

It was September 29, 2012; it was my father's and my second trip to Newfoundland, Canada for moose. My Dad was 73 and I could notice the slowness in his body. He was already dreading the ½ mile walk way down to the lake that had a boat waiting to take us a mile or so to the camp. Cyril, my guide from last year was guiding my Dad and me this year too.

Cyril was 61 and was going to retire last year but changed his mind when I asked him to guide my father and me this year. Cyril is the true grizzly. He traps, hunts, guides and survived all his life in and out of the woods. He lost his wife several years ago to cancer as did my father. Cyril and I were laughing and joking all the way to camp and having great conversations about life. We all agreed to getting my father's moose first and then getting my moose after him. After unpacking at camp we went across the lake to the place called The Park. We walked slowly to the stand approximately ½ mile. On arriving to the stand we saw a beautiful caribou, dark horned with a huge rack. Cyril called for a moose but none answered. It was getting dark fast and my father was impatient, so he decided to get in front of Cyril and me on the walk out. Before we knew it, he fell! I asked him if he was alright and he said "I think I broke my arm". We got him back to camp and looked at the damaged arm. We hoped it was cracked or sprained but the swelling was not as bad as it should have been. That night we decided to let dad stay at camp while I worked on getting my moose. That night I reflected my feelings to God and asked him to help me in any way He could.

Monday was the first day of hunting and the weather was rainy and foggy. Cyril and I went up the mountain a few miles and called for moose. We came back for lunch and later on that night, we went back across the lake and got soaked to the bone and still saw nothing. The whole time I reflected on my life and good graces. Tuesday was the same but my father could hold his gun.

I talked about things with my dad that night. I told him also that I was lucky to be able to hunt with him at his age and said that he should shoot the first moose he saw. Even I would be happy if he shot a cow moose. The next day we went back to THE PARK stands. My dad was 200 yards of the lake but Cyril and I was 400 yards away from my dad. It was about 8:30 a.m. when we heard a shot. Dad shot a huge cow moose with one shot and dropped it in her tracks. Cyril called him the sniper. Everything was working out, we got plenty of pictures and everyone was happy. Jerry and Larry, the other two guides in camp had already tagged out and both their hunters helped Cyril butcher and carry out my dad's trophy.

That afternoon, Cyril said we would hike up to Juniper's Knob to do some moose calling. We hiked in about 3 miles to the spot and on arriving we looked out and there about 800 yards was a huge bull. Cyril went right into action calling to turn him into our direction. Cyril said, "Get your sticks and set up". But it was no use as I was shaking so bad there was no way I was going to hit him at 250 plus yards. I said, "I need a better rest". Cyril said, "Go down about six feet on the ledge and rest on a small tree like shrub." Now I was locked and loaded. As the big bull approached, Cyril kept saying, "You got one shot".

When I shot the bull, he shook and no one had to tell me to shoot again. He never moved from where I shot him the first time. When the bull was down I looked back at Cyril and said "What just happened?" He smiled and said, "You just shot yourself a nice bull."

At that moment, I knew no question asked, that God had reached down from heaven and touched my soul. When we walked up to the moose, we saw that it was a 46 inch 20 pointer rack and it made me realize that all the planning we do is good, but life is just happening in front of us and we just need to have faith that God is there in good times and bad.

Daniel DeLima
Augusta, New Jersey

Roger

I just wanted to drop you a line to thank you for another excellent hunt. The caribou I got was more than I expected and with the exception of the weather, everything was great. You can count on seeing me again one of these years. I just enjoy hunting there to much not to return. Enclosed are a couple of photos for you.

I'm hoping everything is going well with your wife and I am wishing her a full recovery.

If you are in Harrisburg this winter, I'll see you there or I'll see you next time I come to Newfoundland.

Thanks again.

Your friend

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