

Sometimes we may get cold feet when we are waiting for a shot, the feel of a sharp needle is fearsome.

Hopefully, the injection will be in the arm which is easier to maintain the position without flinching. However, most of us, now, may be more than ready to maintain any position to feel the needle which helps direct the serum to combat the Covid-19 virus.

Receiving vaccines to fight against disease has been common during most of our lives. During the past year quilters have discovered the most common factor that defines us. No, not the ability to use a pair of scissors or of learning the proper way of using a rotary cutter. We have been “shot” most of our lives. And we are learning to cope. We are quilters with resilience.

We shouldered the Small Pox prick of a three-prong needle cautiously “jammed” in to soft tissue causing a scar to mark us as “Safe”. Some of us are proud to show off that scar, the first in a smattering of tattoos. Perhaps. Others may not be able to find their scar. Growing up and out of the small pox scar is possible. There were many more injections though, the one guarding against Diphtheria and of course now the one guarding against Shingles. There are numerous inoculations in a lifetime.

We all, four of us little ones that always needed stepping stools to reach the cookies, piled into the old four-door car that afternoon in the early 1950's. We thought we were headed for the ice cream shop. But, no, we arrived at the town's Civic Center to join in the line of the other community children for the Polio inoculation. We didn't know what was to happen until we finally were next. Amid the commotion of wails of fear, cries of pain we saw the man in the white coat jab a needle into the arm of the girl in front of us. Of course, she cried, or howled as it was. So, when I was standing in her place I said. “No thank you. I don't want a shot.” The man answered with a jab to the arm and then I was led away too surprised to cry out.

Weeks or months later, time goes fast when you don't know what a day is, we were in line again. The second of three shots were injected. By now, I was afraid to go for a ride in the car! Our family missed the third injection. Perhaps that was when my baby sister was born. So, eventually we had to start over with another round. The angels were with me that time, though; the three rounds of injections

were in the form of a sugar cube laced with pink serum. No one cried out in pain. As the song goes, "A spoonful of sugar helps the medicine go down."

There were scientists that said the sugar cubes would not work. But, by this time my parents were so busy raising the five of us that time swallowed us up and the scientists went on to the Measles, Mumps and Rubella inoculations.

So, I am just saying: "What about using sugar cubes or chocolate? Perhaps not yet?"

Now, when it is your turn to, again, be in line, remember to drink lots of water, pump your arm often, and take along a quilt. Your feet might get cold.

Lana Russ