

The Country Register

Available across the U.S.A. & Canada

Your Regional Guide to Specialty Shopping & Fun Events

COLORADO & NEW MEXICO

May/June 2025

*Free!
Take One!*



The Country Register of Colorado & New Mexico

719-866-8570

Jan & John Keller, Publishers

11250 Glen Canyon Dr., Peyton, CO 80831

EMAIL: Jan@CountryRegisterCO.com

www.CountryRegisterCO.com • www.CountryRegisterNM.com

The Country Register Publisher Contact List

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.

Barbara Floyd, founder • barbara@countryregister.com • 602-321-6511

PUBLICATIONS ALL ACROSS THE UNITED STATES & CANADA

To receive a sample paper from another area, mail \$3.00 in U.S.A. or \$4.00 in Canada to that area's editor.

USA

Arizona: Barb Stillman & Lolly Konecky, 602-942-8950
Arkansas: Richard and Lenda Brown, 405-470-2597
California: Barb Stillman & Lolly Konecky, 602-942-8950
Colorado: Jan & John Keller, 719-866-8570
Connecticut: Dave & Amy Carter, 866-825-9217
Delaware: Merle & Gail Taylor, 888-616-8319
Florida: Dave & Amy Carter, 866-825-9217
Georgia: Linda Parish, 706-340-1049
Idaho: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
Illinois: Richard and Lenda Brown, 405-470-2597
Indiana: Gail & Merle Taylor, 888-616-8319
Iowa: Linda Glendy, 641-751-2619
Kansas: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
Maine: Robin Levison, 518-752-6399
Maryland: Kim & Mickey Keller, 763-754-1661
Massachusetts & RI: Dave & Amy Carter, 866-825-9217
Michigan: Bill, Marlene & Leslie Howell, 989-751-8860
Minnesota: Kim & Mickey Keller, 763-754-1661
Missouri: Richard and Lenda Brown, 405-470-2597
Montana: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
Nebraska: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
Nevada (N): Barb Stillman & Lolly Konecky, 602-942-8950
Nevada (S): Glenna Dunn, 702-523-1803

New Hampshire: Robin Levison, 518-752-6399
New Jersey: Merle & Gail Taylor, 888-616-8319
New Mexico: Jan & John Keller, 719-866-8570
North Carolina: Barb Stillman & Lolly Konecky, 888-942-8950
North Dakota: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
Ohio: Barb Moore, 937-652-1157
Oklahoma: Richard and Lenda Brown, 405-470-2597
Oregon: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
Pennsylvania: Merle & Gail Taylor, 888-616-8319
Rhode Island: Dave & Amy Carter, 866-825-9217
South Carolina: Barb Stillman & Lolly Konecky, 888-942-8950
South Dakota: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
Texas: Richard and Lenda Brown, 405-470-2597
Vermont: Robin Levison, 518-752-6399
Virginia: Dave & Amy Carter, 866-825-9217
Washington: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
West Virginia: Merle & Gail Taylor, 888-616-8319
Wisconsin: Scott and Jennifer Hughes, 715-838-9426
Wyoming: Kelsey Ruzicka, 605-568-0181
CANADA
Alberta: Marcy Horswill, 587-585-3545
British Columbia: Marcy Horswill, 587-585-3545
Manitoba & Saskatchewan: Colleen Gust, 306-585-0274
Ontario: Harriet Ramos, 613-424-6420

The Country Register of Colorado & New Mexico, Inc™

May/June 2025

The Country Register is published bi-monthly. Copyright ©2025.

Reproduction or use, without written permission of The Country Register, of any material contained herein is expressly prohibited. The Country Register is a registered trade name in the State of Colorado and the State of New Mexico.

Address: The Country Register, 11250 Glen Canyon Drive, Peyton, CO 80831

1 Year Subscription Rate (6 issues): \$18 Single Copy: \$3

INDEX OF ADVERTISERS BY TOWN

Black Forest.....	7
Boulder.....	3
Brighton.....	3,12
Broomfield.....	3
Castle Rock.....	3,9
Colorado Springs.....	7
Del Norte.....	5
Deming, NM.....	4
Denver.....	11
Dumas, TX.....	4
Englewood.....	3
Erie.....	13
Estes Park.....	3
Fort Collins.....	3,14
Fort Morgan.....	3,13
Golden.....	11
Greeley.....	3,16
Holeyoke.....	3
Julesburg.....	3
Limon.....	8
Longmont.....	3,13
Loveland.....	3
Lyons.....	13
Santa Fe, NM.....	4
Taos, NM.....	4
Tucumcari, NM.....	4
Windsor.....	15

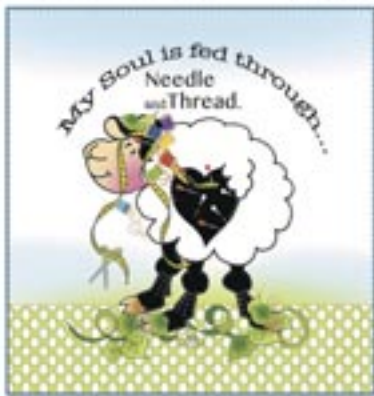
REGULAR FEATURES INDEX

2 Minute Lift.....	6
A Cup of Tea with Lydia.....	10
A Tale of Two Cars.....	4
Back Porch Break.....	13
Become Inspired.....	12
By the Yard Comic.....	11
Call Me Old Fashioned.....	6
Front Porch in the Summer.....	9
Garden Havens.....	15
Girlfriend Wisdom.....	2
Hidden Treasures.....	5
In the Black.....	14
International Quilt Festivals.....	5
Mug Recipe.....	4
New Life on the Farm.....	8
On this Day in History.....	2
Piecing Life Together.....	10
Random Acts.....	16
Recipes.....	4,7,10,5,8,13,14,16
Recipe Word Search.....	7
Signs of Summer in Nature.....	14
Susan Branch.....	11
Talking About My Jeans.....	16
That Old Pink Robe.....	8
The Garden: Where Creativity Blossom.....	11
Tips for the Thrifty Gardener.....	12
Wit & Wisdom.....	6
Writing From Life.....	15



Make sure and tell the advertisers
THANK YOU
for providing
The Country Register

GIRLFRIEND WISDOM



What Feeds Your Soul?

Is it a goal you are working towards?
Your home-life? Family? Hobby? Activity?

"Feeding your soul" refers to nourishing the innermost part of your being, beyond your physical and material needs. It is engaging in activities or experiences that bring joy, fulfillment, and a sense of purpose. This could involve pursuing hobbies that ignite passion, spending time with loved ones, seeking moments of solitude for self-reflection, practicing mindfulness, or connecting with nature and art. In essence, it is about prioritizing your emotional and spiritual well-being to find greater meaning and contentment in life. It is a worthy process to take time and ask yourself the question - "What feeds my Soul?" One large hint, that might help answer this question is what activities you were drawn to as a child when just "playing". Is there anything is those childhood playtimes that brings to mind a point of true interest that could be developed into a hobby or current day activity.

GIRLFRIEND WISDOM: Try out one of your childhood activities and see how it feels - if it brings you deep joy, expand that feeling into a current day part of your life - it just might "feed your Soul!"

Joy & Blessings,

Jody

Girlfriend Wisdom is written and illustrated by Jody Houghton®.
Color files of this writing and artwork are available: www.JodyHoughtonDesigns.etsy.com



On this day in History

May 17, 1954: In a major civil rights victory, the U.S. Supreme Court hands down an unanimous decision in **Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka**, ruling that racial segregation in public educational facilities is unconstitutional.

June 6, 1933: The first drive-in theater opens on the grounds of Camden Drive-In located in Pennsauken, New Jersey. Drive-in's reached their heyday in the late 1950s to mid-60's with some 5,000 theaters across the country. Drive-ins were an icon of American culture. Since then however, the growth of the drive-in industry has declined with fewer than 500 drive-in theaters today.

Information found on www.history.com



Be the reason
someone smiles
today!

The Country Register
Guide to Specialty Shops & Events

Check Out Our New Website!

- New Design
- New Content
- Easier To Navigate
- Optimized for Mobile
- For You, Our Readers

... Please Visit ...

www.countryregister.com





Festival of Quilts

June 6-7, 2025

Friday, 9 am - 5 pm
Saturday, 9 am - 4 pm

Cherry Creek Presbyterian Church
10150 E. Bellevue
Englewood, CO 80111

For more information go to
<https://acqcolorado.org/Festival-of-Quilts>
or email us at quiltshow@acqcolorado.org

Join us at a brand new (bigger and brighter)
location!

Special exhibit by Katie Zahm
Challenge Quilt Contest

Join us for our 3rd
Annual Shop Hop

Stars Over Colorado



NoCo Shop Hop 2025



June 5th - 14th

9am-6pm every day!

Participating shops:

CREATIVE TRADITIONS: HOLYOKE
INSPIRATIONS QUILT SHOP: FT MORGAN
MDQ DESIGNS: JULESBURG
ON PINS & NEEDLES: BRIGHTON
PEAK TO PEAK STITCHING: ESTES PARK
THE FIG LEAF: FT COLLINS
WILD OATS SEWING COMPANY: LOVELAND
MAGGIE'S SEWING & FABRIC: LONGMONT
THE PRESSER FOOT: LONGMONT

THE QUILT STORE: BROOMFIELD
SEWBO: BOULDER
SEW DOWNTOWN: GREELEY
THE SEWING CIRCLE: FT COLLINS

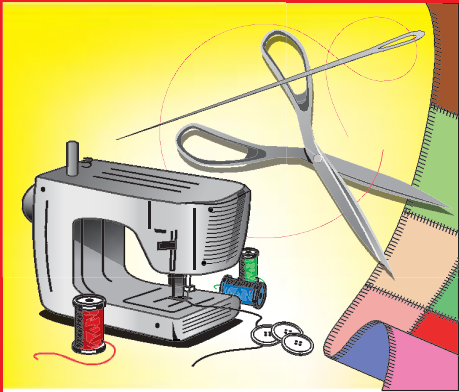
Visit
www.nocoshophop.com
for more details



The St. Vrain Historical Society
Presents the 53rd Annual

Strawberry Festival

Vintage & Antique Market
May 17-18, 2025
Saturday 10 am-5 pm & Sunday 11 am-4 pm
St. Vrain Historical Society Members Get
Early Entry on Saturday at 9:30 am!
Boulder County Fairgrounds, Exhibit Building
9595 Nelson Rd, Longmont, CO 80501
Admission: \$11.00 per person
or \$10.00 per person if paying in cash!
(children under 12 are free)
Admission & Café Gates Support The St. Vrain
Historical Society's Mission of Historic Preservation
& Education in the Community!
(303) 776-1870
www.stvrainhistory.org



Castle Rock Quilt, Craft & Sewing Festival

Douglas County Fairgrounds, Castle Rock, CO
Exit 181 / Plum Creek Parkway, Go East to Fairgrounds Road

MAY 29, 30 & 31, 2025

FREE PARKING!

