

Javelina Robin
February 7, 2015 New Mexico

Matthew 17:20 (Jesus) replied "...Truly I tell you, if you have faith as small as a mustard seed, you can say to this mountain, 'Move from here to there,' and it will move. Nothing will be impossible for you."

Robin wrapped up her season with a successful javelina hunt, finishing it out perfectly with 6 for 6.

In typical fashion, we weren't able to hit the road until after Robin's swim practice Friday and arrived at JR's house, a friend in Silver City, well past midnight. He had offered to steer us to an area known to hold "piggies", as he fondly referred to javelina, despite them being no relation to swine.

We spotted one group about midday and hustled to position Robin for an ambush, but somehow lost the little buggers in the low brush. A lone javelina briefly popped into view, but Robin wasn't able to get her rifle lined up before he scooted away. Robin told me that she could see him in the scope, but it was a little windy and she couldn't hold her rifle steady. I reassured her that I'd never be unhappy with her for passing up a shot that she didn't feel right about, just as I've always taught her. We set off to try and relocate the javelina, but despite getting close enough to smell him, we never laid eyes on him again.

Robin was a little dejected and asked if I thought she would get another chance, to which I replied "Kidido, based on your season so far, I wouldn't want to be a javelina right about now!" Our friends assured us that we'd find more, so we continued our search. JR chuckled "Besides, you forgot to take Clarice on the stalk; it's no wonder you didn't get one!" It was true: things had happened too quickly for Robin to grab Rudolph's girlfriend, who has become somewhat of a good luck charm. Although given the odds of everything coming together as her season has, we believe it has more to do with divine guidance than a lucky charm. But I'll get to those statistics later.

We found plenty of tracks, so knew javelina had to be around somewhere, but we couldn't seem to turn any more up until early afternoon, when a handful were spotted just cresting a low hill. We grabbed Clarice and Robin's rifle, and then hurried to peek over the ridge. Three adults and two babies meandered and rooted around within 50-yards. They were obscured by brush, but were working their way back toward us and the wind was in our face!

I got Robin set up on her shooting sticks and scanned the little group. The two babies were not much bigger than guinea pigs and cute as a button. We whispered the mother's position to Robin and cautioned against shooting her: the other two adults were fair game.

The small herd picked their way closer, but each time one of the adults stepped into the open it was either facing us or another javelina was behind it: offering

either a poor shot, or worse, the risk of killing or wounding a second animal. Robin kept her cool and calmly followed the javelina through her rifle scope until one turned broadside at 25 paces.

With one gentle squeeze of the trigger, Robin finished her season with a bang! Her text to Mommy proclaimed simply "Got my 6th animal! Hooray got Piggy!" You certainly did, kiddo, and I couldn't be more proud...or amazed.



Clarice looks as happy as Robin!



We had a great time with the boys and can't wait to visit with them again!



Daddy is certainly proud!



Number 6 in one season...who could have imagined?!

Remember those statistics I hinted at earlier? Chew on these facts. Based on records published by the New Mexico Game and Fish, I calculate the odds of Robin drawing these tags in a single season to be roughly 0.08%...meaning about once every 1,200 years!

Based on New Mexico Game and Fish Harvest Reports, with tags in hand it's more likely by an order of magnitude to kill every animal, at around 0.8%...but that's only once in every 125 attempts.

By coupling these two statistics together, the odds of drawing six tags and capitalizing on every single one of them are approximately 0.00067%...that's once every 150,000 YEARS, folks!

Add to the mix an average shot distance well under 100-yards; each was a single shot kill with her .243; she's a 10-year old girl; all hunts were on public land; all were do-it-yourself (no hired guides); and the average distance traveled by animals after being hit was less than 10-yards...a season like Robin's is simply unheard of. I'm a pretty good guide, Robin's a darn good hunter, and we make a terrific team; but we're not THAT good. A season like Robin has had is statistically impossible without divine guidance – the stats just don't lie.

We do not yet know why Robin has been blessed in this manner, but what a blessing it has been! We will remember it for the rest of our lives. Thank you Lord!

So how in the world can we ever top this season?!

God Bless,
Carl