

Hello Spring!



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The Country Register began in Arizona, in the Fall of 1988, to provide effective, affordable advertising for shops, shows, and other experiences enjoyed by a kindred readership. Since then the paper has flourished and spread. Look for the paper in your travels.

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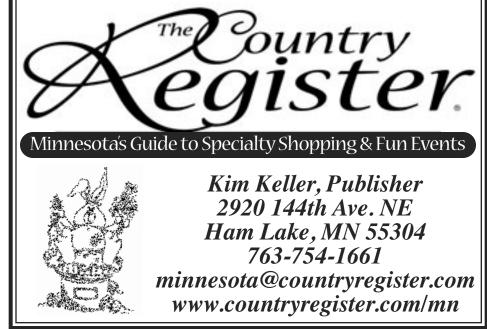
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Months March/April 2021

Volume 27 Number 2

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Deadline For the May/June 2021 Edition is April 10th!



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Each issue we give away a \$25 gift certificate to YOUR favorite shop! Just fill out the form below to entered in the drawing. (one per person please)

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And the Winner Is...

Lisa Tvedt of Red Lake Falls, MN won a \$ 25 gift certificate to Oklee Quilting Supply in Oklee, MN! Lisa says Oklee Quilting is her favorite shop because "they have a very friendly and helpful staff. They have a nice variety of fabric too!"

Clare Oliver of Duluth, MN, Nora Liepa of St. Paul, Mn and Jan Vallager of Crookston, MN all won a copy of the book, A Little Sweet Tea.

here and that their advertising dollars work!

Congratulations to all the winners!

Happy Easter!





City Listing

| • | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| Baxter8 | Menomonie, WI15 |
| Blue Earth20, 21 | New Richmond, WI15 |
| Cook6 | New Ulm17 |
| Cloquet7 | Oklee5 |
| Duluth6 | Owatonna16 |
| Eagan12 | Plainview13 |
| Eden Valley9 | Richmond10 |
| Ellsworth, IA24 | Sandstone7 |
| Elk River11 | Sherburn18,21 |
| Hutchinson10 | Waite Park10 |
| Kiester20,21 | Waseca16 |
| Kimball9 | Wells20,21 |
| Lake City14 | White Bear Lake12 |
| Lone Rock, IA24 | Windom21,22 |
| Luverne22 | Winona13 |
| Madelia18 | Worthington21,22 |
| | |

Special Events

| <u>March</u> |
|--|
| 1-31The Whole Country Caboodle Trunk Show - Quilted Dog - Cloquet |
| 20National Quilt Day - Gone To Pieces Quilt Shop - Kimball |
| 24-27Country Roads Shop Hop - Crafty Corner Quilt Shoppe - Worthington |
| 24-27Country Roads Shop Hop - Prairie Quilting - Windom |
| 24-27Country Roads Shop Hop - Quilter's Cottage - Kiester |
| 24-27Country Roads Shop Hop - Michele's Sewing - Blue Earth |
| 24-27Country Roads Shop Hop - Humbled Heart - Wells |
| 24-27Country Roads Shop Hop - Old Alley Quilt Shop - Sherburn |
| April |
| 1-30Annie's Trunk Show - Quilted Dog - Cloquet |
| 12-17Anniversary Celebration Week - Quilt Haven on Main - Hutchinson |
| 24-May1Spring Fling Crossing Borders Shop Hop - The Sewing Basket - Luverne |
| 24-May1Spring Fling Crossing Borders Shop Hop - Crafty Corner Quilt Shoppe - Worthington |
| 24-May1Spring Fling Crossing Borders Shop Hop - Prairie Quilting - Windom |
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Wake Up to A New Beginning

by Janet Young

By now the majority of people who made New Year's resolutions have discovered that while they had good intentions, somehow those good intentions began to wither away until the desire to carry out your wishful thinking dissolved, but, with the full intentions of renewing those goals again next year. But why wait?

With each passing day signs and evidence of a winter's thaw has begun and the earth begins to awaken after a long winter's nap. So, as the earth warms and the trees and flowers begin to bloom, why can't we begin anew our commitment to life-enhancing resolutions.

When a new year dawns there is much enthusiasm to make positive changes in our lives. Then when we fail, we think we have to wait for another new year to recommit again. Remember each morning when you wake up, it is the beginning of a new day. It is another chance to start anew and refuel your enthusiasm for whatever your goal might have been.

Perhaps your resolution didn't work out through no fault of your own. Perhaps the door was closed on an opportunity you thought you should have. Remember a lot of times when that happens, there are better things waiting around the corner for us. We just have to be patient, and push ahead.

Wake up each morning with a grateful heart. If you find the good in people and in things or circumstances, you will begin to think in a more positive stream of thought. And positivity begets a spirit of enthusiasm and a can-do attitude. Just remember to begin each new day by leaving yesterday's issues behind.

Perhaps with a new season, you will choose to make a commitment of another type. For example, you always wanted a beautiful flower garden. Now is the perfect time to get started on this project. Remember flowers are the gift that keep on giving. So, when the flowers begin to blossom and bloom, you can treat yourself to a beautiful bouquet of hand-picked flowers from your own garden. What is more rewarding than that?

Remember, being thankful for what you have, does not allow room for negative thinking. Thanking God that He has given you yet another day is a perfect way to start your day.

So, as we are reminded that each new day has a beginning and an ending, what will you accomplish this day that will further you along in reaching your re-committed resolutions?

-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.

Happy St. Patricks Day

Antiques Create Joy

by Dave Emigh

There are many reasons that people appreciate and/or love antiques. Antiques are functional, valuable, nostalgic and they can create great joy. In fact, when an antique comes into someone's life, it generally embodies a combination of these characteristics.

If you are open to 'listening,' antiques have stories to tell, especially as they rekindle memories of the past. We are fortunate to have 'inherited' several pieces of antique furniture from our families. In addition, my wife Jill and I also acquired a number of pieces early in our married life. Several pieces of our personal furniture and their stories come to mind immediately.



Our 'functional' one-hundred-plus-year-old round oak dining room table was a family piece. It came to us when my grandparents 'down-sized.' When we acquired the table, it was painted white with a black trim around the edge of the tabletop. The story is that they acquired it from someone who was using it as a 'picnic table' (because it had been damaged). We are not sure if it was painted white before it became a picnic table or after my grandparents brought it back indoors.

What we do know is that the white paint covered up some missing oak veneer on the curved, flared out table legs. Obviously the paint was hiding that damage. Rather than detract from the table, the missing veneer is part of the table's story. It is likely that veneer was worn away, day by day, when someone rested their feet on the legs.

Shortly after we were married, Jill spent a weekend stripping off all the white paint. Forty-plus years later, she says that even the finest oak dining table that we have ever had in our Shady Lawn Antiques shop would not bring her as much joy as that round table does.

The second piece is a country style oak buffet that we 'adopted' into our family. Well, we actually purchased it at an antique auction (with some wedding gift money). It seemed like a substantial piece of furniture would be with us a lot longer than any other wedding gift that we could imagine.

When we purchased the buffet, we were attending graduate school at Washington State University. Our apartment was a converted WWII army barracks building that served as married student housing. The apartment walls were thin, with no insulation, and the unit had a heater that you had to turn up and down manually.

After we had moved the buffet into the apartment, I decided to replace a cracked piece of glass in one of its doors. So, I carefully pulled out the small brads that were holding in the glass. I placed a new piece of glass in the door and tapped the brads into the existing holes. That night, I was very satisfied with my restoration effort.

The next morning was a different story. The apartment was chilly and as it began to warm up, we heard a sharp ting/ping sound. We discovered that as the cold glass had begun to warm up it cracked in exactly the same place.

It was then obvious that one of the brads was causing pressure on the glass. That brad and the change in temperature caused the glass to crack. More than forty years later we have never replaced that cracked glass—we just tell everyone the story.

We originally thought about the buffet as a wedding gift and by extension as a family piece. Even though we adopted/purchased the buffet, it has now become a true family piece especially to our children. It has been in our family their entire lives.

One time, at least 120 years ago, these pieces were new. I cannot even image how excited their original owners were to have a brand-new piece of furniture. Those stories are lost to time.

The stories that are not lost are the ones that we tell about the 'inherited' table and the 'adopted' buffet. They have both brought us great joy!

Dave Emigh, and his wife Jill are the owners of Shady Lawn Antiques in Walla Walla, WA, perfectly located in the 1870s wood-frame creamery buildings that Dave's great-grandfather purchased in 1897. A professionally trained woodworker, Dave and his son Nick specialize in the restoration of oak furniture. Shady Lawn, in its 27th year, has become a regional destination for oak furniture and is also known for a well-curated display of country, rustic and rare and unique "small" antiques. Glimpses of the ever-changing Shady Lawn inventory can be seen on Facebook and at www.shadylawnantiques.com.

