

Aging is magical.

We grow from infant to gray beards from rosy cheeks to character lines. We grow out of being pampered to being the one doing the pampering and then back again.

The soft “Tumbling Blocks” baby quilt that grandma made is now a miniature memory in the back pages of our brain. Perhaps a whiff of baby powder or a glance of a toddler clutching a quilt will shuffle those pages, moving cozy quilts up front in the memory line. Quilt memories may tend to quell those goose bumps which we encounter as we tick off the years with every “Happy Birthday” jingle. We make lots of comfy memories in a lifetime.

“I want that one,” says a grandson. He points to the full bed-size quilt furled on the floor for viewing. He is a twelve-year-old brother.

“Sorry,” says his sister with glee. She rules since she is soon to be a high school co-ed. “That’s mine. I called it.”

The pre-teen now feels younger. “Well then, I want that one.”

“That One” is a baby quilt. A quilt no longer large enough to cover him from head to toe. “I like the colors,” he states as he wiggles his toes sticking out from underneath the small covering. He declares his decision. No amount of verbiage will change his righteous right. (His brain collects a new memory page.)

He takes that gem tone bright baby quilt home. As they travel home to Portland his sister sits in the car next to him clutching her colorful and larger than life quilt. They banter. Grandma comes to the rescue. His own large enough bed-size quilt in bright colors is now at the long-arm quilters home awaiting her tender loving stitches. Grandma’s love adds another quilt memory.

Memories can come in bright colors. Sometimes they are tattered and faded, like the quilts that lose their brightness but retain their in-depth beauty. The memory of a quilt becomes the story of that quilt. These two colorful bed quilts will gain personality as they age, adding to the story. The small baby quilt will survive, too, in its own way.

When we grow up and grow out of quilts, we might shelve them for later. Often, someone carries on the memory carting the story of the quilt as though it is

wrapped around them. The story of that quilt then lives on then, no matter how old the fabric.

Magical.

Lana Russ