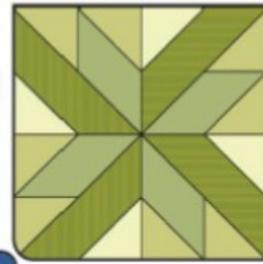


SCRAP CHAT



August

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2018

Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

Quilts of Valor Workshop

Wednesday August 15
10-2

Pocket Pillow

Thursday August 16
All day class

Easy Peasy 3 Yard Quilt

Saturday August 18
All day class

Block of the Month

Tuesday August 21
All day class

Jelly Roll Rug

Friday August 24

or

Saturday August 25

All day class

We will be closed

Monday Sept 3

Labor Day

Shellie's Stash



I feel this way about the old quilt patterns too. The timeless ones made of just one block repeated through the quilt. They are simple yet stately, dapper, and classic. They take me back to my childhood and fill me with comfort. And really, who doesn't love a classic?

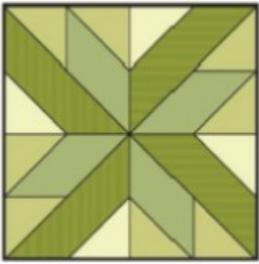
– Shellie Blake

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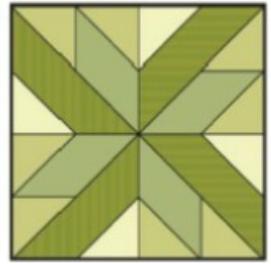
here is something about a vintage classic that I love!

When I was 8 years old, Disney re-released the movie Pinocchio. I fell in love with a tiny little cricket named Jiminy. I loved how classy and dapper he was. I thought everyone should have their very own Jiminy Cricket, a timeless friend that would always be a comfort and a voice of reason. Well, turns out, I did have my very own Jiminy. I had my Uncle Jimmy. (yup, his name was really Jimmy). He was actually my great uncle, my mama's, mama's brother. He was very dapper, always dressed in a suit and never went anywhere without his hat. In fact, I don't have a single memory of him where he wasn't wearing a suit. He was quiet and reserved but would share tiny golden bits of reason with me, as I'd sit next to him. It made me feel like I was the only one getting this great wealth of knowledge from him, one nugget at a time. I always loved how classy he looked too, very dapper in his suit. He was the quintessential vintage classic. I probably loved Jiminy Cricket because he reminded me so much of my Uncle Jimmy.





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Social Circle

We are hosting the Central Arkansas Chapter of Quilts of Valor, and it is a blast. We have set aside the third Wednesday of every month as our valor workshop. Stormy Holden, who heads this chapter of Quilts of Valor, comes and brings tubs of fabrics and kits to work on. Anyone can join in our valor workshop and work on whatever stage of the quilt you'd like, from cutting, to kitting, piecing, pressing, layout or binding. We have a great time and it is a blessing to be part of "giving back" to the men and women that give their all to protect our freedoms and keep us safe.



Snippets

If you are like me, you might find yourself finishing the quilt tops faster than you can get them quilted. So, I want to stay organized. First I do a straight stitch all around the outside edge of the quilt, with an eighth of an inch seam allowance and a shortened stitch length. This keeps the edge from fraying. I also fold the quilt RIGHT SIDE OUT. This keeps all the raw edges of the seams protected so they don't fray either. Then I store it in a lidded container with the backing fabric, and put the labeled binding fabric in my binding jar. Now it is ready to go when I can get to it. *Voilà!*