Douglas County Fairgrounds

Sew Creative & Colorful!

America's Best Sewing and Quilting Festivals!

- ✂ Sewing Machines
- ✂ Machine Quilting
- ✂ Fashion Sewing
- ✂ Embellishments
- ✂ Fabrics & Trims
- ✂ Embroidery Machines
- ✂ Notions
- ✂ Knitting & Yarns
- ✂ Doll Making
- ✂ Quilting Patterns and Fabrics
- ✂ Applique Patterns & Designs
- ✂ Lights & Magnification
- ✂ Quilt Machines
- ✂ Quilt Displays
- ✂ Cutting Systems
- ✂ Stenciling and Embossing
- ✂ Needle Art & Stitching
- ✂ Tools & Supplies

FREE Seminars!
FREE Workshops!
FREE Demonstrations!
WIN Daily Door Prizes!
Great New Vendors!



For programs and more info: quiltcraftsew.com

\$500 CASH

Given away every
day at 9:45 am.

Be in line early to win big! (20 Winners)

\$2 off COUPON!

(\$12 without coupon /
photocopies okay,
everyone must have a
printed coupon for discount)

Castle Rock Quilt
Craft & Sewing Festival

Festival Hours (tickets valid all 3 days):

Thurs & Fri. - 10 am - 5 pm
Sat. - 10 am - 4 pm



Sew - N - Sew

609 East Florida St. • Deming, NM 88030
575-546-8085

Southwest Fabrics • Quilting Fabrics
Dressy Fabrics • Wedding Fabrics
Large Variety of Denims
Tapestries • Notions • Patterns

Open: Mon-Fri 9:00-5:30 • Sat 9:30-3:00

DOWN HOME QUILTS

QUILT KITS for those on the go.
FABRIC, BATTING & NOTIONS for those planning their own.
CUSTOM QUILTING to help you finish your project.

724 Phillips Drive • Dumas, TX 79029

806-934-4041 • downhomequilts@nts-online.net

OPEN BY APPOINTMENT

Look for me at Quilt Shows throughout Colorado & New Mexico

DESERT ROSE CENTER

FABRICS • QUILTS • COLLECTIBLES

NEW FABRICS arriving Weekly

Sewing Classes • Longarm Quilting

Where Highway 54 & Route 66 Meet
208 East Main • Tucumcari, NM 88401

Balloon Items Onsite • 575-461-2342

Open 10-5 Monday through Saturday

TAOS ADOBE QUILTING

QUILTS • 100% COTTON FABRIC • SOUTHWESTERN
PRINTS • JUVENILE PRINTS • PATTERNS • NOTIONS
575-751-3219 • taosadobequiltingandmore.com
102 TERESINA LANE • TAOS, NM 87571
OPEN: 10:30 - 5:00 Monday - Saturday • Noon - 4 Sunday

Strawberry Lemonade Mug Cake

Ingredients:

- 1 box angel food cake mix
- 1 box strawberry cake mix
- 2 tbsp water
- 2 cups freeze dried strawberries
- 2 cups lemon pie filling

Directions:

1. In a gallon sized ziplock bag, combine both boxes of cake mixes.
2. Shake bag to thoroughly mix.
3. Add 3 tbsp of the cake mix into a mug.
4. Stir in 2 tbsp of water.
5. Add a rounded tbsp of lemon pie filling.
6. Microwave on high for up to 1 minute until cooked.
7. Add a generous dollop of pie filling and a sprinkle of crumbled freeze dried strawberries.
8. Save leftover ingredients for future cakes, or make one for your friend!



Photo by The Monday Box

Recipe by The Monday Box

Santa Fe Quilting

Cotton and Batik Prints
Rayon Batiks • Linen • Felted Wool
Notions • Books • Patterns

YES, WE OFFER CLASSES!

Open Monday-Saturday

Hours M, T, W, F and Sat:

10 a.m. - 5 p.m.

Thur 10 a.m. - 2 p.m.

3018 A Cielo Court • Santa Fe, NM 87507

505-473-3747

Web Store: www.santafequilting.com



A Tale of Two Cars

by Barbara Kalkis



I admit that sometimes I tend to over-think things but I believe this in a good way. By over-thinking, I can rationalize things that I would otherwise reject as nonsensical behavior and stop myself from an unwise comment.

Case in point: During a trip to Palm Springs my friend's husband pulled into a parking garage slot next to a gleaming white BMW that was next to a gleaming white Bentley that was next to another gleaming white BMW – all new models. None of this “vintage” stuff.

I've seen plenty of BMWs, but the Bentley Continental GT convertible was breathtaking. It was sleek and luxurious, making the BMWs look pitifully commonplace. Admiring its curvaceous lines from a distance – to avoid the motion alarm and police – I noticed that license plate frame simply read, “Bentley.” Huh?

Since the Bentley logo is emblazoned on the trunk for all to see, I nearly slipped into my old habit of asking questions like, “Do you think that's his dog's name or his?” Then I stopped, recalling that I was trying to avoid overthinking things and be positive. So instead of chirping something like, “Couldn't he think of anything clever to say?” (I assume it was a “he” since women make 84 cents to every dollar earned by men), I told myself to consider that the owner might be exercising courtesy to drivers behind him. Just think, if you're following a Bentley in traffic, the license frame is a clear caution that if you “rear-end” it, you're going to be “slammed” too – by your insurance company for picking up his repair costs. Or perhaps he chose that license frame because other drivers might not observe that he is cruising in a Bentley. Or maybe their eyes aren't good enough to recognize the winged logo.

A short time after that trip when I was home again, I pulled into a parking lot just behind my favorite market. It is not used much because the distance to the entrance requires that you walk about 50 more steps than if you park in the front. (There's that over-thinking thing again.)

As I marched through the lot, I noticed a nondescript older-model beige car that was showing some wear-and-tear. Nevertheless, it was pristinely clean and in quite good condition. Suddenly, the license plate frame caught my attention. No, it did not say “Bentley”! The top of the frame said, “THANKS MOM & DAD.” The bottom of the frame proclaimed, “I LOVE YOU!”

I started to weep. Here was a person who wasn't boasting, advertising a car dealership, pushing a political agenda, spouting a joke or bragging about their university. No. This person simply made a declaration of love. And if the driver behind her (back to the salary disparity comment) saw the message, it reminded them to tell their parents how much they love them. Or maybe their siblings, spouse, grandparents, children, friends, teachers or whoever.

Many countries celebrate Mother's Day, Father's Day, Grandparents Day, and Children's Day. Anyone can celebrate these holidays and then contentedly wait another year to say, “I love you.” Meanwhile, that one driver's simple message announces it every time the car leaves home. It only takes money to own a Bentley. On the other hand, it takes true emotion and courage to express love in a bold public way. Only one of those car owners showed that capacity.

The most innocuous signs in the most unexpected places can change us. When the message is “I love you,” there's no need to think about it. Just act.

©Barbara Kalkis, 2025. Barbara spends her time writing, teaching, and working in tech. She's author of Little Ditties for Every Day...A Collection of Thoughts in Rhyme and Rhythm. Contact her at BarbaraKalkis01@gmail.com.



Kathy's Fabric Trunk

FABRICS • PATTERNS • NOTIONS • CLASSES • BOOKS • FLOSS



• New Fabrics Arriving • Baby Lock Machines

719-657-9314

719-657-9314 (fax) • 1-877-873-0211 (toll free)

email: kathysfabrictrunk@Q.com

610 Grand
Del Norte, CO 81132

OPEN: 10 am - 5 pm Monday - Saturday

Recipe: Lemon Fluff

- 1 large can evaporated milk - refrigerated over night
 - 1 package lemon Jello (small)
 - Juice from 1 lemon
 - 1 cup boiling water
- Dissolve the Jello in water then add juices to it and refrigerate for about 1.5 hours or until it thickens.

- 2 packages Graham crackers - cinnamon style if wanted
- Crush the Graham crackers. Then add 1 stick melted butter. Use 2/3 of the crumbs (approximately 2 cups) to line the bottom of a 1/4 sheet tupperware. Save the rest to sprinkle over the top.

- 11 oz cream cheese
 - 1 cup sugar
 - 1 tsp vanilla
- Beat together then add the thickened Jello mix.

— Whip the refrigerated evaporated milk until thick. Then add the cream cheese mix to the whipped evaporated milk. Pour into Graham cracker lined Tupperware. Sprinkle Graham cracker crumbs over the top. Refrigerate over night.



Hidden Treasures by Liz Ball



To order one of Liz Ball's Hidden Treasures books (1100-1800 hidden items/book) send a check for \$6.95 (plus \$3.75 shipping) to: Hidden Pictures, Box 1460, Cleveland, GA 30528 or order online at www.hiddenpicturepuzzles.com.



Exploring the World of International Quilt Festivals: A Global Journey of Inspiration Part 2 of 4

by Kim Caskey of Kim Caskey Tours

Quilt Canada is the premier national event for Canadian quilters, hosted and organized by the Canadian Quilters/Courtepointes Canadiennes (CQA/ACC). This vibrant annual quilt festival celebrates the artistry, innovation and heritage of quilting through dynamic exhibitions, competitions, workshops and community events. Quilt Canada takes place in a different city each year, flipping from east to west across Canada's provinces, allowing quilters nationwide to participate and making it accessible to a broader audience every year. This rotation also brings a regional flair to festivals, with each locale contributing its own culture, traditions and styles to the event.



Quilt Canada offers a mix of juried-in competitions and invitational exhibitions, highlighting the best quilting of its members. The leading star of the festival is the National Juried Show (NJS), where Canada's top quilters compete in various categories including hand quilting, machine quilting and innovative design. Alongside the NJS, visitors may explore other curated displays known as Concurrent Shows, often featuring international guest exhibitions, as well as view entries from special challenge projects hosted by CQA/ACC. Quilt Canada is also known for its exceptional lineup of workshops and lectures led by renowned instructors, where quilters of all levels can learn new techniques, gain fresh inspiration and connect with Canada's vibrant quilting community. In addition to the visual and educational aspects, Quilt Canada hosts a bustling marketplace, where vendors offer fabrics, tools, patterns and one-of-a-kind artisan goods, catering to every quilting need. Each year, the festival brings the community together, inspiring creativity, building connections, and celebrating the rich cultural tradition of quilting in Canada.

The International Quilt Festival, Houston, Texas, US, has long been a beacon in the world of quilt festivals, drawing quilters and textile artists from around the globe. For decades, it has set the gold standard for quilt festivals, offering a remarkable showcase of competition quilts that exhibit exceptional creativity, technical skill and artistic expression. Each year, the festival's quilt competition features diverse categories, attracting entries from both seasoned and emerging quilters, whose works reflect a variety of styles—from traditional and modern to innovative art quilts. These stunning quilts are displayed in expansive, thoughtfully arranged exhibits, inspiring festivalgoers with their intricate details, striking colours and often thought-provoking themes.

