

# The Bandera PROPHEET

January 18, 2022

Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark  
The Bandera Prophet

I guess it's a sign of old age that I wake most mornings trying to get all my body parts in the right position so I can get out of bed without causing any permanent damage. If I lay there too long my mind will start to wander off in all directions and then I have to regain control of my thoughts before attempting to rise. It's kinda like an oldtime cattle roundup between my ears.

I often dwell on things that I did wrong throughout my lifetime and try to figure out how I can make amends. Suffice to say I have a closet that is jam packed with dusty skeletons. A curse of longevity, I guess. All the days of being young and dumb along with harboring a foolish pride have caused some sleepless nights. Another curse of getting old is feeling guilty about things that you finally realize can never be made right. Be good and do good are the only logical penance I have been able to come up with to ease my conscience.

I have been truly blessed with three beautiful great-grandkids. I wish I could fix the world they are going to face. Their life will be a far cry from the 50s and 60s I experienced in this special place called Bandera. It was somewhat removed from the outside world or so it seemed to young kids back then. We had a better chance of dodging bullets back in earlier times because there were so many distractions like the Medina River and cowboy movies at The Bantex Theater and The Trail drive-in to keep us occupied.

The school system was pretty small at that time so the teachers knew every kids name as well as their parents. My mom did some babysitting

for some of my high school teachers so I was inclined to walk the straight and narrow. Well, at least most of the time.

Now my early-before-daylight morning rituals always begin with taking my little dog out into the front yard for a thorough sniff inspection of everything and lawn sprinkling in small patches where needed. No, I don't do any of the sniffing. If it's real cold I don't participate in the sprinkling either.

My early to bed and early to rise habits have little to do with healthy, wealthy or wise. It's just an old habit I acquired when getting up early was required for my daily commute to San Antonio for work. I really dread when it is necessary for me to make that trip now. Pete's Place in San Geronimo is no longer open in the morning for a cup of coffee or in the evening for a cold beer and a game of pool or horseshoes. That was back in the days when we pitched horseshoes with the horses still attached.

The number of changes I have seen along that old Highway 16 toward San Antonio are equalled only by the number of changes in my body aches and pains. I have Tylenol to ease those aches and pains but there is nothing to be done about the ever changing scenery as I continue Growing Up In Bandera.

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