

Fall in Paris Journal

On Monday, October 11, I found my change purse at the Conciergerie!

Each time I adjust my scarf I think of Sally Harris. The scarf is an essential part of my wardrobe. I don't leave the apartment without it. Sally, who lived in France some years back, mentioned to me that French women never pass a window or mirror when they can look at their reflection. Do you know what they are looking at? Their damned scarf! Those things fly in the wind, slide down your chest or fall down your back. They take constant readjusting, unless you knot them and then that ruins the casual, fluid look. They also have to be twice as long as the usual scarf one buys in the states. The women are currently folding them twice for a fuller look. I have one everyday scarf long enough to do that. I can hardly wait for it to get cooler so I can use two other scarves that are long enough for that effect.

I have discovered the key to maintaining my makeup all day - powder! Lots of powder. It takes a little longer in the morning, but it saves me time and effort to re-touch it in the afternoon so I have decided it is worth it.

It sure is a lot of trouble to be in style, but I am. It is fun to have foreigners come to me and ask me in broken French how to get here or there or for advice or directions. Even more fun is to have Parisians ask me questions - Où est la station de metro?, or may I borrow your metro map for a moment? I really enjoy that. And the best part is that I am able to respond. My French is finally beginning to kick in.

We are really enjoying our time here. On Saturday Barbara Stickler took me to the Grand Palais to see the 160 paintings in the Monet exhibit. What a treat. It was exquisite - brought me to tears. I have written it up and took a bunch of photos. But it will take me time to post the entries. I am too busy experiencing the city to write about it. The photographs help me remember and I am keeping notes so when I get around to writing them up, there will be detail.

The time of year is very special. The flowers are still in bloom although beginning to fade. The trees are losing their leaves but not all, yet. We are experiencing Indian summer but the feel of fall is in the air. It is lovely

I picked up two quiches at the Delambre Boulangerie for lunch. One was a quiche of salmon and spinach and the other was goat cheese and spinach. We have lots of greens in the fridge for a salad with tomato.

I took a picture of the platform of our Notre Dame des Champs Métro station. Unfortunately, the light is so bright, that the pictures come out sort of orange with very little detail. I am including this one because it shows the writing over the archway that spells Montparnasse in tiles. This tells you the direction the train is going when it goes that way. That is one more chance to insure you are going in the direction you want to go. I haven't seen that detail in any other platform.



It is cooler outside with a breeze so we felt it as we walked along in the center of Paris.

We hope to visit Louise this afternoon. She usually sleeps late in the morning so we try to catch her in the afternoon and go out for a coffee.

There continue to be notices about the strike scheduled for tomorrow October 12. A list of the affected metro lines is issued by the transportation companies so one can plan. There is a call for a follow up strike on Saturday, October 19.



At the Conciergerie, which wasn't open, I started to enter an open door but was intercepted by a man with a walkie talkie. I told him my carefully rehearsed story about leaving a small bag at the cashier yesterday and asked if they have a box for lost and found things. He answered in English asking what color it was and then called on the walkie talkie. He said someone was coming and that it was likely they had found my purse. Amazing. Ernie and I chatted with him in French and English and then a lady came out with my purse. In fact, I had left a 20-Euro note in it and miscellaneous change. She reported that it had 24 euros in it. That's how much was in there. Isn't that amazing?

I am pleased as punch to have my pink purse back. Not only is it useful for carrying my paper money and coins, I purchased it at the Phoenix Airport when returning from my dad's funeral last March. So it has some sentimental value. It is made to look native American, but the tag inside said Made in China.