

FIRST COAST FLY FISHERS

September 2015



Educating, Restoring, Conserving through Fly Fishing

FCFF Meeting

7^{PM} August 14rd 2015

Southpoint Marriott

4670 Salisbury Road, Jacksonville, Florida

Cooking Your Catch

At its basic, rudimentary form fishing is about eating. The fish eats the fly and the fisherman eats the fish. There is nothing in the world like fresh caught redfish prepared properly. For those of you known to keep the occasional redfish for the table, we have a treat for you. This month, the Club welcomes Chefs Robbert Bouman and Dick Lambert to demonstrate unique ways to prepare your catch.



Chefs Bouman and Lambert

Dutch-born chef Robbert Bouman spends his days extolling the virtue and value of wines, cuisine, and culinary arts; he has for nearly two decades. A board-certified sommelier from the Netherlands' Heerlen Hotel and Catering College, Chef Bouman knows that food and wine need not be complex or expensive to be world-class. His contributions to cuisine and wine appreciation in the South are immeasurable. His transition to teaching from executive chef seemed natural and he now teaches in the culinary arts program for Florida State College at Jacksonville.

A love for science has informed Chef Dick Lambert's palatal interests and taken him into the disparate worlds – he's a mead maker, beer brewer, and beekeeper. His garage resembles a Frankenstein-ian lab and he tills a small tract garden for fun, herbs and vegetables. While working at the Amelia Island's Ritz Carleton a few years back, Dicky created an original soup every day for 9 months. A former builder, he's an expert on kitchen-efficiency design and he teaches culinary arts and wine appreciation for Florida State College at Jacksonville. Four of Lambert's students have prepared cuisine at the White House.

Wont your join us on Monday September 14th. Your taste buds will thank you.

oOo

This month we take time to remember the passing of two long-time members; TL Larsen and Jim McCulley. TL and Jim, in their own unique way, each contributed to the character and history of the Club. We treasure their friendship and their memory while sharing in a deep love for the outdoors.

On the Cover:

Redfish at the end of the rainbow.

Photograph by Jason Sheasley

**First Coast Fly
Fishers
2015 Officers and
Board of Directors**

President
Seth Nehrke
NehrkeSM@gmail.com

VP Programs
Scott Shober
FCFFoutings@gmail.com

VP Outings
Jeff Bivins
FCFFoutings@gmail.com

Treasurer
Don Edlin

Secretary
Paul Hutchins

Membership
Mike Whiteman

Education
Buddy Price &
Gavin Glover

Librarian
Gavin Glover

Banquet
Richard Clark

At-Large
Lee Hinrichs &
Bob Connery

Newsletter
Jason C. Sheasley
fcffnewsletter@gmail.com

www.fcff.org

**FIRST COAST FLY FISHERS
PO BOX 16260
JACKSONVILLE, FL32245-6260**

The Calm Before the Storm

By R. Channing Ritchie

I sat in the predawn darkness this morning, a cup of coffee in my left hand and a James Lee Burke novel in my lap. I peered out watching daylight slowly awaken the eastern sky. I had not planned to fish today, but something gnawed at the periphery of my thoughts. I closed the book. Hearing a voice in my right ear, I looked to see a young man standing on my shoulder. His skin was smooth, his stomach flat. His hair was thick and dark. His eyes shined with youthful adventure.

He said, "Man you need to get up and go fishing. All this stuff around the house can wait. You only live once."

I laid my head back to ponder his urgings. Then from my left came the same voice, but it was deeper and more mellow. Looking down I saw a middle-aged man. His hair was thinning and streaked with gray. The skin around his eyes was wrinkled and course from years in the sun, his stomach not so flat.

He spoke; "I agree with the kid. Remember yesterday when you stood on Ray Water's grass flat. You studied the cross that bears his name. You touched the

cross and realized that the view you were witnessing was the last view that Ray ever beheld. The kid is right. This other stuff can wait. Don't waste a chance to make a memory."

Figuring that the water would make it to the tree-line, I chose a favored spot where two miniscule drains or shoots fork off a larger creek. One shoot leads into the woods while the other runs south about sixty yards, terminating on an expansive flat of short grass. Uncharacteristically, the southerly shoot enjoys a hard bottom and no tall spartina grass for most of its length. It's a natural runway for fish. The landward side is open, sandy bottom where cruising fish often roam. Not a wisp of wind was on the tide as the grass transformed into a slick, gray mirror. I heard a fish slurp a snail or crab from the tall spartina grass forty feet ahead. I slid to my left and looked down the open path. I spied her in the shoot as she came up, plucking another morsel from the grass.

A voice from my right began to shout. I looked to see the kid on my shoulder. His eyes blazed with excitement. He said, "Go ahead! Take the shot! She's right there! She may disappear!"





Then from my left I heard the graying words forged from experience. He said, “Slow down Sport. Look around you. You know where she is going. Wait and challenge her on terms of your choosing. Patience.”

Four long minutes passed bereft of sound or sign, and then the tall grass moved fifteen feet in front of me a little to my right. Two noses broke the surface as a pair of reds slurped another meal. I stepped over to the open sand. The lead fish began bending the grass heading in my direction. Silently she entered the gin-clear water, slowly gliding straight at me, her red-bronze scales visible below the surface.

“Take the shot!”, the young man screamed.

But the gray-haired man sat calmly on my left shoulder and said, “Wait. Back away and wait until she turns.”

Then, as if on cue, she turned to her right. Softly, I laid the fly down, but she had already done an about-face.

Before the boy could speak, the gray haired man said, “Don’t rush it. She’s not going anywhere. Quietly now.”

