God doesn't always give second chances. Don't think about it any longer. Just squeeze the trigger.

By the way – you may be wondering if I ever filled that buck tag. No, sir, I did not...

Author Bio: Mike Raether is an avid outdoorsman who lives in the mountains of Western Montana. He writes often of the outdoor experience from a Christian perspective. In addition to being a writer and photographer, Mike is the pastor of a country church. When he's not pursuing his passions of writing, photography, and ministry, you can find him deep in the wild lands of Montana hunting, fishing, camping, and hiking.

Mike has been married to Katherine since 1989, and he says that Katherine is the best thing to happen to him next to finding Jesus Christ. They share a blended family of eight grown children and nineteen grandchildren.

You can learn more about Mike by visiting his Web site at www.mikeraether.com.

Mike Raether
PO Box 528
St. Regis, MT 59866
Tel. (406) 649-0649
E-mail: mraether@blackfoot.net
2005 Mike Raether

First Electronic
Rights Only

Fly-Fishing Terminology



Courtesy of The Old Farmer's Almanac
Here are 20 fly-fishing terms, defined by Silvio Calabi, author of *The Illustrated*

Encyclopedia of Fly-Fishing, (Henry Holt & Co., 1993).

- **ARBOR:** the spindle, or axle, of a fly reel
- **BUCKTAIL:** animal hair used in fly tying
- **CREE:** A mottled ginger color
- **DANGLIES:** small gadgets that fly fishermen like to hang from their vests
- **FANWING:** a type of dry fly
- **FLYMPH:** a soft-hackled fly
- **FINGERLING:** a baby fish, about the size of a finger
- **FLUE:** the soft fibers at the base of a feather
- **GAPE:** the bite of a hook
- **HAYWIRE TWIST:** the strongest loop connection for tying wire to a fly
- **HERL:** the individual barb of a feather, usually from a peacock's tail or an ostrich plume
- **HIPPERS:** hip boots, worn to wade into brooks and streams
- **KYPE:** a growth on the end of a trout or salmon's jaw that makes it curve upward like a hook
- **MATCHING THE HATCH:** the dream scenario whereby an angler puts on the water an exact imitation of whatever aquatic insect is emerging
- **PARR:** young salmon, usually 5 to 8 inches long
- **POPPER:** a type of surface fly that produces a gurgling noise when twitched through the water
- **PRIEST:** a club used to deliver the "last rites" to a fish that won't be released
- **SALTER:** the sea-run form of the brook trout
- **SQUARE TAIL:** a nickname for brook trout
- **SKATER:** a type of high floating dry fly meant to "skate" across the water
- **TEASER:** a hookless bait or lure used to draw a gamefish to within casting distance





Lost in a Blizzard



By: Michael Brooks

As a kid growing up, I used to dream about hunting out west. My uncle Larry used to talk about hunting mule deer in Wyoming when we visited him in the twin cities, meaning Minneapolis. He never went into great detail about his hunts,

but I often wondered if he had fun. My dad was primarily a fisherman, and I used to hear stories about his ability to hunt ducks when he was a young man. I think the real hunter in our family was my grandpa Brooks, he was an avid deer and duck hunter, and did well from what I have heard from my dad and uncle Chet. I was excited when my uncle Chet sent me copies of my great grandmothers diary noted "November 28, 1901 had roast deer for thanksgiving dinner" I knew immediately who provided that, my grandpa Brooks. I have carried on that tradition of hunting. As a kid, I would read old Argosy magazines, they had several stories on thrilling hunts!

I would read anything I could get my hands on about whitetail, and elk hunting. If I was at the grocery store and saw a hunting magazine on the newsstand I bought it. I couldn't wait to get home to read other hunters exploits in the mountains of the west. I bought a few books on hunting and poured over them in my quest to learn everything I could about hunting out west.

My first big game hunt happened in central Wisconsin, I was hunting the mighty whitetail deer. I got permission to hunt on the Barman's farm. I stayed with this family, and Earl the master hunter of this clan, worked with me and gave me lots of tips and pointers on how to hunt deer. I read books, listened to other hunters, asked all kinds of dumb questions, and got some great answers. I became a successful hunter because of Earl and others. I would usually score on bucks opening day. I wanted a different challenge in my hunting, so after reading articles on elk hunting out west, I decided to give this a try.