Though the festival has decreased in size over recent years—especially since the pandemic—it continues to offer a vibrant experience for attendees. The vendor mall is a highlight, filled with rows of booths featuring an incredible variety of fabrics, quilting tools, patterns, notions and kits. Quilters can browse unique items from specialty stores, many of which travel great distances to participate in this premier event. Despite its slightly smaller scale, the International Quilt Festival remains a must-visit for quilters worldwide, continuing to celebrate and elevate quilting with its stellar exhibitions, interactive workshops and a sense of camaraderie which makes it a beloved fixture in the quilting community.

We'll cover *Festival of Quilts* and *The Knitting & Stitching Show*, both held in the UK, in the next issue of *The Country Register*!

Kim Caskey, who is based in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, is a professional longarm quilter and owner of Kim Caskey Tours. Kim hosts specialized textile-based tours in numerous international destinations with unique and exclusive textile visits and activities creating memorable experiences for quilters, stitchers, their family and friends. Everyone is welcome on Kim's tours! www.kimcaskey.ca/tours, kim@kimcaskey.ca, 1-780-288-9008.





Wit & Wisdom

by Judyann Grant

Feathering a Nest

Nestled in her faded blue recliner, a green aluminum tray straddled her lap and a floor lamp cast a soft glow over her shoulder. Thus ensconced, my mother filled many long North Country nights engrossed in her latest creative challenge. Early schooled in the art of multi-tasking, Mom worked on her craft projects while music from Lawrence Welk, Ed Sullivan or the Loretta Young show hummed from the black-and-white television across the room.

After a full day of caring for home, husband and five rambunctious children, Mom relaxed by engaging her hands in artistic endeavors - aptly applying one of her favorite mottoes - "idle hands are the Devil's workshop."

One year, in the early nineteen-sixties, mom received a "Fad-of-the-Month" Club membership. Each "fad" (craft) was guaranteed to become a "unique creation your family will treasure for years." Once a month, like clockwork, the mailman wedged a rectangular package inside our rural, metal mailbox. It was an exciting time in our household as mail was rare in those days and parcels even rarer. Excitement rumbled through us, akin to Christmas morning. We kids hovered around Mom as she spread the contents of the latest object d'art on the kitchen table. We nosed through the tiny envelopes of beads and pins, cardboard templates, pieces of plastic and Styrofoam, bits of cotton and cloth, and shiny foil bags of glitter and glue - a mish-mash of supplies that awaited transformation into something greater than the sum of their parts.

Our home soon became a repository for bird's nests tucked inside plastic fruit, imitation Faberge eggs, and sequin-studded ornaments. Unaware of it at the time, lessons beyond cutting and gluing, stitching and staining were being instilled in my young heart.

Attaching hundreds of sequins to foam balls with half-inch straight pins, Mom demonstrated perseverance and finishing what you start. No matter how tedious, she never gave up on a project. Watching Mom work, I learned to follow directions and pay attention to details, even confusing ones. Doing so, without second guessing the craft's creator, guaranteed the finished project would look like the picture in the instruction booklet.

When the Fad-of-the-Month Club membership ended, Mom went back to choosing her own projects. She made costume jewelry with seed beads and miniscule safety pins; she knitted sweaters, scarves and hats; she crocheted doilies and bedspreads; she created wall-hangings by gluing thousands of green and amber acrylic crystals into cord-lined, wine-bottle shapes. With latch-hook and yarn she created pillows, rugs and framed art. She finished paint-by-number canvases of seascapes, landscapes, gardens and the Good Shepherd.

Yet Mom's deeper desire, one that eluded me during my growing-up years, was the fine art of feathering her nest - creating a cozy haven for her fledglings to grow and a unique perch from which to try their wings.

One by one my siblings left the nest, then, in 1971, it was my turn. After graduating high school, I found employment as a typesetter at a small-town newspaper.

At the ripe, know-it-all age of seventeen, being employed in the fast-paced world of publishing in a town of nearly two-thousand people was a heady experience for this rural girl.

Though I continued to live with my parents, my horizons had broadened beyond hearth and home. There was a big world out there and, coming-of-age on the cusp of the burgeoning women's lib movement, I relegated homemaking to the ranks of the obsolete. Dedicating one's life to the care and nurture of a family was passé. Women were created for so much more, or so popular culture led me to believe.

Before too long, though, winds of change blew across my life. I had been at the newspaper office for four years when a printer's apprentice was hired. While he learned the ropes of running a print shop, I perfected my flirting skills.

In less time than it takes to say: "time and tide wait for no man" - (another of Mom's favorite mottoes) - I was deeply in love with that brown-eyed printer boy. An autumn courtship was followed by a spring marriage. We purchased a small cottage on the wooded shores of North Pond, an inlet of Lake Ontario and I went into homemaking overdrive - painting, decorating and crafting knick-knacks for our little home.

I continued working at the newspaper during the day. Nights and weekends were spent helping Don build his own printing business. Two months before our first baby was due, I quit my job to prepare for our bundle of joy.

I traded in my sporty apple-red Mustang for a hefty blue station wagon. I knit sweaters, booties and blankets for our baby, made polyester-stuffed toys and sewed curtains for the nursery. I devoted myself to feathering a nest for my own family. And I never looked back (though today I wouldn't mind having that apple-red Mustang!)

Now, nearly fifty years, three children, nine grandchildren later, and still deeply in love with my brown-eyed printer boy, I rarely ever sit idly in front of the television. If I'm not reading, I'm working on my latest project - crocheting, sewing, sketching, knitting, etc.

Fad-of-the-Month Club creators were right on target. Their simple crafts did become timeless treasures - but in a far greater way than transitory keepsakes. By creating those treasures, my mother planted an overwhelming love of home in my young heart, not with words, but with sequins, glitter and glue. Lots of glue.

Judyann Grant and her husband Don's rural home is situated across from Lake Ontario in northern New York. While both are "semi-retired," Don continues to operate his print shop and Judyann still writes columns and meditations. Her latest book is: "Reflections: One Year of Devotions." Contact the author at: witandwisdomwriters@gmail.com



2 Minute Lift

by Kathy J. Sotak

My Life Was Changed by This Gift In Disguise

I was given a special gift last month. The gift was pure magic, but disguised as an everyday household item. Just before Christmas arrived a bulging box pouring out a high-end, name brand blanket.

To be honest, I didn't need a new blanket. My family has more blankets than a household needs. If I dare count, I likely have two or three for every human, dog, chicken and fish on property. Just like you, I have them all. I have hand-crocheted afghans and fleece throws. I have quilts, outdoor picnic blankets, sand-proof beach blankets and even silly ones to wrap and strap around your body. I have former favorites that can't yet be discarded, as their holes and stains are imprinted with memories.

The new blanket didn't care about the others, though. It marched into my life with its own purpose. It was in disguise, daring me to accept a different offering. It multiplied as I unfolded it, and together we melted into the couch. There was no choice but to embrace together in deep ceremony. Imagine the feeling of a dozen puppy cuddles. Imagine giant angel wings enveloping you in their loving embrace. Imagine tightness you didn't know was there instantaneously dissolves. A miracle from heaven. Under the spell of this magic blanket, my mind switched off and my body melted into original form. My heartbeat gushed out a new elixir that calmed every inflamed bit.

Comfort. That was the true gift I received, but disguised in blanket form. No wonder they call them comforters.

As I let myself be comforted by the blanket, I started asking questions. Do I let myself be comforted enough? Do I let others comfort me, when I am hurting, over-burdened or grieving? This leads me to ask, who are my comforters, the ones I go to for support? Finally, when I am the best one to comfort me, do I even know how to do it?

Sometimes, comfort comes in the way of a friend. Sometimes, comfort comes from the spiritual realm. Sometimes, comfort comes in the way of a comforter or soft sweaters or cozy socks. Sometimes, the best person to comfort you, is you. How do you comfort yourself? Do you have a favorite sweater or slippers that serves as your comforter? Do you have a special animal, friend or family member? Do you dive into prayer or meditation and seek help from the Source outside of you?

If you aren't sure where to start, try this trick I learned: if you feel a little hurt, vulnerable or sad, simply place one hand on your other forearm, or place your hand on your heart. Then feel into how great that feels.

It can be your own gift in disguise, a built-in comforter that doesn't cost a dime.

Thank you for your support. Let me know what lift this provided to your day by commenting at <https://2minutelift.com/match/>

Don't miss a story and subscribe at <https://2minutelift.com/newsletter/>.
Need another lift? Check out 60+ other stories at <https://2minutelift.com/>.



Call Me Old Fashioned

by Judy Sharer

At an early age, I remember my mother sitting me at the kitchen table and teaching me to write thank you notes after my birthday to everyone who attended the party. At that young age my cramping hand and I didn't appreciate the sentimentality, but I sure do now. Today, when I receive a thank you note or any card it brightens my day!

There are endless occasions to send a note and I have to admit, I've slacked off these past few years myself, but I'm going to try to do better. It doesn't have to be a hand-written note each time, maybe a card with a side note to make it personal is all it takes to let the person know you are thinking of them and that their efforts have not gone unnoticed.

We all have older people in our lives who might not get out much, or someone we haven't visited in a while. Sending them an I'm thinking of you message reminiscing about time spent together might cheer them and bring a smile to their face. Notes and cards are all about letting others know that they matter.

It doesn't take long to address an envelope and send off a communication to brighten someone else's day. It will make you feel good and the recipient will know you are appreciative and thinking of them. I know today it's easier to email or text, but a good old fashion note still can make a difference. Spread some kindness today, it's worth your time.



©Judy Sharer is the author of a four-book historical Civil War era romance, family saga series titled A Plains Life, published by The Wild Rose Press, available wherever online books and eBooks are sold. If you enjoy quilting, you'll enjoy her series with a thread of quilting throughout the story. Look for her next book this fall. Visit Judy's website judysharer.com for more details and if you have read her books please leave a review on your favorite site



woollyworksknitshop.com

12285 Oregon Wagon Trail
Black Forest CO 80106

Edith T. Fisher, Owner

Classes
Custom Work
Garment Repairs
Knitting Machines
Yarns - Supplies
Patterns - Fiber

25 Years

Text/Call
719-661-6062

Your Happy Home Away From Home

STORE HOURS
Monday-Saturday
10am - 5 pm

4440 Austin Bluffs Parkway
Colorado Springs, CO 80918


Phone: 719-591-1717
Toll Free: 888-591-8803

40th Anniversary

Ruth's Stitchery

Handi Quilter

Email: RStitchery@pcisys.net - Website: www.RuthsStitchery.com



Celebrating 40 Years of Quilting & Stitching in Colorado Springs!

Husqvarna **VIKING**

The only authorized Husqvarna Viking Sewing Machine
& Serger Dealer with Certified Repair Service
in the Colorado Springs Area.

We have new neighbors.
WOODCRAFT
and
Gandy LEATHER
are located on both sides of our store!



