

An Open Letter to the Woman at Table 36:

Hi! I don't know if you remember me, but according to the sweet note you left me, I shamefully provided you with the very poorest service you and your husband have ever had.

That being said, I thought I'd formally introduce myself, and let you know some things about me:

-My name is Katie, but most people know me as Katie B Funk! I also respond to Funks for short.

-My favorite color is orange, followed by neon chartreuse and any shade of grey.

-I am left handed and damn proud of it - all the crazy ones usually are.

-Speaking of crazy, I'm also a textbook manic depressive, also known as bipolar. Therefore, I'm two times the fun!

-I'm an aspiring/practicing artist, and am off to graduate school this fall to become a professional starving artist/all around badass.

-My love for doughnuts is all too real. The same goes for egg rolls. I should patent a double delight of an eggroll shoved through the center of a doughnut. I'd call it a DOUGHROLL... seems more appetizing than an EGGNUT, eh?

-Sailor Moon is my hero, forever and ever. So is Patrick Star.

-Donald J. Trump is horrendous. The end.

-I got my first job in an ice cream shop at 15, and have worked ever since. I became a waitress in 2010, and a bartender in 2012. That puts me at 11 years of work experience already! And they say my generation is lazy...

-I am a human being, and I make mistakes.

That being said, I thought I'd let you know some other things about me:

When I make a mistake, I always try my best to own up to it. Sometimes right at that moment, I'm simply too embarrassed, or am not quite sure what to do to make things right. Regardless of that fact, I always apologize for the inconvenience the mistake has caused as soon as it happens. I apologize that you did not receive your bread in a promptly manner, and that you had to ask an astounding three different servers, still with no bread in sight. I apologize that you were not happy with your second small plate arriving with the soup/salad portion of the meal. This is why we like to explain to our guests when they order them that small plates will come out on an as ready basis.

I cannot, however, apologize for the way in which you informed me of your situation - declaring loudly for other guests to hear "Ok, I'm *PISSED!*" right as I came over to you after you'd just politely signaled to me and said "when you have a moment" only seconds before. After correcting the issue of bread and refilling waters, you informed me that the food in front of you was not what you had ordered. It was, in fact, the parmesan chicken arugula, which I had written down in my book and punched into the computer. It was not the

combination Hero Platter, which is a newly featured item we are running where you choose from two main proteins/fish/pasta, a side, then a soup or salad. I know I am a very thorough server, but must confess I am not a mind reader.