I called a good friend of mine Paul; I asked him if he was interested in hunting elk out in Colorado.

He thought it was a good idea and so did Earl. I did some more research and found a good area in the White River National Forest. I had heard some great stories about big elk and big mule Deer. I was ready to go, now we had to wait two months before the season opened, but boy, did I have fun preparing for this hunt. I would go shoot my 7mm Mag every other Saturday. I was doing extremely well at 100 yards. I had great groups and was consistently getting better each time I shot my rifle.

After each time at the range, I would sit in my gunroom, and clean and oil my rifle. The smell of Hoppe's in my room, made me feel so at home. It's a smell that most hunters over the age of 30 would remember. It's a fresh smell of success; don't ask me why, it just is!

As we loaded up the station wagon with our hunting gear, I had waited for this kind of hunting trip for a lifetime, even though I was 32 years old at the time. We headed out and the whole trip was talking hunting, guns, the mountains. I got some tips about gear and purchased all kinds of military gear, web gear, Alice packs, butt packs, MRE's, I was all set. I wanted to be ready for this hunt, and believe me sleeping in the car was almost impossible, I was so excited.

The area that we were to hunt was the White River National Forest, near Carbondale, Colorado. Our first stop was near Denver at my best friends house to stay overnight before we headed into high country. George told us about the dangers of hunting in the mountains, the snow, cold temperatures, and high winds. I thought to myself, he is describing Wisconsin during deer season, I can handle that with no problem! George also shared that the area we had chosen was one of the best area's to hunt elk, and deer in the west, wow. I knew that writer in the hunting magazine was right about his prediction of this area. George was supposed to with us, but he had to work, so he saw us off, Friday morning.

I have heard stories about the mountains and how beautiful they were, I mean pictures can do no justice at all. The mountains in fall are incredible, there were a few remaining yellow leaves on the aspen trees. The drive through the canyons, on I-70 was breath taking.





As we arrived to the area of our hunt, I was astounded as I got out of my vehicle, The rock outcroppings, jagged peaks off in the distance. The snow on the peaks. This was what the mountain men dealt with many years ago, as they trapped and hunted. I had no idea on what I was getting myself into.

As Paul and I loaded up our packs and gear, I looked off into the distance, it was very tranquil, peaceful. The sun was still up, plenty of day light left. We said goodbyes to Earl as he camped with some other guys from Wisconsin that were in the area, and off we went. The climb was pretty tough considering we were hauling about 60 pounds of gear, we had no clue where we were going, we didn't have a topo map, compass, we had nothing but our youthfulness! As we kept getting higher the vehicle was getting smaller each time we took a break to catch our breath. Finally once we got over the first hill, I looked at where we were about to climb. I was sucking air pretty bad after an hour of climbing. I was using saplings to pull myself up when they were available, to keep the pace up the steep slope. We crested several hills, and finally decided to camp on the flats near some scrub oak. The views were incredible, you could see for miles in any direction. What sticks out in my mind about the day we climbed, was the temps, it was in the high 60s. I was sweating profusely by the time we reached our destination. I figured that we were at 10,000 in elevation. Paul and I started a campfire and sat by, watching the embers glow as the sun began to set. I was tired but, oh so restful. I imagined what the gold miners that traversed the mountains looking for gold thought of this land the first time they camped. I suppose that I was like a miner looking for gold, all the stories that were told to those out east in the 1860s, that gold



was there just for the pickings. You could become rich just by going and mining in Colorado. I guess my excuse was the articles that I read in hunting magazines and personal accounts of shooting some nice animals.

After we pitched the small nylon pup tent we had our first meal by the campfire which was hot dogs and Van Camps pork and beans that probably was the best meal that I ever had hunting. Simple, but it fit the mood and excitement for the evening.

