

He was disappointed. He said as much. "The bookstore did not have many used books, anymore." He wanted to find copies of books by three different authors. Favorites of his. He knew that each one would have been expensive, however he wanted to touch them at least.

"Kind of like looking for fabric in a quilt shop," said one of the six ladies at the lunch table. They were quilters with a capital Q. "We like to touch fabric like you like to touch books," said the quilter seated by the guy's wife. "Yay," he said with a deep grin. "But the fabric is more expensive because you need more than one thing."

"Like a fat quarter here and a half of a yard there. Perhaps a whole yard of another bolt or even a bolt or two of yet another design," continued the quilter who was now in a game of "What costs more: a yard of fabric or a first edition of a Willa Cather novel?"

No matter, really. We all, quilters and non-quilters have a degree of need. We all seem to be looking for the what makes us happy. It could be fabric, or books about trains, or baskets woven by Native Americans, or classic cars of yesterday.

We rationalize our quests. We need it. We want it. We can make something with it. We can invest in it and turn it around for a profit. We shrug our shoulders and tell ourselves that the fabric will evolve in a quilt putting a smile on a grand child's face. The quilt can be something for the child to wrap up in while grandpa reads from the treasure trove of books he collects. It all works together.

The luncheon was a gathering of a circle of quilting friends brought together to hug and reconnect with a visiting quilter who had moved to Minnesota two years ago. Her husband and daughter arrived just as the quilters finished dessert: Chocolate.

Plans were made to "check out" the quilt shop in town before heading for a family dinner.

"We should go visit," said the quilter. "It would be good to see some co-worker friends when we lived here."

"Sure, let's go. We have time." Said the husband. The daughter smiled.

"We don't have to stay long," rationalized the quilter. "It would be fun to visit."

We all nodded. Those of us who were still gathering up empty dishes to clean, pot luck dishes to return home and purses with car keys at the ready. We all knew what "It would be fun" meant. A BUYING TRIP!

We were not sure what The Husband knew. We all knew, though, that it would not be a disappointment.

Lana Russ

