

Daily Blog

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Bobbie's Quilt

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In late 2004 my father was diagnosed with leukemia. The therapy through winter and summer of 2005 was a roller coaster ride. There were days I wasn't sure if he was going to make it. Dad was in hospital for 2 months straight that winter and he and my mother had to live in our local metropolitan city during the later half of his therapy as he had to be close to the clinic. The day they were able to return home was a triumph. Early that fall Quilter's Newsletter Magazine published a pattern utilizing peoples hand prints to make a quilt. I latched onto that, drew up a list of participants and started slicing up blocks of fabric. The mail went out and started flowing back in at a good rate. Reading not only the endearments family and friend had written on the blocks themselves but the notes that came back to me had me in tears a lot! By Christmas The quilt, now 8x8 feet, was stitched in the ditch but had yet to be quilted or bound. Dad opened it up Christmas morning and was overcome with emotion. While it was not my intent, it was the 3rd time I've ever seen my father cry. All that expression of love, hope and healing in one place was very intense. The wonderful news is that dad is still in remission. He and my mother just bought a house 2 blocks from us, making me very happy.