

Color surrounds her and reflects in her eye glasses.

Her small shoulders hunch over as her fingers find comfort in touching tiny stitches. The top of the quilt sings with 2,640 squares with less than a quarter inch seam. Her mother stitched every one.

Hand sewing with love takes time. Adding to that love takes bravery. The quilt was started with a one cent stamp template. Forty-nine cents later the quilt is yet to be finished. It is the daughter's turn to add the finishing touches.

"This is beautiful," says a quilter friend trying not to caress the colorful squares. Birds of a feather stick together when it comes to admiration of hand work.

"Aw, thank you," she chirps. She looks up. Her smile lights up her eyes erasing all concentration needed to solve the dilemma of what to do next. The two women are attending a quilt guild retreat. Usually, all those "bird feathers flutter at one time or another while taking a break from creativity as they strut around to find friends' artwork to admire. This is one of those breaks.

The quilt is her mother's dream. "I hope to finish it someday," she explains. For now, though she is caressing it. "It" is a Postage Stamp Quilt. This daughter finds it inspiring to touch and caress her mom's preparatory work. Her mother took a 1940 one cent stamp and glued it on a piece of sand paper. "Then she cut out hundreds of stamp size quilt pieces using the template (no rotary cutter here) and began hand piecing the no larger than thumb print blocks," explains the daughter years later. (Time flies like the pages of a calendar in a summer time breeze.)

The quilt, at the time it was handed down to the current quilter, is the same quilt size now, 51 ½ inches by 38 ½ inches. No squares have been added, yet. "It is slow work," she confides. "I haven't added any pieces to the top because I'm not brave enough to do the hand piecing necessary to add a border that the top deserves," she states. "It needs a border so I can add a backing to preserve wear and tear on the seams." Only time will tell when that happens.

Perhaps bravery will surface one day. Her treasure then will be one which will honor mother and daughter with each one putting a stamp of love on a combined effort, sharing their love of quilting.

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