

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark

The Bandera Prophet

Not everything in my life has changed from my early years. I still like to start my day with a breakfast of my all time favorite food, which is a fried egg sandwich. As a matter of fact, I could eat that at every meal throughout the day. Unfortunately, I can't combine it with a glass of milk as I did back in the day. It seems I have acquired an intolerance to milk products and the fun of having gas as a young boy no longer applies in an adult world.

It appears my lifelong passion for fishing has taken a downturn in recent years. It was a humble beginning that started with cutting a cane pole at the bamboo lot near the river where the skatepark is now located. After visiting the Western Auto for a ten cent can of fish hooks and a spool of line, then digging a coffee can full of worms for bait, I was good to go. Later in life, it was buying a boat, which cost more than the house I lived in, and making sure I had enough rod and reels on deck to eliminate the need to stop fishing to tie on a different lure. Along with many other things, the fishing bug lost its place on the priority list when the loss of my wife made me rethink what is most important in life.

Although the Medina River around Bandera still calls out to me, it has endured many changes over the years. Some good and some not so much. There is very little solitude to be had along the river banks these days, unlike back in the day. A chance encounter with Doc Gray digging worms or catching minnows is as long gone as running into Don Hicks leading a string of horseback riders from the Mayan Dude Ranch. Someone walking along the river road handing out candy to kids like

Mr. Deskin was known to do would surely result in a call to law enforcement in modern Bandera.

It's hard for me to predict what lies ahead for our town. It is so far removed from what I remember as a kid. It is quite confusing when I look around and see that there is a lot more stuff, but a lot less freedom. It's like the pasture is shrinking but the herd keeps growing.

I still love to get out early in the mornings down here in Polander Town. It's peaceful along the river and this neighborhood is generally quiet until school buses start running on weekdays when school is in session or on Friday garbage truck days.

Now weekends are fairly safe, except Cedar and Cypress streets on Sunday mornings when late running "mackerel snappers" are rushing to get to St. Stanislaus Church for services. They remind me of Father Victor in his Ford station wagon back in the day as he was heading to St. Victor's Chapel in Lakehills. I know Jesus must have had the wheel on those many trips I made with him.

Rolling with the flow seems to be the way to survive these current Growing Up In Bandera times. I keep hearing new and updated stories about how it used to be in Bandera while trying to figure out why I never knew some of those things.

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