

Hanging upside down in an overturned car took her mind off the pain in her gut.

“What happened,” she thinks. “How did I get in this position?”

She releases the seat belt and falls on a wrist. She hears “ouch” from her quilter friends as they exit the car any way they can.

In the beginning the quilter, along with four more members of her Tuesday Bee, were full of happy thoughts as they arrived in Paducah, Ky. Long ago, these wives of military soldiers formed a quilting group, of course, to create quilts for family, therefore bonding with friends.

Now, in 2019, the quilters reside in various areas of the United States. So, their annual meetings take place in a designated area. Each quilter gets “there” by any method available. Sometimes, even by wishful thinking.

The few days they have to catch up on family news, quilting creations and future works of art fly by quickly, some stays are quiet, some are eventful.

Following a full day of viewing juried quilts, this year, the five friends retire for the night. All is quiet. Except one quilter was experiencing discomfort.

“I knew that I had to wake the driver of our car,” she says as she told the story of her visit. So, all five quilters head for the car. Each finds comfort as the driver heads toward a hospital hoping for a fast entrance into the Emergency Room.

“Our car rolled over a few times,” says the quilter. “We landed upside down.”

The quilters find themselves on a dark road. The only light was the dial on a watch.

“I had my watch that monitors the rhythm of my heart,” says the quilter as she presents her wrist, to those who are reliving her nightmare, where the watch rests. “The watch shows an SOS,” she explains. In effect it is asking if there is an emergency. She presses the “YES” button and gets a 911 operator.

“Where is your location?” asks the operator.

“I don’t know. Somewhere in the dark on a country road,” comes the answer.

“There is still one of the quilters hanging upside down in the car.” She is the driver of the vehicle.

“Oh, no problem,” comes a comment. I see the location coming from your device. Help is on the way.”

Four quilters are taken back to the hotel by the Sheriff. No one is hurt, just shaken.

The quilter who had the painful gut is taken by ambulance to ER. She spends the night there. Her pain has receded and there is no cause found for her discomfort.

“Can you call a taxi for me?” she asks an employee the next morning.

“Lady, where do you think you are, in a big city? We have no taxies here.”

However, she is a quilter. Luck shines through tough times.

“Oh, yes, we do,” says a nurse. The taxi company in the next town has just put in an extension in our town. I will call for a ride for you.”

The quilter just wants to cry. With a little help from friends she lands on her feet.

Even with clean-up in the forecast, her upside-down night has turned into a sunny-side up day.

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