



The Road To Freedom Is Paved With Papasan Chairs

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So I am going to tell you a story about the Papasan [Chair](#).

This is a chair that [Pier 1 Imports](#) sells and has sold for years.

I really wanted to buy my very own Papasan back in the day – first in college and later in the years after when I first lived “on my own” in New York City.

I’m a pretty simple girl (just don’t ask my Ex Husband to confirm or deny that). All I wanted– all that stood between me and everlasting bliss and happiness — was a big comfy chair in which I could alternate reading and napping.

At the time, I had a tiny NYC apartment so put off the chair for a while. In the meantime, I met the man who would later become my husband. I moved in with him, into his tiny-but-slightly-bigger-than-mine apt and my dreams of The Chair returned.

I really wanted it.

The then-boyfriend-later-husband didn’t like it. He said it was too much like college dorm [furniture](#) (he had a point). That it reminded him of wicker, which he hated (again, a legit point). We didn’t have room (at the time, he was probably right) and a bunch of other reasons I don’t remember but that were enough for me to drop it.

So I dropped it.

I still read. And napped. Just in and on other pieces of furniture.

Each time we moved (first to a bigger apartment in NJ, then to a townhouse in Florida and then, about 10 years ago, to the house in Florida in which I still live), I started the Papasan Process again.

I wanted it.

He hated it.

I moved on.

And so it went.....

Then, about three weeks ago, I decided that my office (which is located inside my home) was just stale. That I was no longer being inspired by it and that I needed to move the energy around and really shake things up.

I moved the furniture around.

I consulted my handy-dandy feng shui books to make sure I had my prosperity and creativity mojos going.

I had the walls painted a decidedly non-neutral color aptly named “Spicy Carrot” (or, as my son so lovingly referred to it: “Pumpkin Throw Up”).

I filed, shredded, tossed and organized.

I was cleansed. I was unblocked. I was ready to be inspired.

But there was just one thing missing.

There was an empty space I had left for a loveseat I wanted to buy. I wanted something I could sit on as I worked on my laptop or curl up on with a good book or take a – you guessed it! – nap on any time I wanted – even mid-day on a Wednesday, say.

It wasn't a huge space so I was limited: Apparently, today's loveseats are the size of yesterday's [sofas](#), but that is a whole other story.

I went from [store](#) to store and kept ending up back at Pier 1.

In front of The Papasan Chair.

I texted my friend Jeanette for some insight and input.

I spoke with the saleslady Dianne (who later told me she, too, was newly divorced and we high-fived on that one) and found out that I could save an additional 10% off the chair if I applied for a Pier 1 [credit](#) card right then. (I love a good deal...).

I compared patterns on the cushions, all the while mentally comparing them to the Spicy Carrot wall awaiting one lucky cushion at home in my office.

I pictured myself sleeping, reading, working and doing a bunch of other things (ahem) in the chair.

I was feeling it.

The Papasan was part of my flow.

And I was going with the flow.

So I did it.

I bought the chair I'd always wanted.

With Dianne's help, I schlepped the chair, the base and the huge box with the cushion into my SUV. And all alone into my garage, into my house and up my stairs into my office.

And then I set it up.

And then I sat in it.

I decided that the first book I would read in my chair had to have meaning. So I grabbed my Tuscany guidebook (more on the significance of that in a later post....) and just curled myself up and enjoyed my Papasan Moment.

Freedom in that Papasan Moment was very very sweet.

And when I fell asleep in it, I dreamed of Tuscany.