I picked the fly up and laid it down five feet

from her nose. I gave the line an aggressive strip. Silt boiled up as her tail catapulted her forward like a red missile. The cold steel hook bit her up. She kicked in the after-burners, screaming over the open sand and turning for the tall grass. I tried the *down-n-dirty* to keep her from spooking the other fish, but she would not relent. She charged into the grass causing the second fish to bolt. After a short tug of war, she slid up to me. I popped the hook and then steadied her until she got her wind. Slowly she slid into the shoot and disappeared. Five minutes later I heard the torrent coming through the woods behind me. The rain fell in buckets for 30 minutes. Each drop killing a millisecond in time as the moon’s gravity conspired against me.

I walked to a low spot in hopes that I would get one more shot before the tide was gone. The rain stopped and a tail popped up. Two casts later the fight was on. The water now gone, I began to walk out. An eerily cold wind brought up the hair on the back of my neck. I turned. My gaze was drawn far to the southwest and realized that I was looking at the island that guards Ray’s flat. I doffed my hat. *It was a good day to fish.*



END OF SUMMER CLEARANCE SALE

Scott S4S Rods and Hardy Sintrex Pro-
AxisX One Piece Rods
30 to 40% Off

September 5th thru 12th



1701 LAKESIDE AVE.
ST AUGUSTINE, FL 32084
904-535-6323

www.saltwaterflytyers.com

Remembering TL Larsen

Thelma Louise “TL” Elliot was born in Birmingham, Alabama on June 11, 1934 into a family of strong Scots women. Her family settled the southern foothills of the Appalachian Mountains where the men worked in the Birmingham factories while the women tended to the family farms. The Elliot clan of Alabama can trace their family heritage back to the borderlands of Scotland, where their ancestors lived by the motto *fortiter et recte*; boldly and rightly. TL was the personification of that motto.

Her family instilled in her a strong sense of honor, duty and the virtues of hard work. Graduating from Samford College in 1966, TL spent the next 38 as an educator and passed along these same values to her students. TL and her mother Mildred established several daycare centers in Birmingham; one of which became the largest in the state and was the first to admit black children at a time when Alabama was fiercely segregated.

In 1969, TL moved to Jacksonville and taught in the Duval County School System before retiring in 2004. Shortly after moving, she met and married Ernest “Bud” Larsen. Bud and TL shared a mutual love of the outdoors. They became long-time members of the First Coast Fly Fishers and Safari Club and regularly traveled throughout the southeast to camp, hunt and fish. Bud introduced TL to backpacking and she relished their week-long trips to the Smokey Mountains.

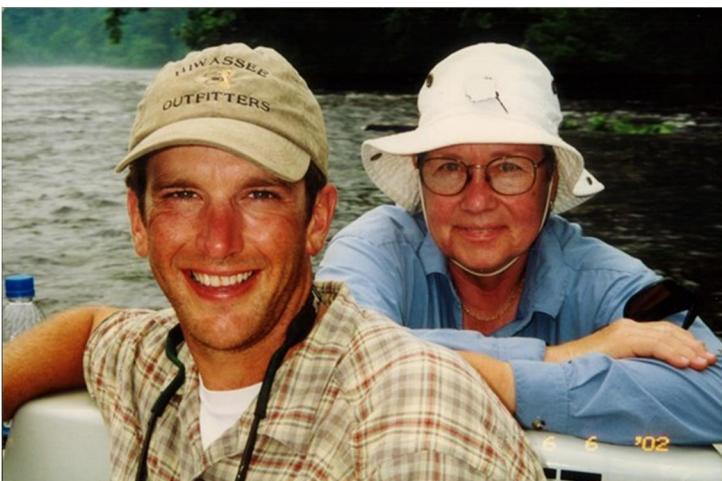
TL never met a stranger. She considered the members of the First Coast Fly Fishers her extended family. To say she was outspoken on many things, especially politics, would be an understatement. Despite one’s politi-



cal affiliations, she greeted everyone with a hug and a smile. Those with a slightly different view than hers, she hugged a little longer.

At every Club meeting TL and Bud would take their place in the front row like a pair of deacons in the high church of fly fishing. As the Club’s de facto Sargent at Arms, TL made sure the meetings started on time and had no qualms about correcting a speaker when they strayed. She also had no tolerance for idle chitchat from the back of the room.

TL was much loved and she will be greatly missed. Her memory and spirit will carry on as the Club continues its mission of educating, restoring and conserving through fly fishing. An educator to the very end, even in death she is teaching us about grace, dignity and a life well lived.





What a dedicated wife and talented lady she was.

Lee Hinrichs

I have fished with Bud a lot over the years and when you fish with Bud you take his boat because he has it all set up for him to fish. When I would go over to Bud's, TL would have everything ready. TL would make sure Bud had everything he needed for the day of fishing and make sure I knew what I was supposed to do. I was to make sure nothing bad happened to Bud. You could see the LOVE she had for Bud in everything she did getting him ready. TL made sure Bud had his lunch, his fishing gear, and anything else he would need during our trip. Just before we would leave she would tell Bud to make sure he put on his floatation vest before he got into the boat and then give both of us a hug and a kiss, Bud got a much more passionate kiss then I did. Ha!! We all loved TL and TL loved us and we are going to miss her.

Dick Michaelson



TL, a special lady we are all going to miss. When we first joined the club, several years ago, we immediately met TL who made us feel very welcome. During those first few years few ladies went to the club meetings. I did attend and always hoped TL would be there. She almost always was, greeting me with a big hug and friendly conversation. After some years passed, Bill and I began to host an annual Fish Fry at our home. TL was all in, ready to help in any way I needed her. She also acted as a hostess at the Fish Fry with a talent to make everyone feel wanted and appreciated as a part of the group. TL has left a void that will be felt. She was truly a lovely person, someone we admired, and we greatly appreciated her friendship.

Bill and Ann Lott



I am indebted to my father for living, but to my teacher for living well.

