

By Juanita Amero



The gun slings are hung by the ammo with hopes that daylight will soon be there. While visions of big racks dance in their heads, the wives pray silently for the days ahead.

Oh yes...the Eve of the Opening day.

The opening day to any season is a time for wonderment and excitement to the outdoorsman only matched by a child's love of Christmas morning.

As you watch him skitter boyishly around the kitchen packing those gadgets he just had to have, you are quite convinced there is enough equipment there to survive any natural disaster known to man.

The camo suit is carefully removed from a garbage bag full of dead leaves and pine cones which has been it's home for the last six months with strict instructions not to touch!

One must not get scent on those clothes, stay very far away. He Does know what he is doing you know, as he lays it out with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth dropping ashes on it.

As he puts out the fire, and examines the new burnt hole in his morning attire, he grins! Just adds to the natural camo he says. You gotta love 'em!

He is up two hours before the alarm goes off, which is set for 3 AM.

When he jumps out of bed you realize the man was in bed fully dressed and prepared, wool socks and all.

The hunter is ready.....let the hunt begin!

At this time you become single for as many days or months it takes to fill his tag.

Then the big day arrives and he peels in the drive.

Either he got his deer, or that whole blueberry pie he ate last night was kicking in.

When he calms down enough to tell you he has got the winters meat, you get your gear on while he does laps around the kitchen talking on the phone.

Waiting patiently, with the skinning knife he forgot to pack, you wonder just how many briers and thickets you'll have to overcome to get the deer home.

He's back in the truck and you're off on a ride you'll never forget.

You'll be reminded of it each time you see your fingerprints indented in the dash permanently and the hole in the floor from using your passenger brake.

But miraculously, by the grace of God, you arrive.

He jumps out and heads for the woods while you come around, shut the truck off, take the keys out, and grab the knife again.

The briars are not so bad after all for he has plowed a path straight to the trophy. A tree harvester couldn't have done a better job.

And there it lies....the mammoth buck he told you all about not 15 minutes ago. All 4 points and 99 pounds of it!!

It's funny how those deer will grow over time with each tale telling of the hunt. In my opinion, we should have brought home the deer he got in the 4th re-telling of the story to his hunting buddies. Then the freezer would have really been full.

Now you are a happy and proud woman but most of all you are thankful. Thankful that you have your husband back safely and thankful that it is, Finally, your turn!

Visit Juanita on her [website](#) to learn more.