

Happy New Year!



Maryland's Guide to Specialty Shopping & Premier Events



Kim Keller 2920 144th Ave. NE Ham Lake, MN 55304 763-754-1661 info@themarylandregister.com www.themarylandregister.com

Publisher Contact List

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DiSA:

DiSA:

Arizona: Barb Stillman and Lolly Konecky, 515 E Carefree Hwy, #1128, Phoenix, AZ 85085, 602-942-8950

Arkansas: Richard & Lenda Brown, P.O. Bo 32581, Oklahoma City, OK 73123, 405-470-2597

California: Barb Stillman and Lolly Konecky, 515 E Carefree Hwy, #1128, Phoenix, AZ 85085, 602-942-8950

Colorado: Jan John Keller, 11250 Glen Caryon Dr., Falcon CO 80831, 719-866-825-9217

Delaware: Merle and Gail Taylor, PO Box 320, Meridiamile, AJ 357599, 898-616-8319

Florida: Dave & Amy Carter, PO Box 2419, Cumming, GA 30028, 866-825-9217

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Florida: Dave & Amy Carter, PO Box 2419, Cumming, GA 30028, 866-825-9217

Georgia: Linda Farish, P.O. Box 3581, Leinytan, GA 30048, 876-840-1049

Idaho: Kelsey Ruzicka, PO Box 2015, Belle Fourche, 9D 87717, 605-568-0181

Illinois: Richard & Lenda Brown, P.O. Box 32581, Oklahoma City, OK 73123, 405-470-2597

Indiama: Merle and Gail Taylor, PO Box 320, Meridiamville, AL 357595, 888-616-8319

Iowa: Linda Glendy, PO, Box 6, Tama, IA, 52359, 1-401-731-2619

Kansas: Cindy Baldwin, 998 9th Ave, McPherson, KS 67460, 866-966-9815

Maine: Robin Levison, 24 Bluebird Lane, Gloversville, NY 12078, 518-752-6399

Maryland: Kim Keller, 2920 1444th Ave. NE, Ham Lake, MM 55504, 763-754-1661

Massachusetts: Dave & Amy Carter, PO Box 2419, Cumming, GA 30028, 866-825-9217

Michigant: Lesile Howell, 2975 bunkir NP, Saginjan, MI 4860, 989-751-8860

Minnesota: Kim Keller, 2920 144th Ave. NE, Ham Lake, MM 55504, 763-754-1661

Missouri: Richard & Lenda Brown, PO, Box 32581, Oklahoma City, OK 73123, 405-470-2597

Mortana: Kelsey Ruzicka, PO, Box 2015, Belle Fourche, 59 57717, 605-568-0181

Nevada (N): Berb Stillman and Lolly Konecky, 515 E Carefree Hwy, #1128, Phoenix, AZ 85085, 602-942-8950

New Hampshire: Robin Levison, 24 Bluebird Lane, Gloversville, NY 12078, 518-752-6399

New Hampshire: Robin

Months Jan/Feb 2025

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Name:		
Address:		
City:	_ST:	_ Z ip

City Listing		
Catonsville	Gaithersburg 8 Hampton, VA 3 Meyersdale, PA 10 Newark, DE 4 Rock Hall 5 Wilmington, DE 4	

Special Events		
February 27-March2	Mid-Atlantic Quilt Festival - Hampton, VA	
<u>March</u> 22-23	Baltimore Show for Collectors of Arms - Timonium	
<u>April</u> 4-5	Milltown Quilters Quilt Show - Columbia	



Show us your finished projects!



Colleen finished up this beautiful handmade fall candle mat/mug rug. Quilting the candle mat as well as adding padding made it nice and soft!

Tell us all about a project you are proud of! Send in a picture to be featured in a future issue of The Maryland Register! info@themarylandregister.com

EVENTS: Baltimore • Columbia • Hampton, VA



rviand?

Somewhere in Maryland the image to the right can be found. Where is it?

(Answer on page 11 of this issue)





Under the Stars 94 X 78" Admission \$10 Children under 12 free

Milltown Quilters Quilt Show

Christ Memorial Presbyterian Church 10600 Shaker Drive, Columbia, MD 21046 (Handicapped Accessible)

April 4th and April 5th 2025 Fri 10-6 • Sat 10-4

Vendors • Sew Unique Shoppe • Peddlers Table *Artisans Corner* Raffle Quilt

> www.milltownquilters.com Visit Milltown Quilters on Facebook







Dolores Cannella of Parkville, MD won a copy of **By the Yard** Calendar! Dolores picked up her copy of The Maryland Register at Ellicott City Sew & Vac.

