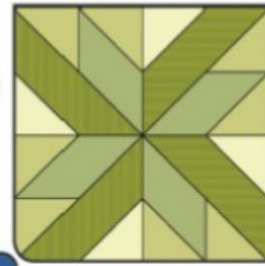




SCRAP CHAT



December

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2019

Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Dec 10, 10-2

Saturday Dec 14, 10-2

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

Dangling Leg Reindeer

Wednesday Dec 11, All day

CHRISTMAS POT LUCK

LUNCH

Friday Dec 13, starting at
NOON

Reading Pocket Pillow

Saturday Nov 23, All day

Pins and Needles Pincushion

Pincushion Jar/Caddy

Wednesday Dec 18, All Day

Closed Christmas Eve and

Christmas Day

Tuesday Dec 24,

Wednesday Dec 25

Closed New Years Day

Wednesday January 1st

NEW BLOCK OF THE MONTH STARTING JANUARY 2020.

Third Wednesday of the month
Space is limited so sign up soon

Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Jan 14, 10-2

Saturday Jan 18, 10-2

Shellie's Stash



I just had the privilege and pleasure of helping put together a display of quilts for a Night of Nativities exhibit. The quilts that were loaned to us were amazing. The love and work that went into each quilt was evident. I enjoy that part of quilting so much, that each quilt is full of love and has a story, even if we don't realize it. It made me think of one of my own quilts with a story that seemed to fit with a Nativity Night. Even though it isn't a quilt of a nativity, it is a red and cream Christmas quilt. And it has a story of love.

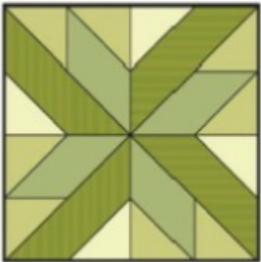
I started the quilt 9 years ago. My husband had been laid off from his job and unfortunately, during the crash of the real state market. So on top of the job loss, we lost all we had put into our home. We were quite literally, jobless and homeless. Our dear friends came to our rescue and opened their home to us. They rearranged their own kid's rooms so that my hubby and I could have our own room with an adjacent bathroom. I figured we would probably be there a few weeks, a couple months at most.

But what I thought would be a short stay turned into a full year. Our friends were incredible for taking us in, especially for so long. (Even more incredible is that we are still dear friends).

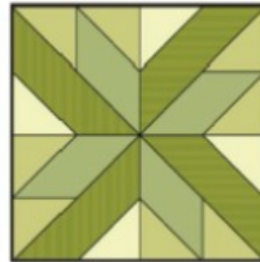
After we had been living with them 4 months, the holiday season was approaching. So my friend and I decided to work on quilts. I started this quilt with the thought that I would be able to use it on my bed, with a job and a place of our own, by Christmas. As you already know that did not come to pass. I got all the blocks made and even assembled it into rows and then I put the quilt away. I hadn't thought about that quilt for several years, 8 to be exact. I got it out about a year ago with the intentions of finishing it, but still didn't work on it. This year as I was looking thru my quilts to take for display, I came across the box that contained the pieces for this quilt. I felt compelled to finish it. This quilt really represents to me the meaning of Christmas. Not because it has "Christmas-y" fabrics, but because of the story it carries. Like the Nativity story, Joseph and Mary were homeless and someone made room for them. Some one showed them mercy and kindness and took them in, giving them the only space they had available. On that night, the gift of love was given to all the world. As I look at this quilt that I started 9 years ago, I feel the amazing gift of love that our dear friends gave us and I am forever grateful!

Merry Christmas y'all!

– Shellie Blake



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Social Circle

MERRY CHRISTMAS!!

Come celebrate this wonderful time of the year with us at the Bed-Warmer Quilt and Sew on

FRIDAY DECEMBER 13, Pot Luck!

There will be plenty of food and friendship. Bring a dish to share, enjoy each other's company and unwind for a little while.



