



1369 Coffeehouse: A Retrospective





Carly:

I moved to Cambridge in April of 2006. I came from living with my parents in Michigan and was unemployed. I didn't love it here at first and would come to 1369 pretty much every day to write letters to friends far away about how depressed I was. After a few weeks, I got a job, things were looking a bit better, and I continued to come to 1369 Coffeehouse whenever I could read, write, and enjoy delicious scones and coffee.

One Wednesday in late July of that first year, I received a phone call that my good friend was suddenly killed in a tragic camping accident in Michigan. I was in complete shock and felt very far away. I didn't know what to do. I guess I must have tried to do "normal" activities, to go on with my day. I remember coming to 1369, ordering a Berry White Iced Tea and then finally breaking down and crying my eyes out. The folks behind the counter gave me a cookie and I just sat on the sidewalk and cried for hours.

The iced tea and the cookie were the only things I ate that day. I've lived in Central Square this whole time and have shared so many memorable times with 1369, but that sticks out as a time when this place really helped me out. Thanks!



P.S. You guys play great music!



Corine: “Why 1369 Is Special To Me”

What is so special about the Inman Square 1369 Coffee House to me? Lots! It’s not only my favorite tea (which I buy at 1369 to take to Washington DC with me when I go down to work) but it’s also the special community of “face friends” I have at the Inman Square coffeehouse. I enjoy



seeing familiar faces and having snippets of conversation about shared past times, even though I have never known the names of everyone I chat with. It feels great when a someone behind the counter asks how long I’ll be back, and how was DC. Just seeing the same faces each morning makes me feel at home—to me, that’s community, my Inman Square community.



Eric Dos Santos:

From 1994—1999 just about every trip I made into the Boston area included at least one coffee at the 1369. In those 6 years, every single trip into this coffee shop was made with my best friend Eric C. Stafford. We would sit and drink coffee both inside and outside. Sometimes the group was bigger; sometimes, much bigger. We watched the crazy people of Central Square walk past. We talked to many people. We made jokes about many more. We had memorable experiences just about every time we came here.

We watched the Starbucks open down the road and wished all kinds of evils on them for threatening “our” coffee shop. Years went by and while the idiots in too much of a rush to walk a few extra steps for better coffee and atmosphere bowed their heads to the golden calf, we sat on the benches outside safe in the knowledge that we, at least, were not being fooled to follow the model.

Then, in 2000, I moved away. I moved far enough away that I only came back sporadically for short visits. I didn’t always have the time to work in a trip to the 1369 for coffee with Eric. The last time I was in this country I didn’t meet up with him. That was last year.

Right now, I sit here for the first time in four years. I came here today despite the fact that I don’t really have time for this stop because Eric, my dear friend, is dead. He passed away two weeks ago today. I will never experience this place with him again. I came to say goodbye and to offer up one more cup of great coffee for him. I thank you folks who make this such a great and memorable place. I thank you for running this place where so many of my favorite memories were created.





Anonymous: “For Here or To Go”

Oh, my! What a surprising question! That’s really surprising, really unexpected. I’m kind of shocked. You can understand my surprise, I mean, you can certainly see that I’m a bit taken aback, a bit flustered and flummoxed, but that’s perfectly understandable, isn’t it? I mean, there was no way, just no way at all that anyone, let alone me, with all that I’ve had to think about lately, there was really no way that anyone could have foreseen that question. It isn’t merely surprise here at your asking a question, but it’s the particular question that you asked that’s really got me so disconcerted. I don’t mean, I’m really sorry, I don’t mean to suggest that the question was out of line, or inappropriate in any way. In fact, when you think about it, it’s perfectly appropriate, totally in line. It’s just at once so completely surprising, and so absolutely fitting a question, that it just kind of takes my breath away.

Because it’s really, both here, now, and in general, in the abstract, a fascinating question. A really fascinating, really serious question. It’s the kind of question that, you realize, you just have to, we all have to face, somehow.



