



How Starbucks Saved My Life: A Son of Privilege Learns to Live Like Everyone Else

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Now in paperback, the national bestselling riches-to-rags true story of an advertising executive who had it all, then lost it all—and was finally redeemed by his new job, and his twenty-eight-year-old boss, at Starbucks.

In his fifties, Michael Gates Gill had it all: a mansion in the suburbs, a wife and loving children, a six-figure salary, and an Ivy League education. But in a few short years, he lost his job, got divorced, and was diagnosed with a brain tumor. With no money or health insurance, he was forced to get a job at Starbucks. Having gone from power lunches to scrubbing toilets, from being served to serving, Michael was a true fish out of water.

But fate brings an unexpected teacher into his life who opens his eyes to what living well really looks like. The two seem to have nothing in common: She is a young African American, the daughter of a drug addict; he is used to being the boss but reports to *her* now. For the first time in his life he experiences being a member of a minority trying hard to survive in a challenging new job. He learns the value of hard work and humility, as well as what it truly means to respect another person.

Behind the scenes at one of America's most intriguing businesses, an inspiring friendship is born, a family begins to heal, and, thanks to his unlikely mentor, Michael Gill at last experiences a sense of self-worth and happiness he has never known before.

Watch a QuickTime trailer for this book.

How Starbucks Saved My Life: A Son of Privilege Learns to Live Like Everyone Else Details

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From Reader Review How Starbucks Saved My Life: A Son of Privilege Learns to Live Like Everyone Else for online ebook

Sarah H. Alshareef says

i admit that i have decided to read this book because of my desperate need for a job that adds a value to my life, So i read it to get some inspirations and motivations. Frankly, I hate Starbucks, i rarely go there and if i did i only order a frappuccino with extra caramel, plus, i don't drink coffee. As i go through Michael or Mike "as his partners at Starbucks call him" life, i can feel his desperate need for a job after he had been fired. He is so optimistic, determined, tolerant, and kind person. all of that lead him to the person he is today. i've learned a lot about coffee history, different kinds of coffee beans and which treats go well with each coffee Starbucks serves. and the names of the different sizes of the cups at Starbucks. I might give the store a visit soon to visualize if Mike was there serving me with his smile and kind conversation!

This book is so inspirational. i strongly recommend it to all Starbucks fans, coffee fans and people like me who is still searching for a job that truly makes them happy about themselves.

Wendi says

I listened to the audiobook version at work, which may have tainted my listening a bit. The strangely melancholic piano music didn't help things. I found it interesting that the writer is from and lives in Bronxville, and even ends up working at the Bronxville Starbucks (which, yeah, I've been to), but I didn't believe in him and the story he was telling. His constant apologizing for how horrible he'd been to his children and his unthinking endorsement of all things Starbucks ... none of that seemed sincere to me. And the capitalist part of me refused to believe someone who had lived sixty plus years of his life as a white member of the privileged upper class was content with a \$10 an hour job.

Kaye says

Oh my, this book went on and on. The parts I liked: Michael Gates Gill trying to fit in with his new life. What I didn't: everything else. Basically, the flaws are these: Gill repeats himself ad nauseum, as if I can't remember the role that a barista plays in a Starbucks. Each chapter involves a recap where he re-explains how to weigh the cash, or that he has to pour coffee and take money. Ugh. I found the repeated explanations kind of insulting, to tell the truth. Also, the entire thing reads like a Starbucks commercial. In his store, the customer is the most important person in the world, and the workers exist only to serve them. I don't think I've ever been in this kind of Starbucks. Their little faces do not brighten when I walk into the store. They just seem vaguely bored, and take my cash and give me a latte. Perhaps I am doing something wrong, or else Gill's whole "Starbucks experience" is a load of crap. Finally, I got really tired of Gill's self-aggrandizing monologue about how rich and privileged he really was as a child. The name dropping was out of control, and out of place. He described his vacation homes, and gave conflicting messages about his parents. They were so wonderful! They loved him! He never felt good enough or accepted. Awww....If I didn't listen to it on my commute in the car, I never would have finished it.

Rob Slaven says

I read this book because I was having one of THOSE Saturday mornings. Have you ever had one of those mornings when you just need something... something to read and since your wife is one of those really wonderfully bookish people you happen to have just stacks and stacks of books handy and can pick something rather randomly and sit down to read it? It's rather like living in a library staffed by an impossibly sweet and wonderful person who you also happen to get to sleep next to. At any rate, I digress. I picked up this book at random and ... well, after a couple of days I can't say that I'm disappointed in the book itself but I do find myself rather disappointed with the reality therein presented.

