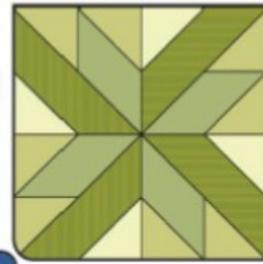


# SCRAP CHAT



January

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2020

## Sew New

Latest Shop Updates

### Bee Crazy Sewing Bee

Monday Jan 6, 10-2

Monday Feb 3, 10-2

### Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Jan 14, 10-2

Saturday Jan 18, 10-2

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

### Two for One Quilts

Saturday Jan 11, All day

### Block of the Month

Wed Jan 15, All day

(BOM will be the 3<sup>rd</sup> Wed)

### Scrappy Hearts Quilt

Saturday Jan 25, All day

### Quick and Easy 5 yard Quilt

Saturday Feb 8, All day

### Embroidery of the Month

Tuesday Feb 11, 10-2

Saturday Feb 15, 10-2

## Shellie's Stash



**W**elcome to a new day, in a new week, in a new month, in a new year, in a new decade!! It's fun to see the turn of a new decade.

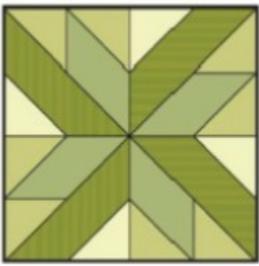
I remember seeing the turn of the century and thinking how remarkable it was that I had lived in two different centuries. I was born in 1963, and the thought of living at the turn of the century either way, the one before or the one to come, seemed so far off. As a kid, I guess I felt like I had lived a lifetime by my tenth birthday. I had living great grandparents that had been born in the late 1800's but I had never given it much thought until I lived through a century change. I hadn't even really

thought much about the turn of decades either until recently when I pondered on how many of them I've seen pass and wonder how many still lay before me.

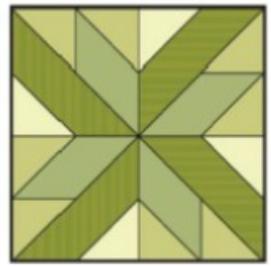
A new year gives us a chance to reflect and evaluate. Where have we been and what have we done? Where would we like to go and what would we like to accomplish? I think this is really where the whole idea of resolutions came from -- a train of thought about, what would I change or do different if given the chance. And a new year was that new chance. Instead of resolutions I prefer the attitude of goals. I can set some new goals for myself of the things I want to see, do, learn and accomplish. It's exciting to think about where I'll be when the next decade comes. And a new decade some how seems to make the possibilities so much greater.

So, what goals will you work on this day, this week, this month, this year and this decade?

- Shellie Blake



# SCRAP CHAT



Social Circle It is so fun to see the young generation getting interested in sewing. I love that they want to use their imaginations while learning a new skill. Giving them the opportunity to sew will continue to nurture their desire and gives them a way to let their own style and creativity shine. I especially love seeing the sparkle in their eyes and smile on their face because they made it themselves.



## Snippets

As this new year starts and you are in the mood to rearrange and organize things, it's a great time to think about your sewing machine maintenance. Your machine should be professionally serviced once a year so that all the lubricates and oils can be changed out inside. Just like servicing your car, this needs to be done on a regular basis so that lint and debris doesn't collect on the machine parts and circuitry. You should be cleaning out the bobbin area of your machine after every two bobbins used.

When was the last time you changed your needle? You should be changing your needle frequently. Needles get dull and flexed or bent after hours of sewing. Needles should be changed about every project or two depending on the size of the project. If you can hear the needle passing thru the fabric -- change it immediately! Hearing it means it is breaking the fibers of the fabric.

Easy steps to keeping your machine running smooth. *Voilà!*

## Spotlight

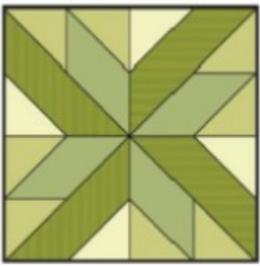
### Customer Focus

### Sophie Bailey

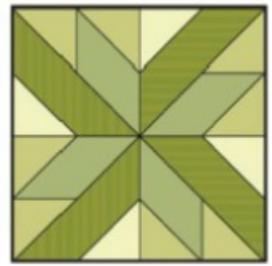
**S**ophie was born in Little Rock and has grown up in Bryant, Benton and Mabelvale, Arkansas. She is the oldest of 6 children, with 4 brothers and 1 sister.