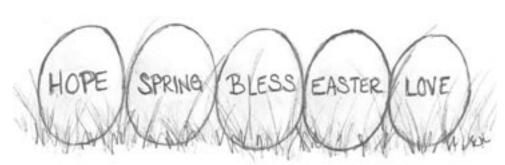
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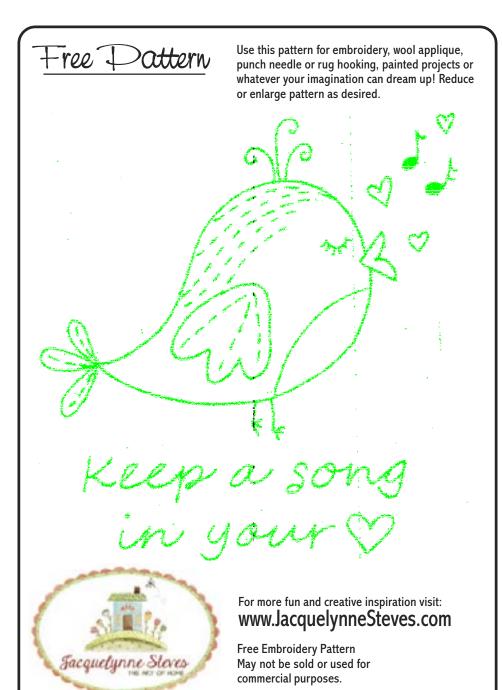


Submitted by Irene Thompson, La Junta, CO

- 4 cups boiling water
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 stick of margarine
- 2 1/2 cups King Arthur flour
- 1 cup half & half
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- 4 cups potato buds or flakes

In a pan, bring water, half & half, salt, sugar and margarine to a boil. While mixture is still hot, mix in the potato buds or flakes. Cool overnight. In the morning add flour and cool again. Roll into 2 1/2" balls, making approximately 10" rounds. Use lefsa grill to cook the rounds. A very good Norwegian tradition at Thanksgiving or Christmas.





Oklee

Pieces From My Heart



by Jan Keller

A Lifetime



I remember reading in school about some great historical figure who immigrated to this country and spent a lifetime seeking a fortune.

I remember reading about another famous person who spent a lifetime focusing all of their available energy and devotion doing good deeds.

So when I was a child of ten, I thought a lifetime meant the length of time and the number of years from birth until death. That the value of a life was measured by the important events of benevolent actions that occurred during those years. That the valuable lives, the ones that really count or matter, are those found in the dusty volumes on library shelves.

When I became twenty, because I was impatient to get on with life, most of my days simply slipped by—unnoticed. I eagerly and anxiously reached out for my tomorrows as I tried to catch a glimpse of what my lifetime might bring or where it could lead.

By my thirtieth year, I found my life had brought me pain—but mingled in had also been an immeasurable allotment of the various joys I'd found and experienced thus far along the way.

Life had been kind to me.

It had not left me untouched.

A part of me thought I had experienced it all—and yet I kept pushing forward. As I pressed onward, I was restless for whatever would most surely be waiting around the next corner, or for tomorrow's unknown dawning.

Now, in my seventies—by touching, and tasting and smelling, and hearing, and seeing—I can savor the myriad of goodness life has to offer to all who pause long enough to notice and enjoy it.

One day a friend and I sat by the lake and allowed the calm waters to transcend and quiet the stress from an otherwise busy day. While sharing thoughts and bologna sandwiches, we counted the laps of a runner who circled round and around the lake's edge. In between the runner's rounds we talked, listened, discovered, laughed, and lived. Then, when the hour of sharing in the sun had ended, every crumb was gathered up as a memento and the memory was carefully tucked away for safe-keeping.

When I was ten, how could I have known that a lifetime and living have nothing to do with years . . . only with time?

How could I have known that value isn't measured by important things that happen . . . unless sharing thoughts and bologna sandwiches count as important?

A lifetime?

You can spend one in an hour if you spend it with a friend.

©2021 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, 11250 Glen Canyon Drive, Peyton, CO 80831

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Become Inspired

by Annice Bradley Rockwell

A Certain Magical Moment

There is indeed a hopefulness that we instinctively feel as our hours of daylight begin to lengthen reminding us that the season of spring awaits us just around the corner. The rugged months of winter are safely behind us and Mother Nature rewards us for our hardiness with a promise of warmer days. In a certain magical moment, usually on a bright March day, we sense a change in the air, brought to us in a fleeting glimpse that we have awaited all winter.



Blessing of Renewal

The once snow-blanketed ground is slowly transformed by the sun and softens under our feet as we make our way to our back yard to clear twigs and debris from winter's wrath. The welcomed scent or warmed earth and a mild breeze makes the chore of yardwork a country blessing, for all around us we suddenly see hints of glorious spring. Soft, green fronds peek out from our landscape. Sweet birds begin to sing a soft song of spring and the sunlight that had to work so hard to melt the drifts of snow shines down on us now to bring new life to all that we see. And this blessing of renewal that gets stronger with each day, seems to reach within us as if to say, "Now is your chance to start anew," and

we are inspired. Almost suddenly we are awakened by all of those carefully planned ideas that came to us over the course of winter and we now have the energy to carry them out. Perhaps new garden beds or a small, snug country coop in which to raise a flock of chicks were our secret wishes for spring. Simple and happy projects that remind us of earlier times can now be carried out.

Joyful Tasks of Spring

These joyful tasks of spring return us to feelings of self-reliance, when after a hard-day's work we look upon our efforts and feel truly fulfilled. And a spring moves forward and we see our little flock of chicks grow right before our eyes we feel blessed for having a chance to share in the miracle of spring. Our garden beds that we nurture in these early spring months also hold great potential. Within them we will produce a bountiful harvest or a beautiful backdrop of flowering, hardy herbs. When we take part in the power of spring to transform, we are rewarded with an energy that is both purposeful and strong. By taking nature's hand through the journey of spring, we are somehow made better and we are now deeply connected to the wonder of renewal.

Annice Bradley Rockwell is an educator and owner of Pomfret Antiques. She is currently working on her book, New England Girl. NewEnglandGirl2012@hotmail.com

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(Answer on page 19 of this issue)



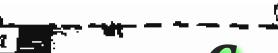


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Cloquet • Sandstone





Ann's Lovin' You

by Ann Stewart

To be Fair and Good

"When you get a puppy, nobody tells you about that day," my daughter said, petting her beloved English Shepherd, as we reminisced about the dog that had "raised" my girls.

Almost sixteen years before, our tri-color puppy flew from Arkansas to our farm in Virginia. Unbeknownst to kindergartner Julia and second grader Christine, our airport run was a puppy pickup.

Arriving home to Skye Moor farm after the warm June rainstorm, our doe-eyed pup sat at the end of the rainbow, a prophetic pot of gold. And yet, like any teething puppy, she left her mark on the piano

bench legs, window ledges, and one apple tree in the front yard that she continually threatened to unearth. And yet, the biggest mark she left was on our hearts.

Bonnie Girl was the perfect playmate for our two daughters who dressed and undressed her plenty, in hats for every season. She loved the snow, playing catch with the snowball and digging in the snow to find it. She helped pick out our annual Christmas tree and she even tried sledding down the pasture with us (once).

She lived up to her name, Bonnie, meaning "fair and good." Due to her calm disposition, she played Sandy in Annie, and Toto in Wizard of Oz. Onstage, Bonnie even perked up when the farmhand would say, "Why don't you try counting sheep? and barked in time to "Ding Dong the Witch is Dead," while munchkins danced around her, nearly stepping on her paws. Bonnie wore her sneaky Winkie cape costume well as she was chased by the witch with special effects that could scare any other less tolerant Toto.

Twice during her run of performances, she snuck into the audience for some love and attention. Though I might have been a stage mom, Bonnie was no spoiled diva. In the final scene and curtain call, she pulled stage left where Uncle Henry (aka my husband) awaited. She, too, believed, "There's no place like home."

Home on the farm suited her far better than the stage. When our sheep strayed beyond our fence line, Bonnie hopped in the car, we drove down the road, and she'd jump out, streaking toward the errant ewes until they ducked back under the electric fencing. Slowly she'd turn, strutting back, her head held high. Such elegance. With her white ruff, thick black coat and brown eyebrows, she was such a pretty girl that a photo Julia took of her even made the English Shepherd calendar.

At age three, Bonnie gave birth to eight puppies. My then third-grade daughter Julia exclaimed, "This is way better than Disney World!" What fun to have a whelping pen in the basement, the constant play with her pups, and the perfect show and tell at school. Then when prospective puppy owners arrived, Bonnie greeted them sweetly, selling her pooches before the strangers came in the door. Her "Meet and Greet" included knowing exactly when to meet Christine at the edge of our driveway when she came home from school.