Camilla Younger of Washington DC won a copy of The Crazy Quilter! Camilla picked up her copy of The Maryland Register at Lovelyarns.

> Congratulations to the winners!





Sales of C&R

(Curio & Relic) Handguns will be permitted!

This includes WWI and WW 2

Military Handguns. Collectable

unaltered Colts, S&W, Savage

Ruger, etc. that are at least 50 years old and meet the C&R criteria listed on the back page

of this flyer.

SEE REVERSE SIDE FOR ATF

DEFINITION OF C&R FIREARMS

THE ORIGINAL 69TH YEAR

BALTIMORE SHOW

FOR COLLECTORS OF ARMS

MARCH 22-23, 2025

Presented by the Maryland Arms Collectors Assoc. 9603 Deereco Rd., #446 Lutherville-Timonium, MD 21094

HELD AT THE

Maryland State Fair Grounds Cow Palace

2200 York Road, Timonium, MD 21093

PUBLIC ADMISSION

SATURDAY \$15

Show Opens at 9:00 AM Show Closes at 5:00 PM

SUNDAY \$10 Show Opens at 9:00 AM Show Closes at 3:00 PM

NEW for 2025 Show! NO AR / AK RIFLES OR ASSOCIATED PARTS ARE PERMITTED FOR SALE TRANSFER AT THE 'BALTIMORE SHOW'. NO MD-BANNED WEAPONS ALLOWED

MARYLAND LAW MANDATES THAT ALL POST 1898 RIPLES, SHOTGUNS and HANDGUNS MUST BE TRANSFERRED BY A FEDERAL FIREARMS LICENSED (FFL) DEALER, INCLUDING AN NICS CHECK.

All Firearm Sells/Transfers are to abide by all Federal. State and Local mandates.

1000 Tables Offered, plus Exhibit Area of Cannons and Other Military Related Items **SHOW DATES FOR THE NEXT 4 YEARS** March 21st & 22nd, 2026 • March 20th & 21st, 2027

March 18th & 19th, 2028 • March 17th & 18th, 2029

Active duty military, scouts and police in uniform enter both days free of charge.

15 Years and under to be accompanied by an Adult. Under 12 free.





Dover, DE • Newark, DE • Wilmington, DE





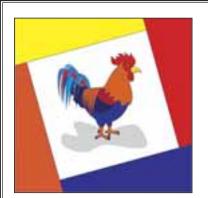


On this day in History

January 3, 1959: President Eisenhower signed a special proclamation admitting the territory of Alaska into the Union as the 49th and largest state.

February 5, 1883: The Southern Pacific Railroad completes its transcontinental "Sunset Route" from New Orleans to California.

Information found on www.history.com



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I Found A Quilted Heart

I was walking the dog around a lake one beautifully warm day this past fall. The leaves had pretty much all fallen from the trees leaving them bare for the upcoming winter. As I came up a hill I saw in the distance a bright red object hanging in a tree. As I got closer I noticed it was a quilted heart that had been left hanging in the tree! Someone had taken the time to make this beautiful quilted heart and leave it for someone else to find and brighten

their day. I took a picture of it and sent it to my cousin who loves to find hearts in nature such as rocks and leaves and clouds shaped in the heart form. They hold a special place in her heart and are are very symbolic for her. I thought this would be perfect to share with her! She delighted in the heart as I had hoped she would, but she also filled me in on what it was! While I hadn't taken a closer look at the heart and left it hanging for others to find, my cousin said it is part of "I Found a Quilted Heart"! I hadn't heard of this before so I quickly googled it!



Come to find out "I Found a Quilted Heart"

(IFAQH) has been around since 2014 when three sisters found a quilted heart while on a hike through Valley of Fire State Park in Nevada. They weren't able to find who had left the very first quilted heart, they were inspired to help spread the joy that their heart had brought them. They began quilting hearts to take out on day trips and leave them around for strangers to find. All these years later IFAQH has grown out of Nevada and is now international!

If you would like to participate in spreading the joy you can visit the website www.ifaqh.com and find more information about quilting your own hearts and leaving them to be found. You can also see hearts and stories from around the world!

Her First Quilt

by Deb Heatherly

Although I've been a quilter for more than 42 years, my younger sister Donna, has just recently caught the 'quilting bug'. It all started when she attended the quilt retreat, which I host annually each September. She had no idea what to expect and told everyone there that she was "not really a sewer." That thought soon fell by the wayside because during her time there, she pieced, quilted



and bound a small quilt for her rescue dog Kalie. After she completed that quilt, she was ready to learn more, so I taught her to piece and trim half square triangles. She made numerous half square triangles at the retreat and then made more when she returned home. Not long after, she sent me a picture of the table runner she had made using them. I knew a quilter had been born.