Spotlight

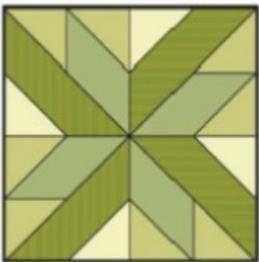
Customer Focus

Ronda Honeycutt

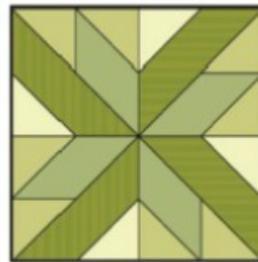
Ronda Honeycutt was born in Iowa City, IA. She is the oldest of 5 children with 2 younger sisters and 2 younger brothers. When she was 4 her family moved to Kansas City, MO, so her father could attend a Jeweler/Watch Making school. She graduated from high school in Kansas City. When she was 16 she was at the roller skating rink and every time she would come around one side a boy (Roy), would call to her. She kept ignoring him, so he finally had to put on a pair of skates and join her in the rink. (Even though he didn't know how to skate). She had to lead him in the couples skate. Then a week later, Ronda was driving to the gas station when she literally ran out of gas in the

middle of the road, in front of the gas station. The attendant had to come out and push her and her car into the station. It was Roy, her knight in shining armor. They started dating, and when they decided to get married, Ronda's parents made her wait one more year. Now after almost 53 years, Roy is still her knight in shining armor. They lived in Missouri their first 21 years and then moved to Benton, AR. Ronda had worked for Goodyear in Missouri for 22 years. After moving to Benton, she stayed home for 2 years and then went to work for Rivendell, where she worked for 24 years. She worked another 3 years for Pinnacle Point before retiring to take care of her mom.

Ronda has 2 daughters and 5 grandkids. One daughter lives in Talala, OK with 4 of the grandkids, the other lives in Sheridan with 1 grandchild. (This



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grandchild just graduated high school and has 2 scholarships to Henderson).

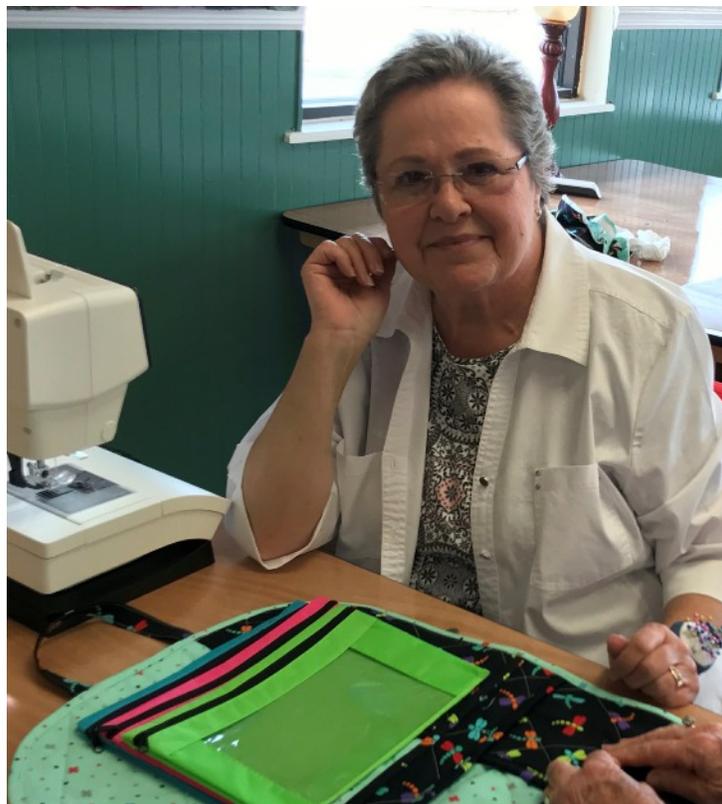
When Ronda and Roy were approaching their 50th wedding anniversary, their daughters surprised them two months early with a huge party. All their relatives came from Rhode Island to Oklahoma. The girls recreated the scene where she ran out of gas and Roy saved her. They also did all the tables decorated with roller-skates. Ronda was completely surprised and loved every bit of it.

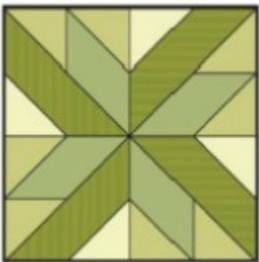
Ronda and Roy spent many years doing a husband and wife bass fishing tournament on Lake of the Ozarks in

Missouri. When it was wintertime they would wear snowmobile suits to fish in. They won several prizes of fishing poles and tackle boxes, but never took the grand prize. When the weather would permit they would camp out while at the tournaments.

