



BUDDY'S CRAZY TRUE-LIFE ADVENTURES

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Answers
IN GENESIS®



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Introduction

My ministry is known to be family-oriented and this book is no exception. These are stories that everyone will enjoy. This book is full of my true adventures from high school pranks, to hunting and fishing, searching for Noah's ark in Turkey, dinosaur digs in Alaska, rafting the Grand Canyon, kayaking the Everglades, flying, scuba diving, and it also includes my testimony. These stories will make you smile, laugh, and cry. I hope you will find my stories filled with some good fun, but also a bit of truth to touch your soul.

At the end of each chapter, you will be able to stop and think about what you just read. It will be a great opportunity for you to spend some time looking for adventures all around you. If you love adventure and fun, join me on my crazy adventures.



An Alaskan ATV . . . School Bus

Another Alaskan adventure involved my friend, Les Zerbe, and a school bus. My pastor Dave and I were at Les' cabin and he invited us to join him and his friend, Bob, on an adventure a hundred miles deep in the Alaskan wilderness. They were going on a moose hunt.

Dave and I were excited to get to go along for the ride. We would not be hunting, but we didn't care. We could experience what a moose hunt is like in the last frontier. I have always dreamed of doing this type of hunt since I was in the third grade. Now,

The Alaskan moose is the largest North American subspecies of moose and are the largest member of the deer family. Their antlers can measure six feet from tip to tip. A large Alaskan bull moose can stand over six feet at the shoulders and weigh over 1,300 pounds.



many years later, I got to be a part of this hunt.

"Make sure you pull the strap tight," Les told Bob as he strapped the ATV securely to

the 12-foot-long trailer. "The road will get bumpy as soon as we get off the highway."

Our transportation was an old school bus that Les had converted into a camper, and it pulled the 12-foot trailer.

And away we went, traveling down the road. Eventually, we left the highway onto a dirt road. What a ride! We were bounced around like rag dolls. I think they maintain the roads once a year with a grader. Finally, we arrived after hours of being jerked around in the school bus seats.

"OK, look out the bus windows for moose or their tracks," Les said as we drove slowly down the





rough road.

Our eyes were peeled searching for any sign of moose. We did this for an hour and only saw one track.

"Well, this isn't working," Les said. "We need to see a bit deeper into the pines. Hey, I've got an idea. If we could get somebody to ride on top of the bus while I drove, maybe we could spot a moose."

One thing I knew for sure is that it wasn't going to be me. There's nothing to hold onto on top of the bus. It would be suicide on this road. You would be knocked off the top in the first fifty feet. Les' friend Bob said,

"I'll volunteer." Now Bob must have been somewhere in his seventies. "That's crazy," I said. "Yeah, crazy," Dave whispered to me. But in Alaska, that's normal.

Les told Bob, "Here's my idea to keep you safe. We'll tie you to a chair on top."

Bob now looked a bit concerned. "What's to keep the chair from falling off the top of the bus," he asked.

Les replied, "We'll tie the chair to the top of the bus!"

We found an old kitchen type chair that Les had in the back of the bus. We climbed over the hood, up over the

windshield to the middle of the top of the bus. We ran the rope across the chair seat and through the bus windows and tied it off. "That looks safe," Les said.

Bob must have agreed because he sat in the chair. "Go ahead and tie me in," he said. We did.

It looked like a spider web wrapped around Bob. "This is a red-neck seat belt," I joked. "Nope," Les commented, "It's an Alaskan safety belt. We make do with what we have here in Alaska."

"You're sure you'll be OK, Bob?" Les asked. "Yes," he replied. "If I see something, I'll stomp my feet on the roof so you'll stop."

"Sounds good," Les commented as he started to drive the bus down the dirt road. I can only imagine what it must have been like for Bob, tied on the chair on top of the bus.

As we bounced down the road, Les saw a large mud hole up ahead. "Oh no," he exclaimed, "I sure wish this bus was four-wheel drive. If we get stuck, we might be here for several days before someone finds us. There's no cell towers here. We're off grid. There's only one thing to do, boys, make a run for it and fly through the muck and mud. Hold on, here we go!"

What about Bob? Les told me to yell through the windows and tell him to hang on. "Hey, Bob, hold on!" I yelled. "What?" he replied. BAM! The bus went airborne. There goes the old school bus with Bob tied to a chair on top! We were pulling a 12-foot-long trailer to boot with an ATV strapped to it.