As a bonus of her time at retreat, she made a lot of new friends and she and I made memories to last a lifetime. I don't think she realized just how happy my heart was seeing her discover what has been my passion for years.

Like a kid in a candy store, she was captivated by the colors and designs of all of the wonderful quilts being stitched by fellow attendees. So much so that her new found appreciation for quilting has led to countless trips to the fabric store, the purchase of a second sewing machine and the re-organizing



of her spare bedroom into a wonderful place to create. Her husband, Shawn, has helped by repurposing an existing table for her second machine by cutting it to her specifications and painting it a wonder shade of teal.

Donna has always been creative, but this foray into quilting is totally new. Like a sponge she is soaking up every bit of information she can. Abbreviations like WOF and HST mean nothing to a beginner, but she now knows what they are. And, terms like "tone on tone" and "directional prints," what do they all mean? I am here to answer any and all of those questions.

I remember 40 years ago being stumped by WOF myself. I had purchased a magazine and fell in love with a pattern that looked pretty simple. That was until I started to cut and ran into the term WOF. I was stuck. WOF sounded to me back then like the noise a dog makes. How could that have anything to do with fabric? With no one to ask, no google or internet search that long ago, and no quilt shop nearby to pop in to find an answer, that pattern sat for weeks. I don't remember how I finally figured it out but eventually that quilt was ready to sew. The pattern did not mention anything about squaring up the units as I pieced and that is another story. That quilt ended up a little wonky.

Fast forward 40 years...it's those type of memories that I try to think back on when I teach and I try to explain every little detail to my students. We have to remember that our everyday quilting terms can be as foreign to a new quilter as the abbreviations the younger generation uses for texting is to me. Maybe I'll type my sister up a cheat sheet.

If you ever have the chance to nurture a new quilter, jump at the chance! Seeing our quilting world anew, with the freshness we had when we started, is more heartwarming than words can express. And, being able to share the adventure with someone special makes it that much more special.

And if, like me, you are organizing your fabric and notions in the new year, keep an eye out for things you no longer need and pass them on. I'm sure there is a new quilter out there who would love to have them. As a bonus, maybe you'll make a quilting friend and get to pass on your love of our amazing craft. Like that old credit card commercial said, "fabric \$12.99 yd, wool pressing mat \$40, quilting with friends or loved ones, Priceless!"

Deb Heatherly is a designer for Creative Grids® rulers and the author of eight popular pattern books. Creative Grids® fans are invited to join her Facebook group, "Grids Girls," for tips and inspiration, and two free mysteries each year. https://www.facebook.com/groups/770429649800457/.

Shop Owners are invited to join her group just for you, "Grids Girls for Quilt Shop Owners Only" https://www.facebook.com/groups/273593657256524 Visit Deb's website at www.Debscatsnquilts.com.

Happy New Year!

This Farm Girl's Life Was a Patchwork Quilt

by Nancy Nash

My Aunt Phebe grew up on a farm in Illinois prior to WWII. The farm lacked electricity until the late 1930s, and the house had no running water until after she had left. Her family was hard-working and loving, and she soon learned to cook, sew, and garden. She delighted in attending a one-room school for her elementary education.

At the age of twelve, she contracted pneumonia and landed in the hospital, where she almost died. The experience implanted a desire to become a nurse, which she subsequently did. In later years, she was employed in private duty, with her last client living to be 103.

When she was 15, young Phebe started driving her Aunt Margaret to town to trade the eggs her aunt's hens had produced for butter, salt, and flour. No drivers' licenses were required in the state, although that was soon to change. The process of obtaining one was simple: if you were tall enough to place 25 cents on a bank teller's counter, you were given a license. My Aunt Phebe got hers, and she remained an excellent driver all her life.

My aunt married and moved to Massachusetts, where my uncle owned a quarry filled with dinosaur footprints embedded in layers of rock. He sold footprints and presided over a museum/display room that attracted many visitors, including busloads of schoolchildren. My aunt delighted in working there, meeting people from all over the nation and occasionally from other countries as well. But as she and my uncle settled into a home and began to raise three sons, the skills she had learned as a farm girl were also much in evidence.

Aunt Phebe tended a small garden and cooked delicious hearty meals. Much of the cellar functioned as a pantry, with row upon row of canned goods and preserves and a freezer full of meat. It was colorful, well-organized, and neat. Her kitchen expertise earned her a role in many a church supper.

