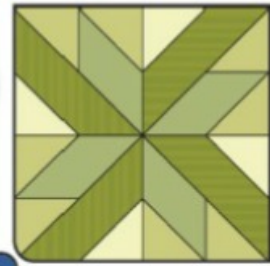


SCRAP CHAT



November

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2019

Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

BEE Crazy Quilt Bee- First Monday

Monday Nov 4, All day
Open Bee, come Sit, Sew,
Snack and Socialize

Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Nov 12, 10-2
Saturday Nov 16, 10-2
Receive Kit, Step-by-Step
Instructions & Design File

Easy Peasy 3 Yard Quilt

Wednesday Nov 13, All
day

Block of the Month

Tuesday Nov 19, All day

Turning 20 Quilt

Wednesday Nov 20, All
day

Bumblebees in the Blossoms

Saturday Nov 23, All day

Thanksgiving

Closed November 28, 29,
30

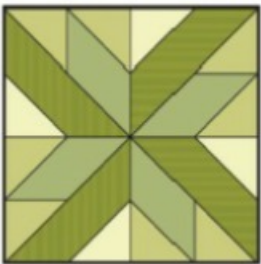
Shellie's Stash



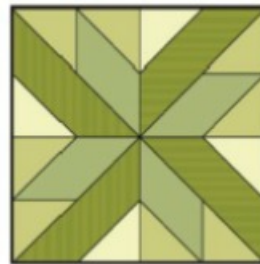
I love this time of year because I can sit and ponder all the things that I am grateful for. Two of these things high on my list are the ability to travel different places and to meet different people. The first time I visited Germany it was in the spring. It was so amazing to see such a beautiful country just coming out of winter. It was still a little cold and there was snow in the mountains, but the sun was shining and the vast rolling hills were breathtaking. Even though I was not in Austria, it made me think of the Von Trapp family's love of their country and I felt if I could be quiet enough I would hear music coming from the hills. I was blessed with incredible opportunities to see lots of different styles of living from the castles to the poverty-ridden areas of Poland, and to attend the German/American Quilt Guild and their retreat. There were several women at the retreat that were making the most beautiful quilts with the best quality quilting fabrics they could find. They all had multiple coordinating fabrics with beautiful and intricate piecing. I was in awe to find out that these quilts -- that

held their most treasured fabrics and their best workmanship were charity quilts, to be given to orphanages, children's homes and elderly care homes. I listened to these women tell me why they wanted to use only the best of everything for these quilts. They said they call the people that receive these charity quilts "forgotten people" because their circumstances (most of which they had no control over) had left them in situations where they couldn't provide for themselves or their children. Some of these people were taken into these care facilities only to be forgotten about while life around continued on. The ladies of this guild had huge hearts and said they themselves had so much and the forgotten people had nothing. They felt that these people deserved to have a 'treasure' of their own. And it could only be a 'treasure' if they used the best fabrics and best workmanship they had. One little lady said, 'if she used cheap fabric or fabric she had no use for, that would never be a 'treasure' to anyone and some of these people already felt there was no use for them. Just because these people had little to nothing, didn't mean that just anything was good enough. It needed to be the best'. This was just one of the many lessons I learned from these women and it was quite different from anything I had been exposed to. I wanted to sit at their feet and just soak it all up and try to absorb their view of things. It's no wonder the hills sing there, these wonderful women are the ones that give voice to the songs.

— Shellie Blake



SCRAP CHAT



Social Circle

We love meeting new friends and catching up with old friends and we were able to do both recently. We met a wonderful group when a tour bus filled with sweet ladies and wonderful quilters stopped by to shop with us. They came from Texas and we were the first stop on their shop hop. The Cherokee Quilt Guild ladies were all precious and gracious. It was a delight to meet them and spend the morning with them. Isn't it wonderful how quilting connects people and you become instant friends over fabric? We look forward to the next time they pass thru and stop a spell. Darren and I also got the chance to meet up with Pauline McArthur of Funky Friends Factory. She is the designer and pattern maker for the adorable plushy friends that hang out on our shelves. Pauline is a blast to be around and had come from Australia to the States for Quilt Market. We got to hang out with her and about 40 of our closest fish friends for dinner at the Aquarium in Houston. What a blast!! Can't wait to meet up with friends again!



