

SCRAP CHAT

October

The Newsletter of The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

2016

Sew New Latest Shop Updates

We have some new classes coming up!

Saturday, October 15

Bargello Fire on the Savannah
All Day Class

Saturday, September 24 & Monday, September 26

Sew on the Go
Two Day Class

Saturday, October 22

Double Wedding Ring
Table Runner or Wall Hanging
All Day Class

Saturday, October 29

Tuffets
All Day Class

Saturday, November 5

Figgy Pudding Christmas Tree
All Day Class

Saturday, November 12

Take 5
All Day Class

Saturday, November 19

Reversible Apron
All Day Class

Saturday, December 3

All Day "Mama and Me" Class
Come by yourself or bring a young
sewist with you. Help them complete
their Hansel and Gretel project.

We have great fast gift ideas and gift
certificates available!

Shellie's Stash



I LOVE FALL!!

It is hands down, my favorite season, favorite flavor, favorite color, and favorite weather. Fall means, a nip in the air, perfect for sweaters and quilts, football games (another chance to use quilts), fall festivals with music and amazing soups, chili's, and hot chocolate, and of course, rich beautiful fall colors.

I grew up in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. In the fall the hills above our house would light up with layers of color. The tall quaking aspen with their white bark trunks and leaves that turned gold and shimmered like coins in the sun, then the oak trees that would turn red and orange. Above those the evergreens would keep their dark green and then you'd see the giant rocks jutting out above the tree line at the tops of the mountains, sometime dusted in snow. (I can totally enjoy the snow when it stays on the tops of the mountain range).

The only downside to fall where I grew up was that it didn't last long. Fall could come and go in less than 2 weeks. If you didn't drive the canyons as soon as the chill came you missed the amazing colors, because

the leaves fall fast and the snow is quick to follow.

On the flip side, what I love about living in the south is how long fall lasts. I love the trees that can be filled with every color, green, gold, orange, red and brown all at the same time. And fall starts in October and continues through the start of December. I love that we can still see the fall colors in the woods behind my home while we eat Thanksgiving dinner outside. And I love listening to the rustling of the leaves as they fall into mounds all over my yard.

It is no wonder that fabric designers get so much inspiration from nature. You can see random color combinations in plants and trees that are gorgeous hues you would never think to put together otherwise, but they are so inviting, calming, and soothing. You want to make it last. That is the great (and a favorite) thing about quilting. You can take that inspiration and translate it into a quilt that you can look at and enjoy, long after nature has changed it season.

What are your favorite colors and season? Every day you should take some time to get inspired by the colors of nature and remember you can change your mind about colors as much as you'd like. Nature does.

Happy Fall Y'all!

~ Shellie Blake
The Bed-warmer Quilt & Sew

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Social Circle



Snippets

To wash or not to wash??? That is the question!

I get asked this a lot, so here is my take on the matter.

It all depends on where and what kind of fabric you have purchased. It used to be you pre-washed all your fabrics or you would be so sad when you had to wash a finished quilt. But over the years the dying process of fabrics has become very scientific. If you are buying "quilt-shop quality" fabrics from a quilt shop then there is no need to pre-wash because the dying process is very advanced and fabrics are colorfast.

If you have bought fabrics from "big box stores" or "discount warehouses", you NEED to pre-wash your fabrics. These fabrics are cheap for a reason. They haven't gone thru the extensive color treating process and their colors will most likely fade and run.

If you are putting old and new fabric in the same quilt, or fabrics that you can't remember where you might have purchased them, then you should probably pre-wash so that all fabrics will then be equally pre-shrunk and color set the same. And of course, if you have red, navy, dark brown or black fabrics and you are combining them with white. Take a small piece and put it in HOT water and make sure the colors don't run.

Then..... to thine own fabric, be true!

In all the places I have lived, some of my dearest and longest friendships have come from the people I have met in Quilt Guilds. Have you thought about joining a quilt guild?

Quilt guilds have so much to offer. Besides being super fun, there is boundless inspiration, tons of talented people who share the "tricks of the trade" that they have learned and great opportunities to get together to socialize and serve each other and our community.

The Saline County Quilt Guild just had their "first Wednesday" and we hosted it at the Bed-Warmer Quilt and Sew. We had 30 people enjoy the day with tons of food and fun! The guilds have small groups too like the SCGQ "Quilt-Aholics" that meet every first Monday of the month to sit and stitch. There are groups that get together to do charity quilts, quilts of valor and raffle quilts. The members of a guild quickly become great friends and "family" to each other.

Now is a perfect time to join a guild! Most guilds do membership renewals in October, making this a perfect time for new members to join. You will have the opportunity to see all the great 'show and tell' in time for the holidays. So I hope you'll find a guild (or two) close to you to be a part of. Then let the fun begin!!

