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## Grocery Shopping Adventures

by  
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Going to the grocery store as a retired individual is a whole new experience. I find myself watching my fellow shoppers so much more closely. No particular reason except where we live the backgrounds of those we run into are so much more diverse than the average community. With that diversity comes different tastes and epicurean desires of those roaming the aisles.

You might see a North Carolinian looking for a bag of dried black eyed peas while New Yorkers seem to hang around the deli section looking for anything from lox, bagels and blintzes, to corned beef, liverwurst, gefilte fish, or tongue. I've noticed that the wine selections in most of our grocery stores are more varied than your average grocery as well.

We are blessed with several beautiful grocery stores in the immediate area with Publix and Albertsons the most available to Village residents. Huge, brightly lit stores with a super variety of everything a hungry soul could want... I love grocery stores. They're second only to hardware stores. I've always liked hardware stores... strolling down the aisles not really looking for anything specific but dreaming of all the things one could do with the different tools and accessories. I love to cook which explains my excitement around well stocked food stores, but I'm just dreaming about being a handy man.

Of course, since moving here I've gone up several notches in my abilities to hang, drill and ratchet and my skills in the shelf making area are reaching true historic if not heroic proportions.

I sometimes feel very sorry for some of the other guys I see in grocery stores. There are some wives out there that are unbelievable in their desire to cut their husbands down to size. I was behind a couple in the express line the other day and thought I had picked the really quick exit position. The folks had only two more items to ring up and they'd be out. Not to be!! Once the items were wrung up the wife pulled a stack of freshly cut coupons out of her purse and handed them to the cashier. One by one the cashier dutifully scanned the coupons to apply the discounted amount to the item.

She paused and looked at one coupon and then looked in the already filled paper or plastic bags and said, "I'm sorry this coupon is for Dawn detergent, you've got Palmolive detergent in there." The lady didn't believe her and reached in the bag and pulled the large, family size bottle of green Palmolive dish detergent out of the bag, then looked at her husband who was beginning to look like an acolyte who had just got caught sipping the communion wine. "You bought Palmolive instead of Dawn. You know we always buy Dawn detergent," the wife said to the poor guy. To the cashier, "We always buy Dawn. It's supposed to be Dawn. I can't believe he bought Dawn. He knows we

always buy Dawn.” The husband sheepishly took the Palmolive bottle and placed it back in the bag and said, “I guess I picked up the wrong bottle by mistake.”

The cashier, of course, would not bite and say, “Okay, I’ll give you the discount on the Palmolive.” Instead she handed the now useless coupon back to the wife and continued scanning the remaining valid ones. The wife then turned to the husband and silently mouthed some words I can’t repeat here, then said out loud, “I can’t believe you bought Palmolive green... we always get Dawn blue. Now we’ll be stuck with this large bottle of useless Palmolive.”

As they walked to their car I saw the wife looking upon her husband’s face with such a look of disdain while all the time never ceasing her litany of lashing even after entering into the vehicle. I’m so glad my wife is a rational lady and doesn’t get that upset over all the faux pas I commit daily. My life would be a literal hell on earth if she did because I’ve been known to bring home a loaf of bread and a jar of jelly when I was asked to bring nothing more than a jar of peanut butter. Of course when I went back for the peanut butter I mistakenly got Peter Pan rather than Jif. Mea Culpa! Mea Culpa!

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