Alexander the Great



I will miss the hugs at the fly fishing meetings

David Kudley





During the years I was Club President I had one responsibility; make sure TL was happy. If TL wasn't happy about a particular meeting or the way the Club was doing something she had no qualms in pulling me aside and letting me know. It was never a berating criticism. Rather, she would convey her displeasure in that grandmotherly way she had. We butted heads on occasion before I came to the realization that she was right most (if not all) the time. While TL was quick to admonish, she was also quick to offer praise. TL was appreciative of the everyone who helped make the Club a success. She made it a point to show her appreciation. I have many fond memories of TL, including our long discussions about books, history and politics. However, the memory I'll treasure most is that of the last time I saw her. It was during a recent meeting. She greeted me with a big hug, told me she loved me and how much she appreciated me. On that particular day, things were pretty stressful at the office. In a few short moments she made the stress of the day melt away. It was as if somehow she knew I was having a bad day. Then I watched as she greeted several other members in the same genuine and heartfelt way. Greeting each person as if they were one of the family. In that moment I felt blessed to know such a wonderful woman.

Jason Sheasley

She was a mother to all of us.

Mike Head





TL Larsen – Big Hugs and Fine Granola

By David Lambert

One Spring morning a few years back Bud Larsen and I dropped his boat into one of the back creeks along the Intracoastal. The catching was slow but the conversation was lively and sometime during the day Bud asked me if I like granola.

'Yes I do,' I said. 'Like it a lot.'

'TL makes excellent granola,' he said. He emphasized the word excellent.

A couple of weeks later TL caught my eye at a fly club meeting. She made her way over to me, held out one arm and came in for a big hug. Then she put a fat bag of her granola in my hand.

I cannot tell you how good it was – the granola and the hug.

TL's hugs were a declaration or sorts. Less an embrace and more a statement of fact. She was not a social hugger, as some women are. No polite, prissy air-kissing hugs for her. TL's hugs were honest and warm and they said a lot about how she cared for you, how she wanted you to know it.

You could draw strength from TL's hugs – and I did, always, especially during those years when my wife was sick.

She'd hug me, then step back, put her hands on both my arms and look me square in the eye.

'How's Annie,' she'd say.

And I'd tell her, usually the long version, 'cause I knew she didn't want to hear the sound bites you learn to mouth after months of dealing with serious illness.

TL wanted the truth, and she expected it.

'It'll be ok, honey,' she'd say.

And somehow, after one of her hugs, I knew it would.

Today, I wrestle with these words as TL's friends and family gather to remember her and celebrate her life.

Today, in my mind, I feel the warmth and caring in TL's hugs.

Then, she steps back and looks me in the eye.

'It'll be alright,' she says.

Somehow, I know it will be.

Today, I celebrate her big heart and remember her warm honest hugs.

And her granola.

Bud was right. TL made some damn fine granola.

T. L.'s GRANOLA

Especially packed for Mike and Barbara Head

INGREDIENTS:

6 cup old fashioned oat flakes 2 c. rye flakes
2 cup wheat flakes 1 cup sesame seeds
1 cup sunflower seeds 1 cup pumpkin seeds
1 cup coconut flakes 4 cup honey (approx.)
1 cup oil (I spray the pan with butter spray only)

INSTRUCTIONS:

Preheat oven 250° - then reduce to 200°

Mix all ingredients together well (and every 40 min. during cooking).

Cook until pumpkin seeds turn from light green to light tan, and oats are lightly browned - this can take several hours - the slower the better.

When almost done, turn oven off and leave it to cool.

AFTER COOLING ADD:

3 cup nuts (pecans and/or walnuts and/or peanuts)
3 cup fruit chips (dried chopped dates, raisins or any dried fruit)



Big Gun Casting Competition

The Tampa Bay Fly Fishing Club announces its 2015 Big Gun casting competition will be held on Sunday, November 22 at Picnic Island Park in Tampa. The competition, which will start at 9:00am and finish at 12:00pm, consists of six accuracy events and one distance event, followed by the Big Gun distance competition for those who qualify. The main part of the competition, the six accuracy events and the distance event, are team events for groups of three competitors. The Big Gun distance competition is an individual event for those who make a 100' or longer cast in the distance portion of the main event.

The competition is free and trophies will be awarded for the top three teams and the Big Gun champion. Bagels, doughnuts and coffee will be available in the morning and sandwiches, drinks and chips will be served at the end of the main event (cutoff time - 12:00pm). The Big Gun event follows afterward.

We ask that those planning to participate contact Rick O'Hara at flyguy47@verizon.net so TBFFC will have an accurate head count prior to the event. Please respond no later than November 15 so we have time to order an appropriate amount of food and beverages. If you are a vegetarian, please let us know so we can accommodate your needs. Sorry, but we are unable to accommodate vegans.

The competition will be held at Shelter 611 at Picnic Island Park at 7404 Picnic Island Blvd., Tampa 33616. Picnic Island Park is at the South end of Westshore Blvd. A map of the park can be found on the City of Tampa website.



Capt. David Borries'
Backwater Fishing
Adventures

904-708-8915

captdavidborries@comcast.net



First Coast Fly Fishing Unlimited

Capt. Rich Santos • (904) 497-9736
Rich@FlyFishJax.com • FlyFishJax.com

Jacksonville-St. Augustine, FL

www.flyfishjax.com

CAPT. TROY
FLY FISHING OR LIGHT TACKLE
INSHORE / OFFSHORE
BOAT OR KAYAK
904.608.8299
TROY@CAPTAINROY.COM



450 Years of Tailing Redfish

In June 1564, French Huguenots established their colony at Fort Caroline in present day Jacksonville, Florida. The Spanish refused to allow the French to have a stronghold in the new world. So they commissioned Admiral Pedro Menéndez de Aviles as an *adelantado*, and dispatched him and his fleet to displace the French. On September 8, 1565, Pedro Menéndez established the settlement of *San Agustin* or (St Augustine) in the name of Spain and the Catholic church. Twelve days later, in the midst of a storm, he and his troops sacked the French settlement at Fort Caroline. At the time of the attack the garrison contained 250 people. Only 50 survived.

