

Connecticut: beach pass and microbrew



Courtesy photos

TOP: Artisan, the outdoor restaurant at Delamar Southport.
LEFT: Delamar Southport's private beach.

By Peggy Newland

A boutique hotel with a complimentary pass to private beach is like a golden ticket this COVID summer. Especially if you are meeting a Brooklyn-based daughter during a socially distanced reunion after five months apart. I pick the seaside town of Southport, CT, as a meeting spot, and find the charming Delamar as the perfect weekend landing for mother/daughter bonding. Located walkable distance from the Metro North Railroad, and only an hour and a half from midtown Manhattan, this hotel has the ambiance and location for relaxation and conversation.

With beach pass in hand, and the temperatures rising into the mid-90's, Haley and I head directly to the coast. After parking behind some sand dunes and walking over a wooden path to the sea, we are hit with blue water, distanced swimmers, and an open beach. I spread a blanket along the sand and follow my daughter as she jumps

straight into the Long Island Sound. The water is surprisingly cold, and just what this city-dwelling 23-year-old and her mother needed.

"I haven't been outside of the city in so long," Haley says.

We float and bob and then have sandwiches from a local deli on the beach. We stay on the beach until we are only ones floating in the sea.

Back at the hotel, after a quick clean up, we head to Artisan, the outdoor restaurant at Delamar Southport. It's a romantic garden of green and bright flower, with coupled tables lit in candlelight under trellised porches, but there's also a vibe of "seen and be seen." Women in floral sundresses walk beside men in boat shoes and untucked button downs, while a foursome of selfie-snapping twenty somethings in face masks wait for spaced high-tops at the lit-up bar. Everyone seems relaxed at distanced tables, and the night is cool enough

for a sweater.

"It's like seaside Brooklyn," Haley says.

We share crabcakes with carrot-ginger mousseline and citrus dressing and an "artisan" cheese tray with Roquefort and red bee honey, Appalachian cheese and Castelvetro olives. The Super Food salad of green cabbage, kale, radicchio, tomato, corn, chickpeas, avocado, and sun flower seeds gets us ready for digging into a luscious Cavatelli Alla Norma (eggplant, basil, pecorino) and seared sea scallops with ricotta gnocchi, mushroom, asparagus in a summer truffle sauce. With sunset streaming over umbrella-covered tables and cobblestone floors, we lean back into the early dusk and share a refreshing Meyer Lemon Panna Cotta with blackberry coulis.

The next day, after a "pick-up" breakfast of coffee, granola, fruit, and juice, we head out to Black Rock Historic District, a seaside village of mid-18th Century homes.

"Which one would you live in?" I ask.

We choose from Greek Revival, Georgian, and Gothic Italianate, as we stroll along a half mile of sidewalks up to Grover's Hill, with its view across the Sound to Long Island.

"Probably the beach," Haley says.

After a quick bite to eat at Gray Goose, a cute patio-style café, I drop her off at the train station. As it pulls away, heading back to New York City, I wave until the train disappears, and I'm alone on the sidewalk.

if you go

Delamar Southport

275 Old Post Road, Southport, CT.

www.delamar.com/southport/

203-259-2800.

Ask for the Stay Sunday and Save special which includes \$50 credit for room charges and \$20 mini-bar credit.

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