We turned in about 9:00 in the evening, I was pumped for the hunt, and I fell asleep dreaming of big bulls and nice mule deer. I was sleeping nicely until I felt drops of water hitting my face, and wondered what the heck was going on. I felt my nose, and then reached up to feel the ceiling of the tent, which by the way was only inches from my face. I realized that the tent was caving in from 10 inches of snow that had fallen

during the night. I woke Paul up and we both were shocked, we never checked what the weather would be, who would have thought of that! I got dressed in my wet jeans and checked outside the tent poles we bent and some broken. When I got back into the tent, I then realized that all of our clothes and gear was soaked from the rain that changed to snow. I was not prepared for this. The snow continued to fall, normally I would have been thrilled, but not this time.

We had dilemma on our hands, so Paul and I started a fire to get warm and dry some of our clothes. As dawn finally arrived we talked about what we needed to do. He wanted to go get some supplies and let everyone know we were OK on top of the mountain. I stayed behind to watch our gear and gather firewood and kept a fire going. I stayed by our tent and hunted. The snow came





down heavy, I was watching a game trail that had been used during the night. I could hear some shots down below me, and wondered what was happening. That's when I heard the hoofs hitting some rocks close by, the fog was so thick, and I had no clue where these animals were. I was at the ready, and waited for several minutes to see if anything would come by. I went back and added wood to the fire and waited for Paul. It was afternoon, when Paul showed up. He brought in some supplies, food and beverages.

The wind and snow picked up, with fog as well. I have hunted in some pretty nasty stuff, but this took the cake. It was getting dark and I was starting to get cold and the shakes. I added wood to the fire and earlier in the afternoon, I built a lean to for Paul and myself. I couldn't find any small pieces of wood, I kicked around in the snow for logs in which I could drag over to the lean to. I had a good pile stacked up. My sleeping bag was soaked and never dried out. I laid on the packed down snow, with wet clothes as my base, and covered up with my wet sleeping bag.. I tried going to sleep, but couldn't because of the shivering and shaking. I was exhausted from being cold. I got as close as I could to the fire and it didn't warm me at all. I told Paul that I was going to head down to the base camp below us. I had no clue how far away that was, but I was going down. I probably was 100 yards from the lean to, when something told me not to go any further. I went back and got Paul, and insisted that we go down together. The trip down was awful, we got lost, the snow was blowing and became a blizzard. There was white out conditions, we didn't know where we were going. We kept going along the side of the mountain. The snow was waist deep in some areas.

It seemed like hours we wandered, I suggested to Paul that we fire three shots for distress warning. I did and no one responded, we did this a total of three times, and continued on. We fell over down trees, that had sleet turn to ice, and then with the snow on top made it slick as grease. We fell often and hard. We took breaks for reassuring each other. I think Paul was as worried as I was about not surviving this hunt.

Eventually we made it through the night, we wandered for several hours in a blizzard. As we wandered we came across our camp, with the lean

to barely visible, the started to come out, and I decided to head down the mountain to get help. I had hypothermia, and was fading fast. I started down the side of the mountain, having no clue where I was going. I fell several times in waist deep snow. The incline got steeper as I headed down the side of the mountain. At one point, I looked behind me and wondered how I even got to where I was. That's how bad I was. At one point I can remember tumbling down and free falling several feet off of rocky ledges, bouncing down, until I woke up!

The sound of the rushing water, surprised me, I had no clue as to how I got where I was! I looked around and realized that I was in some river brush. I was laying on top of the brush, and had water rushing below me. I don't know how long I was knocked out, but coming to in that circumstance, scared me. I was wondering where I was, as I looked around there were high cliffs on both sides, and I was on the bottom. I wondered how I would get out. I was in no shape to climb out. So, I figured I better start yelling for help. I yelled and hollered, with no response, except it made me tired. The shivering was coming back again, and I was extremely thirsty. After what seemed like forever, I decided that I would yell only one more time. I had no strength to yell, I was exhausted. I would give it all I had, and if no one heard me this is where they would find me, alive or dead! So I yelled, nothing. Then over the cliff wall, I heard someone yell are you down there? I yelled back over the sound of the rushing water, " I am down here!"

