

# Getting mystical from coffee

I was staring intently at the coffee bag with a picture of a hooded monk and was wondering if this was for real. Supposedly a group of sequestered Carmelites were grinding beans in the mountains of northern Wyoming under the direction of (if you can believe this) Brother Java.

Now I know what you're thinking. I thought the same thing too. But the coffee was incredibly good. And then suddenly it happened. A chant rang inside my head as I took my last sip. "Check your septic tank" went the chant. "Hmmm, that's an interesting thought, but we're probably fine," I said to myself.

My mind soon moved on to other things but not before I poured myself another cup of Mystic Monk. Then once again as I took a sip, a gentle chant began repeating, "Check your septic tank."

In the remote chance this was divine intervention, I thumbed through the phone book looking for someone local who might be able to help. A hard-working guy from Vet's Sanitation on Saxonburg Boulevard soon arrived.

"Wow, this is your lucky day," he said to me as he finished. "I don't know how you knew to call, but you were on the verge of a big problem."

"It was that bad?" I asked.

"Yeah, real bad. But you're good now. You should have no problems if you have this taken care of every three years," he said.

The next day I was late for an early appointment, so I hurriedly took my cup of Mystic Monk on the road. As you drive from the edge of Jefferson Township into Saxonburg along Dinnerbell Road, there is an unmistakable billboard that reads, "Retirement Plans lost \$2.3 trillion in 2008.



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My clients sleep peacefully." I was reading the owner's name on the sign while taking a big gulp of coffee when suddenly the chant returned, this time saying, "Trust Dave."

I immediately got on my cell phone and dialed the number on the sign.

"Hello Dave, I saw your sign," I began. "I got a nice surprise the other day for what happens when I hit 65 years old. I don't get a whole lot of money, but I sure don't want to lose the little I'll be getting. I think I need a plan. Could you please tell me how much of that \$2.3 trillion was lost by your clients?"

"None of my clients lost a dime," Dave answered.

"Wow, that's great. And you're local?" I continued.

"Yep, just down the road and here's a tax tip that will save you a few bills regarding your situation," Dave said, relating to me something I never knew.

"You just made my day, Dave," I exclaimed.

Now I was really beginning to wonder about this coffee. I e-mailed the Web site (*mystic-monkcoffee.com*), which also sells cups, shirts and a Gregorian chant CD, and asked if this was a gimmick or if the coffee was really being made by monks and if so, could I buy one of their hooded outfits as proof. I got a nice reply back from "Jenny," who said it was the real deal, but no they don't sell the holy habit.

I e-mailed Jenny back and asked why someone named Jenny was answering e-mails sent to a monastery of monks.

"They don't do e-mail," she replied.

Not convinced, I called the Diocese of Cheyenne.

"Hello there. Would you know if there are a group of monks who live up in the nearby mountains in a monastery and make coffee?" I asked.

A lady replied, "Yes, they are for real and they bring down their coffee to us every so often."

I then took a deep breath. "I don't suppose you hear that chanting voice when you drink the 'Hermit's Bold Blend' do you?" I asked rather embarrassingly.

"Oh I'm sorry, I never drank that particular blend, but they did tell me that they pray over their beans if that helps," she replied.

As a new believer, I now no longer struggle to justify paying that little bit extra for "gourmet coffee." Since the money goes to a good cause, it's the Mystic Monk for me. And, oh yeah, the chant in my head says we should brace for a very snowy winter.

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