

Tastes like home

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When I come home for the Christmas holidays, my dad and I usually drink a lot of coffee. I guess that's what java lovers do when they get together. I really began to develop a love for coffee when I went off to college. I've always loved the smell of coffee and wished that I like it. I guess your taste buds change when you get older, because one day I hated the taste of coffee; the next day, I loved it.

Here in Nyeri, Kenya, there are many coffee plantations around—some of the world's best quality coffee all around me. However, Kenyans aren't coffee fiends like many Americans are; they are tea fanatics. Kenya also is home to some of the world's finest quality of black tea.

Living next to the coffee plantations, Andrew and I have become friends with one of the owners, Julie. Julie also has her own little coffee shop—the best coffee around.

Andrew and I often venture down to Julie's Coffee Shop to taste a sip of home. Julie's Coffee Shop is perhaps, one of our favorite places around. It's a place to get away, to relax and unwind.

But the reason I love Julie's isn't the getaway, and it isn't the relaxation. I love Julie's because it reminds me of drinking coffee with my dad around Christmas. With every sip, I taste home. And as my time in Kenya is ending, and I think about traveling back home just before Christmas, what better time than now, to write about coffee. I've really missed my family; I'm really looking forward to seeing them soon.

But for now, Andrew and I are headed to Julie's. All this talk about coffee has got me craving a cup or two.

Al Johnson from the University of Texas at San Antonio is a student missionary correspondent with Go Now Missions.