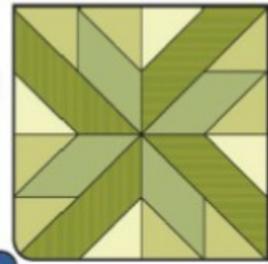


# SCRAP CHAT



December

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2018

## Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

### Christmas Pot Luck

Tuesday Dec 18

12 noon

Bring your favorite holiday food or treat to share

### Quilts of Valor

Wednesday Dec 19

10-2

We have a new coordinator Evelyn Chignon and she is excited to be with us! Come meet her and work on Quilts of Valor

### Christmas Eve Hours

10-4

### Christmas Day

Closed

### Quilt-A-Holics

Monday Jan 7

10-2

### Two for the Show Quilt

Saturday Jan 12

10-4

# Shellie's Stash



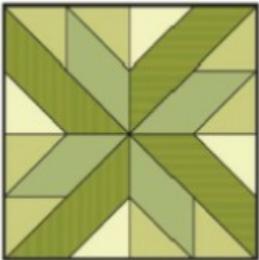
**T**'was the night before Christmas and all through the house, The only one sleeping was Quilter's dear spouse. The Crazy Patch stockings were almost completed, "Just a few stitches left, "our sweet quilter

repeated,  
"Then I can hang them and head off to finish The pillows I'm making, fulfilling Mom's wish For something "quilty" to put on her couch", As she pricked her poor finger, our quilter yelled, "Ouch!"  
....When from out in the kitchen there arose such a crashing,  
She sprang from her work , and she dropped all her sashing.  
Away to the doorway she flew like a plane,  
Wondering what had just happened and who was to blame.  
When what to her wondering eyes should appear,  
But Old Mrs Claus and her bag of quilt-gear....  
....With her elves bearing gifts, through the kitchen she came,  
She directed and pointed and called them by name.  
"Now Moda, now Hoffman, Benartex and Riley Blake,  
The Pfaff's are right there, to creatively make.  
The things that aren't finished, the big and the

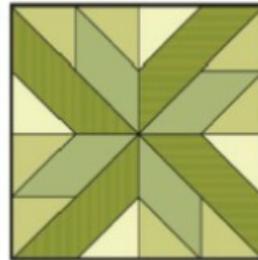
small  
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!"  
"My Dear," said The Claus (as she liked to be called),  
There's really no need to worry at all.  
Your projects will all be completed this night,  
I'm terribly sorry we gave you a fright.  
Sit down. Take a breathe, relax and you'll see.  
My friends and I've come all this way to help thee.  
She thought she was dreaming, our Dear Quilter did,  
In fact, she quite feared that she'd near' flipped her lid!  
But the flash of the needles and twist of the thread  
Soon gave her to know she had nothing to dread.  
They spoke no more words, but went straight to their sewing.  
How the work went so quickly she had no way of knowing.  
The stitches, how tiny! The corners, how straight!  
This Claus-woman's talent was awfully great.  
They finished the pillows, then started a quilt.  
Before they all knew it, the whole thing was built!...  
Now old Mrs. Claus, she knew quilters real well,  
She knew they'd need help on this night most of all  
Their list yet to finish, for sure would be tall.  
So she said to our quilter, "just move over dear"  
I've brought my own needle, you've nothing to fear.  
I told dear old Santa 'bout what quilters do.  
How they plan all these projects but have other work too.  
So he taught me his magic for doing things fast.  
There, that pillow's done. Now this is the last."  
They tidied their thread snips, and picked up the scraps  
And chased our dear quilters five cats from their laps.  
They left behind gingerbread (just to be nice)  
And the whole house smelled sweetly of Christmas and spice.  
As they scurried away with their thimbles still gleaming  
Dear Mrs. Claus paused, her cap ribbons streaming.  
"Merry Christmas, my dear, now just have a ball!  
Relax and enjoy. Happy Quilting to all!