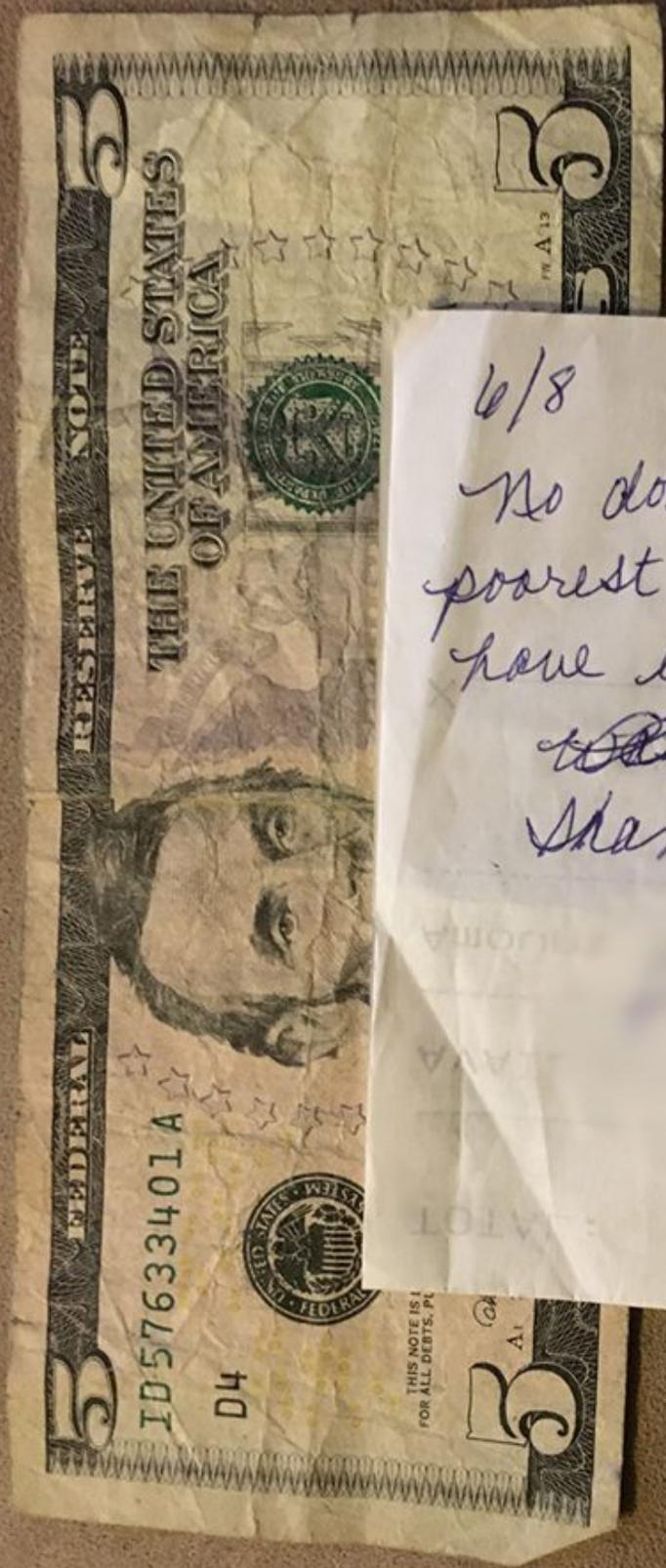
I am also not a doormat, nor someone to be made fun of or put into a bad light in front of my fellow servers, chefs, managers, or anyone else for that matter. I would have been more than happy to get you a manager to speak with, but after everything had been corrected, I had sincerely apologized and asked if I could get you anything else, you said no, enjoyed the meal, I boxed what remained, you did not want dessert, and then were set to pay with a gift card, I assumed all was well. After the \$50 value was applied to the \$42.54 check, I informed you what remained, asked for one of the bottom copies back, thanked you, and hoped you had a good night. When I came back to clean up the table, the checkbook was gone from the table entirely. One of my managers brought it to me moments later, telling me how you had gone up to him in the main kitchen area, which is open concept i.e. everyone around can hear you, declaring it the worst service you'd ever had, that I was "horrible," and that you would never be back.

Kindness begets kindness, through and through. I try to remember this every single day even when I'm stressed, even when I'm worried, even when I'm beyond spent after logging an average 13-15 hour work day. The anger you hurled at me hit a nerve, and I allowed it to seep in and take over. I felt hurt and frustrated and fed up. It seemed afterwards to be a 48-hour period of the littlest things getting under my skin and setting me off, leaving me feeling idiotic for no reason and drained for more reasons than I could count. Then the weekend came, and the world watched in horror as an absolute massacre unfolded in Orlando, having just reeled from the shockwave of a crazed man shooting a talented former Voice contestant who had just performed in the area and was simply and generously signing autographs. The gravity of these acts woke me up, and made me realize that you cannot let the negativity, anger, and hatred win. So I would like to pay it forward.

Enclosed in this letter you will find a copy of the note you left for me (I just had to hold onto the original one for my scrapbooking), along with the Abe Lincoln you left me as gratuity. In return, I'm going to times that amount by five and donate it to the families of the victims, and hope that maybe you will consider doing the same. Life is far too precious of a gift to become infuriated over bread still baking.

It'd simply be a downright shame.

Love, Peace, and Doughnuts -
¡Katie B Funk!



6/8
No doubt the very
poorest service we
have ever had here,
~~and~~ what a
shame!