

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

If you grew up in the country then there are certain things that will bring peace of mind in your later years. The sound of rain on a tin roof is one of the most soothing memories you will recall. I think being able to hear the falling rain sends a message of comfort just knowing you have a roof over your head. A hard rain lasting for an extended amount of time signals a blessing for our beautiful river.

As I go out on my front porch early in the mornings with my little dogs I can still hear turkeys gobbling along the river as they come off their roost. Just a sign that not everything in our little corner of the world has changed. Thanks to some large ranches bordering the river area that may not change anytime soon.

Our gravel roads in the area are just about gone now. On our county roads which have been paved the only way to tell the friendly folks from the others is if they use that familiar wave by lifting a finger on the hand near the top of the steering wheel as a greeting. Back in the day on a gravel road the oncoming traffic would slow to lessen the dust cloud being produced by their vehicle if they were friendly. Now there are lots of days when I'm happy just to meet traffic driving on their side of the road.

I enjoy all the social media posts by friends in the area who continue to plant vegetable gardens. That is something we always did back in the day and I continue to do but on a much smaller scale. The old horse corral area we had when I was a kid proved to be the perfect place to grow just about anything we planted. We cut poles from the bamboo lot close to the river for the pole beans and they grew higher than I could

reach. From a distance they looked like green teepees out in the back lot. I'm more into bush beans these days although they present the problem of having to bend over to harvest the crop. Enter the grandkids and my son. I'll supervise from the porch.

Growing Up In Bandera as I'm growing older requires changing tactics for many routine chores. Sometimes it requires me to recall some of the excuses I invented to present to my mom many years ago. Just like my mom, my wife usually turns a deaf ear to my pleas for sympathy.

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