Snippets

Some fabrics need stabilizer on the top and bottom. Any kind of fabric that has a "pile" needs to have a top stabilizer, or a "topper". There are two kinds of toppers, a water-soluble and a heat removable. Either kind will do the same job. This kind of stabilizer is a very thin plastic type sheet. (And NO, you can't use plastic wrap from the kitchen, because it won't work). The topper, like the name suggests, is placed on top of the fabric to keep the stitches from getting buried in the pile. After the embroidery is finished the stabilizer tears away quite easily and any left over pieces can be melted away by hovering an iron over the area, or washed away, depending on which kind of topper you choose. Examples of fabrics that require a topper would be bath/hand towels, Minkie/Cuddle fabrics, flannels, and furs. You want to see your embroidery and have it launder well. A wash-away, light tear away, or sticky tear away stabilizer is recommended for the bottom. Hoop ONLY the stabilizer or you will get a "hoop burn" on your fabric that cannot be removed. Use these tips and *Voilà!* your project will be beautiful and successful!

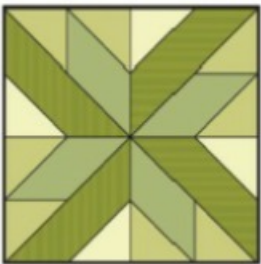
Spotlight

Customer Focus

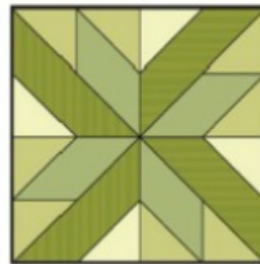
Pam Blake

Pam Blake was born in Alamogordo, New Mexico. She is the older of two children with a younger brother. After 6th grade her family moved to the central coast of California. She finished school there and graduated from Lompoc High School. Pam started college in California working on her degree in accounting. But when she wanted the experience of attending a smaller college, she moved to Arkansas and changed her major from accounting to forestry. She graduated from UAM.

Pam started working for UAM doing research on acid rain. While doing research she also got an educational degree. She left research behind and started teaching 3rd grade at Fordyce. Pam taught for 10 years and then became principal at Fordyce Elementary for another 10 years. After that she took the superintendent position. She was superintendent for 3 years when her mom became ill and was diagnosed with dementia. Pam wanted her mom to be able to stay in her home, so she quit her job and became her mom's full time caretaker. When her mom passed away, Pam went back to teaching



SCRAP CHAT



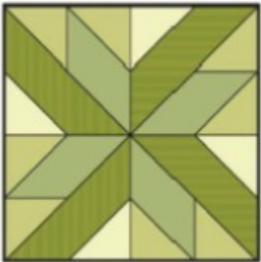
in Haskell. She was able to retire in June 2019.

Pam has 2 daughters, 6 granddaughters and 2 grandsons. Of the 8 grandkids, 4 live in Hot Springs, 3 in Cabot and 1 in Shreveport, Louisiana. She is lucky enough to be able to see her grandkids on a regular basis. Two of her granddaughters have

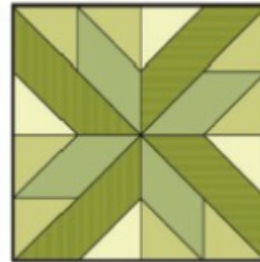
taken the kids summer sewing camp with us at The Bed-Warmer Quilt & Sew. They love when they get a chance to sew with Pam. Pam started sewing as a teenager because she wanted a long sleeve flannel shirt. Her mom helped some but Pam mostly just taught herself to sew. She made her first quilt when she attended our very first Night of

Mysteries in May 2018. Pam also enjoys wood working, cross-stitch, reading and being outside. She loves playing with her grandkids and says if she is not sewing, it is because she is with them.





SCRAP CHAT



Story Corner

Rhea Temperrig

Part 2 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

A knock on the door at 10:00 a.m. mildly startled Rose. Surely that must be Rhea, but she didn't really expect to see the younger woman until some time in the afternoon. Pulling the curtain aside to look out the adjacent window to verify the identity of her caller, she proceeded to go through the process of releasing the series of locks on the front door. Gently swinging it open, her visitor greeted her. "Hello Miss Rose," Rhea said. "I hope I didn't interrupt anything by coming early in the morning."