by: Brenda Groelz, Kathy Rockbugs, Marilyn Root, Cindy Swafford

- Shellie Blake



# SCRAP CHAT



## Social Circle

Here are the recipes from our Night of Mysteries that many attendees asked for:

### **Creamy Ranch Potatoes**

12 Red Potatoes, not peeled, halved or quartered  
1 large can cream of chicken soup  
1 pkg dry ranch dressing mix  
½ cup whole milk  
2 Tbl butter

Mix soup, dressing mix and milk

Put potatoes in crock pot, cover with soup mixture, add butter on top. Cook high 4-6 hours. Remove potatoes and add 1 pkg cream cheese. Mix completely and return potatoes to pot. Serve Hot

### **Garlic Parmesan Chicken**

8 bone-in, skin-on, chicken thighs  
1 ½ tsp dried basil, oregano, thyme  
1 ¼ tsp dried rosemary  
salt and pepper  
2 Tbls Butter  
1 Tbls Olive oil  
4 cloves garlic, minced  
1 cup fresh grated parmesan

Mix basil, oregano, thyme, rosemary, salt and pepper

Generously rub on chicken

In large skillet over med heat, melt butter and oil. Add chicken skin side down and sear both sides til golden brown about 2-3 min each side.

Layer in crock pot and cook on high 3-4 hours. Remove chicken and brown again in skillet. Serve immediately, sprinkled with grated parmesan cheese.

### **Jalapeno Corn**

4 Cans Sweet Corn--undrained  
4 Jalapeno peppers, seeded and chopped  
3 Tbls Sugar  
4 Tbls Butter

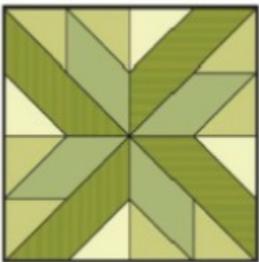
Mix together and cook to a boil. Boil 5 min

Drain, mix in butter, serve hot.

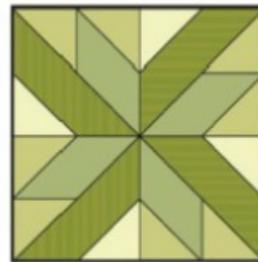
### **Graveyard Dirt**

6 oz. softened cream cheese  
1 C powdered sugar  
½ C butter  
3 sm pkg Choc instant pudding  
4 C milk  
16 oz Cool Whip  
1 pkg Oreo cookies- crushed

Cream together cream cheese, powdered sugar and butter. Mix pudding with milk then combine. Fold in Cool Whip. Put in dishes and top with crushed cookies.



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## Snippets

Did you know, the manufacturers of zippers want to make it easy for you to put in a zipper? They really do.

In fact they have added a guideline to the zipper so that you can successfully sew one in. Look at the tape on either sided of the zip. You can see a distinct line where the weave is different within the tape. This is your sewing guideline. If you line this line up with your needle when you sew on both sides, you will have a perfectly centered zipper and clear the zipper teeth. *Voilà!*

## Spotlight

## Customer Focus

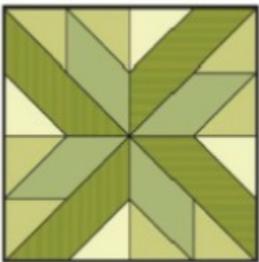
### Marilyn Bates

**M**arilyn Bates was born and raised in Hot Springs, Arkansas. She has 4 older brothers and grew up on a Dairy Farm. Her family owned Humphreys Dairy and they had the best chocolate milk in all the state, probably the whole country. When she was young her job was to feed the chickens and help churn the butter.

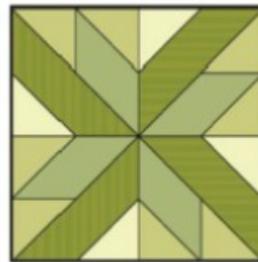
She went to Lakeside School 1-12. She met Momen in high school, where they became sweethearts, dated, then broke up and went their separate ways. She went to Henderson to study Home Economics but changed and graduated in Elementary Education. She started teaching right out of college. She taught for 3 years, took a break and had 3 babies, then went back to teaching when the youngest was in kindergarten. Marilyn taught

at the same school she had attended, Lakeside. For the bulk of her career she taught 3<sup>rd</sup> grade. She retired after 28 years.

