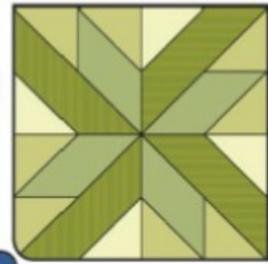


SCRAP CHAT



March

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2019

Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

BEE Crazy Quilt Bee- First

Monday

Monday Mar 4, 10-2

Monday April 1, 10-2

Open Bee, come Sit, Sew,
Snack and Socialize

Pins and Needles Pincushion

March Pincushion—PIG/HOG

Friday Mar 8, 10-1

Embroidery of the Month

(Second Tuesday and Third
Saturday)

Tuesday Mar 12, 10-2

Saturday Mar 16, 10-2

Receive Kit, Instructions, Design
File

Quick and Easy 5 Quilt

Friday Mar 15, All day

Block of Month (third Tuesday)

Tuesday Mar 19, 10-5:30

Quilts of Valor

(third Wednesday)

Wednesday Mar 20, 10-2

Night of Mysteries

Murder mystery/mystery Quilt

Friday Mar 22, 5-11:30pm

Saturday Mar 23, 4-11pm (Sat.
Full)

Hollow Star Quilt

Tuesday Mar 26, All day

(60 degree diamond)

Easy Paper Piecing Pillow

Saturday Mar 30, All day

Shellie's Stash



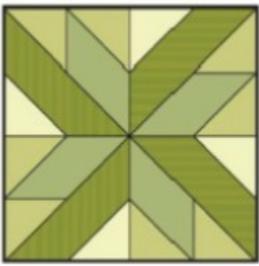
When my kiddos were quite young they loved to “tie” quilts with me. They got to be part of the process and were so proud when we finished a quilt and they could say, they helped. They would sit under the quilting frame and as I pushed the needle thru the layers, they would grab it and pull the yard or ribbon til it was tight. Then it was their job to push the needle back to the top and make sure there weren’t any knots or tangles so I could tie it off.

As the kids got more involved in school we started doing school projects and scrapbooking. We loved to layer and combine the patterned papers much like mixing the fabrics in a quilt. We even made a few paper quilts for the scrapbooks. One Saturday a month a group of

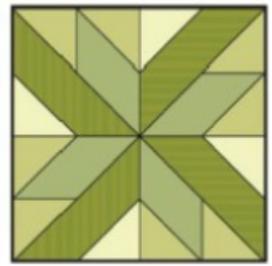
friends and I would spend the day from 9 am til midnight working on our scrapbooks and we coined it our “cropping day”. One time, Darren’s mom was visiting and he told her I was going “*cropping*” with some friends. He then had to explain in a little more detail what that was. A few months later, during a phone call, his mom asked if I was gone “*chopping*”. It became a family saying and always made us smile.

When we moved to a new town I started quilting again with some friends. Then when his mom called and asked if I was “*chopping*” it was quite fitting. I was doing exactly that and as the saying goes, I took perfectly good fabric and chopped it up so I could sew it back together. Whether I’m chopping pictures, paper or fabric, the creative process is always more fun and inspiring done with family or friends. Who are you *chopping* with this week?

– Shellie Blake



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Social Circle



Our Semi-Annual **Night of Mysteries** is scheduled for Friday March 22 or Saturday March 23.

Come join us for a super fun night of food, intrigue and quilting. It's all a Mystery!! We have a BLAST, sign up soon!



Our annual **Kids Summer Sewing Camps** are starting to schedule. Sign up as soon as possible.

Beginning sewing camp includes projects and a sewing machine!

Advanced kids camp requires that kids already know how to work their sewing machine.

Preferable have attended a beginning sewing camp.

Advanced Kids Sewing Camp June 3-7, 9am-1pm

Beginning Kids Sewing Camp June 24-28, 9am-1pm

Snippets

Are you part of a chain-gang, you know, the quilters that like to chain piece? I am! I love being able to "power-sew" or "assembly-line sew". It enables me to be more productive with my quilting time, use less thread, and have less chance of the throat plate eating my fabric. When I was in Germany one of the sweet ladies that attended the retreat made each one of us a stand for our pendant thread cutter. I was instantly hooked and in love with this. It enables you to chain piece and then quickly separate the pieces with out accidentally cutting your fabric or fingers. Because I love my chain piece cutter so much, I want you to have one too. You can get your original thread cutter block at the shop. We make them in several colors or natural stain. Super easy and fast with no more slip-n-clip oopsies while chain piece cutting.

Voilà!



