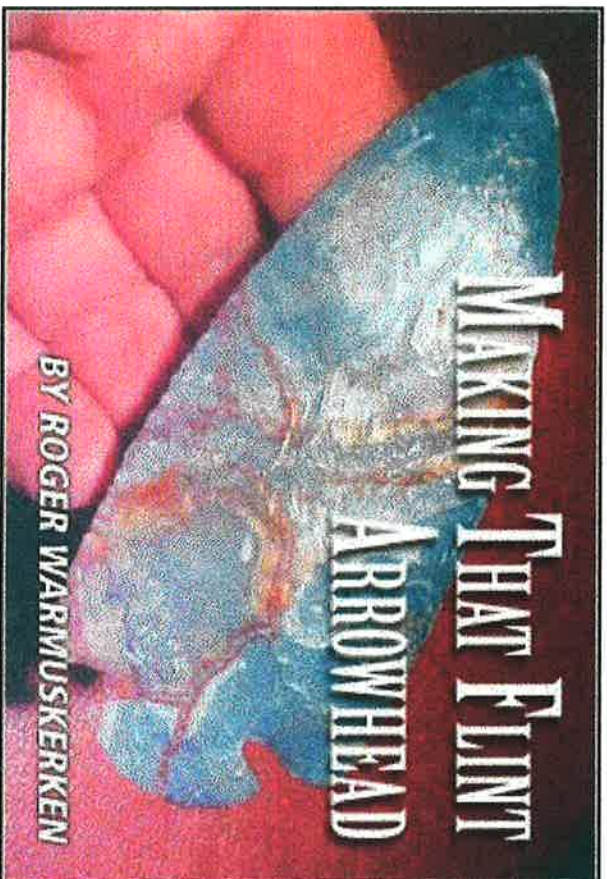


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I still remember it like it was yesterday. Dad had taken this 8 year old boy hunting arrowheads for the first time. I really had no great expectation of finding anything and had wandered off on my own, picking up small stones and throwing them at various targets. Then as I looked down, there it lay. Glistening white in the sunlight on a small hillside. The base and tip were broken off, but to me it was museum quality. The howl of glee brought Dad, and as we admired my find I looked down and there between his feet lay another. This one in unbroken condition. Many more points have been found over the years, some better, some worse, but born that day was a fascination that grew into an obsession. As those young eyes looked at the arrowhead in wonderment, the thoughts of how and who and when ran rampant. It was something I longed to know how to do, but had not the slightest idea of where to begin. Over the next few years, I tried carving them from wood and even tried forming them out of puddles of wet cement. Thinking back, one wonders if this is how God views our progress with technology.

The first door of knowledge opened when I was around 12. My mother brought home a book called "Early Man." In this book were two pages of photos showing a fellow making flint arrowheads with antler tools. I scrounged the sandhills for stone and sawed up a pair of antlers my dad had hanging on the shed (this turned out to be a bad idea on my part) and my infant career as a flint knapper was launched. What looked simple on paper proved to be the most challenging skill I ever tackled. It