Marilyn moved to Texas and was living there when Momen tracked her down to tell her of the passing of a mutual friend. Even though it had been 40 years since they had seen each other, they picked right back up where they left off. Marilyn then moved back to Arkansas. Momen was an umpire for Senior Citizen Softball and during a game he proposed to her on home plate. Eight months after they reconnected they were married. They have been married for 4 ½ years now. They have a blended family of 5 children, (3 boys and 2 girls), 8 grandbabies, (4 girls and 4 boys). Four of the grandbabies live in Arkansas and 4 live in Texas. Every Christmas 50 family members would gather at her mom's house to celebrate together. Marilyn's mama just passed away two weeks ago, so this will be their 1<sup>st</sup> Christmas without her.



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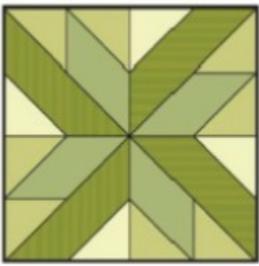


Marilyn's grandma was a professional seamstress for M.M. Cohn's and she taught Marilyn how to sew when she was 8 yrs old. Marilyn's first project was a red and black corduroy zippered bag. Quilting is new for her. She

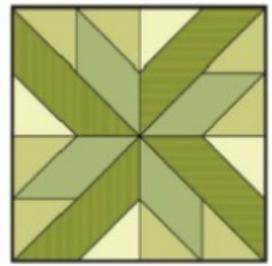
came to the shop and took her first class with the dangling leg reindeer, and the zippered candy pouch. She did an awesome job! Marilyn is very fun and outgoing and easy to become fast friends with. She also loves to feed and

watch birds and chickens, and is currently making a new chicken coop. She loves to garden and zinnia's are her favorite flower.





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## Story Corner

### Emmaline's Nine Blocks

#### Part 3 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

It was only ten minutes past noon when Sylvia found herself knocking on Emmaline's door. Even waiting that long had been a victory for her, because she would have come at six o'clock a.m. if she could have made herself believe it was reasonable. After some brief small talk about Paige and how she was doing with her training in Seattle, Sylvia was anxious to hear more about the quilt.

Emmaline pointed to the block on the far-right side on the middle row. "This



block is called the 'Arrowhead' pattern. I have entitled this block 'Courage'. The arrowhead brings to my mind a remarkable people

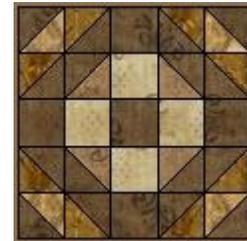
who faced great cultural changes as they were ultimately defeated in the westward expansion of the United States. After Trisha died, our home in Palo Alto, California became a source of grief for Albert and me. As a couple, we had never lived anywhere else, but we felt like a great change was needed for us to move on from the heartbreak we had endured. I resigned my professorship at Stanford, and Albert

found work managing a manufacturer in Malvern, Arkansas. Leaving everything behind that we knew...that was familiar to us...made me lose sleep every night for a year." Emmaline touched her well-styled yet comfortable hairdo and giggled a little. "You know, dear, I didn't have a gray hair on my head until that time. Now look at me! It's almost all white now! Hardly any gray left!"

Sylvia nodded and smiled. She didn't say so, but she herself was almost entirely gray. However, the miracle of modern hair dyes kept that annoying truth her own little secret.

