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**CONTENTS**

Invasion? No, Ablation; Luke Sommer Glenn Blog	3
Critters: Helping Wild Birds by Carol Ellis	4-5
Artist of the Month: Tony Allen	7
Where is Key Largo's Fire Museum?	9
Daily OM: Water Meditation	10
Navigation Tips for Florida Keys Boaters	11
Getting from Here to There - Keys Map Page	12-13
Easter Bunny and Other Traditions	15
Key Largo Locator Map Page	16
Key Largo Library Programs for this Month	17
Business in the Keys	18
Coco-Nut Funnies	20-21
Adopt a Key Largo Animal Shelter Pet	22
Conch Characters/Around Town	23

**EDITORIAL - Wayne Newton Saved My Life!**

Many years ago I dated Tom, a Disc Jockey/ Radio Station owner 20 years my senior and bald as a cue ball. He had a Doctorate in Psychology that he earned as a result of becoming an ordained Catholic Priest, tho he wasn't Catholic, and he had taught Parapsychology at Cornell University. He was involved with the Jane Roberts sessions, the lady who channeled a being known as Seth. He and his group set out to disprove the spirit but in the end could not.

When I met Tom he was a Howard Stern wannabe with a drinking problem. According to those who knew him, he wasn't wrapped too tight. But we were in love and wanted to

buy a radio station together. Then one day he dropped by my house when I was happily cleaning and dancing to the tunes of Wayne Newton on my boombox. I'd seen Wayne Newton in Las Vegas and was astounded at how talented the man was. He could play so many different instruments! Tom, the geezer, walked in the door and just started screaming that he HATES Wayne Newton and to turn off the music or change it RIGHT NOW! What a buzz kill! How could anyone hate Wayne Newton? "You must be joking" I said. He was not joking. When I just stared at him dumb-founded he turned and walked out of my life. God Bless Wayne Newton!



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**Invasion? No, Ablation — A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn**

I wasn't driving my usual 10 miles an hour over the limit on the stretch as I wasn't excited about going through this procedure. I was completely taken by surprise when my wife actually complained that I wasn't driving fast enough. I asked if she heard what she said and she couldn't believe it herself. She normally complains about my lead foot and says she doesn't enjoy going fast. Oh well, here we are and in I go. As far as I was concerned they couldn't start the anesthesia soon enough. And it would've been cool if they would've let me sleep through the recovery instead of not trying to move for three effing hours.

This sucks! I'm having a really hard time with this recovery. I'm flat on my back. Way uncomfortable. It's hard for me to breathe when I'm flat on my back. The air is so cold that it's keeping my

throat dried out and scratchy.

What a wuss! I was a lot tougher just 3 years ago when I went through this same procedure. The pain from the surgery ain't shit compared to the arthritic pain in my neck.

The problem is that I can't move around enough to keep the stiffness out. I'm driving the poor RN nuts because she is in charge. She was nice about it but said if I didn't quit squirming around she was going to have to restrain me.

I had to call in the wife to literally hold my hand. It's goddamned cold as a well digger's ass in here and anyone that knows me knows that I don't do well in the cold. I was shivering underneath the hot, fresh out of the dryer, blankets.

I also find it difficult to urinate into the bottle thing while lying flat. It's hard to



The wife napping in the reclining chair, it's not like a Lazy Boy but she is very short so it works for her.

keep my sphincter shut while trying to relax my bladder enough to get a trickle going. Glad I didn't have the urge to defecate. I have not shit the bed since toddlerhood. I imagine it's just as amusing to use a

bedpan for number two. How do you even wipe your ass while laying flat? Hope I never have to answer that

for myself...

I hope this procedure helps and lasts until I drop dead. Definitely too much of an old wussy to do this again. I'm sure the nurse would prefer that as well. I feel for anyone that has to be restrained especially when your privates itch or a hair finds its way into your nose or eyes.

Looks like hospital food for the evening meal. It's illegal to just get up and leave with an IV connector still attached and I'm not inclined to pull it out myself, that wuss thing again...

The wife finally broke down and went out to have a smoke. I have my Trupod that I'm finally able to reach. It says tobacco free campus, didn't have anything about vaping weed.

I have an indica cartridge which, for the uninitiated, is a very relaxing strain and I am relieved of the post-procedure anxiety. Now I remember why the last time was so much easier. I had taken a 100mg indica pill concentrate before the surgery.

The nurse noticed I am much calmer now. I didn't let her in on the reason straight out but I did tell her about taking a THC pill from the dispensary the last time I was here. She is only 22 years old. Most of the nurses here seem very young but very polite. Youth is great while it lasts.

The wife is napping in the reclining chair, it's not like a Lazy Boy but she is very short so it works for her. The nurse even gave her some toasty blankets. She fell asleep watching a movie while I typed this.

It's easier to get discharged from the military than it is the hospital. More

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.

For more info:  
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paperwork than a g.d. car dealership and nobody leaves until they see the accountant. I'm patiently counting down every single second that flashes on the digital clock. One, zero, one, zero... It's digital so no tic tock.

Normally I would be looking forward to some chow but it's the hospital. Not everything is horrible but it's not to my humble tastes. A drummer friend of mine once worked in the kitchen here if I remember right. He was proud of the food they served, was the takeaway from the conversation.

Ok, with any luck I'll be up and running sooner than expected as they only made one incision this time instead of using two, one on each side of the groin. That definitely makes it easier to get around and gives the puppy grrr at least one leg to sleep on.

Addendum: I actually feel really good. I have too much energy now to be having to take it easy but that's the way it has to be. I'm not supposed to lift anything over 10 pounds, walk upstairs or get in the pool for two weeks which means I should be good to go by this Sunday.

Once again I have the Good Health Clinic to thank for keeping me going. I hope you will continue supporting their efforts to help the people like me in our little, local community here that fall through the gaps in the system, as well as the denied, the delayed, and the deposed...