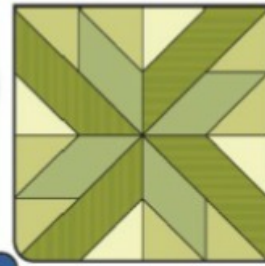


SCRAP CHAT



January

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2019

Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

Quilt-A-Holics

Monday Jan 7, 10-2

Two for the Show Quilt

Saturday Jan 12, 10-4

Quilts of Valor

Wednesday Jan 16, 10-2

We have a new coordinator Evelyn Chignon; come meet her & work on Quilts of Valor

Easy, Easy Lone Star

Saturday Jan 19 (4 or 6 color) 10-4

Turning 20 with a Friend

Saturday Jan 26, 10-4

Quilt-A-Holics

Monday Feb 4, 10-2

Bargello

Thursday Feb 7, 10-5:30

Mega-Star (modern Lone Star)

Saturday Feb 9, 10-4

Shellie's Stash



Welcome to a brand new year. I think we all somehow feel rejuvenated as the current year ends and the new one begins. It seems the new year is full of all kinds of plus's. We get to change the calendar to a completely new one. Plus, start a new journal, a new chapter in our lives. Plus set new goals. Plus, get used to crossing out and rewriting the correct year on our documents. So many plus's.

I look forward to all kinds of **PLUS's** for this year.

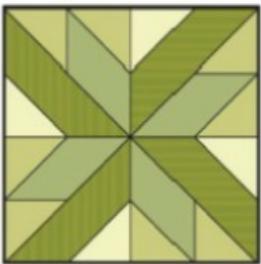
I have all of my **Projects Left Un-Sewn** neatly arranged in plastic tubs with the patterns and the fabrics all happily tucked in

together. Sometimes I'll get a tub out and look thru it. Stroking the fabrics, admiring the colors and examining the pattern. Some of them I then put back in my closet and some I spread out on my work area and possibly work a little on them before I put it back in its box. **PLUS**, I know that anytime I'd like to work on something, I can.

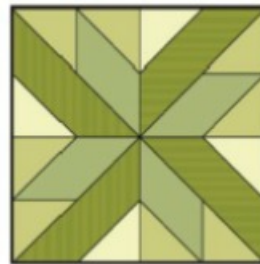
There are lots of **PLUS's** to collecting new fabrics and patterns as well. When I complete projects my closet and tubs are lonely, and we wouldn't want that to happen. So I am always excited about adding pretties to my closet. It's always a plus to have something new to work on.

I hope that all y'all have a wonderful upcoming year full of plus's, old and new!

- Shellie Blake



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Social Circle A great BIG shout out and thank you to our customers.

For the third year in a row we have been voted Best of Benton!! We are so grateful to all of you for your business and support and look forward to serving you in your sewing and quilting needs for years to come.



Snippets

Did you know that research shows that sewing is extremely good for your mental health? The creative process of sewing can ease depression and calm anxiety.

It is also proven to increase healing and cognitive skills. Sewing uses many different areas of the brain and contributes to feeling of well-being and happiness. So...what are you waiting for? Go sew something! Turns out, sewing really is our happy place. *Voilà!*

Spotlight

Customer Focus

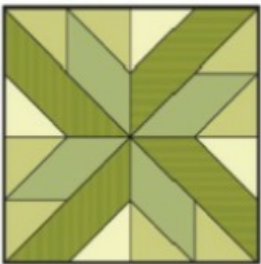
Maureen Huitt

Maureen Huitt was born in Wichita Falls, Texas. She has 2 brothers. Her dad was in the Air Force, so they moved around some. They lived in Texas and Mississippi, and then went to Japan for 2 years. When her dad retired from the military they moved to Arkansas. They lived in Thornburg just outside of Perryville. Maureen graduated from Perryville High School. She decided to stay in-state for college and attended the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. She majored in

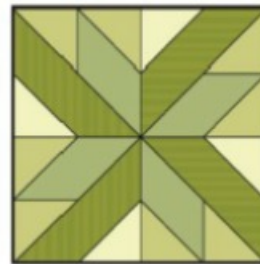
Journalism and Public Relations. After graduating, Maureen started working for the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation in Fund Raising. She worked in accounting at a building supply store for 14 years and then went to a property management company. She is now working for an insurance company.

