

B11 OUR LAST DAYS IN PARIS

PROJECT: EUROPE 2011

SUBJECT: B11 OUR LAST DAYS IN PARIS SCRIPT

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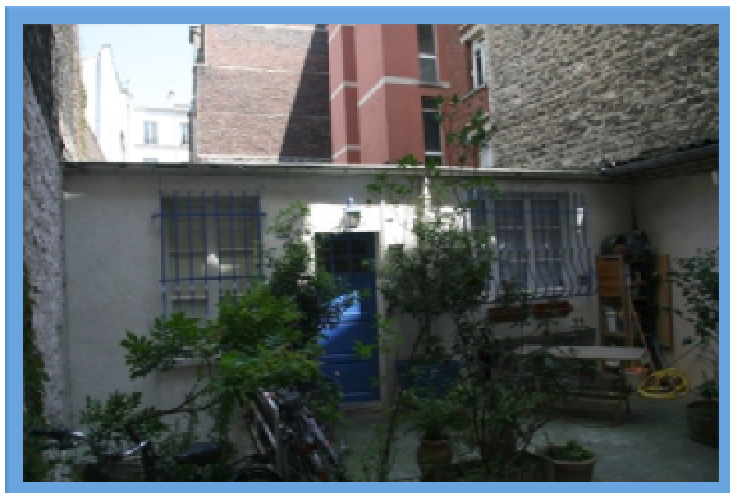
We've spent our last days in Paris just kind of bumming around. Aside from the obligatory morning trip to the boulangerie for croissants and a baguette of bread, we've been without assignment or desire to careen about Paris looking for our youth. In fact, we began taking a closer look at our home for the past week.



We should clarify how our daughter, Chrise, came to live in Paris with her 14-year old son, Kade. Last summer her husband, Kurt, was called up by our government to do one year of active military service. He has been an officer in the naval reserve since college but never expected to be called to duty in another

service branch. At age 47, he has spent the past year in Afghanistan after being drafted into the Army! Rather than wait out the time in Marin County, she chose to move to Paris and rented a small house/apartment at 44 Rue Pernety. The blue door, bracketed by a pizza and shoe repair shop, is their entry to the apartment building.

There is a small house behind the building. It appears to have been a stable or storeroom converted to living quarters. When a second floor was needed, they dug down instead of building up. It was not a case of not having enough room because they are surrounded by tall buildings so who knows why they chose to go down.





It's a cozy little place with the kitchen, dining area and sitting room on the ground floor with two bedrooms and bathroom downstairs. The washer and dryer are in what appears to be a closet in a bedroom. They helped Louise exercise her nesting instincts.



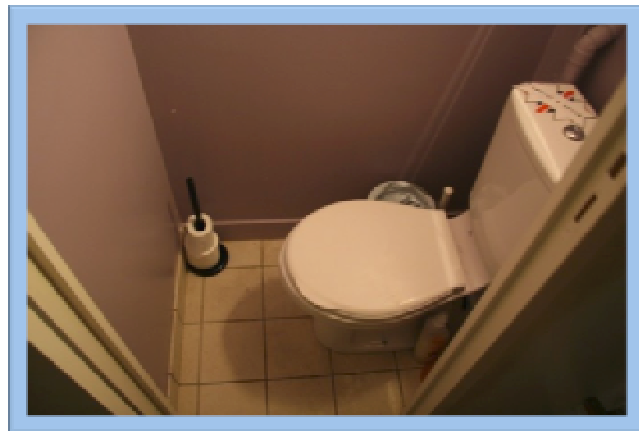
The "Killer Stairway," so called because Chrise fell while descending and broke her foot, has no railing or other safety devices. It promised to be a challenge for her parents in their seventies.

In anticipation of our heavy rope, with knots we'd have something to very useful but I can't Quasimodo clambering of Notre Dame. At first wears thin in a hurry.



visit, a friend installed a strategically placed, so grab onto. The rope is help but feel like up and down the towers it was romantic but that

Because the living space was created before the popular use of indoor plumbing, sanitary additions had to fit in where they could. Some are clever and convenient. Others are not. A good example is the toilet room or WC as it is known in France. This one measures 3 1/2 feet square. Since the toilet is 2 1/2 feet in length that leaves only one foot of maneuvering room for the user.



The following description is from a man's point of view. Once inside with the door closed, you must address the toilet in order to drop your pants. Then you do a shuffle to move to the sitting position. It takes eight shuffles to do 180 degrees. Once finished, you must rise straight up or you will bump your head on the wall. Redo the shuffle to address the toilet again. In order to pull up your pants you must bend over. Here's the clever part. Your cheeks make contact with the cold wall and the shock causes you to lurch toward the toilet. You throw your hands forward by instinct and they land on the flush mechanism and the toilet is flushed. I know it is a Rube Goldberg approach but it works every time.



We were delighted to have a visit from Eve Lambert who was friends with Chrise during her Junior year abroad so many years ago. Eve has visited our home in Woodland Hills and brought us news of her three children. It was great to see her.

Crazy as it sounds, we're going to miss 44 rue Pernety and thank our daughter and grandson for making room for two more people in an already crowded situation.

That's all for now from Paris. Our next message will be from on the road.

Louise and Ray