I don’t mean answer it; I don’t know if that kind of question is really something you can answer once and for all, you know? But it calls for, it just begs for and demands some kind of response. We all have to tackle it, one way or another, which means, first of all, facing up to it, really looking it in the face, really recognizing what the question is, what it’s asking. Because we’re all kind of wondering that, aren’t we, we’re all asking that question, both of ourselves, and of one another, whether we admit it or not? And that’s what you reminded me of, that’s what you brought back home for me just now when you asked, when you just put it in one sentence, just like that, and asked me, point blank, without preamble, and without apology: For here or to go?



Karl Gardner: “1369”

I fell for her feet, first. It was all I dare study. The face seen only in a stolen glance or two. But that realm was uncharted territory, and my unconfrontational eyes quickly retreated to the feet. A safe zone. The place was a coffee house in Cambridge. The 1369. I had headed out in search of brunch, a euphemism meaning "extremely late breakfast for those embarrassingly bereft of any dayward plans or purpose." After some indecision, I settled on the coffee shop over the diner on account of its vibe and ambiance. Outside and inside seating. Fun and pleasant staff. Cute little tables boasting a collection of eclectic lamps. And so I found myself sipping coffee black, an orange scone and a vegetarian sandwich in front of me, while simultaneously surrounded by three beautiful women. By a sad twist of fate and culture none of them were actually at my table, and I perceived that a sudden attempt to scoot my table beside either of them would have been met by looks most peculiar.

And so I merely pined and chewed. The coffee was flavorful. The scone a little dry, as most are, interspersed with startling bursts of orangey delight (note - later I tried the honey and almond scone. Delectable. And I normally don't even eat almonds). As for the sandwich - I find that I cannot eat sprouts, tasty though they are, without the aroma giving off the unavoidable impression that I am grass grazing. But somehow in a good way. Hummus, however, gives one the singular impression that all is right with the world, and peace and harmony merely a hors d'ouvers away.

As for the view - for one currently residing in the retirement capital of the retirement state (Florida), finding a unique establishment serving those under sixty-five is enough to make me swoon. A beautiful smile here. Blue converse shoes and an interesting looking book there. And then there was the person of my opening statement. Amazingly clear eyes, a gentle profile, delicate arms in a black sweater. And my safe zone. Simple sandals without fuss. All in all beautiful, delicate, classy, yet simple. Sold. Alas for my lack of daring. Oh, and the coffee shop is very well worth hanging out in, as well.





Karl Gardner:

Ah, Cafés!

It is so nice to have a place that I can retreat to, but still be in public. Over the years, I have written a half-dozen books, story-boarded several movies, composed many a speech, and graded innumerable papers in various cafés around the world. Since I moved to the Commonwealth in 2003, the 1369 has joined a long list of favorite creative oases. I love the fact that I can be out among people and also have the relative solitude to write. And even though I do spend so much time in solitary concentration, I still adore the occasional interruption to chat with a friend or entertain the baristas with my silly tales.

I wrote that most excellent tome, "Multithreaded Programming with Java" in Barone's café in Menlo Park,

CA (think Stanford). I wrote "The Witch of Tallinn" in a variety of cafés across Estonia and Russia. That wicked movie of lust and tiny swimsuits, "Thongs", which premiered in the Boston erotic film festival to the general approbation of the public, was composed in this very chair in which I now sit!

The sweetest day came amid more banal occupations. Comfortably ensconced in the rear of the café, my students' papers spread out across the table, I was perusing them with idle intensity. (Does that make sense? "Idle intensity?" I mean that I was relaxed and enjoying going over their work, while still focusing intently on each one, asking myself how well they covered their topic and what, if anything, should be improved.) Opposite sat a lovely young lady with a pretty smile. She was much too young for me to go chasing after, but I wasn't above chatting her up. She had something on her from Kenya. Her sister or cousin or someone had been on safari there. I had been a Peace Corps Volunteer there in '74, so we had a lovely little discussion about Africa, politics, and





the overpopulation of elephants in the Serengeti.

That's how I got into teaching--being in the Peace Corps. Right out of college I joined up and soon found myself in a four-room school in the Northern Frontier District of Kenya. [Know where Kenya is? And Ethiopia? And Somalia? And where they all three come together? That was me.] I was the only Mzungu for 200 miles in any direction that I knew of. I loved it! I loved the desert. I loved the people. I loved my students. I didn't have much life outside of school, but I happily threw all my energy into my students.

