MAC, The Bus Driver

When we moved to Leona Valley, around 1960, I was in the 5th grade. There were other kids in Leona Valley, which we did not have while living on the ranch. There were mountains and trees, boys and school, and Mac the school bus driver. It was transformative for me, it was like “Yay, this is good!”

 We started attending Quartz Hill elementary school and had an amazing bus driver named Mac. He kept the bus at his house and he made us feel very welcome as soon as we moved to the neighborhood. He would bring us up to his house, and his wife would make us pancakes on the weekends. He would come, pick us up for school, and make sure that the other kids knew whom we were. He ensured we immediately felt welcome to the community.

 Mac was a grandfatherly type of figure for us, and we really loved him! It is amazing; he was our bus driver for years and years and years. When we went to High School, he would drive us over Godey Pass to attend Quartz Hill High School. During the summer, he would take us in the bus to Palmdale and to the swimming pool. He would pick up anybody in Leona valley to do this and it was very special.

 He had no ulterior motives; he just legitimately cared about us. We all behaved for him because he was so good with us kids. I always wanted to stay on that dang bus, even after he dropped the kids off at our house. I would go all the way up to the end of Leona Ave. and then come back down again and just did not want to get off that bus. He was like an Earth Angel. I do not know if he knew what was going on with my mom. Whether he knew or not, he helped my siblings and me so much. Many people in our young lives were angels who that helped us and protected us in various ways, and I will always appreciate that.