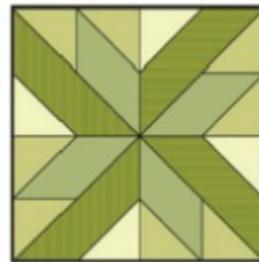
Ronda started her first quilt in 1982, doing all of it by hand. She still has the quilt and it is still unfinished. Her sister bought her a sewing machine 4 years ago and so Ronda did a couple of Block of the Month projects. She started coming to the Bed-Warmer Quilt and Sew soon after we opened. She comes to sew with us quite often and attends lots of our classes. She is

currently learning how to quilt her quilts with edge-to-edge quilting done in the hoop with her new Pfaff embroidery machine. She also loves to cook. In fact her email is *rondacooks*. Many of you may already know Ronda, but if you don't, I hope you get the chance to. She is a treasure.





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Story Corner

Black Powder*

Part 2 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

***Inspired by true events as told by David E. Sorensen**

"I told ya I was fourteen in the year 1919," Wendell intoned, his eyes looking at Josh but seeing well beyond. "Back then, this town of Manti had just a few families and not a single one of 'em had a car. We still used horses and buggies back then. 'Course, there was not big excavation equipment back then either, so when they was cuttin' the road up the canyon, the crews just used black powder to blast away the rock to clear the way."

Josh began to envision how life might have been over 50 years earlier in Manti, Utah. Situated at the base of the west side of the Rocky Mountains, carving a road eastward up through those mountain canyons must have been a horrendous struggle. He leaned forward as the old man continued his story.

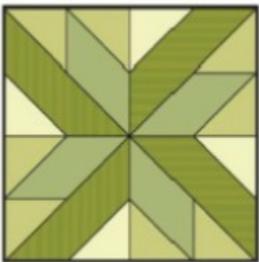
"Now, I had some good friends back then, and we decided we was gonna head up through the canyon and do some fishin' at Patton Lake. Now they've put a dam up there and made it bigger and it's called Patton Reservoir, but back then it was Patton Lake. So me an' Wayne Allen, George Rampton, and Bruce Farnsworth threw some quilts, food, and fishin' gear in the little light buggy, hitched it to the horse,

and made our way up that new road through the canyon. See, we was plannin' to stay the night and fish all the next day too. 'Bout halfway up, we come around a corner and seen this old wooden keg sittin' just off the road, and of course we had to take a look. Would you believe, that road crew had left a whole keg of black powder behind! Maybe they was still usin' it, I'm not sure. Anyways, Wayne was sixteen years old and Bruce was fifteen, and they was more interested in fishin' than in playing with black powder, but me an' George was both fourteen and we figured we could have a good ol' time with it. So we filled our pockets with black powder and George filled his hat, and we drove the rest of the way up to the fishin' spot. Once we got there, we turned the horse loose so he could make his way back home. See, we only had the one horse, and the rest of the family was probably gonna need him. We knew we could just walk the buggy down the canyon, 'cause it was light and there was four of us goin' downhill. Ya followin' me here son?"

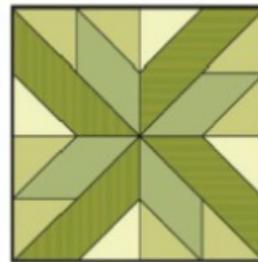
Almost mesmerized by the tale, Josh dipped his chin. "I follow."

