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Coffee Shop Meetings

What is the mystique of meeting someone in a coffee shop. Maybe it feeds off my image of French or Italian cafes. Ah, the romance and sophistication of it all. Or sitting with a latté and writing one's novel (minus the curling cigarette smoke.)

I remember sitting in the Trident forty years ago when I almost never had coffee. After one cup I felt euphoric and my heart opened so much that I truly loved everyone who walked in. Maybe my delight in "going out for coffee" is a subconscious desire to recreate that Trident moment.

Maybe coffee shops replace the kitchen table days when neighbors just dropped in. It sure is a cheap office. I go there to get out of the house to work on projects, to enroll people in my projects, to meet people to deepen friendships, to share mutual interests (such as writing), and to have small group discussions.

When my wife and I go on hikes or bike rides we like to end up at a coffee shop for a treat and a chance to read. In fact, by the time we are heading back, I am already imagining what treat I will have. That's a coffee shop addiction.

I like that I can walk a mile across open space to support my local coffee shop, which has excellent coffee, but not the warmest feel. Visiting my son in Seattle I saw that there was a coffee shop every block, mostly Starbucks. They know how to make a warm and inviting space using wood and copper.

I met my wife (Ruth) at a coffee shop. A mutual friend had an intuitive hit that we were meant to be together, so I called Ruth up and told her I was moving to New Mexico in two weeks, but would she like to get together in any case? Ruth heard "Mexico" and thought it would be a safe way to practice being in the dating game again.

We met at a Starbucks in Barnes and Noble where she gave me a warm hug. Turns out I had met her a year earlier but didn't remember her well because I was concentrating on attending to my wife who was dying of cancer.

I ordered a decaf americano and Ruth had a tea, then we found a small round table and starting sharing about our lives. I asked her what she liked to read, and it turned out we had mutual interests and were aligned on our spiritual outlook.

Our discussion closed down Starbucks, so we drove to an all-night diner where we talked until two in the morning. I wasn't physically attracted to Ruth but felt a strong connection spiritually. Her soft kiss closed the evening.

That kiss lingered in my mind and the next night I found her quite attractive. It took six months for her to close her business and move her grown up kids out before she could move down to be with me, but we've now been together thirteen years. The intuition was right on!