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From the Publishers

It's still fall as we're working on this holiday issue, but there is already a chill in the air and I am ready to bake cookies and sip hot chocolate by the fireplace.

It's easy to get stressed out or overwhelmed by the holiday season. Remember to take time to yourself to relax, work on a project you've put aside, and enjoy time with friends and family. From our *Country Register* family to yours -

Happy Holidays!





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Events

Events

January

12-14.....Stitchin' Camp at Hooked on Quilting in Fayetteville, TN(p. 5)

The Country Register Story

The Country Register began in Arizona in 1988 to provide effective and affordable advertising for shops, shows and other experiences enjoyed by a kindred of readership. Since then, the paper has spread to many other areas, all of which are listed on the opposite page. Look for the paper in your travels. To receive a sample paper from another area, mail \$3 in the USA or \$4 in Canada to that area's editor. Advertising rates are available upon request. If there is not a paper in your state and you are interested in publishing a paper, contact the editor of the Arizona paper at 602-942-8950. The Country Register is available at the shops that advertise and often at other unique locations. We hope you enjoy this bi-monthly publication and let the advertisers know.



Countryberries Designs Angel of Peace



This pattern is free for you to use. Please give the artist credit. Not for commercial Enlarge this pattern to your desired size. This pattern designed for wool applique and embroidery but can hooked or even painted. Try it in pastel colors for a traditional look or dark colors for a more primitive look. Have fun!

Designed by Kathy Graham

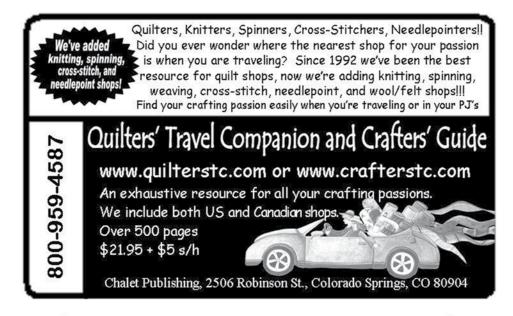
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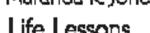
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by Maranda K. Jones





When my three year old Malena handed me another "moment" for the tree, I instantly knew just what she meant: each ornament holds memories. Many of those ornaments were from my students past. I recalled younger sixth grade faces with the names signed on the backs...

It started several years ago, fifteen to be exact. They didn't call me Mrs. Jones; I was simply called Miss Mac. I started in right out of college, an engaged and eager teacher. At Christmas break that all changed, now my husband took the bleacher. He coached basketball and I kept the book,

My matching hoodie read "Mrs. Coach," a name I gladly took. Each morning I walked down the dirt lot and up the steps to school, Not much taller than my students, ready to preach the golden rule. The super always wondered which student parked with staff, He shared his observation through his deep and hearty laugh. Young but ready, I shared lessons and ideas and thoughts, Little did I know I was the one being taught.

Stories about birthing cows, riding horses, rain and fires and farms, Be good stewards of God's land, the lesson they taught with charm. Travel the states and see His wonder everywhere you look, Appreciate this country of ours with vacation photos took. Remember that we are all connected as a part of history: These characters we read about are members of our families. They fought the fights and waged the war while dreams were put on hold...

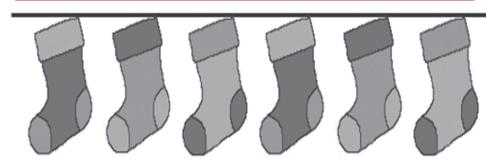
I'll always remember the true tales that these young children told. They were mature beyond their years, understanding family pride, From dawn 'til dusk, my heart was filled to be the children's guide. These students of mine, that, yes, I would still gladly claim, Fill upstanding citizens' shoes and uphold their family names. Serving our country in camouflage and teaching America's youth, Serving on missions in foreign lands and sharing God's word, the truth. Faithful sisters and brothers, moms and dads, husbands and wives, They have followed different paths to lead fulfilling lives.

Those days of book reports and carnivals, part of a past we share. May these youngsters always know just how much I care. Still influencing others and the moments spent with me-In my heart, on my mind, and on my Christmas Tree.

