

Janice “JC” Dressing



With heavy hearts, we announce the passing of Janice Katherine "JC" Dressing, who peacefully passed away on July 31, 2026, at the age of 78 in Tavernier, Florida, surrounded by the love of her family. Janice was born on March 4, 1948, in Cuero, Texas, to Robert Caudle Jr. and Gertrude Henneke. As the daughter of an Army serviceman, she spent her childhood living in many places, including Turkey, Georgia, and Miami Springs, before eventually settling in the Florida Keys-a place she proudly called home for most of her life.

Anyone who knew Janice knew that she had one of the kindest and most selfless hearts imaginable. She always put the needs of others before her own and found joy in helping anyone who needed it. Her compassion extended not only to people but to every animal she encountered. Whether it was a family member, a friend, a neighbor, or a stray animal, Janice's instinct was always to care, comfort, and give. Her generosity and unconditional love touched countless lives and will never be forgotten.

Janice spent many years working throughout the Florida Keys. One of her earliest jobs was at the iconic Caribbean Club in Key Largo. She also worked at the Chesapeake Resort as the head house-keeper, at Holiday Isle in the ship's store, and at the Filling Station. She also bartended at the OV, Smuggler's Cove, the Elks Lodge, and the Moose Lodge. Along the way, she made many lifelong friendships and became a familiar face in the community she loved.

She enjoyed making crafts, her many, many plants and spending time with her family, and creating special memories with her grandchildren. Her happiest moments were often the simplest ones-sharing laughter, lending a helping hand, or caring for the animals she loved so deeply.

She is survived by her devoted husband, Tim Dressing; her loving children, Dustin Anderson and Heather Mathias; her cherished grandchildren, Haylee, Sebastian, Brianna, Ashley, Caitlin, Dylan, and Cassidy; her beloved great-grandchildren, Ace and Roman; and her brother, Norman Caudle.

JC found the love of her life, Tim, in the Keys after hearing him play in a local bar. Their chance meeting became the beginning of a beautiful love story, one that filled her life with happiness, music, and unwavering companionship.

Though our hearts are broken, we take comfort in knowing that Janice is now at peace. Her legacy of kindness, compassion, generosity, and unconditional love will continue to live on through her family, friends, and everyone fortunate enough to have known her. She will be deeply missed, forever loved, and never forgotten.



ALABAMA JACKS
Downtown Card Sound Road



On the back of the shirt is Carol's original image of a Cuban migrant fishing vessel, brought ashore in 1988 and propped in front of Alabama Jack's in the historic fishing village of Downtown Card Sound Road.

Carol photographed the boat with her film camera and some years later returned to hand-paint the now digital image on her computer.

The passage of time has erased most all the evidence of this once-thriving spot in the Florida Keys, the fishing boat vanquished back to sea with the Category 5 hurricane Andrew. However, the image still survives as a reminder of an earlier time.



SPF 50, long sleeve fishing performance shirt

MORE DESIGNS
MORE COLORS
SIZES SMALL TO XXXL

SCAN THE QR CODE BELOW



ORIGINAL LOCAL ARTWORK BY
Little Salt by Carol Ellis
PHOTOGRAPHY

305-451-7778

Dress like a Florida Keys local and be comfortable in the sun in our DRI-FIT shirt designed by Carol Ellis | Little Salt Photography featuring original artwork of the HISTORIC FISHING VILLAGE OF DOWNTOWN CARD SOUND

Sobriety Is Overrated -- A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

Used to be I had so much work that I often played 10 gigs a week; now I'm lucky to work 4-5 nights a week.

Unfortunately, the arthritis and heart palpitations make it impossible for me to play much more than 3 hours or so, elfin' old wuss. I'm not grumpy, I'm aggravated.

I know what is just around the corner. The toilet roll is running low. One case of explosive diarrhea and its game over.

I've lived the kind of life that you can't retire from. There's only the end.

In the effort to prolong the struggle, I can't have a great burger, but I can have one that is great for what it is, like a bean burger. I tried the fake meat with the fat substitute- There is no way that stuff is any healthier for me than an actual cow.

That's alright. I'd rather buy another amp than get my teeth fixed. Fear of dentist notwithstanding, how much money do I want to put into this aging body? It's already costing me work. Good thing I'm not trying to sell it on the open market:

High mileage, balding, rotten toothed carcass with circulation issues. Nightly cramps and failing eyesight. Cataract starting to grow in

left eye. Penis unreliable and slow to urinate. Bad neck, shoulders and back. Pins and needles in the extremities. Brain fog and poor mouth filter. High everything that should be low and low everything that should be normal.

It wasn't so much lack of planning as believing the future was further away than it turned out to be. Like swimming out into the ocean until you are too exhausted to swim back to shore. It happens. Never think you're going to be that person...until it's too late.

I was always here for a good time not a long time. Age really affects the definition of what constitutes a good time. The long time is the big unknown until it isn't, whether the realization is gradual or all of a sudden.

My dad was a mortician, so I've always been aware of the destination, which probably had a lot to do with how I ended up being exactly where I am. That and a heavy dose of self-loathing and low self-esteem instilled by the southern Baptist.

Effing sobriety, man. Way overrated. There are multiple levels of inebriation but only one level across the sober line. Nothing exceeds like excess.

I played a gig at a former

motel and bar that had been turned into a rehab. I wasn't told that's what it was beforehand. I was the newest/youngest member of the band and was still WFO.

I had my weed and the big bottle of bourbon as per usual back in those days. It was an afternoon gig; a graduation party for the bass player's class. Turned out it counted toward his community service hours.

We set up our meager p.a. system, combo amps and drums and played to the most unhappy looking bunch of people ever. We were playing redneck bar music at them. Honky Tonk Blues takes on a new meaning at rehab graduation.

On the first break, I went out to my truck for a bowl and a shot. Some of the recent graduates followed me out and of course I helped lead them right back to where they had started from.

The small group sounded like kids at a high school dance, agreeing to keep it amongst themselves.

They made the mistake of following me back into the building and everyone looked at us with ill will. It didn't matter to me; I was used to being looked at like that for being hungover and reeking in church.

The next set, the four folks that had followed me out were having a noticeably improved experience at the rehab graduation ceremony.

The bass player chastised me for jeopardizing their situation but on the next break, the chick in charge, the

Luke Sommer Glenn is a local entertainer and Conch Character.



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person everyone was concerned about maintaining their sobriety in front of, followed me out to the truck. She had a reputation for being a hard ass, didn't play no games type.

Everyone assumed she was going to bust me for having weed but instead she had the look of someone who had had it with all the 'get sober, be positive, life is great,' 12-step propaganda.

She happily took a healthy swig from my handle of bourbon. Just then, she caught the unmistakable sweet smell of MaryJane wafting from under the seat. She asked if she could have a puff and of course, I obliged.

Amazing how a few tokes and a belt of bourbon can temporarily improve a soul's outlook on the day as everything in life is temporary.

When we came back into the party, there was only the faint sound of background music. The chick in charge was smiling. I heard the entire room exhale all at once and the energy in the room shifted.

We played our next set, and everyone was dancing and having a good time. Which made me happy.

I guess if there is a moral to the story it would be, "Even morals have their limitations."