The exploits of Pedro Menéndez are well recorded in the history books. But what isn't well known is that he may well be the first European to catch redfish in the grass. The storm that helped secure his victory over the French at Fort Caroline brought unusually high tides to the coast. Historians conducting research for the 450th anniversary of St Augustine discovered a long forgotten treatise suggesting that after a long journey across the ocean and doing battle with the Huguenots, Menéndez took time-off to do a little fishing. He was said to have been *la captura de peces en la hierba* (catching fish in the grass).



**Drum Man
Charters**
with
Capt. James Dumas
Licensed and Insured

904-687-9498

www.drummancharters.com
drummancharters@att.net



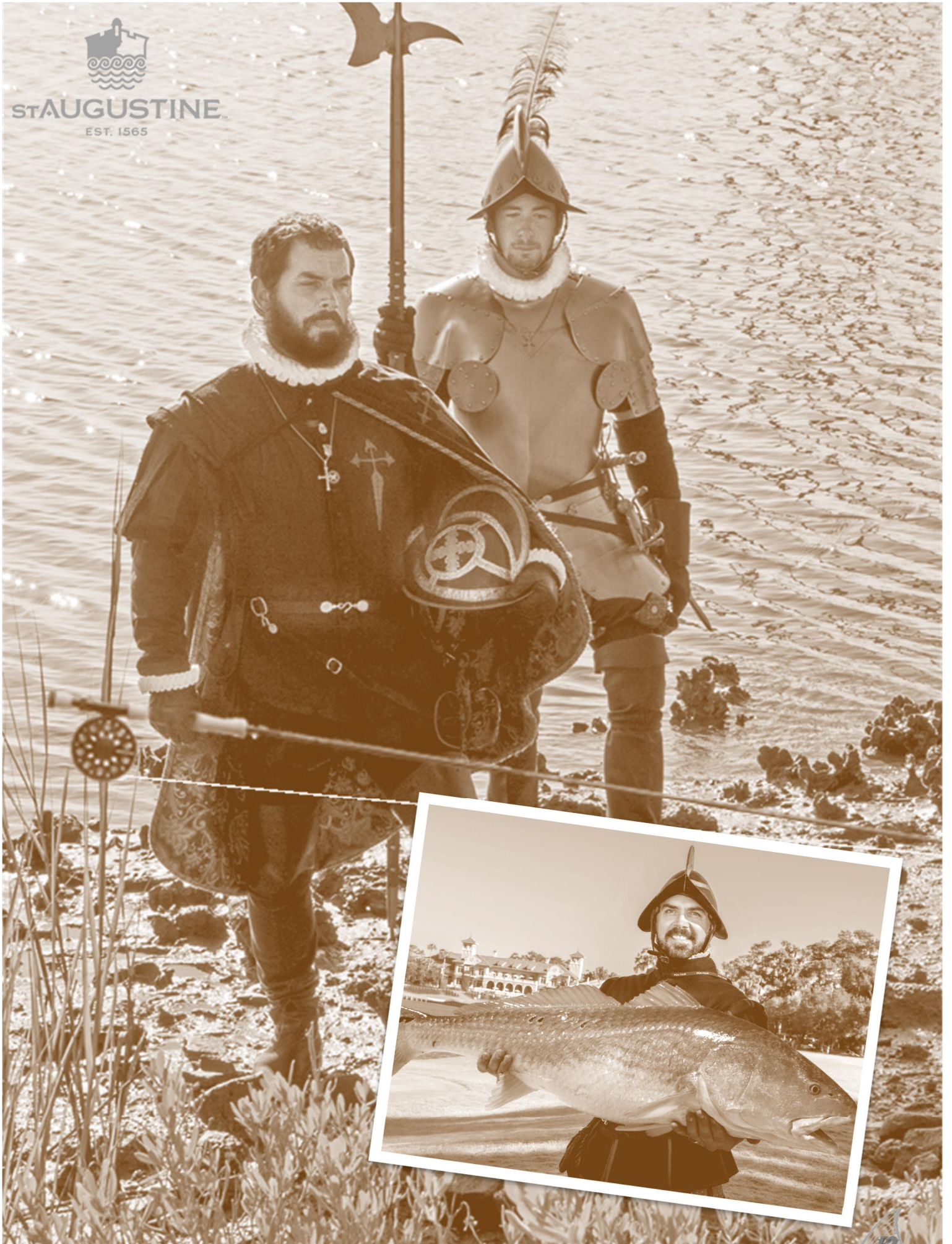
Pedro Menendez pointing out to his crew a tailing redfish in the grass shortly before coming ashore in St Augustine.





ST AUGUSTINE

EST. 1565



Grilled Grouper Beurre Blanc, Caramelized Onions, Fresh Corn Barley Salad with Chefs Dick Lambert & Robbert Bouman

By David Lambert

It's finally autumn – the time of year when eating out means eating *outside*, as in the backyard. Our backyard grillmasters have gathered here to demonstrate a lovely meal that's guaranteed to elevate your culinary esteem among your friends. The meal? A grilled grouper *beurre blanc* with caramelized onions, and a fresh corn and barley salad. *Beurre blanc*, translated from French, means 'white butter.'

Chefs Robbert Bouman and Dicky Lambert have their *mise en place* (literally: everything in place), which includes gathering the necessities for grilling: spatulas, cooking wines, knives, herbs, onions, and the marinated grouper.

They chose grouper for its white and flaky meat which holds together under heat. Before beginning outside, they cut the grouper into 6- to 9-ounce servings, then marinate for 3 hours or longer. While the grouper marinates, they prepare the corn-barley salad and gather ingredients for the grill.