It's worth noting that I am by nature a cynical person and I get that the wealthy in this country are detached from the reality of the less fortunate. I don't expect them to know how it is "growing up in the hood" but the author of this book seems more hopelessly clueless than one could reasonably imagine. Sure, he grew up in affluence but he seems almost ignorant that there are people in the world who are NOT affluent. His writing style is child-like and his themes, at least from the viewpoint of a lower-middle class person, are obvious and pedantic. There's no news here.

What is refreshing and inspiring is his view of Starbucks as a corporation. I'm not a coffee-drinker so I'm about as detached from this company as they come. I bought some stock a while back... and then sold it, but that hardly counts as knowing their culture. Admittedly I'm a bit old-fashioned. I want a company (and a job at said company) to be a family. Not a family born out of a common enemy like a U.S. Marine's drill Sargent, but a family born out of a common goal and a real sense of supportiveness. Gill's portrayal of Starbucks is exactly that. I'm sure that he's taken plenty of artistic license with the reality of working at Starbucks, but if even half of what he says is accurate then it's a step up from the average corporate reality.

To sum up, the book is a unique viewpoint. It's one that we never think about generally because we assume that nobody's actually that naïve. Clearly though, there are some that ARE that naïve. One feels for the narrator in the same way one feels for Lenny in Of Mice and Men just before he gets shot in the head. Mercifully, our narrator survives but he does have the same dopey aspect that makes one feel sorry for him nonetheless.

Daniel Clausen says

There is a line toward the end of the book -- "I feel like the older you get, the more you cry."

Oh, how true. I feel more sentimental. I find that, like the author of the book, I tend to dwell on the past. This book found me at the right time in my life -- on the brink of another life change, feeling adrift as Mike did. Perhaps it's for that reason that I found myself steamrolling through this book. I bought it on Friday, used for about three dollars, on a whim. By Sunday, I was finished.

There are so many delights with this book...but first, let's dispense with some negatives.

First, two rules of good writing are violated over and over again. Don't use flashbacks and internal dialogue. It slows down the narrative. And boy did it slow down the narrative! More on this in a bit...

Second, the book often reads like a recruiting ad for Starbucks. I have no problems with Starbucks and I love that they give their employees benefits but...

Third, I felt like there was a different book inside this book...sure, the title is a great sales hook. And since the author worked in advertising, why not write a book with a hook, something that will sell! But, the asides -- the same asides that slowed down the story -- were actually really interesting. Mike meets Hemingway, Sinatra, runs with the bulls...I feel like there is a story beyond Starbucks here. I could see a great book where someone discovers Mike in a Starbucks and he tells his life story; how a person of great success could end up as a simple barista...or something like that.

And now the good -- Mike is a likable guy with a story to tell. And the person comes through in the book. I liked spending my weekend with Mike.

I don't know if you will, but when life gets you down..it's nice to know you have company.

And finally, a simple message that comes out of the book -- respect. How little of it is circulating in the world, how easy it is to give, and the impact that simple act will have. That should have been a bigger part of this book.

But, with that said, let me give Mike his respect -- you kept with faith, wrote a book, and my life was better for it.

Thanks, Mike!

Jeanette says

someone left this on my plane trip to sydney and i picked it up. its so refreshing after reading that piece of crap eat pray love. im anti-starbucks (sorry jessica!) but i do have to say that this was a great book and it made me a little less anti starbucks. its a great story about an older gentleman who loses his successful job in advertising (his own mentor fired him) and finds himself at a starbucks one day where they happen to be conducting an open house. hes mistaken for a job applicant and ends up taking the job and starting over a very different life from the one he had. its a great story of overcoming prejudices and finding changes in ones self. its simple, an easy read and reminds me a lot of mitch albom's writing. great book, and like i said, i do loathe starbucks a little less. lol.

Shanan says

This book was really not very impressive. The author had an annoying tendency to wonder--like he would be talking about a meeting with his boss and then go off on a tangent about meeting Hemingway and then try to go back to meeting with his boss. If this is really how he thinks/acts on a daily basis I don't know how he gets anything done.

But more than that, I really was not that impressed with the story. Was his change that much different from anyone else who changes jobs? I don't think so. If Starbucks was not in the title then I don't think that it would have even got published. And I don't think that his story is that unique except he had farther to fall

when he was fired. Does that make it that much more noteworthy?

