

SCRAP CHAT

May

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2017

Sew New Latest Shop Updates

**Our NEW BOM is here
It is a 6 mon Block of the
Month. You can come sew
with us either the 1st Tues or
3rd Saturday of the month
9:30-1:00
Kits available starting May 22
Get a FREE large project
zippered bag with kit!!**

Upcoming Classes:

Saturday, June 3

Espadrilles (Super Cute Summer Shoe)
All day class

June 19-23 or July 17-21

Beginning Kids Camp
9am-1pm each day
Age 8-16
Kids get to keep the machine after the kids camp

June 26-30

Kids Quilt Camp
9am-1pm each day
Kids must already have a machine, know how to use it, and know how to sew

**We will be closed Monday,
May 29th for Memorial Day**

Shellie's Stash



Rain, Rain, Go Away! Wait not so fast! I happen to love a rainy day. I don't think I could take it everyday, but I like having rainy days every so often. There is something relaxing about hearing the rain hit the roof; something fascinating about watching the lightning; something powerful about hearing the thunder; something invigorating about the smell; something refreshing about the cleaned air and something aggravating about rain foiled plans. Oh, did I say aggravating, I'm sure I meant adventurous.

When my kids where little, we had planned a day of great expectations. It was to be our Willy Wanka day. We were scheduled to tour a candy factory and then have a picnic in a park by a stream and finish with chocolate dipped ice cream cones. A perfect day for a child right?! Then the rain came. We made our way thru the rain to the candy factory to find out they were closed and then headed back home with 3 very sad chillens. So a change of plans it would be. We spread the quilt on the floor so we could enjoy our picnic in the family room, then opened the doors to hear the rain. Listening to the rain was about the same as a babbling brook, right? The food was still great and the upside was, no ants. As for the chocolate dipped ice cream...we

settled for popsicles and chocolate chips. Then the kids all donned their rain gear and went to play in the puddles. It turned out to be a very memorable day and we probably had just as much fun, maybe more. When your plans change like that there are no expectations of what is gonna happen and that's when you make your own fun.

Now when a rainy day comes my way it just means more time in the sewing room for me. I love to open the windows and listen to the rain while I quilt and just see where the day takes me. Lots of times I even end up changing my plans for the project I am working on and the new turn of events becomes a favorite block, quilt or project. And once again, I love a rainy day! Try it and rainy days might become favorites for you too.

~ Shellie Blake
The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

SCRAP CHAT

Social Circle



Robin Hudson from the Hot Springs Village Guild was the guest speaker at the Saline County Quilt Guild in April. It was delightful to learn a bit about her. She was the HSVG President from 2014-2016 and is still super involved. She talked about what's going on in the Village guild and invited anyone that wants to visit.

They meet the 2nd Thurs of the month in the morning at the Lutheran church in the Village. Let them know at the gate that that is where you are headed and they will let you in.

More info available at www.hsvquiltguild.com.

Snippets

Have you ever thought about how you hold your ruler when you are rotary cutting? Well, turns out it is pretty important to do it correctly for many reasons mostly safety and accuracy while cutting. First, hold the ruler with your palm flat. This gives more surface pressure to ruler instead of just fingertips and reduces the strain on your wrist. Second, slide your flat hand to the far edge and let your little finger hang off the ruler and rest on the fabric. This gives more stability to the ruler to keep it from twisting as you cut and keeps your index finger and thumb farther away from the blade. Try this. You'll get far more accurate cutting of the fabric and less risk of cutting of the fingers. The only stitches we want are in the fabric!

Spotlight Customer Focus

Paulette Hutchings

Paulette Hutchings is our customer spotlight this month and I am excited for you to get to know her more. She was born and raised in Texarkana AR with one brother. They moved to Little Rock before her sophomore year in high school and she attended McClellan. She attended one year at UALR in computer programming. She then started doing key punching for Coca-cola. She met her hubby on a blind date set up by one of his friends. After 3 dates he asked her to marry him and they have been married for 46yrs now. They lived in Little Rock at first and 6 months before they moved to Benton. They have 2 boys.

Their oldest son Scott had dated Linda Beavert's daughter, which is real fun since Paulette and Linda are great friends. Sadly at age 30, Scott passed away from pancreatic cancer. He had been married for just 3 years at that time. Paulette's other son James R still lives in Benton. For 3 ½ year he owned the Pizza Pro with his dad, James. James really enjoys cooking and Paulette is perfectly happy with that. It gives her more time to sew.

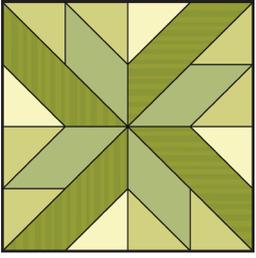
Paulette stated piecing quilts 7 years ago. She loved making her Christmas Log Cabin quilt and is entering it in the upcoming Hot Springs Area Quilt Show. When Paulette and James bought their new house, one room was

designated to be her sewing haven and she wouldn't give it up for anything. She spends time there almost every day.

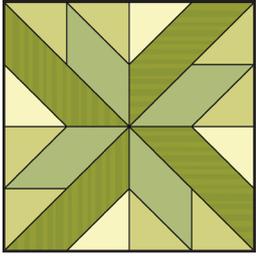
Paulette has been friends with Linda Beavert for about 40 years. They met at church and their kids grew up together. They do something together at least once a week, often times, more than that. They love to do sewing trips together. They have been to quilt show in Texarkana, Little Rock, Hot Springs, Fort Smith and even the "Grandma" of quilt shows in Houston. They recently went to a show in Shreveport and spent most of their time trying to find their way out to get home.

Paulette also enjoys reading, crosswords, fishing, camping, flower gardening and vacationing. Paulette is a hoot to be around and will quickly have you laughing with her. She'll always brighten you day!





SCRAP CHAT



Story Corner

The Vagabond Part 2 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

Based on true events...

It turned out that the little tan dog wasn't even fully grown. In fact, he was probably at most six months old, putting him firmly in the age range of a puppy. The question was what to do with the little fellow at the end of the week. Lydia loved dogs but was in no condition to look after a puppy, given her limited mobility. At the end of the week, when Emily's vacation with Grandma and Kids Camp was finished, she'd head back to Fayetteville where she lived with her parents and younger brother. She'd have loved to take the puppy with her, but her parents lived in a strictly regulated apartment building that accepted no pets. As Emily and Grandma Lydia discussed the matter, it seemed like a good idea to try and find out who the dog belonged to. There was a small neighborhood a little over half a mile from where they had found Buster (Emily felt it necessary to give him a name right away), so Lydia snapped a picture with her phone and printed it out so that she and Emily could ask residents if they might know the owner. They reasoned that that neighborhood would be a good place to start.

As Lydia drove the road alongside the sidewalk in the neighborhood, Emily rang doorbells, showed the picture, and asked the residents if they knew who owned the little tan puppy. Residents at the first four houses had no idea,

but at the fifth house, Emily got some new information. A middle-aged man answered the door and, when presented with a printed picture of the dog, looked at it for a few seconds and then asked Emily a question. "Is this the little dog that was just off the roadway about half a mile from here?"

"Yes sir, he was," Emily responded.

The man nodded. "I saw him back there a couple of weeks ago. I pulled over to see if he would come to me, but he ran off. I tried again the next day, but he just wouldn't allow me to get near him. I don't know who owns him, but I'll bet I know how he ended up there."

"You do?" Emily prompted.

"I'm afraid so. I have seen this kind of thing happen a few times. See, I teach at the University of Arkansas at Little Rock. Sometimes students who attend college and are away from home for the first time feel like they want to establish their independence. Maybe they've always wanted a dog but couldn't have one. Or maybe they just want a pet to help them feel less homesick. Anyway, a student like that will get a dog, but when the school year is over, they can't take it back home. So they drive out to a remote spot and drop the animal off. I guess they hope a local will see it and adopt it. Absolutely frightful, really, how easily they abandon a loving pet." The homeowner looked again at the dog's picture. "He looks like he's still a puppy, is that right?"

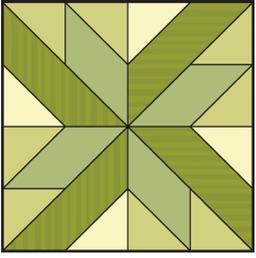
"Yes sir. My grandmother and I figured he must be about six months old."

"Looks about right. If you don't have plans to adopt him, I'd take him in a minute if I didn't already have two dogs of my own. I just can't make room for another. You thinking about adopting him if you can't find the owner?"

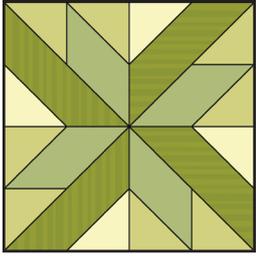
Emily suddenly felt herself near tears, but she managed to hold them back. "No sir. My family lives in housing that doesn't allow pets. My Grandma Lydia isn't well enough to look after a puppy, so she's helping me try to find the owner."

"Good luck to you, young lady," the man answered. "He looks like a happy little fellow, and he deserves to be with a good family."

Further inquiries up and down the street yielded no success in finding an owner, so Emily and Grandma Lydia drove back home. Lydia warned Emily to only feed Buster just a little dog food at a time, since his body was unaccustomed to processing it in his starved condition. She stayed with the little tan dog in the sun room, comforting him and petting him while Lydia looked on through the glass door. She knew her granddaughter would fall in love with the dog, and that her heart would be broken to leave him, but she saw no alternative. Until then, she would let Emily nurse the puppy with the big floppy ears back to health and they would figure something out by the end of the week.



SCRAP CHAT



Despite having to leave Buster alone for a few hours each day, Emily continued to maintain her excitement for attending Kid's Camp. She had completed several projects by that Friday, and it was clear her skills were improving by the day. It was a little sad when Kid's Camp came to a close, but Emily was looking forward to seeing her parents the next day when they came to pick her up and return home to Fayetteville. She had spent the whole week with her grandmother, which was a delight, but there was no

mistaking the little sense of homesickness that crept into her mind and heart. Seeing her parents would take that away. Unfortunately, it also meant a decision had to be made concerning Buster. In just the few days he had spent under Emily's care, he had already begun to fill out his frame and his body didn't look so undersized compared to his head. Even the sore that afflicted his left ear had started to heal a little. As Emily, her parents, and grandmother considered what should be done with Buster, it became clear that he

would have to go to the Bauxite animal shelter. Emily and her father placed him in the arms of a sympathetic lady at the shelter later on Saturday, and Emily hoped with all of her heart that somebody would take Buster home and love him as she had. She wasn't sure if this particular shelter put dogs to sleep if they were unable to place them in a home, and she didn't ask. She was afraid of the answer she might get.

Read Part 3 in Next Month's Newsletter