Spotlight Customer Focus

Jane Blaylock

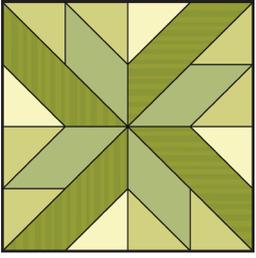
Meet Jane Blaylock! She is one of the bubbliest people I know. She is always happy and smiling and totally makes my day every time I have the pleasure of seeing her.

Jane has been sewing since she was a child and has made lots of things for her family. She spent 5 years making draperies for the public, (but not any more). She is done with that venue of sewing and now she quilts. She has been quilting for 2 years and loves it.

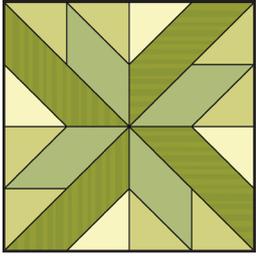
She has worked in nursing since 1977, mostly in surgery and is still working at SMH. She got into quilting because lots of the ladies in her department were having babies. She recently read an article about a woman who was battling cancer. This woman wanted to be remembered for the quilts she made and figured the best way to do so was to make quilts and give them to as many friends and family as she could. That way they would have a special quilt from her after she was gone. Jane thought that was such a lovely idea, she started making quilts for all her family. To date Jane has given a quilt to every member of her family, except for herself. She has the true heart of a quilter! She is also super inspired by Carole Smith, who has been her long arm quilter from the start.

Jane was born and raised in Prattsville, a tiny Arkansas town where there were only 11 people in her graduating class. Did I say tiny, I think I meant teeny-tiny! She later moved to Benton and has been here ever since. She has one daughter and one grandson. The first quilt she made him was a lego quilt. She loves to cook, go to the beach and drive. She loves driving so much she got her CDL license so she could drive the Methodist Church bus, especially on skiing trips. That way she could ski free. Total win win, driving and skiing. Until the time she blew out her knee skiing, then it was just a win when she got to drive. When you get a chance, get to know Jane and you will always have a bright spot in your day whenever you're with her!





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Story Corner

Miss Cindie Part 1 of 3

Written by Darren Blake

The little boy over to the left side of the class, third seat back, caught Cindie Packer's attention on the first day of school. It seemed that every year there was at least one student who stood out; somebody who needed extra attention for some reason or another. Picking up her seating chart, she looked at his name again: Robby Bannister.

Ever since she had begun teaching fourth grade five years earlier, Miss Cindie asked her students on the first day of school to write down their dreams and ambitions, what they would like to be when they grew up, and what kinds of things they liked to do for fun. The responses the students handed in always gave her a good sense of what each child was like, and they also gave her valuable clues on how she could help them through the school year. For most students, this was always one of the most enjoyable assignments they received. Generally, students picked up their pencils and began writing as fast as they could. When one of those students sat quietly without writing, it was always a sign of something amiss. So it was with Robby this school year.

Determined to discover what might

be at the root of Robby's troubles, Cindie went to the school file room after school had dismissed for the day and pulled Robby's file from the first grade. His teacher had summarized the student's performance as follows:

Robby is a good student. He is progressing about as fast as all of the other first graders. Enjoys learning to read and write. Loves art class.

Moving over to the second grade files, Cindie rifled through the stack until she came to Robby's file for that grade. His second grade teacher had written a little more:

Robby shows an aptitude for science. He loves the biology segments and is excited to show his bug and leaf collections in show-and-tell. He gets along well with other students. Robby gets a little fidgety before recess. He is always anxious to get up to move and play.

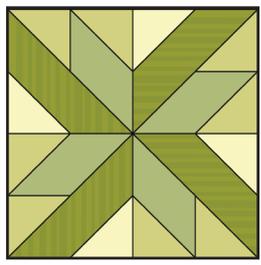
Cindie wondered what had happened to the vivacious little boy before he had come to her class. With only one grade left to inspect, she hoped there would be something there that could provide a clue for her to work with. The third grade files were larger and it took her longer to sort through the stacks to find Robby's file jacket. When she opened it and read what the teacher had written, she felt she had begun to understand

the quiet, withdrawn little boy on the left side of her class, third seat back:

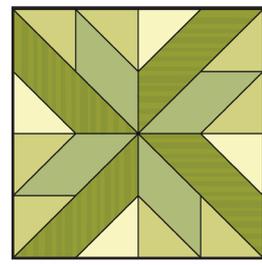
Robby did fine through most of the school year, keeping up with other students and with the class assignments. Late in the school year, Robby's mother became ill (cancer, I believe). Robby's father came to parent-teacher conference, but only after I made several calls and insisted he attend. He seems distracted and tends to be little concerned with what's going on in Robby's life. I fear that if Mrs. Bannister dies, Robby will have no support at home or elsewhere.