Jamie says

Author Michael Gates Gill was handed a cushy job as an executive at a major advertising agency, but he had sacrificed a lot of time with his family and opportunities for personal development to get where was. Eventually Gill is unceremoniously fired from that job for being too old and too expensive, and soon after THAT he has an affair that leaves him with a broken marriage and a new son. Gill is edging ever closer to being financially destitute when a 28-year old African American woman managing a Starbucks almost accidentally offers this old White man a job as a lowly Starbucks barista. And so begins his re-evaluation of all his assumptions about everything from what makes him happy to the ugliness of class and race inequality.

Okay, as far as memoirs go, this isn't a bad hook. It was good enough to make me read the book, but the problem is that *How Starbucks Saved My Life: A Son of Privilege Learns to Live Like Everyone Else* is so badly written and so badly executed on every level that it's a shoe-in for the worst book I'll read this year. The *ONLY* good thing about this book is that it's giving me the chance to use, without irony, the word "maudlin" to describe it.

How Starbucks Saved My Life has got all the art and subtlety of an After School Special for the geriatric set. Not only is the prose clumsy and boring, but Gill seems intent on explaining every single reaction or sentiment you're supposed to have. After someone pays him a compliment, for example, Gill looks you in the figurative eye and tells you "This made me happy. Because blah blah blabity blah blah..." and he goes on for a whole paragraph explaining something that he thinks you're too emotionally retarded to pick up on by yourself. Generally every sentiment and insight and thought is telegraphed in this manner, with the author telling you exactly how you're supposed to feel or interpret the events of the story, the telling of which is often completely lost in this mawkish exposition.

And this isn't surprising, considering the author's background. He may be making change and scrubbing toilets now, but Gill's legacy as an advertising man is all too apparent here. Worse, most of the book reads like some kind of stealth marketing for Starbucks, with everything --EVERYTHING-- about the place sold and oversold as some kind of realm of mythical happiness for hourly workers where the baristas fart sunshine and the espresso machines dispense unicorn giggles. With the single exception of one bitchy co-worker who tries to get Gill written up for mishandling his cash register, everyone he works with is an overflowing fount of happiness, good intentions, and sentimental epiphanies.

It's not that I mind some of these things or think these people can't exist, but the ENTIRE experience is unbelievably hyped and presented in such an artificially positive light that I no longer felt like I was reading an authentic memoir or even a halfway credible fiction, which is the same problem I had with *A Million Little Pieces* even if it skewed in a slightly different emotional direction. So it's not only poorly written, but transparently disingenuous as well. Like, I suppose, most other advertising.

Farah says

The author of this book is trying to sell us the story of how his life was changed as he became a "regular" guy just getting by while working at Starbucks. This might be easier to believe if he wasn't constantly throwing in stories of how he once rubbed elbows with Queen Elizabeth, or ran with the bulls in Spain because Ernest Hemingway told him he should, or that one time he met Frank Sinatra, blah, blah, blah.

Elizabeth says

I'm not exactly sure how many stars to give this book. First off I hated the title, but then I found myself crying while I read it. What has happened to me? I think I was hijacked by some sort of crazy case of sentimentality, but then again, I have to admit that the tone of the book was really quite moving. The writing style is extremely simple, but in each page you could find a lot of optimism and joy.

In a way, I think this book is a great foil to Eat Pray and Love. Both writers are skilled with words, yet instead of going to Italy, India, and Indonesia after a messed up marriage to eat lots of food, meditate and fornicate, Gill heads to Starbucks to find happiness in simplicity, honesty, dignity and hard work. I think Gill might be a happier person...

I do recommend this book.

Holly says

Ok, I feel guilty about rating someone's personal transformation story poorly. But I also don't want to skew my ratings anymore than I already do.

I picked up this book at the library because the title made me roll my eyes and gag simultaneously. Then I saw that it was about a rich white guy who loses his fancy job and ends up working at Starbucks and learns to be a better person, etc. I know that makes some of you roll your eyes and gag, but I love people's individual stories and I am pretty forgiving when inspiration and life lessons are involved.

But this book read like a Starbucks marketing piece. I actually did not let myself read the entire book jacket until the end, just in case it did turn out to be published by Starbucks. It isn't, as far as I can tell, but man oh man can this guy gush about that company. I mean, I know they have great health benefits for their employees, but he lost credibility when he said that he loves their chocolate chip cookies. No way, not possible. Also, I refuse to believe that Starbucks is the world's best company and so unique and different from the rest of American capitalism. Everyone knows that Google holds that spot! (Kidding. Mostly.)

