

The Red Chair

By Dixie Hansen



As I youngster, I spent a lot of time incarcerated in **THE RED CHAIR**. Pulled my sister's hair? *Fifteen minutes in **THE RED CHAIR!*** Didn't answer the dinner bell or spat on the sidewalk? *Fifteen minutes in **THE RED CHAIR!*** Talked back to my mother? *Fifteen Minutes in **THE RED CHAIR!***

If I really wanted to rack up the sentence – I talked back to my mother while I was in **THE RED CHAIR**. “Dixie!! *Five more minutes for every word you speak, young lady!!*”

My mother was an equal opportunity warden. My 5 misbehaving siblings and I all rotated in to and out of **THE RED CHAIR** with great regularity – and if one of our friends made the mistake of swearing or throwing food while in range of Mom's radar– well they got *their* turn in **THE RED CHAIR** too.

In later years, as the daily wear took its toll, the stuffing started leaking out of the chair and its *Naugahyde* cushions and arms were patched up with red vinyl tape.

This B&W photo has been lovingly retrofitted with color as a tribute to the converging role that my Mother and **THE RED CHAIR** played in my life. Yes, it's unoccupied...but only for the moment.

