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## OUR BRIEF STORY

**Founded by retired NYPD Law Enforcement Officers who want to provide high quality coffee to those who serve and those who support first responders and service members!**

**A portion of the profits from every bag will be donated to NYPD With Arms Wide Open a charity founded by NYPD officers for Officers with special needs children.**



Scan for all our information and website.

# ***Pour The Finest Coffee***



To Pour The Finest Community,

As retired NYPD officers, we understand the importance of a good cup of coffee. It's the perfect start to any day and it's what keeps us going through long shifts and tough cases. That's why we started Pour the Finest, a coffee company dedicated to providing you with the best coffee possible.

Our coffee beans are sourced from the finest regions around the world, ensuring that every cup is packed with flavor and complexity. We roast our beans in small batches, carefully monitoring the process to bring out the unique characteristics of each batch.

But Pour the Finest isn't just about great coffee. We're also dedicated to making a difference in our community. That's why we're proud to support the charity NYPD With Arms Wide Open. This organization provides support and resources to officers who have special needs children. We believe in giving back to those who have served our communities, and this is just one way we're doing that.

We also believe in educating our community about the origins of coffee. Coffee has a rich history that dates back centuries, and we want share that history with you. As we move forward we will try to share what we learn with our readers and customers. We will highlight the different regions where coffee comes from, the different tastes, roasting methods and even fun facts about coffee.

If you're a fan of crime stories get ready for some exciting reading. Join Joe Cucci and his star character, Officer John Doe, as they retell stories of heroic bravery and hilarious mishaps. These stories are sure to captivate your attention and leave you wanting for more. So buckle up and get ready for some thrilling tales from the front rows of the greatest show on earth.

Thank you for being part of the Pour The Finest family. We hope you continue to enjoy our coffee and join us in supporting NYPD With Arms Wide Open.

Order Coffee at [www.pourthefinest.com](http://www.pourthefinest.com) coupon code Finest \$1 OFF

# The History of Coffee

According to the National Coffee Association of U.S.A. no one knows exactly how or when coffee was discovered, though there are many legends about its origin.

Coffee grown worldwide can trace its heritage back centuries to the ancient coffee forests on the Ethiopian plateau. There, legend says the goat herder Kaldi first discovered the potential of these beloved beans.

The story goes that that Kaldi discovered coffee after he noticed that after eating the berries from a certain tree, his goats became so energetic that they did not want to sleep at night.

Kaldi reported his findings to the abbot of the local monastery, who made a drink with the berries and found that it kept him alert through the long hours of evening prayer. The abbot shared his discovery with the other monks at the monastery, and knowledge of the energizing berries began to spread.

As word moved east and coffee reached the Arabian peninsula, it began a journey which would bring these beans across the globe.

## The Arabian Peninsula

Coffee cultivation and trade began on the Arabian Peninsula. By the 15th century, coffee was being grown in the Yemeni district of Arabia and by the 16th century it was known in Persia, Egypt, Syria, and Turkey.

Coffee was not only enjoyed in homes, but also in the many public coffee houses — called *qahveh khaneh* — which began to appear in cities across the Near East. The popularity of the coffee houses was unequalled and people frequented them for all kinds of social activity. Not only did the patrons drink coffee and engage in conversation, but they also listened to music, watched performers, played chess and kept current on the news.

Coffee houses quickly became such an important center for the exchange of information that they were often referred to as “Schools of the Wise.”

With thousands of pilgrims visiting the holy city of Mecca each year from all over the world, knowledge of this “wine of Araby” began to spread.

## Coffee comes to Europe

European travelers to the Near East brought back stories of an unusual dark black beverage. By the 17th century, coffee had made its way to Europe and was becoming popular across the continent.

Some people reacted to this new beverage with suspicion or fear, calling it the “bitter invention of Satan.” The local clergy condemned coffee when it came to Venice in 1615. The controversy was so great that Pope Clement VIII was asked to intervene. He decided to taste the beverage for himself before making a decision, and found the drink so satisfying that he gave it papal approval.

Despite such controversy, coffee houses were quickly becoming centers of social activity and communication in the major cities of England, Austria, France, Germany and Holland. In England “penny universities” sprang up, so called because for the price of a penny one could purchase a cup of coffee and engage in stimulating conversation.