The lack of money, equipment, electricity, etc. added a certain challenge to the job, but I had little to complain about. I used to brag and I had running water. (At least when the kid with the donkey was in a hurry. Otherwise I had walking water. Har, har, har.) The actual classes I taught were not particularly unusual. An American high school student would have fit right in. Some of the papers they wrote however...

I'd assigned the "What did you do on your summer vacation?" report. Most of the reports were what you'd expect here. There was one that struck me in particular. This one 14 year-old wrote about trying to find his family. At the beginning of school break, he went into town and starting asking people where they'd seen his family last. Equipped with suggestions and whatever rations he had, he proceeded to walk out into the desert to search for them.

Alone.

He walked from watering hole to watering hole, staying with whatever family groups were there for the night, then moving onward. I guess that's what you do if your family herds camels in the desert. He didn't find them, but didn't seem at all upset. Next time.



The upshot of this is that I was perfectly comfortable in the classroom and I enthusiastically subbed in the Somerville school district when I first arrived. I won't say it was easy, but I did have some wonderful moments, often with the toughest kids in class. I think they liked the fact that I was tough, but didn't wig out when they caused problems. If they were particularly difficult, I'd hold the whole class after the bell.

"You can't do that! You're a sub!"

"I'm doin' it. I want one minute of silence"

And they'd squirm. 7th graders are psychologically incapable of being quiet for more than 30 seconds at a stretch. So they'd try to be quiet, but somebody HAD to say something.

"We'll start again" I'd say.

That would drive them crazy. They'd glare at the culprit, and fidget. And somebody would start laughing. And I'd start laughing.

"Go! Go! Fly to the winds!" I'd yell at them as they charged out of the door. I loved it! This whole thing would take, like, 30 seconds. But there'd be all this emotion and seething need exploding out of them. Which all brings us back to the 1369.



I went back to my grading, she to her reading. When she finished her coffee, she rose to leave, but passed me a little note on pink paper. She smiled silently and left as I opened it.

"I couldn't help noticing how intensely you were working on those papers. Every now and then you would either frown or brighten up as you wrote your notes. I could see you cared enormously for your students. You must be a great teacher."



Daniel Gewertz:

Inman Square, 10 years ago...

One spring afternoon, sitting at 1369, I began overhearing a conversation about making movies from the table catty-corner to mine. I was interested. It had been a long time since I'd heard two young, budding filmmakers talking movies in a way I could relate to: raving about a few classic films I also love, riffing on some cinematic obscurities I knew, dissecting scenes, comparing some oddly similar elements of films from very disparate eras. These young guys were film literate.

After a long while, when it became clear from their conversation that they were making low-budget short films in the Boston area, I turned to them and mentioned that I had a small amount of acting experience years before, and had taken a few recent acting classes. "I've thought a bit lately about trying my hand at film-acting," I said. "Maybe in a student-film or a little indy production. Is that a possibility in your films?"

I immediately wondered if this was the kind of request they got a little too often, even in their non-glamorous, no-budget corner of the film-world. The two young men glanced at each other. They shared an alert, receptive look.

"Well, you know, it's quite possible," one of the fellows said to me. He turned his face briefly to his friend, for a nod of confirmation, and then back to me. "Not a lead," he said, blithely. "But there are some small roles that crop up every once in a while for, you know... older characters."





At the time, I still had a full-head of black hair, and there was nary a trace of gray in my well-cropped beard. I worked out three times a week at the gym. I sometimes bike-rode to Concord, for fun. “Older characters?” I questioned, hoping my bland tone masked my suddenly aggrieved state. “Yeah... there might be a professor character in our next short,” the guy next to me replied.

Or maybe a kindly yet eccentric grandfather? I thought. I gave them my phone-number. I did not hear from them. But the talk stayed with me, funny yet not that funny. It was the first time anyone had ever called me old. Maybe these two film upstarts were insensitive. Maybe they were copping an attitude from age-obsessed Hollywood. But there was also this to consider: I may be able to bike to Concord. I may be able to traverse the intimidating hills of Trapello Road. I may be able to date women both my own age, and some far younger than me. And yet I was still pushing 50. I could not deny it. Youth, I realized anew, does not last forever. I had just been reminded that I



belonged to my own generation.

