## Restaurant of the Month Sundowners



When you live in the fabulous Florida Keys you hear this often..."Where can I take my visiting quests for great food?" We recommend Sundowners on the Bay because

the food is consistently excellent, every table (inside or out) has a breathtaking view of the water, the service is fast and friendly, and with the spectacular sunset it is a dining experience that sums up what the best of the Keys is all

Sundowners has been owned and operated by the Stoky

about.

family for over 20 years. They also own several other successful restaurants and the

secret of their success? They are very, very particular. They have the highest standards for cleanliness and excellence in food service and they have the awards to prove it.

> To see the menu visit www Sundowners Restaurant.com You can even print out a coupon and save 10%!

> > This writer

is a total pasta freak and my mouth starts to water at the thought of their Bayou Pasta, it's grilled chicken tossed in Cajun Alfredo and served over penn. It's to die for! If it's fresh fish you

crave you can choose from Yellowtail Snapper, Grouper, Continued on page 16...

Visit Sean Mckeown and the rest

of Sundowner's friendly staff

seven days a week.

## Artist of the Month Ed Carboni



The author of "Boss Ralphie", Captain Edward Carboni, is a world traveler. licensed Merchant Marine Officer, and an avid scuba diver. He was born and raised in Philadelphia, PA, where he graduated from Holy Family College. Ed's extensive travels have allowed him the privilege of seeing every continent on earth with the exception of Antarctica.

In some cases misadventures have occurred. including an ill-advised midnight encounter with an African bull elephant in Kenya, not-quite-as-planned shark feedings in the Bahamas, and a search and recovery operation in the Caribbean for a tall ship's anchor in 100 feet of water and no visibility where a of bread. moray eel looked just like a length of chain. He had once been presumed dead in Ireland.

In 2001, he found work on the Miami based live-aboard

dive vessel, Sea Fever, as a deck hand/Dive Master. Over the course of three years cruising the Bahamas he worked as engineer, first mate and eventually earned a 100 ton Merchant Marine captain's license. Also during that time he had the opportunity to log over 700 dives, taking him over the 1,000 dive mark. After leaving the dive boat

in 2004, he worked as cook/emergency diver on the sail training tall ship, Concordia for one year as the ship circumnavigated the globe. During that time he singlehandedly prepared over two hundred meals daily, helped the crew work the sails in occasional gale force winds and baked over 4,000 loaves

Upon returning to the U.S., he bought his first sailboat, the 32 foot ketch "Buck Fish" which he lives aboard in Key Largo, and does occasional charter work.

## Boss Raphael

Story by Edward Carboni

Archangel Raphael walked leisurely down a wet sidewalk near Holme Circle in Northeast Philadelphia on what would normally be considered a dreary December day. He enjoyed the cold and rainy weather---any weather for that matter. It was a nice change from the constancy of the Eternal Place known as heaven where he spent most of his time and where there was no weather. He enjoyed the sights, the smells, the sounds. It was still fresh and new even after a few million years of visits and it made him smile. He smiled also at the prospect of his assignment.

He turned and walked up a concrete staircase next to a sign that read 'Saint Joseph Home' in bold green letters. He entered the building through double glass doors and walked into a vestibule where he was ignored by a security guard. Ralphie, as he was known in the Eternal Place. tipped his cap to the man but there was no response since the guard could not see him. It was of little consequence to Ralphie, he liked to be polite even when it didn't matter and besides, he was here to see Sam Miller.

Ralphie was the archangel in charge of resource procurement --- a recruiter of angels and he had come to tell Sam Miller he would soon be one---and not just any angel, but an angel who would be working on Ralphie's crew. These were the moments that Ralphie cherished. He meandered through the halls of the nursing home that were bedecked in a Christmas manner. As he walked he reflected on his career as an

archangel and his demotion (that's how some in the Eternal Place saw it) to the recruitment end of heavenly duties. He truly loved this work. Here in the nursing home most people only took in through their senses the end of life but to Ralphie the smells were of promise, the sights were of victory and the sounds of moaning were a chorus of potential angels. It was all around him as he dodged the wheelchair-bound and walkerassisted inchina alona while Bing Crosby's voice echoed softly from a speaker. Bing was singing about a white Christmas. He passed a nurse's station unnoticed, eyeing a calendar which showed the date to be December 23rd and headed down the hallway toward Sam Miller's room. As he neared it he saw Sam in a wheelchair outside his door. the man's wispy white hair was combed neatly and he was asleep with his chin in his chest. A Styrofoam plate holding a slice of fruit cake and a Russian tea cookie sat on his blanket covered lap. A plastic fork was loosely held in his right hand. "Hey, Sam---Sammy, wake

up," Ralphie said.

Sam Miller stirred and brought his head up and took a moment to focus his eyes. He saw Ralphie standing there.

"Yo, Ralphie. How ya doin' kid?" Sam asked as a smile crossed his face. "I was dreamin' again Ralphie. I was dreamin' I was in the Kasserine Pass and then whamo. I was back on Frankford Avenue driving a trackless trolley. It was weird. It was like I was really there, Ralphie. Oh boy,

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