

Grandpa's Lion Chair

Bob Boucher 3/2013

My Grandpa Joseph, a sculptor, joiner, Carpenter, and master builder, designed and built our two-story Victorian home in 1911. Both the dining room and the parlor were seven sided rooms. Even the oak flooring followed in a seven sided circular pattern. Grandpa designed and made all of our oak furniture, from the cute seven legged end tables, to the large rugged hexagonal dining room table that seated six, but expanded into an even larger octagonal table seating eight. For the parlor he designed his personal high backed Lion Chair that was built like a throne.

My twin brother and I were terrified of that chair. Each arm terminated in a ferocious lion's head, large wooden heads the size of newborns skulls with large teeth and hungry open mouths. Four wooden **lion's paws** formed the feet. My twin brother and I steered clear of the parlor, always keeping a safe distance from the Lion Chair.

After supper Grandpa would sit on his throne, light up a rum soaked cigar and sip his whisky. In our house, Grandpa was the Lion King. No one was ever allowed to sit on his chair. My last recollection of him was in 1939. Grandpa had inoperable throat cancer. He died while sitting in his Lion Chair. They covered body and chair with a white sheet.

I never saw that Lion Chair again.