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The Country Register[®]

of TN & KY

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From the Publishers

Thank you for picking up our summer issue! As I write this my family is getting ready for our annual 4th of July festivities, and hoping that the next few weeks brings back the sunshine we all expected this time of year. (We've had nothing but rain for days!)

Chris and I are traveling to the west coast this year and my evenings are filled planning and replanning the stops on our trip. We're heading to Washington and Oregon, two states neither of us has visited before, and the papers put out by our fellow publishers have been an amazing resource - remember our paper is available online at www.countryregister.com as well as many other states!

Now that the warmer months are here there will be plenty of beautiful days to take road trips and get out to enjoy the many great shops and shows!

Have a Happy 4th!



The Country Register
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A screenshot of the Country Register website. The header shows the logo and navigation links. The main content area features several articles with colorful images, including one about 'MEET OUR PUBLISHERS!' and another celebrating '25 YEARS!'. There are also advertisements for 'Decorating Ideas' and 'Scottish Scones'.

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Events

Events

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31-August 1.....2015 Quilt Extravaganza in Berea, KY (See By the Inch, p. 4)

August

- 1-Sept 8.....Row by Row at Busy Lady Quilt Shop in Mt. Washington, KY (p. 10)
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14-15.....Quilts in the Boro 2015 in Murfreesboro, TN (See By the Inch, p. 4)

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- 11-16.....Fall Quilt Camp at Cedar Lakes Conference Center, Ripley, WV (p. 12)
13-14.....Heritage Markets in Columbus, OH (p. 3)
30-31.....Quilting on the River in Savannah, TN (See By the Inch, p. 4)

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Having Vintage Summer Fun

by Jace Sanders

There seems to be a trend sweeping America. I see it gathering momentum with reality TV shows and other media. I also think that this trend is growing in popularity, partly for economic concerns and heightened awareness of the environment. All around, more and more people want to “Live Vintage.”

We live vintage by repurposing old doors into tables or cooking in a 1950s Dutch oven. We listen to vinyl and 8-tracks. We wear forty-year-old clothing and admire even older cars.

But living vintage is more than just decorating the house with cool old stuff. It’s also taking a step back from some of the luxuries of the present (that somehow have become necessities) and realizing that, by slowing down just a bit to enjoy a moment, we can turn a good day into a great day.

With summer here, it would be so easy to ignore the kids and let them plug into electronics and morph into lethargic and lazy beings. There were weeks last summer that some of my children ate and slept on the sofa amidst marathon sessions of video gaming.

One day, my wife brought them down to the antique mall where I work just to get them out of the house. That event started a number of activities that continued through the summer.

I made a list of fifty items or so that I was certain would be in the store: an owl, arrowhead, ship, flag, flower and so on. The kids scoured the store looking for these items and would write the booth number where they discovered each. It was a race, of course, and the winner got a candy bar. Guess what they wanted to do everyday for the rest of the summer?

Now I’m looking forward to this summer for the vintage adventures we might have. My wife and I started to get creative with the motto Live Vintage on our minds. Here is our fun list:

1. Make popcorn on the stove.
2. Go to the park and feed the ducks with duck feed pellets—bread can be harmful.
3. Make homemade ice cream using a hand churn.
4. Have a lemonade sale.
5. Make and fly kites out of large brown paper bags.
6. Have a watermelon seed-spitting contest.
7. Buy an entire outfit from a local thrift store and then wear it out to dinner.
8. Make butter in a churn and eat on homemade bread.
9. Grow a salsa garden.
10. Eat PB&J on real China.
11. Make popsicles out of orange juice.
12. Fly balsawood airplanes.
13. Build a fort out of blankets, cushions and chairs.
14. Listen to vinyl records.
15. Play marbles for keeps.
16. Make boats out of milk cartons.

Jace Sanders is a manager at Merchant Square Antique Marketplace in Chandler, AZ.

Over the Teacup

By Janet Young
Playing Is Not Just For Kids

By the time you are reading this, your child’s summer vacation is most likely at the midway point. So, if you are like most parents, you are desperately trying to find ways to keep them entertained. Well, why not join them in play? Did you know that there are benefits to playing for both the adult and the child? Through play you release stress, thereby refreshing your mind and body. Play increases energy and triggers creativity, while helping you to feel your best.

If you are a working parent, set aside a time that suits your schedule, even if it is only 20 minutes a day, say before dinner to engage your child in play. Through play, you are creating a bond that fosters trust and a more intimate relationship with your child. Laughter is medicine for the soul, as sometimes a tense situation can deescalate quickly through laughter, especially when dealing with a child.

Board games and card games are a good way to communicate. If your child is like most children, you are trying to limit the amount of time they spend playing video games, so I would not suggest playing those kinds of games.

Make sure you give your child your undivided attention. Turn off any distractions such as cell phones etc., to insure that you will enjoy uninterrupted play with your child. Make sure the play is age appropriate. Even a one year old will enjoy your time spent with him rolling on the floor in laughter.

Put on some music, and dance. Set up a movie theatre atmosphere and show a funny video. Play dress up, and perhaps have a tea party. How much fun would a tea party be, especially if Dad were to put on a bow tie or even wear a tiara and join in the fun?

Go for a walk, ride your bikes, read, have a picnic in the backyard for lunch one day, there are numerous ways you can celebrate summer with your family. In pretend play let your child dictate what he wants to do. Never force play or prolong it. Your child will signal when he is ready to move on to another activity.

Granted none of these ideas for entertaining your child is new or even trendy as in video games and other electronic gadgetry, but the key is YOU. Do you involve yourself in their play? Do you seek out fun ways for them to spend their time? (Even doing chores will go much quicker, if you can find a way to make the task fun). I’m not suggesting that you have to spend all day playing with your child. Remember in the beginning of this article I said even if it is only 20 minutes a day, you are saying to your child: you are important, I care about you, we are family.