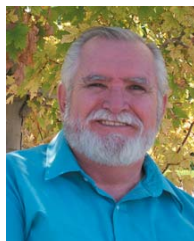
He said don't move, I will be right down. He waded across the river and asked me if I was from Texas? I said no, I am from Wisconsin. He said that someone reported a friend missing in my location from Texas. He helped me across the river, in waist deep water. As we got to his pick up truck, he got my wet clothes off and into a dry sleeping bag. He raced me down the side of the mountain, stopping at a checkpoint to pick up another search and rescue member. I can remember them trying to talk to me, but I was unable to correspond with the. One of the guys started slapping my face several times to keep me awake. The reason for this was to keep me from going into shock. I arrived at Glenwood Springs hospital, exhausted, stiff, sore, and hardly able to move. I had been in serious trouble with hypothermia.





My stay at the hospital was three days, and then I was discharged. The trip back to Wisconsin was a long one. I was very blessed to survive this ordeal. I look back and wonder, what did I learn from this experience besides being a smarter hunter. What did God want me to share with you? How could I challenge you, to be a stronger follower of the Lord. I realize that Paul and I escaped death in the mountains and lived to tell about it. How has the Lord prepared you to handle unforeseen danger or emergencies? How would you encourage someone going through bad times? What does the word say about encouraging those in trouble?

Pastor's Corner



By: Pastor Jerry Underwood
8257 Johnson St.
Arvada, CO 80004

What a delightful surprise it was when my good friend George Reinbold asked me to write "a little something" for the Pastor's Corner in COFA's e-mag. Having

been an avid hunter and fisherman for many years (teenage to AARP+), I looked forward to the opportunity to share some precious memories.

In 1960 my parents began working in the Fairbanks, Alaska area. I was 16 and loved the thought of being able to hunt and fish to my heart's delight. I could hunt squirrels, moose, caribou and bear. But then there was the fishing! We went fishing every chance we could and just about anywhere you fished was excellent. I loved catching Grayling trout that ranged from 16 to 22 inches - on almost every cast!

One time we hiked back off of the Denali Highway about 5 miles and began fishing a beautiful small river. Rain began to fall as we hiked back to "our" spot; but, nothing was going to keep us from the fish! By noon the rain let up, we had a large catch of fish and a small camp stove frying up our lunch. What could be better than fresh trout caught from ice cold waters? I can still taste the goodness of that meal!

Little did I realize that while living in Alaska I would meet, and then get to know, my future father-in-law. I hadn't met or even known of his daughter yet. It wasn't until he moved down to California where our family had already moved that I met his beautiful daughter and my future wife. I will ever be thankful to God for that initial meeting. Bill was a pioneer type, hunting and fishing Alaska with my Dad for years. I still cherish the memories as well as the beautiful slides (for those of you who don't know that's pre-Polaroid, pre-photo album, pre-disk, and pre-CD) taken from all over Alaska.

In 1974, my wife Sandi and I began guiding and outfitting hunts out of Montrose, Colorado. We would take elk hunters on horseback into the West Elk Wilderness area near Gunnison. (This was just an extension of having been horse trainers for about 15 years prior to being guides.) It had been one of our greatest joys in being able to tie the sport of hunting and our love of horses together. And it was during this time of our lives that Sandi and I accepted the Lord Jesus Christ as our Savior.

While guiding in such beautiful scenery as the mountains and wilderness areas of Colorado, it's hard NOT to see God everywhere. He became so real to us in the majesty of the mountains, the bluest skies, the immense power of the mountain storms and even in the calving of the elk and deer. But then at night, when we would be tired from the day's work, laying down and looking up at the stars that were shining practically on top of us, that's when we saw even more of His majesty.

Many people take so much for granted that even seeing and hearing the wind blow through the trees should be an unforgettable and awesome experience. The Creator becomes so very real and personal when you're in the woods. That is where a person can be alone with God and truly communicate with Him, getting to know Him in the very nature He created.

The Scriptures say in Romans 1:20 - "For since the creation of the world His invisible attributes are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse." How can we behold such beauty and then declare that there is no





God? Again, the Bible says in Titus 2:11 – “For the grace of God that brings salvation has appeared to all men...” My heart still overflows with emotion when I see the greatness that God created for our pleasure. It all speaks of Him, His creation, His love and His attributes, in the beauty of His creation.