Plus, from the acknowledgments at the end, it seems that they are planning (or were planning?) to make it into a movie starring... Tom Hanks. (Who else?!) No, I am not kidding. I guess it will be like "Pursuit of Happiness" in reverse.

AND I was actually a little disappointed by his personal transformation. Yes, he learned about the value of hard work and not to judge people, etc. But he came across as having no self-confidence in anything, and it seemed sort of patronizing. (Seriously, you went to Yale and were a big advertising exec for 30 years and now you're terrified to make coffee drinks?)

The book was written poorly, but I can't decide if maybe that was intentional, to make it accessible to everyone. But I am guessing not. There were some cool stories about the famous people he met, though (back when he was rich, and yes, it did come across as obnoxious name-dropping) such as Warhol, Hemingway, Frost. I can just tell you those stories in person though... perhaps over a cup of mediocre coffee?

Syed Fathi says

There were a lot of negative rating & review for this book. If I trust all the review, I might not read the book and judge it for myself. Luckily this book appear at pantry's office, whenever I pass that small book shelve I was attracted to the book.

The book was fair to me, if not amazing. Many of what Mike wrote ring a bell to me. On how he felt towards his children. On still working in your sixties. On how to feel good about your work, even if you was just cleaning a toilet. On how to continue to survive despite of your many misadventures. And most important, on how you should cherish all the good peoples around you. This book have a good story to tell, with a lot of values to learn.

Beth says

The premise of this memoir is that a 64 year old former exec. is fired from his lucrative job in advertising only to find himself working at a Starbucks store. As you may have gathered by the title, the author actually found that his job schlepping coffee was more rewarding (though not more lucrative) than his former life of privilege. I enjoyed this book, but the flaws lie largely in the fact that the author is not a writer--nor, apparently was he very aware of the world around him. When he talks about how much he would get fired if he did not do his job well (stocking sugar and napkins in Starbucks) it is hard to believe that this man who used to pitch ad campaigns to IBM and other major corporations really found the Starbucks work that challenging. He does come to some interesting realizations about class, but it is hard to believe that it was all that surprising to him that in his former life he was really not all that in touch with younger urban minorities. Sometimes the author's deliberate detail to make a point seems a bit much. I did like getting a bit of a peek behind the Starbucks operations, and it is a good parable about a person's capacity for change.

Jason Pettus says

So let's make no mistake, the only reason Michael Gill's 2007 memoir *How Starbucks Saved My Life* is even readable in the first place at all is that he is so relentlessly hard on himself throughout; the very definition of a white upper-class corporate-executive douchebag, he plainly admits here that he was essentially a human monster for reacting to getting laid off in his fifties from his cushy ad-agency job (one he got in the early '60s literally because drinking buddies at Yale pulled some strings for him) by having an affair behind his wife's back, accidentally getting his mistress pregnant, then determining that he's going to "do right" by the child, despite having a 100-percent track record of fucking up the relationships with the three existing grown children he already has, and oh yes, not actually having any health insurance and being essentially homeless.

That's a lot to swallow in the first 20 pages of a supposed feel-good memoir; and to his credit, writing veteran Gill (son of famed *New Yorker* writer Brendan Gill) pulls it off, basically by being ceaselessly harsh and unusually clear-eyed about his "pre-barista" life as a neolib one-percenter, the same kind of brutal honesty that inspired him to take a coffee-slinging job at the age of 64 at a Starbucks near Harlem where he was the only white employee (after accidentally attending a hiring fair by the company at one of their Manhattan stores without realizing it, having a young manager ask him as a joke, "I don't suppose you're looking for a job, are you?" and he after a moment admitting with candor, "Actually, I am").

It's what tips this book over into minimal readability, his zeal to not cut himself any breaks for his entitled childhood, his handshake-based former career, and the cavalier way he used to treat everyone in life who wasn't a senior corporate executive like him, best seen in his observations about how he himself immediately became invisible to his former co-workers, literally on the sidewalk sometimes when they would walk by him, the moment he put on a polo shirt and a green apron. Unfortunately, though, that still leaves the book with plenty of problems, among the more major being that he sometimes devotes entire chapters to nothing but a detailed, log-like, minute-by-minute breakdown of what a typical day at Starbucks is actually like for an employee, which is the literary equivalent of watching paint dry and had me skipping over huge portions of the manuscript out of pure tedium. (Also, Gill's infinitely upbeat enthusiasm for the empty StarbucksSpeak handed down from faceless marketing employees at the corporate headquarters ["Partners!" "Guests!" "Venti!"] was enough to make me want to claw out my own eyeballs by about two-thirds of the way through.)

