

## My White Chairs

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At a certain point in life you look at your furnishings and realize you have had enough of the hand me down pieces and decide its time to buy some “adult” furniture. This happened to me about six years ago when we moved into our new house. I categorically refused to let any piece of furniture enter the home that I did not personally pick, choose and pay for. Needless to say, my husband was practically at stroke level as I gave away “perfectly good” tables and chairs and went out in search of “my” furniture.

Just this fall, I added the finishing touches to our living room. I had already purchased a chocolate brown velvet sofa and selected the most beautiful rug to accompany it. Then it came down to picking out coordinating chairs for the room. I looked at many, many fabrics and for a long while couldn't quite find the perfect fabric. Until one day, I came upon the most beautiful “white on white” material. I had always loved the look of an all-white upholstered chair but never had I dared to consider buying one.

But on this fated day, I not only bought one white chair but two. When they arrived, I placed them in the living room right beside the chocolate velvet sofa and rug. It was pure perfection. That is, it was pure perfection...until everyone else came home.

I thought everyone knew the white chair rule – you can look at it but not sit on it. But, to my shock and horror – I soon realized not everyone knows the rule. It took only one evening for my kids to find out about the rule (in my loud voice). It took one sleep over for all other young children they know to find out about the rule (again in my loud voice). And it took only one UT-Florida football game for my husband's friends to find out about the rule (in my kind, generous, loving wife voice... of course).

Everyone now knows – don't sit on Angel's white chairs.

You can talk about how lovely they are, you can wonder in amazement why I would buy them and you can even poke fun at me for doing so – but don't, don't, don't sit on my white chairs. I could care less who you are or why you are at my house, but if I see you sitting on my white chairs – I will tell you to get up.

So, this past Christmas, my parents, brother, sister-in-law and their two small children came to visit for the holidays. And as much as I adore my parents – their sense of style is a combination of Service Merchandise meets Sears, comfort over style, practicality over anything else.

I have known my parents for a long time and its taken me years just to get them to acknowledge my “take off your shoes before you come in the house” rule, so needless to say, I was a wee bit concerned for my white chairs.

Christmas morning my mother (wearing shoes) came down the stairs in a fuzzy red sweater. You know the kind where the fuzz is sticking out like a halo around the sweater. My Dad was wearing his own fuzzy Christmas sweater and they both proceeded to fill their mugs with coffee and grab a sticky bun. Then, they both SAT in my white chairs.

My brother, who knows me well, grabbed his young children and fled the room.

Being that it was Christmas, I decided to use my Christmas voice and said - Can you please sit somewhere else, nobody actually sits on these chairs.

My mother replied – well that’s ridiculous, chairs are meant to be sat in, - and proceeded to wiggle around in the chair so that the red fuzz of her sweater could meld with my white fabric. My Dad laughed and said - for a lawyer you aren’t that smart sometimes - and then proceeded to get comfortable by actually propping his feet and shoes upon my upholstered ottoman.

At this point, my husband grabbed our children and he too fled the room.

I recently purchased new chairs for the living room and as soon as they arrive, will be moving my beloved white chairs to another room. I’m not admitting defeat. I simply just don’t think the world is ready for them yet. More importantly though, my parents visit every spring and if I don’t get them moved before they get here, I’m going to have to be medicated.

### **Telling Tales**

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column “Telling Tales” and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own “tales.” They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at [www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com](http://www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com)

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