

The drive-way was set up with tables; each was filled with fabric for quilting. Cars usually parked in the garage were parked along the street awaiting visiting vehicles bringing numerous garage sale seekers.

“Gosh, this is a lot of fabric,” says a would-be buyer of fabric. “The newspaper ad did say that bolts of fabric would be for sale, though,” she told her husband. “But this is enough to set up a quilt shop. The garage is filled, too!”

“I know,” says a woman to her right. “My mother-in-law had a lot of material stored away. There is more in my living room. We cannot take a step without tripping.”

This was the first day of the sale. Quilters were hoping to make great buys. Some holding onto a selection while thinking about the purchase. “I thought they would be a bargain,” confesses one hopeful buyer as she sets down her pastel Jelly Roll package. “I could pay this at a quilt shop. Isn’t a garage sale supposed to be huge discount prices?” she asks anyone who would listen. “Yup, I thought so, too.” came an answer from afar.

Many ladies went back to their vehicles empty handed. Perhaps they would return on the final day of the event hoping for a huge discount.

The lady with her husband picked up the Jelly Roll packet again. She caressed it and looked it over.... again. “It would be perfect for our grand daughter’s quilt project,” she told her husband. “It is \$5 cheaper here. Maybe I WILL buy it.” As more garage sale searchers were parking their car and fast walking to the Sale, the lady was afraid of setting the package down and losing the opportunity to buy the Jelly Roll. She pulled out her wallet from her purse, found the \$5 dollar bill, and crunching it in her hand with the Jelly Roll slow stepped to the daughter-in-law taking the money.

The deed was done. It was the only purchase she made during the hour spent looking. As the couple make their way to the SUV which was settled in for a longer chat with a Convertible, the lady longingly touched the bright blue bolt of cotton and then the Springtime yellow bolt of possibilities. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and put the Garage Sale Fabric Shop finds behind her. Her SUV sputtered to life as if to bellow a good-bye to the little red car with her top down.

Onward to the next garage sale. Lana Russ