And hey: Things could be worse. After all, in the drama of my own life, I could still play a great lead.



Daniel Gewertz:

April, 1998. The Central Square 1369.



I remember walking into The Central Square 1369 one sunny morning in early spring, 1998. A week or so before, my niece, Alexis Gewertz Shepard, had died. Her bicycle had crashed into a truck, near the courthouse in East Cambridge. She was 28, a singer-songwriter, and beloved by a wide circle of friends. Alexis was, while she was here, one of those people who seemed to be like a walking billboard for the life-force. It was the sort of death that was so jolting that it has continued to affect those close to her for years. It is now possible to say, 11 years later, that the lives of a couple of her loved ones were forever disfigured by that bicycle crash.

As I walked into 1369 on that sunny, perfect morning, I was in a spaced out, alienated mood. After a loss, the rest of society can seem absurdly, obscenely oblivious. Bizarrely carefree. That “life goes on” seems plainly incongruous.

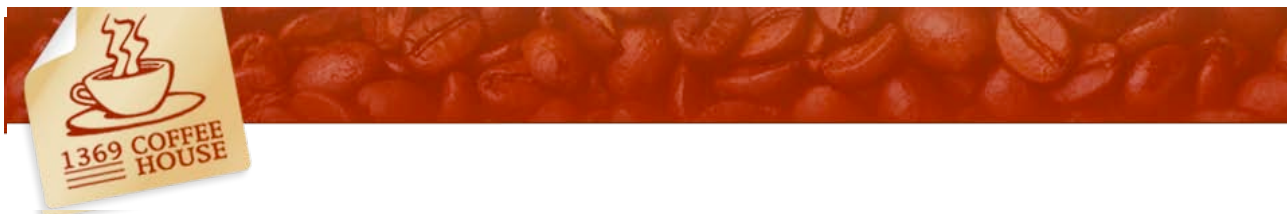
At 1369 that day, Jackie was behind the counter, being loud and jocular as usual. Then she looked at me, and her face changed. It was immediately apparent to me that Jackie had known Alexis -- like many people in Cambridge did -- and also knew something that somewhat fewer people did: That I was Alexis’s Uncle Dan.

Jackie came over to me, from behind the counter, said how sorry she was, and gave me a big hug. Her face, often so merry and brash, was brimming with sorrow and understanding. There was also strength.

I am not attempting to diminish the power of death with this little tale, but I am saying that, for most of us on this planet, life does go on. We are the survivors, and surviving is, for us, both a learned thing, and a natural inclination. That hug and those words of sympathy, for some reason, meant more to me than most of the other heartfelt greetings I received that month.

Why was this so? And why do I remember that moment so clearly today? Maybe because it was so unexpected; maybe because Jackie is quite a presence; or maybe because, in the busy “real life” context of 1369 -- in the context of daily habits and trivial patterns and caffeinated conversations -- her sympathy felt both authentic and heartening. It felt useful. It was a blessing from the real everyday world. A world that does go on.

So, do me a favor, dear readers. If you’re on your bike today, be careful. And raise a cup of coffee for the departed. Yours and everyone’s.



Robert Goss:

My experience with the 1369 goes back more than 25 years, when the 1369 (in Inman Sq.) was the 1369 Jazz Club. It was a wonderful place that brought in many of the most important



national/international jazz performers and was also a bar for the locals. It was an unusual "club" in that before the musicians played, an announcement was made asking the audience to refrain from talking during the show. In 1986 I went there with my now wife, Susan, on our first date. I was sad when the club closed in the early 1990's, but then one of the first real coffeehouses in Cambridge opened, the 1369 Coffeehouse.

Susan and I were living in Somerville, at the Brickbottom Artist Building. (We were two of the original "founding" members of the group, and one of the first occupants in a live work studio).. We would often go to this new coffeehouse and were regular customers for many years. When the (mirror image) 1369 opened in Central Sq. we went there quite often. The old Central Sq. was much "funkier" than now. Now we live in the Cambridgeport area (and still have our studios at Brickbottom), and I am a regular at the coffeehouse, often stopping there more than once in a day. I go there every Tuesday afternoon to "prepare" for my therapist appointment down the street.