Maureen had a good friend that wanted to set her up on a blind date. She agreed and then continued dating him for another 10 months, and then were married. Maureen has 3 stepchildren, 2 girls and 1 boy and 2 granddaughters. Her hubby passed away in 2016.

When Maureen was 10 years old her mom started teaching her to



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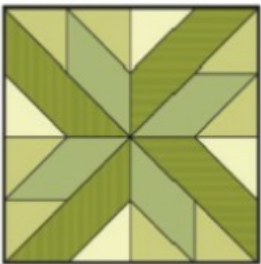
sew. She decided to start quilting a couple years ago. She took her first class here at the Bed-Warmer, doing a jelly-roll race quilt. Since then Maureen has made several quilts and projects and just finished up one of her jelly-roll rugs.

Maureen is a retired master judge for the American Iris Society. She had the opportunity to travel extensively during the 15 years she judged. She traveled to the Washington State, Oregon, Northern California, St. Louis, Memphis, Dallas, Kansas City,

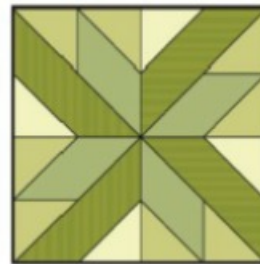
Searcy, Little Rock, and Hot Springs among others.

Maureen enjoys quilting, gardening, reading and baking. She is so delightful; she's always happy and enjoyable to be around. I hope you get the chance to get to know her.





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Story Corner

Artemas*

Part 1 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

*Inspired by music from Heather Young and Lex De Azevedo

A lot of things happen when a girl turns sixteen years old. For Sadie, it meant being considered an adult by many in her family, including her grandmother Ida. This birthday meant she might receive a treadle sewing machine or even a bicycle, instead of dolls or saddle shoes as in bygone birthdays. When it came time to open Grandmother Ida's present, Sadie was impressed with the size and was anxious to remove the paper and see what was inside. To her delight and astonishment, Grandmother Ida had fashioned one of her famous quilts for her granddaughter. With her advancing age, Grandmother Ida was only able to complete two or maybe three quilts in an entire year, and Sadie knew that this might be the most special gift she would ever receive.

Pulling it from the box to hold it up for the rest of the family to see, Sadie noticed that one lower corner on the quilt was heavier than the others. She glanced at her grandmother who wore a slight smile as she reached down to see what was happening in the corner of the quilt. A small pocket had been cleverly added, and upon further examination, Sadie felt something solid inside. Reaching in, she pulled out what appeared to be a very nicely

bound book, yet it had no title on the front cover or the spine. She looked again at Grandmother Ida whose smile had grown wide. "Open it dear," she invited.

Sadie became puzzled as she flipped through the book whose pages were all empty. Her brow was knit as she looked again at her grandmother, unable to process why she had been given a beautifully bound book with nothing written inside. "Grandmother, there's no story here," Sadie observed.

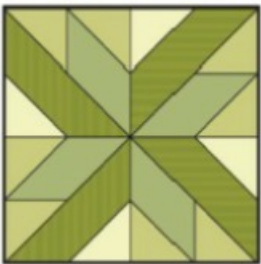
"It's a diary, sweetheart," Grandmother Ida prompted. "*You* have to provide the story. I thought it might be good for you to write down your thoughts and feelings. After all," she continued, "you're at a formative stage in your life. The world is changing around you. Why, the automobiles they have these days drive very fast, and people are even traveling from one town to another by airplane now. Many people have a telephone, and who knows what marvels will come about in your lifetime. And most importantly, you can record your own thoughts and feelings. Writing them helps you understand them, and maybe someday you'll want to remember all of the details of this time in your life. Look in the pocket dear, there's

something else for you." Sadie had completely missed the long, thin, pencil-sized item resting in the bottom of the pocket. Pulling it out, she examined it as her eyes grew wide."

