

October 2008



Lansing Area Chapter Safari Club International *Newsletter*

KRISTI BAGS A BUCK

By Jim Ellis

Last December LAC/SCI member Tom Nelson made me aware of Kristi Lacina and her very serious medical condition. I immediately contacted the LAC/SCI Board of Directors, as well as Perry Heleski and Mark Klos of Muy Grande Ranch, to see if it would be possible to sponsor Kristi on a deer hunt. Due to the speedy coordination between Tom, the LAC Board of Directors, Muy Grande Ranch and the Tony Semple Foundation for Hope (headed by NFL Detroit Lions player Tony Semple), within 24 hours we were able to make all the necessary arrangements and Kristi was awarded a dream whitetail deer hunt at Muy Grande Ranch.

Kristi and her family attended last December's Whitetail Night chapter meeting where Kristi was surprised with an early Christmas gift and something to look forward to. Though it has been a bit tough going in the intervening nine months for Kristi and her family, you can see from the photograph that Kristi's dream hunt was a resounding success.

Many thanks go to the Muy Grande staff and guides, the Tony Semple Foundation for Hope, LAC/SCI Board of Directors, and, of course, to all LAC/SCI members and guests who participated in our annual banquet/fundraiser, the proceeds from which support our humanitarian, conservation and education efforts.



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**President's Message
Ronald Lanford, DVM**

Dear fellow Lansing Area Chapter Members
Our favorite time of year is here.

The joy of nature and our time hunting can sometimes be hard to describe. While we frequently can't explain our feeling to non-hunters, we have the ability to show many of them what our world is all about. The latest research from the National Shooting Sports Foundation shows that about 10% of the American people hunt and about 10% are anti-hunters. Amazingly 78% of the public approve of and support hunting, even though they are non-hunters. We can influence these numbers.

The first thing we can do is take a kid, lady, or someone else new hunting. Studies have shown that the earlier we can get kids in the woods, and the more exposure they have, the higher the chance that they will continue as hunters. Even though most hunters start out going with their fathers, many have joined our ranks with their first experience happening with a friend or other family member. Some first time women shooters don't feel comfortable going out with men that know everything. (My wife frequently tells me that I don't know much of anything.) The Michigan DNR has the BOW (Becoming an Outdoor Woman) program that teaches the basics of the outdoors. Let's get them out there! The feeling is absolutely tremendous for them as well as us when we share their first squirrel, their first pheasant, or their first deer.

We can also strengthen our support by non-hunters by showing them how we care for others. By helping to feed the hungry with participation in our Sportsmen Against Hunger program, we not only show the compassion we have for the less fortunate, but it will also help to trim the overpopulation of our deer herds. To try to show our appreciation for their service and sacrifices, our chapter has scheduled a pheasant hunt for this fall for local veterans of the Mideast conflicts. You have just made a bright spot in the life of a young lady who is in a terrible fight with cancer by sending her on a dream hunt for a gorgeous whitetail buck through the Tony Semple Foundation for Hope and Muy Grande Ranch. You can be very proud of what our chapter is doing, and we will keep you informed of the progress that we make towards the goals I outlined last month.

You might as well bang your head against the wall when talking with anti-hunters. Better yet, bang their heads against the wall! It amazes me how people who don't have a clue about the real world can think that their beliefs are valid.

I wish each of you a safe, successful, and enjoyable season. Take lots of pictures and write up a story so we can all share in your experience.

Good Hunting!
Ron Lanford



EDITOR'S COMMENTS

We need your hunting stories and photographs.

Please send them to me at:

Sally Ellis, 7529 Roxborough Lane, Grand Ledge, MI
48837

email: sallyellis47@yahoo.com.