In training horses we learned many lessons about the way God deals with us. In fact, we began to work and train the horses with as much grace as God had shown Sandi and I. It even became our method and trademark in the way they were trained. (And here you thought the film “Horse Whisperer” was something new.) So, because of how the Lord lovingly dealt with us and gently guided us that we learned to understand how an animal thought and then used his own basic instincts to train him. It is in grace that He trains us to love and worship Him.

And just as much as horses need to be responsive to the person training them, we also need to be responsive to the Lord’s guidance. The Apostle Paul tells us that we should respond to the Lord with the slightest touch in our spirit and not have to be pulled around with a bit in our mouths. James 3:3 says “Indeed, we put bits in horses’ mouths that they may obey us, and we turn their whole body.” Just as a finely trained dressage or reining horse turns with the slightest movement of the rider’s body; God would like us to be that sensitive to His guidance.

At this time in our lives we have retired from hunting, mostly for health reasons; but, we still enjoy being in the great wonders of the Rocky Mountains which God made. It was just a short time ago that George introduced Sandi and I to COFA as we were talking about hunting and fishing near Ridgway, Colorado. We thought it was a terrific idea of how people were coming and meeting God in a deeper way while being so close to nature. After all, it was through the love of God’s great outdoors that my wife and I came to know the Lord as our Savior.

There are so many more stories of trophy deer, elk, caribou and moose, and just as many fish stories (all true of course) that I could tell but I would just run out of time. Perhaps though, I will see you at one of the elk or fish camps that COFA puts on

and then we’ll have time to visit. I firmly believe in what COFA stands for and their witness for Christ. So, whether you know Christ as your personal Savior or not, you won’t find a better group of men and women to enjoy the outdoors with. They all treasure the goodness of God and His creation.

Success in the Woods



By: Michael Brooks

The dawn skies started to show its brilliant orange and blue hues over the mountains of Colorado. The smell of fall was fresh in the aspen grove just behind the clearing. I was stalking several cows and a bull. I slowly walked behind them, pushing them up to my friend’s ground blind. As I walked up a steep slope I was thinking about our hunting forefathers traversing these very same mountains. That’s a lot of hard work. I thought, “How in the world did these past hunters manage to put meat on the table?” I continued to walk up hill.

I could hear the cows mewing several yards ahead of me. I slowly pushed them up the draw, expecting to hear the kapow from Randy’s rifle. Nothing—not a shot. I was wondering where Randy was; we had just talked several minutes earlier. He should have been at his stand by now. The cows and bull went over the hill and I headed to Randy’s house to see where he was. I knocked on the door and Randy was excited as he told me the herd of elk were in the aspen and fir trees on the other side of the hill. We raced to a spot where we could shoot. I quickly raised my 338 Win Mag as Randy did with his 7MM Mag. We both shot and got our cows. They didn’t run very far—in fact we had them cleaned up and hanging in a meat locker within an hour after we filled our tags. That to me was a blessing. God provided meat for the winter for two hunters. I was really blessed by that. I feel that using COFA hunts is a very effective way of spreading the Gospel. You use a passion that you have to reach others.

This COFA rifle hunt was the first of three hunts. We have had four elk taken so far this year on private land hunts. With one more hunter to fill





his tag, I would call this a successful year for this group. Elkhorn Camp will be the big hunt in Ridgeway on October 20-30, and near Vail the first week of November.

If you are interested in learning more about getting involved with COFA or want more information on COFA's elk hunt, contact Mike Brooks at 303.456.0555 or George Reinbold at 303.880.3800. Both Brooks and Reinbold are available to talk to pastors and interested churches about starting a COFA outdoor ministry in their church.



Sighting in a Rifle

First of all, the object here is to not assume that everyone knows how to sight in their rifle. There are many new hunters and shooters every day. When we go to the rifle range, we all want to be able to at least hit the paper target. Whenever you buy a rifle or a new scope, at least have it bore sighted. This is the first step to properly getting the bullet to hit the paper.