Even when it is crowded (which is often) I find it relaxing to be there, watch/talk to the customers and great staff, listen to some usually great music. If I can get one of the 4 window seats, I am happiest. I have seen some amazing and tragic situations, looking out the window. One time the staff helped me provide some food for a desperate homeless person across the street. Today I watched as two of the current staff comforted and called an ambulance for a "troubled" person on one of the benches out front. It was very moving. The 1369 is one of the few places that allows homeless or street people to use the restrooms.

Many new coffee places have opened (and closed) in the Central Sq. area, and there are more coffee "chains" than in the past. There was actually a great movie theatre and Woolworth's, on Mass.

Ave, and fewer homeless people, which sadly has increased in recent years. But I still frequent the 1369.

I know there are more events that I have experienced there over the years, but I have probably said more than enough.

Thank you to the 1369 Coffeehouse.





David Knisely:

The best things about 1369 - the espresso (one of the 5 or 6 best espressos in the country - on a par with the excellent espresso in San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, NYC, Chicago) and the kids behind the counter - great service and they keep it loose and funky. Three of us are usually among the first in in the morning. Elmer (a filmmaker), Larry (an architect/planner) and me (an attorney.)

We have become good friends, and follow politics (especially this year's election) and world/Cambridge issues from the vantage point of 1369 at 7am. The excellent small double lattes in the morning puts the right focus on my entire day. You guys are the best!





Mark Lahoud, 1369 Alum:

It was the day gay marriage was legalized in Cambridge. I spent the day running around Central, working & taking pix. City Hall planned to offer refreshments beginning at 10 PM to keep folks happy until the doors opened at midnight. So I slipped out, got some photos of the momentous occasion, and left in the afternoon to rest before I returned for the real deal in the evening, thinking that the night would be rather sedate & fun. I told Jackie that I'd be back around 10 PM. Or more precisely, that I'd leave my house (I live in Attleboro, so I planned an hour's drive) at 9 PM.



I went home, took a nap, and left for Cambridge around 9 PM. On the way I got a frantic call from Jackie - "Where the f\$*k are you???? You said you'd be here at 9!" So I said no, I was just leaving and I wasn't late, which didn't make Jackie happy as nobody had been able to even pee for at least four hours. I had to get gas, so I stopped to fill up ASAP ... and promptly doused myself in gasoline. Got to Central to find that City Hall never did open up and the entire world was waiting to get coffee at 1369. I always told our staff that I didn't care if the line reached across to the 7-11, we need to take care of our guests in less than five minutes. Imagine my surprise when I saw a line - past the 7-11.

Jackie, Tim, Alison & I don't remember who else were behind the counter & ready to lose it - *but never did*. Did I mention I smelled of petroleum?

Somehow we were able to survive until about 11:30, when we ran out of everything. Which gave me time to take more pictures (which are some of my favorites at 1369) - happy couples; supportive demonstrators; imported God-fearing, ignorant, bass-ackwards "homo-hating" rubes bused in from Idaho or Nebraska or someplace like that with their children right there no less carrying some of the most hateful signs I've seen since the 60's and the spirit of peace and love displayed toward them by the crowd; Cambridge police keeping the peace amazingly well. I had the feeling I was in the middle of a little piece of history, and I felt honored to be a part of it.



Steve Lantos:

I live down Magazine St. The 1369 became my evening and weekend retreat whenever it got loud in the house or I just needed a quiet place to read and write. I teach high school and have measured that I can get roughly three times the nightly work done at the 1369 that I can get done at home, due to procrastinating around the house. I noticed in the mid/late 1990s that many other educators - from grade school through college - would show up to do their grading in the evenings. We'd often say hello and acknowledge one another, but never get involved in conversation as that would defeat the purpose of being there, that is, to get work done. Still, it was reassuring that many of us had grade books open and were plowing through student papers while sipping our chai or dark roast.

I wrote most of my book, 'The New Hampshire Handbook' (Moon Publications, 1998 and 2nd ed. 2001) at the 1369, with a credit in the acknowledgments in the 1st edition.

Now I bring my children by for a cookie, a cold drink of water on hot days, or a hot chocolate in the winter, where I know I can almost always run into someone I know or a familiar face from the neighborhood. Congratulations on the first 15 years!