Sewing found its way into the house as she made her own clothes. One cold winter, she devised her own pattern for pullover shirts to be worn by my uncle and my father. This was before synthetic fleece was popular, and I don't remember the fabric she used, but I would guess it was a wool felt. Snugger than a sweatshirt, the garment fit well



under a heavy jacket and was dense enough to protect against winter winds.

Aunt Phebe made quilts. She had started doing so as a young girl, using wool from sheep on the farm. For her children and grandchildren, she made patchwork quilts for use as bedspreads, even one with a dinosaur motif!

In later years, she and I travelled to other towns to look at quilt exhibits. I recall our amazement in viewing a beautifully hand-sewn comforter comprised of hundreds of small pieces of fabric forming an intricate geometric pattern. We learned that a petticoat in the 1700s might be guilted to trap body heat in cold weather. In my mind's eye, I see a "crazy quilt" consisting of bright patches that seemed to glow against their background of dark velvet, like stars in a night sky. It had been created locally in the 1800s and was truly a work of art.

In a sense, Aunt Phebe's life was like a patchwork quilt designed of varied images and an array of colors. She used skills learned as a farm girl growing up in Illinois to tend to the needs of her small-town Massachusetts family and friends. Her values of hard work, generosity, and kindness transferred into every setting she found herself in, much like patchwork images and colors spilling onto the "canvas" of a comforter.

2024. 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



Recipe: Crockpot Sausage Casserole

Ingredients: | Directions:

- · 1lb smoked sausage, diced
- · 4 potatoes, diced
- · 1 onion, chopped
- · 1 bell pepper, chopped
- · 1 can diced tomatoes
- · 2 cups chicken broth
- · 1 tsp papríka

Add Sausage, potatoes, onion, bell pepper, díced tomatoes, chicken broth and paprika to the crockpot. Cook on low for 5-6 hours until potatoes are tender.





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

Green Enchilada Chicken Soup

recipe courtesy of The Carefree Kitchen

2 cups <u>cooked</u> chicken <u>diced</u> into 1/2" chunks 2 - 15 oz cans white beans rinsed and drained

4 oz cream cheese <u>cubed</u> and softened

1 cup corn, canned or frozen

1 - 4 oz can green chilies

1 - 14 oz can green enchilada sauce

Optional Toppings:

1 cup cheddar cheese, shredded 2 cups <u>tortilla</u> strips

1 large <u>avocado</u>, diced fresh cilantro, chopped 1 tsp onion powder

1 tsp garlic <u>powder</u>

1 tsp <u>chili</u> powder 1/2 tsp salt

4 cups chicken broth

1/2 cup sour cream

Add cooked chicken, white beans, cream cheese, corn, green chiles, green <u>enchilada</u> sauce, onion powder, <u>garlic</u> powder, chili powder, salt and chicken broth to a slow cooker. Stir. Turn heat on medium or high heat for 2-3 hours, or until the soup is hot. Ladle into bowls and add your favorite toppings!

VOCADORRBTYC

J Q Н

Baltimore • Catonsville • Ellicott City

Pieces From My Heart by Jan Keller

It's in the Fabric!

"Do you love me?" is a question I incessantly asked my husband in the early years of our marriage. I asked him so often John must have tired of answering! It seems I not only needed to be told that I was loved, but I also appreciated being the recipient of demonstrative love in action.

Many years ago, John demonstrated his love beautifully and from time to time I like to reflect upon that day when we stopped at the mall to enjoy lunch and a movie. After eating, but before the movie started, we had a little time to shop. John headed off in one direction to look at men's stuff, while I went the other way in pursuit of any really great buy.

At the appointed time, we met for the movie. At the conclusion of the movie as we were strolling through the mall to get back to our car, I said, "There's a dress I saw I'd really like to show you. I kind of liked it and wondered if you would too. Do you mind if I show it to you before we go home?"

"Oh really," John replied. "I also saw a dress I thought you'd like."

I just knew he was joshing me. I couldn't imagine he would have taken time to look at dresses—much less find one he thought I'd like. Deciding to call his bluff, I coquettishly said, "Oh really? You show me the one you found first."

As we walked down the corridor, I tried not to indicate which direction to head or which store was the one where I found the dress I liked. Yet, when we got to the correct store, John turned in and led the way.

I looked at him in disbelief when he actually headed down the correct aisle. As I was thinking, "Man, this guy is really lucky to come this close," as he stopped right in front of the T-rack where 'my' dress was on display.

After picking my chin up off the floor, I looked at him and said, "I can't believe it! That's the very dress I wanted to show you."

At his encouragement I tried the dress on. After modeling it, John said, "Get it if you want it. It could be your valentine present." Instead, after realistic consideration, I hung it back on the rack. It was expensive and I really didn't need it. Besides, this demonstration of his love is a treasured memory is a gift I'll always have to hold in my heart.

