

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

I consider myself to be extremely lucky to still be living in the place where I grew up. Here in my later years I enjoy walking around town at a slow pace just taking in my surroundings and remembering the part different places have played in my life. The special people associated with each building come to mind as I relive those golden days of long ago. It warms my heart and gives me a great start to my day.

Most days I have my camera along to capture whatever is happening with all the critters we have roaming around. The deer, ducks, squirrels, birds and an occasional Polander encounter provide ample photo ops as I navigate the familiar streets and trails in and around town.

Our surrounding hills have provided some spectacular shots both at sunrise and sunset. Being an early riser I'm usually not around when we have late hour summer sunsets. I have quite a few pictures of roosters crowing in the morning but very few of hens going to roost.

Bandera is a completely different place when comparing morning and evening hours. Mornings are mostly about people and animals coming to life slowly. This is especially true during the summertime when school is out and the traffic is a bit less intrusive. I think the ducks and geese will agree with me on that point. 11th Street is a bit more friendly during that time as they can enjoy a more carefree catfood breakfast without having to deal with school buses and cars trying to deliver students to Bandera Middle School. The key for me is to get out early and then head back towards the river loop where life is a bit less complicated.

When the evening hours roll around it takes a long time for Main Street traffic to settle down as the day workers struggle to get out of town and

the seekers of some social gatherings collide. I don't often witness this firsthand but I can hear the noise from the comfort of my front porch. Sirens have become an almost endless addition to our morning and evening traffic noise pollution. All of this is a far cry from my days as a kid around here when I could tell you who was passing by our house just by the sound of their vehicle.

Growing old is just another part of Growing Up In Bandera and some things will continue to change while others will live on. Some folks look with disgust at our town's free range chicken population but I will defend their existence until my dying breath. It is one of the few things that has remained unchanged throughout my life. That and James McGroarty who is still as ornery as any of those roosters strutting around town.

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