

Romancing Boca Raton Florida USA

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Romancing Boca Raton Florida Past, Present and Future !



“The Shell-Middens from Gumbo Limbo Talk”

In waves of hope: weary and exhausted hungry human families,
walked slowly the panther trail: so long ago,
seeking warm places, yearning fresh waters . . .
and they found water, and they could rest, and they survived.

They found the rivers, fresh waters ponds, gigantic marshes,
they found the ocean, Oh! Mother Sea!
Fresh food: a lot of fish, turtles, and shells...
they found the Florida big open space.

They fell in love with local creatures, all kinds of birds, and butterflies,
and from those fellows that crawl and fly, that jump, and swim,
could take some meat, some hair, some leather, and thousand shells,
big bones, and teeth. And they survived!

And from those beings that inspire dread,

they took their courage, strength, and speed
wrestling with fear they learnt to watch
twinkling stars around huge dancing fires.

. . . they came to find:
the fairy forest with all the greens that they could dream,
the sky and water with all the blues their eyes could see,
they felt the yellows of pulsing Sun,
as well as reds in blood and fire.

They met with breeze and busy winds,
endured their souls with hurricanes!
but from their houses of palms, palmettos
and blissful greens we still have news.

With the mangroves and branches swinging,
they created dance, and moving rhythms
and from the witty emerald waves
they learned to love, to hug, and kiss.

We found their message written in shells, in Gumbo Limbo,
we found their voices, their lessons,
their art, and dance, we found their colors.
we found their weapons, and some of their signs.

Lets make connections with our past,
leading our children in hope and peace,
lets love each other, lets love with heart:
land, water, air, and kindred sea.

"The Spaniards came!"

Five hundred years ago the Spaniards came . . . !
After Columbus Spaniards came daring the sea,
caravels danced graceful parade,
defied tornados of ruthless winds,
arriving here, they named Florida, this flowered land.

Five hundred years ago . . . !
The Spanish men walked and moved,
with vessels, horses looking around,
they met a river, a silver river;
Seeing our river kissing the Atlantic they whispered happy: Boca Raton.

Eager Spaniards trouped this soil . . . !
. . . walking, and searching,
looking for gold, for hidden treasures,
eager to find some crystal castles,
and water fountains to have eternal life.

And so it happened . . . !
the Spanish came, riding on horses, in the one hand holding a cross,
and on the other a bloody blade.
here the settlers, told them to go:
further, much further, further away.

And so it happened . . . !
Different language the Spaniards had, musical words:
"Vaya con Dios," or "Dios mediante," and "Gracias a Usted!
Men from Spain brought the carnations, and many trees,
oranges, limes, and pomegranates,

They made their homes and paved ways
in Coral Gables and Boca Raton,
and from Spain came San Santiago, and San Miguel
Spanish churches had at the center Jesus the Christ.

"Owl's Heritage."

Enduring time the owls sit,
through open eyes they see everything,
from palms to trees in silent flight,
from dawn to dawn along they sing.

In the palms league
watching the rain the owl live,
symbol of wisdom,
and complete domain.

Their home, their nests
their master routs
active through nights
Oh! Sentinels!

The Owls work so unafraid
busy in watching stars, and Moon
gazing still the new born Sun
inspecting Earth and humming birds.

The Owls give us magic style,
vital serenity, poise, and much calm,
they like to sing to start a new
they reconnect the night and day.

Good luck to you, to the Owls' Heirs!
Good luck, success!
You do renew, owls are now the newest kind!
To you all kind of owls, Salud! and Cheers!

"To the Owl, Radar and FAU Beacon"

Who would foresee that the owl's home
was to become the owls' school?
who would predict that in the nights
radars and men would set a school design?

We have ancestors of learning eyes,
we had inherited advance technology,
with that radar, space aircrafts, and airplanes,
now we have owls, planes and radars.

Just around here . . . by this location!
owls, and palms made close relation,
to help the radars to work and hide,
setting the basis for a huge beacon of FAU.

Become a beacon of wisdom YES, FAU,
direct your path around the world
renew the knowledge trough your radar,
and capture only the best of best!

“Eleanor Schuster’s Cup of Healing”

Green- purple dust shines by day and night in FAU,
come from the starts with Eleanor . . .
the master teacher stills around, in windy sandals,
weaving the breathing, nursing the student’s wounds.

Because her teachings, we humble bless the universe,
the East and South, the North and West,
with glow and voice we honor air, the vivid fire,
the crystal water, and Sacred Earth.

Eleanor now lives in sacred ground and from that point,
her voice advices on living green, and dying well,
she soared as owl and Nightingale leaving connections,
with the Everglades, the ecosystem, and all the stars.

Her spiritual presence assembles special table,
in silver cups she is serving tea, take a full cup!
sit among friends: angels, and palms, and butterflies!
rest by these nurses; angels they are: they teach and heal!

With her white hear, her soft smile, and gentle tone,
Eleanor wanted: “clean work - properly done,”
“don’t loose the time, just graduate, get a good job!”

“live a good life, breathe in -breathe out” were her demands.

Sealing a path, this was a teacher with holistic sense,
had in her mind the student’s wholeness in every class,
with tons of books to shared them all,
her master classes healed the body, the mind, and soul.

She envisioned big, sparkling, robust environment
and for her followers, a learning and healing space,
to irradiate from every nurse-angel’s heart,
care, and compassion, as we had learned, the ones, who sat by her.

Creativity my Eternal Goddess!

Lets feel and recognize,
her everlasting power,
eternal movement
supports the wheel of life,

Fresh vivid rose
calling in powerful voice,
winds of creation
calling a new.

It is a cloistered chalice
it is a calling voice sub doing brain and flesh,
it is seaweed flower that moves,
it is the triumph of heart.

. . . and it is the golden force
a force that lies and nurtures mind,
like a warm immense sea
embraces us in kindness, love and life.

What is your name?

Let me call your real name across the universe!
I say it very seldom,
but I know it, because I feel it in and deep!

Let me call your name, and let it laud
resounding with my vibrant voice.
Let me called with solemnity,
serenity and fidelity: Creativity!

Living strength and driving force,
within the mind and universe!
glorious and mighty,
speaking the word, speaking truth.

It is whole, profound;
it is the holy hole, the holy gap;
it is the fruit, the egg,
the sprout, the masterpiece, the Earth.

It is the elixir, the fountain,
the altar, oh! Inner Sanctum!
essence of ecstasy: safe, warm,
delightful, perfect place: Creativity.

Live and love: live,
create, and live: life,
Life and creativity:
creativity is real life!

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