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

Mediterranean Bean Salad
recipe by The Harvest Kitchen

- 1 15-ounce can garbanzo beans, rinsed and drained
- 1 15-ounce can cannellini beans, rinsed and drained
- 1 15-ounce can kidney beans, rinsed and drained
- 1/4 cup red onion, chopped fine
- 3/4 cup celery, chopped
- 1 small cucumber, peeled seeded and chopped
- 3/4 cup fresh Italian parsley, chopped
- 1/4 cup fresh basil, chopped
- 2 tomatoes, chopped fine
- 1/4 cup Parmesan cheese, finely grated
- 1/2 cup Kalamata olives, optional
- 1/3 cup pepperoncini, optional

Three Bean Salad Dressing

- 1/4 cup extra-virgin olive oil
- juice of 1-1/2 lemons
- 1 clove garlic, peeled and minced
- 1/2 teaspoon dried Italian seasoning
- ground pepper and sea salt to taste

Dressing directions: In a small bowl whisk together the olive oil, lemon juice, garlic and Italian seasoning.

Salad directions: In a large bowl, add the ingredients for the salad and toss. Drizzle the dressing over the ingredients and toss again. Refrigerate for 45-60 minutes before serving.

G T T O M A T O E S L G O C A G P A B B
N I U W O H Y K U Q O K I U T E Y G C H
I R F D B R E P Q M J W D R A I N E D V
S C P F R E S H H I O Z C L J N N K A N
S I F E B X W B H A R T B I Y J Q A D Y
E R P S P B S P H L E M O N S L S L E U
R W M T X P A K B D D Z R A T F V A S Y
D G V C D R E I R M C F W S J N L M N R
P K Q E S H V R N F D L I H R N J A I E
C F I L H A Q A O H Z J J M E I J T R L
S H E T Y Q S E I N X S X A B F T A Y E
E Y D X A E Q O L M C K E N M Y N T G C
J C K E M L U R Z Z O I H H U E W C Y L
I V X R D F I J S N Z I N T C N R U F R
M G A V K E P A P B A I L I U D E O P H
T P B Q G J E O N K U B R I C I A L B F
M Z Y W A H E S F Z U L R D Y K K T B O
C I Q L U D E P P O H C K A A Q A C T D
X K J B O J L Q V T R R S I G W H I S K
D F Y C V G R A T E D N X B L P M L H B

King’s Hole and the Day Mom Became a Heroine

by Nancy J. Nash

When I was growing up, we coped with hot, humid summer days by reading comics on the back porch while eating popsicles or by following a path across the pasture to a small brook. King’s Hole was the name of the swimming hole that had formed near a bend in this brook. Here the children of our neighborhood gathered on many a summer afternoon. Teenagers dived into the water from a rope swing attached to a big elm tree. Little children played in the sand along the bank, making castles and toppling them for fun. The older ones dog-paddled and donned goggles to pretend they were snorkeling. Mom and a few other parents chatted together.

One day a small boy came by with a teenager, who got distracted. Before long, the boy wandered away from the shallow water where he had begun to play. There was a drop-off in the creek bottom, and suddenly he went in over his head. Other children began yelling that someone was drowning. My mother heard them, searched the spot where he had disappeared, and quickly retrieved him. In a moment he was breathing again, and back under the care of the remorseful teenager.

I had always known that my kind and gentle mother was a wonderful human being. That day she rose to the level of a heroine. I’m sure there were many times in her life when she filled that role, not all of them so dramatic. Once, when I was very ill, she kept watch all night at my bedside. How much of my survival was due to medicine, and how much was due to the loving care and comfort she provided? Love is often accompanied by sacrifice, and her sacrifices that night were hidden in her heart, bearing fruit in due season.

The rest of our days at the swimming hole where my mother rescued a child were peaceful and happy. Today, when I mention King’s Hole to a neighbor, I get a smile or a laugh. It was our place, good for cooling off on a hot summer’s day, but better still as a setting for forming friendships and for making memories that last all our lives.



-©2025 Nancy J. Nash - Nancy J. Nash is the author of “Mama’s Books: An Oregon Trail Story,” and “Little Rooster’s Christmas Eve,” each available on amazon.com. She has a B.A. in English composition from Mount Holyoke College and an M.F.A. in Writing for Children from Simmons College. She can be reached at nancynash341@gmail.com.



Fabric • Notions • Patterns
Longarm Quilting

Over 5,000 Bolts of Fabric
COMPETITIVE PRICES

10 am-6 pm Tues-Sat
Closed Sun & Mon

www.TheQuiltedHeart.net

973 Main Street • Limon, CO
719-775-8116

ONLY \$110
for Routine Servicing!
Local Checks Accepted

Servicing Eastern
Colorado – shop
located in Limon, CO.

Make an appointment to have your
sewing machine cleaned and
serviced by calling Ted at
(719) 760-0772.



That Old Pink Robe

by Becky Van Vleet

I was heartbroken when my beloved mother left earth for heaven in 1977 when I was only 23 years old. My husband and I hadn't even reached our second anniversary yet. It felt so unfair. I'll never forget the day Daddy asked my sisters and me later on to go through our mother's clothes and decide what to do with them. That was an incredibly difficult day. We donated some items, while others we kept as personal mementos. I requested my mother's pink satin robe. It was already missing a couple of buttons, and dangling threads hung from the satin quilting. I can't recall why I asked for it, but I saved it in a drawer for almost 40 years.

Here come the grandchildren. Six granddaughters! As I brought out the robe for them to play dress-up, fond memories of my sweet mother filled my mind. Watching that old pink robe find new life with the little ones made my heart burst with joy. However, with age and gentle play, it has become quite worn. I've had to mend the robe several times. It's much too large for my younger granddaughters, yet they adore its long length and the feel of the satin. The memories of my mother wearing that robe around the house on chilly days are still etched in my mind to this day.

To preserve the cherished garment as a special keepsake, I've removed it from the play clothes and placed it on a dedicated hook in my closet. I'm thrilled whenever my granddaughters say, "Nana, I'm cold. Can I wear your mother's robe?" I hurry to retrieve it for them. I share tidbits about my mother when the robe comes out. How kind she was to others. Her pretty brown eyes. How her homemade macaroni and cheese was the best ever.

The memories flood back. And when more than one granddaughter visits at the same time, it's not unusual to have to mediate who gets to wear it. I never imagined this would happen!

Why did I save this old robe? Back then, I wasn't sure why I wanted to hold onto it. But now it makes perfect sense. It holds cherished memories as I watch my granddaughters scampering around in it whenever they feel "cold." It reminds me of my lovely mother, and that's priceless.

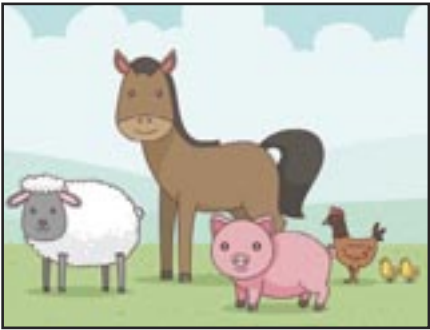
I encourage all of you—grandmothers, mothers, daughters, aunts, sisters, and friends—to hold onto a piece of clothing, a quilt, a doll, a teacup, a scarf, or any meaningful keepsake you can pass along to your children or grandchildren. While the item might not seem important now, its value often grows over time. Share the story behind it. Create a cherished memory. Treasure the tale. That old pink robe brings me immense joy even today.



Becky Van Vleet, a retired school administrator, lives near Colorado Springs with her husband, Troy. They are the parents of four grown children and enjoy spending time with their nine grandchildren. Becky is a children's picture book author, and her website is devoted to family stories and creating memories: www.beckylvanvleet.com

New Life on the Farm

by Tammy Page



Spring and summer are just around the corner which means new life on the farm. Just this week, we've had 3 new calves. Within the last month, our daughter's ewes had their babies and on our other daughter's farm, are several new litters of piglets. Baby chicks are chirping in our local TSC farm store and ducklings are quacking alongside the trough of chicks. My husband announced the pond has a pair of ducks on it and birds are singing announcing that warm weather is coming.

I'm not sure if I've ever mentioned it in my other stories, but I despise winter and almost everything about it. The occasional gently falling fresh snow is pretty, but only from inside my kitchen where it is warm and cozy. So, you could say I'm elated that my favorite seasons are near.

I've lived in Indiana all my life and you'd think my blood would run "Hoosier" where I'd be used to the cold, unpredictable and harsh weather but I've always longed for the warm sun on my face and the temperatures above 60 degrees.

I remember walking to school while living in Indianapolis where we were unrecognizable because we had so many layers of long underwear, sweaters and coats to protects us from the cold winds of a January day. Back in the 60's and 70's we had to wear dresses to school but were allowed to wear pants under our dresses as we walked to school on those cold, snowy mornings. We wore heavy boots or galoshes over our shoes. We wore scarves and gloves, sometimes doubled up, and a thick hat covered our head and ears. On top of that, was a big, heavy coat. By the time we got to school, we were sweating from all our winter wear and we were able to shed all the extras to get down to starting our day. The radiators were covered with wet, icy clothing to help dry them out before we headed outdoors to walk back home at the end of the day. There would be newspapers on the floor in front of the radiator littered with boots and galoshes.

As March gets into full swing and April and May are just around the corner, I long for those warm days again with anticipation. I am ready to look through the seed catalogs, peruse the aisles in the garden section of our local garden centers and plan for new flowers to fill my pots. I've already bought several packets of seeds and just this past weekend at our local Master Gardeners event, I picked up a tulip tree seedling and a Gerber Daisy start. I've taken down my outdoor winter décor and brought up my spring and summer pillows and decorations from their storage totes in the basement to add to my front porch and my displayed antique ironing board which brightens my winter mood.

Looking out my window today at the winter mix of rain and snow I remind myself that warm days are coming. I can hear the newborn calves calling to their mommas and can see the returning mallard ducks on the pond letting me know that winter is on its way out and spring and summer are on their way in. And, if it's not as soon as I hoped, there's always "Alexa" to help out as I ask her to play the crickets and frog summer night sounds.

-© Tammy Page writes from her family farm in Indiana. When not helping her husband with chores, she loves scoring a great collectible at an antique shop and spoiling her children and grands.



Recipe: Raspberry Cheesecake Bars

Ingredients:

- Crust:**
- 1 1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
 - 1/2 cup unsalted butter, melted
 - 2 tbsp sugar
- Cheesecake Layer:**
- 16 oz cream cheese, softened
 - 1/2 cup sugar
 - 2 eggs
 - 1 tsp vanilla extract
- Raspberry Swirl**
- 1/2 cup raspberry jam
 - 1 tbsp water

Directions:

Preheat your oven to 325°. In a medium bowl mix the graham cracker crumbs, melted butter and sugar until combined. Press the mixture into the bottom of a 9x9 baking pan lined with parchment paper. Bake for 8-10 minutes. Let cool. In a Large bowl beat the cream cheese and sugar until smooth. Add the eggs one at a time and mix well after each. Stir in the vanilla. In a small bowl mix the raspberry jam and water until smooth. Pour the cheesecake mixture over the cooled crust and spread evenly. Drop small dollops of the raspberry mixture on top of the cheesecake layer. Use a toothpick to swirl the raspberry mixture into the cheesecake. Bake for 30-35 minutes or until the edges are set. Let cool completely then refrigerate for at least 3 hours





Front Porch in the Summer

by Tammy Page

June, the nationally known celebrated month of weddings and love, including my own, also means days of baseball, swimming, working 4-H animals, baling hay and lots of porch sitting. I love my front porch more than grilled hot dogs, more than 4th of July sparklers and almost more than spending time with my grandkids, I said almost.

