**Keepsake**

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One day my dad was hunting, from his favorite hunting stand;  
'Twas a giant Oak with perfect limbs, under which two deer trails ran.  
Now this favorite spot of Daddy's was as unique as it could be,  
'cause a lightning bolt had burned a giant hole down through that tree.  
  
As he double checked his deer tags, as he did quite frequently,   
he accidently dropped his wallet down the hole in that old tree.  
Well, his family hunted from that tree ever since they'd been around,  
And there was no way on God's green earth he'd ever cut it down.   
  
That Oak tree was my "learning stool" as dad was teaching me,  
and most of what I learned 'bout deer was right there in that tree.  
And I finally took my own first buck, right there from that old stand;  
with Daddy sitting next to me to calm my nervous hands.   
  
"I've taught you everything I know," Dad proudly said to me;  
"Someday we'll bring my grandson here, and teach him in this tree".  
Well, I laughed and poked him on the arm; hell, I was just a kid,  
But Daddy made me feel real good, somehow he always did.   
  
Well we shared some twenty seasons, and we watched some good bucks grow,  
But unlike that mighty old Oak tree, on my dad those seasons showed.  
Soon he'd grown too old to really hunt, still he'd sit with me in that stand,  
and it was my turn to hold and steady the shaking in Daddy's hands.  
  
Then he died at the end of that season, ten years too soon to see,  
The grandson that he'd dreamed about get to hunt from that old tree.  
And now it's opening morning, on my son's first whitetail hunt;  
I'm sitting beside him in "Grandpa's Tree" 'cause we both knew that's what he would want.  
  
Now I'd seen this scene from both sides of that limb, and it happened exactly the same;  
we heard one coming, I steadied his hands, and here that old buck came.  
He handled it just perfect; his Grandpa would've been proud,  
I shook his hand and wiped a tear and looked up at the clouds.  
  
Then we hung his deer right from our stand, and I took a polaroid shot;  
And I wanted so badly for Daddy to see the buck that his grandson got.  
Then as I watched that picture develop in my hands,  
I felt a breeze and heard a gentle rustling near that stand.  
  
Then a little stronger gust of wind whipped the picture from my hand,  
and carried it briskly into that tree, above the old deer stand.  
  
Well, my son said he'd go get it, but I told him "never mind."   
We'd take a few more later, but let's leave that one behind.  
'Cause he could've looked forever, but I knew where it would be,  
Tucked safely in Dad's wallet, down the hole in that old tree.