

TRIP TREAT A SAD MEMORY



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Things change. Life evolves. Crap happens. The shoes you want only come in red, not the turquoise color that would *totally* match your new sundress. I understand all this. Well. Except for the shoe thing.

But what I cannot understand is what in the world has happened to Stuckey's?

When I was a kid, a trip to Florida always included at least one stop at Stuckey's. And, of course we had to buy some of their freshly-made, creamy and delicious homemade candy. There was always plenty of it piled up on displays,

smelling tempting and wonderful, and they were busily making more back in the candy kitchen. But, for me, there was never really a decision to make.

Pralines. Southern, delicious, creamy, mapley pralines with pecans. They would literally melt in your mouth. I would take a bite, let it melt, then chew up the maple-flavored nuts. I could make one praline last a very long time. I finally found a good recipe and learned to make them at home. They were very good. But never quite the same. The experience and anticipation of the beach trip enhanced the flavor, I think.

So when we were heading to Pensacola last weekend and needed a bathroom break (with three women in the car, we stopped approximately 6,482 times for this purpose) we spied a



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Stuckey's sign and decided to stop.

Oh, y'all.

The disappointment.

Apparently, Stuckey's has sold out to some big company which only stocks certain candies which did not, by any means, look fresh and locally made. The only pralines we saw were individually wrapped and dried and broken. No more fresh, delicious pralines from Stuckey's.

Guess I'll have to get out my recipe book.

But it just won't be quite the same.