

LIKE THE COCONUT TELEGRAPH? Please thank an advertiser!

Coconut Telegraph
 November 2024
 Volume 19 Issue #219
 Prestige Publishing, Inc
 101425 Overseas Hwy.
 PMB #628
 Key Largo, FL 33037

Deadline
 for the Coconut
 Telegraph's
 next issue is **Thursday,**
November 14 17, 2024

We now sell subscriptions!
 See our ad on page 13
 for details.
 The Coconut Telegraph is
 available free online:
theconchtelegraph.com.
 For comments please visit
 The Conch Telegraph on
 Facebook.

Cast of Characters:
 Editor/Sales/Distribution
Denise Malefy
 305-304-2837
 (leave a message)
theconchtelegraph@gmail.com

Ron Kostick
 Independent Advertising Consultant
 305-849-3778
rlkostick@gmail.com



FOLLOW US ON
 FACEBOOK AT
 THE CONCH REPUBLIC
 COCONUT TELEGRAPH

The Conch Republic
COCONUT TELEGRAPH
 Independently Owned Local Newspaper

305.304.2837
www.TheConchTelegraph.com
TheConchTelegraph@gmail.com

101425 Overseas Hwy.
 PMB #628

Key Largo, Florida Keys
 33037

CONTENTS

Feeling with My Hands; Luke Sommer Glenn Blog	3
Critters in Our Midst: Northern Mockingbird by Carol Ellis	4-5
Key Largo Moose is Serving it Up!	7
Common Cremation Questions	9
Carol Ellis Book Signing Event, Nov. 16	10
Origins of the Mermaid Mummy	11
Getting from Here to There - Keys Map Page	12-13
Daily OM: The Power of Disengagement	14
Protect Your Property Title from Fraud	15
Key Largo Locator Map Page	16
Key Largo Library Programs for this Month	17
Business in the Keys	18-19
Coco-Nut Funnies	20-21
Adopt a Key Largo Animal Shelter Pet	22
Conch Characters/Around Town	23

Editorial - Happy 19 Year Anniversary To Us!

Thank you to all our loyal advertisers and readers, together we made it another year! This year instead of sending us flowers please make a donation to a local charity. Last year we had so many flowers we couldn't get out the front door!

Sad news. We have been unable to find a home for the Musician's Relief Fund. If anyone would like to take it over please let us know. Otherwise we will fold it when the funds run out.

Congratulations to Carol Ellis on her 1st book "Critters in our Midst." She will be signing books for you Saturday Nov. 16th at the Buzzard's Roost from 2 to 4pm. See page 10. Please stop by and meet her!




We've Got You Covered!
Florida City to Islamorada...
 You don't have to spend a fortune for great advertising coverage in the Coconut Telegraph.
 AD RATES START AT JUST \$30 A MONTH.

Disclaimer

The Coconut Telegraph © 2006-2024 is published monthly by Prestige Publishing, INC. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without written consent of the publisher. The Coconut Telegraph welcomes written articles, photos, and artwork of local interest to be used and/or edited at the discre-

tion of the publisher. The Coconut Telegraph assumes in good faith that all editorial and advertising material submitted are the original property of the advertiser. The Coconut Telegraph may not be held responsible for errors, omissions, or for circumstances beyond our control that may affect the distribution schedule.

Feeling With My Hands — A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

I just finished doing six gigs in a row, something I've not been able to do since January 2020, when I had congestive heart failure at the ripe old age of pert near 56. Prior to that, it was not uncommon for me to play 10 gigs or more a week. My vocal cords, diaphragm and puckering muscles⁽¹⁾, were in fantastic shape from singing 12 hours a day. The rest of me wasn't responding well to the extreme Keys lifestyle and teenagers diet, hence the CHF and resulting deep vein thrombosis. Fun words kids, but you want to avoid experiencing what they mean. Embrace moderation. I never tried until it was too late.

Four and a half, no salt, no fat, no sugar, no alcohol, no more fun of any kind, years later... and I seem to be alright. Although I'm having to cut back on the amount of marijuana I like to smoke because my voice seems to be negatively impacted lately. No big deal compared to quitting tobacco. I have been tobacco free since 2017, despite going through Irma which could make anybody backslide under the uncertainties of recovery from such an event.

I'm particularly fortunate to have worked six days in a row during the slowest time of the year when a lot of the establishments close for a few weeks, some of them for a month. I've had small but enthusiastic audiences to play for, and bless their kind hearts for the tips and atta boys. Some people even remark how healthy I look and my reply to that is always, "It's amazing what the sun can do for a body."
 I've had 12 sessions of

physical therapy so that I can get a lidocaine shot or shots to help with the arthritis in my neck and lower spine. Sounds good to me. It's in the Caine family like Nova and Coke. And if that works they may even ablate the nerves that are the source of the pain. The next issue is bradycardia, slow heart beat. At least my chances of dying in my sleep are higher than average which doesn't seem like a bad way to go. So I got that going for me...

I get asked, "How are you feeling?" My usual reply is "With my hands." An old joke from my dad's era, some of you might remember it from the Three Stooges. Honestly, I feel beat up and fading. But I figure that's how I'm supposed to feel at this stage in my life. Getting old ain't for wimps or wussies.

Some days are better than other days and the better days are becoming



If it were easy as fishin', you could be a musician...

fewer with each passing year. Why worry about how you feel, just enjoy every moment that you have now despite how you feel, because one day soon enough, you'll feel a lot effing worse and that's just the way getting older is. Getting old is supposed to suck so that when it's time for you to leave this existence you will WANT to go.

Time works against the living and stops for the dead. The older you get, the fewer friends will be available to attend your funeral. My mom was the last of her friends at the age of 98 when she passed from congestive heart failure. She lived a lot healthier lifestyle than myself. Her brain was going anyway, so... In a way it was a reprieve for my brother and his wife who had been taking care of her. You never know what's going to get you in the end, another reason to enjoy now.

I get aggravated with myself for being aggravated. When my neighborhood is flooded by saltwater, for example, and it takes me an extra 10 to 20 minutes to get to where I'm going, I try to remind myself that at least I'm not being shot at, I'm not starving to death, at least I have an air conditioned vehicle to creep through the stink ass saltwater, that I have to spend another 20 minutes rinsing off the undercarriage when I get home... And if you've ever been around while I'm setting up or tearing down my band equipment... You might be inclined to call an exorcist...

I remind myself that I'm living in Paradise, I do a job a lot of people only dream of

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.



For more info:
www.lukesommerglenn.com

doing, I love the sun and the hot weather suits my ailments. For the most part, I have enjoyed my time here on planet Earth, especially Key Largo. At least I didn't waste my life working for the Man doing something I didn't want to do, for the most part.

That whole work and THEN retire thing, is backwards. You give your best years to a company and hope that you get to retire one day and travel and do all these things. The problem is, by the time you retire, your body is usually used up. Traveling is painful for older people. A lot of things that you wanted to try are out of the question now because you're too damn old. What a rip off.

Live life while you're young and flexible, use your BEST years for yourself. Then when your body gives out, gets stiff everywhere but where you want it to, and can't have any fun, THAT'S the time to get a job, when you're going to NEED the health benefits. Start working at 60 and retire at 80. You won't mind being stuck at work on a beautiful day because you'll be too old to get out and enjoy it anyway. And being old is misery so you might as well be miserable at work. At that age you got a good chance of dropping dead on the job and getting off early. At least you'll have the memories from your youth to bring the occasional smile to your face while you give away the WORST years of your life to the company.

(1) Real singers are willing to crap themselves to hit the high note on pitch, that's where strong clenching muscles come in handy, but accidents do happen...