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241 Lignumvitae Dr., Key Largo



Concrete stilt home on corner lot, surrounded by mature trees for extra privacy. Completely renovated w/ bright airy floor plan and includes an all new gourmet quartz kitchen with stainless appliance and designer backsplash. Vaulted ceilings, spacious bedrooms, beautiful baths. Reno by CBT Constructio, impeccable work. Roof, HVAC & hot water heater - all brand new. The lot has plenty of room for your boat, and covered parking. Great family neighborhood, located near schools and shopping, as well as Pennekamp Park. The New Year would be bright with you and your family in this wonderful home....

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**"Bummer, man" or "My old man always said I was too much of a sissy to get old"**  
A blog by Luke Sommer Glenn

Everyone has their bummers in life, serious shit that ruins plans, relationships, lives... It amazes me how much bitching, whining, pissing and moaning I do over things that really don't matter at all. Maybe it's because I'm struggling to come to grips with the things I think matter but are beyond my control. It's tough being a human sometimes.

Life's latest bowl of lemons has been a bad case of what seems to be a piriformis sciatica thing... rendering me incapable of doing one of the few things in this life I can still do... that I love doing... playing electric guitar. However, the band show requires far more energy and stamina than a slower-paced solo gig and pain robs me of my ability to be cheerful and entertaining.

I tried to get an MRI yesterday but I'm claustrophobic in my older age. It really is a thing as you age. Must be the fear of getting closer to getting shoved in a box... I have to get wasted to make it through being stuck in a little tube...and it is an older, smaller machine, bless my heart. My shoulders touch the side, my neck locked into place like some kind of alien, torture, probe device...the top of the machine is an inch away from my eyes, crushing down on my chest and I can't breath...my mouth is dry, the mucus in my throat is closing off my windpipe...let me out of this f---ing hole!

Normally I would eat 150mg of prescription RSO\* and have no problem chilling out but I smoked a joint and forgot (I got stoned and I missed it...) to take the longer lasting capsules. (\*Rick Simpson Oil for those who don't know)... I have technicians put the OM Channel on the funky headset...something about chanting monks and Tibetan hanging bells I find soothing... I close my eyes and focus on the ancient, good vibrations.

The cacophony of the machine bothers me not for a couple reasons, one of which is a tolerance for loud noises like drummers... plus I live in the land of the morning leaf blower, an annoying species that neighbors employ in the ongoing fight against leaf-covered pea rock, whether they have leaves in the yard or not. They are a year around noisy nuisance a lot like me.

I can only apologize to those who enjoy the band and to my bandmates as we now have to find alternatives on Friday and Saturday nights... I can only do 1 band show every couple of days.

For those who don't like the band, now's your chance to hear somebody else for a while. Hopefully absence will make the heart grow fonder and the tips grow bigger... Familiarity breeds contempt... according to the Roman philosopher Lucius Apuleius...as well as children, added Mark Twain 2000-odd years later.

It's difficult to plan around mechanical breakdowns. The human body is nothing but a machine... A classic car is cool if not reliable. It's great when it runs...At almost 60 I think I qualify as a classic. Sounds better than "antique," anyway. Hope I don't get the runs...

I have always been so durable in the past. Not that it was always pretty, but I played and sang 2 and 3, four-hour gigs a day, several days a week, 400+ shows a year. Year after year. My voice is to the point to where if I don't sing every night it's harder to get loosened back up, takes a few sets, even a few nights sometimes. Use it or lose it. It ain't like riding a bike or jerking off.

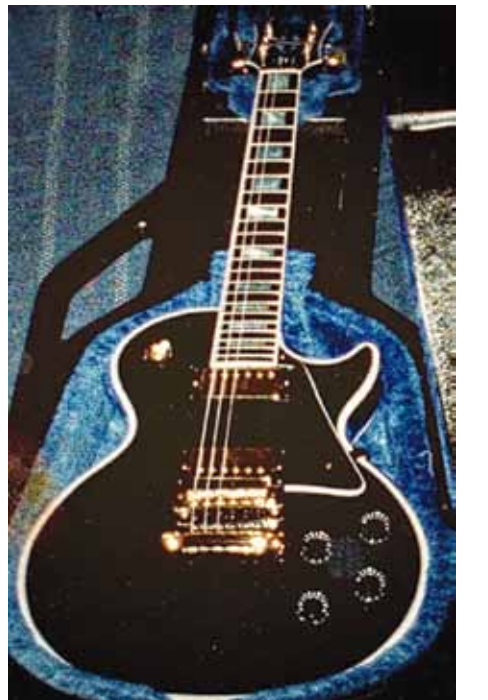
Another bummer for me is my 1987 black Gibson Les Paul Custom (which I imaginatively call "Blackie"), my first dream guitar, was recently re-fretted\* in Nashville and is playing and sounding better than it ever has because wood, unlike flesh, gets better with age. (\*Frets are the "wire" placed laterally across the neck of the guitar, delineating the "notes". They wear out with frequent use... explains the arthritis on that side of my neck).

What is the bummer? I only had the privilege of using it for so few gigs... before my back gave out. It is a heavy mo' fo' though. Explains the arthritis on that side of my neck. Blackie weighs in at a whopping 10.5lbs. while my Red Les Paul Standard is 9.1lbs., Brownie the other Les Paul Custom is 9.4lbs. and Goldie the "faux Paul" made by A.I.O (All In One) guitar weighs 8.4lbs.

Speaking of hand jobs, I've been informed that the dreaded arthritis is increasing hand issues. It used to mainly affect my fret hand but now it has invaded my picking hand. My mother had terrible rheumatism. Could also be the side effects of the different old people medications the doctors prescribe. I much prefer young people drugs... they're a lot more fun (just like having a young body is).



Blackie as she appears after 37 years and two fret jobs. She's got some wear & tear but she's built like a tank.



This is when she was new and as shiny as a spanked baby's butt....cameras have improved greatly since then. It's hard to appreciate how shiny and not rusted she was 37 years and a lot of gigs ago.

Did I ever tell you the story of how an engagement ring turned into a Gibson Les Paul Custom? Maybe another time... Peace and Love!