Sophie attends Benton Jr. High and is in 9<sup>th</sup> grade where her favorite class is Band. She plays the flute and is looking forward to being in the marching band next year. She would love to study to become a doctor, veterinarian or a dietitian.

Sophie was 10 when her mom first started teaching her to sew. She wanted to learn how to do more types of sewing so she attended our kids sewing camp in 2018. Since then she has really only done some mending so she decided this year she would ask for fabric for her birthday to make a quilt. She was able to choose all the fabrics and pattern herself, then came to the shop over her holiday break and sewed with the ladies in our "piece-full" clubhouse. All the ladies have now adopted Sophie and think of her as their own. Sophie made her first quilt and has learned how to do all the different steps including cutting out the whole quilt with a rotary cutter, how to piece and press and join her



# SCRAP CHAT



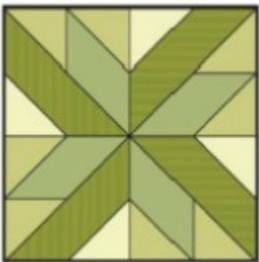
blocks and seams beautifully. She chose the fabric for the back, pieced it together and made her label on an embroidery machine. She learned to sandwich it and is now quilting it on her Smarter by Pfaff machine that she got in our kids camp.

Sophie has really enjoyed making her quilt and plans to make many

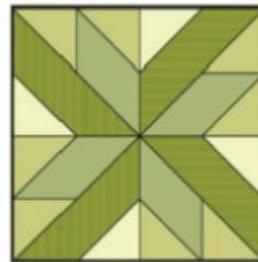
more. She is considering making things for a craft fair and is interested in embroidery with hopes to be able to get more involved in that at some point. Sophie also enjoys being with her family and her favorite tradition is going to Branson for Thanksgiving so she can ride the go-carts and try different kinds of foods.

We adore Sophie and enjoy getting to know her better. We love that she wants to join us to sew as often as she can because she adds a bright happy essence to our quilting family.





# SCRAP CHAT



## Story Corner

### Conrad's Visitor

#### Part 1 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

“So, you’re sure about that Doctor Griffith?” Conrad asked, his voice shaky from the medical verdict.

The veterinarian gave Conrad an empathetic look. “I’m afraid so. I’m very sorry to have to confirm the news to you. It looks like the other vets were correct in their evaluation. From listening to his heartbeat and from the results of the other tests, it looks like his time is pretty limited.” Doctor Griffith paused for a moment to let his words sink in. “It’s only going to get worse from here. Have you given any thought to when you might want to euthanize him?”

Conrad looked from Rowdy’s trusting brown eyes up into the eyes of the veterinarian. “Euthanize him?”

“Conrad, I know it seems impossible to you right now to say goodbye to your best friend. Believe me, I can relate. But you have to understand. He’s going to really start to suffer soon. You certainly don’t want that, do you?”

Conrad didn’t answer. Of course he didn’t want Rowdy to suffer, but to put him down seemed like an ultimate betrayal of trust. He just couldn’t bear to consider it right now. Hooking the leash onto Rowdy’s collar, he finally managed to thank Doctor Griffith for his work, but just shook his head to

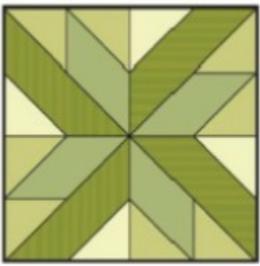
indicate that those other decisions had to wait.