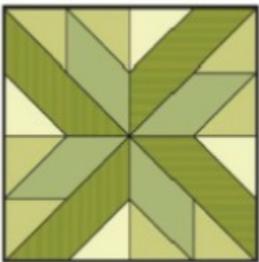
"Well," Emmaline continued, "I don't mind telling you that making that move required tremendous courage for me. Albert made the move more for me than for himself. And that brings us to the seventh block on this quilt." Emmaline shifted the quilt to highlight the leftmost block on the bottom row. "This is call the 'Simple Wedding Ring' block. I have titled this block 'Respect'. There are many institutions and people I respect, but my greatest respect was reserved for my dear Albert. He took quite a pay cut to move us to Malvern and, although he

was still in management at his production facility, he no longer enjoyed the prestige nor the decision-making power he had when we lived in Palo Alto.

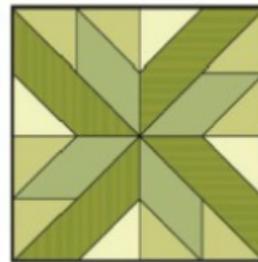


Never once did I hear him complain about his situation! He found the positive in his environment even when faced

with tremendous challenges. Our church group was often involved in service-oriented projects, especially for widows and those who struggled with financial difficulties, and Albert was always first to volunteer for those undertakings. Even in his later years, when arthritis and aching joints plagued him, he would throw his chainsaw in the car and head off to cut up trees and branches that had come down in people's yards resulting from storm damage. I accompanied him on many of those operations, and his unending, cheerful willingness to help others has forever earned him my utmost respect. You might wonder why I remain optimistic and cheerful in the face of some of my trials in life. You need to look no further than Albert. In fact, I'll tell you more about



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him as we discuss the next couple of quilt blocks. But enough of that for today. You gave me a little news of how Paige is doing, but I'd love to hear more. How is her training going?"

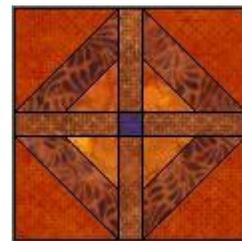
Sylvia and Emmaline continued to talk about subjects other than the quilt for the next couple of hours. Sylvia had hoped the elderly woman would finish her discussion of all of the quilt blocks that day, but apparently Emmaline had other ideas. Even when she could see Emmaline tiring, Sylvia found it difficult to pull herself away from her new friend. She felt almost as if she were capturing the joy that flowed from Emmaline when in her presence. It was hard to leave.

Later, when Sylvia arrived home, she parked her car, walked down the drive to retrieve the mail, then strode up the sidewalk and up the brick steps into her home without giving a single thought to the landscaping or the brickwork that had as recently as two weeks prior been an almost overwhelming aggravation. Sylvia was not very aware of the changes coming over her, but Mitch was. He marveled that her emotions were becoming far less explosive, and that she was finding much more tranquility these days. Based on the conversations he had with his wife, he surmised these changes were resulting from her discussions with the nursing

home patient. His love for her had never wavered, even for a moment, but it did his heart good to see her become less self-absorbed...less agitated.

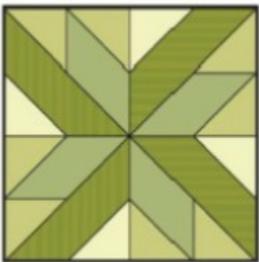
"Come in dear!" Emmaline chirped the following Monday. Sylvia entered the small nursing home flat, meeting her host's crescent-eyed smile with a warm and engaging smile of her own. Tapping into Emmaline's warmth and joyful nature felt like someone suffering from extreme thirst finally able to drink cool and refreshing water. It was not something that could be done once and be complete. It needed to come in regular doses. Just as with eating, drinking, intellectual stimulation, and spiritual invigoration, the transition to a more uplifting attitude and understanding took time. Unlike the other visits in which Sylvia was anxious to delve into the details of the quilt blocks and the stories behind them, the two women spent a long time talking about other aspects of their lives. Three hours had elapsed by the time Emmaline reached for her plastic bin to retrieve the quilt. Sylvia was surprised to see that all of the hand quilting was done and that the edges of the quilt had been trimmed in preparation for the final step of adding the binding. As she had done on previous occasions, Emmaline laid the quilt across her lap and over the arms of her wheelchair, this time highlighting the center block on the

bottom row. "This block is created using the 'Wall of Jericho' pattern, and I have titled it 'Humility'. Perhaps you'll recall that the biblical reference to Jericho tells how the mighty city was protected by a great wall. The priests

