

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Now that I'm in my later years of growing up here in the hills, life has taken me in a different direction. I still roam the streets of Bandera most mornings but the pace is much slower these days and I look forward to getting back home soon to have breakfast and a nap.

Whether I'm coming home or going out I always say goodbye or hello to all of our dogs and our cat. I even speak to my wife if she is available.

I'm an early riser and she is a late sleeper so I sneak out when I can. I want her to get a full nights rest so she will feel like fixing my breakfast.

Just the other morning when I pulled back into the carport I was met by Furby the adopted cat. He was a little wet because we were having a misty rainy morning so I spent the next five minutes telling him how he needed to stay warm and dry. Then I looked around to see if any of the neighbors were listening as led me into the house to be fed before I even got to see if I was going to have a hot breakfast.

Furby adopted us when he was just a kitten. Being a family with multiple dogs it took a while for him to show everyone who was going to be the boss. There is no doubt now. The only one in the family who is still a bit skeptical is our rescued German Shephard, Princess. Furby walks gently around her while still acting a bit pompous even though the vet took away his tomcat equipment.

We have had a few cats over the years but never one who thinks he is the main reason we were put on this planet. It doesn't matter what we are doing he is right in the big middle of it. Working in the garden or splitting firewood, he gets involved. He thought he had died and gone to

heaven when we tilled up the garden. All that soft dirt was like catnip. Every time I looked up he was either digging or covering up. We just wrote it off as spot fertilizing.

My wife's dog Smokey is a Pomeranian Chihuahua mix and as you might guess from that, he thinks he is a Doberman. As many times as that cat has put him in his place he just keeps pushing it. He loves it when the cat runs from him but when the cat stops it's game over. It's a walk of shame back to mama's lap.

Back in my younger days it didn't matter how tired I was or how bad I was hurting I kept going until the job was done. Now there are very few things that I won't put on hold in favor of taking a nap. If I'm going to be bed early I just walk through the house to tell the wife and dogs goodnight. I like to think I have gotten wiser in choosing how my Growing Up In Bandera days play out and I'm still the boss even if that cat doesn't think so.

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