

She strolls at a fast pace passing by the huge windows of the furniture shop. She and her friend have been chatting none stop making music for each step they take. The Sun peeks from behind a rain filled cloud knowing that soon raindrops will fall.

“Ladies,” comes a call. “Ladies.”

The two grandmotherly ladies stop, turn and look at the one calling to them. “Yes?” says the lady on the left. “Did you call to us?”

“Would like to see some quilts hanging in the furniture store for Arts Walk?” comes a reply.

Smiles coax the sunshine to slip from behind the cloud beaming. “Are the quilts there now? Can we see them right now?” Hope makes the sunshine chase the cloud away.

“Sure, come this way,” answers the quilter. She and five other quilters are basking in the exhibit of quilts hanging from banisters in the furniture shop.

The two quilt lovers pick up the pace and cross the threshold to the store in no time. “These are fantastic,” says the friend. “I don’t quilt, but I love to look at them.”

“Look around all you like,” informs the quilter. “We have some for sell and also have a raffle quilt you can purchase tickets for a possible win. Make yourself at home.”

They take their time soaking up the warmth from each fabric art piece as the fast pace of a morning walk slows them as they wonder how this one is made and itch to touch the colors of the one next to it.

“I am going to buy a quilt,” announces the grandmother. “My granddaughter is going to have a baby soon and the little jungle quilt to just perfect for a baby gift. It is so cute. But, can you save it for me? I have to go home and get my money. We are walking and I don’t have my purse. We walk every day,” she says looking at her friend. “I will be right back.”

Her pace quickens. Sunshine beams. The baby quilt is safe and will soon have a home.

Grandmother, soon to be great-grandmother, returns. “I live on the boardwalk,” she explains, “so I am not far from here.

She leaves with her baby quilt gift tucked under her arm, safe from rain drops. Sunshine guides her way, however. Already, she has a quilt for the baby, yet to be born. She is ahead of most quilters.

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