Spotlight

Customer Focus

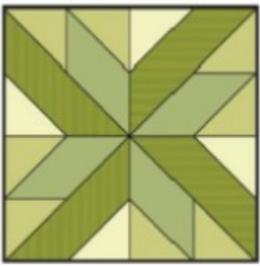
Dee Colclough

Dee Colclough was born in Kansas City, Missouri. She is the 2nd of seven children. She has 2 sisters and 4 brothers. Their family moved to California so her dad could go to college and then they returned to Kansas City. Dee graduated from Ruskin High School. She then attended Central Missouri State and majored in fashion merchandising. While in college she met and married her hubby. When he finished his master's degree they moved to Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. Then they moved to Little Rock. Dee

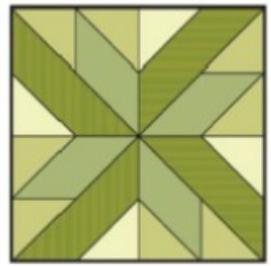
worked for USABLE Life as a customer service trainer and retired after 20 years.

Dee has 2 children one son and one daughter. She also has two grandbaby girls. They all live in Little Rock as well. She loves being with her grandbabies and was able to care for them during the day for the first year and a half of their lives. Since both her grandbabies were born a month apart, it was like caring for twins. Dee says that was one of the best times in her life.

Dee started sewing when she was in the 6th grade in her home economics class. She enjoyed it so



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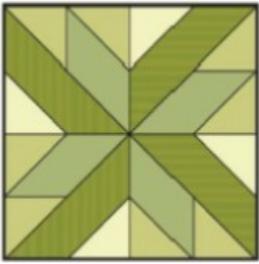
much she made her clothes and even her wedding dress.

She started quilting about 5 years ago and enjoys quilting the most now. Dee also enjoys spending time with her family and traveling all around the country.

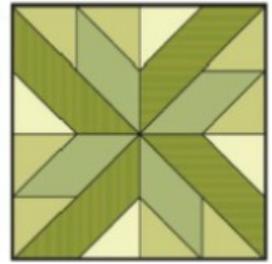
She loves to go anywhere that is close to water and loves camping. Her older sister decided to start having “sister” trips with Dee and their younger sister and chose one of the things on her bucket list for them to do. So they went for a hot air balloon ride. She has also been parasailing.

Dee is a blast to be around and really enjoys sewing with a group. I hope you get the chance to meet and sew with her.





SCRAP CHAT



Story Corner

Artemas*

Part 3 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

*Inspired by music from Heather Young and Lex De Azevedo

February 10

“Dear Artemas, Tonight Charles came over. We sat in the living room to talk, and he seemed annoyed that I needed him to keep repeating himself. It was as though he blamed me for not hearing him. I have gotten the same reaction from other people the last few days. It’s strange. If you’re sick, people don’t blame you for catching something. If you’re blind, people don’t blame you for not seeing them. But if you don’t hear well, they blame you for not listening. In other news, I’m scheduled to see a hearing specialist doctor tomorrow. I hope he can help me.”

February 11

“Dear Artemas, Tonight I can hardly bear to write. My tears are falling on your pages and my hand is shaking.”

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” Artemas prompted.

Sadie sat for a long time without writing. When she finally began to put words down on Artemas’ pages, the words flowed with great difficulty. “The hearing specialist performed a whole bunch of tests on me. He finally determined that the little bones in my ears that allow me to hear are disintegrating. Something about my genes and that this is a heredity issue that strikes once in ten thousand people who carry the trait. Why me? Why do I have to be the ONE in TEN THOUSAND?”

“Tell me what that means.”

“It means that within six months, I will have no hearing at all. It means I will be completely deaf. It means my life is over.”

“It does not mean your life is over,” Artemas soothed. “It means you have an opportunity to learn new things and become strong through your experiences.”

“Learn?” Sadie wrote. “What can I learn from this?”

“Sign language for one,” Artemas responded. “You’ll actually learn a new language that you’ve never known before. Patience, for another. And it is said that in losing one sense, you’ll sharpen your others. Perhaps you will see and feel things that had previously been beyond your grasp. Perhaps what you gain will outweigh what you have lost.”

“I hope so, Artemas. I really hope so.”

March 20

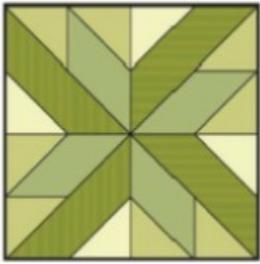
“Dear Artemas, Today my best friends in the world gathered to my house. Agnes and Ruby drove home from the university because of spring break, and Walter came with them, even though I see him regularly at school. Charles came too, and we sat and talked. Of course, my hearing is diminishing pretty fast now, so we kept some sheets of paper to write the things down I wasn’t hearing clearly. It was strange that Charles excused himself well before the others left my house. He said he had some things to attend to, but didn’t go into detail. I had hoped he would stay after the other three left so we could talk some more, but it wasn’t to be. He seems like he’s growing distant from me instead of helping and supporting me. I find I have to rely on Mom and Dad more for support. Even Walter is

more available to me than Charles these last couple of weeks. Seems strange that the man who says he loves me is making less time to be with me than Walter, who is really only a friend.”