Start your grill with enough charcoal to cover the half the grill grate. When the coals are ready (lightly ash-covered, which provides a medium hot grill), push them over to one side, which will leave you room to place fish and keep it warm. Grill the grouper over the coals for 10 minutes or until firm, but still juicy. Be careful not to overcook the fish.



RECIPE

Grouper Marinade

Prep time for marinade 15 minutes. Once the fish has marinated, remove fish then reserve the remaining marinade to use to make beurre blanc sauce.

Ingredients

Extra virgin olive Oil
3 red onions sliced into ¼-inch rings
5 lbs. grouper (or white flaky fish or choice) cut into 6-9 ounce servings
6 garlic cloves mashed
salt and pepper
2 Tbsp fresh thyme leaves
1 sprig of rosemary fresh (use sparingly)

Salt and pepper fish and toss with herbs, garlic, onions and extra virgin olive oil

Marinate in refrigerator for 3 hrs.

After marinating remove fish onions and thyme marinade and save for beurre blanc sauce

Beurre Blanc Sauce

To be prepared as fish is cooking

Ingredients

2 Tblsp extra virgin olive oil
1 cup dry white wine.
1 cup white wine vinegar
1/4-cup of heavy cream
2 Tbsp unsalted butter
1 3-inch sprig of fresh rosemary
Onions and herbs from marinade
Salt and pepper to taste.

In a heavy-bottom pan, add 2 Tbsp. butter and 2 Tbsp. extra virgin olive oil to pan. Add the reserved onions/thyme from marinade and caramelize the onions with herbs until the onions are dark brown.

Next, add white wine, white wine vinegar, and fresh rosemary.

Reduce liquid by cooking it down to ½ of original volume.

Cut cold butter into tablespoon-sized pieces and whisk in until the butter is melted. Stir in butter on low or no heat

Then add ¼-cup heavy cream and mix. At this point taste sauce and add more vinegar to taste. We find that some palates prefer a more tart beurre blanc sauce.

Salt and pepper to taste.

Place grilled or sautéed fish on platter and top with beurre blanc sauce.

Serve Hot.

Corn and Barley Salad

Corn and barley salad is a refreshing, colorful addition to any table. While its taste is flavorful and complex, you'll find that is a quick fix that your guests will enjoy. Prep time for corn-barley salad is ½-hour.

Ingredients

4 ears of fresh yellow corn remove from cob
1 box of instant barley cooked to manufacture's recommendation
1 large red pepper seeded and diced ½-inch squares
1 bunch of parsley, rough chopped
1 bunch of basil, cut into thin strips (optional)
¼ Tsp of red pepper flakes
Salt and pepper.

Salad Dressing Ingredients

½ cup of good red wine vinegar
1 cup of extra virgin olive oil
½ lemon juiced
1 mash/ pressed garlic clove
Whisk together

First, blanch fresh ears of corn, then let cool. As the corn is cooling, cook the barley, strain it and run under cool water to stop cooking.

Remove corn from cob with a sharp kitchen knife.

Mix all ingredients into a bowl and mix well. Whisk salad dressing.

Serve at cool room temperature or chill slightly. Salt and pepper to taste.

**You don't have to cook
fancy or complicated
masterpieces - just good
food from fresh
ingredients.**

Julia Child



IFFF Florida Council Expo October 23-24, 2015

**IGFA Museum
Dania Beach, Florida**



IFFF Florida Council Expo - Will be at the International Game Fish Association (IGFA) museum in Dania Beach (Fort Lauderdale), Florida **October 23-24, 2015**.

Tom Logan and David Olson are putting together a great program and already have commitments from Chico Fernandez, Flip Pallot, Jon Cave, Pat Ford, Sam Root and David Lambroughton.

Online registration will open on **August 3 and** close on **September 27**.
To attend the banquet you must register online.

A block of rooms at the Courtyard (next to the Museum) are reserved under Fly Fishers Room Block @ \$179/night.

Courtyard by Marriott Fort Lauderdale Airport & Cruise Port
400 Gulf Stream Way
Dania Beach, FL 33004
Phone number 954-342-8333



Scenes from the August Outing...



Photographs by Jason Sheasley because apparently no one else decided to bring a camera to the outing. It's just as well because he was the only one that seemed to catch any fish.





Photograph by Mike McQuiston



2015 Fly Fishing & Rod Building Fair @ Renzetti's



**Join us and the Renzetti's Legacy Tyers
on Dec 4th and 5th**



Letters to the Editor



Dear FCFF Newsletter Editor,

I'm sure Mr. Don Edlin is too shy to remind you of his monumental achievement that occurred two years ago on September 16 when after six years of trying he became the first person to successfully catch a red in the Surf and a Red in the grass on the same day. So on this "Surf and Turf" anniversary month, I would like to bring this outstanding achievement to your attention for possible recognition in the monthly newsletter.

Sincerely and thanks for a great newsletter,

Anonymous Admirer and hopefully duplicator of this event one day.

PS: I am using Mr. Edlin's Email address to send this to you as I don't have a computer and his password selection is very easy to guess.

Dear Anonymous:

We would be remiss if we did not acknowledge such an august occasion. However, in all honesty, it would have been more a more spectacular feat if you Don managed to do it with a sheephead.

All the best,
Ed

If you have a comment or burning question you need answered email the editor at FCFFNewsletter@gmail.com.

You guys still meet at the Marriott right?

- Barton Isaac
Long-time but seldom seen member

Capt. Lawrence Piper
And
The Angler's Mark
(904) 557-1027



www.theanglersmark.com


Dum Fish
MAKE ME LOOK GOOD

www.dumfish.net



Vaughn Cochran
And
Black Fly Outfitters

11702 Beach Blvd, Ste 103
Jacksonville, FL 32246
(904) 994-2220

www.blackflyoutfitter.com



Jim McCully Renaissance Man

Jacksonville native, and long-time FCFE member Jim McCully passed away in Portland, Maine on July 23rd of complications of chronic lymphocytic leukemia. He was a third generation Floridian and graduated from the University of Florida with a BA in English before receiving his MD from Duke University. For the majority of his career, Jim practiced medicine in northeast Florida and southeast Georgia specializing in radiology.

