



Lilly Loves Me

June 7, 2024

Lilly loves me. That's the good news.

I love her, too. Funny thing, though, I don't even know Lilly's last name. You see, she works at my local Starbucks. She makes a mean flat white.

I do know how to say "thank you" in Vietnamese—sounds like "gahm un." Her folks hail from Vietnam. One day a man spoke Vietnamese with her and she lit up. So I learned those two words in Vietnamese.

The bad news—or the other good news—is that she recently hurt my feelings.

You see, after my heart attack of a couple months ago, I scaled back my flat white drinking. When I first ordered a tall (that is, a small) instead of my usual venti (large), well, my Starbucks peeps thought there might be a tear in the universe.

I explained that I wanted to cut down on my caffeine and milk intake post heart attack.* Which immediately got them onboard

with my change.

But soon I backslid to a grande (medium). Then, with the price difference to move up to a venti size so enticingly small ... well, I was back to venti.

The other day when Lilly was delivering my drink, she saw its size and questioned, "You're already back to a venti?"

Ouch! It felt like when I've disappointed my kids or wife or other loved ones.

Because ... Lilly is a loved one. I care about her—like so many of her workmates whom I've gotten to know. And she cares about me, a venti-size concern! She wants me to live. More than the extra 20–30 cents her employer might make from the larger drink.

When I mention Starbucks, many think about it being a liberal corporation.** I, however, think about the mostly young people I've met, working their butts off to advance themselves while being so kind and decent with customers; thoughtful in conversation.

Young people these days ... I love 'em.

This is Common Sense. I'm Paul Jacob.

* For the record, this change wasn't something my cardiologist specifically advised; just me trying to improve my diet to live a long time.

** Though Starbucks' pioneering CEO [Howard Schultz](#) wasn't "progressive" enough to be comfortable running for president in the Democratic Party.