

19 January, 2012

First day in Paris

It's 3:30 pm in Paris (so it's only 6:30 AM in Nevada City) and we have just returned from "lunch" (we need to train our stomach to eat on its new schedule), a delicious light lunch just around the corner from our apartment where the bartender/manager remembered me and greeted us warmly.

Everything went smoothly on our journey from Nevada City to Paris. We left Tuesday afternoon (for an afternoon flight from San Francisco airport) and had an overnight stop in Fairfield for a movie, dinner, and a stay at Motel 6. So Wednesday, after breakfast at a nearby Peet's we had a leisurely morning drive to the El Rancho Park and Fly, parked the car, checked in and took a shuttle to the airport and checked in with Air France.

Our plane was on time and getting a taxi at Charles DeGaulle to the apartment was easy. The rental agent greeted us -- he had a nice potted Azalea plant for us and a nice bottle of white wine, which we shared while we chatted before he left and then Olivia and I went around the corner for lunch.



The temperature here is about the same as in Nevada City.

The wireless came up immediately -- it still remembered the password from last year's visit to Paris.

20, January Friday

We took a Metro to the Gare Montparnasse to get our things out of our storage unit, which is around the corner from the train station. It is amazing how many things we left there. A cubic meter of storage holds a lot!

We hired a taxi (the personnel of the Une Pièce on Plus told the drivers the volume of stuff we were transporting) to the apartment and we gave the driver a healthy tip for helping us load and unload our precious possessions. That included our printer, lots of clothes, winter coats, kitchen implements, office supplies and miscellaneous other items that help make an impersonal apartment into a home. We had lots of fun the rest of the afternoon sorting through our belongings and finding places for everything. We also unpacked.

We walked to Rambuteau, stopping first at the Pharmacy to order some supplies we can get only here. At Rambuteau and Beaubourg, there is a Metro station. At that corner, across from the Pompidou Center, there is a restaurant called Station Rambuteau that serves continuously. The Pompidou Center draws thousands of people, many of them tourists so they serve continuously. We went there for lunch because it was 3 p.m. long past the usual lunch hours of 12 to 2 or 3. I had a bowl of beef Bourguignon and Ernie had a planche (board) of cold cuts. In addition to the usual slices of ham and proscuitto there were two little cups of pate and cornichons and, of course, a basket of sliced baguette. It was all delicious.

On the way back we stopped at the local FranPrix supermarket and produce store to begin restocking the kitchen. Then back to the apartment for a nap before continuing to settle in.

That night we went to Salento, the tiny Italian restaurant a few blocks south on Rue du Temple where we have eaten before. We had escalope de veau with a salad and a type of tapenade over the slices of veal. It was made with tomato, lots of capers and a bit of anchovie paste, for a very yummy flavor. We polished off a basket of sliced baguette and some red wine.

When we got home, I couldn't find my purse and didn't remember picking it up off the floor when we left. In a panic I called the restaurant but they were unable to find it. After hanging up, I looked in one last place and there was my purse. So I called them back and apologized. They spoke to me in English and said they were glad I found it because they had felt quite sad that I had lost my purse. We will return to that little restaurant.