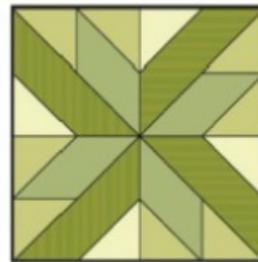


of the Children of Israel blew their ram's horns and the walls crumbled, bringing destruction to the city. In our own lives, we often put

up walls to protect ourselves, but often the trials of life bring down those walls nevertheless." Emmaline paused for a moment, as if to register whether Sylvia was paying close attention, and then she continued her narration. "When Albert and I moved to Malvern, I took a job teaching math in the high school. Although it seemed a step down from teaching at the great institution of Stanford University, I felt blessed and happy to be there. I loved my students and felt happy to be teaching again. I also felt I was recovering from the loss of Trisha. On a Thursday, as I recall, I finished the last class of the day and prepared to go home. As I walked out of the classroom, I suddenly fell for no apparent reason and damaged my knee to the point I had to wear a cast for six weeks. Even after the cast came off, I noticed that I was falling down ever more frequently. Albert insisted I



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consult a doctor. I thought perhaps I was just getting on in years and that's what happened to people. But the doctor did a battery of tests and determined that I had a form of muscular dystrophy. From that point on, I knew that my ability to move freely would begin to diminish, although at a slower rate than others with the disease because of the type I had. After all that had happened, I felt that life had finally dealt me the blow that would break my spirit. I was disillusioned and discouraged. I wanted to stay in bed all day and mope. Albert understood and gently encouraged me to soldier on...to realize my students counted on me and that I must not abandon them. With great difficulty, I began a new school week, keeping a walking cane in one hand to keep myself from falling. On that day, as I came into the high school, I was met with signs and banners made by all of the students encouraging me and wishing me well. I'm not sure how they all found out about my malady, but I was astonished and delighted to say the least. The wall I had been building came crashing down, and I realized I had been focused too intently on my own woes. If I merely adopted an attitude of humility and focused my efforts on serving those who needed my knowledge and expertise, I would be fine. And I was fine. I am fine. That experience was important almost beyond measure for me. It made me a better person."

As Emmaline finished speaking, Sylvia sat quietly for a few moments, gazing out the window as if deep in thought. Finally, she turned her eyes to the older woman who was watching her intently. "Before I met you," Sylvia began, "I would have found no sense at all in finding some good to come out of such a misfortune. Even now I have to admit I struggle a little. My natural inclination is to bristle and seethe against what seems like nature's injustice. It is your reaction to calamitous situations that has intrigued and mystified me, but now I think I understand much better how you take these kinds of circumstances and turn them to your good and the benefit of those around you. Emmaline, I'm not like you. I just wish I were."

Emmaline smiled. "Oh dear, we're not so different as you make out. You just have to look a little deeper, that's all."

Later that night, Sylvia and Mitch talked far into the morning hours about her visits with Emmaline. It was the first time in months, maybe even years, that they had conversed on such a profound level.

"This Thursday is the last time you told Paige you'd visit with Emmaline, isn't that right?" Mitch asked.

"Yes," Sylvia responded. "But I don't want it to end. I feel like I'm changing somehow...like talking with her makes

me grow and get better. At least, it seems like that to me."

Mitch smiled. "It seems like that to me too. And babe, I approve. You seem a lot less high strung or stressed out. Why don't you just ask if you can keep on coming to visit her?"

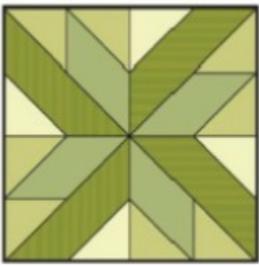
"I think I will."

