

The Bandera PROPHEET

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Gone Country

A Snapshot in Time

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The Bandera Prophet

Because I'm slowly moving out of my house, there are still many boxes to go through. In fact, I had nine boxes full of photos and photo albums. You know the drill unless you're already retired. Then you have no excuse not to have all those photos totally organized, put in albums and scanned just in case. Right?

My Little Swimmer (aka my daughter) came to town for a staycation, and I knew she'd be the perfect person to help me go through years of memories. It took us two days to barrel through those boxes and I'm still surrounded by photos that need to be put in albums, but there are nine less boxes in my world, so I considered it a victory.

But I do have thoughts about all those photos I've just meandered through. You know, I've always found that certain songs can take you back to that exact moment in time – the feeling, the temperature, the smells, the memories that become crystal clear. Not so with photos which makes me have plenty of questions.

Here's a few that rambled through this warped brain:

Why do I have so many pictures of sharks?

Why did I always think I was fat when I was really skinny? And why do I think I'm thinner now that I'm really fat?

What's up with all the double prints? Was Walgreens running a special?

Why do vacation pictures of random scenery and landmarks leave something to be desired? As in, now where was that again?

Why didn't I write peoples names on the back of the pictures while I still had a memory?

Why do I have so many photos that could have gotten me arrested?

Why were dresses in the Eighties all dorky?

Why did I wear my hair like that? How many hairdos did I have? And why were most of them bad?

Why have I taken so many pictures of vegetables?

Why do you only take pictures of kids when they are young?

Why are all my iPhone photos better than the ones taken with the professional camera I had?

Should we go back to black and white photos now that our hair is gray?

Or will that make us look even more dead?

Why do people you know now, not give a darn about all your old photos?

But I did learn a few things:

Children's photos are there to remind you that you were once actually young and full of energy.

I don't have one photo where anyone has a tattoo or purple hair.

Thank God none of these photos ever got out or now I'd still be in jail.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus.

The best part of looking through all those memories was to realize that I was actually young and cute once. I'm going to put all of those photos up on my fridge just to remind me not to open the door and eat something.

Enjoy your memories and a look back in time. Just pull out those old photo albums and peruse away. Looking back at your life is happy, sad and wonderful all in one. Enjoy!