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## **Goodbye Noroton Heights Stop and Shop: An Appreciation**

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Goodbye Stop & Shop Noroton Heights

I guess the best way to express how much you mean to me and countless others is to simply say this: Thank you.

We had nearly 19 really good years. I remember when I first moved to town I thought you paled in comparison to the Super Stop & Shops I frequented in Westchester and Boston but I soon became enamored of your charm.

— *This article [originally was published](#) as a Facebook post by Jenny Murphy on Dec. 8. It is republished here with permission.*

Your small size made it easy for me to learn where everything was. The parking is so orderly — especially compared to that rogue across town, Trader Joe's. In my mind, I had a particular parking spot and if that were taken I had two suitable alternates.

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Your convenient location allowed me to visit one, sometimes two, and — if I am being completely honest — occasionally three times(!) a day. Can I tell you a secret? Sometimes, I went to Palmer's to get something just because I was embarrassed to show up again.

I knew I could head over in my PJs and winter coat before 8 a.m. to pick up an emergency stash of maple syrup for pancakes left on the stove. When it came to the necessities: coffee, toilet paper and once upon a time, diapers, you never failed. Last-minute Gatorade pickups for the lacrosse game buses, you were there for me. Flowers for Theatre 308's last night? We nailed it. Oh, and the balloons ... Sigh, this is going to be hard for me.

I will miss Virginia in Customer Service who once accepted my previously opened peanut butter return busting out a "che schifo" which I later learned meant "ew, gross" in Italian.

Keith in produce who always said hello and once ran across the parking lot after my friend, Maureen, with an item she had inadvertently left in her cart.

Mary Ann in flowers and balloons who was always helpful with any sort of arrangement you could imagine up together for holidays, birthdays, graduations, college acceptances and condolences. And the many cashiers and baggers who made it easy to be on your way.

I will not miss the ice rink temperature setting of your store during the summer, however, I did learn to keep a zip-up sweatshirt in my car just for you. I remember once seeing Keith on a sweltering July day eating his lunch near Equinox. He explained he needed to warm up. I totally got it.

December 19th is your last day. Your shelves have already been unburdened of a few essentials I searched for this week; coffee filter #4, No Yolks' egg noodles and Newman's Own Classic Oil and Vinegar dressing — bittersweet reminders that soon I will have to carry on without you.

Thank you, dear Noroton Heights Stop and Shop, I will miss you.