Phone: 517.230.7398



Calendar

2008
November 12
Board meeting
Hosted by Sally and Tom
Belloli

December 11
Chapter Meeting
WHITETAIL NIGHT
Eagle Eye Upper Level

2009
January 7
Board meeting

February 4
Board meeting

February 12
Chapter meeting
Eagle Eye

March 4
Board meeting

March 13, 2009
Outfitter Night
Eagle Eye

March 14, 2009
**Fundraising Banquet
And Auction**
Eagle Eye

May 20, 2009
Board meeting

June 11
Chapter meeting
Eagle Eye

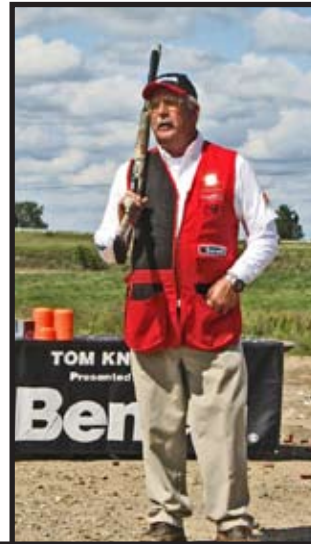
“With a Little Help from My Friends”

By Lynn Marla

I participated in the Dave Gruber Memorial Sporting Clays event at Capital Area Sportsmen League on Saturday September 6. SCI member Albert Massey bought the registration at our Silent Auction night - the proceeds from the shoot went to support the Boy Scouts. Albert graciously asked me to shoot with his squad.

I was pleased to see that Jim Ellis, Jim Leonard and Bruce Caltrider had a team of SCI members and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. I shot abysmally, needless to say I got A LOT of help from my friends - and we actually won the shoot despite my miserable showing.

Everyone adjourned to the Eagle Days Fair and watched Tom Knapp (professional shooter for Bennelli) do some amazing feats of marksmanship. He could hit targets behind his back and between his legs. In fact it looks like that Bennelli Super Black Eagle never misses so I went out this weekend and bought one! We'll see.....



CHAPTER TROPHY BOOK

This year – 2008 – our Lansing Area Chapter will edit and update the African section of our trophy book. If you are a new member, or an old member with new African trophies, or an old member with old trophies not yet entered, please send them to: Dr. Terry Braden, 951 Haslett Road, Williamston, MI 48895. Send in SCI Scoring Forms only. If your trophies have not been scored, contact one of the following individuals

Terry Braden	Master	517.655.4157	Williamston
Gary Bradish	Official	517.676.4965	Mason
Ken Johnston	Master	517.349.2976	Okemos
Dave Kurtycz	Official	517.627.2465	Grand Ledge
Ron Lanford	Master	517.278.5667	Coldwater
Jim Leonard	Official	517.323.3361	Lansing
Mike Leonard	Official	734.231.3226	Dexter
John Murray	Official	517.627.2147	Grand Ledge
Tim Torpey	Official	517.382.7089	Barryton

REASON: The reason to take the time to enter your trophies is to elevate and honor that animal you harvested to trophy status, no matter what the size. There is no minimum score for the Lansing Chapter Trophy Book.
Deadline: October 15, 2008.

A WALK IN THE WOODS AT BALMORAL CASTLE

BY DON INMAN

Balmoral Castle in the Scottish highlands was a perfect setting to hunt the Queen's Roe deer, a small shy deer indigenous to these beautiful islands. Coming north out of Edinburgh by car, my wife Virginia and I traveled for three days seeing and experiencing a small part of Scotland's beauty and history before coming to the Hilton Craigendarroch on the Balmoral estate, where we stayed during the hunt. We were met there by Michael and Danielle Grosse (with their daughter Jordan) of International Adventures out of Gunnison, Colorado.



There is a family run business, catering to hunters looking for not just a hunt, but a total experience. Our group had five hunters, each of whom could take two deer. We also had four non-hunter spouses hoping to see some of Scotland's many historical and cultural treasures. Danielle, a perfect hostess, accompanied the non-hunters and those hunters who finished early on the outings of greatest interest to them. Virginia chose not to hunt on this trip, but she accompanied my stalker and me on two of the hunts or "outings".

