

Lynda Hammond **THE GARAGE SALE GAL**



The Two Chairs *Lynda Hammond*

Don't hate me because of this story.

You may not want to read this column next week after you see how aggressive I can be when it comes to getting a bargain.

This is the tale of two chairs, me and my mom, a huge sale and one of the nicest, most generous treasure hunters I've met.

Like a finely tuned orchestra or Broadway show, here's how it all played out:

Act I- Mom and Dad ask me to go to one of the most popular sales in the Valley—The Velda Rose United Methodist Church Rummage Sale in Mesa. I pick up mom and discover Dad got tired of waiting and is throwing horse shoes instead. He would escape the dramatics.

Act II- Mom and I arrive at the humungous sale around eight. Mom needs an ottoman so we head straight for the furniture in the back of a new, huge building constructed just for the church's annual sales. This is when I spot the two antique wrought iron chairs with cushioned seats. I have to have them. As I reach for the tag I see the green "sold" sign. Oh, the disappointment and the buyer got such a deal—only \$10 each.

Act III- It's not over 'til the fat lady sings, right?

Mom and I opt to hover nearby waiting for the new owner to pick them up—hoping she might like to make a quick buck. "There she is," my Mom yells and points as a woman arrives at the back door asking workers to load the chairs into her car. Turns out it's the woman's sister who bought the chairs and she's in her SUV. So, I show up at her car window with a smile and a bit of hope in my heart.

Act IV- Diane Ecklund smiles back at me. I explain the situation and offer her double what she paid--\$40. "Well, sure why not?" Diane said. Now, I'm not sure at what point exactly it was in which I revealed my true identity--that I was a freelance columnist for the Republic-- but I worried for days that she'd felt pressure to sell me the chairs. So, four days after the sale I called her up.

Act V- The Mesa resident has been garage saling for years. In fact, just about everything in her house is from a garage sale. "I love to buy things and fix them up, give them a coat of paint and new life," Diane says. That's what she'd planned to do with these chairs—including putting red fabric on the seat cushions. But she says she's happy she simply opted to re-paint two chairs she already had at home.

Thankfully, Diane has no regrets about selling me the chairs. "Not at all. In fact, when you came up to me I'd just been thinking 'now, do I really need them?'" the Mesa resident said. This was a memorable sale for her, too—bragging rights included. She bought a quilt, pillow shams,

Christmas décor—including a tree with lights—and still came out \$10 ahead. “I told my husband that’s the first time I’ve ever gone to a sale and come home with money,” Diana says laughing.

Act VI- Finally, the chairs arrive home where my husband, unlike Diana, was not amused. He just huffed and puffed as he squeezed two more bargain buys into a garage already bursting-at-the-seams with them.

Ah, home sweet home.

The End.



(pic provided by Lynda Hammond) After owning them for only ten minutes, Diane Ecklund shows off the wrought iron chairs she sold me.

Talk to the Garage Sale Gal!

Do you have a question or comment about garage or estate bargain sales? Email the Garage Sale Gal: Lynda@GarageSaleGal.com.

Lynda Hammond is the author of the new book, [The Garage Sale Gal's Guide to Making Money Off Your Stuff](#). Check out www.GarageSaleGal.com for details on where to buy the book. Contact her at Lynda@GarageSaleGal.com.

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