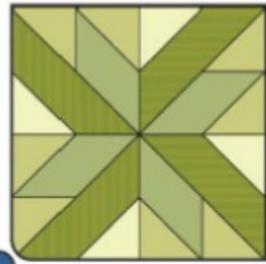


SCRAP CHAT



October

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2019

Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

BEE Crazy Quilt Bee- First Monday

Monday Oct 7, All day

Monday Nov 4, All day

Open Bee, come Sit, Sew, Snack and Socialize

Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Oct 8, 10-2

Saturday Oct 19, 10-2

Receive Kit, Step-by-Step Instructions & Design File

5 Yard Quilt

Saturday Oct 12, All day

Block of the Month

Tuesday Oct 15, All day

Hunters Star Quilt

Tuesday Oct 22, All day

Pins and Needles Pincushion

Wednesday Oct 30, All day

Night of Mysteries

Murder mystery and Mystery quilt

Friday Nov 8 or

Saturday Nov 9

Evening class, only 12 people per night. Spaces fill up fast. Call to sign up.

Shellie's Stash



I love fall! I tell y'all that every fall, still true. Growing up, the fall was filled with great smells, crisp air, pumpkins, apples and occasionally snow.

One of our great adventures of fall was to go to apple picking. We usually went on Monday evening as a family to a local orchard. We'd each get a basket and go pick our own apples. For a kid there was nothing better than the taste of an apple you picked yourself from as high in the tree as your daddy could lift you. We would all scatter and pick, then after an hour or so we would head home proud of our box full of apples, our hard work, and sick to our stomachs from the apples we put in our mouths instead of the basket.

The picking was just the beginning of the hard work. When we got home, we'd take the apples, wash and peel them and then can them. We had a table full of jars filled with apple slices or applesauce. And the great satisfaction would come when you'd hear the pop of the jars sealing. We would enjoy "the fruits of our labor" thru the long winter and even into the summer. Oh the things you can

make with those apples. My favorites are cobblers and apple crisp. One year we even tried our hand at apple fruit leather. Nothing like what you buy in the store, but it sure was good. I decided when I had kids; I would continue this fall adventure. My kids could eat applesauce a quart jar at a time, each. So I canned all our apples as applesauce.

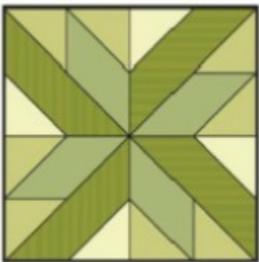
Last fall, I got to visit my daughter and her family in upstate New York and the most anticipated event on our schedule was to go apple picking. It felt like a rite of passage had been passed on as I watched my grandsons pick apples and eat almost as many as they put in the bag.

The air was crisp and so were the apples, I felt just like a kid again.

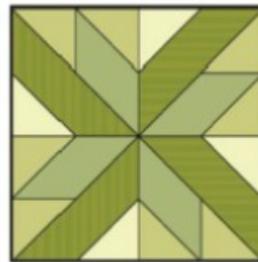
(And maybe a bit sick from all the ones we ate).

— Shellie Blake





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Social Circle

We were recently visited by Jean Heller. She is a retired manufacturing engineer, a quilter and an avid traveler.

As she travels, she visits quilt shops that are local to places she visits and then she writes a blog about her travels. She loves that everyone has a story and she loves to share those stories. The Bed-Warmer Quilt & Sew was the latest featured shop in her blog. We are so excited we thought we would share it with y'all. Enjoy!

<http://www.nashophop.com/2019/09/30/the-bed-warmer-quilt-sew-benton-arkansas/>

Snippets

The key to embroidery success.....Stabilizer!

The stabilizer you choose to use with your machine embroidery can make your embroidery succeed or fail.

If your design is not adequately and appropriately stabilized it will pucker and bow. There are different stabilizers because each embroidery job is different. Most embroidery designs will give a recommended stabilizer. All our stabilizers have a recommended usage written on the package. It is important to follow these recommendations and to learn which stabilizer will work best. Over the next two months we will include stabilizing tips for you, right here in our snippets. We want your embroidery to be successful and beautiful. *Voilà!*

Spotlight

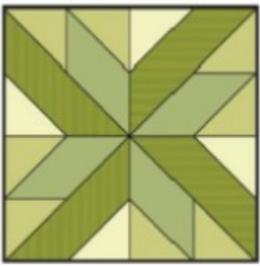
Customer Focus

Clara Chapman

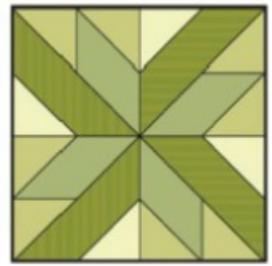
Clara Chapman was born in Memphis Tennessee. She is the oldest of 5 children and the only girl. After she finished 3rd grade her family moved to Forrest City, Arkansas. She graduated from Forrest City High School. After graduation, Clara married and started working in book keeping for a bank. She had three children, two girls and one boy. She later divorced. She had gotten a cosmetology license, became an EMT, and then worked in NCIC law enforcement and deputy dispatch training. Clara

and one other woman were the first women dispatchers in St. Francis County.

