

The Bandera PROPHET

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The View From Dry Creek Hill

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It's hard to avoid walking around in a frenzied funk these days. It's COVID to the left of us, protests to the right of us, commentators all around us volley and thunder! And into the valley of worry walk the rest of us, wondering if we should wear a mask. But then I shake my head and look around.

I realize I don't live inside my television, my computer screen, my phone or my radio. I live in a nice slice of the Texas Hill Country, and it's full of people I like, things I like to do, interesting wildlife, and beautiful scenery. My little piece of the scenery may need some mowing and tree trimming, but it's just Loretta, me and the cats that see it. It can wait.

Even though the powers that be keep changing how COVID is tabulated and it's next to impossible to really know what's going on, things around here aren't too bad. Bandera is waking back up, people seem to be appropriately cautious but not frightened out of their wits, and life goes on. I guess that's what I like about the folks around here. For the most part we roll with the punches pretty well and aren't prone to the "run in circles, scream and shout," way of life. We've never lived in a hermetically sealed community and don't expect to. We know things go bump in the night but tend to look fine when the sun comes up.

And I'm saving on gas. I haven't been to Bexar County since sometime in March. I haven't missed it, so I expect to be saving on gas even after

things settle down. That's probably a good thing—Loretta thinks I'll need some gas soon for the mower.