



Quilting Days

by Julia Todd

Many were the days I would find my mother's sewing room filled with scraps sewn together in long strands of half triangle squares that we played with. Our job was to snip the strand between the blocks. My mom would sew with a fervor that would consume her for hours. Then a quilt top would emerge and she would sit for hours again sewing the Pieced top along with batting and backing together again.

Many were the days of playing under the soft billows of comforters and quilts, hearing women's voices talking, sharing about life. The colors filled the room with patterns and stories.

Our lives in the church were much the same — we all brought pieces and bits of ourselves together for a common purpose. Friendships bonded and sewn Together in GMSA¹ projects. The little bars of soap filled the sponges for others to use. Or again rolling bandages from strips of used sheets in the funny little wooden rolling device.

We learned about service for others from many lives and stitches in the quilts of time and days gone by.

Perhaps we need to find that common thread that binds our lives together again
Or perhaps that time has come and gone.

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¹ GMSA was the Girls Mennonite Sewing Association