

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
The Bandera Prophet

How has my growing up in Bandera changed in a permanent way, you ask? Well I'm pretty sure there is zero chance of me ever getting my fingers caught in a washing machine ringer again. Never again will you be seeing me up on Main Street kneeling down with my homemade shoeshine box shining boots for a quarter. There is a better chance of seeing a cow jump over the moon than to ever see me washing dishes in a local cafe again.

There will be no more nights spent dragging Main with my honey for several reasons. There is no one else on this planet who can take the place of my lost love and the string of headlights seems to have no end these days. Just going to Kerrville for the evening back in the day used to be an adventure. Now San Antonio is only 30 minutes away.

Before we were married, my wife and I had a favorite pecan tree on the river where we used to park and discuss what the future held for us. Can't get there anymore because we now have a limited access park due to progress. At least there is joy in the fact that the pecan tree has survived the many floods I have witnessed. That includes the flood of '78, which so far has been unequalled in my lifetime.

I don't think my friend Richard Kinsey or myself would be up to an overnight campout along the Medina River around Bandera today, even if such a place were available. I endure the painful struggle of getting out of my soft bed every morning, so the thought of getting up off the bedroll on the hard ground seems impossible to me right now. Having a hot cup of camp coffee sounds nice, but following it up with the first beer of the day doesn't appeal to me currently.

Years ago my old bony butt assured me that my bicycle riding days were long gone. Never again will I be pushing a bike back to the house to do a tube repair. While traveling those old familiar trails in my golf cart with the kids these days, I know that the view will not be the same for all of us. Mine will be different than my son's. My grandkids' view will be different than their dad's. And the great grandkids will certainly see everything in a different way as the adventures have now turned into a hunt for Sasquatch. I see a tame civilized world and they see a remote wilderness on the backstreets of Bandera.

I have vivid memories of using the old outhouses around the area and my grandkids enjoy what they call "the pleasure" of having a bidet in their bathroom. I'm not sure that I'm ready for that change in my lifestyle. How could I title such a Growing Up In Bandera story? From corn cobs and Montgomery Ward catalogues to a stream of water on my backside? Lord help us!!!

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