

The Bandera PROPHEET

November 24, 2020

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

I used to get aggravated at myself when after leaving the house to go to work I would discover that I had forgotten to put my wristwatch on. Later that problem was solved when a cell phone and laptop computer became my constant companions. They came with their own brand of troubles associated with my work but at least I knew what time the trouble was taking place.

A pocketknife has always been a part of my wardrobe. Even today in retirement I don't leave home without it. Due to this crazy mixed up world we live in it has been banned in some places. The nature of the knife has never changed but the fact that human nature has run amok necessitated the changes in our way of life, I guess. My only thought is I hope everyone is aware that if you are handed an open knife then you return it the same way. If you have some age on you then the connection between a penny and knife gift won't need explaining.

My wife has a car that is so smart that we can tell it where we want to go and it will direct us every step of the way. It tells me the temperature along the way and how many miles per gallon I am getting as well as details about all the places to visit or dine along the entire route. I can't wait for the update to the system that will tell us where the yard sales are located.

My truck isn't quite as fancy as my wife's car but it is very comfortable and has plenty of bells and whistles. I learned to drive in a 1946 Chevy truck that was pretty fancy because it had a crank out windshield and stick shift on the floor. It was good times back in the day when I was

able to use that old truck to run errands for my mom instead of hopping on my bicycle. Underage, unlicensed drivers on the backstreets weren't all that rare back in those earlier Bandera times.

Now let me put all of this stuff in a nutshell for you as I continue down this Growing Up In Bandera road. Due to a 2020 panic in the squirrel population around our neighborhood all of my pecan trees have been stripped of every nut. So I will have to find the "time" to hop into my "truck" and head to the river in search of some native pecans that I can peel with my trusty "pocketknife". In the meantime my wife can get into her "smart car" and head to the mall for some shopping without me tagging along as the chauffeur. I love it when a plan comes together.

#257

2020