It all adds up to an admittedly interesting but still trouble-filled book, one you have to sort of force yourself to like despite the circumstances surrounding the true story, not because of them; and a tale that gets interrupted every time it starts getting good by another reminder of just what a inherent good ol' boy in a good ol' boy network Gill is in, despite him taking a slave-wage job in the service industry. (If you're anything like me, you'll throw your hands in the air in bitter frustration when learning on the last page that Gill managed to get this book optioned to Hollywood for a million dollars, precisely because of all his personal friends from his ad-agency days, and that it currently has Tom Hanks and Gun Van Sant attached to it.) An insightful book but not nearly as insightful as I had hoped it would be, your own mileage with it will profoundly vary based on who you are, your own age and race, and how much tolerance you have for SVP assholes who shrug their shoulders after a disaster and say, "Sowwwwy!"

Cortney says

I thoroughly enjoyed this book. I was impressed with the depth of introspection that Mr Gill explored. While reading this book, I was reminded of another book I recently read- *Nickel and Dimed: On (Not) Getting By In America* by Barbara Ehrenreich. The books were similar and yet so very different. Ms Ehrenreich conducted a sort of social experiment in which she took on low-wage jobs to see how people manage to make ends meet on minimum wage. Mr Gill took on a job at Starbucks after he lost everything he had (his job, his marriage, respect of those he loved), not as an experiment, but as a way to survive. Ms Ehrenreich explored how difficult it is to live on low wages and how hard the jobs are. Mr Gill threw himself into the work, waxed philosophical about work, service, respect and so many other aspects of life. I was impressed with his humility as he acknowledged that he had come from a privileged life and had taken so much for granted. He acknowledged the prejudices that he had previously held and overcame those prejudices. He found that he had not respected people in his previous life and was overcome with the happiness that came from serving and respecting others. He also found a love for work that he had not appreciated before. What a transformation.

I liked his style of writing... he would write about a current situation and reminisce on the past and what he was learning from the past and present and what he was hoping for in the future. Maye be I liked that style because that's how I live my life lately- thinking back, contemplating right now and hoping about the future.

Apparently, Tom Hanks contacted Mr Gill to ask if he (Hanks) could play Gill in the film version of this story. IMDB shows a release date of 2008 for the film, but I haven't heard anything about it. I hope the film is made. I'll definitely see it.

Second reading of the book- March 2009 (read along with my book club)
More thoughts about this great book....

pg 51... Discovering that life is not about me, it's about serving others.

pg 62-66... Miss Markham had faith in him that he would learn to read. It had quite the impact on him. Later, she invited him to her home and gave him a note that said "Michael Gate Gill is destined to be great." She assured him that whatever he did, he would be great. How much better would this world be if we all gave our support to others and encourage them in life?

pg 72... "Be honest... You feel good about what you are doing. Just because you are wearing a green apron rather than a Brooks Brothers suit doesn't mean you can't enjoy it." This reminds me of President Hinckley's admonition to do whatever honest work we can find. No job is too menial, as long as we are doing good, honest work.

pg 73... "Work is dignity."

pg 175... When he confronted the backpack kid and had a knife pulled on him, he realized that he couldn't control everything and needed to stop taking himself so seriously. When will I learn this lesson?

pg 184-187... He was happy doing the Coffee Samplings. How blessed he was to find his niche. Have you found your niche?

pg 205... "I could feel a kind of gentle, inner happiness I had never felt before." (further down the page)
"This was not the high-status job or affluent life my parents, my family and my friends had expected of me."
(bottom of the page) "But I had to admit that I felt great relief in the different life I had now... even my little apartment. I felt proud of being able to live and support myself... Still... it did not make sense. I had achieved at sixty-four what most people accomplish by twenty-four. Why was I so happy?" This is definitely a lesson in simple, honest living. That's where true happiness can be found.

cat says

i wish there were a Goodreads shelf for "read a little bit, threw up in my mouth, and returned the book to the library as quickly as humanly possible because i felt dirty with it in my hands".