Rose shook off her initial anxiety. "Oh no, dear. This is perfectly fine." The two women stood facing each other in a brief silence until Rose realized Rhea had not moved at all to enter her home. "Oh! Won't you come in?" Upon hearing the invitation, Rhea broke into a smile and passed quickly through the doorway and into the front receiving room which was a small but tastefully furnished space. Rose motioned toward Rhea. "Why don't we move to my sewing room to talk?" she asked by way of further invitation.

The sewing room had apparently been the large sun room at the back of the house before being converted into a space dedicated to the creation of quilts and other sewing projects. It was surrounded by windows on three sides, giving the room a rich abundance of light without being overly exposed to direct sunshine. Along the back wall where no windows were present were a series of enclosed cabinets. Rhea speculated in her mind that these were full of various fabrics and textiles that needed to be protected from all of the light. In one corner was a sewing table, graced with a relatively new Pfaff sewing machine. This was apparently Rose's primary workspace. There was a sturdy wooden table set up with a pressing board for ironing, and

another similar table with a cutting mat sitting atop it. Even with all of these tables, cabinets, and the accompanying chairs, only about half of the large space was being used. Rose pulled a couple of the chairs together. "Let's sit and talk, shall we.?"

They each made themselves comfortable as Rhea decided to be the first to address the issue. "Rose, what did you decide about teaching me to sew and quilt?"

Rose smiled in return, knowing she had good news for the younger woman. "I would be very glad to teach you those things. I'll admit, it's been a long time since I have entertained anyone in my home, so opening it now to someone I just met has been quite a leap of faith for me. But I feel a kinship to you and I also feel a sense of honor in being asked to pass along some of my knowledge and skills."

Rhea was clearly delighted. "I'm so glad to hear that! When can we begin?"

Rose paused in thought for a moment. "Rhea, I want to tell you that you don't have to pay me. But I do want to ask a favor of you. If you don't want to do it, I'll understand and we don't have to move ahead with any arrangement. But if you want me to teach you, I must insist on this."

"Anything I can do, I'm glad to do. What is the favor?"

"I'm very nervous about leaving the house. I even have my groceries delivered and the young man who always makes the deliveries knows to leave them on the front step. Once he leaves, I open the front door and gather them inside. However, I don't have the same kind of service when I need fabric or other items from the fabric shop. And since I always keep three projects in process at all times, I need to purchase fabric or batting or thread or any number of things periodically. I would like

you to serve as my agent to choose those things and buy them for me. Does that sound reasonable?"

"It sounds perfectly reasonable." Rhea responded with a smile. "I thought you were going to ask me to do something *hard*, but making trips to purchase materials for you would absolutely be my pleasure."

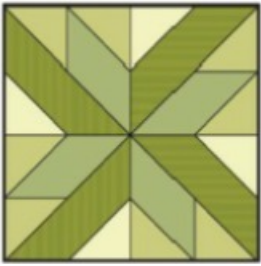
"Well, it seems it's settled then," Rose said. "To go back to your earlier question, it's my turn to ask, when do you want to begin?"

"Would it be an imposition to visit you three times a week? I was thinking Monday, Wednesday, and Friday."

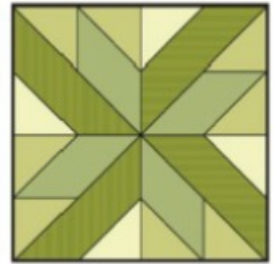
"Why dear, that would be just fine. But don't you have a job or something that keeps you busy?"

Rhea hesitated. "I do have a number of responsibilities, but they are a little more flexible than most professions require. I guess you can say I don't lack for money, so I can really arrange my schedule howsoever I see fit. Since I am very eager to learn from you, that is really my priority right now. Do those days work for you, say between the hours of noon and 5:00?"

After the two women agreed on their schedule and spent just a few more minutes chatting, Rhea departed out of the front door and Rose swung into action to get a sewing station set up for her new student. In reality, it took the rest of the day for her aged body to set up a small folding table and place one of her older Pfaff sewing machines on it in preparation for Rhea's return the next day. Still, the excitement of having someone to join her in the creative process made the time seem to fly. She also rearranged the cutting and pressing tables so that they could be easily accessed by both women as Rhea learned the skills that would soon be part of her life.