Time is fleeting. It won’t be long before they will be on their own. Enjoy the time you have now. Make it fun, and when they are grown, they will want to do fun things with you.

Never stop playing. As George Bernard Shaw so aptly put it, “We don’t stop playing because we grow old, we grow old because we stop playing.” Now go out and play, and have a fun day!

—Janet Young, Certified Tea and Etiquette Consultant, is a founding member of Mid-Atlantic Tea Business Association and freelance writer/national tea presenter. Visit her website at www.overtheteacup.com.



Events



HEARTLAND OF KENTUCKY QUILT SHOW
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“Heartland of Kentucky Quilt Show” - September 18-19, Elizabethtown, KY
“Quilting on the River” - October 30-31 - Savannah, TN



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.



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The Cat Who Took a Bath . . . and Loved an Old Quilt

by Deb Heatherly

I laughed to myself as the bathroom door creaked open. There was no need to look because I already knew who had walked in the door. Elsie was here for her nightly bath.

“Crazy Cat,” I said to myself.

Although the first few weeks of my daughter’s departure for college had seemed difficult for her, Elsie soon seemed to settle into her new routine. While I still occasionally caught her gazing longingly at the door to my daughter’s bedroom, I had noticed that those times were getting fewer. Soon Elsie had come up with better things to occupy her time. Training her “furless” mom was at the top of her list.

I smiled as I remembered the first night that she had come into my room dragging a bright orange string and how I soon learned that Elsie loved to chase and play with it. She also had a keen memory for when she had done so on previous days. Bedtime was now playtime and she would not be discouraged otherwise.

“Not tonight,” I told her as I tried to slip into bed.

“Brppp,” went her little chatter.

“Yes, I know you think we are supposed to do this every night, but I’m too tired tonight,” I told her. I tried to close my eyes and curl up to go to sleep, but was keenly aware of two little eyes staring at me through the darkness.

“Go away,” I said, as I gave her a gentle nudge. Slowly and ever so softly her long, soft whiskers caressed my face. I knew I was no match for her kisses and quiet chatter.

“Please,” she seemed to say, “just for a little while.”

“Ok, ok, I give up,” I said to her as I turned on the light.

Back and forth she went, chasing the bright orange string, as happy and content as a child with a new toy. It really took so little to make her happy, I thought.

“Gee, Elsie,” I said, “if only people had your outlook on life.”

Food and water, an occasional pat on the head, playtime with her favorite string, her nightly bath and a nice warm quilt to curl up on were all she seemed to ask for in life. It was the last two about which we had differing opinions.

Never had I owned a cat that actually liked water. Elsie not only liked it, she demanded it. “I thought cats washed themselves,” I told her to no avail. “Real cats do not take baths.”

She just purred, stretched up on the side of the old footed tub reached her paw out to me, touching me softly on the arm.

This ritual had become as common as the expected bedtime play. I knew without a doubt that she would not leave the side of the tub until I had taken my wet hands and run them across her silky black and white coat.

“Are you happy now?” I asked. The thunderous purr that followed said it all. Soon the door would creak open just a crack and she would be gone.

I never paid attention to where she went after her bath. I just assumed she retired to her favorite spot in the bedroom window. I guess I should have known that where Elsie was concerned, I should expect the unexpected.

This night, as I dried myself and donned my pink fuzzy robe, I remembered a list I had started earlier in the day and went to retrieve it. As I entered the sunroom, there was no need to turn on the lamp, as a soft glow from the moon gave enough light to see what I needed. Quickly I gathered my papers and headed toward the living room. I was almost out the door when a movement in the corner caught my eye. Startled, I turned on the light to find Elsie rubbing herself on an antique star quilt that sat folded in the corner.

“That is not a towel,” I huffed indignantly as I pushed her off. “I rescued that quilt from under a car where the guy was using it to change his oil. It deserved to be loved and treated with respect after all it’s been through. It does not need a wet kitty rubbing wet fur into its poor old fabric.”

Elsie just sat there giving me her famous stare. As I finished refolding it and brushing off the offending fur, I placed it back in its place of honor. Elsie then jumped back in the middle and stretched to cover its length. “Purr, purr,” went her little body as she closed her eyes.

“But, Elsie,” I said, as I plopped down beside her. “Didn’t you hear what I said?”

Slowly she opened her eyes and cocked her head to one side. For what seemed like minutes we sat and stared into each other’s eyes.

Maybe it’s true that the eyes are the windows to the soul. For those few minutes spoke volumes, and in them, I realized that maybe it was time to see things from her point of view.

“It deserves to be loved and respected,” I said to her again.

As she returned my gaze, she seemed to ask, “Well isn’t that what I’m doing?”

It was at that moment that I had to agree, for isn’t that what quilts are intended to do? Didn’t the maker probably count her hours of work as mere pleasure as she stitched a quilt that she hoped would comfort and warm those she loved? In rescuing this quilt from its grimy car repair duties, hadn’t my intent been to return it to its former position of being loved? The man had asked for \$5 which I gladly paid, not because this was an heirloom, (its abuse had seen to that), but to simply give the quilt a happier place to reside. Was I not accomplishing this goal?

As if realizing that she had won, Elsie once again stretched and jumped onto the faded patchwork. Soon she was purring contentedly and was fast asleep. I, on the other hand, sat for a while gently stroking her soft warm body and contemplating the lesson learned from my feline friend. Clearly, Elsie loved this old quilt as much I did and, together, we had made sure that this quilt was once again being treasured. Although threadbare in places and stained in others, Elsie saw only a soft place to snuggle and had claimed this quilt as her own. If quilts could show emotion, I knew that this one had to be smiling.