It's in the fabric of these seemingly simple day-by-day experiences over the last 57 years that the tapestry of a shared love becomes so evident the question of love no longer needs to be asked. In life's common and unremarkable events, love has a way of weaving an all-encompassing and vital web of sustaining support to relish and reflect on in times of challenge as well as joy.



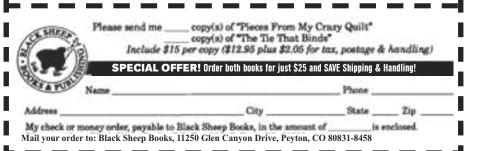
©2025 Jan Keller No reprint without permission Jan shares other pieces of her life in her books, Pieces From My Crazy Quilt, and The Tie That Binds These books can be ordered by calling 719-866-8570, or writing: Black Sheep Books, 11250 Glen Canyon Drive, Peyton, CO 80831

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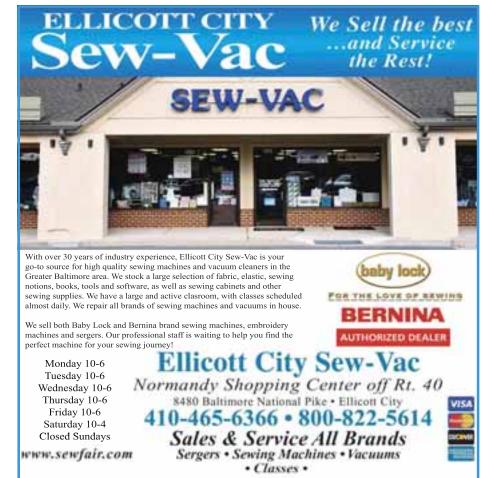
Life is like a quilt, pieced together from a unique patchwork of memories, friendships, joys, and challenges In each of these books, syndicated columnist Jan Keller is down to earth and refreshingly transparent as she opens the door to life's dreams, triumphs and struggles in a heart-warming way that will touch you forever You'll love the way she spins 'yarns' that

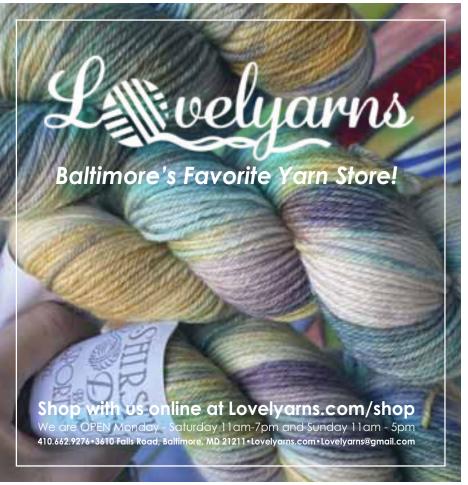


weave the pieces of a treasured tapestry into a vivid depiction of life and love









Gaithersburg

Triggers

by Wayne M. Bosman

My wife, Kerri and I have been slowly working on the final step to complete our bittersweet move to the coast, deciding what to do with the house that we lived in in Chapel Hill. Leaving it is not as easy as I thought that it might be. This is the house that we started our life together in. It is almost empty now, but still packed with memories. It's a small house by modern standards, under 1,000 square feet, but all we needed really. Just enough space to enjoy the things that we really loved and wanted, but not so much space to encourage more "projects" without finishing the last one.

I am sprawling on the last remaining couch now. The one we aren't sure what to do with. What slows us down in making that sort of decision is memories and the things that trigger them. On the couch with me is a crocheted blanket. A crocheted blanket on this couch was the first thing that Kerri brought here from her old life that and her sewing basket. I came home from work one day and they were just there. It was the first tentative step toward merging our lives, and I can't see the blanket on the couch without remembering that day.

This couch was one of the places where we sat and looked out the window at the steady stream of wildlife the overgrown yard attracted. As if on cue, a quartet of does and fawns just wandered into the yard grazing as they come and go.

> Another trigger to the memories of all of the deer we have watched here.



In the foreground outside the kitchen window are the lantana and the hummingbird feeders. Absolute delight from the first sighting in the spring until their migration in fall. Triggers of more memories that anchor me to this place.

During the pandemic, three of my grandchildren spent one day a week doing their schoolwork in this little house. It was a way to let them out of their own house when so many people were going nowhere at all. Kerri always made their favorite treats appear, and they developed little rituals with tea parties, baking and crafting. The best artwork was suitably framed and displayed. We can keep that to trigger those memories. Those grandchildren are teenagers now with not much time in their expanding lives for grandparents. That is the way of the world, yet one hopes that they don't forget those special times completely.

