

BromeliAdvisory

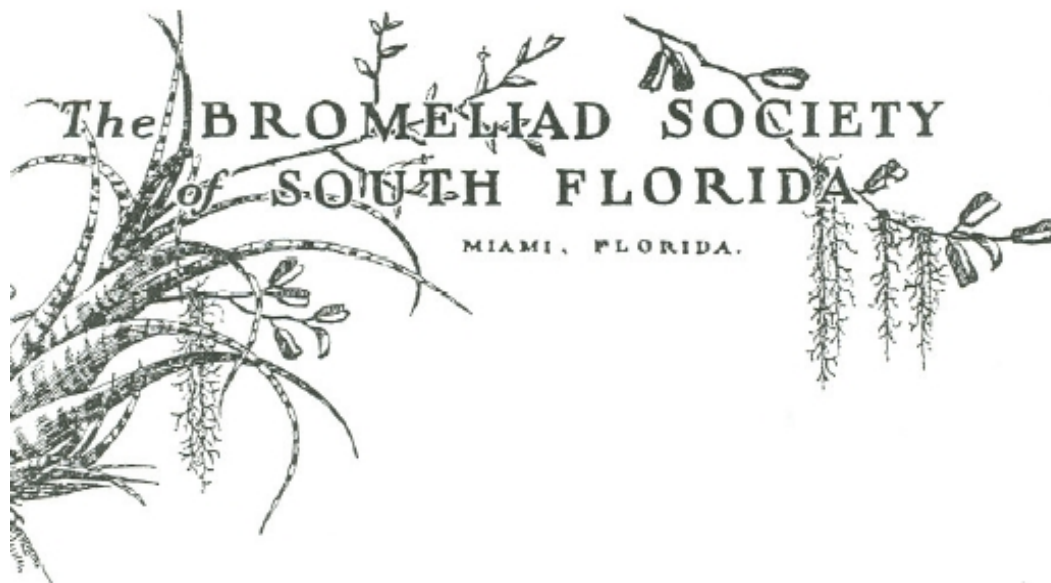
December 2014



Orthophytum in bloom. Photo by Robert Meyer

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BromeliAdvisory

Stop and Smell the Bromeliads

December 2014

WEBPAGE: <http://www.bssf-miami.org/>



http://www.facebook.com/groups/BromeliadSF/?bookmark_t=group



<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Bromeliad-Society-of-South-Florida/84661684279>

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Adelman/Melody Ray

Mem. Plant Sales: Antonio

Arbelaez

Raffle: Melissa Brail

Refreshments: Sandy Roth

What	Who
Sales Table	Antonio Arbelaez

DECEMBER 16, 2014

SPEAKER: Speaker: NONE

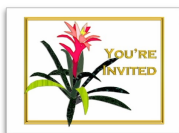
RAFFLE TABLE: NONE

FOOD: This is the Annual Holiday Party

No Speakers, Just Holiday Party

Time to take a rest. Holiday Party.

In case you have not been to a Holiday Party before, here are a few rules.



Bring food. Coordinate with food leader – Sandy Roth.

Second, wrap a plant. Then bring the plant. You get to take another wrapped plant in exchange for your plant.

Third, bring drink. No need to coordinate this. We prefer well aged cognac, single malts and red wines from the 1980's – preferably French.

Lastly, enjoy.



President's Message

by Sandy Roth

Peace to all!

EXTRAVAGANZA NEWS: Please consider donating those gift baskets received during the upcoming holidays for us to use for our raffle fundraiser. Better yet, take the basket, pick a theme, and fill it with donated goodies and garage sale picks. Have some fun collecting to benefit BSSF. praise to Kerry's

In Case You Missed It

by Robert Meyer

TRAM WITH CARL BAUER

In the evening darkness, with ebony skies heightened by clouds and scattered sprinkles, Carl Bauer delivered the group on the tram for a glorious show of the plants of the Fairchild Tropical Botanic Garden.

As a volunteer with the garden, Carl entertains with facts about the garden, some interesting tidbits about the sources of the plants or residence, and represents what particular lots hold what species.

Palms and aroids may be the major players at FTBG, but the trip also showed numerous heliconias, ferns, tress and even bromeliads.

Accenting the garden was the return of Dale Chilhuli's second show at the garden. This appears to have more and bigger and greater volume than the last. Some of the pieces had lighting on them which accented the rich colors of the glass pieces.

To any members of FTBG, visit, and often. The Chilhuli pieces are very special and represent one of the best combinations of nature and art ever delivered to Miami-Dade County.

UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday March 14 - Sunday March 15

Spring Plant Sale at Leu Gardens

<http://www.leugardens.org/plant-sale-weekend-march-14th-15th/>

Friday March 27 - Sunday March 29

Tropiflora's Spring Festival

www.tropiflora.com

September 26, 2015

Bromeliad Extravaganza

"Bromeliads in the Magic City"

711 N.W. 72nd Avenue

THE TRAVELING BROMELIAD

A CHRISTMAS STORY

by Robert Meyer

Gideon loved three things: grandfather, Christmas and bromeliads – and not necessarily in that order.

Each winter was Gideon's delight because each winter delivered Christmas. It was not the presents he loved the most; instead, it was the return of his grandfather. Incapable of withstanding the cold northern weather, Gideon's maternal grandfather annually stayed with the family from the week before Christmas through New Year's Day.

And, each time his grandfather visited, Gideon would lay in his bed waiting to be tucked in by his grandfather who would tell him stories about mysterious things. About mysterious occurrences. About things no one else spoke or mentioned.

His favorite story arrived each year like the holiday feast. The story of the Traveling Bromeliad. *Grandfather explained how a Homestead farmer would work each day on his lollypop-colored Guzmania and put the last to rest of each work day only to find one at the foot of his bed each morning. And, that intruder was not of any color like the others. Instead, it was more magnificent, more*

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brilliant, and more distinguished than any other Guzmania inflorescence shown by any plant at the nursery.

But, when the old nurseryman reached to touch to pick up the pot and put the plant under a better light, it would vanish. The nurseryman would feel depressed for a little while, but soon realized the great opportunity he had to see what most, if not all other, nurserymen ever got to see. And, with that positive perspective, the nurseryman went back outdoors to work on his plants.

The next day, as he awoke, the mysterious plant would again be at the foot of the bed. Again the man would reach out, and again the plant would disappear. After several weeks of this futile exercise of holding the plant, the nurseryman decided to ignore the plant, walk right past it on his way to the kitchen where he would fix eggs, bacon and coffee. And, when he returned, the plant remained at the foot of the bed. This pleased the nurseryman a great deal.

The next day, the nurseryman invited his most trusted friend to see the plant. When they entered the bedroom, it was not there. Scratching his head, the nurseryman pretended it must have been shipped out to order and started discussing another topic to avoid the issue.

The following day, the plant reemerged. Ignoring its existence, the plant remained through the day, and through the next, and was eventually for weeks at the foot of the bed. The nurseryman, unwilling to embarrass himself again to a friend, called out to a stranger one day to help him flip the mattress. When the fellow appeared in the room, the plant again was gone. Conferring his suspicion, the nurseryman flipped the mattress, paid the stranger for his work, and understood that the plant could never be shared with another.

After years of enjoying the splendor of this plant,

and after years of failed attempts to make hybrids to faintly match the plant's luminescence, the nurseryman grew fatigued. Well into his 80's, his strength was depreciated; and, not having labor from children or grandchildren made the work more intolerably exhausting. One day, the man looked at his plant, closed his eyes, fell asleep, and never awoke.

When his son and grandson went to the home to manage the affairs, the grandson yelled to his dad about this incredible plant in grandpa's room. The father, when walking into the room, saw nothing. And, neither did the grandson. But, when the father left the room, the plant reappeared. The grandson smiled, and touched the pot – only to see it disappear again. This time the grandson cried. But, when he walked away and later turned his head around to the spot where the plant once stood, he saw that the plant had reemerged. The grandson smiled and waved and walked out the room.



Guzmania Valentina

When the grandson returned home with his father, he awoke after the first night's sleep and saw the plant at the foot of his bed. He smiled, but understood no touching or discussing the plant with others. And, before he could think another thought the plant spoke. "I am exactly who you think I am." Knowing the voice, the grandson smiled, wept a little and whispered, "Grandpa."

Each Christmas Eve, Gideon's grandfather told this story and the next day there would be a Guzmania logistically placed at the foot of his bed. This was their little secret. Gideon would not show the plant to anyone else in the home. Each year, the plant seemed more brilliant and more cherished.

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When Gideon was a sophomore in college, he received a call from his father on December 21 that his grandfather had a stroke. Everyone was at the hospital, and Gideon's father wondered if Gideon could hurry home before his scheduled exams were to be held. Gideon took care of the exam dilemma and was home by December 22.

The next night, Gideon went his grandfather's bed while the others were home from fatigue or needed to prepare for the holiday. Grandfather looked listless, but the doctors and nurses assured everyone that he heard everything they said. Not knowing if this was true or just a standard statement by the staff to make the bereaved family feel better, Gideon took the statement to task and treated it as a dare.