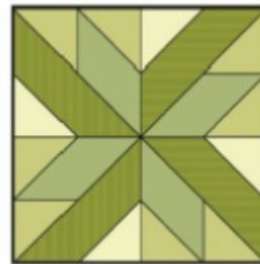
"A Parker Pen?" Sadie asked, her voice filled with wonder. She had seen ball-point pens before but had never owned one. They were pretty expensive.

Grandmother Ida laughed. "Of course. What good is a diary without something to write with?"

The thought of starting a diary became exciting the more Sadie contemplated it. Later that night, the sixteen-year-old sat in her room, trying to decide how best to begin, when she suddenly realized that speaking to a diary was sort of like speaking to another person. It occurred to her that rather than write "Dear Diary," a more personable approach was in order...as if writing a letter to somebody. But what to name it? It had to be a name she could connect with, a name belonging to someone with wisdom and patience. Suddenly it came to her. Grandfather's name had been Artemas. It was hard to believe he had been gone four years now. Grandmother Ida seemed to be coping well, but she clearly missed her husband of over 50



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years. Yes, Artemas was just right! Cracking the unblemished diary open, she turned to the first clean page inside the cover.

April 5

“Dear Artemas,” she wrote, “Today is my sixteenth birthday. Grandmother Ida gave me the wonderful gift of a quilt that she made herself. In one corner is a pocket where I can store you and keep you to myself. Grandmother Ida is the most wonderful grandma a girl could have. I know she worked hard to make the quilt, even though her hands are stiff from arthritis. I hope she knows what she means to me.”

Sometimes Sadie wrote daily, other times it was weeks between her entries, depending on what was happening in her life. She wrote of her friends, especially of a boy named Walter who lived just down the street. He wasn't her boyfriend, but he was a good friend in whom she could confide. In addition to Walter, she had two girlfriends that she had known from the time she learned to speak, Agnes and Ruby, and these three individuals constituted the core of her circle of friends. She could tell them almost anything, but she could tell Artemas everything. When she wrote to Artemas, her imagination let her feel as though Artemas were speaking back. In this way, she could work through challenges and difficulties in her life.

October 3

“Dear Artemas, I have been thinking about getting a job. I know the local diner has openings, but I don't know if I'd be good as a waitress. Mother says I should check over at the hospital. She hears they've been looking for nurses' aides. It doesn't pay much, but it's good experience.”

“What is more important,” Artemas asked, “pay or experience?”

“I don't have that much that I need to spend money on,” Sadie replied. “A girl loves to have some nice clothes, of course, but right now I think experience is the better choice. Don't you?”

Artemas laughed. “My dear, I'm just a figment of your imagination. Why are you asking me?”

Sadie smiled to herself. “Because I think you know the answer.”

April 30

“Dear Artemas, can you believe it has been two years since you and I have been together? I love taking you from the pocket in my quilt and opening your pages. As I sit wrapped in grandmother's quilt, it's so fun to look over the many things we have talked about! I find I have to write small nowadays, because you are filling up fast. You have been about the best friend I could have had over that time, not including Walter, Agnes, and Ruby. Last night we had our high school graduation ceremony. It seems like just yesterday I was starting in

school as a freshman, and now it's all done. The four of us went out to dinner and spent the night talking and laughing. We also talked about what we want to do now that high school is over. We three girls are planning to attend college. Ruby and Agnes are planning to attend the university, but I think I'll stick around here and attend the community college. That is, until I know what I really want to do.”

“What do you think you want to do?” Artemas asked.

“I love art, and learning more about becoming a commercial artist really intrigues me. But since I started working at the hospital, I've thought a lot about getting into medicine. Maybe a nurse. Who knows, maybe even a doctor. We have two lady doctors at the hospital, if you can believe that. But I'm just not sure yet. Oh, and Walter wants to attend college, but he has decided that he'll start in January instead of August. He wants to travel to Florida to help with the clean-up from the hurricane that just blasted through there. He said the people there will need help for years, and the least he can do is give them four months of his volunteer time.” Sadie paused in her writing for a moment. “Walter is a really good man,” she finished.

In the summer after Sadie graduated from high school and turned eighteen years of age, something big happened. She met a boy.

Read Part 2 in next month's newsletter.