

Have you ever had a possession that has been with you for so long that, despite the wear and tear that you see on the surface, you treasure it dearly? Well, my bean bag chair is one such item. I have had it ever since my college years, and in all that time I have only grown more attached to it. Every time I look at the bean bag chairs torn and tattered sides, I think back to the best time of my life. Sure, I was young, naive, and reckless, but I was also filled with life and filled with joy!

I first got the bean bag chair because it was cheap. I found the tartan plaid vinyl bean bag chair in some yard sale as soon as I moved into the college town. My friends told me that I should not buy it. They said I could get one for free if I waited until the other students moved out for the semester, but I knew that I needed furniture right then. My house furnishings consisted of the bean bag chair, a second hand, trash picked mattress, and a small black and white TV. It was meager, to say the least, but I found my living situation surprisingly comfortable. Although the bed was used, it was a big, springy queen sized mattress that was every bit as comfortable as the one that I had had in my parents house growing up.

I would do most of my studying in the student lounge, but when I came back to the room in the evening, I would always sit back on the bean bag chair, open a beer, and read one of my favorite books. Long before the invention of space-age NASA foam mattresses for yuppies, bean bag furniture was the cutting edge as far as I'm concerned. You could sit back comfortably in a bean bag chair, sink in, and let all the troubles of the day fade away in the background. I had a roommate who had brought up his favorite rocking chair from home. Often we would just sit there all night, him in his favorite chair and me in mine, talking about philosophy, religion, or anything else that we could think of. I know it sounds like a cheesy college story, but for me it was a really special time. I had grown up in a small town, and no one really talks about anything but sports there. I guess the bean bag chair helps me remember those great conversations.