

THERE'S MORE TO HUNTING THAN THE HUNT

By Lynette Whorley

I sit at my desk at work and watch people pass by and I think, now why don't they hunt? Then the folks that do hunt, I wonder if they experience the whole hunt like I do. With Turkey Season approaching I will go over and over in my mind the layout of my favorite spot. Then I will probably change my mind two or three times before that



looking for my special tools. Slate Calls, strikers, wooden box call, chalk, mouth calls, gloves, hat, you name it I will pack it. You can never have too many toys for Turkey hunting.

As I sit in the woods that opening morning, I will open my bag and my mind will go back to people who have inspired me or I have met along this wonderful journey. I will see my Slate Call and remember Harold Knight signed it for me. I will think of our conversation over and over.

I will look past the sandwich and find a green "hoot owl" call that Ed-die Salter gave me and demonstrated for me at a hunting show. Wait a

minute, is that a Gobbler I hear off on a n o t h e r ridge? I am frozen in a stare for what seems like six days taken slow breaths and my lips are shaped like I am about to whistle as I

inhale and exhale waiting on the first glance of a long beard.

Seconds turn to minutes and minutes turn in more minutes as I start to un-thaw from my frozen state and



Harold Knight
& Lynette

start digging back in my bag of memories. Sometimes I turn my head and dig in my bag like I am going to pull out the grand prize and what to my surprise, well it is a pair of spare gloves that I received at an out of

state all ladies hunt. Suddenly, I am sitting in my tree in S.C. and I am looking through my binoculars at a gang of turkeys, however I was whitetail hunting so I just enjoyed the moment. It is as if they knew I had a rifle and would not take the shot because they were at perfect shotgun range. As I blink my eyes I am back in the woods at our farm in Virginia

waiting on the site of a gobbler.

As the rain begins to fall, I worry and worry about my gun getting exposed to the rain drops and they start falling like bricks on my barrel so I take my jacket off to cover the barrel my mind goes into a deep thought of how we are all trying to protect each other in life. I am protecting my gun from getting rusted and the good Lord puts his arms around us daily and the woods work together to protect their own, heck the turkeys probably heard a Bob White bird make his call announcing that there is a stranger in the woods.

The turkeys' stay put until the crows stop barking and letting the birds know it is safe again to walk their territory. Sometimes we let our guard down and get hurt, regardless if you are a hunter or a turkey, our days are numbered and we must live like we are on our last hunt.

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Lynette in the field turkey hunting.



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