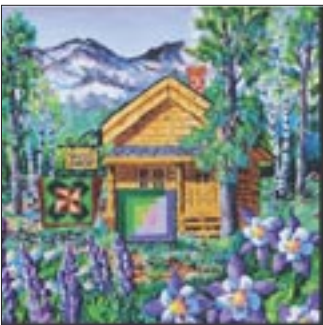
My front porch is big enough to have two seating areas, and is covered. It has a great north/south breeze and faces the road where I can wave to my neighbors as they drive by. My porch is the best place to sit and feel the sun to warm by aching bones and drink my morning coffee. I also like to read while relaxing there on my settee. I can place my coffee on the side table all the while reading my newest country magazine. My Australian shepherds lay at the edge of the sidewalk keeping me company and watching for me to rise to give them rubs and sometimes a morning treat. On the other end of my 20-foot porch is a well-loved swing. It's so comfy that I have often fluffed up the pillows and laid down for a nap. My grandkids love to sit with me as I read them one of their favorite books, or play riddly, riddly ree, AKA I spy. Oh, the things we could "I Spy" from the front porch. There is a menagerie of trees, flowers, the yard decor, the cows and calves, the dogs and so much more. The rug on the floor invites the grandchildren to bring out their tote of toys and play at our feet as we visit with our friends and loved ones. A gate is installed across the entrance where we can "coral" them while still keeping a watchful eye on the little ones and also keeping the big, excitable dogs off the porch and from grabbing up the children's toys as their own.

Eating a snack on the porch is the perfect spot for our two-year-old twin grandsons who tend to spill and drop crumbs of animal crackers. Of course, they love to reach through the railings and treat one of the dogs with a few of those crackers too. If truth be told, that is probably the reason why the dogs stay so close while we are out on the porch. They know the twins love to share and get lots of thank you kisses and licks from them too.

The porch has also been a refuge when days have been hard. It has given distance from a quarrel with my spouse, solitude from a teenage spat with her boyfriend, a need to have some quiet time and even a time to reflect after the death of a loved one.

No matter the reason, my country porch will always be my favorite place.

-© Tammy Page writes from her family farm in Indiana. When not helping her husband with chores, she loves scoring a great collectible at an antique shop and spoiling her children and grands.



Log Cabin Quilt'N Sew

Buy Online
at
LogCabinQuiltNsew.com

We are open to the public by
appointment

703-686-3265

or email

Linda@LogCabinQuiltNsew.com
Castle Rock, Colorado

500+ BOLTS
Wide Quilt Backing
Fabric

Flannel, Batik,
Cotton & Minky

Laser Cut &
Traditional Quilt
Kits

Lead Designers like
MODA | Northcott |
Riley Blake,
Wilmington &
Maywood Studios

SAVE \$\$ Using wide fabrics
for all your sewing projects!

1 Yd of 108" = 3 Yds of 44-45"W

Professional Longarm
Quilting Services
Available

A Primitive Place Magazine

Take a Step Back in Time



Take a step back in time,
with A Primitive Place,
where history comes alive!

We invite you to step back in time
with guided tours through five
beautifully styled homes, each
reflecting a unique and timeless
charm. You'll also discover
informative articles on antiques
and primitive décor, along with
hands-on craft tutorials, quick
and easy recipes, and our exclusive
APP Marketplace—where you can
find, and purchase items featured
in the homes you love.



www.aprimitiveplacemagazine.com

Join Us

for a special Handi Quilter
Education Event!



Visit us online at
www.sew-ciety.com

1025 South Perry Street
Unit 101-B
Castle Rock, CO 80104
720-733-8102

Hours:
Monday - Saturday 10-4
Closed Sundays & Tuesday



Learn all about longarm quilting techniques,
specialized accessories, and the basics of
working with a longarm quilting machine!

Wednesday, June 4: Longarm Bootcamp and Freemotion
Thursday, June 5: ABC's of Rulers and ProStitcher
Friday, June 6: Longarm Bootcamp and Freemotion
Saturday, June 7: ABC's of Rulers and ProStitcher
Sunday, June 8: HandiQuilter Workshop
Inside the Grid, Outside the Box

Each class is \$ 99 and includes printed handouts, hands on, and lunch
Class time: 9:30am-4:00pm
Classes presented by HandiQuilter National Educator Kaye Collins

Space is Limited!
Call the shop to reserve your place today!

Free Pattern

For more fun and creative inspiration visit:
www.JacquelynneSteves.com



Free Embroidery Pattern – May not be sold or used for commercial purposes. Use this pattern for embroidery, wool applique, punch needle or rug hooking, painted projects or whatever your imagination can dream up! Reduce or enlarge pattern as desired.

Piecing Life Together

Life

by Barbara Polston

My daughter's friends were expecting their first baby. She asked if I would make a quilt to welcome their daughter. I have a "go to" pattern for baby quilts. Expectant mom's favorite color is purple. We selected purple fabrics, mostly with floral motifs in a range of light, medium and dark values. The pattern creates five stars trailing across the surface of the quilt. We selected a pretty pink for those. I've made too many of this pattern to count but felt that this one was the prettiest. My quilter helped select a lovely quilting pattern. We created a label with a heartfelt message. The quilt reached 100% finished the week before the baby was due.



Given what had become a tight deadline, my daughter asked me to ship the quilt directly to her friends. It arrived on Friday and was received with absolute delight. Now, all mom and dad had to do was await their daughter's arrival which had reached the "any day now" stage.

On Sunday night, I dreamt of the young man I dated throughout my senior year in high school. Although our dating relationship ended with my high school graduation, we remained friends. We saw each other at social events. He was a guest at my wedding. After my marriage, as I suppose is to be expected, we drifted apart. Over the years I reconnected with several people from my school days – some sought me out, others I tried to find. It's been nice to be able to reminisce with them as well as share their current lives. I tried, for many years and on more than one occasion, to find the young man who had been so special to me. Every attempt met with failure.

When I awoke on Monday morning, I decided to try one more time to find him. Searching the internet, his obituary was returned. He passed away five years ago. From what I read, it appeared that he achieved the life he had planned and was well loved. This discovery was saddening and a bit shocking. I fell down the rabbit hole into thoughts of high school and the many people that were such an important part in my life. I wondered if I had reached the stage in life where all I would hear about was the loss of someone else.

Then, on Tuesday morning, I received a text message from my daughter with a photo of her friend's newborn baby girl, so sweet being cradled by her mom. Life, I understood, is a circle of birth and death that we both witness and experience. Spirits lifted, I'm just glad that the quilt arrived in time to welcome a new life.

©Barbara Polston, March 2025. Barbara is the author of *Quilting with Doilies: Inspiration, Techniques, and Projects* (Schiffer Press, 2015) and a series of children's books inviting young children to share in *The Adventures of Puppy Brian* (www.puppybrian.com). Barbara lives in Tucson, Arizona where she has failed at retirement, but is getting more time for sewing in a variety of forms. Contact Barbara at barbarapolston-quilter@gmail.com.

A Cup of Tea with Lydia

by Lydia E. Harris

Traveling Teacups

Sundays are a day of rest in our home, and I look forward to these leisurely afternoons to nap and read.

But one Sunday as I curled up on the sofa with a good book, my thoughts turned to Myrtle, our silver-haired neighbor. She had recently moved to a retirement home, and I wondered how she was doing. I smiled as I recalled times we had shared when she lived next door.

"You're my dessert lady," Myrtle said and giggled whenever I brought her warm bread pudding or other sweet treats. But now I couldn't easily stop by to see her.

Laying my book aside, I said to my husband, "Perhaps I should visit Myrtle today and take her tea."

"Good idea," he said with a smile.

I packed a tea basket for two. Inside I nestled china teacups and saucers wrapped in dishtowels, adding assorted teas, sugar cubes, and teaspoons. I would need a thermos of hot water, and, to live up to my nickname, dessert. Myrtle ate mostly soft foods and loved homemade puddings, so I cooked the easy tapioca recipe on the box of tapioca. I also took some spicy homemade applesauce to stash in her small refrigerator.

When I arrived, the curtains were closed and Myrtle reclined in her favorite chair, watching baseball on TV. Myrtle brightened as I opened the drapes. "I've been reading some good books lately," she said.

We chatted and admired her family photos. Then I unpacked the tea basket. Myrtle smelled each tea and chose a pear-caramel tea from France. I placed a doily on her saucer and brewed the tea in her cup. While she stirred in a sugar cube, I scooped warm tapioca pudding into green goblets.

"These goblets are so beautiful," Myrtle said.

I chuckled and admitted, "I bought them at a rummage sale for a quarter a piece."

She giggled at our shared secret, then added, "I hear Jonathan is engaged." Myrtle loved hearing about our son's wedding plans, and I asked questions about her grandkids. Almost forty years separated us in age, but our mother hearts felt close.

Myrtle took the napkin I handed her and read its sentiment aloud: "Friends like you are special and few." She sighed and tucked it aside with the lemon drops and an extra teabag to enjoy later. I snapped a few photos so I could send her one and keep the memory of our teatime fresh for myself. Then it was time to pack my traveling teacups and drive home.

There have been other lazy Sundays when my teacups and I sat idle. But the Sunday we visited Myrtle remains a beloved memory. Yes, it really is more blessed to give than to receive. But by giving, I also received and left full brimming with memories of shared laughter, love, and tea.

Do you know someone who needs love? If so, won't you join me and pack a basket with a traveling tea party? You'll be glad you did.

From Lydia's Recipe File: Easy Tapioca Pudding or Parfaits

2¾ cups milk (whole or 2%)

1 egg, beaten

1/3 cup sugar

3 tablespoons minute tapioca

dash of salt (optional)

1 teaspoon vanilla

1. Combine all ingredients except vanilla in a large microwaveable bowl.
 2. Let stand for 5 minutes.
 3. Microwave on high until mixture comes to a full boil and thickens (about 10 to 12 minutes), stirring every 3 minutes.
 4. Stir in vanilla.
 5. Cool. The pudding will continue to thicken as it cools. Serve warm or chilled.
- Makes six ½-cup servings. Refrigerate leftovers.

Variation: Tapioca Parfaits. Use goblets or small glasses for individual servings. Alternate layers of pudding and favorite jam or fresh fruit to fill each glass. Top with whipped topping. Serve chilled.