On Christmas Eve, roles reversed. Gideon told his grandfather the story about the Traveling Bromeliad. Occasionally grandfather would wince, but nothing intimated that there was any comprehension of the story being read. When Gideon completed the tale, he looked one last time at his grandfather and then Gideon sighed. Gideon got up, left a *Guzmania* on the table next to his grandfather, and walked out the door.

In the morning, after all the presents were opened, Gideon and his parents walked into grandfather's room to see if there was any improvement. Grandfather was still laying down. His eyes were closed. Nothing seemed better. Nothing seemed worse. And, nothing more was expected. The quiet of the hospital seemed even more calm during the holiday. The silence laid still until a whisper announced, "I am exactly who you think I am."

MURDER IN CORBIN A

© by Robert Meyer

PREVIOUS CHAPTERS MAY BE SEEN IN
<http://www.bssf-miami.org/>

105.

"Fancy meeting you here, Sanchez." remarked one of the two federal officers who had taken their virgin drinks from the bartender to the Captain's table without invitation.

"Well, Coughlan, you and your Irish friend there came fully relaxed I see. I can tell as your oxford shirts are with stripes, and not just the uniform

white which you wear in the office each and every day of service." Captain responded with sheer cynicism in his voice. Boss heard this and immediately registered that something was wrong: Federal agents in Reynold's Rose when they and their target were there.

"Well, as much as I would love to talk fashion with my kind *state* or should emphasize *county* level officers of the law, me and my friend Brian here would like to discuss another topic: the Supremacy Clause. Ever hear about it, Sanchez?" And, when he concluded the Irishman's eyes twinkled as his mouth curtsied with a tight grin.

"Well, since your are the federal agent here discussing federal legal concepts, me and my lowly *county* friend here, Vazquez, would demure to your federal definition of this concept. You do know what 'demure' means, right Coughlan?" The Captain was not smiling when retorting.

"Gladly, my friend of the Miami-Dade County brown shirts. It means 'at this point in time, you are kindly asked to get lost.' *Capiche?* Or should I say, '*comprende?*'" Coughlan finished his Spanish word with a very intentionally horrible accent. Sanchez ordinarily would not have cared for such an error as Coughlan was not supposed to know better. But, Coughlan's mother was Cuban and was a distant relative of Sanchez's cousin – which in Cuban tradition means Coughlan and Sanchez were cousins. So, when Coughlan taunted Sanchez with poorly accented Spanish, it was a jibe at not only a person who outranked him on the Supremacy Clause issue, but it was someone who was family who was taunting him – in a vicious, not friendly, manner. And, that was not tolerated. But, before a scene would be made, Sanchez knew that the ears of Marin and Gort were probably attuned to the cops' conversation, and Sanchez could no more sacrifice this operation than afford the reprimand which he thought would accompany such a disaster. So, he rose, and quickly said, "Goodbye" to the federal agents and walked out with Boss.

"That sure is the right thing to do, amigo." Coughlan said as the two men in floral shirts

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parted. Hoping for a response, Coughlan was disappointed as Captain and Boss walked out without any further conversation, by tongue of sign language.

Marin, having 60 years of skilled surveillance of those watching him before he commits a crime or something equally wrong, absorbed what happened in the booth and told Gort, Joshua and Susan that he needed to go to the men's room. As he left, they continued their conversation about cross hybridizing species and a future of unimaginable wealth. Knowing that the numbers and scientific magnitude would engulf their attentions, Marin beelined for the front door instead of the men's room and escaped unnoticed. Upon exiting, Marin exhaled and thought to himself, without any remorse, about how many other times he had left accomplices on the watch while he could wake the next morning in his own bed while the unsuspecting others would be forced to use the facilities of another person or the government where explanations would have to be provided.

As the door shut behind Marin, the federal officers rose from their booth benches and held their badges high and Coughlan projected loudly and clearly, "Everyone stay in your seats. We are from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. No one moves. The first person to move will receive a cap from my friend Brian here. So no one with any brains moves. Now that we understand, everyone slowly, very slowly, put their hands on their heads now."

Now, what bothered Earl was not the arrest, but the fact that Coughlan never showed a badge. And, Pablo, who many others accused of being dim, noticed the same oversight. So, when they were asked to put their hands on their heads, they would not abide.

"Hey, you over there. Big guy. What is the problem? Put your hands on your head or you'll

be limping for the rest of your life. Do as I say, now!"

