

Starbucks is sticking to its guns, and I feel much better

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Up Front/Commentary

I feel much better knowing that whenever I go into a Starbucks for my daily espresso, me and my baby, Beretta, are still welcome.

The popular coffee chain issued a statement last week saying that it is sticking to its guns and allowing customers to carry firearms into its stores where it's legal.

I, for one, think it's mighty handy to have a gun on my hip when I go into a coffee shop. Sometimes those lines get long, especially if you go first thing in the morning when everybody else is on their way to work and needing a cup of java. I don't begrudge anybody his morning coffee, but I've got a serious caffeine addiction that makes me a little irritable before I've had my first shot. And when I get irritable I get impatient. And when I get impatient and there's a long line of customers ahead of me and I need to get to work right away, well, let's just say my trigger finger gets itchy and all I need to do is start swinging that Beretta around and, man, the place clears out in a flash.

Not only do I get my coffee in a hurry, but with my baby by my side I get the best seat in the house, and usually the guy who flees the store ahead of me leaves behind his Wall Street Journal or New York Times. It works out really well for me that way.

Starbucks caught a little flak after the announcement. Some anti-gun nuts said allowing customers to carry firearms into a coffee shop intimidates and frightens other people, but I say: "So what's the problem?" A little fear and intimidation is a good thing if you can get it to work in your favor.

Plus, there's the deal about people who pack guns into a coffee shop being able to protect the workers and other customers if somebody really bad comes into the coffee shop, like a bank robber, say. I have actually heard of this happening: a guy goes and robs a bank and then he stops into a coffee shop for a latte before making his getaway. It was in California where my son, Danny, lives that I think this happened, but the fact of the matter is, it could happen anyplace. California crooks aren't the only stupid criminals in the world. It could happen in Lewiston or Grangeville or any place and then, wouldn't it be wonderful to have a customer like me, sitting in the corner, sipping my cappuccino and reading my New York Times, just waiting for that bad guy to step away from the counter so I could blow his guts all over the back wall.

Wouldn't everybody feel a lot better? They could go on about their business knowing that if danger happens again, there's a coffee shop customer like me packing heat and keeping the peace.

Well, all's I got to say is, thank you Starbucks, thank you Jesus.

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