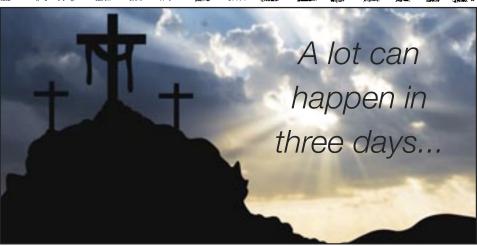
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Bonnie's presence was always a source of reassurance. Before Christine could open the acceptance/rejection letter from her favorite university, Christine called Bonnie to her side, needing her comfort if the news was bad. Which it wasn't, except maybe for Bonnie.

When Christine packed the car for college, what made us cry was seeing Christine tell her dog good bye. Bonnie would return to Christine's bedroom and wait for her. Then I hoped Christine would have four years of Nursing School uninterrupted by sad loss. Indeed, at Christine's UVA graduation, Bonnie graced the balloon Christine carried.

Christine and Julia grew up with Bonnie, and she grew old. Bonnie still loved laying in the sun, her feet in the air, but she spent less time herding and running, and more time sleeping. She moved to various sites throughout the day, observing new perspectives on her farm. Jumping in the car or climbing upstairs became an impossibility. As her sight dimmed, her sense of smell and taste took over, finding the cat's food and English muffins wherever they were hiding. Fireworks, gunshots, thunder, and the lawnmower no longer alarmed her. Arthritic limbs made getting up and down a struggle. And still she kept smiling.

Seeing her age made me contemplate my own mortality. How would it be when my senses were dimmed, and I would struggle to get up the steps? I hoped that I, too, would be adored and forgiven for the things I could no longer do. It made me realize the importance of being fair and good and how appreciated is a sweet spirit.

When "that day" arrived, I didn't realize I could weep so hard but how shared grief connected our family in a new and deeper way.

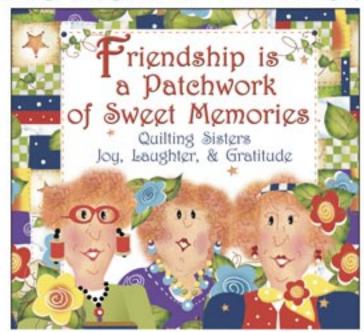
I've named a dog in my next novel Bonnie and we will plant a tree in memory for her in the middle of the sheep corral, though we need no physical reminder of her. After all, she has infiltrated every room in our house and property with memories that will make us smile in thankful remembrance.

Bonnie had a good life on Skye Moor Farm, but we were truly the lucky ones. Now somewhere over the rainbow, is a fair and good English Shepherd. She watches and waits at the end of the driveway for our arrival home.

© 2021 "Bonnie" will appear in OUT OF THE WATER to be published this September 2021.

Baxter

GIRLFRIEND WISDOM



It might be quilting - gardening - walking buddies - sisters or neighbors, finding a common activity builds memories. Sweet Memories are treasures in our lives. They bring such joy and laughter to our storytelling as we share with one another. Sharing brings them back to life anytime we choose. Dr. Seuss is quoted as saying,

Sometimes you will never know the value of a moment until it becomes a memory.

A moment lasts all of a second - but memories live on forever! GIRLFRIEND WISDOM:

Strive to create more memories in the moments of your day!

Joy & Blessings, Od

Girlfriend Wisdom is written by Jody Houghton®. For color files of this writing contact Jody at: jodyhoughton®msn.com or www.JodyHoughtonDesigns.etsy.com



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Starting Your Garden in the Spring



1. Citrus-Rind Seed Starters: Grapefruit, oranges and other citrus rinds are the perfect size for starting new seeds! Poke a small hole in the bottom to aid in drainage. Add some moist seed-starting mix soil and some seeds. When it's time to move them outside, plant the whole thing into the ground! Make sure to use these only for acid loving plants though as the rinds are acidic. Plants like radishes and peppers will be perfect!

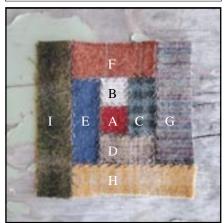


2. Micro Greenhouse: Create your own green house for each plant with a 2-liter bottle. Remove the labels and cut the bottom off the bottle. Place over each plant. Remove the greenhouses once the seeds have germinated and roots have taken hold.



3. Cardboard Seed Tubes: Save your toilet paper and paper towel tubes. Cut the tubes into 2 inch lengths and put them in a water proof container. Fill the tubes with your seed-starting mix soil and plant your seeds. When the seedlings are ready to move to the garden, plant them right in with the cardboard tube and all! The cardboard will decompose!

5" Pincushion or Mug Rug



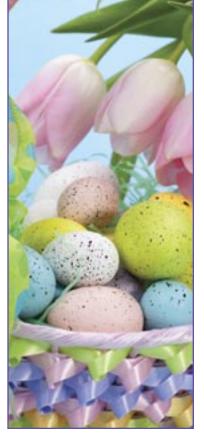




| Cut Wool Strips as follows | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------|--|
| A - Center | 1" x 1" | |
| В | 1" x 1" | |
| С | 1" x 2" | |
| D | 1" x 2" | |
| E | 1" x 3" | |
| F | 1 1/4" x 3" | |
| G | 1 1/4" x 4 1/4" | |
| Н | 1 1/4" x 4 1/4" | |
| I | 1 1/4" x 5 1/2" | |

- 1. Cut Shape Flex fusible interfacing 5 1/2" x 5 1/2".
- 2. Place interfacing fusible side up on ironing surface.
- 3. Place wool strips in order indicated on top of the fusible interfacing so that each strip lays exactly side by side with no interfacing showing.
- 4. Fuse in place. Flip over and fuse again from back side.
- 5. Use Valdani Size 12 Pearl Cotton to add a decorative stitch between each piece of wool. We used the Fly Stitch. Check out **needlenthread.com** for tutorials.
- 6. Cut piece of flannel or wool 5 1/2" x 5 1/2" for backing.
- 7. Place right sides together with completed block. Machine stitch around edges using a 1/4" seam allowance, leaving a 3" opening on one side. Clip corners, turn right sides out through opening. Press.
- 8. Stuff with fiberfill or crushed walnut shells for a pincushion, then stitch opening closed. Leave flat, stitch opening closed, then topstitch around edges for mug rug.
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Eden Valley • Kimball







Reckless Abandon

by Aminta Geisler

I am With You Always

I am with you always...

Jesus said this to his disciples in Matthew 28 as he was sending them out to do life

after his death and resurrection. He was giving them his final pep talk, so to speak, before he ascended into heaven, and he was getting them ready to do his work.

I am with you always.

You know what he didn't say to his disciples?

It will always go well.

It will be easy.

It will be fun.

It will be everything you ever dreamed.

Nope. Not what he promised.

Instead, he said he would be with them, because that's the promise on which he wanted them to stand.

I am realizing that, for a long time, I stood on the wrong idea.

Somewhere along the line, I bought into the idea that if I was a christian, things would go well for me always.

I thought that if I was obedient, things would be easy.

I thought that if I did God's will, I would be the best.

I thought that if I loved God, I would prosper.

Nope, not what he promised.

Don't get me wrong, following God's plan can lead to joyous, mountaintop experiences. But sometimes it doesn't.

Sometimes, following God's will involves serving, sacrificing and suffering for his sake. And with it, clinging to the promise that in every instance, he is with us.

There are examples of this promise all over the Bible. In 2 Timothy 1, Paul is writing a letter from prison, in chains, because he has been boldly proclaiming the gospel. He is doing the exact work God wants him to do, and as a result, he is in prison.

His obedience leads to his suffering.

His zeal for God requires tremendous sacrifice.

But God is with him always.

Paul reassures in 2 Timothy 4:17-18, "But the Lord stood with me and gave me strength so that I might preach the good news in its entirety for all the Gentiles to hear. And he rescued me from certain death. Yes, and the Lord will deliver me from every evil attack and will bring me safely into his heavenly kingdom. All glory to God forever and ever! Amen."

Paul stood on the promise of God's presence in the midst of adversity, not in the absence of it.

I am with you always...

Perhaps no other time have I understood this incredible promise better than during



the last year of a pandemic.

It hasn't been easy and there is so much we don't understand.

However, this we know: God is with us.

We have never been alone.

We have felt him standing beside us every step of the way, moving us toward:

Peace when we get anxious

Strength when we feel weary

Hope when we feel discouraged

Love when we feel hurt

Joy when we feel sad

Forgiveness when we feel anger

He has supplied all our needs according to his glorious riches. (Philippians 4:19)

When his presence is all we have had, his presence has proven to be more than enough. I am with you always...

No wonder that's what Jesus promised his disciples before he left. He knew there was nothing better than being in the presence of God.

The more I study the Word, the more evidence I find that following God is costly. If I truly run the race that is set before me, it is certain that I will face times that will stretch me beyond what I can endure on my own.

And the only way to make it through is to cling to the promise that he is with me, always. The God of the Universe never leaves me or forsakes me. On this I stand.

My favorite Psalm is 63, because it reminds me of the matchless gift that is his presence: O God, you are my God;

I earnestly search for you.