SCRAP CHAT



Rose found herself in a strange anticipation for Rhea's arrival. She had avoided people for so long that she had forgotten the sensation of actually awaiting company with the expectation of delightful hours spent together. Answering the gentle knock on the front door, Rose swung it open when she saw Rhea standing outside. True to her previous courteous approach, Rhea waited until Rose had invited her in before proceeding into the home. The two walked together to the brightly lit sewing room where Rose familiarized Rhea with the work area she would be using for their lessons together. Rose thought a small and simple table-topper would be appropriate to get Rhea started. By the end of their time together that day, Rhea understood how the sewing machine worked, how to cut the fabric, what size seam allowance to maintain, and dozens of other small elements of sewing that she needed to know. It was a very full day, and clearly Rose loved their time together every bit as much as Rhea did.

Over the course of their next several sessions together, Rhea got to know a lot more about Rose. It was only after she had more fully gained the elderly woman's trust that she was able to ask about her family. Rose stopped working on the project she was sewing and put her hands in her lap, a look of sad resignation on her face. "Maybe it will do me good to tell you a little about my family," she began. "It has been a long time since I've talked to anyone about them and there is still a great hole in my heart about it." Rhea remained silent, but there was clearly a look of empathy on her face. "I had two children, a boy and a girl. Amanda was my daughter. She was lively, loved music and singing, and she was a trusted friend to everyone around her. She was truly the light of my life."

"Was?" asked Rhea.

Rose sighed. "She developed an aggressive form of bone cancer when she was in her early twenties. By the time it was diagnosed, it was too late to treat with any kind of effectiveness. He came and got her only two months after we learned she was sick."

"Who came and got her?" Rhea asked, an expression of puzzlement on her face.

"Death. I've seen him several times, and he always looks different, but I can always tell it's him. When he claimed Amanda, he was a hospital orderly. He was a police officer when he took away my son Stephen," she said, the contempt and hatred leaking through into her voice. "Stephen was involved in a car accident. My husband Sherman and I hurried to the hospital and that's when I saw Death dressed as a policeman. A few minutes later, Stephen had passed. He was only forty-seven years old. He had so much of life left to live. One of his kids had already graduated from college and the other two were still in college, and of course he wasn't able to see them graduate. His wife has to go on without him. The car wreck didn't seem to be that bad, but Death came to claim him anyway." Rose had not planned on going into such detail, but once the spigot was open, it all came flowing out. "And then there is my husband Sherman," she continued, stifling a sob. "I saw Death standing out on the street looking at our house. He was tall and thin and wore a strange, wide-brimmed hat. Sherman and I went to bed that night and when I awoke in the morning, I realized my sweetheart was not going to wake up. That's been eleven years ago now."

Rhea waited a few moments for Rose to collect herself before asking her next question. "Does this have something to do with you avoiding the necessity of leaving your house?"

Rose's eyes had become moist from the sudden outburst of emotion and facing down some painful memories. After a moment, she nodded her head. "It does. I have been hiding from him since I lost my Sherman. One day I saw him as a portly bald man walking the dog. Another time he was a census worker who knocked on my door. I didn't answer to him of course. Another time he was a salesman who wanted to sell me an alarm system for my house. I didn't invite him in either." She sighed. "I feel like I'm seeing him more frequently these days. I have to be careful. That's one of the reasons why it means so

much to me that you are willing to make trips to the fabric store for me."

Rhea nodded, acting as if all of this made sense even though to a rational person it would sound like her new friend was slipping into dementia. "Do you mind if I ask...why do you think he hasn't just come to take you?"

Rose gave Rhea a slightly sly look. "I've found a way to beat him. First, I avoid him in every way I can. As I said, I don't shop for groceries, I have them delivered. I have an old friend who visits from Augusta from time to time, and she cuts and styles my hair for me. I have a whole set of tricks I use to avoid meeting men I don't know. But there is one thing that really keeps him away."

"What is that?" Rhea asked, intrigued.

An air of triumph crept into Rose's voice. "I always keep three quilt projects going. As soon as one is finished, I start another. As long as I have quilts in process, he can't seem to get to me. Clever, don't you think?"

Rhea tried to hide the look on her face. It wouldn't do to have anyone else ever hear this. They would want to cart Rose off to a nursing home where they could monitor her perceived delusions, and that above all things would be a tragedy. Rose would suffer in ways that an eighty-four year old should not be forced to suffer after a life of dignity and accomplishment. "Well I certainly applaud your resourcefulness," was all she could think to say.

Read Part 3 in next month's newsletter.

Previous issues of the newsletter are on the Bed-warmer website.

Copyright © 2019 The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew