

# SCRAP CHAT

May

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2018

## Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

### Hot Springs Village Guild Event

Friday and Saturday, May 11-12

### Block of the Month

Tuesday 15 May

All day class

### Easy Peasy 3 Yard Quilt

Saturday 19 May

All day class

### We will be CLOSED

Memorial Day

### Bionic Gear Bag

Saturday 2 June

All day class

### S.C.Q.G. Quilt-A-Holics

Monday 4 June

### Kids Sewing Camp

Monday – Friday

June 11-15 or July 16-20

9-1 each day

Sign up soon spaces are filling fast.

### Kids Advanced Quilt Class

Monday – Friday

July 9-13

9-1 each day

Sign up soon spaces are filling fast.

## Shellie's Stash



**H**ave you ever given much thought to the whole process of how fabric comes to be? First comes growing, buying and selling cotton, then making it into fibers to create the gray goods. Afterward comes the process of dyeing and printing the creative ideas of the designers. It is a process that has been going on for centuries.

When we lived in Georgia, our oldest son decided that he wanted to join the cross-country team. He had lots of competitions all over and that allowed us to travel with him and see much of the state. We would take the opportunity to explore the different areas as well as attend the meets. One of my favorites was Savannah.

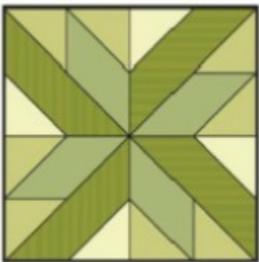
Savannah has the historic “Factors Walk”. Back in 1817, it was the original site for the cotton exchange, where cotton was sold, exchanged, imported and exported. It was named Factors Walk because the

men who worked the cotton exchange were called “factors”. They factored how much cotton was harvested and the price it would be sold at. The “walk” was a steel and concrete bridge that spans over the alleys where the cotton was brought in and connects into the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> floors of the buildings that were used as storage and offices for the factors. This way they could just walk out of their office and look down to get a better view of what was happening. It was incredible to be there, to see the walk still spanning the alley and to imagine how the cotton trade was run back then.

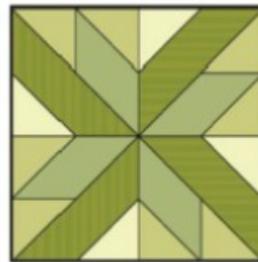
We also traveled thru many of the areas where the cotton was grown. We knew we were coming to a cotton plantation several miles before we could see it because the sides of the road would be dotted with cotton balls. Then there would be fields of white as far as we could see. Each cotton ball is in its own pod that bursts open, much like a kernel of popcorn. The cotton is gathered and then starts the process of being factored, albeit a good bit differently now days, until it is purchased and sent to be made into fabric.

Just think what all those cotton balls have to go thru to become the beautiful cotton fabrics that eventually end up in our shop where they are once again bought and sold to end up in your quilt. It's a pretty amazing process.

– Shellie Blake



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## Social Circle

We had the honor and privilege of hosting a Quilt of Valor presentation. Marcia Bearden made this quilt, her sister, Mary, hand quilted it and Gloria Griffin bound it. It was presented to Apryl Case's brother-in-law Grady Fleming, on April 25<sup>th</sup>. Mr. Fleming served for us and for our country during the Vietnam War. It was an extra special presentation since it was for a family member of one of our own customers. Thank you to all our military members and their families for your sacrifice and service.



## Snippets

There are lots of machine needles to choose from and I don't mean "brands". I mean like, universal, quilting, embroidery, stretch...etc. There is also a number 75/11, 80/12, 90/14 on each package. So many choices! Where do you start? Here is a quick little overview. Universal needles have a cross between a ballpoint and a sharp tip to use on many different types of fabrics. Quilting needles have a sharper tip and a different bevel so they can pierce thru the multiple layers of a quilt. Stretch needles have a ballpoint tip to separate and slide between the looser weave of knits. Embroidery needles have a sharp tip plus a longer bevel since they have to pierce thru the fabric multiple times within the same space. The numbers refer to the thickness size of the needle; the higher the number the bigger the needle and also the bigger the eye of the needle. The European number is the first number and the U.S. number is the second, ie. 80/12. Using the correct needle for the fabric is most important, and the size will be especially helpful for the type of thread used. *Voilà!*

## Spotlight

## Customer Focus

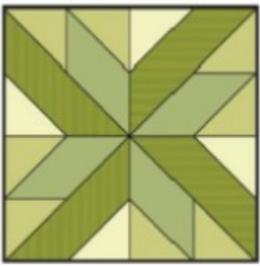
### Janet Leffel

**J**anet Leffel was born in Harlingen, Texas. She is the fourth of six children with 3 brothers and 2 sisters. When she was a child her family had a cotton farm. There were other families that would come and work on her father's farm. Stanley's family was one of them. So Janet and Stanley played together as very young children.