My soul thirsts for you;

My whole body longs for you

in this parched and weary land where there is no water.

I have seen you in your sanctuary

and gazed upon your power and glory.

Your unfailing love is better than life itself;

how I praise you!

I will praise you as long as I live,

lifting up my hands to you in prayer.

You satisfy me more than the richest feast.

I will praise you with songs of joy.

I lie awake thinking of you,

meditating on you through the night.

Because you are my helper,

I sing for joy in the shadow of your wings.

I cling to you;

Your strong right hand holds me securely.

Friends, I don't know what you are walking through right now, but I do know this: God is with you always. He will never leave you and that is the best promise there is.

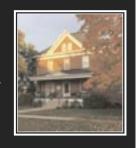
Aminta Geisler is married to her best friend, Ben, and is a stay-at-home-mom of two teens and two toddlers. A self-proclaimed Jesus freak, she loves making old furniture new, studying God's word, and all things pizza. You can read more about her journey of reckless abandon for Jesus on her blog @amintageisler.com, in her monthly newsletter, or by following on instagram @amintageisler.

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Random Acts

by Maranda K Jones

I Can See!



One might think there is an infinite amount of possibilities to the frames that fit your face. As I sit here in the eye doctor's office, surrounded by hundreds of pairs of glasses, it is clear to see that we have so many options when it comes to our vision. I start to contemplate all the choices we have and suddenly become overwhelmed at the freedom to choose how we look out at the world and how others see us.

Two of my children wear glasses...and they need guidance as to what frames to choose. Their dad and I help them decide what suits them best and point them in the right direction. They are constantly watching us, looking to us for both strength and sensitivity, and that is a responsibility we take seriously. They are also holding us accountable, relying on us to get them the care they need.

Three words we'd longed for our son to say, without even knowing, are, "I can see!" Like so many parents, we were blind to the fact that our son needed glasses at a young age. We felt horrible that we had neglected to realize this and had been so clueless. We thought he didn't like to play catch with us because he was more interested in other activities. Turns out he didn't like getting hit with the ball we were throwing to him because he couldn't even see it coming. We visited with other parents who had similar experiences. We may not know that children cannot see, and they may not either, only to find out later. Our son used to borrow his great grandma's glasses, playing that he needed to try them on, making us all laugh as his already large eyes grew even bigger through her bifocals. We had no idea he really needed glasses and felt like horrible parents for not knowing.

For everyone who asks receives; the one who seeks finds; and to the one who knocks, the door will be opened. Luke 11:10 The nurse and her team asked if he could see, and they found out he could not. When the school nurse pulled me aside one day at pickup time, she said he had failed the vision screening and that we should seek proper care. Without hesitation, we made an appointment and knocked on that doctor's office door. We soon learned that he needed glasses. Thick ones. When our first child, walked out of that office with his personalized prescription, it was a life-changing day for all of us. "I can see!" He read words on buildings and signs off in the distance. He noticed individual leaves on trees. He began to see all that God has given us.

We all have choices of how we see the world around us. When we set our sights on the good things in life, focusing on the positive, we will find many open doors.

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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

Elk River

George Washington Never Slept Here

by Kerri Habben Bosman

There is an important site in Hillsborough, North Carolina in Orange County right near the courthouse.

To nearly everyone else, it is merely a patch of concrete with a big tree to the right and a stop sign in the background.

George Washington never slept here.

To use Southern terminology, it is where my Mama and Daddy got a most important picture made. It was February 15, 1988, and I was fourteen years old. They had just gotten married at the magistrate's office.

My mother is the greatest gift I always knew. Daddy is the first greatest gift I never expected.

It is difficult to explain the devotion borne of someone choosing to love you as their own child. My dad stepped in when my first father was emotionally and spiritually drawn away. Both were inherently good men; the one I came to call "Dad" just lived his love for me every day of our lives. Nearly 25 years older than my mother, he was in his mid-70's when a young teenager became his daughter. When I was eighteen, I legally changed my last name to Habben, his surname.

It is 20 years ago this March 21st that Dad passed away. Seventeen years later on March 20, 2018, his wife was buried beside him. She had worn her wedding rings every day until the morning they handed them to me at the nursing home. Mom was struggling with a metastasized brain tumor and had removed them during the previous night.

Two years ago this April, after just over a year adapting to being on my own, the next greatest gifts I never expected arrived in my life.

I had met Wayne six months before when friends began taking me contra dancing with them. Over the months as I grew more comfortable with the steps, only with him did I turn red and consistently make a lot of mistakes. Trying to make me feel better, he once said, "Even when you are confused, you have beautiful eyes." I made another mistake and blushed even more.

One late afternoon in the spring all of us were cleaning up after a weekend of dances. It happened that Wayne and I worked together. Unbeknownst to me, he was placing himself where he could talk with me and get to know me better. In his completely correct words, I was clueless.

I'd always been single. Because no one had come along to inspire me otherwise, I had not dated since college. I knew I wanted nothing less than the kind of love my parents shared. If I married, my husband had to be more than nice; he had to be truly kind as well.

That April day as Wayne and I talked about family and what mattered most to us in life, I sensed something within him. The clarity I had always hoped for wrapped itself around me, and I thought, "So this is who I've been waiting for."

Wayne shares his wonderful family with me. His mother celebrated her 100th

birthday this past December. He is the father of five grown children and grandfather to seven grandchildren. He and his entire family are truly the greatest gifts I never expected.

Every day I feel my Mama and Daddy with me. Their love fills my heart, and flows through everything that I do.

On August 7, 2020, Wayne and I had a most important picture made near the magistrate's office. It was taken by his youngest son.



We are standing on a patch of concrete with a big tree to the right and a stop sign in the background.

George Washington never slept here.

Kerri Habben Bosman is a writer in Chapel Hill, NC. She is currently working on a book of essays and poetry.

She can be reached at 913jeeves@gmail.com

Publisher's Note: Congratulations Kerri and Wayne on finding each other!





I'm a Little Bit Jelly

Mystery Quilt 2021 for The Country Kegister

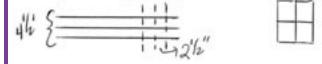
Designed by Ann Jones

If you have any questions contact Erica at Nine Patch Quilt & Fabrics, Nevada, MO ericaskouby@gmail.com or 417-667-7100. Miss one of the parts?

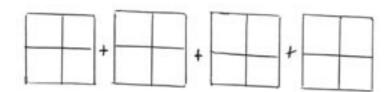
Check www.countryregister.com

PART 2: Four Patches!

Use Fabric C (or your scrappy 2.5" squares). You will make 160 4-Patches. They should measure 4.5" X 4.5" when complete. If using strips you can pair 2 strips together and sew the strips lengthwise, press and then sub cut into 2.5" pieces. You should get 16 2.5"X4.5" pieces from each 44" strip. If using scraps, you will need to do the math, but ultimately you need 640 2.5" squares or 320 2.5X4.5" pieces to make your 160 4-patch blocks.



Next, at random, select four (4) 4-patches and sew these together to make a row. Be sure to press your seams well.



Eagan • White Bear Lake

Peanut Butter Chocolate Chip in a Mug

- · 4 tbsp all-purpose flour
- · 1 tbsp granulated sugar
- · 1/4 tsp baking powder
- · 1/4 cup milk
- · 3 tbsp creamy peanut butter
- · 3 tbsp semi-sweet chocolate chips







- 1. Add all ingredients except the chocolate chips into a microwave safe mug.
- 2. Whisk vigorously until batter is smooth and there are no flour chunks left.
- 3. Stir in one tablespoon of the chocolate chips.
- 4. Add another tablespoon concentrated in the center of the batter.
- 5. Sprinkle the remaining chocolate chips on top.
- 6. Cook in the microwave for about 1 minute.
- 7. If cake is still gooey, cook for an additional 15 seconds.
- 8. Allow cake to cool a few minutes before eating.

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Recipe by kirbiecravings.com







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Kissed Quilts

by Marlene Oddie

Inspirational Tile

There are so many places to get quilt design inspiration. Here is one from my European travels.

In October 2019, I was able to travel with my family and a tour group to several countries including Portugal. Sintra National Palace has many tile elements that inspired me to design several guilts. This guilt, which I've named Sintra Central, is from the tile on

the walls of the Central Plaza of the palace.

Using just two colors like the tile would have been a direct interpretation of the design, but this Citrus Sun fabric collection from Island Batik, shipping now, seemed to have the perfect green but also migrated into yellows and blues. The name 'Citrus Sun' made me think of a sun so I chose to put the light yellow as a focus color element and migrate away with darker values, changing colors to give interest and showcase the collection.

This design may look quite complicated but I've broken it down into a four

patch (put in a square in a square) and sashings with a quarter square triangle block as the cornerstone. The trickiest part is keeping the color combinations straight to get this secondary effect. There are many coloration possibilities with this design.