Lydia E. Harris is a tea enthusiast and the author of three books for grandparents: *GRAND Moments: Devotions Inspired by Grandkids*, *In the Kitchen with Grandma: Stirring Up Tasty Memories Together*, and *Preparing My Heart for Grandparenting*, all available at amazon.com.

Papa pops Grand dad Dad
daddy PAPI padre
pa FATHER'S DAY, JUNE 15th
pappy Grandpa Pop
opa baba Daddy FATHER



Golden Quilt Company

"Purveyors of Fine Fabrics"

1108 Washington Avenue
Golden CO 80401
303-277-0717
www.goldenquiltcompany.com



A Stitching Shop

4444 Morrison Road, Denver, CO 80219
303-727-8500
Monday - Saturday: 10 a.m. - 5 p.m.
www.StitchingShop.com / ASTitchingShop@gmail.com

We have remodeled and expanded to over 5,000 SF of cross stitch to canvas, cotton to silk threads, MillHill beads and kits, all kinds of specialty threads and silk ribbons; Aida to linens to canvas to perfed paper; with a huge inventory of charts! Check out the list of what we carry on the website above. If you're not close to the shop, call or e-mail us and we can ship all over the world! If we don't have it, we'll get it! Mail order with Visa/MC.

Find our class schedule and specialty groups on the website.
YOUR ONE-STOP SHOP . . . AND SO MUCH MORE!

The Garden: Where Creativity Blossoms!

Why do you garden?

Yes, you enjoy the beauty of your flowers and the taste of your fresh-from-the garden vegetables. But the real attraction likely comes from a deeper place. Connecting with that deeper place is soul satisfying. Reveling in that aspect of the garden offers rewards that go well beyond the vision and the palate.

Direct your artistic impulses in any way the spirit moves—writing, painting, crafting, drawing—and your garden will enchant you in a new and vital way.

Journaling the Garden

A garden journal can take many forms. It might be a record of the sequence of blooms, and the date you picked the first tomato of the season. It can document the life stages of a back-yard butterfly from egg to larva to pupa to emergence, or a robin nestling in the holly outside your kitchen window. Or it may be an artistic outlet that helps you to examine and express, in words or drawings or collage, what most excited you on a particular day.

If you've never journaled before, try these exercises:

- Sit in the same place once a week for three or more weeks, and draw the weekly changes in the scene before you. It might be a rosebud opening to full bloom and then fading, or the leaves on a branch of a tree changing from green to orange. It might be the head of a sunflower.
- Take a moment to just listen. Write down every detail of what you hear—birds singing, leaves rustling, cicadas sounding. Make it into a haiku, a three-line poem with 5-7-5 syllables per line, respectively, if you wish.



By the Yard®

© 2025 Jennifer Lopez



I CAN'T DECIDE WHICH SHADE OF RED TO USE... CRIMSON? CABERNET? CLARET? CARMINE... OR CERISE?

WE'RE GOING BACK TO THE FABRIC SHOP AGAIN, AREN'T WE?

www.bytheyardcomics.com



When you feel stressed by

MODERN TIMES

Take time to notice the Quiet

Feed your soul

with Silence

that's where Dreams

are born

I love that quiet time when nobody's up
Go the animals are happy to see me.

♥ Olivia Newton-John

Shh

Celebrate Spring! - Come visit me at my website: www.susanbranch.com

FREE FAT QUARTER

with \$25 Purchase

EXCLUDING LONGARM AND MACHINES
Coupon Expires June 30, 2025

Located in Quaint, Downtown Brighton!

Come and see what the talk is all about ...

Viking Sewing Machines
Hand Embroidery Supplies
Block of the Month Programs
Quality Quilting Fabric & Kits
Machine Embroidery

BEGINNING - ADVANCED CLASSES

IN-STORE
LONGARMING SERVICES
starting at just \$0.02 per sq. inch




39 N Main, Brighton, CO
720-667-4086
onpinsandneedles.com



Tips for the Thrifty Gardener

A garden doesn't have to cost a lot of money. In fact, there are many ways a garden can save you money. Here are a few suggestions for keeping your garden in top shape without draining your bank account. Supplement them with your own creative ideas!

Grow from Seed:

It makes good sense, and saves dollars to start easy-to-grow plants from seed rather than buying started seedlings from a nursery. Here are some vegetables and flowers that can and should be sown directly in the garden:

Lettuce, arugula, and other salad greens: Sprinkle the seeds in wide rows. You will get at least three cuttings of salad greens, which can sell for upwards of \$6-\$7 a pound at the local supermarket.

All root vegetables like carrots, beets, radishes and turnips are also very easy-from-seed vegetables.

Garden mainstay veggies such as beans, peas, squash, cucumbers and corn all come easily and quickly from seed as well as long as you wait until temperatures are warmed up into the 50° range both day and night.

Sunflowers, zinnias, cosmos, marigolds, alyssum, sweet peas, morning glories and nasturtiums are some beautiful and popular flowers that can be had for the price of a pack of seeds. If you want to have cut flowers, a pack of seeds will produce lots and lots of flowering plants so that you can enjoy bouquets all season long. See <http://www.ezfromseed.org/> for more vegetables and flowers that can be sown directly in the garden.

Share-starting:

And while you're at it, consider joining with friends in a seed-starting cooperative for plants that need a head start indoors (peppers, eggplants and tomatoes all need to be started indoors in the US except in the warmest areas.) One person starts eggplants, another tomatoes, and at planting time, just divide the started plants among the participating members.

Compost:

Don't give your leaves away! Chop them with your lawnmower and put them in a pile. Or make a simple compost bin with chicken wire and four stakes. Add vegetable trimmings, prunings, weeds (but no weed with seeds), and other compostable.



Become Inspired

by Annice Bradley Rockwell

Nature's Artful Canvas

As the season of spring advances, nature's beauty is on full display all around us. Our country lawns are like an artist's background canvas in a deeper, more vibrant green. Our dogwood trees' blossoms are in full bloom now dotting the surrounding landscape with beautiful pastels of pink and cream. Lilac bushes become heavy with tight abundant flowers that can be picked almost daily now to fill our antique white ironstone pitchers. These wonderful country bouquets of soft purple and white create a wonderful country look on a perfectly weathered and worn harvest table, bringing the scent and sight of spring right into our home.

A Spring Sanctuary

Our herb gardens often become a sanctuary after a long day's work when we find ourselves out in the warm sun preparing our soil and cleaning out our garden beds for the season to come. Hardy varieties of thyme and marjoram see to spring back to life and begin to fill in our open spaces around our stone steps or against the backdrop of a country picket fence.

Spending time making room for more plantings is an afternoon of bliss and it is well-deserved. Planning areas in our herb gardens for colorful annuals for contrast and height, like orange nasturtiums, purple salvia, pink zinnias or bright red poppies is time well-spent as it will add definition and depth to our garden spaces to enjoy all year long.

Nature's bounty can also be savored while on an energizing hike. Walking alongside the babbling brooks and vernal ponds of spring on a soft, winding trail is a country blessing to treasure. Being completely present in the moment, we notice the leaves on the trees showing even more green and the lush bushes along the water's edge seem to soften the scene. Taking time to enjoy nature's gradual transformation gives us a sense of gratitude for all that is around us and we are left with a feeling of complete peace.

Creative Country Transformations

The season of spring often rejuvenates us, providing us with increased energy and motivation to work on new projects and larger country tasks. Our outdoor spaces can now be transformed into a creative extension of our home using our country antiques, a few potted plants and elements found in nature. Establishing an intimate space in which to either entertain or to read our favorite country magazine on a bright spring morning can be a rewarding weekend project. A collection of flat stones can be gathered to arrange a rustic garden patio adjacent to a kitchen clipping garden. A weathered primitive table can be arranged with outdoor Windsor chairs to form a country space for cookouts with family and friends. Country lanterns on stakes can transform our backyard into an inviting spot to spend time sharing stories and making memories. And large sturdy antiques such as primitive kegs and country grain bins can be put to back to use as storage or as serving stations for our country events and gatherings.

This season take time to delight in some of the longest, most satisfying days of the year. Create opportunities to surround yourself with nature and embrace the peace that nature always provides.



Quilters, Knitters & Needle Artists:

Find Your Favorite Shops When You Travel
in the **NeedleTravel Guide**

Purchase at your local shop or from us online.
Don't forget to download the NeedleTravel App!

enjoy its companion:

ShopHopper
by NeedleTravel

Your free travel planner at NeedleTravel.com

needletravel.com or 888-737-0847

only
\$9.95

 Facebook  Pinterest  Twitter





Inspirations Quilt Shop
19562 Co. Rd. R.7 (E. 8th Ave.)
Fort Morgan, CO 80701

***Your one-stop quilt shop with everything you need
to feed your habit and create amazing quilts!***

970-542-0810

Regular Hours: 9 am - 5:30 pm Monday - Saturday • Closed Sunday
NoCo Shop Hop Hours, June 5-14: 9 am - 6 pm everyday
www.InspirationsQuiltShop.com • shop@InspirationsQuiltShop.com

Stop by during the NoCo Shop Hop • June 5-14

LYONS, COLORADO

Lyons Quilting

We are now your go to shop for bag making supplies
including fabric, hardware, tons of zipper pulls and
zipper tape options!

Over 5,000 bolts of fabric with fat quarters of all!

**We have the best selection of Batiks, Kaffe Fassett,
Tula Pink, Alison Glass, Kona Solids, Novelty and more!**

Featured Top Shop of the nation in Quilt Sampler Magazine!

42 E. Main Street
Lyons, CO 80540
303-823-6067

Monday through Saturday – 9:30am-5:00pm
Sunday – 1:00pm-5:00pm



Recipe: Creamy Greek Yogurt Ranch Dressing

submitted by Shirley Ross

Ingredients:

- 1/2 cup plain Greek yogurt
- 1/4 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tbsp lemon juice
- 2 tsp fresh dill or 1 tsp dill weed
- 2 tsp fresh parsley - chopped or 1 tsp dried parsley flakes
- 2 tsp fresh chives- chopped or 1 tsp dried chives
- 1/2 tsp garlic powder
- 1/4 tsp onion powder
- 1-2 tbsp milk
- salt and pepper to taste

Directions:

In a small bowl, whisk together yogurt, lemon juice and mayonnaise. Stir in herbs, garlic and onion powder. Add milk until desired consistency is reached. Season with salt and pepper. Cover and refrigerate for 30-60 minutes to blend the flavors. Can be stored in refrigerator up to 1 week. Shake well.