Rowdy had become a part of Conrad’s life a little over four years previously. Conrad and his wife Clara had decided that it was a little too quiet around the house. They had never had any children and, up until retirement, there was always something to occupy them or otherwise keep them on the go. Conrad had never given much thought to getting a pet, but then Clara walked in to the family room one day, muted the television, and announced that she wanted to go to the animal shelter. Conrad had been with Clara since they were married at age 22, so he knew better than to squawk about the idea, not that he would have objected. He had thought it was a fine idea. Walking down the row of kennels, they both knew when they had found the perfect companion. He was barely more than a puppy. It was clear he was something of a mixed breed, but he looked to have more beagle in him than anything else. With his long snout, floppy ears that shifted forward when he was curious, and soft brown eyes that exuded love and trust, he was just the epitome of a canine friend. Clara and Conrad had bent down to greet him, and he softly licked their hands. From that moment

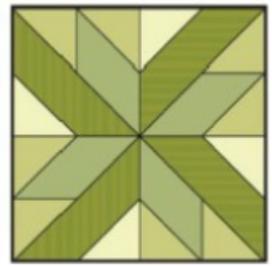
on there was no going back. He was theirs.

Conrad later pondered on the day they decided to get a pet and selected Rowdy from the several dozen animals available. He wondered if Clara might have known in the back of her mind that Conrad was going to need somebody to lean on and to love. It was only six months after Rowdy came to live with Conrad and Clara Wellborn that Clara suffered a massive stroke that ultimately took her life. She was still relatively young at age 66 when the stroke occurred, and the unexpected nature of the event left Conrad lost in his grief and emotional pain. He understood why some people adopted “emotional support” animals, because if Rowdy had not been there to lick his face and sleep in his lap, Conrad simply could not have survived it, nor would he have wanted to.

Now Conrad had received some of the worst news he could imagine. It had started as Rowdy began to change from his normal frisky nature to a creature seemingly weighed down with lead. He began to have trouble standing up. He began to pant excessively. At first, Conrad thought Rowdy simply needed more water, but it became clear that that was not the problem. It couldn’t be age. The little



# SCRAP CHAT



dog was scarcely four years old and dogs of that size typically lived to the ripe old age of 14 or 15. A tight budget initially kept Conrad from making a visit to the veterinarian, but ultimately there was no alternative. The first vet did a battery of tests and proclaimed that Rowdy was suffering from something called “degenerative myxomatous mitral valve disease.” It sounded dire, and it was. In layman’s terms, Rowdy’s heart valves were thickening and would eventually become nonfunctional, and the happy little soul would die of congestive heart failure. Unwilling to accept the prognosis, Conrad took him to another vet, and finally to Doctor Griffith. Each veterinarian had proclaimed that there was nothing to be done and that Rowdy would need to be euthanized.

The next two days were torture for Conrad. He kept Rowdy on his lap and slipped him little chunks of cheese and Slim Jim, the dog’s favorite treats. It was almost like losing Clara all over again, because Rowdy had been the last link that had been forged between them before her death. Conrad knew he was going to have to make a decision soon.

Conrad had never been a dedicated church-going man, although he loved

the Bible and read from its pages almost daily. In fact, he kept a copy of the Bible in almost every room of the house next to a pair of reading glasses so that he could pick up a copy on a whim and read whenever the inclination struck. On this day in late September, he didn’t feel like reading from the scriptures, however. He picked up Rowdy whose breathing was becoming ever more labored, and walked the four blocks to the small Presbyterian church just down the road. It was Tuesday, and of course he knew the church wasn’t open. But he loved sitting on the bench in the little courtyard that faced the side street. It was calm and peaceful there, and he hoped he could find the inspiration and courage to do what he knew needed to be done on behalf of his beloved little pet.

“Pardon me, sir, are you the pastor here?”

The voice startled Conrad. He hadn’t even heard or seen the man walk up. The stranger standing before him wore a pair of canvas pants that looked like they hadn’t been laundered in a very long time. His shirt was equally soiled, and the man looked exceptionally thin, indicating he didn’t

enjoy regular meals. “Me? No sir, I’m not,” Conrad answered. “I just needed a quiet place to think. To tell you the truth, I really don’t know when the people from the church here occupy the building.”

Rowdy lifted his head to look at the dirty and emaciated man, who moved forward to squat and reach out his hand for Rowdy’s inspection. “And who have we here? You seem like a good little fellow,” the man said. Surprisingly, Rowdy licked the man’s hand, an emblem of trust that Conrad had come to recognize.

“This is Rowdy,” Conrad said in response. “He’s my best friend.”

**Read Part 2 in next month’s newsletter**

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

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