

To the Neighbourhood,

Unfortunately, we have come to the end of the road for Beaches Brewing. A multitude of reasons (but primarily due to a lack of revenue) led me to the decision last winter to put the business up for sale. Yes, it's been brewing (no pun intended) that long. Year after year of being spread way too thin, scratching and clawing our way through the winter just to make it to the summer. With no real indicator that anything in the economy or neighbourhood would change anytime soon for a business like ours, it just made sense not to try and force it any longer. How do you say goodbye to something that you've put so much effort and so much heart into?

First and foremost, I'm speaking to the people who knew us and who mattered to us. If you never tried our place out then you can stop here.

I will always be proud of the product that we produced. We were a place that valued substance over style and was a little less generic than most pubs on the street, and certainly one of the few places you could get real craft beer in the Beach. I say, without doubt, that you could not get a better meal at a better price point in this neighbourhood. It was always our goal to have the best value proposition in the Beach, and I think we achieved that.

How am I doing? Well, I've had over a year to come to terms with this, but I can tell you that I know I'll miss the brewing and especially the feeling of gratitude of seeing a full restaurant enjoying a product I made 100% right here at 1953 Queen St. E. Today though, although sad, I feel lighter, like it's a finally done, the stress can stop, I can get back to a more normal life.

There are a lot of things that I won't miss. Specifically, I won't miss the 7 months of the year where there are no people. Saturday at 6PM and not a soul in sight, it makes you think that everything you're doing is wrong and that everyone hates your ideas. The endless stress of not being able to make a rent payment, and fear of landlords locking the doors, how a single drop of rain could be the difference between 4 tables or 40 tables on a night and trying to staff for that, being responsible for the livelihood of the staff; the stress really gets to you, especially in the slow season. Let's also not forget the unceasing attention the restaurant business requires; never being able to go away without a call that something has broken and no one can fix it. It's true what they say, it's a lifestyle... You HAVE TO be there every day! People have consistently asked me "why aren't you busier" and I would say "where else can you get good (**REAL**) craft beer on tap in this neighbourhood?". The answer is nowhere; the majority of consumers of this neighbourhood don't really care about craft, and so the marketing of big brands is what wins tap space and consumer palates... What you end up with is tap **after** tap of international pale lager from companies that cut every corner possible and certainly employ fewer people per liter of beer sold than I do.

To the Craft Brewing World: Best of luck. We certainly had a time when a great proportion of the general population was excited about having fresh, local beer in their mug. The macro brands even started buying craft breweries to get in on it, but I think they ultimately found it cheaper to just throw more ad dollars at the problem and recondition people to their cheaper products. We'll never have the resources that they have, so the best we can do is to remind our locals that we keep all our dollars in our neighbourhoods. I'd urge the local population to think of their breweries the same way they think of their local bakeries.

To my Staff: I'd like to thank many of you who have come through these doors. The hard work and effort required for the restaurant industry isn't something that everyone has the capacity for. Looking around and using your common sense to find things to do during downtime is surprisingly not as common sense as you'd think. I've gotten to see so many of you grow from stupid, goofy kids into real actual stupid goofy human adults and I hope that the friendships created will last a lifetime. Please look back on your time here fondly. Thank you.

To my Regulars: It was the honour of a lifetime to get to know you, and although you won't be able to pop in and see me the same way you have in the past, I do hope you'll stay in touch. I feel a lot better knowing that this concept DID resonate with at least a few people. You guys are the ones that "get it" and I want you to know that I feel a little guilt over not being able to provide this space for you anymore; leaving you stuck with all the generic slop. Thank you.

To the Mug Wall: I always said that anyone with a mug on the wall was someone I'd love to have a beer with; and I'll make sure that you get your mug hand delivered. Please reach out to the Instagram account in case you don't have my number.

To my Family and Friends: Thank you for putting up with me the past 6 years; I intend to be much more present and available. Special thanks to my wife for putting up with all the stress, and for supporting me both emotionally and financially. My dad also deserves recognition for his role in supporting this adventure being my sounding board. Without the two of them we would never even have gotten the doors open.

I'll finish off with a thought.

Although I'm disappointed to see all my hard work disappear into the ether; I have learned the importance of time and location in business... And for Beaches Brewing neither have ever been right. So, for all the little lessons like this that I've learned along the way I'm thankful. Tonight, I'll raise a glass for those lessons and to the neighbourhood that was our home.

Cheers,

Carl