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Kim JunMyeon, 내 영감, 사랑의 나의 비전.
고맙습니다.
당신은 내 꿈을 아름답게 만들어요.

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*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana A Park*

*Une
Table
Pour Deux*

(A Table for two...)

Joana A Park

Every woman goes through a moment in her life when she feels she needs a change, something new, a boost. Why not get that boost in Paris? After years of looking at the beautiful Eiffel Tower in pictures, I was finally going to actually see it. I had recently gone through a difficult divorce and this trip was exactly what I needed to refresh myself. My best friend Mark and I planned our trip perfectly, from the hotel we were to stay at, to sightseeing, to the food we were going to eat. A budget for this trip did not exist. We wanted the best and nothing less. We had decided to spend a whole month there, why not? At this point we were both successful and just wanted to experience the trip of a lifetime. The only thing I wasn't looking forward to was the flight. I hated to fly. So, of course our trip would start out a bit rough due to turbulence and the flight was so long but we were determined to make this the best trip ever.

*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana A Park*

As the plane arrived at the Charles de Gaulle airport, our spirits had become lighter, excitement was pouring out of our pores. We both stared out the window of the plane, like two kids in a candy store.

“Oh my god Gia, can you believe we are here? We’re in Paris, baby!” Mark said.

I looked around and took a deep breath. “The airport is even beautiful.” I replied.

We both laughed.

“I’m really going to like it here, so much eye candy, girl, did you see how gorgeous?” Mark commented as a very good looking French man passed us.

I smiled and nodded yes.

“You want to get a drink before we get a taxi?”

Mark asked.

“Sure, after that flight, I need a shot!” I replied.

“I can’t wait to see Jacques, it has been years. I bet he’s still as scrumptious as the last time I saw him” Mark said.

“I know, I’ve missed him so much!” I mumbled.

“Girl, I’m going to find you a sexy French boy so you can finally get John out of your system. You are a beautiful single woman and you need a single young sexy French man.” Mark commented.

*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana @ Park*

I smiled as I sipped my drink. John was my ex-husband, we were married for 10 years when he suddenly decided he needed something different. Someone younger.

I say he had a mid-life crisis but who am I to judge. I had been in a slump, maybe it was because I kept comparing men to him but I was finally done and this trip was going to define that. As we rode to the hotel, I leaned my head on Mark's shoulder. Mark and I had been friends for years, we worked together and finally opened a successful business together. When we arrived at the hotel, we went straight to our room. We were extremely tired from the flight but as we got into bed we couldn't sleep much because we were too excited about being in France.

*As the sun came up, from my bed, I could see in
the far distance what I mainly came here for,
The Eiffel Tower. I took a deep breath, just
soaking it in.*

*“It’s so beautiful, isn’t it?” Mark whispered
from across the room.*

“I’ve been staring at it for hours.” He added.

*I sat up so I can get a better view. “C’est
magnifique.” (It’s magnificent) I responded.*

*“Oui, Oui Mon Chère” (Yes, Yes my darling)
Mark replied.*

We both laughed.

*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana @ Park*

The smells were so different in Paris. I'm sure, to me the smells were probably enhanced because I loved France and the idea of waking up there was amazing. The smell of warm baguettes and fresh coffee were heavenly. For years, Mark and I dreamed of sipping coffee at a French café overlooking Paris and we were finally doing it! We quickly got dressed and went out for breakfast. There were so many cafès in the area but we decided to walk a bit and find one closer to the Eiffel tower. Mark and I walked in silence. The views were incredible, like real life paintings. We stopped now and then to soak in the beauty. It was so incredible. Mark suddenly stops me and points.

“There, we'll have breakfast there. What do you think, mon amie (my friend)?” He said.

I nodded in excitement. He grabbed my hand and pulled me across the street.

“There are so many beautiful views out here, and I’m not only talking about the monuments.”

Mark said with a smirk.

“I know, Mark. I don’t know if I want to go back home, I love it here and it hasn’t even been a day.” I mentioned.

Mark smiled and said “You never know, maybe some sweet French guys can sweep us off our feet and persuade us to stay.”

I smiled in agreement.

We made our way to this quaint little café that had two small tables out front. Café Les Jardin was its name. I remember it because of all the beautiful flowers that surrounded it. That sweet smell was so hypnotizing. We ordered our petit-déjeuner (breakfast) and began to people watch. Mark and I were totally mesmerized, that we didn’t even notice the waitress had already brought us our food.