Deb Heatherly is the owner of Deb’s Cats N Quilts in Franklin, NC. Deb is a creative grids ruler designer and her new Creative Grids Cats Cradle Tool was introduced at Spring Market in May. Her new book, ‘Cat’itude was also introduced at market and is a companion to the new creative grids cats cradle tool. To see a video about Deb’s new ruler visit Deb’s Facebook page at www.Facebook.com/DebscatsnquiltsFranklin or her web site at www.Debscatsnquilts.com. You can also view the videos on the Creative Grids USA Facebook page or the Creative Grids USA website.

Dickson - Tennessee

Mom Made it Look So Easy

To say that I was deluded into a false sense of competence as a child would be an understatement. Yes, I was a very delusional child who grew up thinking that being an adult, and therefore a parent, was a piece of cake compared to being a child. Besides, how hard could being an adult be when you got to do whatever you wanted to do whenever you wanted to do it, not to mention having such a great child as myself with which to work?.

While my room might not have been the cleanest on the planet, actually, not even in our house, which only had six rooms, seven if you count the enclosed back porch where we entered and where the washer and dryer sat, I was always mindful of my behaviour because I didn't want folks to think that I hadn't been raised properly and look upon my parents as imbeciles who didn't know how to grow children. Worse still was the fear that my beloved grandparents' skills for rearing children would also be called into question. Back when I was a child, adults did not look upon a child's antics as cute or as an expression of their inner self. They looked at the child's behaviour as an extension of the adults influence in their life. If the child behaved badly it was more often than not thought that it was because the parents and/or grandparents, aunts and uncles, had not taken the time to teach the child better as to what was acceptable and unacceptable behaviour. For instance, we were allowed to run around and scream and holler to our heart's content while playing outside, but never ever would we have thought to do the same in a public place such as school, a retail store, or restaurant. And heaven forbid that we act up in church! It wasn't God we had to worry about disciplining us if we acted up in church; it was mom, grandma, or grandpa depending on who got to us first.

Not until we were blessed with children of our own, the ones we were told we'd never be able to have, did I realize how difficult being a parent really was. Who'd of thought it?! How could that be so?! Mom made it look so easy! There were always clean clothes, always food on the table, and always a new pair of shoes, a new dress, and a new hat for Easter. It was a given that I'd also get a new pair of shoes when school started. Granted, they had to last me the whole school year, but that was no problem because I was taught to take care of my shoes and only wear them to school. When I came home they were to be taken off, and I either went barefooted or put my play shoes on depending on the time of year or the weather. Same with my school clothes. When I came home they were replaced by play clothes so my good clothes could last out the whole school year. While it might be hard to believe, I actually made it through my whole senior year of high school with just two pair of jeans which I even ended up wearing during my first year of college.

What a pampered child I was. I was pretty much able to do all the things I wanted to do just by asking. This included the required quarter to see the special show at school or the dollar or two that it cost to go on the yearly field trip. It also included the money to buy the hot dog and cupcake sold by the PTA one day a week to give us a break from our sack lunch that we had to take every day while the new cafeteria was being built. The building of which took two or three years by the way. To this day I cannot understand why they tore the old one down before the new one was built, but I digress. Even more impressive than the bottomless purse for every day occurrences was Christmas time. I had no clue really as to the planning and sacrifice involved throughout the year in order to make things just magically appear under the tree. The summer vacation to the beach that I took for granted as always happening must have cost my parents a small fortune. Shame on me for pitching a fit one year when we couldn't go. I did manage to make it to 4-H Camp that beachless year though, and each summer in fact, again free of charge to me because mom had saved money and paid for it all. I know about the finances involved now though because we've not been able to take our children to the beach each summer as they've grown up. We spent their vacation money throughout the year on gymnastics training, dance classes, and music lessons instead.

Oh, yes. I can't forget about the trumpet that she had to buy when I was in the fifth grade so I could join the band. That was in addition to paying for my weekly piano lesson. When I wanted a new trumpet later on in high school because someone else had just gotten a silver Bach Stradivarius, I didn't understand why, nor was I at all happy about the fact, that I couldn't have one. I mean, good grief! It was ooonly \$500. I do still have my old trumpet by the way, and it is one of my greatest treasures now. Then there was band camp every summer from the eighth grade on. And I can't forget the trip to Maine my sophomore year in college to visit a gentleman and his wife with whom I'd been corresponding for several years. It was my first time to fly and I went all by myself and didn't think once about how much that plane ticket must have cost. I've always believed that the trip was to make up for not getting to go to Jamaica with a young girl who was from there that I'd met in college my freshman year. We had become friends, and she'd invited me to come home with her to visit, and Mom wasn't at all happy with that idea. So what if I was only 17. Josette was a very nice young lady, and I'm sure her family was equally nice. I totally get it now though, now that I'm a parent and on the other end of saying "no" instead of having to seemingly always hear it being said to me. Now I better understand the need to protect naive young girls from themselves and their inability to believe that any harm could ever come to them, be they close to home or far away.

Yes, Mom made everything look so easy when I was growing up, except maybe house cleaning. Never mind that she drove an hour one way to the school where she taught each day. Or that she spent all of Saturday morning washing clothes and hanging them out on the line, cleaning the house, ironing, etc. before going to town to take care of the shopping with her mom, and me if I was lucky. If I was unlucky I had to stay home and babysit my little sister, who at the time was a real brat. She's gotten somewhat better over the years, but I wasn't at all happy about being left out of a Saturday shopping trip or alone with her.