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Maranda Jones' new book Random Acts is now available at amazon.com.

The book includes her reader-acclaimed articles from the last decade.



Pieces From My Heart



by Jan Keller

Dearest Friends



While enjoying a few lingering moments on the shaded veranda of John and Abigail's Old House at Peace Field, the park ranger conducting our tour casually commented, "Some of these lilacs you see were planted by Abigail." Overwhelmed by that tidbit, I suddenly felt as if she was right there with me. Abigail Adams endured so much during the founding of our country; and among our First Ladies, I have a deep feeling of immense gratitude and hold her in very high regard!

One thing she and John willingly sacrificed was their personal privacy. George Washington instructed Martha to destroy all of his personal correspondence. In contrast, John Adams asked Abigail to keep hand-

written copies of letters she sent to him, just as he was doing of his letters to her. Because they realized the importance of the times in which they were living, we have first-person accounts in the more than 1,100 letters John and Abigail exchanged between 1762 and 1801. Separation was the motivation for their warm and newsy letters that include John's descriptions of Continental Congress proceedings and Abigail's updates regarding how she and their children were managing on the family farm, as well as how the Revolution was impacting the Boston area.

The earliest letters date back to the couple's courtship, and are evidence to the passion and human desire of young love. Through the years, John referred to Abigail as his dearest friend and his ballast. Their union was one of ardor, intelligence, wit and mutual respect—as well as six children: Abigail 'Nabby', John Quincy (our 6th president), Grace, Charles, Thomas, and stillborn Elizabeth.



Duty required John to be away from home for long periods of time during his public career, requiring the couple to live miserably apart. The family's welfare depended on income from the farm and Abigail proved herself a capable manager—doing her own cooking, sewing, caring for the farm's critters, as well as parenting. Abigail was John's partner, his avid supporter and most valued political adviser, and his object of great affection. By necessity she pushed the traditional woman's role to the limit.

Before John set sail for Europe in 1778, as an expression of his faith and trust in Abigail's abilities, he gave her a locket inscribed with, "I yield whatever is, is right."

Never did John Adams refuse a mission for his country; Abigail's reciprocal sacrifice was the distress and loneliness caused by John's long absences.

Notably, Abigail Adams was first woman to serve as Second Lady of United States and the second woman to serve as First Lady. She was a savvy woman who could adapt to Paris society as well as manage living in the White House when it was still a cold dank construction site. Hanging her laundry up to dry on a line strung across the East Room is a popular true story of Abigail's resourcefulness.

Abigail was 73 years old when, on October 28, 1818, she died of typhoid fever. She and John are buried in crypt at the United First Parish Church in Quincy, MA. Her last words were, "Do not grieve, my friend, my dearest friend. I am ready to go. And John, it will not be long."

From the Recipe Box: Christmas Stars

Ingredients:

4 cups flour

1 lb. butter, softened

2 egg yolks

1 pint sour cream

Apricot filling

Sugar

Mix together flour, butter, yolks and sour cream with hands. Chill overnight. Roll out like pie crust. Cut into small squares. Cut notches in corners and fold to make pinwheel shape. Add apricot to center. Roll in sugar.

Bake at 350° for 8-10 minutes until golden around the edges.

Store in refrigerator.



Recipes of Abigail Adams

Abigail Adams could be regarded a 'Super Woman'. She is regarded by many historians as our founding mother, but in addition, for lengthy periods of time while John was away, she bore the responsibility of being the single parent in the household as she cared for her children and also managed the household and farm in a capable manner to feed and clothe the family. Abigail, unlike many women of her time, also did her own washing, cleaning and cooking. After visiting Paris, she returned to the United States with a knowledge of the nuances of fine entertaining and in this regard was a great help to Martha Washington.

