

Cote d'Azur

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I am back in Maine, having magically missed the 10 days when 3 feet of snow fell here. Today it is 44 degrees and the sun is shining in a blue sky. I'm sure there will be more snow to come....March is a false-promiser; one thinks it is spring on the way (and I have always liked my birthday, allegedly the first day of spring)...but inevitably it disappoints.

The night before I left Florida, Howard and I did what has become something of a last-night-here tradition for us; we went to a tiny restaurant called Cote d'Azur. It seems a well-kept secret, because from the road one doesn't even know it is there. Howard has owned a home nearby since, I think 1997, but he only discovered this restaurant last winter. There is a Starbucks on one side of it, and a supermarket on the other, so one might walk past in the afternoon and barely glance at its entrance, assuming it to be a dry cleaner or a dog wash. Ah, but then evening comes. Little lights appear dangling above tables set outside, with screens around so it is still invisible to passersby. And inside: it is lovely, and the food is magnificent, (and also pricey!) Last month we both had Dover sole and shared a bottle of Sancerre. This time we were slightly more circumspect (a glass of prosecco and a duck breast)...but oh dear, this time we had dessert. And here is my Pear Heléne