The old house was not without its flaws. The woods that nurtured wildlife also prevented us from growing any food that needed sunlight. When something did grow, the squirrels would usually get to it first. It is an old house with all the little issues that brings with it. Old pipes. Old wiring.

Still there are all of the memories and things that trigger them. My mom lives in the house that she and my dad acquired in 1946. How many memories and triggers does that house contain? We have been fortunate enough to get to choose where we live. Not everyone gets to. Some of the triggers will have to stay with the house while the memories move with us.

Wayne M. Bosman is a retired auto mechanic in Cape Carteret, NC. His email is wbosman1@gmail.com







15926 Luanne Drive Gaithersburg, MD 20877 (301) 527-0598



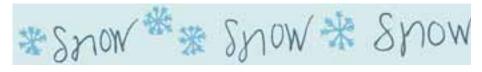
Recipe: Chocolate Graham Cracker Cookie submitted by Mary Kay Hannan

Ingredients: | Directions:

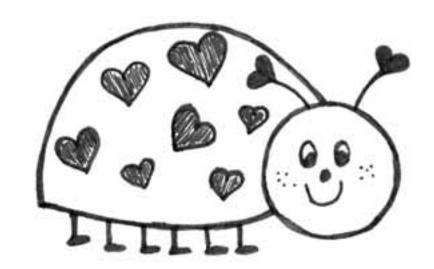
- · 24 squares graham crackers, crushed
- · 6 oz chocolate chíps
- · 1 can sweetened condensed milk
- · 1/2 cup chopped nuts
- · powdered sugar for rolling

Mix crushed crackers, chips, condensed milk and nuts together - spread in 9x9 buttered pan. Bake 20 minutes at 325°. Cool 20-30 minutes - while warm cut into small pieces, roll into balls, then roll in powdered sugar, twice! Note: can double for a 9x13 pan. Makes 7 dozen.





Free Pattern from your Maryland Register



This pattern is free to you as a gift from The Maryland Register! Resize this pattern to your desired size and applique in wool or cotton or use to embroider or cross stitch!

Frederick

Random Acts

by Maranda Jones

Always Will

tan Bosomo

The picture my mom painted when I was a little girl still hangs in the hallway. And probably always will. Its bright colors and clear message say everything our hearts have always felt. And probably always will. "There's no place like home...except Grandma's!" Even though we are moving in and making it our own, it still feels like Grandma's house and probably always will. There are stacks of memories in every room. This one welcomes us home and sends us on our way each day as we pass the knotty pine closet.

My sister and I spent a lot of time with her in this house, spending the night often. Not just weekends and holiday breaks, but

weeknights too. Since Grandma was the school secretary for all of my academic years, she had to be there before most, and our breakfast was ready bright and early on those mornings. I remember getting up prior to sunrise and watching her put on makeup in the mirror in the lavender bath. Those walls are the same color they've always been and probably always will. I had never given much thought to the walls and structure of her home until recently.

Moving our three children, and our two decades of collected items as a married couple, into her home has shown us how practical this house is. There is not an inch of wasted space, and everything has a purpose. The cabinets give us ample storage for towels, sheets, dishes, food, and more. The kitchen counters are lower than most because my grandmother was short in stature. This works to my benefit because I am too. My six foot tall grandfather thought of little things like this to make this life easier for my grandma, and she was forever grateful. In the nights I spent with her during her last week of life here on earth, still in her own home, she told me repeatedly, "Your grandpa built me the perfect house. This home has served me well."

These conversations carved their way into my mind and heart, and probably always will. In my lifetime, my grandma had never once referred to my grandfather as that title. She called him by his name, Vernon, in every story she ever told us, and she told us many, at least one a day. She only called him "your daddy" when talking to my mom and uncle. They have been missing him for over 50 years. He died at a young age but has always been in their hearts and always will. In my grandma's last days, he became my grandpa. This well-loved popular man, whom I never had the opportunity to meet, felt closer than ever.

I started thinking even more about them as she was still here in her home of over sixty years, a house that served her well in every stage of life. Raising two children, hosting her granddaughters, and enjoying her great grandchildren were all realized under this roof. My kids' toys were always within reach in the front closet, and they haven't been able to move them yet. So, there they stay. We are in no rush to clear out those little reminders of how welcome we have always felt. We feel so honored to call this our home, feeling comforted in our grief without Grandma, remembering the memories we made here within these walls and out.