Before you get the impression that I was a lazy kid who just expected everything to be handed to me, I did have my chores that had to be done, and if they were not done in a timely manner there were consequences to my choosing to ignore the doing of said chores, for which I never received any allowance by the way. Mom, and I guess Dad too, had the strange notion that children should be willing to work around their home and for their family for no other reason than the fact that it was their home, of which they should be proud and thankful, and family was after all, family. You don't charge family members for doing things for them. Given that everything my sister and I needed was provided free of charge, there was no need for an allowance really. Besides, had I been given an allowance we might not have gotten to go to the beach, and I'd much rather Mom manage that extra little bit so we could have our August beach trip.

Maybe managing money was what mom did so well which is why everything seemed so easy. Alas, it's not a trait that I can say I inherited or a skill that I learned well enough from her. I did learn how to work though, and I did manage to save enough money to pay for my sophomore year in college, at a private college no less, which wasn't cheap back then. Maybe I was a better student in the College of Mom than I give myself credit for.

Letting go of her children also seemed easy for mom, or so I imagined, but then I wasn't there to see what she went through when I left home. She still had my little sister at home, who's almost six years younger than I am, so she still had someone to take care of besides Dad. I know it pained her when I announced that I was getting married. I'd earned a two-year degree but not a four-year

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degree, and I know she wanted me to have that four-year degree before even thinking about getting married, if then. Knowing what I know now, I'm pretty sure that at that point in time, being a parent wasn't easy for mom. Foolish, young, idealistic, headstrong thing that I was couldn't see that at the time though because I was in love, we were perfect for each other, he would take care of me, and we would live happily ever after. I didn't need that four-year degree to be a wife and mother. Of course, I see why she was upset with my decision much more clearly now, especially since that idealistic life I thought would be wasn't. Hindsight is 20/20 after all.

My sister and I have talked recently about how mom handled our leaving home. She too realizes that she hurt mom more than she ever meant to, and since mom passed away in 1999 after struggling several years with MS, neither of us have the luxury of telling her how sorry we are for being such painful children. Oddly enough, she never let our growing pains show on her face or in her manner. I guess that's why I always thought that being an adult was so much easier than being a child.

As they say, what comes around goes around, so I had to laugh when my oldest daughter told me she couldn't wait to become an adult so she could do what she wanted to do all the time. She was probably 13 when she said it. I just looked at her and asked if she really thought that I got to do just what I wanted to do all the time. Of course her answer was yes. Isn't it interesting how what children perceive as fact is usually fiction? I proceeded to try and enlighten her about being an adult and how all the things that had to be done to keep a household running wasn't my idea of having fun and how oftentimes they were done while she was in bed asleep so she wasn't getting the whole picture of what being an adult really involved. I told her that if I were able to do what I wanted to do it wouldn't include washing dishes or clothes, going grocery shopping or cooking, nor would it include making a 50 minute drive one way every day so that she or her siblings could have fun with other children their age dancing and/or doing gymnastics. I'd be reading a book while lying on the beach, or creating something artsy if I were able to do exactly what I wanted to do rather than what needed to be done. Looking back, I guess maybe I was making being an adult look easy to her just as my mom had done with me. Funny how history repeats itself sometimes.

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From the Recipe Box:
Easy Pasta Salad

Ingredients:
1 box pasta (elbow macaroni or medium shells work best)
1-1 1/2 cups Italian dressing (to taste)
2-3 carrots, chopped fine
1 large yellow onion, chopped fine
2.25 oz sliced black olives

Cook pasta according to the directions on the box, drain, and let cool.
Add dressing, carrots, onion, and olives.
Chill for at least an hour and serve.

Fayetteville - Tennessee



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4th of July Word Scramble

Unscramble the words. Key is below.

- | | | |
|-----------|-------------|--|
| 1. _____ | hreagburm | a round patty of ground beef, fried or grilled |
| 2. _____ | otohdg | a sausage served in a sliced bun |
| 3. _____ | odefmre | the power or right to act, speak, or think as one wants without hindrance or restraint |
| 4. _____ | ioyrsth | the study of past events, particularly in human affairs |
| 5. _____ | nkig | the male ruler of an independent state |
| 6. _____ | rtbcinleoa | the act of observing a day or an event with ceremonies: commemoration , observance |
| 7. _____ | gfal | a piece of cloth or similar material, typically oblong or square, attachable by one edge to a pole or rope |
| 8. _____ | nceiednpsde | thinking or acting for oneself |
| 9. _____ | icicnp | an outing or occasion that involves taking a packed meal to be eaten outdoors |
| 10. _____ | sncoloei | a group of people who leave their native country to form in a new land a settlement subject to, or connected with, the parent nation |
| 11. _____ | agndeln | a country making up the southern part of the island of Great Britain |
| 12. _____ | tmtoisrpi | love of country and willingness to sacrifice for it |
| 13. _____ | taerytap | a social gathering in the afternoon at which tea, cakes, and other light refreshments are served |
| 14. _____ | xeast | a compulsory contribution to state revenue, levied by the government |
| 15. _____ | ekrfrwosi | a combustible or explosive device for producing a striking display of light or a loud noise |
| 16. _____ | lahydoi | a day of festivity or recreation when no work is done |
| 17. _____ | rcbaebue | A meal or gathering at which meat, fish, or other food is cooked out of doors on a rack over an open fire or on a portable grill |
| 18. _____ | cemriaa | used as a name for the United States |
| 19. _____ | dpear | A public procession, esp. one celebrating a special day or event and including marching bands and floats |
| 20. _____ | dcecyroam | a system of government by the whole population or all the eligible members of a state, typically through elected representatives |

1. hamburger, 2. hotdog, 3. freedom, 4. history, 5. king, 6. celebration, 7. flag, 8. independence, 9. picnic, 10. colonies, 11. england, 12. patriotism, 13. teaparty, 14. taxes, 15. fireworks, 16. holiday, 17. barbecue, 18. america, 19. parade, 20. democracy

Road Trip, Anyone?

