

# Santa Monica Weekend

Just back from my twice-a-year weekend trip with Jana, Jill, LeAnn and Vicki. We went for the first time to Santa Monica and stayed at the beautiful Georgian Hotel. Build in 1933, this hotel has just been restored to all of its glamorous Art Deco glory.

We (J, J & I) stayed in the Carol Lombard Suite.



The weather was glorious; cold, brisk and sunny. The views from our suite were spectacular:



This is the view from the bedroom—actually from the bed:



We shopped along the Third Street Promenade. It is a spot famous for being frequented by stars and freaks, which all of us love. We thought we had a Josh Groban sighting, but it just turned out to be a fellow Saturday shopper in serious need of a haircut (or at least a courtesy brush through.) We did watch plenty of street performers and odd characters: The likes we don't see in Orange County Malls.



You won't see "Silver Man" eating at South Coast Plaza.



We had lunch at Cafe Crepe. The service was as slow as pond water, but they made up for it with their downright delectable chocolate banana crepe (with coconut!)

I never drink before 4 pm, unless I have a nap scheduled in pen for later in the day, so I stayed with my usual: Diet Coke.



(A toast made with a Diet Coke has the utmost veracity and

meaning. This one was made to Ray Brooks, who passed away four years ago today. I miss you Mr. Brooks.)

More shopping– The Anthropologie Store was dressed-up real pretty for Christmas.



On our way to dinner we were, as usual, stalked by the relentless paparazzi. Why can't they just let us have one night in peace?



We had dinner at Ocean Avenue Seafood, which is stumbling distance from the Georgian. Jill and I had the Maine Lobster, and that East Coast Fella was delicious– \$45 of springy-white-dipped-in-butter heaven!



After dinner we went back to our room, slipped into our warm jammies and curled up in our “Cuddle Blankets” provided by the front desk. We watched the horrible “Nanny Diaries” which was neither romantic nor a comedy.

Just an aside, I consider myself kind of a connoisseur of Romantic Comedies. In my opinion, they have to have at least these three elements to be good: a) The girl has to be dressed cute and stylish, otherwise, it's too distracting, “Why in the world is she wearing that?” b) The leading man can't be the obvious choice, we have to fall in love with him along the way, and c) It has to be filled with clever comments, embarrassing (but adorable) moments, oh, and friends who are funny and caring.

We should have stayed with our original plan and watched “Roxanne,” which I had stowed away in my luggage. (THAT is an example of a great romantic comedy with all the elements.)

The next morning we had breakfast in the cozy lobby of the hotel.



(Doesn't she make a cup of coffee look luxurious?)

Here's LeAnn, modeling her favorite accessory...



It felt a little like cheating; getting away smack-dab in the middle of the hectic Christmas Season. But it was refreshing to be able to actually enjoy it. We have unofficially made this our new tradition.