Quilt Planet

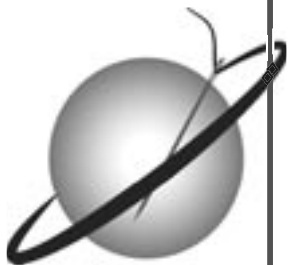
Longarm Quilting

Rhea Parsons, quilter

- ★ You piece it, I'll quilt it
- ★ Fast turnaround
- ★ 1000's of quilting patterns

**Mention discount code "Register 3"
for 10% off edge-to-edge quilting**
offer valid until July 15, 2025

rhea@quiltplanet.com
720-935-8502
Longmont, CO



Open 7 days/week
Shop by appointment
849 Pope Dr, Erie, CO 80516
303-875-3309

Colorado Creations Quilting
**Offers nature-themed fabric, kits,
and originally designed patterns**

Jackie is available for lectures, classes and workshops

15% OFF

Most regular priced items* in online shop

At checkout, use discount code: REGISTER

***does not include kits, sale or clearance items
applies to amount before taxes & shipping**

www.coloradocreationsquilting.com

Back Porch Break

by Nancy Brummett

My Mother's Hands

I was blessed to be with my mother for two weeks before she passed away at 92, even though we lived thousands of miles apart. Sitting beside her bed I found myself drawn to her hands—wanting to touch them and hold them as long as I possibly could.

These were the hands that cared for me when I was little and reached out for me when we crossed the street—both when I was small and carefree and when she was old and frail. These were the hands that created the home my two sisters and I remember so fondly...the hands that stirred the gravy, tied the bows on the backs of our dresses, decorated the Christmas tree, and folded the laundry.

On family vacations my Mom would lay her arm across the back of the front seat where she sat with my Dad, tapping her fingers in time to the music on the car radio or to the songs she was teaching us. I remember marveling at her long red nails and sparkly rings and thinking my Mom's hands had to be the most beautiful hands in the world!

As she aged arthritis took its toll on Mom's hands, but they were still beautiful to me because they were the hands that clapped excitedly whenever she first saw me on one of my visits to Tennessee from Colorado. And when she wanted to call her three daughters together one last time, and it was so difficult for her to speak, she motioned to us with her hands. Saying, "I want one, two, three" as she pointed to three spots on the foot of her bed, she indicated she expected us all to be present at once. When we were assembled, in an incredible and memorable blessing, she told us how much she loved us, how proud she was of us, and thanked us for taking good care of her in her old age. Then she sang the words "He touched me" from the old hymn, and simply said the word "peace."

Mom lingered for two more days but never really spoke or opened her eyes again. She had said her goodbyes. As I sat by her bed after she had slipped away, I was still holding her hand and wondering how I could ever let it go.

But the Lord knew that day would come and thought of a way to comfort my sisters and me in it even as He was creating us in our mother's womb. For you see, when we look at our own hands they remind us of our mother's in so many ways. With hearts full of the love Mom gave us, and still gives us from heaven, we are left to carry on with our children and grandchildren. The work of her hands is now ours to do, and by God's grace we will do it joyfully as we celebrate her life and the legacy she left us—not just on Mother's Day, but every day we live.

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

Now Available!

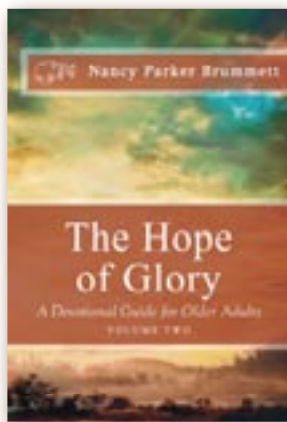
The Hope of Glory

A Devotional Guide for Older Adults
VOLUME TWO

From Columnist

Nancy Parker Brummett

Order print or eBook from 



THE SEWING CIRCLE

Designer Quartz™ 29

Sewing and Embroidery Machine

NEW!

GET YOURS TODAY!
LAST CHANCE
BEFORE IT'S GONE!

LAST CHANCE!

While Supplies Last: Jade 20

MSRP \$799, Sale **\$499**

FREE pack of machine needles

with \$10 minimum purchase.

Must have this coupon for offer.

Coupon good May & June 2025

50% OFF Clearance FABRIC COUPON

Minimum 2 yards.

Must have this coupon for offer. Coupon good

May & June 2025.

Authorized and Certified

Singer, Husqvarna-Viking & PFAFF Service Center

Machine Sales, FREE machine owner's classes AND in-store Service!

Same-day Clean & Tune service

(with appointment, all brands can be cleaned & tuned)

4112 S College, Suite 112 • Fort Collins, CO 80525

970-672-2147 • www.the-sewing-circle.com

 **Husqvarna**

VIKING

PFAFF

SINGER

SINGER is a sewing circle brand.



Signs of Summer in Nature

by Janet Young

There are many ways you can tell summer is on it's way by certain signs in nature. For instance, beginning in April and May fireflies start to appear.

Walk at night in an open field, and as if by magic flashes of light begin to appear. It is through these flashes that the bugs are communicating with one another.

But how many remember from their childhood, when the first flash of light appeared in a darkened field, the excitement this would elicit. Most likely you ran in your house to get a jar and lid with holes punched in, so as to allow the bugs to breathe. These were exciting times, for the occasional light in the night air produced a magic all of its' own making. By evening's end, the bugs were released so that they could join the rest of their" friends".

Next comes the butterfly with its large, colorful wings folded at rest, to open wide when it's time to fly, is a beautiful sight to behold. They are unassuming and gentle, yet children especially want to catch them. If you have ever been to a butterfly house, you see the beauty as they flutter by.

But life for the butterfly has not always been easy. To transform from a caterpillar to a butterfly is very challenging. However, it was the fight that brought this adversity which built a strong, unassuming butterfly. Amazingly, after this transformation, the butterfly just flies on to start it's new butterfly life.

Finally, there is the Ladybug, which is actually a beetle with a bright red body and black dots. This bug is so pretty it has caught the attention of the fashion world to the extent, that on occasion it has designed fashions reminiscent of the colors of the ladybug.

Some people believe there is a religious symbolism like heaven, or angels associated with the ladybug. In addition, the ladybug is associated with good fortune, happiness, and love.

While nature has provided us with a bounty of insects, they all serve a purpose in preserving our natural surroundings. And while, I have chosen some of the more unique or most beautiful examples, there are still more to discover.

I started out with the intent of making us aware that when we see these wonders of nature, it is then that we know summer is on its' way. And by the way, another way I personally, can tell summer is on its' way, is something I experienced while working in my yard today. And that was the honking of geese, announcing that thy have returned after a winter in the south. But that's a story for another time.

It is now time to enjoy the fleeting days of summer, because before too long I will hear the geese honking as they make their flight down south for the winter days that lie ahead.

Have a great summer!

– © Janet Young is a Certified Tea and Etiquette Consultant, Co-Founder of Mid-Atlantic Tea Business Association, and prior owner of Over The Teacup.



In the Black

by Wayne Bosman

Kerri and I reached a new milestone today. We finished unloading and spreading a pickup load of topsoil into our expanded garden beds. We both felt compelled to grow more food this year but

growing a productive garden in coastal North Carolina is a learning experience for me, having grown up in Southeastern Wisconsin. Kerri grew up in Raleigh where red clay is a far cry from the coast's sandy soil.

I was fortunate to have my first garden in Wisconsin. I was a 4-H member and learned at meetings about the different mixtures of fertilizer and soil testing for maximum output. Probably more importantly, we were guided to which variety of vegetables to grow by people who grew food for a living. The Sweet Spanish Onions, Big Boy Tomatoes, and Silver Queen Corn was well suited to our area and to my goal to have everything flourishing at the time of the County Fair. I was mostly in it for the ribbons. Not that that was a bad thing.

Yet I was a careless gardener, unlike my father. Dad enjoyed nothing more than spending time in the garden. Before work or after supper he loved to survey the garden and pull the errant weed or thin out the nonproductive plants. I weeded under duress only. The black Wisconsin soil bailed me out.

In early spring, I spent countless hours behind the rototiller, watching the tines bust up clods of soil into grains. I loved leaning back to restrain the tiller from bouncing along the winter-hardened soil until it had dug its way in deep enough that it could not go further until I let it. Every few feet I would toss aside rocks that came to the surface, wondering where new rocks came from in a space that had been gardened year after year. That well-tilled soil, after the planting was done and the first few weeks of daily watering and looking for growth, did most of the work. Baseball was a much more attractive option for our bunch of rowdy boys and Dad, having supplemented the family income as a semipro pitcher, was an understanding taskmaster.

But that was long ago in a distant place. Plants that grew effortlessly in the Midwest's rich soil don't always thrive along the North Carolina coast. To compensate, the growing season starts in February and some crops are produced year-round. We often end up talking to Mom about Kerri's work in our garden while snow covers the garden space of my youth. When I was a child, it was considered quite a gamble to plant the less hardy crops before mid-May. "Knee high by the 4th of July" was considered the measure of a successful corn crop.

There are lots of reasons to want to grow more of our food this year. Prices rarely go down. But even more, my daughter's passing in January makes me focus more on the cycle of life. And, God willing, another grandchild is arriving soon.

My daughter had purchased four new planters and set them up outside her little shed. She was building a refuge for other women suffering with cancer. Books, a sauna, musical instruments and a quiet place to escape to for support were part of her vision. She didn't get the chance to fill the new planters with soil.

When Kerri and I found some similar planters to put on our underused but sunny front porch, we didn't hesitate. We added an extra garden bed in the back yard and went down to the landscape supply store up the road. The truckload of rich black topsoil brought back a flood of memories from my youth. It is an act of faith that it will provide even more memories in the future.

Wayne M. Bosman is a retired auto mechanic living in Cape Carteret, NC

Recipe: Garlic Chicken Gnocchi Skillet

Ingredients:

- 1 pound boneless skinless chicken breast
- 1 pound potato gnocchi
- 6 cloves garlic, minced
- 1 cup heavy cream
- 1 cup chicken broth
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 tbsp olive oil
- 1 tsp dried Italian herbs
- Salt and pepper for taste

Directions:

Heat the olive oil in a large skillet over medium-high heat. Add the chicken pieces and season with salt, pepper, and dried Italian herbs. Cook until the chicken is golden brown and cooked through, about 6-8 minutes. Remove the chicken from the skillet and set aside. In the same skillet, add the minced garlic and sauté for about 30 seconds. Pour in the chicken broth and use a wooden spoon to scrape up any browned bits from the bottom of the skillet. Add the gnocchi to the skillet and bring the mixture to a simmer. Cook for about 3-4 minutes, stirring occasionally, until the gnocchi starts to become tender. Reduce the heat to medium-low and pour in the heavy cream. Stir gently to combine and let it simmer for another 2-3 minutes until the sauce starts to thicken. Add the cooked chicken back to the skillet along with the grated Parmesan cheese. Stir everything together until the cheese is melted and the chicken is heated through. Taste and adjust the seasoning with more salt and pepper if needed.





Now Open

The Black Sheep WOOL SHOP

A wonderful collection of wool, patterns,
embroidery (supplies and patterns), notions,
PLUS OVER 300 COLORS OF PERLE COTTON!

— FEATURING WOOL BY —
Woolylady • Nutmeg Hare • Dorr Woolen Mills
Heavens-to-Betsy • In the Patch Designs
Mary Flanagan

Pattern Designers: Primitive Gatherings, Pennylane Primitives,
Buttermilk Basin, Sunflower Fields, Little Red Hen, Woolylady, Nutmeg Hare,
Over the Garden Moon, Trisha Stuart, Wooden Spool Designs, and more!