If you do choose not to have it bore sighted, you can choose to view a particular target through your barrel, providing that it is a bolt action. First make certain that it is unloaded. You will need to remove the bolt and view a target by looking through the barrel. You can then make adjustments on your scope so the cross hairs are also on that same spot. But believe me, having it bore sighted is the best place to start.

Start out with a 25 yard target, and take three shots to get your grouping. You will want to start sighting it in to the center of this group. Now you can play around with the elevation and windage to get it to hit where you are looking through the scope, and this does work. But first you need to know the adjustments, which may and do vary from manufacturer to manufacturer.

A method that I prefer is simpler and faster to use. This method is to use a good sturdy rest, one that can be used hands free, or a friend, and after your 3 shot group, look through the scope, place crosshairs on the bulls eye again, and now move crosshairs to the center of the 3 shot group. I have used this method with a one shot sight-in, and moved the crosshairs to meet the bullet hole. Bingo, your crosshairs are now where your bullet is hitting.

But the 3 shot grouping is a better method. Now that you have it sighted in at 25 yards, move to the 100 yard target and repeat this procedure. Now you will have to decide at what distance you want it sighted in at. Most hunters use the 1 1/2" high at 100 yards, which will put you roughly at the zero at 200 yards. But with the 200 yard zero you will still have to estimate distances in unfamiliar terrain. A much better way is to sight your rifle in to give you the longest point-blank or dead-on hold that is possible without shooting too high at the mid-range

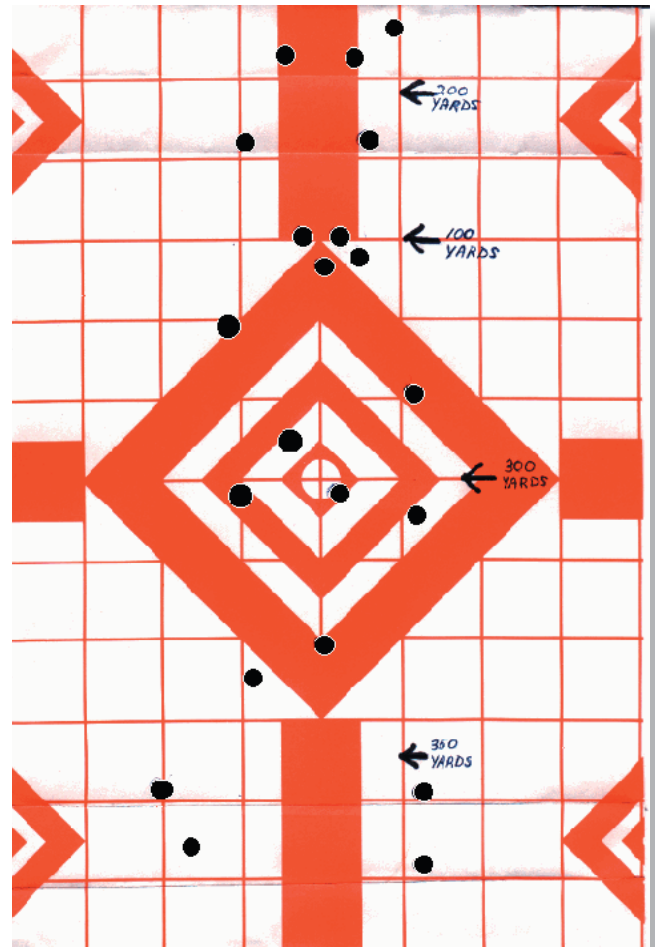




point. With most rifles and bullets, this means 3" high at 100 yards. Unlike a target shooter who knows exactly how far his target is, you do not have to be too concerned about the distance, or hitting the 10 point on a target. Your concern is to hit the vitals of the game you are hunting. You do not have to be concerned if it is high at short distances, or low at long distance, so long as you can connect with the vital area. Unlike the target shooter you will not be able to calculate the exact distance to hit exactly at your point of aim because while you are hunting you will not be able to determine the exact distance anyway.

