

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Where do we go from here? The Good Lord only knows. The changes are coming faster and faster in a town that once was a place where scruffy barefoot kids were roaming the gravel streets in search of new adventures. Those dusty backstreets provided a place where boys on bikes could hold competitions based on how far they could slide after getting up to top speed and slamming on the brakes. In our current world of paved backstreets it is recommended that you keep one foot on the brake pedal while driving due to other drivers not heeding stop signs. You call this progress?

I remember a time when a family budget made it necessary to make some worn out shoes last until the end of the school year. Making cardboard cutouts to fit inside shoes when holes started appearing in the soles became an art. Luckily things weren't so dire as our kids were growing up. I have a feeling that a modern kid might go looking for a foster home rather than use any such home remedies. Tales from my mom, dad and other older relatives about even tougher times when they were young has kept me from feeling sorry for myself. My biggest challenge these days is those blue jeans with the shrinking waistline. It is a bit amusing when I read comments on social media by some in the younger generations. They just seem so trivial to me in comparison to what I experienced and what I feel as we head into a new direction. I'll bet the older generations felt the same way towards some of my opinions long ago.

Now that I'm retired and have no real boss other than the one I live with, I have my own mindset as far as how things should go. I don't always

listen to myself and that's probably a good thing. My long life can be attributed to my ability to dodge bullets which I acquired due to my habit of making bad decisions.

Society no longer has a say in what rules I will live by. I'm not considered a beer drinker by most standards but if I want to drink a beer at six in the morning, I will. And if I decide to have coffee or lunch at 10 in the evening that's exactly what I will do. I have been accused of being an outlaw at times so I might as well play the part. No cattle rustling or stage holdups though. I don't want the town marshal on my trail.

As we go about our individual Growing Up In Bandera lives I suggest everyone choose their own trail and don't be a follower. If you lose the person you were following you could end up with a life that doesn't fit your needs. Be especially kind to old retired folks, dogs and children as it sets a good example for everyone else.

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