We went in June, the rut for Roe deer. A Wildlife ecologist by training, I was curious when Michael told me the hunt would be best during June. However, I learned that this diminutive deer is the only one that delays implantation. They drop their fawns in late May, and come into season shortly after that. Implantation is then delayed until fall. I can't imagine what adaptive forces created this unusual breeding cycle. It seems to work though, because there was no shortage of Roe deer.

Although we don't usually think of the British Isles as being a far northern area, our hunting location has approximately the same latitude as the town of

Churchill, on Hudson Bay.

We were amazed to hear the birds begin to sing before 4:00 am! This was almost, but not quite, the land of the midnight sun. It made for early morning and late evening hunts. Temperatures were cool, but were greatly ameliorated by the surrounding seas.

On the first hunt morning, we gathered at 4:30 a.m. on the Balmoral grounds and met our gamekeepers who would shepherd us to locations where we might encounter bucks. Each gamekeeper had a "beat," so each outing was in a different area with a different gamekeeper. Michael Grosse has exclusive rights for all commercial hunts at Balmoral, as well as leases on estates in the surrounding area. Each of us was to have an opportunity to hunt one of the Roe deer on Balmoral, and the other on one of the nearby estates. These estates, although nearby, are many thousands of acres, so plenty of diverse habitat occurs no matter where we hunted. Once we had met the gamekeeper for the hunt,

we began the sometimes arduous process of looking for a good buck. We did this by vehicle along not quite roads, but more like rocky paths, glassing the hills and glens at various stops. The area has spectacular, but rugged views with hills that are almost mountains covered with heather and rocks. Amidst the heather and rocks live not only Roe deer, but Red Stag, both red and black grouse, fox, and many smaller birds and mammals. The lower areas between are called glens, and that is where the castles or estate houses, tilled

fields, lakes and marshes are.

On my first "outing" we traveled up into the highest reaches of Balmoral, then down to some fields where we saw our first opportunity for a stalk. Although the deer did not see us, he was nervous and ran off about 100 yards from where we had set up on a small hummock. He slipped into the trees surrounding a small lake. Our stalk took us all the way around the lake, through peat bogs and forest, but we never saw that buck again. Their size, between 30 and 45 pounds, gives them an advantage in taller vegetation. We returned to our hotel, had lunch and rested up for the afternoon hunt.

The second outing began at 4:00 p.m. the same day, on a nearby estate. We parked the vehicle inside the entrance and walked....and walked. By 10:00 pm, we had not seen a good buck. It wasn't until nearly 10:30 that Robert, my gamekeeper for the hunt, spotted a very good buck. He was feeding along the edge of a field next to timber. Robert feared he would enter the woods, leaving us empty for the long stalk. We belly crawled up a small slope to get a better view. When we were 220 yards from the buck, Robert handed me the rifle. It is common for hunters here to use the gamekeeper's rifle, usually a .243 or .270 with a silencer or sound suppressor. Robert's rifle was a .243 Steyr with a Swarovski scope and Wildcat sound suppressor (often used when culling red deer) with 100 grain Federal Premium bullets.

As we began our belly crawl, I handed my binoculars to Virginia to leave my hands free for crawling. When we reached the top of the slope, I looked for the animal through the scope, but could not find it. This was particularly frustrating because I'm often the first to see animals. After Robert described the buck's location again, and finally adjusted the bipod length, he was there! It took me only a split second to center the crosshairs on his shoulder and shoot. The buck went down; a beautiful animal that Robert and Michael believed would score a bronze. It was quarter to 11 at night, and the light was beginning to fade. After photos and travel back to the hotel, it was nearly 1:30 am by the time we went to bed.

