

Reading a novel is akin to quilting a treasure. We can get lost in the project.

As we choose the perfect fabric pieces that go into making a quilt the sounds around us muffle and most times become motivation compelling us to keep on searching. Whether we are shopping in our stash at home or looking for a fabric to purchase we close out the rest of the world until our choices are made and our creative thoughts are complete.

A reader can be sucked into a vortex and taken for a long journey. It can be quite the trip. In a novel we become a voyager moving at every turn in the plot. Not a knock at the door or a tea kettle whistle will, at times, disturb the action. The same goes for a quilter. Entering the Quilt Room can be like attending a psychedelic dance. Feeling and touching each and every fabric folded and placed in the wardrobe or in the personal shelf can block out our hearing and put us in a trance. The colors surrounding us can take us on a journey, too.

“What are you doing up here?” asks my husband as he enters the Art Room after he climbs up the stairs. “I’ve been calling to you. You have a phone call.” The Art Room caresses most of my fabric stash along with all the art supplies for his watercolor projects. He, too, loses all senses when he creates.

Being able to absorb the call of the creative creatures is fortunate as well as promising. Fortunate because we can close all outside disturbances and interference so that we can concentrate on our next quilt experience and then promising because we will, no doubt, come up with a design, a color scheme and a whole bunch of fabric pieces in our arms to get started. Some of us can create a complete quilt project without buying yet another fat quarter or even a full back. Other quilters can get a good start but must purchase or at least research the possibility of purchasing more fabric. We can always hope for that experience.

No matter, we always get absorbed in the process. Reading a good mystery novel can excite my creativity. I try to find the culprit before the end of the story. Reading a book about the history of salt can close all thought processes and create yawns and put me to sleep. We have both books in our home. I choose one type; my husband chooses the other type. He becomes smart and I become a problem solver, perhaps capable of solving which fabric to use in a particular pattern.

No matter what puts you in a world of your own you can always look forward to the journey. A journey can put us in a good mood. A journey can transport us into a colorful place. A journey can be a place where we can find our self.

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