Donna LaRue:



Your Chicken Tarragon Salad Sandwich led me to investigate the uses of Tarragon in cooking. Great sandwich. Fun exploration beyond it.





Janet Littell:

I noticed your tip bowl, a blue and white Chinese floral earthenware bowl, was attractive. It seemed to have come directly from China, with no company name at the base. The manager agreed to give me the bowl in exchange for a bowl I'd supply. I found a bowl, brought it in, and we exchanged.

The bowl still sits on the top of my refrigerator and looks great next to my yellow vase.





Ted Lund and Norah Hass:

We've been devoted customers of 1369 for just about 10 years now. We began with Inman Square when we lived steps away and transferred our loyalties to the Central Square location when we moved over into Cambridgeport. What has made 1369 part of the fabric of our lives (and a near daily stop) are the people behind the counter and the interest that they take in their customers.

Banter, discussions, or merely exchanging friendly hellos with the staff at 1369 (whether it is with Jackie, Josh, Stef, Kristin, Ashley, and others whose names we have not yet learned but who know our order so we feel we should know their names) shows that interest and makes 1369 an enjoyable part of our morning routine.

While there are many stories we could tell, the one that most exemplifies this occurred approximately one year ago when our daughter was born. This is really a three part story. My wife sent me home the second night of her stay in the hospital to get a good night's sleep, a shower, and most important of all,



to bring her a large single decaf iced mocha from 1369 the next day. When I went into buy our coffee, I believe Kristin was behind the counter. She saw the hospital bracelet on my wrist and immediately asked whether my wife had given birth and whether it was a boy or girl. While it was obvious that my wife was pregnant and could be due soon, knowing that, making the connection between the wrist band and the birth, and simply asking, shows an interest beyond the expected. Then several days later, after my wife and daughter came home from the hospital, we all went up to 1369 but my wife and daughter stayed outside. Kristin was again behind the counter and asked how everyone was doing and when she learned that our daughter was outside with my wife, came out and

visited.

Over the past year, our daughter has made her own friends among 1369 employees and was very grateful when she received a Dinosaur edition t-shirt from Stef on her first birthday. Again, way beyond the call of duty. In a nutshell, everyone at 1369 seem to have a shared attitude of building connections and relationships between staff and customer that is rarely seen these days. We very much appreciate it and our mornings never seem the same when we are in too much of a rush to stop by for our coffee. Here's hoping that you keep on serving up coffee with a smile for a long, long time to come.



Max Moore:

My wife and I were first introduced to 1369 nine years ago by two friends of mine who worked together, James and Emilio. They would tell us how every morning James would take the Red Line from South Boston to Central, and Emilio, who lived in Cambridgeport, would drive to 1369, where they would enjoy their morning coffee and muffin, then Emilio would drive them to work in Brighton. They also came most every weekend morning with more friends. I thought this must be a great coffeehouse, and when we



moved to Cambridgeport eight years ago, we started meeting that group on Saturday mornings, there were about 10 of us hanging out for hours. So we became regulars and were joined in that club by our daughter and later our son, when I would (and still do sometimes) be there at 8 am on a weekend morning, having been awakened by the kids at 6, walked around the neighborhood, and (easily) resisted going to a certain coffeehouse chain that opens at 7 am.

Tragically, Emilio died of a heart attack three years ago. His service was held at the MIT chapel, and following that all his friends knew that 1369 was the place for us to be together and mourn for him. Over the years, some of the groups of friends we meet there as well as the staff have changed, but the easygoing friendly atmosphere has not, 1369 has remained a part of our weekend morning routine.



Renee, Rob, and Raina:

I walked into 1369 Coffeehouse recently and heard the song "Its a Family Affair", by Sly and the Family Stone playing in the background.

How appropriate--since 1369 Coffeehouse is a family affair for me, my husband Rob and daughter Raina. It's our favorite place in Inman Square to frequent. Rob is a mocha slide man--Raina is a lemonade girl and I'm an iced tea woman.

1369 is a place that embraces the importance of building community. It's not just about ordering drinks--it's about chatting with our friends behind the counter. Catching up on neighborhood news. Sharing a laugh.