In spite of her ability to direct the preparation and presentation of fancy and elaborate meals and receptions, she and President Adams

preferred simple home-style fare. Here are some of her favorite recipes:

BEGGAR'S PUDDING WITH SACK SAUCE

PUDDING:

1 egg, beaten 1 cup milk 1/2 cup brown sugar 1 teaspoon rosewater 1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg 1/8 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon ground ginger 1/2 cup dried currants

10 slices stale bread in 1" cubes

In a large bowl combine beaten eggs, milk, brown sugar, rosewater, ginger, nutmeg, and salt. Add bread cubes and currants; stir well. Turn into a greased 8" round baking dish. Bake in a 350° oven for approximately 25 minutes or until a knife inserted in the center of the pudding comes out clean. Serve hot, topped with hot sack sauce.

SACK SAUCE:

1/4 cup butter 1 tablespoon brown sugar, packed 1/2 cup dry sherry 1 tablespoon lemon juice 1 teaspoon lemon peel, grated

Melt butter in a small saucepan over low heat. Stir continuously until butter starts to brown, then remove from heat. Add brown sugar; stir until dissolved. Add dry sherry, lemon juice, and grated lemon peel. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

HOT CRAB SALAD

This is extremely simple, and although the price of crabmeat makes it an extravagance today, this recipe makes it a worthy expenditure.

2 tablespoons butter 2 tablespoons flour

1 cup milk 1 lb. lump crabmeat, picked over

1/4 cup pimentos, rinsed, drained & diced 4-6 pastry or cream puff shells

Make a cream sauce with butter, flour, and milk. Remove from heat and add crab, pimentos, and almonds. Serve in prebaked pastry shells or cream puff shells.

APPLE PAN DOWDY

PASTRY:

1 1/2 cups flour 1/2 cup shortening 1/4 cup melted butter sprinkle of water

Blend flour and shortening until mealy. Sprinkle a little ice water over dough, enough to hold together. Roll out to 1/4" thickness and brush with melted butter. Cut pastry in half. Place halves on top of each other. Roll and cut again. Repeat until you have 16 separate pieces piled up. Then chill for 1 hour. Roll pastry again and cut in half. Line bottom of baking dish with one half. Save the other half for the top.

FILLING:

1/2 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon cinnamon 1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg 10 large apples 1/2 cup molasses 1/4 cup water 3 tablespoons butter, melted

Peel and slice the apples. Mix with sugar and spices and put in the pastry lined dish. Combine molasses with butter and water. Pour over the apples. Cover with top crust and seal. Bake at 400° for 10 minutes; then reduce heat to 325°. "Dowdy" (mess up) the dish by cutting the crust into the apples with a sharp knife. Bake 1 hour. Serve hot with ice cream or whipped cream.

NOTE: It is believed the Newtown Pippin, a late winter apple, was the apple Abigail most likely used. One source recommends using a variety of apples, including Newtown Pippins (a sweet and tart 18th-century variety), Northern Spys (almost as old), and Jonagolds. You can Use any apple of choice.



1/2 cup sliced almonds, toasted

These recipes are adaptations from various online sources and from Capital Hill Cooks.

Fayetteville - Tennessee

Quilting with Barbara

Yesterday the view from our windows overlooking the countryside was gold – grass, trees, stubble in the fields, all gold – punctuated only by the few dark spruce trees we have nursed along since we moved here. This morning all is white. Fields, drooping flowers, lawn furniture and even spider webs on the deck railings are stark white, with only a few of our neighbour's black cattle making a contrast. Although meteorologists are promising the return of slightly warmer temperatures in a few days, it's obvious that the days of fall are numbered and Old Man Winter, as my father used to call him, has given us his first warning: "Get out parkas and boots; change to winter tires; clear away garden remains. Here I come!"

For us as quilters and crafters, the rush to finish making gifts for Christmas begins. Some well-organized people (they do exist, I'm told) have had their projects finished for weeks, or even months. And then there are the rest of us. Although we may be chronically short of time this time of year, there are a few Christmas-project hacks. What about getting together with a few friends to work assembly-line style on their projects and theirs? That might work. What about scaling back the size or complexity? Only you will know. And then there's the fall-back position: delay, delay! Have a top finished? Give it to the intended recipient with an IOU for quilting and binding, or a gift card from a professional quilter so the giftee can choose the quilting pattern and have it finished it on someone else's schedule, not yours. Have a project only partly finished? Present the recipient with a picture (taken from the pattern) of the object to be finished with a dated commitment for completion. Haven't even started? Try a gift card from a store good for a pattern and/or fabric of the recipient's choice along with your promise to construct said object. This latter tactic can be dangerous, but at this stage we're desperate, right? All these hacks are compromises, but that's life.