Wendell nodded in response. "Well, by that time it was starting to get toward the end of the day, so we built a fire. Wayne and Bruce both rolled up in their quilts a

little ways off to get some shut-eye, but me an' George wanted to play with some of that black powder. I'm tellin' ya, there was never two boys havin' more fun than we was havin' that night. We'd take a little pinch of that powder and throw it in the fire and watch it explode. Now, George had put that hat of his down on the ground, but it turns out it was a little too close, because one time when we threw some black powder in the fire, it created a spark that landed in that hat full of black powder and exploded. That then lit the rest of the powder we still had left in our pockets. It all happened so fast, I became aware that someone was screamin' and didn't realize at first that the one screamin' was me. The powder in our pockets lit both me an' George on fire, and because one of George's pockets was still almost full of black powder, that explosion near took his leg off. Well of course, the big bang made by the hat full of black powder and mine and George's screamin' had Wayne and Bruce runnin' over to us in no time. They each grabbed one of us and rolled us on the ground to put out the flames. I owe my life to Wayne Allen. He burned his hands but good puttin' out the fire on me. Same with Bruce puttin' out George. By that time, the clothes on both me an' George was plumb burnt off. Wayne and Bruce worked real quick and rolled me an' George up in our quilts and set us in that



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little buggy and started haulin' us off that mountain and down that canyon. Just the two of them. The pain of the burns started to set in, but ya know what was worse right then?"

Eyes now wide, Josh shook his head. "I can't imagine what could've been worse."

Wendell frowned. "The thirst. I don't know if there's a worse torture on earth than real bad thirst."

"I've never been so thirsty that I could describe it as torture," Josh replied.

Nodding in acknowledgement, Wendell continued. "Runnin' down that canyon was Manti Creek. I could hear the water rollin' as Wayne and Bruce hauled us down that canyon road. Both me an' George kept callin' out for water, but Wayne and Bruce wanted to get us down outta that canyon fast and didn't wanna stop. I finally couldn't take it anymore and rolled off the buggy and crawled into the creek. It was so soothing to my burns and drinkin' the water was like drinkin' water that had sugar in it. It was sweet. I can still taste it to this day. I think crawlin' into that water saved my life. Because George's leg was injured so bad, he couldn't have crawled to the creek, but I wish he'd been able to. I know the suffering that level of thirst has on a body. By eleven o'clock, Wayne and Bruce pulled us up to my house and yelled

for my folks to come out to help. I thought the pain of the burns and that horrible thirst was the worst thing that was gonna happen to me that night. But ya know, seein' my mother come runnin' out in her nightgown and watchin' the look on her face, I seen somethin' more painful than all my burns. I seen my mother suffer more than me. I seen her wish she could take my pain away to herself. Yessir, I'm right sure that the only thing more powerful than a mother's love is the love of God for His children."

Without his notice, Josh suddenly realized that Mandy's little brother and sister had crept into the living room and were sitting on the floor just off the end of the sofa. Whereas he had previously hoped that Amanda would come downstairs quickly so that they could be off to the prom, he now reversed his desire with the prayer that she would delay her descent for just a little longer. Grandpa Cox still had some things to say. "What happened after that?" Josh asked, hoping to prompt Wendell to keep going after a fairly long pause.

Wendell's eyes had become moist as he thought back over fifty years. Strange that it should still stir his heart to such tenderness. "George's parents came as quick as word could be sent. He was in real bad shape and they brought him into our house and watched through the night. See, they was worried that even that last

half mile to their house might be too much for George. 'Course, one of George's brothers got on a horse and rode to Gunnison to fetch the doctor who lived there, but by the time the both of them got back to our house just as the sun was on the rise, George had died. Ya know, it struck me that George's siblings cried a lot that day, but not his mother and father. Oh, I could tell they was hurtin' real bad, but their faith kept 'em real strong. I decided right then that if I lived, I wanted to develop the kind of faith George's mom and dad had. They was somethin' else, them two. But then, so was my parents. Lot alike, our families."

"So that's where your burns came from?" Josh asked, a new respect growing in his heart to replace the dismissive attitude he had known a few minutes earlier.

Wendell reached his left hand over to rub up his right arm, from wrist to shoulder and down again. "Yep, that's where my burns come from all right." Pausing to look intently at Josh, Wendell suddenly asked a question. "Now I'll bet you're wondering where that quilt fits into the story, ain't you?"

Read Part 3 in next month's Newsletter

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