After a very short night, we met at 4:30 a.m. to begin the next outing for my second buck. We traveled the Balmoral estate, where I would hunt this morning. Gary was my gamekeeper today, driving the estate, periodically stopping and spotting. I commented to him that it would be interesting to shoot my deer in view of the castle. His reply was that the Queen likes to have them shot near the castle grounds, as they eat her flowers. The deer Gary found

was not near the castle, but up a long, steep slope. It had moved into the vegetation on the hillside and lay down. We could see only the tips of its antlers. "It looks like a good one," Gary said. "Do you want to make a stalk?" I could see the steep climb and feel the short night before, but agreed that we should make the stalk. As we moved up the hill and crawled within 50 yards, Gary tried to get the deer to stand by calling . . . several times. The deer didn't move. Finally, he decided to tap his knife on the rock we were lying on, but warned me the deer might "bugger out of here fast," so I should be ready to shoot. One tap of the knife and the buck stood, head and shoulders first. I immediately shot him in the shoulder and he was down. It had long primary tines, but was a 4 point, with a gorgeous reddish coat. I was ecstatic! I had two beautiful Roe deer in two days, even though I felt like I could sleep for a week. At least the route back to our small truck was downhill. But I didn't sleep for a week. I went to see castles and distilleries and famous battlefields and churches and all the other things I could fit into the rest of my time here.



CRAP SHOOT

By Dave Boedeker

On July 25, 2008 four Lansing Chapter SCI members – Jim Wisner, Dave Boedeker, Woody Shorpsshire and Carl Oleson – along with Jim’s daughter Beth Wisner and friend Bob Beutler boarded Jim’s motor home at 5:00 a.m. for a five-hour drive to Peoria, IL, all with one thing on their



minds: a chance to bow fish the famous flying carp on the Illinois River.

Upon arriving in Peoria our route took us past the airport where we were given a warm welcome. There were police on every corner blocking traffic for us. People lined both sides of the road. American flags were planted along the curbs. How they knew our route was amazing because we had just punched it in the GPS that morning. We knew they wanted the carp out of their waters but they were going to extremes. Maybe they had heard of the awesome shooting ability of those of us in the motor home.



As we passed the airport and made a left turn on Clippert Street, we were only a couple hundred yards from Drewrey Outdoors where we were meeting our guides. Driving slowly so not to miss our turn, we were greeted by the sight of a low flying airplane heading for the airport just in front of us. The plane was light blue and huge. It was close enough for us to easily read “United States of America” on the side. It turns out everyone was



waiting for President Bush, not us. Oh, well, back to the carp shoot.

We were shooting with Brackett Outdoors guides Chris and Jay. They furnished all the equipment and drinks. Once on the river they had us shoot a few practice rounds into the water, just to get used to their equipment. Then it was off to where the carp were congregated. On the way Chris told us that so far only one person has fallen out of the boat and that person wasn’t shooting. He was in the front with a bat and leaned too far out while trying to club a fish. We were also told that we would see between 30 and 60 **thousand** fish. WOW! We were hyped.



The boats were flat bottom 18-foot riverboats with 90hp motors. There were high back swivel seats on both sides of the back of the boat for the shooters. The guides drove the boats between 3 and 5 mph with the motors tilted so the boats made as large of a wake as possible. This caused a lot of vibration in the water, which in turn excited the fish and caused them to leap out of the water. There were only two shooters per boat at a time and shooters rotate. Those not shooting were busy clubbing fish or yelling at the shooters to duck to avoid being hit by the jumping fish. It was crazy out there. Beth was the first to arrow a carp. The fish was about 6 – 8 pounds and 2 feet long, which was about average.

Everyone had fish hit them, numerous times during the day. When we would get into a large school of fish they would jump in every direction and it was hard to get the best shot. More fish jumped in the boat than were arrowed, but our group of six fared well. We had a low of three and a high of 10



kills. They told us if you get five, you’re an ace. Three different times we had fish leap out of the water into the shooter’s bow and knock the cables off. The bows are all compounds and use a mechanical release.

They charge by the boat (about \$250 per person) and the shoot lasts six hours. Try it – it’s great fun!