Speaking of compromise, years ago when I was teaching ESL (English as a Second Language) to a class of newly-arrived high school students from ten different countries, we ESL teachers found ourselves in a slight dilemma when December (Christmas party time) rolled around. It was our job to acclimatize these students to our celebratory customs without denigrating their own. Many cultures celebrate light or enlightenment at this darkest time of the year, so we incorporated aspects of Diwali, Kwanzaa, Tet, Chinese New Year and Hanukkah -- all representative of students in our classes -- in our celebration, but Christmas with its connotations of light, the star that the Magi followed, and the arrival of the Light of the World, the reason we celebrate, was always in the background. The celebration was a success. Compromise.

It was only in later years that I realized the Christmas-based activity and our culture was the background or foundation which supported the other diverse pieces and displayed them to advantage, much like the background of a quilt supports and emphasizes the blocks, resulting in a unified whole. May we all emulate such quilts! Merry Christmas!

Barbara Conquest writes her column from Blue Sky Quilting in Tofield, AB. © Barbara Conquest.



We love to see the projects that you have made from our patterns. If you decide to post projects based on one of our patterns on a blog or website, please give design credit to Jacquelynne Steves. Thank you!



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Meet the Cover Artist

Annie LaPoint

Annie LaPoint loved to draw and paint at an early age and knew as a young girl she would grow up to be an artist. Annie has been known for many years for her popular watercolor paintings of mossy garden pots filled with ivy topiaries and blooms of all kinds.

Today, Annie's fresh new artwork is keeping up with today's trends in the world of art and licensing. Painting with bright colors and collaging with vintage hymnals and books, her fun creative designs are making a lot of people smile! "More than ever, I love each moment I spend painting and creating in my studio. My hope is that my artwork brings as much joy and peace to others, as I receive in creating it."

If you look carefully you will find a scripture reference from the Bible tucked away in every painting. Annie says, "It's a way I can give each painting back to the Lord God. He's the One who gave me this talent in the first place, and He is the Greatest Artist of all!"

Since 2001, Annie and her husband Ken have had a ministry to Mexico, building homes and churches in very poor communities. Today, their organization ULBC Casabuilders, along with volunteer groups, is building "Mi Casa Children's Home" in Tecate, Mexico. They're looking forward to welcoming young children in need of a caring home to the five acre Mi Casa Ranch, in the very near future!

Clarkson - Kentucky



Holiday Musings Upon A New Decade

by Kerri Habben

Today I received an early Christmas present.

Some time ago I was affirmed when I saw my grandmother in a dream. I was in her home and everything was where it had always been. She came around the corner into the den wearing a nightgown, the blue one with pink flowers.

'You're here." I murmured in wonder from where I sat in the rust chair Uncle Henry bought for Aunt Wilma. I went to her and wrapped my arms around her, enfolding her as a treasure one never expected to hold again. She was solid and real.

"Of course," she answered, embracing me but glancing a bit askance. "Where else would I be?" Last night I dreamt of her again. We were in her home, she again wearing the same nightgown. Today I was in a storage area off our garage looking for some supplies. Moving things around, fabric fell from a nearly empty box.

Before me waited the blue nightgown with pink flowers, neatly folded.

With that I was infused with the true spirit of the season.

This is the eleventh holiday season for Mom and I since our mother and grandmother passed away. Huba, as I called her, was the last of our family here, with the rest living in different parts of the country. So for Thanksgiving and Christmas it is just the two of us. We share a home, and we treasure the precious rhythm of daily life all year through.

For those who have faced loss or traumatic change during the past year, the holidays present a unique challenge. Often we see ourselves in strangers and they see themselves in us. Then, perhaps, we are no longer unknown to one another. In our common humanity we are connected by our joys and our sorrows, our resilience and our hopes. We may wear a range of skin colors, emerge from diverse backgrounds, and worship in different ways. Together we are all navigating this precious journey called life.

