The Singing Barista

I wanted to share an experience Bea Colson and I had while being stranded in O’Hare Airport during our attempted return to get home after our NSHC meeting.

After sitting in Gate C terminal for two days, nine delays, three cancelations later, we were told that we were to be moved to Gate B. I was thinking “oh boy, we are on our way”.

Little did we know our trip had been extended to the early morning hours only to be cancelled once more.

Bea just could not sit in one spot very long. She spent her time walking for health awareness and looking for a way out of this place by checking the boards to see if there was a chance we may have availability to a flight.

I could not move. My legs were not working that well so I sat in one spot and watched Bea coming and going. It is hard to contain a country girl in one place.

Amazing how much you learn by watching people especially if you are ‘corralled’, so to speak.

But the good thing was, we had plenty of people around us to talk too because we were all in the same situation. It seemed as though we all were bumper to bumper for space and some were already asleep on the floor.

Most of us had ran out of battery charge on our phones. Those who had cords began sharing with us. We now had as much as 20% of our charge but it was enough to make a call or check messages.

Oh well, as the old saying goes “chicken one day and feathers the next”.

Somehow I shifted positions in my seat. Although the seats were comfortable, they totally become hard to sit in for a length of time. While I was concentrating my mind on getting cozy, I thought I heard a noise.

Although, I was paying very little attention to those around me, I noticed a Starbucks across from me located in the middle of the terminal area.

Going through my mind was maybe, a cup of coffee would work.

I thought there was no way to get a cup because the lines seemed too long to wait.

All of a sudden there was a resonating voice sounding across the whole terminal. It was delightful.

It was coming from the direction of Starbucks. A singing barista that prepares both espresso and regular coffee drinks.

It seems there was a Starbuck employee with a terrific resonating baritone opera voice singing the drink orders for customers.

Starbuck created a new marketing plan merely by accident with this young man.

The singing baritone missed his calling as an opera singer. A video has been making the rounds of him singing somebody’s order…”Caroline, here’s your latte, have a great day”…and a “Swiss and double-smoked bacon” never sounded better.

I was amazed to watch this going on because I had a front row seat. Rachel ordered a frappe mocha.

“Rachel, here’s your frappe mocha, have a great day”. A young man ordered a cup of java. “Jonathon, here’s your cup of java, have a great day”. Jonathon answered by saying “thank you” in a somewhat melodied tone. The singing baritone turned around and tipped his hat to him.

I realized while watching the orders that were placed, the taller the order, the longer the song.

I asked Bea to go over and fine out who he was. Whatever else she said to him, I do not know but he turned towards me and blew me a kiss.

When Bea came back over, I quickly took a NSHC card out of my purse, jotted down a note saying “remember the Chicago seniors” while in concert tonight.

As he read the card that Bea had taken over to him, he sang “yes”.

Later as I continue to watch him, he left the Starbucks counter to take a break, he came to my side of the booth and sang “thank you”, have a great day on his way out!

I must say, after the entertainment was over, everybody I noticed had big smiles on their faces. Long lines were still there as we left.

Starbucks is making a fortune because of that young baritone singer.

I have posted the video clip on my FaceBook for you to see. He is located in Terminal B of O’Hare Airport. Don’t get cancelled or you may be singing the orders.

It wasn’t long after that episode, we were told we were cancelled.

We caught a ride back to Schaumburg with a young lady who was a Verizon executive, who rented a car and took us back to the hotel.

This time it took us until Sunday afternoon before we could book a flight to Charlotte via way of Newark Airport.

This I must reiterate, the people’s desires to have a cup of java, latte or whatever their circumstances, led me to believe there is worth in America based on people’s conscience reactions. **sw10.11.2019**