by Marsha Boes

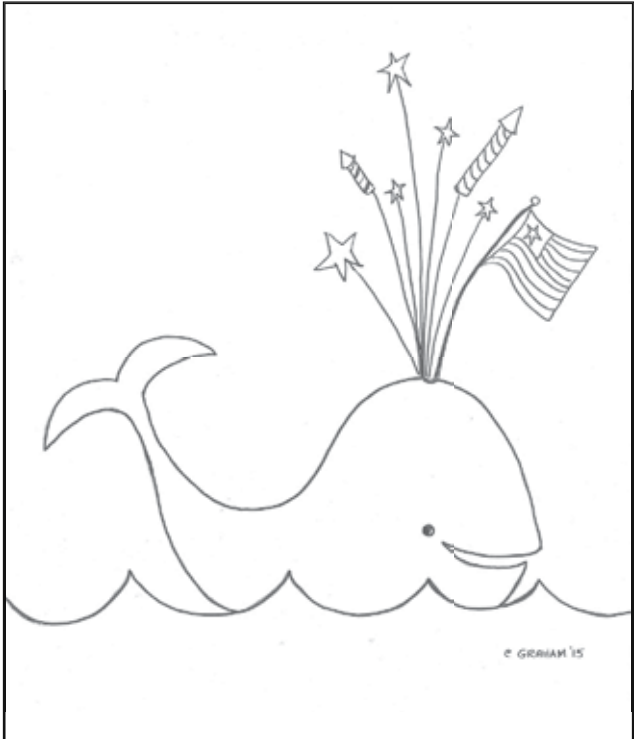
Have you ever gathered a few quilting friends together and taken a quilting road trip? Several of us did this recently and had such a wonderful time visiting quilt shops and having lunch that I thought it would be fun to share some ideas that seemed to work for us:

- Find out where the quilt shops are located within a day's drive from your town. The Country Register is a great guide for shops.
- Come up with a date and how much time everyone can commit to the trip. Once the time commitment is determined, the route can be established. We had 5 ½ hours and were able to visit four shops plus enjoy lunch. As the leader/driver, I tried to find a balance between being a "taskmaster" and allowing all the time we needed to see everything. I did have a fifth shop in mind to visit just in case time allowed, but it wasn't a matter of reaching a goal of visiting a certain number of shops, but rather enjoying the ones we could get to on our trip.
- Once you have a date and a route, you can find out which of those shops will be open on that date. Many of our area shops are closed on Sunday, for instance.
- It's important to know when the shops are open each day, so you can determine the route and not arrive too early or too late.
- If you will be eating at a restaurant, it's important to have an idea which city you will visit near a mealtime. The Internet can be an asset or you can call the shop and ask if they have a recommendation. If there are any dietary restrictions among those in your group, be sure to choose a place that accommodates those needs.
- A few days before the road trip, it's a good idea to contact everyone with a reminder of the time and location where you will meet before taking off for the day.
- Bottled water and light snacks are nice to have available but not necessary.
- If the quilt shops you plan to visit have a website, check to see if they have any special sales or coupons on the date you will be there. If there are specials that require a coupon, make a photocopy for each friend to have available.

This road trip with friends who share a love of quilting was enjoyable for all of us in part because we visited shops and a restaurant that were new to us. We were able to help each other make choices in our fabric selection, and the time in between each stop let us to get to know each other in a whole new way. It was a delightful day! We found all four quilt shops we visited in The Country Register.

A quilter since the early 1970s, Marsha Boes is from Salem, OR. Her first quilts were gifts for her mom and mother-in-law and she had her children use fabric crayons to draw some pictures that she transferred to fabric squares and made quilts for Christmas presents. The majority of the quilts she makes today are quilt-as-you-go method and she and her friends donate 5 to 7 quilts each month to charities in the Salem area. Since retiring a year ago, Marsha has more time for other things she also enjoys, including sewing, crocheting/knitting, reading and spending as much time as possible with her 8 grandchildren. When her husband of 47 years retires in June, the couple hopes to travel and do volunteer work. Marsha says, "Thanks to The Country Register, I have begun a list of all the quilt stores we will visit and during our travels, I plan to look them up."

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Meet the Cover Artist:

Diane Kater



Diane (Arthurs) Kater began her artistic journey at a very early age, drawing and coloring her way through childhood. Continuing into a more learned environment, she participated in a commercial art program in high school and then onto art school where she graduated with an associate's degree in advertising and design. She worked in the commercial field as an art director of an advertising agency until she branched out onto her own and specialized in graphic design.

In 1991, she met Judy VonStein of Imaginating, Inc. and ventured into a needlework designer, designing cross-stitch and quilt patterns. Her painting talents led her to her current agent, Penny Lane Publishing.

Today, she produces a range of interchangeably styled still-life paintings in acrylic medium. A "country-esque" theme shadows over much of her work as she captures the essence of home. Diane's paintings are soft and comfortable. She believes country is homemade and hand-made, but most of all provides a feeling of comfort that she wishes to draw her viewer into.

To view Diane's art prints, go to:

www.PennyLanePublishing.com or call Penny Lane Publishing at 800-273-5263 for more information.

'The Lady'

by Susan Salisbury Springer

My husband and I were invited to a dinner party in New Jersey where everyone, except us, had emigrated in the 1950s from Hungary to escape communism. The feast was set, the mood was jovial and the chatter was in both Hungarian and then quickly back to English to include us in the conversations.

One by one, each told a story about emigrating from Hungary during trying times of war and persecution. Our hostess told of being a pre-med student at a university who was denied entry into medical school because she would not join the communist party. She decided to forego medicine and went into teaching rather than succumb to the pressure to embrace an ideology she found offensive.

