

The Bandera PROPHEET

August 31, 2021

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

To quote John Denver, "Thank God I'm A Country Boy." Back in those early years I had no idea that I had been so blessed to be born in this paradise called Bandera. Here in my later years I have memories of things that give me comfort while I watch the rapidly changing world around me.

It could hardly be compared to stories we would hear from the nuns at St. Joseph's Catholic School about the Garden of Eden but it was special without a doubt. It had everything to make life an adventure for this kid born into some of the native families in the Texas Hill Country.

Hearing tales of his childhood from my dad I knew he felt the same way even though I realize now his path was one with many more hardships due to the times. The Great Depression was devastating to his generation in ways I can only imagine. Those times gave people determination and grit and he came out on the other side knowing a country boy can survive.

I sometimes silently laugh recalling some of my dad's depression-instilled habits of holding on to things that would normally be thrown away. Everything from newspapers to old appliances accumulated in and around his house. Those of us who only heard but never experienced those times in the 30's struggle to understand. You can rest assured that he would never walk by a penny on the ground without stopping to pick it up. He was a country boy being ushered into the world of disposables and lacked a willingness to accept it.

If you are a country boy or country girl from my generation in Bandera you have knowledge passed down about how to survive. Everything

from planting gardens and knowing how to preserve what you grew was just a part of living back in the day. Knowing how to hunt and fish were things the early pioneers used to survive and we inherited those skills.

As each new generation comes along we lose a little more of these country way of life lessons.

In my mind today I consider myself to be as much a country boy as I did back in my earlier Growing Up In Bandera years. But now I'm asking myself as the old ways disappear at an ever increasing rate, "Just when will I no longer be considered a country boy?" In case you're wondering, I still pick up those pennies. Why? That's what old country boys do!!!

#297

2021