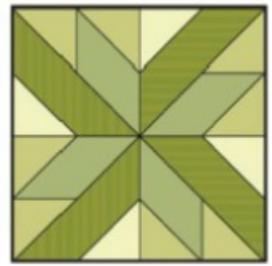
When Janet was 3 years old her father died and when her mother eventually remarried they moved to California. That is where Janet spent most of her growing-up years. In 1974 Stanley went to visit his cousins after high school graduation. The cousins and Janet's brothers were good friends, so after all those years Janet and Stanley

reconnected. They were married in Jan 1975. They moved to Indiana for 12 years, then Cedar Rapids for 3 years and then spent 26 years in Nashville, both working for an electric company. They have two children Aaron and Alicea.

Janet and Stanley retired in 2015 and started to travel with their daughter Alicea, who is a traveling nurse. They sold their house, put their stuff in storage and bought a motorhome so they could go with their daughter and granddaughter. Janet does all of the homeschooling for her granddaughter, Rebekah. They all came to Arkansas a year ago, and with 3 other grandchildren around this area, they have stayed. Janet's son passed away 10 years ago leaving 2 kids and a wife. His wife later remarried and had 1 more child and Alicea has 1 child. So they take every opportunity to spend time with the grandkids. Alicea has been hired full



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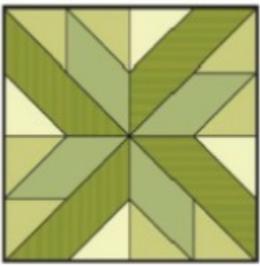
time here so they will be staying in Benton and Rebekah will start public high school in the fall. Janet is working on getting her degree to be a naturopathic doctor. She has 5 more classes to finish her degree.

Janet's grandmother was a seamstress and Janet would sit at her feet while she worked making wedding dresses in Hollywood. Her grandmother taught her to sew with lots of attention to

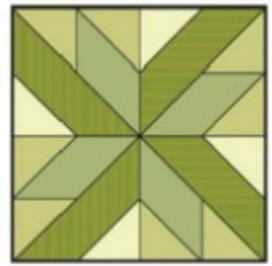
detail, including matching plaids. Janet made her first dress with a zipper when she was 8 years old. When she was 18 years old she made her own wedding dress and two bridesmaids dresses. While Janet and Alicea were in Washington State they decided to take a quilt class. Alicea was transferred before they could finish the course so they got a couple one-on-one classes and they were hooked.

Janet made this adorable quilt for a baby shower for her friend's daughter. Janet created this concept for the quilt using a jelly roll and the Goldie Locks and 3 Bears panel. It is so adorable! Janet is so fun to be around and I hope y'all get the chance to spend some time with her. She'll be around—now that they are staying here and you will totally enjoy getting to know her.





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## Story Corner

# The Healing Quilt

## Part 2 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

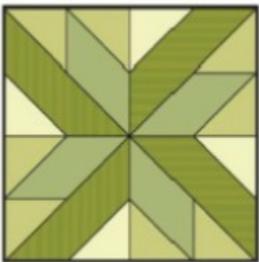
Sarah wished the smell of cleaning solutions and other chemicals was not such a normal part of the hospital environment or the Cancer Institute in particular, but that's just how it was when dealing with patients who have compromised immune systems. Cleanliness must be preserved. She suspected most of the people working here either couldn't smell the distinctive odor any more or simply didn't take notice. For patients and their families, that smell was associated with the rigors and struggles of overcoming a disease that ravaged themselves or their loved ones. Of course, with an abundance of windows and greenery, the Rockefeller Cancer Institute did a very nice job of maintaining a brightly lit and pleasing interior geared to helping patients and their families find serenity and tranquility, yet its underlying purpose was always present. It was a place to live or to die.