Now, thirty years later, everyone present had become a United States citizen and had a special story about first seeing "The Lady." I guess my husband and I were reminders of when they came to this new and strange land. They started reminiscing about their arrivals and the various ports they entered—seeing "Her" from afar by sea and air. All had left friends and family behind and had visions of a brighter future. The Lady symbolized hope-filled new beginnings. The paths they walked here were never easy ones, as we were so graphically told that day.

After stuffing ourselves, we settled back to enjoy a huge bowl of fruit and nuts. The focus turned to us, the newcomers from the West Coast. Emma said in a heavy Hungarian accent, "What do you (both) think of The Lady?"

Since my husband and I were the only native born citizens at the table, I imagine the group thought we would have quite a lot to say about The Lady and they leaned forward in their chairs to hear. We sputtered and mumbled something about it being a nice statue. Later, I was ashamed that I did not give my liberty and The Lady a lot of thought prior to this. I was humbled and thankful to be reminded by grateful immigrants that my inheritance was not to be taken lightly.

The next time my husband and I had the opportunity to visit The Lady, we reminded ourselves of the stories of our new friends as we climbed the winding steps to the top of the Statue of Liberty's crown. As I looked out through the crown's windows over New York harbor and thought about those coming from oppressed lands, I was again reminded of what The Lady symbolizes. I recalled how choked up the people got when they talked about her. It brought me to my knees. "Lord, let me never forget my heritage of liberty in this land and the price that many still pay. Thank you for these grateful people who have reminded me of this great inheritance."

Susan Salisbury Springer is a home economist with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Family & Consumer Sciences. Copyright 2015 by Susan S. Springer. All rights reserved. Used by permission. Contact Ms. Springer at ssspringer@consultant.com

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HAPPY 4TH OF JULY!

Quilting with Barbara

Serendipity: making happy and unexpected discoveries by accident
[Oxford English Reference Dictionary]

What part does serendipity – some would say luck – play in everyday life? Well, let me tell you...

Two or three days before we were to leave on our four-day drive to attend the Machine Quilters Showcase annual event in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, my sister-in-law phoned to tell me the spring issue of Quilt Sampler (Better Homes and Gardens) was on newsstands. There weren't any featured shops on our direct route, but – for the first time ever – there was an insert titled "Quilt Sampler Passport; Twenty Years of Quilt Sampler Shops" which listed, with addresses, shops still in business that had been featured in the publication over the last twenty years. These featured shops are the crème de la crème of each year's complement of shops in the U.S. and Canada. The list was even sorted by region, a big help for Canadians like me who aren't sure where every state is located – there seem to be so many!

A number of the shops listed on this "passport" were on our route after all. Serendipity!

Upon walking into the first of these establishments, the Quilt Connection Etc. in Rapid City, South Dakota, the first objects to catch my eye were panels based on two of Vincent van Gogh's flower paintings which we have seen, admired and coveted in Europe, one in the Musée d'Orsay in Paris. Now, as soon as I make it, we can have our very own version in fabric rather than oils. Serendipity!

While we were in Rapid City we found that seldom-seen relatives lived within a few miles, and that their schedule and ours would mesh long enough to allow a visit and lunch. Serendipity!

At one point on our way home through Montana we needed to stop for gas. As we slowed down entering the town of Glasgow, out of the corner of my eye I spied a sign reading Plaid Quilt Shop. Serendipity! It was only fifteen minutes until closing time, and we had strict time limitations, but who can resist fate? On one of the counters lay three bolts of a beautiful mostly-blue batik which had arrived at the store only that morning – not an uncommon occurrence at a quilt store. However, I was soon informed that this fabric had been designed by the owner of the store, it featured a local theme, and it would be available for purchase only at that store for the foreseeable future. And I was right there. And now I have some. Double serendipity!

Have a serendipitous summer.

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

GIRLFRIEND WISDOM



"A wise old owl lived in an oak
The more he saw, the less he spoke.
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be more like that bird?"

This revised nursery rhyme from 1875 is the origin to a common saying, "Wise as an old Owl". In our everyday language an age old saying might pop up. We know basically what they mean, but it is interesting to research their origins, and very easy with the computers we use today. How many times have you said,

A little birdie told me?

The origin of that saying is from the Bible, Ecclesiastes 10:20, "Do not revile the king even in your thoughts, or curse the rich in your bedroom, because a bird of the air may carry your words, and a bird on the wing may report what you say".

GIRLFRIEND WISDOM:

Let's take a lesson from age old wisdom and proven by time.
May we listen more when a friend speaks,
and may we be mindful of our words when we do speak.

Joy & Blessings,

Jody

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Corbin - Kentucky

Pieces From My Heart
by Jan Keller
Grandma's Letter



Dear Gabe and Garrett,

With your driver's license in hand, and as a new world of choices begins to open to you, there are things I want you to consider.

You are surrounded by a family that loves you, loves our country, and loves God; and because you share these same loyalties, you have inherited dual citizenship—you are a citizen of God's kingdom, and a citizen of the United States of America. Under God, it is our responsibility to live free and to do right—which means we are to work and pray and struggle to finish the yet unfinished and continuing American Revolution.

Americans enjoy greater freedom than ever before afforded in the history of the world. The Declaration of Independence proclaimed for the very first time that ALL men are created equal and possess natural inalienable rights bestowed by our Creator. This document was a declaration of independence from tyranny and a declaration of dependence upon God.

Our fledgling nation grew, prospered and ultimately became exceptional—and I charge you to be proud of our exceptionalism and continue to live a life that supports our system of capitalism and free-enterprise. Rather than being lackadaisical, you've worked on our ranch, blistered your hands digging post holes for menial pay—and know the pride that comes from personal accomplishment.

