

Family Tales of the Bean

By Sheila Johnson

Some of my fondest childhood memories include the aromatic smell of coffee clouds floating through my parents' and grandparents' kitchens and dining rooms. My grandfather always secretly allowed me ONE sip of his morning coffee and made me promise not to ask for more. On the other hand, my grandmother (who certainly caught my sip) would threaten that if I drank coffee, I would stop growing and keep the height of my five-year old body. My father advised us that coffee drinking made one turn black as night and we would always laugh as we looked around our family who wore various shades of brown on our faces and continued to drink that magical bean juice. Whenever I asked my mother for coffee, she would tease me with the question, "Do you want some coffee to flavor your cream?" Well over the years, I continued to drink coffee and I grew to 5'4", kept my same skin shade, and I still like more cream than coffee. My two brothers would have nothing to do with the brown liquid unless they could get away with adding a touch of alcohol in their cups.

I stopped drinking coffee during my three pregnancies, started drinking black coffee during my college days, and my senior days find me monitoring my amount of coffee intake.

Panty hose, liquid and powder makeup, cotton fabric, furniture, and all manner women's and men's clothing can be found in 'coffee' color.

Coffee smells good, stains deep, costs a lot, and gives you gas. Coffee cures headaches, causes headaches, and makes your heart race.

Coffee warms my hands, body, and soul on a cold day. It is the catalyst in a good intimate conversation, and usually comes with a free refill. Aww, give me my coffee!