As I look out the window I see the trees I attempted to climb in my younger days and the pastures where I learned to drive. Grandma's green Pontiac and the old blue Ford drove many miles as we checked cows, fixed fence, and caught falling stars as she said, "Money, money, 'fore the week's over!" Now my kids are taking those paths among the terraces during the day and counting more stars as the coyotes howl at night.

The days and nights at our new address have been filled with peace, quiet, comfort, and joy. I pray they always will.

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Maranda Jones' new book **Random Acts**is now available at amazon.com
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Lasaqna in a Muq

- · 2 pasta lasagna sheets
- · 3/4 cup water
- · 1 tsp olive oil
- · 3 tbsp pizza sauce
- · 4 tbsp ricotta cheese
- · 3 tbsp spinach
- \cdot 2 tbsp cooked sausage
- \cdot 1 tbsp shredded mozzarella cheese
- 1. Break the pasta sheets into large pieces and place in microwave safe mug.
- 2. Cover with water and oil.
- 3. Microwave for 3-4 minutes or until the pasta is tender.
- 4. Once cooked, drain the water and remove the pasta from the mug.
- 5. Add 1 tbsp pizza sauce and spread on the bottom of the mug.
- 6. Add a layer of the pasta followed by a layer of the spinach, sausage and ricotta.
- 7. Repeat the layers all the way to the top of the mug.
- 8. Once you get to the top sprinkle with shredded mozzarella cheese.
- 9. Cook in the microwave for 2 1/2 3 minutes or until the lasagna is heated through. (Always keep a close eye on your mug so it doesn't over flow.

Recipe by Gemma's Bigger Bolder Baking

Meyersdale, PA

Become Inspired

by Annice Bradley Rockwell

Quality Quietude

With the bustling holiday season behind us, there is no doubt we may feel a genuine need for a reprieve. And in many cases, that is just what winter provides.

As we go outside into our yards during one of the first real snowstorms of the season, we may recognize the unrivaled depth of silence. The trees, the ground, all of nature is blanketed under the secret of snow and our world has been beautifully transformed. This stillness brings with it an opportunity for us to match nature's quality quietude.



Landscapes of Change

Creating our own interior landscapes of change is one of the joys of country decorating. It is at this time of year after the tree has been taken down and all our decorations have been packed away, we have a clean slate to reinvent our spaces and make them a secret sanctuary to ward off the chill of winter. New arrangements of furniture by the hearth invite intimate conversation and storytelling over a piping hot bowl of beef stew on a cold Sunday evening. A recent purchase of a schoolmaster's desk in early blue can turn a vacant corner of a room into a colonial vignette complete with a stately Windsor chair, early leatherbound books and a stoneware inkwell with a turkey feather quill. A small country cupboard that was found at a local antique shop can transform a room into a quaint winter retreat when it is filled with antiques like blue-decorated stoneware, early woven rye baskets, redware and antique pewter. Woven textiles in colonial colors like soldier blue or tavern mustard are a wonderful way to change the look of a room. They can be layered beautifully among our favorite pieces to lend the perfect country accent. Antique quilts can also be hung or folded to fit in cupboards to add dimension and style.

Perhaps one of the best investments for winter to create a serene environment would be lighting. Beautiful lighting in the form of stoneware lamps with hand-crafted hexagon shades, antique whale oil lamps which come in enticing forms or electrified tin candle lamps which create an inviting, primitive tone are all choices that create a signature country look. The ambiance that lighting can create is something that is a true blessing all winter and beyond.

Blessings of Time

The quiet of our winter months often provides time to dream and to plan. Sometimes our very best ideas come to us in the months of winter. We have time to spend thinking more deeply about things and often with less distraction, so our ideas have time to incubate and grow.

Another blessing of winter is the chance it gives us to view things in a different perspective. Just as the landscape around us affords us a completely new view of our world, it also gives us a chance to explore the different surroundings which in and of itself is restorative.

This winter, embrace the special moments of stillness. Experience the freshfallen snow in a wooded glen to feel the depth of its silence. Take days that are slower-paced and use them to create your own sanctuary to enjoy. And as you gaze out upon the beauty of winter, remember that Her secret is always the promise of the coming spring.

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







Happy Valentine's Day!

Now I Understand

by Kerri Habben Bosman

As I write, our house is warm with the scent of freshly baked banana bread and soup simmering on the stove. My husband, Wayne, is setting up a warp on his floor loom. His current weaving project is a blanket for a new grandchild, due in April. I think, too, of the other milestones approaching this year; a granddaughter finishing middle school and two grandchildren graduating from high school.

For nearly six years now, I have had the privilege of watching our seven grandchildren grow and loving them more every day. I am a bonus grandparent, becoming a part of their lives when the youngest was only 1 1/2 years old and the oldest was 14. Now Quinn is 7, and Kaylie is 20. In between are Emma and Isaac (17), Laurel (15), Hunter (14) and Naomi (13).

