

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Growing Up In Bandera

By Glenn Clark
The Bandera Prophet

Rumor has it that someone has been dumping chickens down here in my neighborhood. For several weeks now, I have enjoyed the crowing of the immigrant rooster every morning and evening. That boy nearly wore himself out during the eclipse. He must have figured those were the shortest days in history.

I'm not so sure that some of my neighbors are as unconcerned as I am about the free range poultry around here. Personally, I like chickens. I like the calmness it brings to mind of simpler times as I watch them scratching around looking for a meal. It reminds me of me at times when I'm feeling hungry, but not really knowing what I want to eat. I know there would be a lot less June bugs on my porch if I had a few chickens. I wish I could keep some chickens, but they would drive our little dogs crazy. Or vice versa. The stress it would cause the hens would be so bad they would probably quit laying. If you know me then you know how highly I rate a fried egg sandwich. It's been a life long favorite meal.

Morning, noon or night!

Fried chicken was always our Sunday dinner back in the day. Dinner being lunch for you city folks lacking a country raised vocabulary. Most times the chicken came from the store, but on occasion it was one of our hens who had stopped laying eggs. It served as a warning to the others to get busy or else. The sight of the chopping axe and the bucket of scalding hot water for plucking was as horrifying to me as it was to the chickens. I hated doing the plucking, but the end result at mealtime was rewarding enough to erase the unpleasantness. Besides, my mom always gave me the fried gizzard.

Church's and KFC were nowhere to be found around Bandera at the time. I suppose the cafe or restaurant businesses had it on the menu, but it was a rare thing for us to go out to eat. When we did you better believe I was getting a hamburger with fries.

Even as this Growing Up In Bandera has become more modern and civilized, there are still chickens scattered around town just like in the old days. There's no reason to question why they are here, where they are going, or even why they cross the road. We have more than enough to worry about already.

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