

A Special Turkey

Just one short month had gone by since my best friend passed away. Yet somehow it felt like forever. My special friend left this earth on opening day of turkey season. We had planned a lot of turkey hunts this year, many more than in the past since we both had the same days off. When I received the call on opening turkey day I wandered aimlessly thinking, "Why did he leave me?" I felt cheated and was not into hunting.

As the season progressed I got thinking this is not what Dick would want as we had shared so many hunts together. I started to get back into a hunting mood thinking if Dick were here what would we do? Where would we go? After thinking about hunting all week, I went out on the last day.



While walking across the field at 4 a.m., I reminisced about the many times Dick and I had done this before. At 4:15 the decoys were in place and I stood behind a lone ash tree overlooking the field with the decoys in the background about fifty yards away. Many things raced through my mind. Would I hear a gobble? Would I get a bird? Heck, would I even see a bird?

4:30 rolled around and the sun started to peak over the treetops behind me. The only sounds around were the little chickadees peeping at first daylight. A noise rang out from the treetops above my head as a small branch or twig fell to the ground. I glanced up to see what caused this and saw nothing. Thinking that it was just a squirrel, I got back into the hunt.

As the magical time of 4:45 drew near, my heart started to pound. The woods became quiet, as if in the eye of a storm and I thought to myself, "Dick, you would not want your best friend to end the season without seeing a turkey, would you?" As if on command, an explosion above my head started: The thunderous sound of wings in flight, a sound I have heard many times before, a welcome sound to my ears.

Like a giant kite sporting a tail, this magnificent turkey glided gracefully to the ground about thirty-five yards out into the field. He touched down with his head erect and mind on the decoys. I wheeled the twelve gauge from its rested position against the tree and a shot rang out.

Thank you, my friend, for this special turkey, one that I will never forget for I know you were there with me and a part of this hunt.