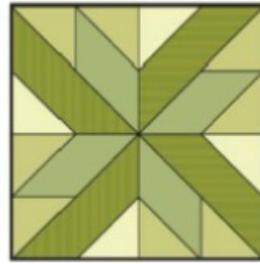
Sadie closed the pages of Artemas and put him back into the pocket of her grandmother’s quilt. Strange that she still considered it her “grandmother’s quilt” when it could more appropriately be called “her quilt” that had been a gift to her from her grandmother. As if she didn’t have enough to worry about with the loss of her hearing, Sadie was growing ever more concerned about her dear grandmother as well. Grandmother Ida’s health seemed to be slipping a little. She had lost some weight and seemed to be moving more gingerly recently. Sadie hoped she didn’t have to face two great crises at one time, such as the loss of her grandmother. She couldn’t bear it.

May 3

“Dear Artemas, Today was a hard day. My hearing is virtually gone now. I hear only the faintest of whispers from only the loudest of sounds. Charles picked me up and we drove down by the river and sat on one of the benches there. It was a beautiful day, but I felt I knew what was coming, and it did. Charles and I wrote back and forth on sheets of paper and he explained that dealing with my hearing loss was just too much for him. He said he would like to remain my friend, but that he felt that we must no longer consider ourselves a couple. Because of the distance that had grown between us over these last few months, I thought this might



SCRAP CHAT



be coming. I still love him, but apparently without my hearing he can't still love me. It breaks my heart, but there is nothing I can do. I have to let him go. I just wonder if there is a man out there anywhere that can accept me as I am, deafness and all. I'm enrolled to begin sign language classes, so who knows. Maybe there is someone with my same condition who I'll meet there and who will understand."

June 21

"Dear Artemas, I went and visited with Grandmother Ida today. I love her as dearly as I love anyone in this life. I told her how I still cherish the gift of you and my quilt, and that I still write in your pages three or four times a week. Your pages are really getting full now, but I still like to go back and read the things I've written in the past. One day, I'll get another diary, but there will only be one Artemas. Grandmother Ida had to write everything down she wanted to say to me, and it's hard with her arthritis, but she managed. I told her all about how I am learning sign language and that I'm picking it up pretty well. Most of the other students are younger children. I guess people who are my age generally know sign language by now since they are more likely to have lost their hearing as children or were even born deaf. Still, it is gratifying to be able to converse at length with others again without having to have everything written down for me. Later, they'll teach me how to read lips. That should be interesting. Oh, and Grandmother Ida asked me how I was doing since Charles and I split up. I told her I was doing much better, although it was very difficult there for a while. I told her I was more worried about her than anything and she just laughed and said not to fret. She felt she would be around for a long time to come. In fact, she said she expects to one day attend

my wedding and play with her great grandchildren. That made me feel better."

October 14

Walter stopped by today. I haven't seen him as much since I had to drop out of college until I get through the sign language and lip-reading classes. He has grown in so many ways! I always knew he had a kind heart (from befriending the underdogs at school to helping out with the hurricane clean-up) but he surprised even me today. It was still warm enough to sit outside and we went over to the park to talk. Of course, I took a stack of paper and a pencil so he could communicate with me. We sat down on a set of swings and all of a sudden he began to sign me. He's pretty good too. It turns out that he had been taking sign language lessons on the side and he really enjoyed seeing the surprise on my face when I realized we could talk without his having to write things down. It's strange. Walter has been a dear friend my whole life, and even though he's handsome and funny and kind, I had never before thought of him as anything other than a friend. Yet as we signed back and forth, I began to see him in a new way. I realized how much I enjoy his company, and I began to wonder if something was growing in my heart that I had not seen there before."

"I did tell you that with the loss of one sense, perhaps your other senses would grow more keen, didn't I Sadie?" Artemas asked.

"You did, Artemas. You did."

* * * * *

The three teenagers rummaged through the boxes, two boys and a girl, aged 12, 15, and 17. The two brothers and their sister had not been looking forward to

coming to help pack up the belongings of their great-grandmother. It was far more enticing to meet up with friends to play games or while away the hours on social media. But their parents had insisted, and they had been assigned to go through the attic boxes to help make a determination of what items should be kept and what items should be donated. The fifteen-year-old girl spied a wooden chest behind some stored furniture and pulled it out into the light of the overhead lamp. Opening it, she smelled the aroma of cedar and saw a variety of blankets and quilts contained therein. She pulled one off the top, taking a moment to appreciate the fine workmanship of the quilt. It felt heavy on one end, and she fished around to see what might be the cause. Pulling out a book of some sort from a pocket fashioned on the tapestry, she called to her brothers. "Hey guys, come over here. Look at this." The three youths peered at the bound book as the girl opened it. "Wow, look at this. It's great grandmother's diary. And look! She calls it Artemas! Isn't that funny?" Turning the page, she looked at the first written line. "Dear Artemas," she read. "Today is my sixteenth birthday."

The End

Read a new story in next month's newsletter.

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