

Joshua K. from Gilbert Arizona

It's not just the gun, it's the fun. 1979, I was 15 years old, and we had previously lived on a farm in Douglass. Born a farm boy, I was given my father's Daisy model 25 for my 13th birthday. I was very responsible with the gun and never shot to kill.

Two years past before the best memories with the gun would begin. My uncle lived in Chandler and was an active youth pastor. He wasn't your typical, dressed up, old preacher. He was only 34 and would play basketball, shoot, swim, with kids every Wednesday night. He invited me to visit him for 2 weeks the summer of 1979. That night the first thing we did was target shoot. I took my Daisy Model 25, pumped it, and hit the bull's eye from 15 yards! At the time, that was pretty good; as we were just kids having fun. My uncle and I helped so many kids those Wednesday nights and I am just glad that my old Daisy got to be a part of it too!