Early Thursday afternoon, Sylvia knocked on Emmaline's door and heard the cheerful "Come in!" she had come to expect. As she entered the room, Emmaline already had the quilt out and spread across her legs and wheelchair arms as usual. Sylvia noticed that the binding on the quilt was finished, and suddenly an unexpected and irrational sadness swept over her, as though she were nearing the end of era that she might never be able to reclaim. Emmaline's radiant smile brushed aside the strange melancholy as she greeted her friend. "Sylvia, dear, come in and be comfortable! Are you ready for me to tell you about my last quilt block?"

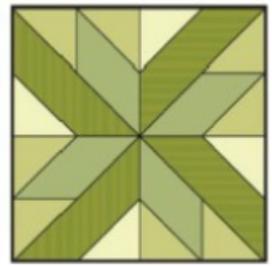
Sylvia sat down, wishing to draw out the moment just a little longer. "Of course. I've been looking forward to it." Before Emmaline could respond, Sylvia felt like she needed to acknowledge the completed quilt. "I see you've finished the binding."

Emmaline looked at her creation. "Oh yes! It's done. It took a lot of work and a lot of patience, but it has transformed

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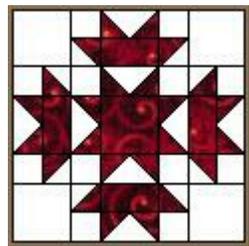
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into something beautiful, don't you think?"

Sylvia nodded, wondering if Emmaline was really talking about the quilt.

"Well dear," Emmaline began, tracing the lines of the rightmost block on the bottom row, this one is called the 'Crown and



Star' pattern. The story behind this one is the most special one for me. I've told you a little about my dear Albert. This one is really for him. You see, as my muscular

problems continued to weaken me, I eventually had to quit a lot of the tasks that I had done up until that time. You know, in my day there were things women did and things men did, and there was not a lot of cross-over. Women shopped for groceries, did the laundry, vacuumed and mopped floors, and cooked dinner. Men did home repairs, mowed lawns, built wooden fences, and tended to car maintenance. Without any complaint, Albert began taking over most of my chores, especially once I required the use of a wheelchair. He never made it seem beneath his dignity to do what people from my generation used to call 'women's work.' In fact, even though he had always treated me with love and respect, that graciousness on his part grew even as my disease progressed. Eventually he began addressing me not as 'Emmy,' which he had done most of our married lives, but as 'my queen.' After a while, that morphed into 'Queenie.' For the last

twenty years of our marriage, that's the only name I ever heard him call me. Queenie. My Queen." For the first time since they had begun their twice-weekly visits, Sylvia noticed tears form in Emmaline's eyes and run down her cheeks, and Sylvia felt her own eyes begin to fill. "Oh, what a wonderful relationship we had!" Emmaline continued after a moment. "Ten days after our sixty-second anniversary, I noticed in the middle of the night that Albert had not come to bed. I worked my way into my chair and wheeled out into the family room. Albert had fallen asleep in the lounge chair. I touched his arm to awaken him, and knew in that moment that my dear Albert had slipped away in his sleep. That's why this block is so very near and dear to my heart. The crowns on the quilt block represent how Albert had treated me like his queen. The star represents how Albert was the central guiding point in my life."

Sylvia digested what Emmaline had just told her when suddenly a question occurred to her. "Did you give this quilt block a title as you did all the others?"

Emmaline smiled in response to the question. "Gratitude."

Sylvia's eyes fluttered for a moment in bewilderment. "I'm a little confused. You just described the loss of the love of your life. And you're grateful? Even after all of our discussions, I just can't understand that."

Emmaline reached over and touched Sylvia's arm. "I think you might have missed the most important part of the story, dear," she said. "I had Albert for over sixty-two years of my life. It's not what I've lost that demands my focus, but what I have gained. At the time he passed, we had been side-by-side for about three-quarters of my entire life. If that is not a blessing, then nothing is."