Quilting it with a spiral from the focal point out contributes to the idea of it being the sun.

Note: Send Marlene an email by March 31 to enter a drawing for a free Sintra Central pattern.



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Marlene Oddie (marlene@kissedquilts.com) is an engineer by education, project manager by profession and now a quilter by passion in Grand Coulee, WA, at her quilt shop, KISSed Quilts. She quilts for hire on a Gammill Optimum Plus, but especially enjoys designing quilts and assisting in the creation of a meaningful treasure for the recipient. Fabric, patterns, kits and templates are available at http://www.kissedquilts.com. Follow Marlene's adventures via http://www.facebook.com/kissedquilts and https://www.instagram.com/marlene.kissedquilts/



Lake City

Back Porch Break

by Nancy Brummett

Walk It Out!

Anxiety? Frustration? Cabin fever? Spring is coming and it's time to walk it out! Excuses for not taking a walk are easy to come by. It's too cold. It's too windy. It might rain. I walked yesterday...or one day last week. Yet the benefits of actually tying up those walking shoes and hitting the trail, the sidewalk, or even the track at a school near you, should be enough to overcome the excuses.

According to health experts the benefits of walking even 20-30 minutes a day include: heart health, weight loss, increased respiratory function, increased immunity, a chance for safe socialization outside, and plain old happiness. You feel better physically and emotionally when you have a walking routine (which is easier to stick to if you have a walking buddy). Besides, you don't need lessons to learn how to walk for exercise, and you can do it almost anywhere.

Dog owners without fenced yards are encouraged by their canines to take walks a couple of times a day at least. Who can resist those big eyes imploring you to come explore the great outdoors with a best friend?

Once my husband and I were visiting my stepdaughter and her husband. The young couple never cooked at home so my husband was trying to explain how easy it is to throw a variety ofingredients into a wok for a quick and easy meal. Every time he said the word wok, however, their dog would appear in front of him with his leash in his mouth. We soon realized that he thought Jim was saying "walk" not "wok!" Hard to resist for sure.

Physical ailments can impair our ability to walk, of course, which is why I never take a pain-free walk for granted. I once had a heel issue for about two years and couldn't walk—but gratefully found out I enjoyed swimming laps instead. Toe pain, plantar fasciitis, creaky knees, hips or ankles can all take the joy out of a nice walk, but wanting to get back to walking provides the motivation to work on alleviating the ailments as soon as possible. Start where you are and step out as much as you can.

In fact, whatever it is that's eating at you this spring, go walk it out. It doesn't matter how far you go or how fast you walk. Need some spiritual guidance? Turn your walk into a prayer walk. Struggling with a problem or relationship? The fresh air alone

can clear the cobwebs and give you a clearer perspective by the time you return home.

As I was writing this column my husband stuck his head into my office and said, "I'm going for a walk, want to come?" My response was, "Sorry, I have to finish this column on the benefits of walking." Hmmm... someone needs to follow her own advice. Now that I'm done, I think I'll go for a walk.



Nancy Parker Brummett is an author and freelance writer in Colorado Springs, CO. "Like" her author page on Facebook, or to learn more about her life and work, visit www.nancyparkerbrummett.com.

Use Kool-Aid as an Easter Egg Dye!



Kool Aid and its variety of funky colors and flavors work just as well on hard-boiled eggs! All you need to do is pour one packet of each flavor into a cup of water, then keep your eggs submerged in the mixture until they've reached your desired color.







Country Register Recipe Exchange Cinnamon and Sugar Knots



1 1/4 cup butter milk 1 pkg dry yeast

1 tbs honey 1 egg

1/4 tsp salt 2 1/2 cup flour

Cinnamon-Sugar Covering:

1/2 cup melted butter 1 cup sugar 4 tsp cinnamon

Combine buttermilk, honey and salt. Stir mixture until honey is dissolved over low heat. Remove from heat and stir in yeast and set aside. Add the flour, egg and buttermilk mixture to the flour. Mix dough until it's smooth and pliable, about 5-8 minutes. Lightly butter a medium bowl. Dust hands and dough with flour and shape into ball. Place in bowl. Cover with plastic wrap and let rise 1 1/2 hours in a warm place. Prepare cinnamon-sugar covering by mixing all ingredients together. Set aside. Preheat oven to 375° . Divide dough into 8 sections. On a lightly floured area, roll each portion into a 16° long rope. Dip each rope into butter then into cinnamon-sugar mixture, turning to completely cover. Fold the rope in half, twist into spiral. Roll spiral into a coiled circle and place in greased pan. Repeat with remaining ropes. Bake 15 minutes. Serve warm and enjoy.

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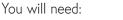
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Let's Make a Pin Cushion

by Deb Heatherly

Pin cushions come in all shapes and sizes. Not only are they fun to collect but they make great gifts for your quilting friends. The folded edge of this project gives the illusion of curved piecing but nothing could be easier. Grab a few scraps and let the fun begin!



- \cdot (4) 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " squares of color
- · (4) 3 ½" squares light background
- \cdot (1) 7" square batting
- · (1) 7" square backing for top section
- \cdot (1) 6 ½" square of backing.
- \cdot (1) Button of your choice

Directions:

- Fold the (4) 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ " squares of color in half diagonally and press.
- Place the folded squares on top of the light background aligning the raw edges. Baste the raw edges.
- · Sew the squares together to create a pinwheel.
- Fold back the folded edge and pin, creating a curve. Stitch curve by machine or by hand.
- Place on the 7" batting and backing.
 Quilt in the ditch where squares were sewn together and baste outer edges.
- · Trim backing and batting even with top.
- Place right sides together on the 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " square of backing.
- Sew 1/4" from the edge all the way around the square, leaving an opening along one side to turn the pin cushion.
- Clip corners at an angle before turning to reduce bulk. Stuff and whip stitch opening closed.
- · Sew button in the center.

Deb Heatherly is a designer for Creative Grids® rulers. When not in her studio, Deb is normally on the road doing Creative Grids® lectures and workshops for guilds and shops across the country. She is the designer of the Creative Grids Cat's Cradle tool, Strippy Stars Tool, Turbo 4 Patch, Ultimate Flying Geese Tool, Cat's Cradle XL, and the new Kitty Cornered Tool. She is also the author of the books 'Cat'itude, Strippy Stars, 4-Patch Panache, The Ultimate flying Geese Book, Catitude XL, and Creatively Yours. Visit her website at www.Debscatsnguilts.com



Spring Tips for Your Backyard Birds



- · Freshen up your feeding areas and clean your bird feeders! Take down your feeders and clean them up! You should clean bird feeders with bleach at least twice a year.
- Move your feeders around or place a few inches of mulch below them to cover up old seed hulls.
- Try adding one or two new feeders. A good bird yard has a suet feeder for insect eating birds, a thistle feeder for house finches, goldfinches and pine siskins, a sunflower seed feeder (black oil sunflower is a bird favorite), a platform feeder will feed all bird types, and don't forget

your nectar feeders for hummingbirds and orioles.

- · Add a source of water. Space your water station and feeders 10-15 feet apart.
- · Add birdhouses and nesting

boxes. Clean out your old nest boxes. Remove any old nests and scrub with bleach solution.

- \cdot Offer up a sloppy mud puddle for birds that use mud to build their nests.
- · Get your humming bird feeders up now!
- Try a fruit feeder. Orioles and humming birds can't resist oranges! Apples are another bird favorite.





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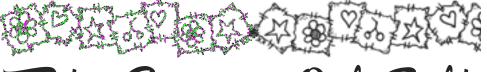
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Finding Community: Quilt Guilds

by Jeanette Lukowski

I was helping a group of church quilters working on donation quilts when I first heard about quilt guilds.

Curious, I asked what a guilt guild does.

"There are monthly meetings, trunk shows, and service projects we work on. It's a lot of fun," one of the church quilters shared. "There are about 75 members. You

Being an introvert, I don't think of myself as a woman to run towards new groups. (Or was that just the excuse I made for myself at the time? Thinking about it now, several years later, I think about the miles I've traveled and the places I've gone since that conversation about quilt guilds.)

The same church guilter suggested I join the guilt guild a number of more times that year, but I knew looking for a new job would interrupt anything I might start.

When I moved during the summer of 2019, though, I committed to finding a quilt guild in my new area. The research-phase was as simple as walking into the town's only quilt store, and asking, "What can a new quilter in town do around here?" (I walked out of the shop with a business card for the guild—and a small bag of fabric.)

Three weeks later, I attended my first guild meeting. Although I selected a seat in the back row by myself, I wasn't alone for too long. The only challenge remaining at that time was that the guilt guild only offered daytime meetings—and I was starting my new job the following week.

Thankfully, there were others who apparently expressed interest in re-starting the evening quilt guild group, as the night group started up again in January. I was there, and applied for annual membership before I left! I was happy to return in February, and even took a project for show-and-tell. The support of the women was grand!

