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Hunting and Today's Feast

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Hunting and Today's Feast

F. Edward Williams

Deep asleep, a noise in the background, "Ba Ed, are you ready? Get up. It's time to go." So starts the day, at 4:00 AM.

It is the time of the year for hunting a stable food resource and being thankful for continual replenishing of life.

Quickly up and dressed, Grab the carry bag, bananas, orange, water, and handy gathering materials. Then in a group of ten, five women and girls, and five men and boys, walk walk walk, fast fast fast.

It is dark, but the moon is like a spotlight and one can see quite well. Dogs, guarding houses, bark as the group tramps. For one hour, follow the tarmac, the red dirt road, foot trails, white clay road and then into the bush just as the sun arises.

"There is one."

"There another, and look here are three."

"That one is too small. Get them big, like this."

"Not that one it will hurt you."

"If you get that kind, it will make you itch."

So, the hunting and gathering proceeds. Natural camouflage makes it hard to discover in the bush, which is mostly height of ten feet or less, repeatedly, cut over forestland. Young, acute, and experienced eyes make sharp spotters. Older strength and wisdom provide encouraging company. Without warning the young run after a wild Guinea Hen.

After two hours, leave the bush and tramp back. The group divides the spoils and each goes to his or her home excited with the bounty provided by the search and chase. The bird got away, but more than just today's protein will be supplied from hundreds of caterpillars gathered in the morning's hunt.

Happy Thanksgiving! And please be grateful for the cornucopia of plenty we enjoy.