

# Return To Shaffer Value

All riiighty then. Tonight, I started a new old job. It seems I was in the right place at the right time last week when I went into my local grocery store to fax my resume to a few possible job locations. It seems that the store was in need of some part time help as most of the school age kids were going to be involved in sports this spring. So, I said until something more lucrative came up, why not.

Old job you ask. Yes, because the grocery earned the nickname "Shaffer Value" after my two older brothers, my mother, my younger sister, and myself worked there at some point. I will not say how long I worked there initially (at least 4 years). The funny thing was, the minute I walked in today, they had already received a phone call for a reference for me. Unfortunately, none of the employees I worked with previously were there to take the call. They gave me a glowing review from personality alone since the person calling did not understand that it has been many years since I graced the store with my services.

Some things had changed while many others seemed to have remained basically the same. The minute I walked into the stockroom, I was totally shocked. Gone were the piles and piles of overstock which had previously been there to be worked and reworked until they could not be worked anymore. There were two small stacks which contained items for all four aisles (yes, a four-aisle grocery). I could have only imagined having such a nice backroom in my day.

The cash register was also much more advanced (from my previous days, anyway). Before, the store only accepted cash, checks, or paper food stamps. Now we take credit (debit, too), food stamps are now done electronically, and WIC is accepted, as well. Plus, they have scanners which we did not have. The store has finally gotten out of the stone age.

One thing did draw me into reality. The stock boy working there who is a senior in high school is someone whom I remember being brought in by his mother when he was a baby. Of course, the lady running the register when I arrived today used to change my diapers so I guess it is all relative. So... until something better comes along....Few may remember the days when it was known as Shaffer Value, but it will do. I know there are people who remember the space being the local movie theatre.