

The Bandera PROPHEET

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The View From Dry Creek Hill

By Charles Prokop

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I tired of listening to both parties blame each other for COVID, the economy, riots, racism and icebergs falling off of Greenland, so I changed channels. I watched a hurricane blowing away a place I used to live. I switched over to sports. That didn't help, so I shut the darn thing off and stepped outside.

The morning was perfect. The air was cool, the wind was down, and I could see across the valley and several ridges into the distance. The sunrise lit the east. Even the high clouds in the west were tinged with pink and orange. The birds were chirping at the feeders and the deer were grazing in the yard. Our two geriatric outdoor cats greeted me and went back to watching the morning go by.

I know I should keep up with what's going on in the world but I need to find a new way to start my day. The world will go on with or without my help, and me getting angry and arguing with talking heads on TV is even sillier than me wasting my time watching them argue.

If I learned anything from watching the news this morning it was how lucky I was to be able to step outside and enjoy a Texas Hill Country morning. I think I'll skip the channel surfing and irritation next time and just go straight to greeting the cats and the sun. I'll keep up with current events, but it will be on my own time.

Those two old cats like to sit on the driveway in the evening and watch the sun go down. I may join them.