It now seemed clear to Cindie the extent of Robby's issues. She'd have to keep an eye on him and provide a little extra attention to make sure he knew he had support from her, even if he didn't get it anywhere else.

Through the course of the next two months of school, Miss Cindie paid Robby a little extra attention each day, and she made sure to try to keep him on track with his studies. That last task was very difficult, because Robby seemed to become a little more withdrawn as the weeks drew past. What little she could learn was that Mrs. Bannister was not improving and clearly her condition was affecting her son. In late October, just as the students were decorating



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for Halloween and preparing for the associated festivities, which were generally such a delight for fourth graders, Robby missed a week of school, and then two. Word got around quickly that Robby's mother had died. When he finally did come back to school the second week of November, he didn't interact with anyone. In class, he kept to himself. Miss Cindie looked in on him at lunchtime in the cafeteria to see if he had any friends, but he simply found a bench far from where most fourth graders congregated and sat by himself. Miss Cindie took extra time each day to help Robby with his assignments, but keeping him engaged was becoming a full-time occupation. She also noticed that he was wearing unlaundered clothes. It became more difficult for her to sit and work with him because he just didn't smell very good. Of particular concern to her was her observation that other students were beginning to ostracize him, and that they began to openly mock him. She shut down that kind of activity in her class of course, but she obviously could not monitor all of the students outside the classroom. She felt that it was only a matter of time that Robby would be gone from school, possibly never to return. She couldn't expect Robby's father to help keep him in attendance. That man seemed to disassociate himself from Robby almost as much as the fourth graders.

Just before Christmas break, it was customary for students to bring a present to class to give to their teachers. Most of the gifts were homemade knick-knacks

made with love by small hands and received with gracious gratitude by enthusiastic teachers. On the day Miss Cindie received her gifts, each child, beginning on the right side of the room, approached and presented their well-wrapped offering. Miss Cindie opened each present, cheered with glee at what she found, and hugged each child in turn. When it came time for Robby to bring her his present, she noticed it had been wrapped with a brown paper grocery bag that had been cut and put together by the fingers of a child who was not expert in the wrapping sciences. A snicker among the students arose before Miss Cindie shushed them and smiled down upon her little charge. With great care, she unwrapped the package, which contained a cardboard box. Opening the box, Cindie found three items. Pulling the first from the box, she displayed for the class a worn and cheap necklace with a pendant missing a couple of rhinestones. Setting that on her desk, she reached to pull out a bottle of perfume, half empty. Finally, she pulled out a folded piece of fabric, which, when she had unfolded it, became four twelve-inch blocks of a quilt top made into a square. The whispers and talk among the other class members became inescapable when the subtle jeers and mockery erupted as the students reacted to the tacky gifts. Miss Cindie stood upright and gazed out at all of the members of the class until they once again became quiet. Robby stood before her desk, his head down, his spirit broken.

Reaching down to her desk top, Miss Cindie picked up the necklace and put it on, caressing it gently as though it were a great treasure. Then she picked

up the half-empty bottle of perfume, dabbed a couple of drops, and put it on her neck. Then she picked up the quilt top, walked over to her bulletin board, spread it out and pinned it in the central spot where everyone could see it highlighted. Then she moved back to the front of her desk, kneeled down, and hugged Robby for many long seconds. "Thank you Robby," she said, gesturing to his gifts. "I will treasure these." As Robby walked back to his desk, he held his head just a little higher than before. When school ended that day, all of the children ran for the door, eager to get to the busses and make their way home. Only Robby stayed behind. After all of the other children had vacated the classroom, Miss Cindie watched as Robby approached to stand next to her.

"Miss Cindie," he began, "when you put on my mom's necklace, you looked like my mom."

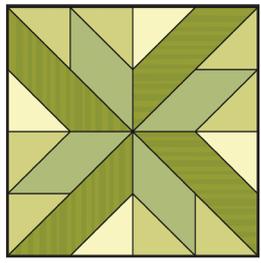
"Thank you Robby."

"And Miss Cindie, when you put on the perfume, you smelled like my mom."

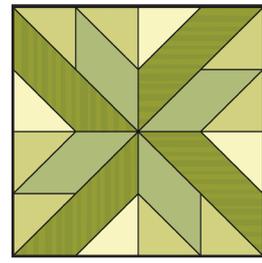
Cindie nodded her understanding.

"And when you hung my mom's quilt project, you acted like my mom." Suddenly, Robby stepped forward and threw his arms around his teacher. "I love you, Miss Cindie!"

Cindie hugged the little boy who was so very starved for love and attention until he was finally ready to let go so he could leave to catch his bus. As he



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walked out the door to her classroom, she noticed that he smelled about the same as he had previously, but that it didn't seem to bother her as much.

Read Part 2 in Next Month's Newsletter

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