

Her inquisitive eyes reflected the image of each quilt she almost touched. No white gloves for her, even though she was a “docent” at the small quilt show. No more than 20 quilts graced the lobby of the event center.

“This one,” she said of the “Around the World” quilters theme, “shows all the rooftops in different countries.” A decorative lacy top graced the Paris rooftop of a statuesque building. Her arthritic finger pointed to the two appliqued pigs protecting the rooftop of the next building depicting Mexico. She recited a story for each quilt featured while in her celebrity poise.

Our quilt guide led the way around the wall hung with various sizes of wall hangings. She was dressed for comfort and with her supply of oxygen and a top of the line walker she was ready for work. She explained each detail of the wall hangings until we came up to one that was of two fish on whole cloth. The piece was hand quilted, the fish were featured in trapunto. “This is one of my wall hangings,” said another guide who silently stepped in to give color about her creative work. “I saw a sea weed in the ocean and then copied it with needlework,” she explained touching the piece. She was “white gloved”.

The two quilters worked the room in tandem, each taking turns easing into stories about the quilt and the quilter.

The two of us, a friend and I, nodded at the appropriate places. We both liked what we saw. The hand quilting stitched with love, the piecing placed with care. “We hung the quilts according to color,” says the quilter with gloves. “We wanted the colors of the quilts to flow throughout the wall space.” She was wearing a light and dark blue dress featuring Sashiko needlework. “Where else can I wear this garment but at a quilt show?” She acknowledged that she made the dress and did the hand work. With a smile in her eyes she swirled to make a point.

Our “No Gloves” guide entered the scene as silently as her walker allowed. “Now, this blue and white quilt is one of our larger quilts in the show and is done with fabric purchased from one shop in Japan. “All they sell is blue and white fabric,” she informed us with glee. We were properly impressed.

Our tour finished with thank yous all around. “Come again,” invites “no gloves” as she whips her walker back to the starting line. Can’t keep a quilter down!

Lana Russ