2008 New Zealand Hunt

By Jim Leonard

Mike bought a New Zealand hunt for Tahr and Chamois from Mount Cook Trophy Hunting at our Chapter's March 2008 Fundraiser. I was happy for him but never dreamed that Janet and I would end up going too. After a lot of thought and procrastination and with little time left, we decided to take the plunge. Janet was nice and let me do the hunting this trip. Mike and I would be hunting Red Stag, Tahr, and Chamois. In less than a



week after Janet's bear hunt in Quebec we were on a plane headed for New Zealand. We flew from Detroit to San Francisco where we boarded an Air New Zealand flight for the long hop to Auckland on New Zealand's north island. They deserve a gold star for good service and meals. One last short flight put us in Christchurch



on the south island where Neville Cunningham, owner of Mount Cook Trophy Hunting, met us. We drove south to his large elk farm near the town of Timaru where we stayed the first night. (He sells the antler velvet for Asian medicines.) Before retiring, he had the three of us out hunting rabbits, possums, and wallabies, all pests to



them.

The next day we went to Nev's huge hunting concession on the foothills of Mount Cook where we stayed in a cozy cabin. The first two days we had intermittent light drizzle or snow, and the clouds and weather prevented us from seeing much of the mountains that they kept saying were there. Weather, however, didn't prevent us from the fun of stalking the wooded hills where Mike and I were each able to harvest a gold medal Red Stag.

Earlier we had scheduled a helicopter to meet us on the following day so we could hunt the higher elevations for our Tahr and Chamois. With the weather we had been experiencing we went to bed with our fingers crossed. Fortunately, we woke up surrounded by beautiful snow capped mountains. They had a rosy glow created by



the sun rising in a crystal clear sky. Soon a small dot appeared in the sky that materialized into a helicopter that landed beside the cabin. It was a turbine engine, French built "Squirrel" that had plenty of room for the

a ride that words will never describe into the surreal, rugged, rocky, snow covered mountain top world. All I can say is it was a thrill, very beautiful, and humbling all at the same time. It will never be forgotten. How those animals are able to live there is amazing. During this adventure Mike and I were also able to get our Tahr and Chamois.



pilot, the three of us, and our guide Tony. Our pilot, "Spinner," with 25,000 hours of alpine flying under his belt, was a magician with his machine. He took us for

With our hunting concluded we still had over two weeks to experience New Zealand's beautiful south island. One day we took a 50 mph jet boat ride down and then back up a twisting, rock-strewn river that drained from a huge lake to the Tasman Sea. The river dropped 600 feet in elevation so when looking down the rushing river you actually look down hill. We took a ferry to Stewart Island and, while there, caught delicious blue cod from a boat using hand lines. We took a fiord boat trip that began with a tour bus ride to get us to where the boat was moored. It was the fourth of July and the snow was so deep that the bus had to stop to install tire chains! No wonder it is known as the Southern Alps.



The scenery is

outstanding and the New Zealanders are very friendly and they speak English! I would recommend this trip to anyone.



WONDERFUL WYOMING

By Tom Nelson

Sitting back on my fold-up chair, I once again took a deep draw from my water bottle. The mercury was crowding the 90 degree mark outside my Double Bull blind. Inside it must have been closer to 100. Sweat ran down the middle of my back as I inventoried my remaining water. Only a couple more hours I told myself, eyeing my watch. The two doe antelope watering 20 yards from my blind finished and trotted off, leaving a plume of dust behind.

I was in east central Wyoming bowhunting pronghorn antelope and mule deer with my good friend and outfitter, Rock Buckingham, owner of Broken Horn

