

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

It has been said that you can take the boy out of the country but you can't take the country out of the boy. There is a lot of truth in that old saying. Even if some are reluctant to admit it, I think it applies to the girls too. When I started working in San Antonio I was often referred to as "Country." Not sure what the reasoning was behind it because I didn't think I sounded any different than anyone else on the job. It didn't bother me much then and I still proudly wear the tag here in my advanced years. Thank God I'm a country boy!

I read a story recently about a country music recording star (their description, not mine) who got lost with two friends on his 30-acre property in Tennessee. I can't even imagine circumstances that would make that possible for me unless I suddenly went blind. I have gotten turned around on occasion when coon hunting at night but never on 30 acres. Nothing country about that story in my opinion.

I was fortunate to be able to live in Bandera and commute to San Antonio daily for work during most of my career. Depending on which side of town my current job was located my drive would take anywhere from forty minutes to over an hour. The early years were a lot less troublesome because there were a lot less traffic lights, school zones and other vehicles to contend with in the city.

I was questioned often about why I wanted to endure the drive and expense of living so far away from work. For me it was simple. In the morning it amounted to wake up time and in the afternoon it was wind down time. I could always look forward to getting home and then head

to the river a few blocks away for a swim or to do a little fishing. Kinda like back in the day after school activity. You know, country life.

My grandkids were raised country style but now have moved off to the city. I hope they never lose touch with the feelings a person acquires just by living a more simple laid back lifestyle. I know how exciting it can be for some to have the convenience of mall shopping and every kind of eatery just minutes away but for me I enjoy the hometown atmosphere of Bandera. When I go to True Value to shop or the OST to eat I will know most of the people I run into. That usually turns into a short visit or exchanging a few pleasantries. That's country living at it's finest.

This Growing Up In Bandera adventure hasn't been taking as long as I thought it would when I was a kid wanting the things older people had at their disposal simply because they were more advanced in age. To tell the truth, these days I just keep trying to relive all those great things I had as a barefooted country boy running wild and free.

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