

# The Bandera PROPHE'T

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Gone Country  
*Dark Days*

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The Bandera Prophet

This column is late because I couldn't think of anything funny to say this week. When a community right down the road suffers such a tragedy, I can feel the heartbreak permeating the hills. No one ever wants to bury their child.

I have no political agenda here. We have guns here at the ranch like most everyone else around us. We use them to kill deer, rattlesnakes and scary critters. We keep them locked up as does most everyone else does. Most all gunowners understand all about their revolvers, shotguns, and rifles. That has nothing to do with this. This is about someone suddenly getting ripped out of your life in the blink of an eye. It happens. Your daughter's best friend dies in a tragic car crash. A horrible cancer ravishes someone you love and suddenly, they are gone. Your husband drops dead of a heart attack at 46, like mine did.

It's the look in their eyes. I've had it. I barely remembered anything for at least a month after my husband died, though I do remember trying to make a peanut butter sandwich for the Pre-Teenage Eating Machine and it took me more than ten minutes to get the peanut butter jar, the bread, a knife and a baggie together before I could make a simple sandwich.

I don't know if it's PTSD or simply a broken heart that takes you to that place. You can see the haunted look in their eyes. I believe our souls do show pain through our eyes when we experience the unthinkable.

Thousand, maybe millions of lives are affected when the sweet, innocent children are gunned down. This should never happen in any country, much less the United State of America.

Who knows? One of those children might have found the cure for cancer one day in the future.

I am writing to say I have no answers to the mass suicides we are having nearly daily in this country, but I hope there are people out there that are working hard on figuring out how to change this daily attack on our children.

What I do know is what a long road it is for these families. It took me over six weeks to not wake up crying every day. Every. Day. That's a broken heart.

So, I ask you to do something for those in pain. Give blood. Raise money. Donate to all the fine organizations that are helping these people navigate a horrible road. Distribute food, call people you know who lived through this horrific incident. Donate to the Food Bank. Just do something to show the love and support for them so one day they can finally make a peanut butter sandwich again.

Prayers are good. Action is better. And hold those you love just a little tighter because you just really never know. Personally, I'm going to try to find something funny next week to write about so at least we can get back to laughter, once again. Peace out.