It’s that time of year again.
And for the Patterson home, there are some levels of excitement, anticipation, joy and urgency that can’t be put into words for this weekly column.
I will try my best, but unless you are a witness to these uncontrollable feelings, you will never truly grasp the importance of this time of year.
My husband Jason has that twinkle in eye. His walk has a slight skip in it. He is now grinning for no apparent reason.
To the casual observer, you would think he’s went around the bend. He’s off his rocker. The man has clearly entered a state of insanity.
But I am all too familiar with the first signs of what I like to call huntingitis.
Hunting season will begin for Jason this weekend. And he has been in the clouds for the past few weeks.
A few months ago, I saw the first signs of the hunting bug. Bags of seed, fertilizer and other unknown materials were piled high in the back of his truck bed. All of his conversations ended with the words “don’t you care about the deer plot?”
He is like a child at Christmas time now. Up to the day he makes it to the woods, he spends hours cleaning his gun. He will spend more time picking his camouflage out than he does on regular clothes before work. He will make it a point to get to bed earlier. But he will be taking more naps in between hunting sessions and football games.
The second I pull out my “honey to do list,” he will burst out the door into his four-wheel drive, speaking incoherently about the big buck.
And now our son James is involved this year. He helped Daddy throw out seed for the deer plot. He made numerous trips to check on the deer camera. He is already telling me how many deer he would like to get.
There will be no more dates for awhile. No more special dinners. You can forget about meeting up with friends.
Jason’s social life will be put on hold for the next few months.
And then there will come the moment of victory when the prize buck will have to be shown off to everyone in the neighborhood.
I don’ see how anybody can act this way over a silly event.
Well, I don’t have time to worry about it. I have better things to worry about.
I have spent the last few nights with newspaper clippings all around me. Black Friday is rapidly approaching, and I must be ready to see what gifts I can snag at great deals.

There is a warm, fuzzy feeling inside of me as I plot out my coordinates on the map. First I will try to bag that Monster Jam set for James. Then I will scope out that plush doll for Elsie.
Come to think about it, I better get all my house chores done by the end of the week. I need to be in bed early if I plan to make it to the 3 a.m. opening.
And oh the feeling of arriving home with my prize gifts in an assortment of bags. Surely, I should call my best friend to come over and admire all my purchases.
It truly is a magical experience.
Now who would want to spend hours planning for something like Jason's hunting season?
Who would bother waking up so early with no guarantee that you are gonna come home with something?
Who would want to spend hours in the cold waiting on the big prize?
You think I would waste my time scoping something out?
And showing off your latest conquest?
Men, they will do the most ridiculous things this time of year. I mean, it's just hunting season.
I have better things to do.