Lilly had just finished the IV containing the chemotherapy drip that served to fight her cancer and she was lying quietly in the bed while Sarah sat in a chair beside

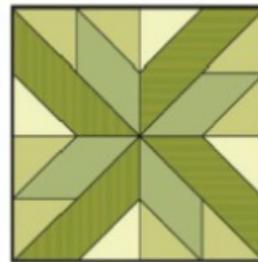
her. Sarah's husband Mark and her son Asher stood on the other side of the bed, commiserating with their sweet little family member. Asher was especially concerned for his sister. She was his only sibling and, as her big brother, he had always felt a duty to look out for her and protect her. Two years her senior, he had on one occasion watched with anger as her male classmate at school had shoved her to the ground. Striding over to the offender, Asher had punched the kid in the arm with all of his might, resulting in the other student crying and running to tell his homeroom teacher. Asher had been called to the principal's office but had managed to evade any severe punishment when it was discovered that the accuser had started the whole thing. Asher took secret satisfaction in seeing a fist-sized bruise appear on the other kid's arm where he had been hit. The upside of the whole interaction was two-fold. First, nobody ever mistreated Lilly in Asher's presence throughout the school year. Second, other students paid Asher a new and greater respect, realizing he was fearless in meting out

judgment when he thought it appropriate. Using this newfound respect, Asher was able to stand up for the students most often bullied or teased. Now he had to protect his little sister again, only this time it was far more serious. By the end of this round of chemotherapy, Lilly would be in an isolation unit in preparation for a bone marrow transplant. Asher had already been tested and found to be an ideal match for her. Realizing that he would be saving her life was the only consolation for him, knowing the challenge that he himself would shortly be facing. The doctors had been very forthright in explaining the procedure and that there would be a lot of pain involved for Asher. He tried to put on a brave face. After all, he was almost a teenager now. Inside, he was still very fearful, and his apprehension and fright bubbled to the surface from time to time. Never in front of Lilly, though. Never in front of her.

The day of the chemotherapy administration was generally not the most difficult for Lilly. It was the day after that she became most



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sick from its influence. For that reason, Sarah had agreed to be the one to stay with her through the night and next day, with Mark taking over the duty for the next night. As evening approached, Mark and Asher both kissed Lilly goodnight and departed for home. Just before leaving, Mark looked back at Sarah, gave her a brief, knowing nod and a gentle, supportive smile, and walked out the door. Once alone with Lilly, Sarah picked up a big brown paper bag that had been sitting on the floor. The crinkling sounds got Lilly's attention and she sat up a little to see what her mother was doing. Placing the bag on Lilly's legs, she opened the front of it to reveal a wrapped present inside. Despite her illness, Lilly was like most children who delighted in opening a gift.

Sarah held back Lilly's hands for just a moment before allowing her to rip the paper from her present. "Sweetheart, I have something very special for you here. This is not an ordinary gift. You remember Miss Shellie, right?"

"Yes Mama. Of course I remember Miss Shellie. Did you forget she

taught my Kid's Camp? And she's been here to visit me." Lilly shook her head a little that her mother could forget something so recent.

Sarah smiled at her child's indignation. "Well, I went to visit Miss Shellie and she gave me something very special to give to you. Are you ready to see?" Lilly's eyes sparkled with anticipation. Placing the gift within reach, Sarah invited her daughter to see what was inside. Repressing the impulse to tear the paper from the gift, Lilly gingerly picked open the tape that held the edges fast and peeked to see what was underneath.

Lilly's eye's popped wide when she glimpsed the contents. "It's a quilt!"

"Not just any quilt, sweetheart," Sarah responded. "Miss Shellie told me that this is a healing quilt. It has been in her family for generations. Do you know that she told me that when her grandmother was very sick and it seemed she would die, that her grandmother pulled the healing quilt around her and up to her chin and in less than a week she was back on her feet."

Lilly was enraptured. "It's magic?"

Sarah reached over and hugged her daughter. "I guess it has some kind of magic in it. People in her family for many years have used it to get well when they were sick or injured. We're very lucky to have a friend like her who just happened to have a healing quilt. Now she has given it to you so that you can use it to get better."

"It's mine now?" Lilly asked, scarcely able to believe someone would part with a quilt that was somehow enchanted.

"Yes dear. Miss Shellie said you need it more than anybody else she knows. She wants you to use it to get well." Sarah paused for a moment. "Do you believe it can help you to get well?"

Lilly was emphatic. "Yes Mama. Miss Shellie has always been very nice to me." She hugged her mother back. "I'm so glad we have her as a friend."

Sarah smiled in response. "Me too."

**Read Part 3 in next month's Newsletter**

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