Coffee began to replace the common breakfast drink beverages of the time — beer and wine. Those who drank coffee instead of alcohol began the day alert and energized, and not surprisingly, the quality of their work was greatly improved. (We like to think of this a precursor to the modern office coffee service.)

By the mid-17th century, there were over 300 coffee houses in London, many of which attracted like-minded patrons, including merchants, shippers, brokers and artists.

Many businesses grew out of these specialized coffee houses. Lloyd's of London, for example, came into existence at the Edward Lloyd's Coffee House.

# Where in the world has Pour The Finest been?



Alaska Cruise 2023



Skagway, Alaska 2023



Johnny Walker



Sitka, Alaska



NYC, Times Square



Lake Erie, New York

Order Coffee at [www.pourthefinest.com](http://www.pourthefinest.com)

Use coupon code **Finest** for \$1 OFF

# Our Affiliates and Supporters



**NYPD With Arms Wide Open** the charity serves NYC Finest families with special needs children.

The mission of our organization is to provide a forum where cops of all ranks, and their families, can attend meetings and discuss issues surrounding being the parents/ guardians/ caretakers of children with special needs. We have assisted many of our members with medical equipment, intensive physical therapy sessions in addition to what NYC insurance may not cover and provided financial support to families with children that have extended stays in hospitals.

We are a support group. A resource center. A clearinghouse of information.

Support **With Arms Wide Open** at <https://nypdwawo.org>

# Painted Treasures by Chelsea



## Meet The Artist Chelsea Carol

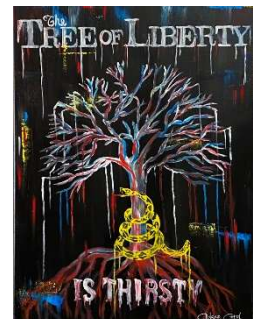
Chelsea is a lifelong painter with a deep passion for the creative process. She received her BA in Fine Art painting from Hofstra University in 2005. Chelsea established Painted Treasures by Chelsea in 2011 after what started off as a side gig, painting + upcycling furniture, quickly grew into a full time career. As Chelsea's creative exploration and skillset evolved, so did her range of artistic goods and services.

Currently Chelsea's focus is on creating original paintings, murals and brick transformations Her unique, colorful style combines elements of pop art + abstract expressionism, bringing a contagious energy as she meticulously captures the inspiring spirit of her subjects. Elements from the faux finishes Chelsea spent the first 10 years of her career specializing in can always be found within her paintings; adding additional layers of depth and visual intrigue to her signature style.

Chelsea's immense gratitude for building a career doing what she loves propelled her to launch the Fallen Feather Project in 2017. She selects one recipient monthly to create a custom item for, aiming to bring comfort and healing to those afflicted with illness or loss by tapping into art's profound ability to move and heal.

Check out her amazing creations and beautiful works of As well as her wonderful book - ART UNCENSORED that is comprised of 43 original artworks created during 2020 to 2021 from the original Patriotic Series by Chelsea Carol. Visit Her Website At:

[www.paintedtreasuresbychelsea.com](http://www.paintedtreasuresbychelsea.com)



## Chelsea's current project.



**“1776 EAGLE” 30x40 Mixed Media on Wood. Original + Prints avail on site**

A note from the artist: Dichotomies exist all around us. In the case of this brand-new series, titled “American Dichotomy,” I will artistically represent our strength, foundation and our anchors as a nation, amid the chaos we find ourselves surrounded by. While that chaos can’t be ignored and in fact must be addressed, we also can not lose sight of our roots and who we are so that we can get back to that place or even surpass it one day. As with all my art, this series is intended to spread light, truth, hope and faith. But most importantly, is intended to make you think, feel and ACT. I hope you enjoy the first piece of this series and what’s to come.





The Patriot Cigar Company's story started with the idea of incorporating the love of cigars with the love for freedom and America. There is no better way to celebrate our love for our country and freedoms we cherish, than smoking a premium cigar.

After months of trying out different blends and working with master blenders, The Patriot Cigar Company arrived at some of the best blends they ever smoked and knew they had to bring these premium handmade cigars to the industry and share them with other freedom loving patriots!

Order premium Cigars at: [www.mypatriotcigars.com](http://www.mypatriotcigars.com)

Use CIGAR15 to save 15%



# Tales from the Locker Room

**This is presented as a work of fiction and dedicated to nobody**

## Housing

**Written by: Joseph Cucci**

Wall Street was killing me.