In both our house in Chapel Hill and now our main residence at the beach in Cape Carteret, memories of them abound. While they are mostly teenagers now, immersed in their expanding worlds, I still feel all of the moments that forged bonds between us.

With Naomi and Laurel, it was tea parties. There were days at our Chapel Hill house with Isaac, Laurel, and Naomi, baking and doing arts and crafts together. The times we picked them up from school or took them to an activity. I can still hear all of them talking at once when we all had dinner together at our house. I often just listened to the cadence of their voices because I knew that free flowing catharsis wouldn't last forever.

With Kaylie, Emma, and Hunter, we more often visited them at the beach. We went to their cheerleading and sporting events. With Kaylie there were dresses altered for school dances. Living here now, we continue to watch Emma cheer and Hunter play sports. No winter sport this year, but all last fall there was football. We pick Hunter up from school sometimes and we are happy when we glean even a full sentence. I have learned to embrace the silence because I know deep down that our simply being there speaks volumes.

There is Quinn. Of the seven children, he is the only one who cannot remember before I became a part of the family. Every one of the kids receives handmade gifts for birthdays, Christmas and just because. Quinn's gifts have included crocheted dinosaurs and a stuffed turtle. He has a toy box in the corner of our TV room for when he visits. These times we cook together. He helps me make breakfast and enjoys carefully fixing everyone's plate just right. We have a regular ritual of making chocolate pudding pie because he loves to use the old-fashioned egg beater.

Like all the kids, he calls me Kerri. Except that sometimes when we are together somewhere, I will mention to someone that I am his bonus grandma. To which he smiles, shrugs a little and says, "she's just my Kerri."

And there is #8 grandchild on the way. While Wayne has been weaving for his or her arrival, I have been crocheting. Presently Baby Bosman has a sweater, a vest, two hats and baby socks already made. And my crochet hook and knitting needles have only just begun.

In some of these articles I have written of the man I called "Dad." He was my stepfather, but to me he was my father. This March it will be 25 years since he passed away. He loved me with an ever-deepening devotion. Every once in a while, I would wonder how he loved me so truly and completely when he hadn't been there my whole life. And when he technically didn't "have to."

I no longer wonder because I now understand completely.

Kerri Habben Bosman is a writer in Cape Carteret, NC. Her email is 913jeeves@gmail.com.



2025 Local Quilt Shop Day January 25

here in Maryla



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A Cup of Tea with Lydia by Lydia E Harris

Pouring Out Love

The new year is a perfect time to turn over a new leaf—a tea leaf, of course. Let's warm our winter days with favorite tea blends or try new ones. There are many choices: black, green, white, oolong, flavored teas, and herbal tisanes.

With virtually no calories and lots of antioxidants, tea is good for our health. Green tea, which is unfermented, is considered especially beneficial. If you haven't developed a taste for it, try a flavored green tea such as Bigelow's Constant Comment.

Besides the health benefits of tea, a tea break reduces stress. The ritual of brewing, sipping, and relaxing with a fragrant cup of tea provides a soothing in-

I especially enjoy sharing a cup of tea with others. When my niece stopped by to drop off a family Bible, I asked, "Do you have time for a cup of tea?" She did. A pot of Apricot Sunrise tea (Ahmad Tea) and homemade gingersnaps sweetened our visit.

With Valentine's Day around the corner, a heart-TEA theme and a rosy brew sound inviting. Why not pour out your love to others over a cup of tea?

I'm reminded that "God has poured out His love into our hearts" (Romans 5:5 GNT). Now I'm ready to pour my heart into a teatime for someone who needs love. Will you join me?



From Lydia's recipe file:

Turkey and Cranberry Tea Sandwiches

Make pleanty. Guests will gobble them up.

4 slices wheat bread 8 slices deli turkey Mayonnaise

4 slices white bread Jellied cranberry sauce

- 1. Lightly spread wheat bread with jellied cranberry sauce.
- 2. Top these 4 bread slices with 2 turkey slices on each.
- 3. Lightly spread the white bread with mayonnaise.
- 4. With mayonnaise side up, cut out four tiny hearts with ¾-inch cookie cutter, one in each corner of the slice.
 - 5. Place the white bread on the turkey, mayonnaise side down.
- 6. Slice cranberry sauce the thickness of the bread. Cut tiny hearts from the cranberry sauce and slip them into the heart-shaped holes cut in the bread.
 - 7. Trim crust and cut into four square sandwiches. Chill until ready to serve. Makes 16 sandwiches.

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.

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