Because my times of greatest joy are when I extend a hand up to others, as you begin to determine a direction for the rest of your life, I encourage you to maintain a demeanor of service and benevolence. When you pay taxes, the money funds various government programs and services and is out of your oversight; so when you choose to give of your time, talents or resources, involve yourself to be certain an organization is worthy; and develop a relationship with the people you help.


My challenge and call to action for you is to know the joy of generosity, live uprightly, serve compassionately, and avoid any personal behavior which might stain or blemish your character and soul—or that of our great nation.

Always know that I love you and am proud of you!


Grandma

© 2015 Jan Keller. No reprint without permission. Jan shares other pieces of her life in her books, *Pieces From My Crazy Quilt*, and *The Tie That Binds*. These books can be ordered by calling 719-749-9797, or writing: Black Sheep Books, 16755 Oak Brush Loop, Peyton, CO 80831

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Therein Lies the Magic
by Kerri Habben

Sometimes the memory climbs through time and I listen as a ball lands on a piece of wood.

My grandmother kept this ball, slightly smaller than a tennis ball and with swirls of color, on the bookshelf right beside the door to their breezeway. Most of the time the ball sat quite happily in the very corner of a lower shelf with a narrow piece of siding about ten inches long and four inches wide.

Sometimes I just bounced this ball in the breezeway, never in the house, since throwing a ball was for outside. Still, with the screens all around, playing there felt like I was still a little bit inside. I could feel like I was doing something slightly forbidden even though it was fully allowed.

Perhaps my grandmother knew that all along, and therein lies the magic.

I can feel the sweat prickling my skin and the respite from the heat of the sun. Who I see first, though, are the people with me: Poppy, my grandfather; Huba, my grandmother; and my great-aunt and great uncle, Aunt Wilma and Uncle Henry. All of these loving people lived directly across the street from us when I was growing up, so they were each an abiding influence upon me on a daily basis.

Anyway, there we all were in the breezeway, some sitting in folding lawn chairs. Huba and I stood on opposite ends of the room, each of our backs to a door. One door went to the driveway, the other to the back yard. Someone, usually Uncle Henry with his gentle precision, would place the piece of siding carefully in the center of the floor. The wood was a bit warped and rocked slightly back and forth.

Huba and I would throw the ball back and forth, which I know you figured out some paragraphs ago. But, of course, there is always more to a story than first meets the eye.

We each tried to hit the siding and then bounce it to the other person. Those watching would count how often we managed to do both, and sometimes we'd count how often the ball bounced in between us. We kept a mental tally, but somehow no one ever won or lost.

Looking back, I wonder if the adults enjoyed it as much as I did. Maybe they enjoyed it even more because, unlike a child, they knew the true value of a carefree moment.

Huba and Uncle Henry both had other, more important things to do than simply play with me. And Poppy and Aunt Wilma had larger concerns than the amount of times a ball struck a piece of siding. Both of the latter were either using a walker or in a wheelchair by then—Poppy from Parkinson's disease and Aunt Wilma from carotid artery blockage. Huba and Uncle Henry cared for them.

Every day, Huba changed their bed linens that were usually wet by morning. She remade the beds and laundered the sheets. She and Uncle Henry assisted Poppy and Aunt Wilma with washing and dressing. Huba did most of the cooking but Uncle Henry did some as well.

Somehow they found time for a child's fascination with a ball and a piece of siding. They gave her a summer memory she could carry with her through all the seasons ahead. A memory that endures with both young spirit and a wise philosophy.

Perhaps they knew that all along, and therein lies the magic.

Kerri Habben is a writer, photographer and historian living in Raleigh, NC. An avid crocheter and knitter, she learned these skills from her grandmother and mother. She donates many of her yarn creations to those in need. Kerri has gathered a decade of essays she is working to publish. She can be reached at elhserenade@earthlink.net.

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Random Acts

by Maranda K. Jones

At Home

"If you had heard me sing, you would not be asking me that question!" I smiled and replied honestly when the principal and superintendent asked if I would be interested in teaching music during my interview for the preschool director position. "All kidding aside, I would be happy to help wherever needed." That's what you do in a small school. That's what you do in life.

It has been almost fifteen years since my first teaching interview, when I was fully aware of how the young and inexperienced candidate nervously glanced at her skirt to make sure her slip was not showing. I was ready to teach and wanted a job. The principal and superintendent threw questions my way, and I swung at every one like I was up to bat with two outs and the game on the line.

"Would you be interested in teaching language arts?" "What about drama?" "Would you be willing to sponsor yearbook?" "How comfortable would you be teaching computer skills?" "How would you like to coach?" As most eager applicants, I gave ready and willing replies. Then they asked a question I could not answer as easily. "Who has had the most impact on your life?"

I knew the answer. I could not speak. The loss was new.

Mrs. Thisted.

I thought about my high school English teacher and yearbook advisor. I was in her room each morning and again when the bell dismissed school at three o' clock. I enjoyed every word we read for four years. Mrs. Thisted taught me the proper way to pronounce "forehead" and let me drive her Eclipse. We translated Beatles songs into Elizabethan English and learned Shakespeare. Oh, the Shakespeare! Mrs. Thisted spent summers in England with ol' William himself, or so she made it seem. She lived the magical life of a teacher.

Throughout high school, Mrs. Thisted was my mentor, guiding me in classes and closely following my academic career. We usually discussed goals and progress over lunch at the local restaurant. After graduation, we became closer friends and continued our lunch dates. One day I drove to her home on Inspiration Drive, an appropriately named street, determined to buy lunch now that I was in college. She would not hear of it. "As long as you are a student, I will pay for your lunch! I do not care if you are getting your doctorate." I did not argue with her. I knew that tone of voice in her New England accent all too well.

