



Join us for the next Coffee House!

Coyotes and crickets were the opening sounds of the first Mascoma Coffee House. The smell of fresh brewed coffee brought the coyotes in closer; curious for the cream or chocolate chip cookies?

A peal of rhythmic notes rose from some guitar strings. Bold new sounds put the coyotes off. A voice joined in. The sound drowned out the crickets. A light clicked on in a house nearby.

“What is that racket!” Homer mused. In all the years he lived next to Mascoma, he had never heard the sounds of guitar after hours. “Hey kids, go check out what’s happening at the school!” Homer bellowed!

Sheepishly his kids gathered by the door. They wondered, would it be alright with music at the school after hours? What kind of creativity might that unleash! Someone must check this out. “Go! Let me know what it is all about!” Homer barked, shoving them out the door with his foot. The door slammed shut behind them.

The smell of coffee made the kids hope for cookies. The music was followed by some laughter. Someone started to tell a story. The kids hurried to get where they could hear it. It was a story none of them had heard. It was an original story. The kid reading the story had made it up and written it himself! The children had never thought they could write a story themselves! Cool! Let’s tell stories!

Soon, they had cookies and they had joined in on a chorus of a new song written to a familiar tune! It was as funny as Weird Al! Everyone giggled.

“Where are those kids!” Homer started to wonder. It seemed now there was more noise at the school. More kids had joined the coffee house. Homer ventured outside his house. He hoped there wouldn’t be trouble. He figured he would find some excuse to get the kids home. You can’t tell how much something like this could distract them.

Homer was surprised to see his kids smiling and singing. They had learned a new song. There were teachers and students sharing things they had written. Homer even had a cookie. His kids were surprised to see him there, they thought he would end it. “Can you kids find way home when this is over?” Homer asked. “Oh, yes Daddy we will be home at nine, thank you!” They were happy to stay. Hopefully they could do it again....