

# An Angel, A Prayer, and A Cup of Coffee

by Star Davies

Every day my girlfriends and I would meet at the same coffee shop at the same time of night. Coincidentally we also worked at the same music store, so when one or two of us would close the store for the night we would climb into one car, stop at the park along the way for a swing or just a quick moment of relaxation outside, then arrive at the coffee shop at 10:00 pm sharp.

Most nights were the same as any. Our love of coffee and conversation pulled us there without fail. Even if one of us was sick, we still made sure we arrived in time for coffee. For four hours each night we talked about our loves, our dreams, and hockey. Yes, we were also big fans of the Detroit Red Wings. One night we even stayed at the coffee shop until 4:00 am, at which time we kicked off a drive from southern Wisconsin to Detroit for a hockey game. When we returned home the day after the game, we made it to the coffee shop by 10:00 pm sharp, as always.

At the time I was with a man who lived across the country. We saw each other rarely, and he trusted me to hang out with Ashley and Cathy without question. When the relationship ended I had a hard time letting go, but the friends we had made at the coffee shop helped see me through the tough times.

One particular night I will remember forever. A friend and fellow coffee shop goer named Tazz sat at the table with me one night. Ashley was vacationing at New Jersey's famous Avalon shore. Cathy had to leave for the night. She had a date. My now ex-boyfriend called my cell phone and said he was in town to surprise me, but I no longer wanted to see him. Saying goodbye to him that night was the hardest thing I ever had to do in my life. I knew our relationship was over, but I still loved him anyway and it was hard to do what I needed to do that night. Remembering Tazz waiting for me, I summoned the courage and finally said goodbye to my ex forever.

When I returned to Tazz, he held me while I cried and tried his best to cheer me up. It wasn't until the sun began to peek above the horizon that we finally said our goodbyes.

As it turned out, our love for coffee brought us together, and only months later we were married. On our wedding day we finished the night off with a cup of coffee at our favorite coffee shop.

Back in those days I had a clear plastic belt, studded with the word "angel" on the back, that I never went a day without. When I asked Tazz one day what made him realize he loved me, his answer brought tears to my eyes.

"I asked God to help me through my trouble and send me an angel," he answered. At the time as me, he was ending a similar relationship and having a hard time with it. "When I looked up I saw the most beautiful woman I had ever seen, and on her belt she wore a clear answer to my prayer that I could not ignore. It read, 'Angel'."

Not to say that our mutual love for coffee had nothing to do with it of course. On another occasion he said, "One of the things that made me fall in love with you was the fact that you preferred hanging out in coffee shops over hanging out in bars."

From the day we moved into our first apartment on, every morning we start the day with a pot of coffee I brew a special for my husband and I to enjoy. Then I stir in the perfect amount of sugar and milk with love.