Returning for another meeting in March, with another project for show-and-tell, I felt more comfortable with the group; whispers about COVID-19 left me nervous about the future, though.

Things went "virtual" after that. Emails and newsletters have kept us anchored together as a group, and the quilt guild created ways for us to "stay together" virtually until we can meet face-to-face again. First, the President's quilt design was presented to commemorate her years of service: a quilt of face masks.

No kidding! Not my first choice of things I would want to commemorate, but I decided to participate anyway. I made my block, "signed" it with fabric marker, and returned it to the guilt guild president.

Next project: a sampler quilt! Twelve blocks of different designs, I chose Southwest fabrics and 6" blocks. The plan is to have it finished for October's Quilt Show. (Fingers crossed that we can have it!)

Nervous about making friends in my new community, it turned out to be as simple as attending a quilt guild meeting. Though we can't get together as a guild much this year, these ladies have still anchored me with friendships, connections, and community.



COUNTRY REGISTER RECIPE EXCHANGE Shortribs in Broth



Submitted by Ann Terrazas, El Paso, TX

6 meaty shortribs 1 small onion, sliced 1 or 2 baby carrots, sliced 1/4 teaspoon garlic salt

1 tablespoon dried Rosemary leaves (not powder Pepper

1 can (10 1/2 oz.) Campbell's Beef Broth (don't substitute)

Place ribs in large glass baking pan. Add vegetables, seasonings and broth. Cover and bake in a 350° oven for one hour or more, depending on thickness of ribs. This makes enough seasoned broth to add to a side of potatoes or rice.

Cowgirl Poet, Quilter, Entertainer



Yvonne Hollenbeck

"Her Feet Would Rock A Cradle"

Her days were long and lonely when they settled on the range on a new and virgin homestead out where everything was strange. She'd left her home in lowa to come with him out West and she had to do without so much, but did her level best.

Not any other woman lived for many miles around; the only view she had was of the rolling prairie ground. But while her man would toil as the barns and sheds were built, her feet would rock a cradle while her hands would piece a quilt.

She claimed it was her sanity and pleasing to create the pretty blocks of patchwork during hours she would wait for him to ride the ranges, and would watch 'till he'd come home from a window of their cabin that was built from blocks of loam.

Then in evening after supper, by a lantern burning low, he would read her favorite stories from the Bible she loved so. She would piece a "Jacobs Ladder" or a "Star" by oil lights and would sew them into blankets for the cold Dakota nights.

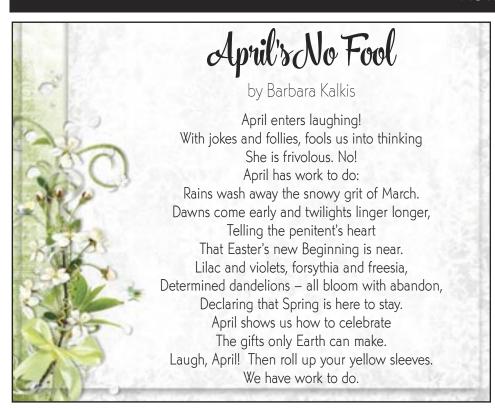
Now the guilts are worn and faded and are packed in her old chest, along with other trinkets . . . she has put them all to rest. There's photographs of loved ones and of friends she used to know, the little shoes her babies wore, and the Bible she loved so.

Once more her days are lonely with the children grown and gone and it's been so many years now since her husband has passed on. Her mind goes back to days gone by; she wanders without guilt, when her feet would rock a cradle while her hands would piece a quilt.

© Yvonne Hollenbeck; July 27, 2005

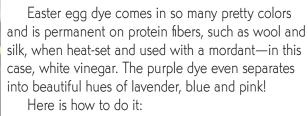
Yvonne Hollenbeck, from Clearfield, SD, performs her original poetry throughout the United States, captivating audiences in her wake. She is one of the most published cowgirl poets in the West and is not only a popular banquet and civic entertainer, but also co-writes songs with many western entertainers. Yvonne also pens a weekly column in the "Farmer-Rancher Exchange" and writes articles about life in rural America in various publications throughout the West. For more information, visit https://www.yvonnehollenbeck.com

New Ulm



Dyeing Wool with Easter Egg Dyes

by Vickie Clontz



- 1. Fill a basin with room temperature water and add a squirt of soap, such as dishwashing liquid. (I use blue Dawn concentrate.) Add the fabric to the soapy water and soak for at least 30 minutes.
- 2. Meanwhile, mix the dye. You'll need Easter egg dye (I use PAAS), plastic containers for mixing the dyes, plastic spoon, tablespoon, measuring cup, white vinegar, water and paper towels.
- 3. Mix the dye: place 3 tablespoons of white vinegar into a small container and add the dye tab. Let tab dissolve completely, then add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and another tablespoon of vinegar. Mix. You can check the color by dipping a corner of a paper towel into the dye.
- 4. Remove items to be dyed from the basin and squeeze out the soapy water. Arrange in an aluminum roasting pan or oven-safe container that you do not plan to cook in. Add the dye to the wet fabric. You can pour it, spoon it or paint it on with a sponge brush. Fabric should be very wet. When all the dye is added, place in oven and turn to 225 degrees. Cook for approximately 40 minutes, checking periodically to make sure the



fabric is not scorching. You can add more water if needed.

5. When water is fairly clear, your fabric is done! Let cool completely and rinse in room temperature water. Gently towel dry fabric; lay fabric out flat to finish drying. Please note that this technique is only permanent on protein fibers and will not work on synthetic or plant fibers such as cotton or linen. For more fun dyeing ideas, please visit my website at http://www.annieskeepsakes.com.

Vickie Clontz is the owner of Annie's Keepsake in Kernsville, NC, and is celebrating 31 years in business. She regularly attends both local and national trade shows. Contact Vickie @ annieskeepsakes@carolina.rr.com.



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Happy Easter!



Where in Minnesota?



The answer is... Fairchild the Gopher at the Minnesota State Fairgrounds

A fiberglass statue of a gopher standing about 24 feet tall was built on the fairgrounds and the fair held a statewide contest to name the new mascot. A thousand people entered, and two submitted the name Fairchild after Henry Fairchild who suggested using the Ramsey County Poor Farm as the permanent fairgrounds.



ALONG THE PRESIDENTIAL TRAIL

Part of a series by Jan Keller

William Howard Taft — 27th President of the United States

William Howard Taft was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, to judge Alphonso and Louisa Taft 1857. He graduated from Yale, and then returned to Ohio, to study law and begin his law practice. He quickly climbed the political ladder through Republican judiciary appointments. A seat on the US Supreme Court was his ultimate goal. His path to the White House was mapped through desirable appointments beginning in 1900 when President McKinley appointed him civil governor of the Philippines. He was called back to Washington by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1907 to serve as secretary of war. The following year Taft received the Republican presidential nomination, won the election and was inaugurated in March 1909.

Taft pledged to continue Roosevelt's progressive agenda but ultimately political differences diminished appreciation for Taft's achievements. He signed the first tariff revision since 1897; established a postal savings system; formed the Interstate Commerce Commission; prosecuted over 75 antitrust violations and expanded foreign trade. The Taft era Congress submitted two Constitutional amendments to the states that were ratified in 1913: the sixteenth amendment created a federal income tax; the seventeenth amendment authorized the direct election of senators.

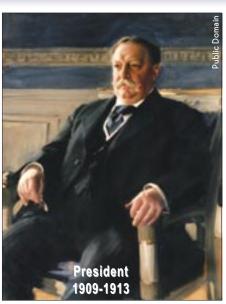


One major change occurred to the White House complex during Taft's administration. On Taft's inaugural day, Congress approved \$40,000 to double the size of the "temporary" Executive Office Building (later called the West Wing) erected during the Roosevelt administration and the first oval office space for the president was created for the president in the building. The "Oval Office" took shape in the summer of 1909 and was the first new State Room since the house was built in the 1790s. The office was replaced in 1934 by the Oval Office built for Franklin D. Roosevelt in another major expansion of the West Wing.

The Tafts celebrated Christmas simply—they opened gifts in the morning and shared a turkey dinner later. According to press reports, a 35–40 pound prize turkey graced the table along with "Aunt Delia's goodies." The president's Aunt Delia Torrey of Millbury, Massachusetts, always sent "Nephew Will" a package of her homemade apple pies, jellies, and jams.

President and Mrs. Taft enjoyed Christmas shopping together in downtown Washington with the holiday crowds. On occasion the president was known to slip away from his Secret Service detail to enjoy a walk through the city. On Christmas Eve in 1911, the president and first lady secretly left the White House on foot to make surprise visits to friends. When the Secret Service discovered their absence, there was total panic as agents scurried all over town searching to find them. Eventually, President Taft returned to the White House smiling broadly with Mrs. Taft holding his arm.