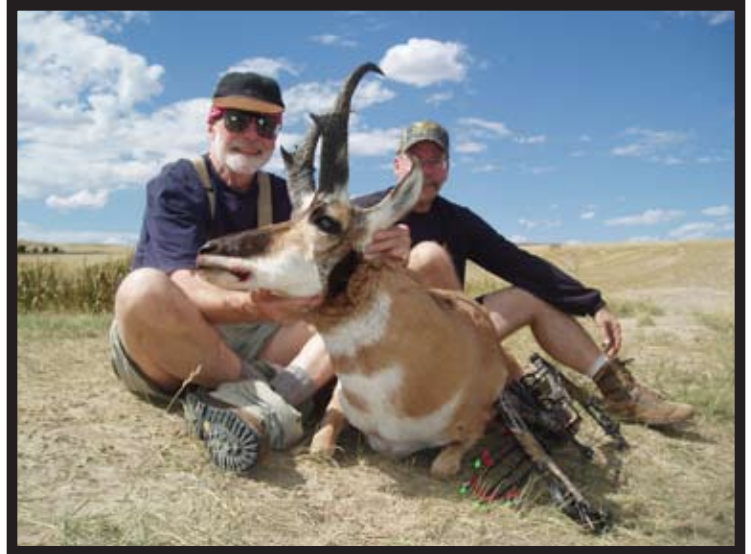


Outfitters, Kaycee, Wyoming. Rock specializes in antelope and wide racked mule deer. Joining me on this hunt were fellow Lansing SCI Chapter members, Peter and John Bucklin and Ron Maguire.

As I wiped the stinging perspiration from my eyes, I wondered how the others were fairing at their waterholes. Today was a perfect antelope hunting day: extremely hot and dry. I always say that if you are thirsty and hot in your blind, the antelope are also. Pronghorns will come to water most anytime of the day. I personally believe that the heat of the day is the best time for these prairie goats to come in and water. But, I have bow bagged antelope bucks at first and last light also.

Later on towards evening Rock swung by and picked me up. Then we drove a couple miles away to where

Peter was bowhunting. Upon arriving we were pleased to learn that Peter had just arrowed a good buck from his blind. The antelope was well hit and ran only 100 yards before going down. We quickly took some field photos, then tagged Peter's goat. We were all a bit



parched and a cold beer back at camp was in order to celebrate Peter's success.

The following morning on the way to my blind, we spied a very good antelope buck feeding in a gulch filled pasture. I asked Rock to stop and let me try and stalk the buck. After a quick battle plan we drove down into a small depression to hide the truck. I then used the many gullies to work my way within 100 yards of the still feeding antelope. The last part of the stalk was a bit



tricky as I crawled on my belly, then I eased behind a small rise that hid me from the bino vision of the buck. Drawing back my BowTech Alligence I quickly aimed and shot. The arrow covered the 30 yards to the buck almost instantly. The shot was perfect and the buck only

ran 40 yards before giving it up. What a buck he was, with tall thick horns -- he was exactly what I was looking for in an antelope buck.

The following morning Rock and I drove to the head of a red walled canyon. It was still quite dark as we



left the truck and began an arduous pre-dawn hike up the side of the mountain. Today we were bowhunting mule deer. This is the beauty of hunting with Broken Horn Outfitters. You can hunt for antelope and mule deer on the same hunt. Just as the eastern sky began to lighten, we found ourselves in position high up on the side of the mountain. From here we would use our optics to glass for muley bucks working their way up from the valley below to bed for the day. It was not long before we began to spot deer heading up, looking for spots to bed. We observed several bucks right away, but nothing that got us excited. Then Rock calmly stated that there was a good buck heading away from our position, but, if we hurried, we might be able to follow him to see where he would bed. Keeping below the skyline as to not be silhouetted, we scurried after the walking buck. Shortly, the deer slowed and disappeared into some rock outcroppings. Rock was sure he had bedded there, but we waited a good half hour to be sure. When we did not see the buck come out from the rocks, we made a stalking plan: I would leave Rock and make a big circle around the bedded buck to keep the wind in my favor. Then I would sneak in as close as I could, hopefully 20 yards, and wait for the buck to get up on his own, offering me a shot. Stalking up on bedded mule deer can be tough work. Getting within 20 yards seems down right impossible at times.

It was well over an hour when I was finally getting within the buck's zone. The zone is under 50 yards. This is when I shed my boots and stalk in on stocking feet. One slow step at a time. It was still early morning but the relentless Wyoming sun was baking me. It had to be well into the 80's already. I carefully scanned the area, searching for a horn tip or an ear -- anything to show me where my buck was.