Twenty-eight years ago, Clara was working at the Sheriffs office in tax collection. She job was to call and let people know their taxes were due or to find out why they hadn't paid their taxes. That's how she met Paul. She called him to tell him his taxes were due, but Paul was going thru a divorce and didn't own the property. After he explained the situation, they continued to talk. They were married shortly after that. Paul has 2 boys, so together they have 5 children and 7 grandchildren. In 1994 they moved back to Tennessee. There, Clara worked



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for a local paper and then was a court clerk for a judge.

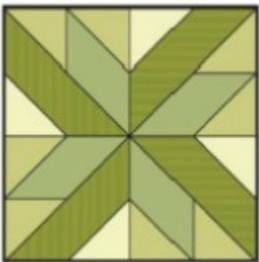
Clara started sewing in high school, making clothing. In the 90's she started embroidering. Over the years she has made a lot of thing for her girls. She started quilting 5 years ago. She loves working with vinyl, doing shop hops, fishing and camping. She's

also enjoyed traveling on motorcycle with Paul.

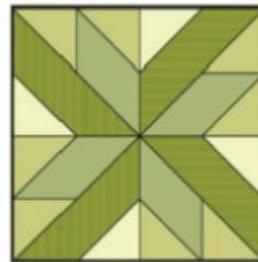
While Clara was in Tennessee she worked with Aaron, who did Pfaff dealer training at the same time as I did. When Clara told him she was going to Arkansas to visit her kids, Aaron told her she should stop into the shop and visit me. She has been coming to visit

frequently over the past few years. Now that Paul has retired they have decided to make Arkansas their home to be close to their kids. Lucky for us! Clara is super creative, delightful and so fun to be with.





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Story Corner

Rhea Temperrig

Part 1 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

Rose Ellen Stickel peered out the blinds of her modest two-bedroom single-level home just off Oglesby Avenue in Savannah, Georgia. It was a beautiful day outside, but that was not a concern for Rose. She was far more interested in who might be out on the street. There were no sidewalks along her stretch of road, but with little traffic it was common to see people strolling along the roadway for pleasure, walking the dog, or getting some needed exercise. She was not one of those people, though. She stayed indoors. It was safer.

Rose turned back toward the interior of her home. Living alone, it was always quiet unless she was busy on her sewing machine, the only other exception being the large wall clock in the family room that ticked its loud precision. A slight knot grew in her stomach as she contemplated the errand she had to run. In an attempt to calm her nervous disposition, she reminded herself that the quilt and sewing shop was only a couple of short blocks away. But it was imperative that she make the journey today. She had just finished a project and needed to gather materials for her next endeavor: an attic window quilt.

Slipping on her comfortable walking shoes, she peeked through the

blinds one more time before unfastening the three door locks securing her front entryway. Her eighty-four year-old legs did not carry her as fast as they once had done, but she nevertheless made steady progress down the street and across the parking lot until she reached the door of the fabric shop. Entering the front door, she looked around quickly. If a man had been present, she would have turned around immediately and gone back to her home. There were a number of customers in the shop, but they were all women. "Miss Rose!" Jennifer, the shop owner greeted. "So glad to see you on this beautiful spring day. What type of project are you looking to get started?" Rose smiled at the shop owner. Jennifer knew that it was important to Rose to always have at least three projects underway simultaneously, and that as soon as one project was finished, another had to be started. That necessitated a trip to the shop to buy all of the required materials. Of course, Jennifer would never have been able to guess the reason that Rose kept three projects in process at all times.

"You've got the nature panel, don't you?" Rose asked. "The one with the two deer on it?"

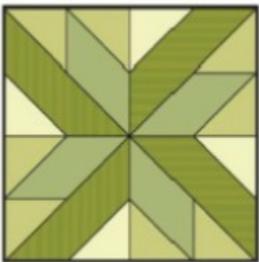
"We do have a few panels left of that pattern," Jennifer answered. "You want one, then?"

