

## My Lovely Long Sofa By Marilyn Reeves

One of the nice things that came out of being transferred to Dallas shortly after my second husband Gil and I were married was that we were able to buy a new house and some new furniture.

We found an attractive dining room table with seating for eight (if we added the two extra boards in the middle), a china cabinet, a bright yellow and white formica kitchen set (very much in vogue at the time!), a stereo, a couple of overstuffed chairs for the living room, and a long sofa that even Gil, who was six feet tall, could stretch out on, if he was so inclined. The linen upholstery with a floral pattern – also a popular look back in the 70's – was pale beige with a scattering of poppies, daisies and violets subtly woven into the material.

Sadly, our marriage went the way that second marriages often do, and after less than three years, my son Tom and I headed back home to Denver. Gil had very generously allowed me to keep the furniture – including that lovely long couch – however. So I had it taken out of storage when my son and I moved into our new house in Aurora on July 1, 1979.

Then on July 1, 2004 – twenty-five years to the day – I moved the sofa to my new condo here in Windsor Gardens. As luck would have it, I found some drapes in a shade of red called 'paprika' with the exact same floral pattern as the upholstery on the couch, with a scattering of poppies, daisies and violets subtly woven into the material. They were a perfect match, except for the background color!

But alas, the very next year, a spring in the then 28-year-old sofa went '*sproing!*' and that was the end of the love affair between me and that lovely sofa. I ended up replacing it with a much smaller one, upholstered in a similar red as the drapes, but with a completely different pattern than the old one. And it just wasn't the same! The cushions in the new one were made with 'memory foam' and pretty soon the place where I always sat started to sink down with the 'memory' of my shape and wouldn't bounce back! So, I had to put the new couch against the wall where it is rarely used and I sit in one of the overstuffed chairs in order to watch TV.

The yellow and white formica table ended up at my late boyfriend's house, the dining room table and chairs went to my sister Jan, and Gil had hung onto the stereo. So the only thing I have left from our Dallas splurge is my china cabinet, which sits in my office, because I don't have anywhere else to put it. I don't have a dining room in my condo.