Let's use the 7mm as an example, shooting a 160 grain pointed bullet at 3100 fps. or a .30 caliber, 180 grain with the same velocity. Sighted in at 3" high at 100 yards, the bullet will hit about 4" high at 200 yards, almost dead on at 300 yards, will drop to about 4" low at 350 yards, and less than 10 inches low at 400 yards. This is a range that we all know as "pretty darned far". If you were to hold on the center of the ribs on a buck, anywhere from the muzzle to 350 yards, you will hit the vital area. If it is out as far as 400 yards, you can hold on the top of the back and hit near dead center. At 175 - 200 yards, the bullet will hit below the spine with a center hold. If that same bullet was sighted in at 100 yards, with a center hold, the bullet would land about 3" low at 200 yards, more than 10" low at 300 yards, and more than 2 feet low at 400 yards. With the 3" high at the 100 yard sight in, you can hold dead center on the game out to 350 yards with no figuring at all. With the 100 yard zero you would be undershooting the vital area at less than 250 yards. This 3" high at 100 yards will bring out the cartridge's full potential.

The only time you would have a concern is if you were in heavy cover, and then your target would be at 100 yards or less, and all you had was a head or a neck shot. Now you would have to aim low or you would shoot over the animal.





Calendar of Upcoming Events

October 20th - 30th

ELK, DEER, BEAR HUNTING /FISHING

Near Ridgway, Colorado

Meeting place & directions TBA.

This hunt will take place in the Uncompahgre National Forest. COFA will provide tents, heaters and cook stoves. This is a first-come-first-served basis and will be explained when you contact us. This is one of COFA's most popular events/hunts. We will be accepting a total of 30 applications—each camp will have 15 hunters. Meals and donations will be explained at a later date.

Contact: *George Reinbold*

303.880.3800.or

gareinbold@msn.com

or

Mike Brooks

303.456.0555 or

mbrooks33@aol.com

or for fishing information,

Contact: *Ron Burley*

720.494.7675 or

rburleyfishdude@yahoo.com

November 20th - 26th

WISCONSIN DEER HUNT

TBA

November 27th - December 1st

OHIO DEER HUNT

TBA

Limited to 8 hunters. This is COFA's first deer hunt in Ohio and is a shotgun and handgun hunt. There is a \$125 non-refundable deposit requirement.

Contact: *Wilbur (Grizz) McCormick*

740.286.5522 or

leejoy@adelphia.net





WILDERNESS MEDICINE OUTFITTERS

Wilderness First Responder Wilderness EMT Module

76 Hour 6-10pm or 9 Days
Winter 2005

<p>Oct 13(6 wks mon-wed) Golden, CO</p>	<p>Dec 31 to Jan 8 Woodland Park, CO</p>
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> ◆ Our most popular class: <u>THERE ARE NO PREREQUISITES FOR THIS CLASS</u> ◆ The class of choice for backcountry professionals and serious outdoor enthusiasts ◆ Self-reliant medical training for wilderness, remote, foreign settings, or preparedness ◆ Exceed requirements for Colorado/Utah (most states) River, Hunting & other guides ◆ Accepted by NOLS, Outward Bound, US Forest Service, Park Service, AMGA etc... ◆ Focus- non-911 knowledge for prevention, long-term care, transport, improvisational skills ◆ Excellent review with new knowledge for EMTs ◆ American Heart Association professional rescuer CPR 2 year credential included ◆ Student, Military, Outdoor Professional, & Club: discounts, loans, & scholarships available ◆ 4 semester college credits available. ◆ Room Board and location fee estimate \$225 for 9 days ◆ Learn to become your own patient advocate 	
<p>Class size limited to 24 students Cost \$395 tuition per student if enrolled 30days before class, \$425 after, \$85 materials & texts fee.</p>	
<p>For additional information call or write, To register, send tuition or \$100 deposit to: Carl Weil Director 2477 County Rd. 132 Elizabeth, CO 80107 www.wildernessmedicine.com (303)-688-5176</p>	<p>WILDERNESS MEDICINE OUTFITTERS Recognized by private, state, and federal agencies. Exceptional Outdoors Educational Experiences.</p>
<p>Also: Wilderness ALS & Instructor Classes ♻️ recycle Please post or pass on</p>	