The Tafts were a wholesome and busy family. In 1909, their son Robert, nineteen, was a junior



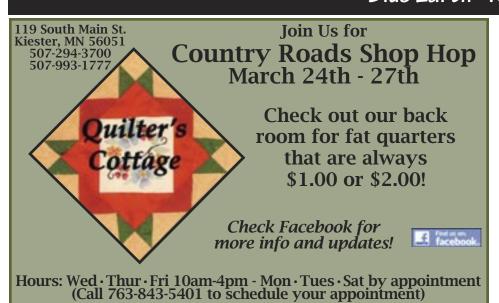
at Yale, and Helen, seventeen, was a student at Bryn Mawr. Only their youngest child, Charles, eleven, lived with his parents year round at the White House. The Taft children were considered too old for a Christmas tree, but in 1912 while President and Mrs. Taft were away on an inspection of the Panama Canal, Robert and Helen hosted the family celebrations and held a Christmas tree party in the Blue Room for their young cousins. The huge tree was decorated with baubles, toys, and thousands of electric lights

and it started a tradition of decorating a tree for guests. President and Mrs. Taft provided gifts for friends and each White House employee received a turkey—a practice started by presidents in the nineteenth century.

In 1912, when the Republicans re-nominated Taft, Roosevelt revolted by leading the opposing Republican Progressives (or Bull Moose Party), and thus the election of Woodrow Wilson was guaranteed. Taft, at age 55 and no longer president, went to Yale to teach law until President Warren Harding made him chief justice of the United States in 1921. Having achieved his lifelong ambition, he held a seat on the Supreme Court until just before his death in 1930. As chief justice, his interest in civic architecture found its greatest expression when he played a key role in designing the current Supreme Court building.

On March 8, 1930, Taft died from complications of heart disease, high blood pressure, and inflammation of the bladder. His funeral was the first presidential funeral broadcast on radio. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery.

Blue Earth • Kiester • Wells





Wit and Wisdom

by Cheryl Potts

Violet and Sunlight

I always thought I had a green thumb, but apparently not with houseplants. No matter how hard I try, they grow sicker and sicker. The hardiest of plants, I ultimately drown or starve. (May you rest in peace, Jade, Snake and Fern. Angel may soon follow in your rootsteps.)

When I finally released my potted pals to "houseplant" heaven," I discovered my best friend "Violet." She has been with me for seventeen years! She loves me, I can tell. Violet doesn't mind the once-a-month watering, because she is thriving (in spite of me) from sunlight in a perfect window. I know she is happy when her pink flowers bloom in a smile formation (I'm not kidding, truthfully). My pride and joy plant, one of the most difficult plants to raise, or so people tell me. All because of sunlight! She's all alone now, just her and me. I sense she's getting anxious to have some friends to grow with. Not until this plant owner does some research to find the "sunlight solution" will I add to my plant family.

Thank goodness for the "Sonlight" that keeps me growing daily. I could never thrive without His gentle pruning, sustenance and care. Even when I start to wilt and wither or lose my blooming power, His grace strengthens me during those weak times. "Hey, Violet, we've

got a lot in common!" Matthew 5:16 says,"...let your (Son) light shine before men, that they may see your good deeds and praise your Father in heaven." John 8:12 states,"...I am the light of the world. Whoever follows me will never walk in darkness, but will have the light of life."

If you enjoy reading articles from the Wit and Wisdom Writers such as Cheryl, you may also enjoy the books authored by the group. Contact the authors at: witandwisdomwriters@gmail.com.



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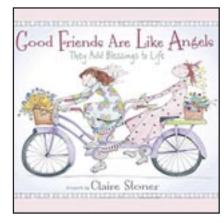


Book Review

Good Friends are Like Angels

Artwork by Claire Stoner

Award-winning watercolor artist Claire Stoner's sweet illustrations have been described as simple, fresh, and pure. Filled with unmistakable joy and goodness, they depict the beauty in the common everyday moments of life.



Woven in with Claire's softly colored images are tender verses that warm the heart, soothe the spirit, and express the comfort of long-lasting friendship. This book celebrates and honors the special relationship a girlfriend has with her dearest friend, a mom has with her grown-up daughter, or a woman has with her loving sister. Everyone has an "angel" they're grateful for!

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Helen "Nellie" Herron Taft

by Jan Keller

Helen "Nellie" Herron Taft, rather than her husband, was the more ambitious of the two to attain the White House. While her husband served in state and federal judgeships, as U.S. solicitor general, governor of the Philippines, and secretary of war, Nellie kept her eyes focused on presidential politics. President Theodore Roosevelt urged Taft to consider running in 1908, but Nellie also had counseled him not to consider an appointment to the US Supreme Court in 1902 and 2006. Nellie felt triumphant with Taft's presidential victory in 1908.

Nellie was First Lady from 1909 to 1913 and perhaps her preoccupation for her husband to seek the oval office goes back to what she called "the only unusual incident" of her girlhood. When she was



17, she had been a guest of President and Mrs. Rutherford Hayes, who were close friends of her parents. As the fourth child of Harriet Collins and John Herron, Nellie was born in 1861 and grew up in Cincinnati, Ohio. She attended a private school in the city and studied music.

The year after her visit to Washington, she met Will Taft, a tall young lawyer. They had mutual interests and their friendship matured into love and they were married in 1886. A "treasure," he called her and he wondered if they might reach Washington and suggested they might—when she became Secretary of the Treasury!

Mrs. Taft reveled in her husband's inauguration, and she proudly became the first presidential wife to ride next to her husband in the procession from the Capitol to the White House after the inauguration. Once they and their three children, Robert, Helen, and Charles, were in the White House, Nellie's focus became the operation of the executive mansion and its complex social activities. She introduced liveried footmen at the public entrance to receive visitors and direct tourists. She initially increased the White House's formal dinners, musicales, and lavish garden parties. Then, only two months after the inauguration she suffered a severe stroke but her will had her back at the helm within a year.

During her four years of planning social events, the most outstanding was an evening garden party for several thousand guests on the Taft's silver wedding anniversary, June 19, 1911. Mrs. Taft remembered this as "the greatest event" in her White House experience.

Country Register Recipe Exchange Meatballs with Honey Peach BBQ Sauce

submitted by Shirley Ross of Alexandria, MN

For your meatballs use your favorite recipe! Form them into 2 inch balls and arrange on baking sheet. Leave about 1/2" space between each meatball. Bake in 350-375° oven for 18-20 minutes.

Honey-Peach BBQ Sauce:

1 tbs butter

2 peaches (about 1 cup), peeled, pitted and diced

1/2 onion, peeled and minced 3/4 tsp salt

1 - 15oz can tomato sauce 1/4 tsp ci 1/3 cup honey 1/8 tsp ci

1/4 tsp crushed red pepper 1/8 tsp cayenne pepper

2 tbs dark brown sugar 2 tbs apple cider vinegar

Over medium heat in medium pan, melt butter. Add onion and cook until tender, about 7 minutes. Add tomato sauce, honey, brown sugar, salt, peaches, red pepper and cayenne. Stir often while cooking over medium heat until mixture begins to simmer. Continue to simmer until peaches are tender. Cool slightly and puree in a food processor. Stir in apple cider vinegar and serve with meatballs. Just before serving, garnish meatballs with fresh parsley if desired. Makes about 32 meatballs.

Helen Herron Taft's legacy in Washington, DC, continues when each spring with the blooming of the Japanese cherry trees that line the capital's tidal basin. In 1909 she campaigned for the planting of thousands of the beautiful flowering trees that are a vivid memory from her years in Asia while her husband was governor of the Philippines. Also, visitors to the Smithsonian museums see her influence in the stunning collection of First Ladies' inaugural gowns, a collection that began with hers.

After their White House years, the Tafts moved to New Haven, Connecticut, where he joined the faculty of the Yale Law School. Then, as fate would have it, she returned to her beloved Washington in 1921 when her husband became the chief justice of the US Supreme Court—the office to which he had aspired most of his adult life.

Helen Herron Taft died in 1943, thirteen years after her husband's death. They are buried side by side in Arlington National Cemetery, just across the Potomac River in Arlington, VA—overlooking Washington DC.

President Taft's Favorite Pumpkin Pie

1 single pie crust
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon ginger (optional)
2 eggs, separated
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 1/2 cups pumpkin
3/4 cup canned milk

Line a 9" pie pan with pastry. Mix sugars, salt and spices. Add pumpkin. Add egg yolks and both canned and fresh milk. Add more spices, if desired. Last, fold in beaten egg whites, not too stiff. Pour filling into unbaked pie shell. Bake at 450 degrees until done, about 30 to 40 minutes (depending on your oven). The pie is ready when a knife comes out of filling clean.

