

Progress, I Suppose

*By CC Huffhines*

Once upon a time there was a small town called Richardson, Texas boasting a population of one thousand. The citizens of Richardson believed they had a pleasant community with all the benefits of a larger place. Richardson was a friendly town, a place where everyone had a face-to-face knowledge of each other. For instance, the banker personally was known and respected by everyone in town.

I was a native of that small town, though born in a hospital in nearby Dallas. We did not have a hospital of our own. My friends were neighbors, we grew up together. Competition with each other did not develop until our teenage years, as we competed in organized sports and academic pursuits.

People in Dallas recognized the joyful slow pace of our town and began buying local properties in the town and nearby farmland. By the time I had reached the age of 15, we had a town full of strangers, creating new experiences for me and my friends.

Today, Richardson is totally integrated into the city of Dallas as a suburb, similar to the suburb of Lakewood here in Denver.

Most of my original friends in Richardson moved to other areas. I maintained contact with several, who lived in Seattle, New York, Austin and Atlanta. Even with me, my life has involved Minneapolis, Chicago and the Hill Country of Texas, currently in Denver.

My parents' house still stands proudly on Huffhines Street in Richardson and I visit it whenever I am in Dallas. But everything else in the town has changed. New freeways now afford access to Richardson, replacing the original country roads that I knew so well, many years ago. A large, modern retail area occupies the area that once held our small stores, such as Miss Jessie's Dry Goods.

America itself has changed drastically since my youth spent in Richardson. We have moved from the "Roaring 20s" of my earliest years, through depressions and wars to today's challenges in our country.

Life moves on, as we remember: "Once upon a time."