

A Gift From Gramma, From Page 30

were wasted on a family whose only want was for her speedy recovery. Unfortunately, the prognosis was wrong. About 10:00 A.M. Christmas eve I received the call that Gramma Rosalee had passed. Needless to say, that news took some of the Christmas Joy out of our home.

The first week off from school there was a first quarter moon phase and I told Kris I thought hunting would be better in the mornings. Of course, when you're eighteen, staying up late watching TV with your sister, and sleeping in is rather important too. He had hunted every evening and no morning that week without seeing much activity.

The evening of Christmas Eve Kris didn't hunt. None of us felt much like doing anything for obvious reasons. Later, he came to me and said, "Dad, I know it will be Christmas morning with the tree and gifts to open and all that, but, do you suppose it would be alright if I went out in the morning?"

"Sure son. The girls will sleep late, and you will likely be back to the house before they get up anyway."

Christmas morning, I got up a little past first light, Kris was out, and had left one of the two-way radios on the kitchen counter where I would find it

and know he had another with him. Picking it up I walked to an east window from where I could see the feeder. I was a bit surprised to see no deer. Then I noticed the tiny green speck of light from a lighted nock. "Son, I see a nock light! What happened?" I said over the radio.

"It was a good shot dad," he came back, "my arrow is broken in two, but the front part is totally covered with blood. I watched him go down in our pasture about sixty yards south."

"Are you shaking?" I teased. "You can hear the blind rattling from here! Let me get dressed and I'll be right out."

As we stood there looking at this "Not quite a Pope and Young trophy" but a "Any bow harvest is a trophy trophy", I got more than a little bit choked up. "Son, Gramma Rosalee wasn't able to send any gifts this year. Her knowing how you love to hunt; I can't help but wonder if this was her way of saying 'Merry Christmas! I love y'all!'"

"You know dad, I thought pretty much the same thing."

Thanks, Mom. We love you and miss you too. This gift won't soon be forgotten.



Kris Kelley with his Christmas bow deer, courtesy of 'Gramma.'



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