Mrs. Taft's Chicken Croquettes

3 cups finely chopped cooked turkey or chicken

dash of pepper dash of nutmeg
1/4 cup chopped onion 1/3 cup butter
1/3 cup flour 1 pint light cream
2 whole eggs, slightly beaten bread crumbs

lard or oil or shortening, for frying

3/4 cup fresh milk

Chop cold turkey or chicken very fine. Season with pepper, nutmeg and onion. Melt butter, add flour, and mix until smooth. Add cream and cook slowly, stirring constantly until sauce is thick. Add salt and chopped fowl. Chill. Shape into croquettes. Dip croquettes into egg, then into bread crumbs. Roll lightly into shape. Fry in boiling fat (380 degrees) until browned, about 5 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

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Welcome to My Garden

by Sylvia Pelton Kroll

It is rather unlikely that you will see a man made of tin

Or a confused looking scarecrow in my garden.

There will not be a cowardly lion with a pathetic sounding roar

Attempting to keep you from entering thru the door.

However, I must warn you as a listener to beware. Before you sit – check your chair.

There is an abundance of whimsy – everywhere.

Draw in close – there is a story to be told Not just for the young, but also the old. Those of you that can, abandon all boundaries And allow your imagination to run free.

Now, open your mind to what may not always be visible physically

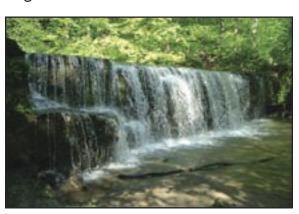
To that which will appear almost magically.



A TOUR OF MINNESOTA'S STATE PARKS

Nerstrand Big Woods State Park

When the first settlers arrived in 1854, they discovered an island of woods in the vast oak savanna prairie which now makes up Nerstrand Big Woods State Park. In 1945, the creation of this park protected one of the last remnants of Minnesota's Big Woods. A visit today reveals the ancient forests of pre-settlement Minnesota. Sugar maple, basswood, oak, hickory, aspen, elm, ash, and



ironwood trees shade the land. Over 200 varieties of wildflowers, along with countless varieties of ferns and mushrooms grow in the Big Woods along the rolling hills and

glacial-cut valleys. Prairie Creek flows through the park and delights visitors with its picturesque Hidden Falls! Picnic, hike, birdwatch, take photographs or camp. There is so much to see and do! This park has something to offer visitors during any season: view wildflowers in spring; cool off near the waterfall in summer; experience incredible colors in fall; and ski the wooded trails in winter.



With over 11 miles of trails within the park to choose from it's easy to pick and choose your adventure. Hike the one mile loop, Hidden Falls Trail, to descend to the

valley floor and find Hidden Falls. This 20 foot limestone waterfall is enchanting in any season: frozen in winter; tranquil under gentle rain; and dramatic during high rain events and spring thaw as water is channeled through the narrow stream valley of Prairie Creek. Fawn trial, a 1.7 mile loop, offers stunning views over Prairie Creek and sweeping views of the Big



Woods. Take the 1 mile (one way) Big Woods Trail the find the parks tallest and straightest big woods trees. If you want to loop through the native flowers and grasses of the prairie habitat, connect to the 1.5 mile Prairie trail at the end of the Big Woods Trail.

Don't forget to stop into the visitor center! Within the visitor center exhibits share fascinating stories about the park's human history, natural history, endangered species, and common trees of the big woods. Once you pass through the exhibit area, a self-guided trail highlights hands-on examples just outside the door. This building also holds a small nature store with camping items and park logo merchandise. Staff is ready to answer your questions, check out nature kits and GPS units, or provide coloring sheets for the kids.

Information from www.dnr.state.mn.us/state_parks. Visit the website for more information, pictures, hours and fees.



Originally from Loomis, MI, Sylvia Pelton Kroll has lived in many states due to her husband Rod's Naval career. Writing has been a gift from many years past that she continues to use today from her home in Litchfield Park,
AZ. Contact her at sylkroll@outlook.com. © All rights reserved-no reuse without permission

Happy St. Patricks Day!

The Dropped Stitch

by Sharon Greve



Lace Mimic

Crochet once helped save a nation from starvation to become the accomplishment of queens. Though its history dates back to the sixteenth century, crochet only came into its own with the birth of the Machine Age and has been growing in popularity ever since. The great Irish Famine of 1846 gave crochet its greatest impetus. Fascinating and versatile, crochet has become one of our best-loved handcrafts due to the fact that it is easy to do and lends itself to so many delightful interpretations.

The term filet crochet appeared as early as 1912, but the technique then known as square-crochet appeared very early in needlework history. Lace-making was worked by creating a mesh of squares before filling some squares with weaving to create a design or picture. Filet crochet was created to mimic lace-making. With the basic crochet chain and simple crochet, the lace pictures of filet can be crocheted more quickly and easily. Filet crochet is usually constructed from monotone crochet thread of Mercerized cotton in white, ecru, or color of choice worked in rows. However, yarn may also be used depending upon the item and its use; i.e., an afghan.

Internees at Manzanas War Relocation Center in 1943 produced filet crochet items. After World War I, far fewer crochet patterns were published, and most of them were simplified versions of the early 20th century patterns. Uses include but are not limited to: scarves, shawls, vests, sweaters, swim cover-ups, coasters, market bags (totes), bookmarks, placemats, doilies, dresser scarves, table runners, edgings, window curtains, tablecloths, bedspreads, bread cloths, pillow covers, afghans, and much more. An edging of appropriate width can be added on the ends of a scarf or all the way around an afghan, dresser scarf, placemat, etc.

A chart allows you to see the final design constructed. Since filet crochet lace is grid-like, only two stitches are used—chain stitch and double crochet. Another type of crochet stitch, such as a half double crochet or treble crochet, may be worked with alternating chain stitches. With a basic understanding of the technique, filet crochet designs can be created from cross-stitch, needlepoint, or filet charts. You can create your own design with a pencil, graph paper, and a bit of creativity. Patterns are created by combining solid and open mesh blocks, usually working the design in solid mesh blocks and the background in open mesh blocks. The size of the blocks is determined by the number of chain stitches between each double crochet in the open mesh block. Patterns are formed by filling in parts of a mostly chain stitch open mesh with double crochet stitches.

Most filet crochet patterns are illustrated with a chart where the solid block design is represented with filled-in squares and the open mesh space is represented with unfilled white squares. A solid square is worked by crocheting three double crochet stitches, while an open white square is worked by crocheting a single double crochet and two chain stitches.

If a white square appears on the chart above another white square, double crochet in the double crochet, chain two, and skip the next two chains. If it appears above a solid square, double crochet in the next double crochet, chain two, and skip the next two double crochet stitches.

If a solid square appears on the chart above another solid square, simply double crochet in the next three double crochet stitches. If it appears above a white square, double crochet in the next double crochet, then work two double crochet stitches in the chain two space of the white square. The darker line, sometimes a colored line, indicates the pattern repeat.

The machine has brought us many comforts and luxuries, but when it comes to the touch of beauty which is every woman's birthright, nothing, it appears, will ever replace the charm and unlimited loveliness of the "hand-made." This is especially true of filet crochet, a lace mimic.

Filet Crochet—an Art That Grows on You

©2021 Sharon Greve...Fiber Artist, Writer/Author, Historian





Search for the underlined words in the recipe in the word search below!

Crock Pot Easy Lasagna by Gooseberry Patch Slow-Cooker Recipes

1 lb ground beef 1/2 cup onion, chopped 1 tsp garlic, minced 16 oz can tomato sauce 6 oz can tomato paste 1 cup water

4 oz can sliced mushrooms, drained

1 tsp salt 1 tsp dried <u>oregano</u> 8 oz package lasagna noodles, <u>uncooked</u> 2 cups shredded mozzarella cheese

12 oz container cottage cheese 1/2 cup grated parmesan cheese

Brown <u>beef</u> with onion and <u>garlic</u>. Drain and spoon into a large bowl. Add tomato sauce, tomato paste, water, mushrooms, salt and oregano, mixing well. Spread 1/4 of the meat sauce in the bottom of a slow cooker. Arrange 1/3 of the uncooked lasagna over the sauce, breaking if necessary. Combine cheeses; spoon 1/3 over lasagna <u>layer</u>. Repeat layers twice. Top with remaining meat sauce. Cover and cook on low setting until lasagna is tender, about 4-5 hours.



Ellsworth, IA • Lone Rock, IA

Merry March

by Barbara Kalkis

Merry March,
We have no expectations of you!
You freeze us one day and warm us the next.
You deliver onion snow for farmers.
We raise a toast for luck on St. Patrick's Day,
Munch bread and give thanks on St. Joseph's Day,
And then repent through Lent.

You flick Time forward anticipating Spring's arrival.
You churn the winds to transform kites into sky dancers.
You paint our gardens in yellows and purples,
With swaying daffodils and prim forsythia and violet carpets.

You can do anything you want
And we simply shrug and say,
"Oh, that's just March!"
We do not expect you to be predictable, March:
You enter like a lion and go out like a lamb; or
You arrive in mellow spirit and exit fiercely like a lion,
Leaving April as the real herald of spring.
In your unexpectedness, we expect change, surprise, and
A ride on the wild side!





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