Snippets

Sometimes it can be tricky to embroider on stretchy and knit fabrics. You need to stabilize your fabric prior to embroidering. Using a fusible no show stabilizer will enable you to keep the fabric from stretching and puckering. It is also very important to NOT hoop up the fabric. Instead, hoop up another piece of stabilizer and use the basting feature in your machine to hold the fabric to the stabilizer. This way you won't be left with a hoop burn on you fabric. Things like t-shirts, knits, plush towels, and cuddle/minkie fabrics should not be hooped but be basted instead. If the t-shirt or knit fabric will be worn, especially by a baby or child, you can fuse another piece of no show stabilizer over the back of the finished embroidery to keep it from being scratchy on their tender skin. *Voilà!* You'll be embroidering like a pro.

Spotlight

Customer Focus

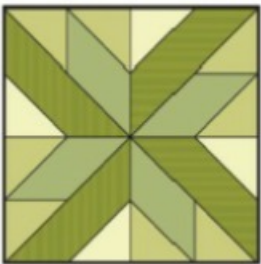
Becky Jennings

Becky Jennings was born in Jonesboro, AR. She was the 4th of 5 children with 2 older sisters, an older brother and one younger sister. She graduated from Bearden High School. She went on to college at SAU in Magnolia and studied Elementary Education. After graduating she started teaching. Over the years she taught at Fairview, Camden and Magnolia Elementary Schools, second and third grades. She then specialized as a reading intervention teacher. She was

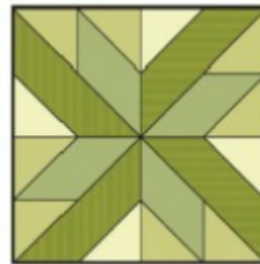
able to retire this past May after 38 years of dedicated teaching.

Becky met her hubby while attending college and they have been married for 41 years. They have 3 children, 2 boys and a girl, with 4 grandkids, 2 girls and 2 boys. Her grands range in ages from 3 months to 22 years old. Some live in Columbia, MO and some live close to her in Magnolia.

Becky is mostly self-taught with her sewing. She started sewing at age 13, making some of her own clothes. She then took home economics in school and started sewing more. She dabbled in quilting about 15 years ago. Becky and another teacher started playing



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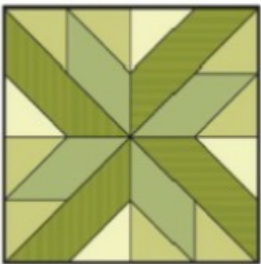
with quilting ideas and they decided to attend the Houston Quilt Festival. It was amazing and overwhelming at the same time. They enjoyed it so much and were so inspired they decided to each make a red and white quilt. It was the first full quilt she ever made. Becky decided to get

more involved with quilting again when she retired and the first class she attended at our shop was to make the Chunky Star. She really enjoyed that and has started into embroidery as well.

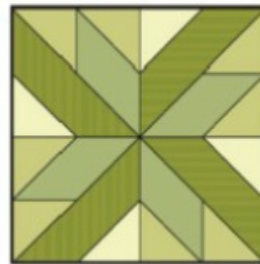
Along with sewing and spending time with her grandkids, Becky

does ALL the yard work at her home. She loves being outside working in the yard, reading a good book and learning new things.





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Story Corner

Rhea Temperrig

Part 3 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

Over the next several weeks, Rhea absorbed everything Rose had to teach. For her part, Rose found such satisfaction in helping her friend that she often left the quilt she was working on to become completely engrossed in Rhea's project, sometimes not even returning to her own quilt for an entire day. The two women laughed and talked in between intense learning and sewing sessions, with Rose feeling each day happier and more thankful she had made the decision to teach Rhea the art of quilt making.

Rhea accommodated Rose's requests to go to the fabric store as she needed to re-stock after finishing a project, but Rose's attention to Rhea's progress seemed to distract her from her own projects until, one day, just about the time Rhea's lesson was to end, Rose held up a finished quilt for Rhea's inspection. "I think this might be one of my favorite creations," she declared. "It has just the perfect blend of patterns and colors, and I'm satisfied that every stitch and every seam is about as perfect as I could have made them. What do you think?"

