

# The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

By Mikie Baker  
The Bandera Prophet

*Reprinted column in memory of Dorothy Baker*

The Dancing Dog Ranch is about to have a momentous occasion. Dearly Demented Mom is turning 88 next week. That's right. 88. Amazing considering I'm still only 29.

So, in honor of the event, I'm in charge of some sort of a celebration. Since DDM can no longer cruise around, going out for a nice dinner isn't an option. I'll have to whip something up here. I think my Boston born mom deserves a dish from the old country if you will, so I'm going to boil up some lobsters.

Truth be told, I made her this same dinner when she was 86, because I figured it was probably going to be her last birthday meal. I zipped up to Expensive Grocery Store, demanded the three liveliest lobsters there and brought them, against their will, clawing all the way back home. It only cost me a smidgen less than a new fall wardrobe for the Teenage Eating Machine.

When I wandered in the door, TEM was in my face. "Where are they? I want to see them right now!" He grabbed the bag and before I could blink he had all three out on the floor running for their lives with the dog and two cats in hot pursuit. Knowing that I had just spent way too much dinero for dinner, I scooped them up and dumped them in a sink full of water. To make them feel at home I added several teaspoons of salt.

Evidently, iodized salt water does not have the same effect as ocean salt water. In fact, it has just the opposite effect. It makes lobsters die quicker than throwing them in boiling water. Oh well, they took the cool way out. The lobster dinner was still fabulous.

So, I'm back to the old lobster trick this year, but with the momentous age of 88 upon us, I feel like I need more. Should I hold a party in her honor with all my friends in attendance? No, she'd just be mad if they stood in direct sight of Walker Texas Ranger on TV. Probably something simpler than a party with my friends. I'm certain all hers are too old to travel or dead.

I called Very Best Friend to discuss the situation.

ME: "You know DDM's birthday is coming up. I'm going to do the lobster dinner, but I need something else special for her. Who knows if this will be the last one or not."

VBF: "I've got an idea! Get her a male stripper!"

ME: "What? That's too much for me to take, much less her. I would like to see her live to 89."

VBF: "Oh calm down, she'd probably love it."

ME: "Yeah, but the only place I could find a male stripper would be from the Big City and that would probably cost a fortune."

VBF: "Is there some hot local cowboy you could con into this?"

ME: "Does he have to have all of his teeth?"

VBF: "Trust me she's not going to be looking at his teeth."

I wasn't sure about the idea but I did discuss it with my Band of Bandera Misfits. One of the gals offered up her son, who admittedly is quit a hunk. Just the thought of it made me turn red faced, so I was sure he'd be way too much for DDM. I turned down her kind offer. Then I remembered our Local Colorful Character who loves to answer the door in his underwear. He'd be much more Dearly Demented Mom's style, but I just couldn't bear to watch. I decided a nice bouquet of flowers would be much safer.

There is one more thing that DDM's going to get with her lobster and flowers. Something I know she wants.

It all started out innocently enough the other evening when I was attending a "Margaritas and Fajitas" party. As I was leaving, DDM said, "Hey, bring me back a margarita." I agreed and was off to the party.

Now before you call Adult Protective Services on me, let me tell you what I did. At the end of the party, I grabbed a to-go cup, poured mix in the cup and added a splash of tequila. I headed home, got her six ounce plastic sippy cup, crammed it to the brim with ice, filled half of it with water and then added the mix. It was as watered down as a River Walk Margarita during Fiesta.

Dearly Demented Mom took one drink and said, “Wow! This is strong!” She took another sip, let out a holler and remarked, “This is so stiff it just cleared my sinuses!” When it was bedtime, I asked if she was ready to which she replied, “Just a minute. I have to finish my margarita. It’s good.”

The next morning the first words out of her mouth were, “Boy! Did I get drunk last night! I’ve got one hell of a hangover.” Since then she’s asked me on several occasions if I had any more margaritas or maybe even a beer for that matter. Frankly, I think I’ve created a monster. It’s all part of my evil birthday plot. I’m certain after one very weak birthday margarita she’ll probably be seeing her own naked man.