

My Newly Decaffeinated Life

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Being a woman of a certain age (ahem), I recently started having trouble sleeping and realized that it was probably due to the volume of caffeine I was intaking daily. Thus, I decided I needed to go off it cold turkey. So, I substituted my beloved diet Pepsi for the caffeine free stuff (actually not bad), but the big change was coffee.

I work in an office that generously provides coffee. For the longest time we had Starbucks, until the "recent economic environment" (I mean really, aren't you sick of that phrase), we switched brands. The regular coffee is passable but the decaf? It has this weird sour pungent taste, like if you roasted and ground a six month old lemon that you found in the back of your refrigerator. In other words, yuck.

But my troubles are over. I have found an excellent decaf coffee right here in Janesville that I am going to bring to work. If you have never been to Mocha Moment, on Center Avenue just south of the bridge, you should go there, my friends. Not only do they have probably the best baked goods in the city (their blueberry muffins are sublime, and they recently started making their own baguettes from scratch), but they also roast their own coffee. You can buy it by the pound and the best part is that you know it is incredibly fresh. I mean, the roaster is working right behind you while you are drinking the stuff.

Steve Dean, the proprietor, told me that they buy a special water-processed decaf bean instead of the traditionally chemically processed variety. This extra attention to detail really makes a difference as it doesn't have that sour and nasty aftertaste. In fact, it is so good, that I'm constantly accusing my husband of switching cups with me.

We are fixtures there every Saturday morning. We love the cozy, friendly atmosphere-- the deck and the bird watching in the warmer months and sitting near the fireplace in the winter. And the freshly roasted coffee smells only add to the ambience. Steve and crew always take the time to give you a friendly greeting and

seem to remember everyone's name.

I'm a people watcher and I enjoy seeing the other regulars come in around the similar time each Saturday. For example, we always see the same women come in together, obviously three generations of the same family. It is so lovely to see the twentysomething granddaughter making sure mom and grandma get a prime seat before she's off to the counter to get them coffee.

But as I watch her give her order, I can't help but wonder, how come grandma doesn't have to drink decaf?!