Once when Raina was on her way to swim practice--she ordered a lemonade, while I waited at the bus stop. I could see the bus approaching, so I ran into the coffeehouse and told Raina to hurry--that she would just have to get the lemonade later in the day. We boarded the bus for Harvard Square; but before the doors shut, we saw Steve racing to the bus with lemonade in hand. He walked into the bus, located our seats and handed Raina her favorite drink. She was thrilled! She named Steve her lemonade superhero.

We love 1369 Coffeehouse. Rock on!!





Dianne Rice:

Hi everyone,

I retired eight years ago and began buying muffins at the 1369 for my then 2 year old grandson's pre school group as a snack after their swimming lessons at the YMCA. I didn't then buy my now favorite chai tea because I disliked the flavor of it back then(I was a Starbuck's caramel macchiato fan).

Over the next 2 years I began going to the 1369 somewhat regularly after my exercise class at the YMCA accompanied by 2 or 3 friends: Elinor, Linda, and Peter. It was Elinor who was really the impetus behind my frequenting your café.

The exercise class subsequently changed over the next few years and has evolved into a more steady, committed group some of whom now attend our après class coffee klatch at the 1369: me, Sandy, Judith, Fran, and Kathy.

I have become such a fan of the 1369 that I also go alone on non-exercise class days; I order my chai tea and a bagel or a scone and read the paper for 30-40 minutes, just relaxing. I know most, if not all, of the people who work behind the counter and enjoy interacting with them; they are always so friendly and willing to share their lives with you.





Gregory Smutney:

I have hung out in both coffee shops from almost the beginning, but my story is from over 13 years ago when me and my girlfriend hung out at 1369 Central all the time.

One day we sat down with our coffee and tea and I thought it was just the ordinary hang out for awhile day...

And then she said "I have something to tell you. I am pregnant and I am going to keep it."

GULP.

Ever since that moment, and a little before that it would seem, my son has hung out with us or with me at both 1369s...and still does.

Thanks for being a great shop 1369 - congrats on 15. By the way, 1369 has very good

coffee, but the tea is the best in town, including easily better than all the specialty tea joints.





Laura and Tim Van Kempen:

Hi all,



Our names are Laura and Tim and we are from the Netherlands. We moved here to the Inman square neighborhood on Thanksgiving 2008. I had done my PhD in astronomy at Leiden University and had gotten a fellowship at Harvard for my work. But that did entail a move across the great big pond

people call the Atlantic. Although we had searched for a place to live, we had not found a home yet when we arrived and were a bit panicked since we needed a house immediately. Luckily a good broker found us a place in Dimick street, just in Somerville behind Inman Square. And even better, we could get the keys to the place per December 1st, only a few days after we had arrived. But as many people who have moved long distances know, the first days after a move are anything but easy. Our stuff hadn't arrived, we had no furniture, nothing to sleep on and (we found out during the first night) no heating.

In a new country everything was weird, unfamiliar and we didn't know where to get the things we needed. After our very first shopping spree for an Aerobed to sleep on we were exhausted, a bit sad and cold to the bone from the chilling wind. We were in desperate need of a nice hot cup of tea. I had seen this coffeehouse on the corner, and suggested that we go there. This was the 1369. It reminded us a bit of the coffee shop we visited frequently back home in the Netherlands named Bagels and Beans, although that had been bigger and served less kinds of coffee and tea. We had

been regulars there and had even gotten gifts from them at our wedding now almost three years ago.

As we entered the 1369 we immediately felt a connection to that place. It was nice, warm and the tea and cookies were delicious. Just what we needed to see, a bit of light in all our chaos. In that first week as we waited for our things to arrive from the Netherlands, as we drove in the Boston area to Ikea in a U-HAUL truck to get the basics and as we shivered in our beds until our heating had been fixed, the 1369 was our daily place of warmth, where we got our tea, coffee or London Fog (one of our favorites)

Now we have been living here for 7 months and we have settled in the neighborhood. Friends and parents have visited, and we always take them to the 1369 to enjoy a nice tea or coffee. Even my mother (who has 40 kinds of tea at home to choose from) approved of it. In the future, we will keep coming to 1369. And recently we have found out that we are expecting our first child, so thanks 1369 Inman square for making us feel at home in this new country.