Back to celebrating holidays. We mail our packages by the first week in December. We write our season's greetings, most of which are sent in due time for their destination. We decorate with special items from over the years. Aunt Wilma's velvet-suited Santa Claus is set out, and Huba's ceramic church graces the front table.

I write my letter to Santa Claus. I never actually mail it. I merely write it to take stock of where I am at the tail end of one year and at the cusp of the next. These last few years I find myself compiling a list of what I treasure rather than what I want. I ask Mr. Claus, who is an example in giving, not to give up on us. That even with all of the strife and sadness in this world, we may yet discover and offer the best of ourselves to each other.

On Christmas we usually go out to eat at a chain restaurant that is open that day. We carry a handmade gift for our server. We call our relatives and friends or they call us. We open our gifts.

Always the moment arrives when we realize the room around us isn't full of people and yet it is. For our loved ones are always with us, even as they are safe and whole in the palm of God's hand.

Thus in our prayerful hearts and houses of memory the past, present, and future breathe a grateful, joyful sigh.

Kerri Habben is a writer, photographer, and crochet instructor living in Raleigh, NC. An avid crocheter and knitter, she learned these skills from her grandmother and mother. Many of her yarn creations she donates to those in need. Kerri has gathered a decade of essays she is working to publish. She can be reached at 913jeeves@gmail.com

Souvenirs: Markers of Our Lives by Simone Gers

Last spring at the market, we had several customers who were visiting Tucson and were buying awesome collectibles to take home in their suitcases. One lady was buying a large jar of liquid wax. I triple wrapped it and advised her to slip the whole thing into a zip lock bag before she put it in her suitcase. I love seeing what other people love so much they are prepared to pack them in their suitcases or carry onto planes. How cool is it to bring home some awesome antique instead of another t-shirt or ball cap?

I have a catalogue of stories around antique souvenirs. After 35 years of marriage to a collector, I can tell you most of my luggage and carryon bags are stuffed to the gills with whatever my husband Tray thinks he can get home. One year, he had three crystal chandeliers in our carry-on pieces. Another time, it was an antique gumball machine—the kind with the big glass dome. It weighed a ton. Our clothes become wrap and cushion for all his finds.

One year, when we were leaving Paris, Tray stuffed a bunch of art in one of the duffle bags. One of the pieces was big. I remember looking at it on the street as he was deciding whether or not he could get it home.

I kept say, "It's kinda big."

And he kept saying, "I think I can make it work."

And he did. He had to wrangle with the French gate agent who kept saying, "But sir, it has to fit through the door of the conveyor belt."

And Tray kept saying, "Let me redo it," until he was able to reorganize so the whole thing slowly pushed through the plastic flaps. He beamed at her when it finally made it. I'm sure she was thinking the baggage guys are going to love this. To Tray's delight, all of the art made it home in one piece.

Antique souvenirs are legendary in our home. When our boys were little and Tray would return from a business trip, he'd sit us all down on the sofa and make a big deal of pulling each precious gift from his suitcase. Old rusty skates for you, an antique bug sprayer for you, and an antique croquet set for you. Other times, he'd hit a little closer to something that could almost pass for acceptable to the boys with antique sports and game-related gifts—an old catcher's mitt, collectible cards or a wooden, hand-painted game board.

I love antique souvenirs. Of course, there are the standard teaspoons, teacups, thimbles, dishtowels, tablecloths and other items that memorialized states, towns, fairs—especially the World's fair—and other big events. Some people love old state license plates. Antique postcards and other cards are also favorites. I really love some of the really old cards that look hand painted or photos that are processed in a special way. One of our vendors picked up a collection of retableaus that were stunning. I kept picking them up, turning them over in my hands, imagining packing them in a trunk for the journey home and thankful they're still around.

Of course, if we're driving on vacation, I'm really kidding myself thinking that we are going on vacation. Vacation has become a euphemism for buying trip. Last year, our Christmas trip to see the grandkids on the east coast was so fruitful for Tray that I ended up flying home—there was no more room in the van, so he dropped me off at my folks' home in Louisiana. And poor Dottie West, our sixpound Pomeranian, was snuggled up on her bed that was strapped on top of finds stacked almost to the ceiling of the front passenger seat. She had to duck her head to see out the window.