In fact, it was beating me senseless. I was tired of the red ties, the pinstripes and the double-breasted suits. The sight of these things enraged me; the people wearing them enraged me even more.

I was just getting home one night when it happened.

“Hey John.”

*It* was my neighbor and member of the Italian mafia, Esposito. I grew up in an Italian neighborhood, which was pretty much run by the mob. Fortunate or unfortunately for me I lived next to one.

“How’s Wall Street treating you?” Esposito asked.

“Like an orphan.” I said.

He was wearing black leather gloves. I’d been around long enough to know that, when he had his gloves on, he was going to or coming from something civilians like me wouldn’t think of doing. I thought he was about to proposition me to get my Wall Street connects and involve me with his group.

“Why don’t you become a cop?” Esposito asked.

I nearly shit. I turned with a glazed look and he began to laugh.

“It’s good pay, stability. I know you since you’re a baby, I don’t care if you’re a cop.”

He said as he went inside.

I attended agency day just before the academy. Back then you were allowed to pick between three types of policing: patrolling the streets, housing or transit. I didn't want to be underground with the subway creatures nor did I want to patrol the streets. On patrol, there was a good chance I would end up in Esposito's neighborhood or one similar.

"Next!"

I was next. I stepped up.

"Housing." I said.

That word made the guy behind the window look me up and down. I wasn't much and didn't look like much.

"I must've misheard." He said. "Did you say housing?"

"Yes, housing."

He gave another look. He didn't understand. Neither did I.

"Do you understand what housing is?" He asked.

"Yes."

He put down his pen and called over a lieutenant.

"This kid keeps saying housing."

The lieutenant gave me the same look.

"Step over here with me for a moment." The Lieutenant said.

He pulled me off the line.

"Do you understand you have a choice of three departments, do you know what housing is?"

"Yes."

"Do you have a death wish or something? Housing isn't for you."

"I have to go to housing."

"Why?"

I enlightened him on where I lived.

“Give the kid housing.” He said.

I was now going to be a police officer responsible for the housing projects. I didn't know how many, where they were or anything for that matter. I just knew I was out of Wall Street.

Suddenly naked men surrounded me on all sides. A situation I hardly expected to happen while in the police academy. Nevertheless, I was surrounded and waiting in line for the showers. I cupped my balls and maintained distance from the guy in front of me. The whole thing was like being an inmate. Maybe it was on purpose to simulate what could happen if you were on the other side of the badge.

The showers were the coldest I'd ever had in my life and the food was the worst I'd had in my life. The days went on like this until graduation. Then the real madness began.

First day on the job I drove in, parked and went inside my new station house. The neighborhood surrounding was a shithole and the command itself was a shithole. Nothing seemed to work right.

I walked up to the front desk.

“John Jameson, I just got assigned here.” I said.

The Sergeant behind the desk had a mustache that was too big for his face.

“No, you're not here.” He said.

Then he began to laugh. His laugh frightened me and annoyed me at the same time.

“They send all the rookies to the fort. This isn't it, this is the better part of the command.” He said.

I looked around. Everything was still a shithole.

“Better? But this is a shithole.”

“If you’re going to be a housing cop you better get used to it.”

He laughed again. He couldn’t help himself.

“Then where’s the fort?” I asked.

He wrote down the directions and I walked out. He kept laughing as I exited, probably still laughing to this day.

I drove a few miles into an even shittier neighborhood. I parked right in front of the command known as *The Fort* and got out. On the stairs leading up to the front entrance were two seasoned cops loitering and having a cigarette. They seemed to know I was the new guy.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Gunshots rang out from just down the street. I dove forward for cover and my body hit hard against the cement. As I looked around frantically, trying to figure out what had occurred, the two veteran cops started chuckling. I was getting tired of everything being so funny.

“You can get up now, son. They got him.”

I stood up and looked down the block. The gunman had been apprehended. I stood in disbelief at the insanity of it all. Just a few months ago I had a corner office and a personal assistant, now I was in *Vietnam*.

I looked back at the two cops.

“Welcome to housing.”

Join our community!

If you have a story from when you were on the job consider sharing it with us at

**[PTFlockerroomnotes@gmail.com](mailto:PTFlockerroomnotes@gmail.com)**

The events you share will be told from the perspective of our protagonist, John Jameson. All stories will be anonymous and fictionalized to protect the innocent.