Pablo still would not obey. "Hey, where's your badge, mister? I see no badge." And, as Pablo finished this sentence, the too green and emotional Brian shot a round at Pablo and caught his thigh. Before Pablo reached to the immediate burning sensation of the burrowing bullet, Earl reached for his glock and shot the gun out of Brian's hand.

Just as the shock touched Brian's senses about his being disarmed without any personal harm, Coughlan swung toward Earl with his two arms extended with revolver in hand. Before he could determine what to say or whether to shoot, his gun was shot out of his hands by Pablo's Magnum .45 which gave a resounding canon-like blasting noise. Everyone inside shuddered or reached for their ears from the deafening effect of the large revolver's discharge.



"Now you know who I am and what I am." shouted Shirley. "This all ends now. Drop the guns guys, we will call in the shooting, and no one is moving."

Earl and Pablo obeyed. And, as they put their guns into Shirley's friends hands, Joshua looked at Susan who looked at her father, and each kept silent while wondering what had happened to Marin. And, what was to happen to them?

106.

Captain and Boss were waiting for their car at valet when they left. When Marin departed, Boss walked toward him and reached his arm out and held onto his pants' pocket and asked, "Just where are you going?" Marin, too old to run and too wise to try anything foolish, succumbed to the question which called for no answer.

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Boss returned to Captain who stood at the valet waiting area when the guns started shooting. Before either could re-enter the premises, Shirley had everything under control and Captain smiled as “his lesbian girl” sure made the federal agents look foolish and helpless in the Reynold’s Rose. Captain walked to the misshapen and very comically disfigured guns of the two agents, slowly viewed them off from the ground with his eyes, and looked to Coughlan and said, “You understand that we have to leave those weapons where they are so that we can photograph their positions, appearances, and more. In the meantime, we are going to mark where you and Brian stood, where this injured man stood, and where the bartender was when he disarmed you before you two did anything else foolish. In the meantime, Shirley call in Metro for an ambulance before this poor guy suffers more damage from the *federales*.”

Shirley, when calling the ambulance and city and county police, had a very subtle and slight smirk on her face. She was obeying her orders with much favor, but was also enjoying it for more than the reasons anyone could understand. Occasionally, when looking toward Marlene, she would wink - something which made Marlene uncomfortable and somewhat disgusted. Physically, Shirley was anything but Marlene’s type; and, Shirley’s personality made her even more repulsive to Marlene’s sensual desires.

When Shirley winked the third time, Marlene walked toward her and said, “Come with me.” And the two went outside where there was a semblance of privacy from other officers, but was swarming with public onlookers.

“You wink a lot, do you know that?”

Shirley answered the yes-or-no question with, “So what?”

“I have no problem with it, so long as it is aimed for someone other than myself. Understand?” Marlene thought the point was finished.

“Maybe I want to wink at you, got a problem with that?” And Shirley gave a daring face to Marlene – jetting out her chin, almost asking to be punched.

“Not now, not here. But, if you do it again, I will

pound you good. You will wake up each morning looking at the scars remembering me. And, you will never forget how a little wink became an involuntary tattoo which you will begrudgingly wear forever.” And, with that statement, Marlene walked away.

“Hey, Marlene.” Shirley yelled out. Marlene stopped and turned around knowing that the next words would be anything but an apology by the brash and overly confrontational Shirley. And, as she turned, Shirley stood there and said nothing. Instead, she winked, and then she winked again, and again, until Marlene turned around and walked back to the crime scene.

When Marlene reentered, various administrative agents stood there greeting her for debriefing. The federal agents, the county agents, and the City of Miami Beach agents each had a van parked outside. Each statement was to be made without the presence of the other, and without the presence of another, in the respective vans. Because Marlene and others were not under investigation, none felt compelled to have an attorney or other rep be there when the questioning occurred.

“So,” the federal investigative agent asked Marlene as she sat in his Chevrolet van “who do you think started this problem?” Marlene thought for awhile, and then answered, “I cannot pin it on one person, but as we surveyed the scene, the federal agents asked Captain and Boss to leave, but not Shirley. That seemed strange. And, it may have been a mistake. When they left, Shirley – she was the head of the county’s contingent – while the federals took control of the room. When the federal agents asked everyone to put their hands on their heads, Shirley made us do that instead of aiding the federal agents. She knows Pablo and Earl – the bouncer and the bartender. Had she spoken to the bouncer or bartender, and aided the federal agents, no one would have been hurt. Do you see what I am getting at?”

The internal affairs investigator knew exactly what she was talking about and wrote copious notes.