

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark  
The Bandera Prophet

As I sat down at my computer this morning I noted the date displayed on the screen. Friday the 13th!!! Even though I don't buy into the bad luck theory associated with this date I began to reflect on recent events.

Having lost someone I had been close to for most of my life could be considered bad luck, I suppose, but the date is a mere coincidence. I still have so many more loved ones to continue on with in life's journey.

I look around at all the worldly possessions I have at arms length and think how some would have made my young life much simpler. Would I have been happier? I don't think so because those were special times we enjoyed before technological progress caught up with us. Can you imagine what my great grandkids are going to think when they get a little older and I begin telling them stories about what my childhood was like? Will their young minds be filled with jealousy or disbelief?

Something I have noticed in current times in Bandera is the absence of kids on bikes. Everyone is walking instead of riding. Back in the day most kids had a bicycle unless they lived on a farm or ranch. I wondered on this for quite some time before it hit me. They can't ride a bike and look at their phone at the same time.

Now I'm left wondering just how much influence the mobile phone has had on my way of life. You know it is near impossible to use a rod and reel and phone at the same time. Having a phone in emergency situations is a blessing, no doubt. There were numerous times I was on the lake earlier than most folks get out of bed and my phone would be in the storage compartment in my boat. As the sun rose up in the morning sky I would start anticipating the call from home as my wife sipped her first

cup of coffee and checked her phone. It was a mental struggle when the ring came just about the time the fish decided to start biting but the "Good morning, I love you!!!" made the effort worthwhile.

Not everyone had the same childhood experiences I had but we all shared the atmosphere of this wonderful place in the Texas hill country. Town kids, ranch and farm kids and our friends who lived down around Medina Lake were bonded forever by this special place. All this modern day lifestyle stuff cannot erase our memories of Growing Up In Bandera.

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