*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana @ Park*

*As I snapped out of it, I tapped Mark and said
“I’m going to leave here weighing 500 pounds,
the food is so good.”*

*Mark nodded in agreement as he took a bite of
a bright pink macaroon. We were in the middle
of an intense conversation when the weirdest
thing happened. A gigantic monarch butterfly
landed directly on my hand.*

“Oh my goodness!” I reacted.

*“Look at that! That’s a sign, Gia. Even the
French butterflies like you.” Mark responded
with a giggle.*

*I laughed. The butterfly seemed to be content
sitting on my hand.*

*Suddenly a tall young man approaches our
table from across the street and says “Excusez-
moi”.*

We both looked up at him then each other, he seemed 7 feet tall. He was beautiful. I had never seen a man with five o'clock shadow, wearing a blue knit cap look so attractive. His eyes were piercing.

“Savez-vous que cela ça porte bonheur?” (Do you know that is good luck?) He said.

I nodded and smiled and Mark answered “C'est vrais?” (Is that true?).

He smiled and replied “Oui!” (Yes!).

I smiled and whispered “Wow!”

The young man winked & said “Bonne Journée.” (Have a nice day).

The butterfly sat there and flew away as the young man walked away. Mark and I just watched him as he reached the corner he turned back towards us and smiled.

*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana @ Park*

“Oh my God, Gia, he said it was good luck? Really? Good Luck was bumping into that beautiful French pastry. Was that even a real butterfly or does he just come with them? Wow!” Mark asserted.

“He was adorable! Did you see that smile and that accent, wow! But how old was he, 16?” I joked.

“Who freaken cares, he has to at least be 21, he was carrying a bottle of wine plus 21 is legal in America, probably ancient out here. Isn't France's age of consent 15 or something like that?” Mark said jokingly.

I nodded no with a smile.

“We need to meet more of those, where should we go?” Mark added.

“Follow the butterflies?” I added as I laughed.

Mark laughed and said “Finish, so we can get going. I want to find more of those butterfly boys.”

This was a great beginning to our trip. We were now more enthusiastic about it. We spent this day on a lovely sightseeing tour. I really don't think we were really paying attention, we were just there. It seemed like a movie, like a dream.

Mark and I stood in awe as we looked at the Eiffel Tower, it was way bigger than I thought it would be. So beautiful too. The architecture was mind-blowing. The aura around it was magical. I encountered a total soulful experience as I touched it. In Mark's words, I had a soulgasm, through and through. We took so many pictures that our cell phones were totally full. We were such tourist at that moment, it was actually embarrassing. I had a permanent smile from that moment on.

*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana @ Park*

Just one weird thing though. I don't know but I could swear I kept seeing that young man from this morning, maybe it was just wishful thinking because he was gorgeous. I mean, even this morning's event was weird but then I liked weird.

I didn't mention it to Mark, I'm sure he would just make fun of me. We were in Paris, he would just say all French guys looked alike. This was a trip of a lifetime and we were having the time of our lives. Today would be the only day we would be on our own. Mark's friend Jacques had the next few days planned for us and we were excited. Since he was from Paris, he could give us a different kind of tour. The underground style, you know. Jacques was a special friend of Marks; they met in Germany a few years back and liked each other but never really made a move, so I know he was all about impressing Mark. I'm sure his special tours would be fabulous.

First, we were to visit the Château de Versailles (Palace of Versailles), which was located about 15 miles southwest of Paris. It seemed farther due to all the traffic that day though. We could not believe how beautiful this place was. We were totally enchanted by France, everything was simply alluring. As we wandered around the palace, I saw Mark and Jacques were talking between themselves so I gave Mark the eye and heading in the opposite direction, you know to give them some space. I walked slowly behind them, just immersing myself in everything beautiful. The gardens were so exquisite. So many flowers, trees and butterflies. I laughed to myself at the thought of the young man from the other day appearing again. For some reason, I could not forget his laugh. After waking up from my daydream, I noticed I had lost the guys. I walked quickly towards the doors where a crowd of people stood. I thought the guys would be there. The guide was talking in detail about all the elaborate furnishings.

*Une Table Pour Deux * Joana @ Park*

Pointing here and there.

I looked around and they were nowhere in sight. This stuff was all so complex and gorgeous though! I couldn't help but stop and listen. The guide was describing some jewels when I saw something that attracted my attention. I walked towards the window to get a better look. I could swear I saw the guy from the other day again. My mind had to be playing tricks on me. I walked quickly towards the door and to that area. I had to make sure I wasn't going crazy. As I arrived at the spot, there were other young guys there but none that looked like him, so I was definitely going crazy.

Suddenly I hear Mark say, "Gia, where did you go? Oh my God, you are going to give me a heart attack!"

I smiled and approached them.

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