

The Bandera PROPHEET

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The View From Dry Creek Hill

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Whether you're safe inside your fortress of toilet paper or reconsidering the sentimental value of grandma's Sears Catalog collection you have something in common with me—we're both going to be seeing more of home for awhile.

I'm no different from most folks in Bandera County. Some of my events were canceled, others postponed and a few were modified to fit the ever-changing guidelines for crowd size. It looks like my regular Monday OST breakfast is on hold and my grocery shopping will be a major event rather than an afterthought. But when I think about more time at home, things aren't all that bad.

I'm looking out over the Medina River valley as I write this, watching a winter sky roll in on the first full day of spring. It's somehow appropriate that spring came the earliest in my lifetime this year, yet spring weather and spring celebrations are nowhere to be seen. They even postponed the Masters, and that's like canceling Christmas for an old golfer like me.

But I saw bluebonnets blooming along 1283 yesterday. Our crape myrtle is leafing out and there were a few blooms on our young mountain laurels this year. It looks like they missed the COVID-19 memo.

Life will bump along up here on Dry Creek Hill. Even with the spring rains I can stroll the creekbeds most of the time. The small creek flows only briefly after a rain and the larger creek on the property line is wide and shallow unless we have a flash flood. I'll get my exercise close to home and watch spring come in.

The cats are happily unaware of the problems in the world as long as we keep their bowls full and make a lap available several time a day. I think I'll do the same for myself until this thing blows over.