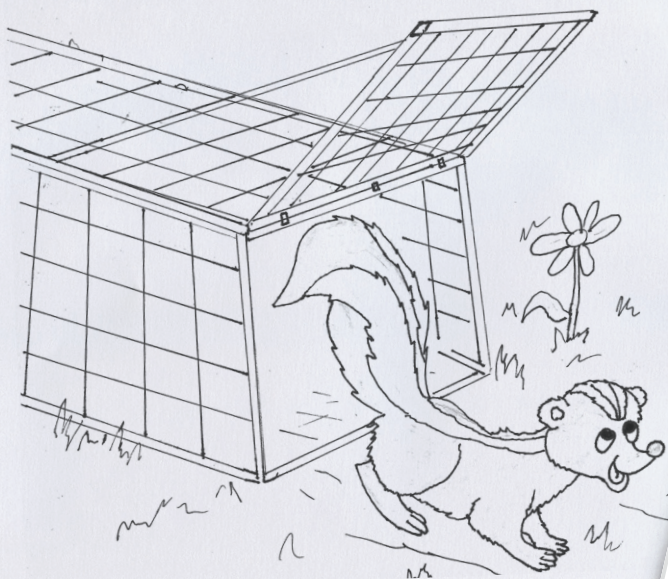
I just knew the jolt of going through this mud hole with a 70-year-old sourdough tied

to a chair would break the ropes holding that chair. Mercy, what a ride!!

Once we got through the mud, we pulled off the side of the road to check on Bob. "Are you OK?" I asked. "Yeah, a little sore," Bob replied. "Seen any moose?" Les asked. "No," Bob said shaking his head. "Do you want to get off the chair?" we asked. "Yes!" he said without any hesitation at all.

"Well, we won't be eating moose steaks tonight," I said. "Boy, this road is rough. Any good chiropractors in Fairbanks?" We won't forget this wild Alaskan off-road ride! 🐾





The Skunk Whisperer

My phone rang, and I answered, "Hello."
 "Bud, this is Uncle Larry." (He's really my cousin, but I always call him Uncle.) "I'm in a pickle," he said.

"How can I help you?" I asked.

"You may not want to," Larry replied. "I set a live box trap by the garage to catch a groundhog, and guess what I caught?"

"What?" I asked.

"A skunk! I don't want to kill it. I was hoping you would know how to release it without it releasing . . . you know what I mean," Larry chuckled.

"No problem, Uncle Larry, I just read an article on how to approach a skunk in a trap. This must be divine intervention. I'll be at your house in half an hour," I answered confidently.

When I arrived at Uncle Larry's, sure enough, he'd caught a beautiful, mature, healthy, black kitty with two white stripes going down its back. In other words, SKUNK!

The skunk didn't look stressed. That's a good thing! A skunk can spray up to ten feet. It can repeat the spray up to six times before running on empty.

"Hey, Uncle Larry, bring me an old blanket or rug so I can cover the cage so the skunk can't see me."

Uncle Larry brought me an old blanket from the garage that was covering his tractor. Using a rake, I carefully lifted the blanket over the cage, concealing the skunk inside. Phase one was accomplished.

Phase two could be devastating, but I was ready for the challenge. Slowly, I walked up to the cage and picked it up, keeping the blanket in place. "Please, Lord, don't let it get spooked now." I carried the cage about 40 feet away from the garage and gently put the cage on the ground.

I moved as slow as a sloth and lifted the blanket off the box cage door. Then I slowly opened the door and moved away. I thought the skunk would dart out the door to freedom. I was wrong. Evidently, it didn't mind the cage.

We stood at a distance, anxiously watching the trap. After about ten minutes, it poked its head out. Then it nonchalantly exited and walked away into a nearby field.

I did it! I was overjoyed! The Animal Planet should have me as a TV host. The Skunk Whisperer! That has a nice ring to it. The nice little skunk must have felt safe under my masterful supervision. But if Uncle Larry calls me again with a skunk in a box trap, maybe I will just talk him through it. 🐾



Skunks are omnivores which means their diet is both plants and small animals. Skunks try to spray as little as possible because it can take up to 10 days to replenish the glands.