

## Sweet tradition continues at Tidmarsh's Home Bake Shop in Ansonia Easter is busiest time of year, manager says

By Patricia Villers

ANSONIA - For more than four decades Tidmarsh's Home Bake Shop's goodies have sweetened holidays - and every day - for customers from throughout the Valley and the state.

Manager/decorator Laurie Petreycik took over the shop inside a small house at 66 Westfield Ave. after the January 2016 death of Valley icon Roy Tidmarsh at 62. The family opened the shop in 1976 and Petreycik, a Stratford resident, worked for Tidmarsh behind the scenes for 32 years.

On Friday she talked about the business in an interview with the *New Haven Register* and *The Valley Voice*. She said she wants to keep the business going as Tidmarsh would have done.



Petreycik has been busy preparing for Easter, which she said is "the busiest" time of the year at the tiny shop.

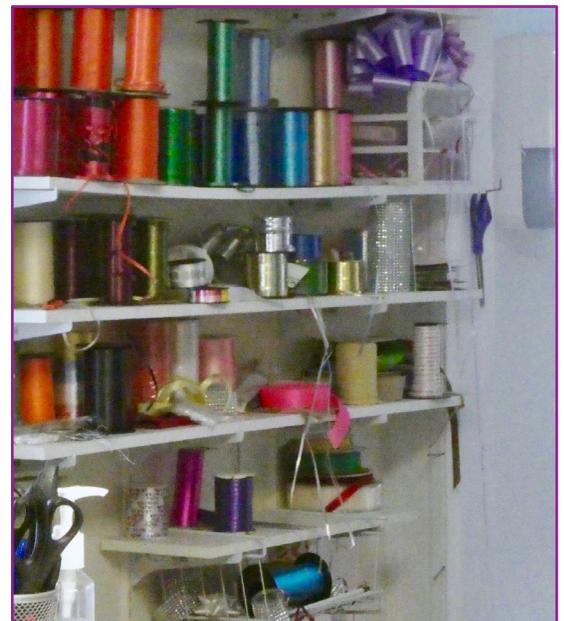
Popular items are the chocolate melting wafers, pectin jelly beans, and old-fashioned ribbon candy, Petreycik said.

A Tidmarsh tradition is the strawberries covered in milk, white, and dark chocolate, popular for Valentine's Day.

Seymour resident Lynda Chaco, a longtime customer, stopped in Friday to buy Easter candy. She said she used to make chocolate Easter treats at home but now prefers to purchase them.



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"This is the best store," Chaco said. "I've been coming here for years." She selected solid chocolate bunnies, gaily wrapped bags of pastel-colored chicks, and more for her seven grandchildren.

Petrycik creates custom-order cakes for birthdays, weddings, and all special occasions. Petrycik has had a lot of requests for unicorn cakes lately, and she showed a photo of an unusual yet adorable sloth cake she made for a child's birthday



Learn more about Tidmarsh at their [FB page](#)

## Tiger Woods' comeback at Masters inspires fans of all ages

**By Robert C. Pollack**

"Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!"

It was a chant that dominated television Sunday for two hours after Tiger Woods completed his comeback for the ages.

I was shopping at Big Y in Ansonia and to my amazement, what people there were talking about was not the bargains they were hunting for or the pending Mueller report or the late spring. No, the buzz in the store was all about the miracle in Augusta.

Sports experts of all media had scoffed at Tiger's latest comeback including WFAN's Mike Francesa, who told his Friday audience that while Tiger was still a "good golfer," he was ranked 121 in the world despite a recent victory in a relatively minor tournament and "had no chance to win the Masters against some of the best golfers in the world." His words were echoed by many.

But watching Tiger play golf this weekend was like watching all your childhood fantasies in which you – against all odds – become wildly successful, spring to life.

There was the miracle putt in Round One. There was the untypical patience he displayed at each of the 18 holes – not trying to do too much or settle for too little. He hadn't won a major in 11 years or a Masters in 14.

At 43, after three back surgeries that followed a messy divorce and several failed comeback attempts, each of which made it clear younger, stronger, and more consistent golfers had passed him by, he somehow reached back into his storied past.

The crowd was a key element to his performance – roaring and clapping and cheering with every shot he took.

We were all with Tiger when he mixed birdie after birdie with par after par. Still, on Sunday he was still two shots down at the 12th hole in the final round when four of the world's best golfers splashed into a pool; and bogeyed.

That was the opening Tiger needed and the crowd roars were a tidal wave as he kept his T-shirts on the green and made putt after putt with relentless accuracy.

He missed a birdie putt – barely – on the 17th hole but still had a one stroke lead as he teed off the final hole.

His shot landed just where he wanted it to – in a perfect location for an easy chip shot.

And now he stood on that 18th green – a birdie away from victory. His two kids, his mother, and his girlfriend stood there and you could almost feel how hard they were rooting for him and you could virtually hear the sudden silence of the crowd as Tiger approached his 13-foot putt.

He flicked his wrist and the ball rolled straight toward the hole – then over it. The crowd groaned. But only for an instant.

The bogey left him less than three feet from victory.

He eyed the ball and the hole carefully – putted – and the ball went cleanly into the hole.

Everyone went wild. The crowd. The television broadcasters. Tens of millions of people all over the world.

Tiger threw his right arm high above his head and let out a bellow drowned out by the crowd. His son leaped into his arms. His mother followed.

And even before he donned his fifth Green Jacket, what he had done made all of us – no matter our age – feel young again.

*Ansonia resident Robert C. Pollack was managing editor of the former Evening Sentinel.*