Then chaos erupted. A smaller 4x4 buck I had not seen bedded above me exploded from his bed, sending rocks and dirt everywhere. At first I thought it was my buck and drew my bow and swung on the running deer. But I instantly knew he was too small. Still at full draw I pivoted back down hill and there stood the larger buck watching the 4x4 run off. I placed my 40 yard pin on the broadside buck and released my arrow. I watched as the carbon arrow smacked the deer in the boiler room. With a kick of his back legs, he sprinted down the



mountain and out of sight.

As I sat on a large boulder giving the buck some time, Rock came marching down from above. "Congratulations," he said, holding out his hand. "Better wait till we find him first," I replied. Then Rock laughed and stated that he watched the whole thing from his position with his spotting scope. He even watched the buck drop some 100 yards below me after I shot. It was over 100 degrees by the time we got the buck packed out. We would take him directly to the meat cooler. We drained every liquid container in the rig and we were still thirsty. But it was well worth the effort. Two hard earned trophies in two hot Wyoming days. It just does not get any better than this. The best part was, as the week closed out, all of us filled our tags. Peter, John, Ron and I all filled our tags and had a great hunt.

August 28 picnic at Terry Braden's Farm

Over 50 chapter members enjoyed yard games, game room viewing, hunting stories, camaraderie, hay rides with deer viewing, and a pulled pork sandwich picnic prepared by past president Jim Ellis. Tom Cullimore provided the rides with his 1951 John Deere Model AO (orchard) tractor.



Adison showing her athletic skills



Bev & Mike Austin, Peter Bucklin, Terry Braden, Melinda Sheets and Jim Houthoofd



Don Harter and George Brainard



Kaitlyn and Cloe Caltrider



Peter Bucklin ready to load his plate..
Food prepared by Jim Ellis.



Rich Reid, Dallas English & Bruce Caltrider



Ron Lanford and his grandson Zack



Some new members - Mike & Melinda Sheets, Jan & Steve Bair, Don, Mary & Todd Harter



Terry showing Pat Dollar around the trophy room



Tom Cullimore with prize tractor



Tom's hayrides and deer viewing



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GH's McKay enjoys hunt of a lifetime

Fri, Sep 19, 2008

BY MATT DEYOUNG

mdeyoung@grandhaventribune.com

Each morning, as he gets ready to head off to work, Kelly McKay watches hunting shows on television.

And each morning, as soon as he leaves, his wife, Robin, changes the channel.

But one morning earlier this year, for whatever reason, Robin didn't switch the channel, and out of the corner of her eye, she noticed a commercial for the Tony Semple Foundation of Hope.

Semple is a former player for the Detroit Lions, and foundation's mission is to "facilitate inspiring, meaningful outdoor experiences for youth who suffer life-challenging medical conditions."

Robin immediately thought of her 16-year-old son, Jordan, who suffers from cerebral palsy and is bound to a wheelchair.

"It all started when my dad left for work," said Jordan, a junior at Grand Haven High School. "My mom usually changes the hunting channel right when he leaves, but she didn't and she saw a commercial for the Tony Semple Foundation. She decided to call, and Tony called her back an hour later."

That conversation led to Jordan being invited to Muy Grande Ranch in Millersburg, between Alpena and Cheboygan, for a whitetail hunt last week.

McKay was one of five youngsters who attended the camp last week.

"There were two kids with cancer. One was younger than I was. He was like 12," McKay said. "We had another kid in a wheelchair, and one kid with only thumbs on his hands. They all amazed me. Having cancer, that would make me so depressed. I was just amazed how happy they were.

"The kids with only thumbs amazed me so much. He could play the guitar. I can't even play the guitar. It was inspiring."

McKay quickly became friends with the other kids at the camp, and also had the chance to meet former Detroit Lions Semple and Mark Spindler.

But the highlight of the trip was getting a chance to kill a trophy buck, and McKay did just that. After being outfitted with all the gear he would need, a special mount for his rifle was attached to his wheelchair.

"I've shot before, but not a lot," McKay said. "When I first got up there, they had me practice, and the first shot, I missed the target. Then we practiced another time and I did really good. It just proves that practice makes perfect."