Jim was an avid fly fisherman and fly tyer. He was a long-time member of the First Coast Fly Fishers and served as Education Chairman for several years. As an innovative fly tyer Jim developed numerous patterns to target redfish in Florida and smallmouth bass and brook trout in Maine, where he would vacation every summer. He share is love and passion for fly tying with the Club through is month-long fly tying classes held in the late winter and early spring. For several years Jim invited the Club to his cabin on Cumberland Island to fish for trout and redfish.

Shortly after retiring from medicine in 2002, Jim pursued his passion for writing. A lifelong saltwater fisherman, Jim realize that a comprehensive guide to understanding tides written for boaters, sailors and saltwater fishermen did not exist. So, he set out to write such a book. The result was *Beyond the Moon: A Conversational, Common Sense Guide to Understanding the Tides*, which was published in 2006. In 2012, Jim published a humorous memoir based on his career in medicine. *Good Times in the Hospital: A Medical Memoir* is a collection of stories, vignettes, and anecdotes collected over Jim's career in large and small hospitals alike.

During the last several years, Jim spent the majority of his time in Maine or visiting his children and grandchildren. During one of his last visits to the Club, Jim reunited with old friends and gave a presentation on demystifying the tides.

With a wide range of talents and interests, Jim was a true renaissance man. His years of dedication to the Club are greatly appreciated and he will be solely missed.



Too Many Miracles

By James G. McCully, MD

The Square is a collaboration between WJCT, the Cultural Council of Greater Jacksonville, and the local arts community. Its purpose is to provide a venue for local artist to share their work. The following was submitted by Dr. McCully and was published on July 5, 2015 on The Square's web (<http://www.wjct.org/too-many-miracles-by-james-g-mccully-md/>) site shortly before his passing.

In the middle ages, many people believed that beyond the clouds and the moon there was a solid black roof over the sky. This roof was the outer limit of the world where we lived on “the firmament.” Outside this roof over the firmament was everywhere a brilliant white light. The stars were actually tiny holes in the roof of the firmament. If this was so, the starlight allowed us to peek outside the natural world and get a glimpse of heaven itself. This worldview was completely wrong but wonderfully inspirational. If this sounds foolish to you, I highly recommend you go outside on the next clear night and look up at the night sky. Visualize the stars as holes in the roof of the firmament and imagine that you are seeing light from outside the natural world. Try this, and then decide what you think of this notion.

Now we live in the post lunar landing era and spend many of our waking hours fiddling with our smartphones. We know that the stars are actually huge masses of hydrogen collapsing under their own gravitation, and that starlight comes from thermonuclear fusion: the stuff of hydrogen bombs. Quite a different viewpoint. We have fashioned a life for ourselves in which there is more information but less inspiration.

Some blame this on science, saying that we have learned relatively mundane causes of things that were once mysterious. This is not the case at all. In fact, the opposite is true; the more one knows about nature, the more incredible and breathtaking it becomes. As a Nobel laureate physicist put it: “...the ancients believed that the earth was on the back of an elephant, that stood

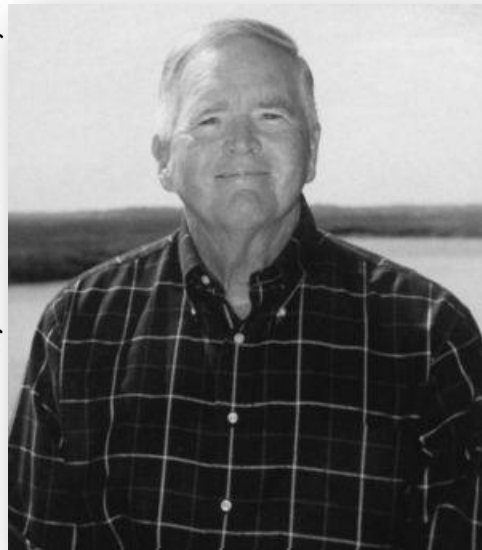
on a tortoise, that swam in a bottomless sea. Of course, what held up the sea was another question. They did not know the answer. The belief of the ancients was the result of imagination, and it was a beautiful and poetic idea. Look at the way we understand it today. This universe has been described by many, but it just goes on and on, with its edge just as unknown as the bottom of the bottomless sea of the other idea — just as mysterious, just as awe-inspiring, and just as incomplete as the poetic pictures that came before.”

Someone once asked me if I—as a physician—believed in the miracle of the virgin birth. I told them that I thought that every birth was a miracle. The idea that two microscopic cells can first locate each other, blend their genes together, begin to multiply, and then somehow differentiate a tiny ball of identical stem cells into the different organs and body parts making up a beautiful, healthy baby—this is miraculous in the extreme, but it occurs so often that we just accept it as a normal happening.

Most folks assume that biologists can explain how a human egg develops into a healthy baby. Not even close. They have no clue how a microscopic ball of stem cells knows which cells are going to become the front or the back, the top or the bottom, the right side or the left side of a future baby. It is a complete mystery how starting from these identical cells some end up as eyes and some end up as ears, or fingers or toes, or bones or brains. Although we have indeed deciphered the code of our DNA, it is far beyond scientific understanding how that this code can somehow create a Mozart or an Einstein or—for that matter—a person who can decipher our DNA.

Imagine the world exactly as it is in the 21st century with one exception. In this imaginary world there are no flowers. It's not that they are all gone; there is no such thing as a flower and there has never been any such thing.

