

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Remember back when life was innocent and simple? I mean those days when just laying back in the grass looking up at the sky with friends and seeing images in the clouds was entertainment enough? If it was a cloudless day we could lay on our belly while looking for four leaf clovers. I personally never found one. Can't say I never had any good luck though because some river time was always in the near future for Bandera kids.

My worst fear back in the day was that due to a lack of rainfall the river would be put on my momma's do not enter list. She had some real horror stories about what might happen to anyone daring to swim in stagnant river water. I wasn't always one to follow the rules if I happened to be out of sight but I followed that one very closely. Sure there might have been some accidental unpreventable circumstances but I did my best. It did cause me a bit of mental anguish when she used the old standby, "You're gonna get polio" threat on me.

We soon learned to not complain about having nothing to do around my mom. Seems she had a long list of things to remedy any boredom we might have. If you were assigned a chore and didn't do it you risked a threat of missing out on a late afternoon swimming and watermelon eating outing. Thinking back I don't really recall anyone ever being left behind on those days. Probably because my mom feared what we might get into if we were home alone. All six of her kids and half the other kids in the neighborhood loaded in that old truck heading for Dripping Springs is a favorite memory of mine.

When I think of bicycle riding adventures they were usually associated with Charlie Fellows and Brandy Humphreys. Marble shooting was always with Angel Martinez on the St. Joseph's School playground. Tubing the river below the Mayan Bridge area included brothers John, Gordon and Tommy Evans who lived at the intersection of Pecan and Mayan Ranch Road. When it came to playing baseball on the field below the St. Stanislaus Catholic Church all the aforementioned plus many others including James Jacoby, John Rico, Charles Kalka and Joey Martinez were regulars.

Fond memories of my Growing Up In Bandera years help ease the sadness of losing so many of my childhood friends. The passing years have brought on aching pains in my joints but that pales in comparison to the pain in my heart over losing a friend from those special times in my life.

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