As he pulled away, I told Tray, "Dottie West better make it home."

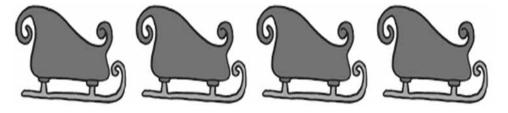
He winked as he drove off, and I knew that on his journey home, he'd find more along the way, figure out some way to pack it in.

And that's okay because some of my favorite antiques are pieces we found through our travels, commemorating not only an awesome trip but also the journey of looking for wonderful things, stories about finding our way through winding streets to local shops and all of the people along the way.

Would I remember the day in old town Puerto Rico if the crazed ironstone piece wasn't right behind my desk or that friendly old man in Malta if I didn't see that piece of lace sitting under it? Would I think about St. John's island, all of the birds or the beautiful water as often if I didn't see the antique hand-painted botanical cards on the table at the end of the hall? I don't know.

All of our travel treasures mean so much to me that when Tray says, "I wonder if there's an antique place here," I'm quick to pull out my phone and Google it. And we're off, collecting memories along the way.

Simone Gers began her antiquing journey 35 years ago when she married Tray, an avid collector. They still have the first piece they bought together—a pegged farm table that was so decrepit it was behind the antique store—and they have been upcycling vintage finds ever since. The Gers own Gather A Vintage Market in Tucson, AZ, a monthly market (www.gatheravintagemarket.com). Simone has taught writing and literature at the college level for many years.



Corbin - Kentuckey

Over the Teacup

By Janet Young

LET US GIVE THANKS

As I write this, Louisiana has just experienced the worst, or at least comparable, flooding equal to what they experienced when Katrina hit few years ago. Florida has just weathered a hurricane dumping rain and damaging winds throughout before raging up the coastline. California continues to battle wild fires where scores of people have had their homes burnt to the ground. These accounts are only a few of the disasters that have reached our shorelines recently. Nationally, there continues to be devastation after devastation reported almost daily.

As we approach Thanksgiving it brings to mind how, we who have escaped such loss have so much for which to be thankful, while for those who have suffered such tragedy, may be feeling down and discouraged. When put in the proper perspective they have much for which they can still be thankful. Granted, some have had the added sorrow of losing a loved one(s) or even their pets. That is not easy to accept, yet they go on. In this difficult time we, the American people, have showered them with an outpouring of love through donations of time, food, money, household items, and even helping them to rebuild their homes.

In this worst hour of need that is when neighbors helping neighbors sprang into action as boat owners in Louisiana went with police to help rescue people from their rain-swollen homes. These acts are an out-pouring of love we have for our fellow-man. After the storm strangers were there to help in any way they could.

Suffering the losses these people have endured may impact them forever, yet they will go on because they are a people who through their faith, hope, and love will not give up; but continue to fight their fears as they rebuild their homes and lives once more.

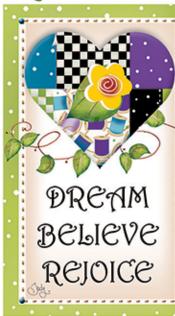
As we sit down at our Thanksgiving table this year, be thankful for except for the grace of God's many blessings, there go I you. We could be without a home, eating our turkey dinner in a shelter wearing donated clothing.

This Thanksgiving and Christmas season reach out in love to those in need. An invitation to dinner, even a cup of tea served in a dainty teacup can reach the hearts of those less fortunate.

This Thanksgiving may we especially be thankful for all God has provided for us. And may His Light shine through us, as we reach out to others in need. For in that one moment, we provide these dear people the opportunity to forget their hardship and experience the love and courage to go on.

Janet Young, Certified Tea and Etiquette Consultant from the Protocol School of Washington, is a Founding member of Mid-Atlantic Tea Business Association, freelance writer/national tea presenter, and owner of Over The Teacup Inc. You can email her at janet@overtheteacup.com.