Continued on Page 21



Jim McCully

Then one fine day, a man takes a walk in the country and he notices this bright red object growing on the branch of a thorny bush. Not only is it beautifully shaped, soft to the touch, and lovely to look at, it has a more wonderful smell than any perfume. He wonders if he has gone mad. Since no one else is there, he closes his eyes and shakes his head. But, when he opens his eyes and touches it once more, sure enough, it is really there. The next day he takes a friend back to see this miraculous thing. By then, the bush has sprouted a number of these amazing, dark red, feathery soft, sweet smelling wonders on its thorny branches. His friend agrees that this awesome thing is uplifting, inspiring, and has some deep meaning.

He sends photographs of the bush with the captivating red growths to his old biology professor, asking whether they are something special or merely something of which he was ignorant. Soon, biologists from all around the world have come to see this phenomenal, unique plant. They find that there is a yellow powder within the red growths, and that this powder tests as genetic material. Then they learn that—believe it or not—hummingbirds and bees are moving this powder from

one place to another so that other nearby thorny plants are now growing the amazing red things on their branches. When asked how they could explain such a thing, they can only say, “It’s just miraculous.”

The reason that we don’t consider babies, roses, bees, trees, hummingbirds, eagles, tigers, dolphins, elephants, and ants as miracles is that they are so common that we have come to think of them as normal. Some skeptics say they are faithless because there aren’t any miracles. But for most of us, the problem is that we don’t see the universe for what it really is.....because we are surrounded by *too many miracles*.

Long ago, an elderly native american must have had a similar thought when he spoke this haunting, compelling quote:

“On many days
I made myself unhappy,
while my whole life
I flew on winds of high adventure
through skies of great mystery.”

FOR SALE

Sage 9-Weight TCX 4-Piece Rod

\$400 or Best Offer

Bill Lott is looking to sell one of his fly rods, a 9-weight Sage TCX, 4-piece. It can be yours for \$400 or best offer. This is a fantastic fly rod. It was designed by Sage’s rod guru Jerry Siem. The G5 Technology graphite rod was designed with dynamic tapers to allow you to make long distance casts with little effort. This is a stiff rod. But unlike most stiff rods it is light weight. You won’t wear your arm out making long casts to tailing redfish or bonefish. The TCX delivers blazing line speed with little effort. While this isn’t a rod for beginner fly casters, it is friendly to intermediate casters as well as experts and performs in a wide range of conditions.

The industry praise for this rod is phenomenal. But lets face it, the **real reason you want this rod is because it is Bill Lott’s. It has some serious fish catching mojo!**

Bill and his TCX will be at the September meeting if you want to take it for a spin. If you can’t be at the meeting, or don’t want to risk the rod being sold from under you, give Bill a call at 904-825-1276.



Reel not included





“Comedians get jokes offered to them, rock stars get women and underwear thrown onstage, and I get guys that want to take me fishing.”

-Les Claypool

This Month's Outing - Saturday September 26, 2015

Palm Valley Flood Tide

The second flood tide outing of the year will be on Saturday, September 26th. There is a 5.9 high tide at 12:27 PM that day. Perfect conditions for fishing the flood tide along the Intracoastal Waterway from the St Augustine Airport to the Palm Valley Bridge. To really take advantage of the situation and work the tide from south to north you need a power boat. For those members without a power boat, the Vice President of Outings will see that you get paired up with someone with a boat.

If you haven't caught a redfish in the grass this season, there will be plethora of opportunities on the 26th (hopefully). It has yet to be determined whether we will put in at the Palm Valley boat ramp or head south to the Usina boat ramp in Vilano Beach. A decision will likely be made prior to the September 14th meeting. As is the tradition, we will be having a post-outing BBQ at one of the boat ramps.

There will be a sign-up list at the meeting on the 14th so we can get a head-count for the BBQ and to assist in pairing up members in boats. If you can't make the meeting, or want more information about the outing please email Jeff Bivins, Vice President of Outings at FCFFoutings@gmail.com.

For this outing you will need a sturdy pair of wading shoes, an 8 or 9 weight rod and crab flies. Several patterns are productive for reds in the grass including: Larry Miniard's Fidler in the Grass, John Bottko's Turkey in the Grass, Dupree Spoons and the OCTOGO. If you need to stock-up on flies, tippet or leaders be sure and visit either Blackfly Outfitters or Saltwater Fly Tyers. Both shops have a great selection of flood tide accoutrements.



Capt. Larry Miniard

(904) 285-7003

Or

(904) 708-0060

captlim@comcast.net
larryminiard@gmail.com



September 2015 Tides Mayport, Florida (Bar Pilot Dock)

