

'License to Chill' Luxury Yacht

Our guests say it best!
Here's one of our guest reviews:

We came to dip our toes in the live-aboard life and got hooked!

"My husband and I are boat owners in Lake Michigan and have fantasized about a life at sea for years. Finally we decided to make this dream a reality and test it out aboard Captain Kenny and Captain Monica's License to Chill. We got hooked!

Not only did we love getting to know License to Chill and the lifestyle it provides, we also loved getting to know our hosts! Kenny and Monica are wonderful hosts, listeners, and story tellers! Their hospitality was a tremendous gift.

My husband and I came away with all of our questions about boat life answered. What we thought we would



CAPT. KEN & CAPT. MONICA
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Boarding in Islamorada



do years from now, we now want to do asap! If you want a hands on, try before you buy experience, we highly recommend the experience on License to Chill."

Liz Hilton 3/30/2022

GARDEN CLUB JOIN US!
of the **UPPER KEYS**

Francis Tracy Garden Center Cleanup
Tuesday, September 6, 2022, 9-11 AM
please bring your own work gloves—we'll supply tools and water

Membership Meeting & Garden Tour
Tuesday, September 20, 2022, 11 AM
Speaker: Jason L. Downing, PHD/Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden
Topic: Million Orchid Project

Fall Festival 2022
Saturday, November 12, 2022

Garden Walk 2023
Saturday, February 18, 2023

see info on monthly Cleanup Days and Meetings at www.gardenclubupperkeys.org

Francis Tracy Garden Center, 94040 Overseas Highway, Tavernier, FL 33070

God & The Settlers

This is why we have pearock.

GOD to ST. FRANCIS: Frank, you know all about gardens and nature. What in the world is going on down there on the planet? What happened to the sea oxeeye, Passion flower vine, mangroves and stuff I started eons ago? I had a perfect no-maintenance garden plan. Those plants grow in any type of soil, withstand drought and salt air, and multiply with abandon. The nectar from the long-lasting blossoms attracts butterflies, honey bees and flocks of song-birds. I expected to see a vast garden of colours by now. But, all I see are these green and white rectangles.

St. FRANCIS: It's the tribes that settled there, Lord, from all over North America. They started calling your flowers 'weeds' and went to great lengths to kill them and replace them with grass.

GOD: Grass? But, it's so boring. It's not colourful. It doesn't attract butterflies, birds and bees; only sandspurs and chinch bugs. It's sensitive to salt and drought. Do these settlers

really want all that grass growing there?

ST. FRANCIS: Apparently so, Lord. They go to great pains to grow it and keep it green. They pamper it by fertilizing grass and poisoning any other plant that crops up in the lawn.

GOD: The rains and warm weather probably make grass grow really fast. That must make the settlers happy.

ST. FRANCIS: Apparently not, Lord. As soon as it grows a little, they cut it-sometimes twice a week.

GOD: They cut it? Do they then bale it like hay?

ST. FRANCIS: Not exactly, Lord. Most of them rake it up and put it in bags.

GOD: They bag it? Why? Is it a cash crop? Do they sell it?

ST. FRANCIS: Just the opposite. They pay to throw it away.

GOD: Now, let me get this straight. They fertilize grass so it will grow. And, when it does grow, they cut it off and pay to throw it away?

ST. FRANCIS: Yes, Sir.

GOD: These settlers must be relieved in the winter when we cut back on the rain. That surely slows the growth and saves them a lot of work.

ST. FRANCIS: You aren't going to believe this, Lord. When the grass stops growing so fast, they drag out hoses and pay more money to water it, so they can continue to mow it and pay to get rid of it.

GOD: What nonsense. At least they kept some of the trees. That was a sheer stroke of genius, if I do say so myself. The trees grow leaves in the spring to provide beauty and shade in the summer. In the dry season, they fall to the ground and form a natural blanket to keep moisture in the soil then rot to create fertilizer. It's a natural cycle of life.

ST. FRANCIS: You better sit down, Lord. The settlers have created a new cycle. As soon as the leaves fall, they rake them into great piles and pay to have them hauled away.

GOD: No! What do they do to

protect the shrub and tree roots and keep the soil moist?

ST. FRANCIS: After throwing away the leaves, they go out and buy something which they call mulch. They haul it home and spread it around in place of the leaves.

GOD: And where do they get this mulch?

ST. FRANCIS: They cut down trees and grind them up to make the mulch. And some settlers get so frustrated that they scrape away even the grass and create the white squares of pearock. When the small plants try their best to grow in these rocks, they poison them.

GOD: Enough! I don't want to think about this anymore.

St. Catherine, you're in charge of the arts. What movie have you scheduled for us tonight?

ST. CATHERINE:

'Dumb and Dumber,' Lord. It's a story about....

GOD: Never mind, I think I just heard the whole story from St. Francis.



Rest in Peace

Kitty Kruse



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