DREAM of a time when everything was good and everybody was filled with JOY. DREAM of happiness and success for yourself, your friends, and family. DREAM of a time when our country was thriving with prosperity and appreciation.



BELIEVE in a time when everything is good and everybody is filled with JOY. BELIEVE in true happiness and success for yourself, all our neighbors, friends and family. BELIEVÉ in a time when our country is strong and thriving in every community.

REJOICE whole-heartedly for all the blessings that have come your way. Remember that goodness prevails in its own time through every challenge. REJOICE in all the beauty around you. The trees, sunrises and sunsets, the stars in a crystal clear night sky. REJOICE in the wonder of babies and small children, their innocense and sweetness. REJOICE in laughter as often as you can because it tickles every cell in your body for healing and perfect health.

REJOICE in life and extend love and light to yoursel, your family, friends, and worldwide neighbors.

GIRLFRIEND WISDOM: My gift to you is the above magnet design as a reminder to DREAM, BELIEVE and REJOICE!

Joy & Blessings, Ody

The magnet can also be found on my ETSY website for a Holiday price of \$1.00. Girlfriend Wisdom is written and illustrated by Jody Houghton®. For color files of this writing, contact Jody at: jodyhoughton@msn.com, or website: www.JodyHoughtonDesigns.etsy.com

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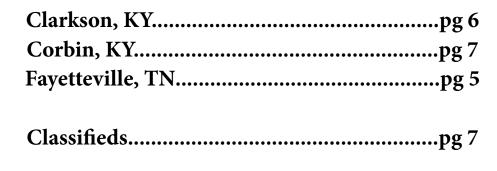
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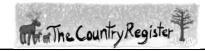
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KISSed Quilts

New Opportunities – Just Go for It!

by Marlene Oddie



This year, the Island Batik Ambassadors (IBA) are having monthly challenges. I've tried to get monthly blog postings up and the blog hops have been great fun with all the inspiration and giveaways! Are you participating?

As designers using Island Batik (IB) fabrics, we are often given a request for quilts through other channels. One was with McCall's Quick Quilts sometime last year. I proposed some ideas but, alas, they were not selected. But it showed me a new channel to share my quilt designs and made the process less

New fall quilt designs were underway and I pitched this Zig Zag design with Island Batik fabrics and it was selected. But they wanted different fabrics to be used because another IBA had already pitched a project that was selected with IB fabrics for

the same issue. At first I could not understand how these Rustic Winds - Marcus fabrics would work with this modern design

The more I worked with it, the more comfortable I got. Ultimately, the team at McCall's Quick Quilts gave it the name Mountain Pass and it suddenly all came together and made sense to me, too. So, check newsstands for McCall's Quick Quilts October/November issue and you, too, can get this new technique for making a chevron design that minimizes seams. I originally designed it for my Mom's charity group in Apache Junction, AZ. I'm excited to share it with a much wider audience through a magazine publication. I did a guest blog post over at McCall's and have shared additional piecing illustration details on my own

Sometimes our fears are the stumbling block to our own progress. In this case, when I don't know the process of something, I tend to be intimidated and not as driven to push forward. I'm grateful for those opportunities that continue to be given to me on this quilting journey. Thanks for sharing it with me.

Marlene Oddie is an engineer by education, project manager by profession and now a quilter by passion in Grand Coulee, WA. She enjoys long-arm quilting on her Gammill Optimum Plus, but especially enjoys designing quilts and assisting in the creation of a meaningful treasure for the recipient. 2016 row kits are available for pre-sale, shipping Nov. 1. Follow Marlene's adventures via http://www.facebook.com/kissedquilts and her blog at http://kissedquilts.blogspot.com.





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From the Recipe Box: Chocolate filled Snowballs

Ingredients:

- 1 cup Crisco
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 t. vanilla
- 2 cups flour
- 1 cup chopped nuts (walnuts or pecans)
- 1 pack Hershey's kisses
- Powdered sugar

Beat together Crisco and sugar. Add vanilla, then flour. Beat well. Add nuts and stir with spoon. Chill overnight.

Shape dough around kisses. Then roll to make ball.

Bake at 375 o for 12 minutes. Roll in powdered sugar while warm.

Makes 3 dozen.

