

The quilt wall hanging is doing just that, hanging on the front room wall; guarding the main entry. The blues and whites blend into the décor. The quilt is forgotten.

“You sure have a lot of things,” says my daughter-in-law as she crosses over the threshold to our home. “It is cozy here,” she quickly adds, hoping she didn’t offend me. She doesn’t notice the quilt waving to her with the help of the breeze flowing in from the open doorway. Kisses and hugs follow with each grandchild as they run from the car into the house while dropping backpacks, taking off shoes and tossing coats onto the nearest chair. The quilts in a nearby basket await use, hand woven baskets stand at attention hoping to be picked up and filled with wooden blocks of yesteryear. Children’s books wait to be opened, again.

The weekend holiday captured preschoolers playing make believe with 1970 something toys and coloring pages of oversized crayon books featuring princesses without names. “Who is this princess?” asks the three-year-old. “No one special,” she is told. She doesn’t have a name.”

“Why?” she says. To her every princess has a name and a movie title to go with the name. “Guess I really do have a lot of things,” I thought. Toys from when her mommy was her age covered the carpeted floor.

Perhaps, a makeover is needed in this grandma home. Perhaps, out with the dolls. Not the oversize Raggedy Ann and Andy, though. They are still played with by the little girls. Not the soft sculptured Amish doll, either. She is my favorite, made with love. The girls do not play with her, though. She has no face.

Bedrooms are filled with picture books, chapter books and books about clouds, how a 1959 rocket is made and how it takes off into the universe. There’s something for everyone. The favorite past time is to open the old black chest in the living room. It is used as a coffee table and a toy chest. Not only the wooden dog that makes noise when pulled along by a toddler makes its home there, the army hats that grandpa wore in the U.S. Service find safety in the dark corners.

This home houses a myriad of history, a lot of things that make it a home. Each family member enjoys a different quilt here. Everyone grabs a quilt to wrap up in when they sip tea, drink juice, and eat a cookie.

The now dusty blue and yellowed 45 by 45 inch quilt on the wall hangs out watching the guys cheer a televised football game. It smiles and applauds the grandsons, 8 and 9 years old, shoot spit balls up to the ceiling with their juice straws. (That’s where the napkins go). Replacing this quilt would change more than the décor. Forget it.

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