Mrs. Thisted had asked me to visit with the seniors about college. I had just transferred campuses and had just changed my major from journalism to business. I hardly felt qualified to talk to seniors, only three years younger. I felt inexperienced and wondered why I was doing this. Out of obligation, I supposed. I told the upcoming graduates about my tutoring job at the Writing Center on campus and how much I loved working with students. Then my mentor asked me to tell the class why I was a business major. I drew a blank. I saw Mrs. Thisted smile. I suddenly knew why I was there. I changed my major the very next day and returned to my high school love—English.

I enjoyed pursuing my new degree, but was worrying about passing the senior comprehensive exam. I once again turned to my trusty advisor for counsel. The response I got was life altering. The woman who had encouraged me to strive for high grades was now telling me that grades did not matter. She told me to spend more time with my family. She told me to spend more time with my boyfriend, and he might just turn into a husband.

"My husband has been my rock," reads the last letter I received from her. She lost her battle to cancer, but not before she shared these words of wisdom with me, her perpetual student. Life is not about straight A's and perfect test scores. Life is about people.

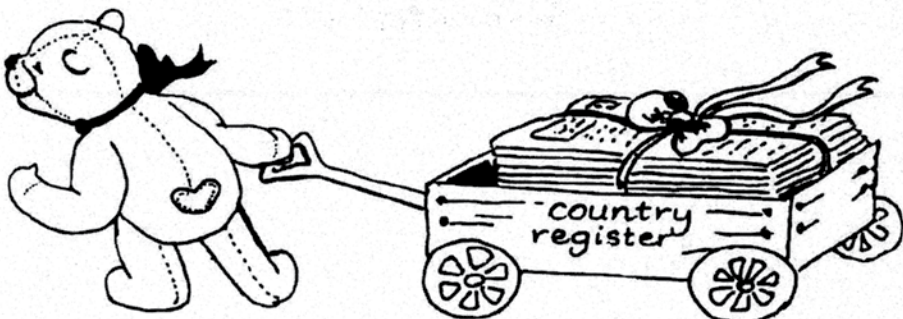
"Mrs. Thisted, my high school English teacher," I answered after what felt like an eternity. The words came more readily now. "She taught me more than just literature. She taught me about life and became my friend."

When I walked into my first classroom, I looked into the eyes of my students and felt at home. I have been at home, literally, with my children for the last few years. It feels like I am starting over again as I return to the classroom this fall. I hope to be half the teacher mine was, but I know that will be impossible. No one will fill her shoes, but I am happily following in her footsteps.

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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.



Clarkson - Kentucky

Piecing Life Together

by Barbara Polston
True Generosity

It is often said that quilters are generous givers. Ask a group of quilters to sew for a charity and you are bound to have an eager group of volunteers. Recently, this was reinforced for me in dramatic fashion.

It's a sad fact that children must sometimes be removed from their birth families and placed into foster care. This isn't because they are bad kids; the fault generally lies with their parents. Children are removed due to problems like parental substance abuse, domestic violence, maltreatment, neglect and more. Bless the families, whether strangers or kin, who step up to take these traumatized children into their homes and offer them loving care.

When children are removed, it's generally an emergency. There's no planning and packing as if they were going on an extended holiday. A few items are thrown into a large, black plastic garbage bag. Loved things, favorite things, are often left behind. Many of the children have nothing that they can truly call their own.

Last Saturday, a group of 24 volunteer sewers gathered at a local quilt shop to make quilt tops. The group completed 25 tops that will soon become finished quilts through the efforts of yet additional volunteers. These quilts will then find their way to foster children. The quilts will be theirs to keep and nothing wraps a child in a hug like a lovingly made quilt.

Sewers of all experience levels were welcome. What was most impressive was that we had two volunteers who, while interested in sewing, had never touched a sewing machine. They were successful in completing their projects and you should have seen the smiles on their faces! Holding up their completed tops for the admiration of the group, they cried, "Please take my picture!" Smart phones came out and photos were snapped.

How generous that these new sewers each left their first-ever quilt top to become a gift for a child who needed it more than they did. How generous that they were each happy to leave with a photo and a story to share with their family and friends.

Suze Orman says, "True generosity is an offering; given freely and out of pure love. No strings attached. No expectations. Time and love are the most valuable possessions you can share."

Thank a generous quilter for sharing her time and love. I just did.
Barbara Polston is the author of *Quilting with Doilies: Inspiration, Techniques, and Projects* (Schiffer Books, 2015) and an award-winning quiltmaker. You can see Barbara's quilts, join her on Facebook or book her class and lecture offerings at www.barbarapolston.com. She was inducted into Arizona Quilters Hall of Fame in 2013. Barbara, who has lived in Phoenix, Arizona, for almost 30 years, is calmly quilting in Studio Narnia. ©Barbara Polston, Phoenix, AZ, May 2015



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POTATO SALAD

Servers 10-12

Every family thinks their potato salad recipe is the BEST. I've put some really great but less traditional potato salad recipes in my books, but this is the one we ate at home. Old-fashioned, the mayo melts into the hot potatoes & eggs & makes bowl-licking de rigueur! If your family hasn't hooked up with a potato salad worth fighting for, try ours, which is. 

- 7 large Idaho potatoes
7 eggs
2 c. mayonnaise
1³/₄ c. minced red onion
3/4 c. sweet pickle relish

- 3-4 celery stalks, diced
1 tsp. celery seed
1/2 tsp. salt (or to taste)
lots of freshly ground
black pepper



Peel potatoes, halve them & drop them into a big pot of boiling water & cook till fork tender. Meanwhile, hard boil eggs. Peel them, put them in a big bowl & mash them with a potato masher to the chunkiness you like them to be. Drain potatoes, cut them into bite-sized pieces & add to bowl along with other ingredients ~ stir gently. Chill. ♡

From The Summer Book by Susan Branch

For more delicious summer recipes go to susanbranch.com