

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark  
The Bandera Prophet

It seems like not too long ago I was a barefooted kid running along the banks of the Medina River without a care in the world. Just me and my friends living life in our very own God given paradise. It seems like it wasn't that long ago but in reality I guess it's been a lifetime.

I awoke this morning thinking about all the members of my family and childhood friends who are no longer around to share my latest adventures in this place I call home. It's a bitter pill to swallow when I think of the ones I cared so much for and I often regret never having taken the time to tell them how I felt. I needed to offer apologies to some but I hesitated due to pride and now I live with memories that haunt me. A heavy burden thanks to my young and foolish ways. Too soon old and too late smart, as they say.

Happy memories are plentiful at reunions of family or classmates as we relive the good old days. We will laugh and joke as we greet with hugs and handshakes then spend hours getting reacquainted. Our new world will be introduced to the old as the pictures of kids and grandkids are displayed with pride. Being a homeboy living just five blocks from where I grew up means I could walk to most of the reunions I attend. As I walk around Bandera I am constantly reminded of my past. That old oak tree on Main Street where I sat on a load of watermelons in front of my Granddaddy Clark's vegetable stand could tell some tales. Lots of store fronts have new names attached but they still play out in my mind as scenes from the past with a different cast of characters. No longer

Langford, Small, Fitzgerald, Smith, Fellows, Boyle, Stein, Kalka, McGroarty, Ryan or Rugh to you but to me they will forever remain. My life has gone from a reputation of fishing in any type of weather to give me a perfect day then I'll decide between sitting in a boat for hours or staying home and taking naps in my recliner. My mind may still be willing but the body puts up a good fight. Those bass in Medina Lake must be really enjoying themselves knowing my Growing Up In Bandera habits have become a struggle with aging bones along with a lazy attitude.

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