429 Main Street • Windsor, CO 80550
970-460-9309

OPEN: 10:30-5 Thursday • 10:30-5:30 Friday • 10:30-2 Saturday
CLOSED: Sunday-Wednesday

Writing From Life

by Jeanette Lukowski

Focused on Fun

For a number of years now, my grown son has made jokes about our different approaches to life. He describes us as being two different kinds of birds in the same flock: I am the focused goose at the front of the “V,” fighting the windshear every mile—while he is the “relaxed” goose, riding the lift. In the “work smarter, not harder” ideology of his younger generation, he challenges me to enjoy the ride rather than fight through negotiations.

The adjustment has been challenging, but I’m already beginning to see some improvements in my physical health and mental outlook since I started down this path! All because I’m trying to focus more on “fun” and smiles now!

First, I attended a class on Color Theory held at a quilt shop. Such a great outing! Part of my course fee included my very own color wheel—while the other part introduced me to the woman who explained what it all means in relation to selecting quilting fabrics. Well worth both the time, and the course fee, in my humble opinion.

While we waited for the class to start, I had the opportunity to chat with a fellow classmate. She talked about how she meets her son for lunch every Friday, followed by a variety of classes offered at the quilt store in which we were sitting. How fun! I still work, but she planted the seed: Regular meal visits with family members!

After my recent move, the rewards have been quickly accumulating. A lunch-date with my mother, sister, and two others; a comedy show with my son and two of his friends, followed by dinner out; my granddaughter’s after-school dance program (which ironically ended 15 minutes after it started), followed by dinner out; two Sunday drives with my son to orchestral concerts in towns an hour’s drive away, followed by dinners out.

And then this afternoon, the postal clerk and I shared such an exchange of giggles over a package I was mailing to a friend in another state, because it sounded like a set of maracas clicking away in the cardboard box! “Is it anything fragile?” she asked.

“No, they are just empty wooden thread spools. I am sharing them with my friend, because she is a wood carver. I forgot to take them when I went to visit her last summer, so I’m just mailing them to her now,” I explained.

That’s when we both acquired the giggle-bug. What might the other postal employees who handled the package along its journey think about the sound they would hear coming out of the box? What other unusual—or funny—things do people mail to others? What will my friend think when she retrieves the package from the post office? Or, if porch-pirates snag it—and think they have acquired something really cool? What if someone thinks the contents got broken during the shipping process? Such a lovely random Wednesday.

Smiles are free, and my blood pressure might be lowering.

© Jeanette Lukowski 2025. Jeanette is a mother, grandmother, teacher, and author who lives in Alexandria, MN. She is inspired by the lives of strong women. Her email address is: writingfromlife@yahoo.com



Mention Country Register for 15% off!

PRECISION QUILTING

www.precisionquiltingco.com

OUR SERVICES

- Longarm Quilting
- Binding
- Embroidery
- Custom Apparel

Michael & Morgan Martin
(719) 248-3555
Windsor, CO



Garden Havens

by Kerri Habben Bosman

I am writing in what some might call a “she-shed.” I call it the office, but it is really my haven. About two years ago, we bought a 10’ by 16’ shed for all of the “toys” acquired when you live three blocks

from the water. Also, for everything lawn and garden related. Once our little building was set in place, I knew we had to get those kayaks in right away. Otherwise, it was quickly going to have hand-sewn curtains for the little windows and extra throw rugs from the house. We jokingly called it the boat house.

Fast forward to January of this year when the kayaks migrated to their berths beside the Intracoastal Waterway. My husband, Wayne, set his floor loom in the living room where two comfortable chairs had been. We had to store them somewhere, right? The wooden clock my dad made in 1982 needed a place to chime. The throw rug is here along with some surplus pillows and a small quilt. And yes, I sewed valances from leftover calico fabric. Their old-fashioned simplicity soothes me in our more modern world, even as I type away on a computer. We are all a bit ironic sometimes.

The best part is the old card table my mother bought around 1970. I put a tablecloth on it, unfolded a plastic chair and now I have a quiet place to write. I needed one.

Last year at this time, I had a creative lapse. I simply couldn’t write an article. Thankfully, Wayne submitted an article for that issue. A wordsmith himself, he now looks forward to writing these articles. This fulfillment as a writer makes my moments of frustrating dormancy all worthwhile.

I described my Picasso blue period this way:

I struggled to write because I had thought of everyone else for so long that I forgot how to tap into my own wisdom. The depletion was so gradual that I didn’t sense it until it was too late. Creativity needs to be fed and watered. I forgot that and fed everyone and everything else. I planted seeds in our garden, but I forgot to water the plants inside of myself.

Thus, I have come to treasure my haven of a shed. I sit here and listen to Daddy’s clock tick along with the tapping of my fingers on the laptop keyboard. From here I can see the garden beds, the well-settled ones and the new ones we just set out this year. New herbs are spreading out. Our sugar snap peas are thriving and the tomatoes we grew from seed are on their way. Zinnias splash redemptive color across our garden beds.

My stepdaughter and I used to consider the pros and cons of being very kind-hearted. It is a gift having a deep capacity to give of ourselves to others. We lamented that sometimes we were perceived as weak, when being softer around the edges actually requires an interior strength. Yet, it is too easy to forget yourself and therein lies the downside. We talked of how to find a good balance.

My stepdaughter too had a shed. She envisioned living long enough with advanced stage 4 cancer to share her healing haven with others struggling with the same illness. She planned a garden around the shed. I promised her some of our zinnia seeds for her planters. It was not to be.

I think of her life as a flower and of all the seeds of kindness she sowed throughout her life. Her blossoming will continue as her children grow into their own gardens and as they give of themselves. And I smile at the tender, tenacious zinnias opening up to the sun.

Kerri Habben Bosman is a writer in Cape Carteret, NC.



HAPPY
MOTHER’S
Day!
May 11th



Take your paper with you this summer as you travel the state and stop in and visit the shops in The Country Register! Tell them you saw them here in the paper!

Talkin' About My Jeans Generation

by Barbara Kalkis

The health benefits of my yoga class begin about an hour before the class itself. That's when I begin putting on my leggings. These contemporary girdles guarantee a sleek look that smooths out wrinkles, flab, bulges and "thunder thighs." Stomachs and the 'rear view' are flattened to shallow curves. The waist on the leggings ensures that you will have a waist by pinching it into breathless submission. The breathless part refers to your lower lungs. They do not conform to you. You conform to them.

Despite the torture, I view leggings as part of a mandatory uniform. (Yes, I am unduly influenced by social media and glamour magazines.) So, I pull my leggings out of the drawer and begin the process of putting on what only appears to be a flimsy piece of stretchy elastic. The first exercise begins. I bend over and touch my toes, one foot at a time. In this position, I pull the leggings up past my ankles. Then I unroll each "leg" to reach my shins. No go. I cannot get past my ankles. I hope, with no success. I begin tugging, yanking, pulling.



Keeping my feet apart is crucial. If I relax my death grip on the heavy elastic fabric, it snaps back in place and knocks my knees together. After more pulling, yanking and acrobatics, my waist is finally encased in the elastic prison. I am a bit blue from lack of oxygen, but I have mastered the yoga style "look." When the Yoga master directs us to breathe through our abdomen and fill our lower lungs, it is impossible to do so, but deep breathing is overrated. I have perfected my ability to pant like a dog awaiting a left-over beef rib.

You may think I am exaggerating, but I took physical therapy for a shoulder problem and acquired a rainbow selection of stretchy straps of increasing stiffness. The PT marveled at my upper-body strength in stretching the most advanced band. I could have told him it was because of my leggings but saw no reason to discourage his professional enthusiasm for helping a patient.

Yoga has taught me a valuable lesson, aside from exercise or meditation. It has taught me to be proud that I am a member of the jeans generation. Jeans are always in style. The fabric is stiff at first, but after a few washings they are comfy and conform to your shape. The stretchy waists do really stretch. They let your stomach be your stomach so you can breathe. Jeans may not hide curves, but they enhance them. They come out of the wash with a simple shake and fold and are ready to wear again. Jeans go with anything. They don't "pill" or stretch so far out of shape you can only use them for garden stakes.

Jeans are statement clothes. They can be dressed up or down. They can be worn with a sequined top or an old plaid shirt. You can wear them to dig in the garden or to walk your kids to school. There's no worry about restricting blood flow. You have the freedom to run, stretch, sit, stand, go anywhere and do anything. They last almost forever. You can cut them down from long pants to "crops" to "shorts" and then sew the remainder into a purse. Jeans speak about a generation of people who work, picnic on the grass, are dressed and ready for any adventure, and who know that true comfort is both a look and a lifestyle. I call that being part of a great generation!

©Barbara Kalkis, 2025. Barbara is a writer, teacher and high-tech consultant. She's author of Little Ditties for Every Day...A Collection of Thoughts in Rhyme and Rhythm. She owns more pairs of jeans than pots and pans. Contact her at BarbaraKalkis01@gmail.com

Recipe: Garlic Vinaigrette Dressing

submitted by Shirley Ross

Ingredients:

- 1 cup olive oil
- 1/2 cup cider vinegar
- 4 1/2 tsp sugar
- 3 garlic cloves, minced
- 1/2 tsp sea salt
- 1/2 tsp ground pepper

Directions:

Place all ingredients in a jar, cover tightly and shake to combine. Store in refrigerator up to 1 week. Before using, remove from refrigerator so the oil can warm up to room temperature. Shake well and serve.



3820 W 10TH ST B3,
GREELEY, CO 80634
(970)352-9230
SEWDOWNTOWN@GMAIL.COM
TUE-FRI: 9AM - 5PM
SATURDAY: 10AM - 4PM
SUN-MON: CLOSED

COME SEE US!

JOANN FABRICS IS GONE , DON'T FRET!
WE HAVE FABRICS, MACHINES, CLASSES & COMMUNITY!

FABRICS
MACHINES
CLASSES
EVENTS
REPAIR SERVICE



Northern Colorado's Premier Quilting & Fabric Store



I Still Play
With Blocks!

Random Acts

by Maranda K. Jones

A Mother's Day Card

Dear Mother Nature,
I am thankful for all that you do!
The green grass below my feet
And above the sky so blue.

Thank you for the love you give
In sunshine, clouds, and rain,
The birds chirping all around
The spinning weather vane,

The calves' moos, the lambs' bleats,
And the many babies we can hear.
Thank you for the sounds we long for
As inspiration this time of year.

You teach us to be patient
And let the little ones grow.
You endlessly encourage the
Gardens planted in a row.

You inspire wisdom and strength
Into creatures great and small.
Your power abounds in new growth,
In the plants both short and tall.

You continue to breathe life
In ways not easily understood.
We'd send you a Mother's Day card
If only we really could.

© 2025 Maranda K. Jones