Rhea looked with admiration at the quilt Rose had just finished. "You're the expert, of course," she replied. "But I have to agree that is really a work of art." Rhea paused for a

moment. "Rose, can we go in to your family room for a minute? I had hoped to speak with you where we can be comfortable."

Rose looked a little surprised. This seemed like a somber request after the moment of jubilation she had just experienced. "Why, of course, dear." They walked together into the room as Rose settled into her armchair and Rhea situated herself on the sofa diagonally from her host. "So, what would you like to talk about?" Rose asked.

Rhea smiled, and it seemed to Rose as if the love she felt coming from the younger woman was an actual physical force. "I wanted to thank you for these last several weeks that we have been together and for all of the patience and time you have given to me," Rhea began. "You are truly special and I can't remember a time that has been as fulfilling as this has been."

Rose looked at Rhea, a sense of disquiet beginning to seep into her consciousness. "Rhea, dear, it sounds like you're saying goodbye. You're not are you? Because since you've been coming to visit, I have finally found peace in my life again." Rose paused at the prospect of losing this dear, new friend. Worry lines crept

into her brow. "I have found happiness again."

Rhea remained quiet for a moment before speaking again. "Rose, did you notice you finished the last of your projects? You finished several quilts but you didn't always start new ones to replace them. That quilt you're holding in your lap is your final project."

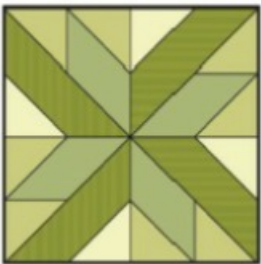
Rose looked down at the quilt with all of its perfect colors and seams and design. Realization began to sweep over her mind as she looked up at Rhea. "It's you."

"Yes."

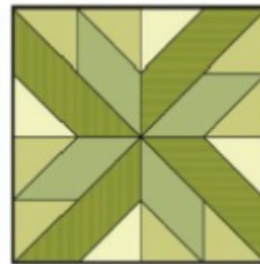
"But," Rose stammered slightly, "you're not a tall skinny man or a portly bald man walking a dog. You're young and beautiful...and a woman. You can't be the one I've been hiding from. You can't..." Rose trailed off, her eyes still fixed on Rhea.

Rhea stood and held out her hand in a gesture of invitation with only one word on her lips. "Rose."

Rose looked at the proffered hand, and was surprised that she felt no fear. Whatever hatred or antipathy she had harbored for the one she blamed for taking her family members had become non-existent. She felt only that inexorable love that continued to emanate from the woman standing



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before her. With a sense of complete trust, she reached out to take the hand that in turn helped her to her feet. “You were the tall man in the wide brimmed hat then?”

“Yes.”

“And the portly man with the dog, the census taker, and the alarm salesman?”

Rhea giggled, and it sounded like heavenly chimes. “No, the alarm salesman wasn’t me. He was just a man selling alarm systems who walked away mystified by the lady talking to him through the closed door.”

“What happens now?” Rose asked.

Rhea gently put her hands on Rose’s shoulders and turned her around. Rose looked down to see herself still seated in the armchair with

her eyes closed, a look of peace resting on her countenance. She knew that it was her body, but she also knew that it wasn’t *really* her and that she didn’t need it anymore. “Tomorrow your friend from Augusta will arrive for her usual visit to cut and style your hair,” Rhea said. “She will discover that you have passed from this world. Rose, you have acted as my guide and teacher these last several weeks. Now I will act as your guide.”

“Where are we going?” Rose asked.

“I am taking you to reunite with those you cherish.”

Rose felt great anticipation rise in her heart. “Amanda? Stephen? And my Sherman?”

Rhea smiled again, and the love flowing from her grew in intensity as

she took both of Rose’s hands in her own. “Come, Rose. They are waiting.”

The room was quiet except for the ticking of the large wall clock keeping time. The look of blissful peace and happiness remained on Rose’s face as her hands rested on the final quilt that lay across her lap, its perfect seams and stitches a marvel of her wonderful ability.

The End

Read a new story in next month’s issue.

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

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