"Yes ma'am. And then I need some matching fabrics. I'm going to make an attic window quilt. A light and a dark and then something for two borders, plus backing and binding, of course."

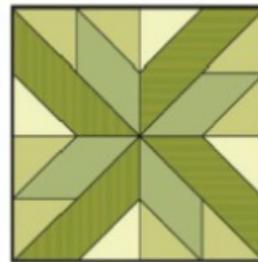
As Rose and Jennifer began pulling bolts of fabric for comparison, a younger woman, possibly in her early-thirties, floated over to the cutting table. "Pardon me," she said facing Rose, "but I overheard you say you're making an attic window quilt. I'm trying to learn the art of quilting, but I'm just getting started and I don't know all of the jargon yet, let alone all of the styles and techniques. I wondered if I could listen in for a few minutes and ask some questions while you're gathering your fabric."

The young lady seemed nice enough, and Rose saw no reason not to include her. "Yes dear, you are welcome to listen in if you like. My name is Rose Stickel."

The younger woman smiled and it just lit up her face. "Very nice to meet you Rose. My name is Rhea Temperrig. So, what is an attic window quilt, anyway?"



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Rose held up the nature panel that Jennifer had cut. "I'll take this panel and cut it into twenty squares. With this dark and light fabric, I'll fashion quilt blocks that when they're sewn together will appear that you're looking out of a window. The light and dark fabric will become the bars in the window. It's kind of an optical illusion that even non-quilters can enjoy. Then I'll put a thin border, maybe two inches or so, around the outside followed by a thick border to give it size and to complete the illusion. I'll quilt it with some of this hunter's camouflage as the backing and then bind it with some of this black fabric. I expect it to be really pretty."

Rhea listened intently, her interest clearly piqued by the explanation. "And do you have someone to give it to?" she asked.

Rose's eyes darted around the room for a moment as she became visibly uncomfortable by the question. "Well," she replied, "I hadn't really thought that far in advance. I expect somebody's name will come to me by the time I have it finished."

Once the brief moment of awkwardness had passed, Jennifer, Rose, and Rhea continued examining fabrics together as Rhea periodically asked questions. It was clear that she was really in the beginning stages of learning to quilt and that she had a long way to go until she really understood the process. After all the fabric had been cut and bagged, and after Jennifer had completed her checkout, Rose

approached the front door but did not immediately go outside. She hesitated for a time, looking out the front windows as if looking for something...or somebody. When she finally walked out, she seemed to step briskly, although in reality a brisk walk for an eighty-four year old was not that fast. Rhea watch her go and then seemed to entertain a sudden thought. She strode to the front door of the shop and hurried to catch up to Rose. "Miss Rose," she said as she quickly caught up to the older woman, "would you mind if I walked with you a minute? I had an idea and I hoped to get your thoughts on it."

Rose was secretly glad she had someone to walk with. It might cut down on the...danger. "Why of course! Rhea, didn't you say your name was?" Pointing down the road they were walking, Rose indicated a house only a short distance away. "I live just down there in the little orange brick house."

Rhea nodded. "I wanted to talk to you because I can tell you are very accomplished in the skill of sewing and quilt making. I already mentioned that I'm very anxious to learn how to do those things and do them well. I was hoping you might take me on as a student."

Rose seemed surprised. "You know, Jennifer teaches classes all the time in her shop. Wouldn't you want to join her for those instead?"

Rhea pursed her lips a little and gave a slight shake of the head. "I don't often do well in group settings.

I guess you could say I get a little intimidated. Besides, you seem like you are wonderfully patient, which is just the sort of tutoring I need." Rhea paused for a moment. "I can pay you."

The thought of having someone come into her home both delighted and terrorized Rose. On the one hand, she had been alone for so long that to accommodate a visitor...a regular visitor...seemed like an impossible situation. On the other hand, to have someone with whom she could converse and who shared her passion (and who was clearly not a threat), would possibly be a splendid improvement over her current circumstance. They walked along in silence for a couple of minutes. "Can I think about it?" Rose finally asked.

"Of course," Rhea responded. "I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do or that makes you uncomfortable. I just thought we might do one another some good."

Arriving at the door to her home, Rose turned to Rhea, who stood a couple of steps behind. Rose appreciated that Rhea did not follow her too closely to her doorstep. "Could you come by tomorrow?" Rose asked. "We can talk a little and I can let you know what I think I would like to do."

Rhea smiled. "Certainly. I'll be looking forward to it. It was very nice to meet you, Rose."

Read Part 2 in next month's newsletter.