Sylvia and Emmaline continued their talk for another three hours, at the end of which Sylvia noticed that Emmaline was beginning to tire. Before leaving, she needed to ask just one more question. "Emmaline," she began, "would you be opposed to receiving my visits on Mondays and Thursdays going forward, even though Paige will be back again?"

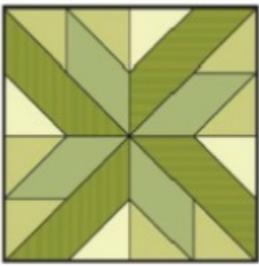
Despite her fatigue, Emmaline managed her delightful crescent-eyed smile. "Oh dear, I would cherish the opportunity of your visits! You are always welcome to come see me. Next Monday, then?"

That night after dinner as Mitch sat reading on the sofa, Sylvia came into the room and sat next to him. Mitch set his trade magazine aside and looked at his wife. This was new.

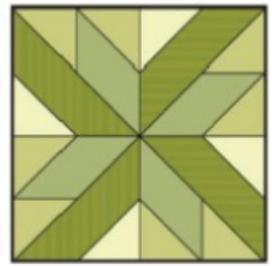
"You do know I love you, right?" she asked.

It had been a long time since she had said that to him. "Of course I do,

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babe. I've always known. It's just good to hear it is all. And I love you too. With all of my soul."

Sylvia reached down and took her husband's hand as they interlocked their fingers and sat in comfortable silence.

On Monday, as Sylvia entered Emmaline's nursing home flat, she noticed that some of the bins full of fabric and sewing items had been moved around and Emmaline had wheeled her chair over to the cutting platform where she had a variety of fabrics spread out. "Sylvia, dear!" she greeted with her characteristic exuberance, "Come sit in this chair over on this side of the cutting table." Sylvia took the seat as invited, her back facing the door to the room. She wondered just what Emmaline had in store. "Today, we are going to begin a new quilt," Emmaline explained.

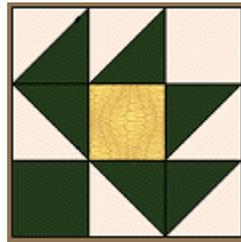
Just then, the door to the room opened a crack and Emmaline looked up to see the face of Paige peering in. Sylvia was unaware that her daughter was peeking at them and, when Emmaline caught the nurse's eye, she smiled ever so slightly and then winked. Paige gave a nod and a knowing smile, then allowed the door to fall silently closed again.

"I don't know much about sewing or quilting," Sylvia explained, as Emmaline began to move some fabrics around.

"That's all right dear," Emmaline responded. "We're working together on this one."

"Who are you making it for?" Sylvia asked.

Emmaline stopped her movements and turned to look at Sylvia, her words carrying an urgency and emphasis that seemed almost out of character. "This is not my quilt, dear. This is yours. Look, I have already picked out the pattern for your first block. It's called the 'Flower Bud'. Now then, you have to pick out the colors and patterns of fabrics to go into it. I'll help you with



cutting and sewing it. My poor old hands are almost as unsteady as my legs these days, so you'll have to do most of the work. Now, the Flower Bud pattern represents new life and a new start." Emmaline paused for a moment before looking up at Sylvia. "You should also give the block a title or name. Does anything come to mind?"

Sylvia looked down for a moment. Then her head began to nod slightly. Smiling, she looked up and met Emmaline's eyes. "Friendship."

The End



If you have enjoyed reading the short stories that have been included with our newsletter, you might be glad to know that the stories from the first three years have now been published into a full book! All of the stories in one way or another have a quilter or quilting involved, but one doesn't have to be a quilter to enjoy these tales. With the holiday season soon approaching, this anthology of short stories will be sure to delight the reader in your family! Come on in to *The Bed-warmer Quilt and Sew* and pick up a copy (or two). Author-signed copies are available.

Read a new story in Next Month's Newsletter