DO NOT read this book (or attempt to listen to it on CD, as i did). the NYTimes does a way better review

than i ever could, so go here <http://www.nytimes.com/2007/09/30/boo...> or just read this snippet from the review and back away from the book quickly:

"From there the book lapses into a four-step: Gill staring in wonder as commuters commute or a co-worker shows him how to fill a mop bucket; Gill abjectly apologizing for ignoring the poor, the working class, his children, his own racism and classism for all those years; Gill praising Starbucks, the world's greatest company (it offers health insurance!); Gill dropping famous names from his past. None of it rings true; all of it feels manipulative. Could it be that Gill, having coasted on his family name for years, looked around for another set of coattails and saw one with a Starbucks logo? If so, the strategy seems to have worked. Tom Hanks, apparently like Gill not realizing that Starbucks is more punch line than hot brand these days, has already grabbed the movie rights."

Jennifer Ciotta says

Gill does many things very well in this memoir; one in particular is his brutal honesty with himself. He admits his past downfalls and how arrogant he was as a powerful executive in the NYC advertising industry. He worked at a top firm for 25 years, abandoning his wife and children for his job, and in the end, all his career dedication led to zilch, and eventually to his financial downfall. A reluctant manager offers Gill a job at Starbucks, and his new work takes him by surprise. He learns life lessons as a 64-year-old man, such as: respect and dignity for all, the value of small tasks and what love really is. For anyone who likes "Tuesdays With Morrie," to me, this had a TWM quality. Gill delivers a humbling, dignified and eye-opening memoir, especially to those in the rat race searching for happiness.

Naomi says

This is the WORST freaking book I have EVER read. Grade: shit minus. I cannot emphasize this enough. OMG, I would rather drive nails into my feet than to have to read this. In fairness, I listened to this on CD, so perhaps my perspective would change had I read the text. Unfortunately, this was what I grabbed from the library for a road trip in an area with nearly no radio stations (I don't have Sirius, which is greatly unfortunate), so I plodded on. Want to increase your likelihood to engage in road rage? Listen to this! Sorry, Starbucks -- I'm sure this generated a few more million for you; however, there is also the great possibility that those who have read this will never visit a Starbucks again to avoid the great possibility of reading flashbacks. The horror, the horror.

Chana says

I liked this book in a lot of ways because I am a fan of Starbucks. My own experiences with Starbucks coincide with what the author tells us. When my son passed away in 2004 I struggled to control my depression. I was often in Starbucks, drinking coffee and crying. I was given extra free shots of espresso and even free cups of coffee as the staff tried to do what they could to ease my pain. When traveling with my special needs son, who has to eat on a schedule and a special diet, we have always been able to take our own food into Starbucks and sit at a table and eat. I usually tried to buy at least one drink, but we were never challenged if we did not. And yes, Starbucks is renowned for their clean public bathrooms! In Times Square and have to use the bathroom? Find the Starbucks of course. Starbucks is, to me, a cultural comfort. I was so

surprised when I went to New England and all they had were Dunkin' Doughnuts! My GPS could locate them all! And I wasn't looking for them. My experience of Boston was getting lost, nowhere to get gas, nowhere to park, and nowhere to go to the bathroom. I squirmed in discomfort in Boston. I needed Starbucks!!

On the down side, with the book, not with Starbucks, is the author's affair. It gave me what I call "bad brain", meaning a depressive sinkhole. Maybe other long-term married women in their late 50's didn't feel the horror of it. He becomes impotent with his wife but has no problem with a younger and most likely better looking woman. Maybe other women can read that and not feel threatened, not feel ugly, useless and undesirable, not feel redundant, not feel that their husband would probably prefer a younger and better looking woman. We value youth and beauty in this culture. It didn't help that the author came across as a nice guy. Maybe he had cheated before this but it only came to divorce because he fathered a child with the woman he was cheating with. I don't know. But, like I said, it gave me a case of "bad brain". I couldn't forgive Mike for it. I was happy when he got his job at Starbucks and that he had success with it. I wanted that for him with most of my heart. But I never lost a touch of the feeling of, you bastard, I hope you suffered.

Laura says

I forced myself to finish this. It was predictable, slow and painfully drawn-out. The entire book is basically this man talking about coffee and making coffee and how he has trouble making coffee and why he likes making coffee. He talks about how he used to work at an ad agency and what he learned at the ad agency and how it's different from making coffee and how he loves making coffee but he has trouble making coffee and he was good at working at an ad agency and how it's different from making coffee and how he has trouble making coffee but he loves it anyway and he tries real hard....for 268 pages (although I skipped a few because I knew that it was about coffee.)