The first night, Jordan and his father went out to look for deer without guns and saw several nice bucks, and many other whitetails up close.

"I had one doe come within 10 yards of me. There were a lot of deer," he said.

The second night, Jordan and his dad, along with a guide, went out to hunt, and before long, 10 bucks emerged from the woods. The guide was along to select the buck Jordan could shoot. The ranch was looking to harvest deer 3-4 years old that might score between 120 and 140, which is a very nice deer. These are bucks that the ranch wants to remove from the breeding stock.

"We had about 10 bucks come in about 7 p.m., and I got nervous as soon as I saw those 10 bucks," McKay said. "They all came in pretty much the same time. He shook his head at my dad that there was one (to shoot) out there. Then he told me and I started freaking out.

"I couldn't even aim the gun I was shaking so bad. It took me 10 times longer to shoot the deer. I was confident because I had practiced, and when I shot, the deer just dropped."

The entire hunt was recorded on video, and the McKays were told the footage will be shown on an ESPN outdoors show sometime next year.

Jordan comes from a family of hunters, but this was the first time he had participated in a successful hunt. The experience certainly changed him.

"This was my first animal I've shot, and it was really exciting, probably one of the most exciting moments of my life," he said.

"Seeing that deer, when I shot it, I couldn't even talk. It really changed the way I think about hunting. It was a lot different from where I hunt deer now. There were more deer. It was a lot more entertaining."

Now hooked on hunting, Jordan is now trying to kill another deer while hunting on his family's property near Custer. He realizes he's spoiled after all the deer he saw at Muy Grande Ranch.



When I think of the hunting camps provided through the Tony Semple Foundation for Hope, the first thing that comes to mind and makes me smile is the fact that so many people are able to come together for ONE cause and that is to support others.

We all know the world we live in is at an all-time-high fast pace, and it is exhausting at times just to keep up. When we look at this world and how hard it is to make it in our economy along with the hustle of everyone's day-to-day life, it is fulfilling and gratifying to see all the efforts involved. I appreciate that commitment the most, and all involved hold a special place in my heart.

One of the greatest lessons we learn, and I am reminded of after every camp, is the fact that life is what we make of it. The statement about life being 10% what is given to you and 90% how you react to the given situation is too true. I am amazed and inspired by Jordan (in a wheelchair with partially crippled hands) who told us around the campfire of his recent return from a mission trip from an Indian Reservation this summer. Here is an individual who has put his needs aside and is helping those who he feels are less fortunate. Wow!!!

Every one of the Foundation for Hope participants is an inspiration to us all. The resiliency and determination to continue to live each day to its fullest, despite the fact that many days are a struggle and filled with obstacles, is a lesson in itself. If we only take one thing from this week at Muy Grande with the Tony Semple Foundation for Hope, it would be this:

We all need to focus on the positive things in life and the REAL things that matter most in this world. We need to stop saying, "If I only had this," or "I will do that when I have more time," or "When things aren't so stressful and maybe when I can afford more," or "Maybe next year."

What's real in your life??? It hits me like a ton of bricks and it's called a reality check!!!

Sincerely,

Tony Semple

The children of camp one will leave an indelible mark on all of our hearts. Regardless of their challenges they still possess the long-standing tradition of hunting. At Muy Grande we're in the business of providing magic memories to our members and guests through outdoor adventures. When asked by the Semple Foundation to host the Michigan events, it was a natural fit. We're proud to be able to share this experience with The Tony Semple Foundation for Hope. "Somewhere over the rainbow way up high, there's a land that I dreamed of once in a lullaby."

Thank you to all of the SCI members who helped make these young hunters' dreams come true...

Mark Klos
 Muy Grande Ranch

"Outdoor Adventure" Candidates Needed

The Lansing Area Chapter of SCI will again be sponsoring a life-challenged young person on an "Outdoor Adventure" with the Tony Semple Foundation for Hope.

Please forward any candidates to a LAC/SC board member as soon as possible.

For more information and applications please go to www.tonysemplefoundation.org or call 517 372-8300.