Date		Time		Height		Date		Time		Height		Date		Time		Height	
9/1/2015	Tue	4:39 AM	-0.7	L	9/11/2015	Fri	8:10 AM	5	H	9/21/2015	Mon	8:05 AM	1.1	L			
9/1/2015	Tue	11:24 AM	5.8	H	9/11/2015	Fri	1:56 PM	0.5	L	9/21/2015	Mon	2:54 PM	5.2	H			
9/1/2015	Tue	5:09 PM	-0.4	L	9/11/2015	Fri	8:29 PM	5.3	H	9/21/2015	Mon	9:08 PM	1.4	L			
9/1/2015	Tue	11:47 PM	5.5	H	9/12/2015	Sat	2:23 AM	0.5	L	9/22/2015	Tue	3:19 AM	4.8	H			
9/2/2015	Wed	5:32 AM	-0.5	L	9/12/2015	Sat	8:51 AM	5	H	9/22/2015	Tue	9:08 AM	1	L			
9/2/2015	Wed	12:18 PM	5.8	H	9/12/2015	Sat	2:38 PM	0.4	L	9/22/2015	Tue	3:57 PM	5.3	H			
9/2/2015	Wed	6:08 PM	-0.1	L	9/12/2015	Sat	9:06 PM	5.3	H	9/22/2015	Tue	10:08 PM	1.2	L			
9/3/2015	Thu	12:40 AM	5.3	H	9/13/2015	Sun	2:59 AM	0.5	L	9/23/2015	Wed	4:24 AM	4.9	H			
9/3/2015	Thu	6:28 AM	-0.2	L	9/13/2015	Sun	9:28 AM	5.1	H	9/23/2015	Wed	10:12 AM	0.8	L			
9/3/2015	Thu	1:15 PM	5.7	H	9/13/2015	Sun	3:17 PM	0.5	L	9/23/2015	Wed	5:03 PM	5.4	H			
9/3/2015	Thu	7:12 PM	0.3	L	9/13/2015	Sun	9:41 PM	5.2	H	9/23/2015	Wed	11:07 PM	0.9	L			
9/4/2015	Fri	1:36 AM	5.1	H	9/14/2015	Mon	3:32 AM	0.5	L	9/24/2015	Thu	5:29 AM	5.1	H			
9/4/2015	Fri	7:28 AM	0	L	9/14/2015	Mon	10:05 AM	5.1	H	9/24/2015	Thu	11:16 AM	0.5	L			
9/4/2015	Fri	2:14 PM	5.6	H	9/14/2015	Mon	3:53 PM	0.6	L	9/24/2015	Thu	6:05 PM	5.6	H			
9/4/2015	Fri	8:18 PM	0.5	L	9/14/2015	Mon	10:16 PM	5.1	H	9/25/2015	Fri	12:03 AM	0.5	L			
9/5/2015	Sat	2:36 AM	4.9	H	9/15/2015	Tue	4:01 AM	0.6	L	9/25/2015	Fri	6:30 AM	5.4	H			
9/5/2015	Sat	8:31 AM	0.3	L	9/15/2015	Tue	10:40 AM	5.1	H	9/25/2015	Fri	12:18 PM	0.2	L			
9/5/2015	Sat	3:17 PM	5.5	H	9/15/2015	Tue	4:27 PM	0.8	L	9/25/2015	Fri	7:02 PM	5.8	H			
9/5/2015	Sat	9:21 PM	0.7	L	9/15/2015	Tue	10:51 PM	5	H	9/26/2015	Sat	12:57 AM	0.1	L			
9/6/2015	Sun	3:40 AM	4.8	H	9/16/2015	Wed	4:29 AM	0.7	L	9/26/2015	Sat	7:27 AM	5.7	H			
9/6/2015	Sun	9:33 AM	0.5	L	9/16/2015	Wed	11:15 AM	5.1	H	9/26/2015	Sat	1:17 PM	-0.1	L			
9/6/2015	Sun	4:21 PM	5.4	H	9/16/2015	Wed	5:01 PM	1	L	9/26/2015	Sat	7:56 PM	5.9	H			
9/6/2015	Sun	10:21 PM	0.8	L	9/16/2015	Wed	11:27 PM	4.9	H	9/27/2015	Sun	1:48 AM	-0.3	L			
9/7/2015	Mon	4:45 AM	4.8	H	9/17/2015	Thu	4:59 AM	0.8	L	9/27/2015	Sun	8:22 AM	5.9	H			
9/7/2015	Mon	10:31 AM	0.6	L	9/17/2015	Thu	11:51 AM	5.1	H	9/27/2015	Sun	2:13 PM	-0.4	L			
9/7/2015	Mon	5:22 PM	5.4	H	9/17/2015	Thu	5:37 PM	1.2	L	9/27/2015	Sun	8:49 PM	5.9	H			
9/7/2015	Mon	11:18 PM	0.8	L	9/18/2015	Fri	12:05 AM	4.9	H	9/28/2015	Mon	2:38 AM	-0.5	L			
9/8/2015	Tue	5:45 AM	4.8	H	9/18/2015	Fri	5:34 AM	0.9	L	9/28/2015	Mon	9:16 AM	6.1	H			
9/8/2015	Tue	11:28 AM	0.6	L	9/18/2015	Fri	12:29 PM	5.1	H	9/28/2015	Mon	3:06 PM	-0.5	L			
9/8/2015	Tue	6:17 PM	5.4	H	9/18/2015	Fri	6:19 PM	1.3	L	9/28/2015	Mon	9:41 PM	5.9	H			
9/9/2015	Wed	12:10 AM	0.7	L	9/19/2015	Sat	12:45 AM	4.8	H	9/29/2015	Tue	3:26 AM	-0.6	L			
9/9/2015	Wed	6:38 AM	4.9	H	9/19/2015	Sat	6:17 AM	1	L	9/29/2015	Tue	10:09 AM	6.2	H			
9/9/2015	Wed	12:21 PM	0.6	L	9/19/2015	Sat	1:10 PM	5.2	H	9/29/2015	Tue	3:59 PM	-0.4	L			
9/9/2015	Wed	7:06 PM	5.4	H	9/19/2015	Sat	7:10 PM	1.5	L	9/29/2015	Tue	10:34 PM	5.8	H			
9/10/2015	Thu	12:59 AM	0.7	L	9/20/2015	Sun	1:30 AM	4.8	H	9/30/2015	Wed	4:16 AM	-0.5	L			
9/10/2015	Thu	7:27 AM	4.9	H	9/20/2015	Sun	7:07 AM	1.1	L	9/30/2015	Wed	11:03 AM	6.2	H			
9/10/2015	Thu	1:11 PM	0.5	L	9/20/2015	Sun	1:58 PM	5.2	H	9/30/2015	Wed	4:53 PM	-0.2	L			
9/10/2015	Thu	7:49 PM	5.4	H	9/20/2015	Sun	8:07 PM	1.5	L	9/30/2015	Wed	11:27 PM	5.6	H			
9/11/2015	Fri	1:43 AM	0.6	L	9/21/2015	Mon	2:20 AM	4.7	H								



**So long TL and Jim.
We will miss you.**