

Post



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# Independence Day in Paris - July 4, 2024

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## ***SUMMARY***

We're a little sad that due to poor planning on our part, we are missing July 4th in the U.S. and will also miss le Quatorze juillet (Bastille Day) in France. Oh, well... We carried our bags on the plane so debarked, cleared Immigration and sped past Customs in record time. New since last year: Metro line 14 now connects Orly to the city. Too early to our hotel for check-in but were offered coffee and bag storage. Started our 8+ miles of walking at Luxembourg Garden followed by delicious lunch at La Jacobine off the Blvd. Saint-Germain. Checked in then walked around the world's best grocery store, had a lovely crêpe dinner and

crashed. - Karen

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### ***DETAIL***

Happy 4th of July! I wake and the little TV screen before me says we're 90 minutes from Paris. Out the window I see us transition from being over water to being over France. The sun is starting to appear behind the clouds on the horizon. I look over and Karen is still asleep.

Climbing over her I head to the lavatory, half the plane is still asleep. I pass Bohdi, the dog, sleeping peacefully next to his owner. In the lounge last night we saw Bohdi's owner give him a couple of "doggie downers" to help him sleep soundly.

Back at our row, Karen's awake and they're serving breakfast. Out the window it looks like France and the weather looks nice. Partly cloudy but nothing to worry about. On the ground we make the long, purposeful walk to immigration. We're asked no questions and quickly get our passports stamped. It's a long, confusing walk to the M14 metro line, new here since last year.

Being new, the metro station - and even the cars - are clean and shiny. The metro car we're in is completely empty, given that this is the end of the line. As we pass station after station the car gets more full until it's nearly at capacity. Thankfully we'll be getting off soon.

At the hotel our room is not ready yet. Monsieur offers us coffee which we gladly accept. Another couple, similarly hanging out waiting for their room, are fretting about an iPhone they left in their cab from the airport. The hotel clerk says they're a frequently stolen item in Paris. What a nice tip for the cabbie!

After more hanging out in the hotel lobby we meander around town and end up at La Jacobine for lunch. It's not open yet and there's a crowd milling around waiting. The small restaurant is just down from Procope, where long ago intellectuals pontificated, drank coffee and planned the French Revolution, at least according to a recent good read, "A History of the World in Six Glasses".

Our entreés (starters) were raviole de Royan and Camembert Fondue (a slice of Camembert melted in a shallow dish with cider). All this is served with delicious slices of fresh baguette. For our main course we split a filet mignon de porc with moustard ancienne. Good, too. No wine or beer. :-( Must stay awake!

More walking around, including the two islands in the Siene. We walk through the exhilarating flower markets and pop into a church on the Île Saint Louis where the organ player is practicing. Worn out, we walk back to our hotel. Our room is ready, yay. It's smaller than the one last trip, but still comfortable. We hang out and catch up with goings on in the world. Before long we decide that if we don't go out again, we will fall asleep.

We walk to Bon Marché. It's 72° and sunny with lots of blue sky. Loads of locals and tourists are also out enjoying the gorgeous weather. Another lovely walk find us at Odéon Breizh Café for a delightful crêpe dinner. Karen has pink wine from Provence and I have a red Burgundy. They're price performers and deliciously French. This (France) is the place to have wine.

My iPhone says sunset will be right around 10 p.m. From our experience it will stay light much later than that. We won't be up to find out. Maybe tomorrow night.

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## Photos



After a surprisingly restful night I see the sun peeking over the horizon. Have to get my body adjusted to Paris time.



Delicious coffee, poached egg, hollandaise, fruit, and croissant. Very civilized. [more coffee, please!]



Flying in, Paris proper is on the other side of the plane, but we can still see the Siene as it continues southward out of the city.



On the Metro 14 line, which now goes all the way to Orly, it starts out empty but soon is "packed like sardines" as the French would say.



At the Jardin de Luxembourg there's an Instagram-ready picture with people in line (including us) to prove we were all in Paris this year.



Lunch at La Jacobine. Delicious. Lots of butter, we're sure. Not a big place, but big flavor. No wine (for now).



The flower garden wakes us up, with it's oxygen and bright colors.



Notre Dame, not ready for it's unveiling just yet. Come back in December, reportedly.



Lining the Siene is lots of seating for the opening ceremony of the Olympics. Interesting concept. Not traditional. So French!



FARNSNIENTE



On the Île Saint Louis, in a church, the organist practices, much to our delight. Great acoustics!



On a mailbox near where we were sitting for our crêpe dinner, we see the mascot for the summer games. What is that, a pigeon?? Ah, we know. A hat! How French!



Saint Sulpice lights up the walk back to our hotel for a much anticipated night's sleep.

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