

The elephant in the room stretched to the ceiling lifting her trunk as far as possible in the confines of the tiny space. As she settled back down her trunk hit the iron knocking down the ironing board which hit the table adorning the sewing machine. A three-ring circus disrupted the quilting room.

It was time to escort her and her little one out of the room. She scooted her offspring through the patio doors, and they escaped to the water retention pond through the garden gate. Playtime would last forever.

Now there was room for contemplation.

Fearing the unknown with the current pandemic circulating our every move puts barriers in the way of productivity. My productivity, anyway. Going about normal ways is no longer doable. This is a time for pondering what I really want to do, for thinking that the ability to get into my vehicle and drive to a fabric store may not happen for a very long time. May not are the key words here. So, finding another way to continue quilting while adding to an already stash of color will force the online buying syndrome to surface.

Purchasing anything “online” is daunting; as is forcing the elephant in the room to exit the mind. Acknowledging our predicament may open a door to a more thoughtful life, a different life. Perhaps, the edict of staying home will reintroduce reading, thinking, playing on the home front. This concept has already been an active part in us, as quilters. We have been tapping into a healing process for 20 years now, with our Washington Stars Quilting Guild, while helping with community needs, while soothing frayed nerves as we create works of art, while gift giving our homemade hand work.

As I look outside to see the mom and daughter elephants play together, I notice that they are fading. Their once bold grey wrinkled bodies are diminishing into the color of the terrain, the rocks in the field and the bare branches of bushes and of the grass coming into its Springtime coat of green.

The elephant in the room is no longer a focal point. At least she wasn't a pink elephant in the room. That would be a color of a different problem.

Lana Russ