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The Original White House Cookbook

by Rachel Greco

The Original White House Cookbook was initially published in 1887. It was written by Fanny Lemira Gillette, who had no previous ties to the White House. The book was so popular that, by the 1899 edition, Hugo Ziemann, who served as White House Steward from 1889-1891, was listed as an additional author.

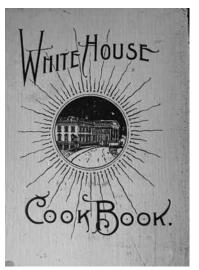
Still in print today, though updated many times, The White House Cookbook was geared towards sharing all matters of recipes, remedies, etiquette and the running of a household with American cooks. It has always been seen as a best seller and essential cookbook.

Gillette, herself, was nearly sixty years old when she wrote the book. With the addition of Ziemann, the book began to show pictures of First Ladies, glimpses of what happens behind the White House doors and articles about such things as seating arrangements for a Presidential dinner. It included how glassware should be arranged on the table and what to put in ladies' corsages.

Recipes by First Ladies, including Martha Washington and Mary Todd Lincoln, and menus for special occasions, such as Grant's Birthday and Washington's Wedding, made an appearance.

While the title of White House Cookbook suggested that this book was strictly a cookbook, different editions of the book covered a variety of subjects. There were instructions on proper housekeeping of its day. And, in addition to more than 500 recipes, the book provided advice on such things as butchering and carving meats, recipes for lotions, salves and cleaning products, plus information on table manners and proper etiquette.

It can be said that Fanny Gillette was the Martha Stewart of her day.



And while she sold hundreds of copies of her book, her son King C. Gillette, went on to attain even greater achievement and success in 1901 as the inventor and manufacturer of the Gillette disposable razor blade.

Rachel Greco owns Grandma's Attic in Dallas, Oregon. A quilt historian and avid reader, she gives talks on needlework and their connection to women today. She also hosts Grandma's Quilt Club, a monthly quilt class where participants collect quilt block patterns, learn about quilt history and make new friends. https://grandmasatticquilting.com.



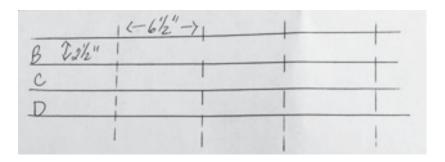
Part 3 of 3

Make sure you have pressed all of your seams well. Now we add the borders. MEASURE YOUR QUILT

Border 1: Using Fabric A -

Cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ " strips of Fabric A. Sew together to get the length you need to make a border. Sew to the sides first and then press toward the border and MEASURE again and add border to top and bottom.

Border 2: This is a pieced border using 2 ½" squares. From Fabrics B, C, and D, cut 2 ½" strips. Sew these together lengthwise to make a fahric strip set. Press seams toward the darker fabric. Square up one end and sub cut into 2 ½" X 6 ½" sections. Sew 4 of these together. The pieced border will probably be larger than the side of your quilt. PIN it in place and adjust as necessary. Again, attach the sides first and then the top and bottom.



Border 3: Using Fabric E Cut 2 ½" strips to make your final border. Press toward E. Quilt as desired. Fabric A was used for Binding.

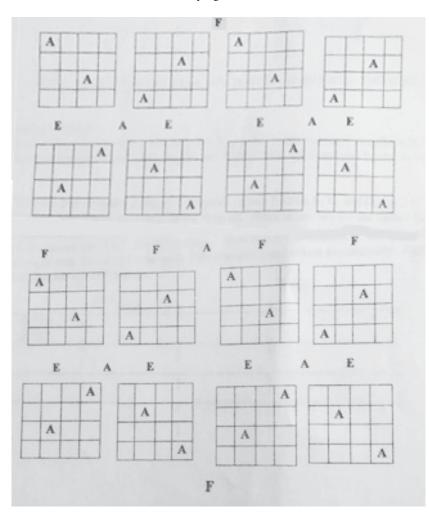
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What Connects Us? Recipes!

by Barbara Kalkis

How many cookbooks do you have? I have thirty. That number does not include an ancient recipe box or bulging binders stuffed with, well, recipes. Torn magazine pages sit on the kitchen counter and hide between unopened mail. I scrawl recipes on envelopes while watching a cooking show, thinking I will make them...soon. I especially love regional self-published family and club cookbooks. That's where real recipe gems are found – like gobs, erouffée, chiles rellenos.

Some books were wedding gifts. My mother, who had won many cooking contests, despaired of teaching me to cook because I was "too impatient" and never followed a recipe correctly. (Blame the instructions. It's worse than reading a crochet pattern.) If someone asked what I needed, she answered, "A Cookbook."

My husband thought it was hilarious to receive such a wedding gift before we got married. Afterwards, he noticed that we had some form of pasta every night. That's when he transcended the romance stage and landed in Reality-ville. At Christmas, he gave me a microwave oven and a semester of classes (thereby allowing me to transcend romance and enter Reality-ville.) I can now make a whole chicken in the microwave.

With decades and dollars invested in classes that came with free aprons (remember that article?) and vegetable peelers, I still search for tasty recipes. Exotic herbs and spices expire in the cupboard. Expensive tools wait to be cherished and used. (That's covered. They are listed in my Will.)

Friends come to dinner. They make comments like, "This is interesting." Or, "I never tasted meatloaf like this. What's your secret?" Or, my sisters' blunt, "Where's the salt shaker?"

My nephew's family was more discrete. They gave me elegant wood salt and pepper shakers that stand 8.5 inches high.

The bottom line is that I am still impatient and believe that removing one or two tiny ingredients is okay. (Tarragon. Cardamom. Huh?)

What Draws Us to Recipes? We need food to survive, but recipes aren't just about food. They are about sharing. They connect us. My mother's handwritten recipes continue her legacy of finding joy in cooking for her family and friends. My family's recipes reveal their favorite cuisines, offer a smart shortcut or refresh childhood memories. My friend, Jackie, sent me recipes for chicken cacciatore and chicken marengo. They are favorite make-ahead company recipes that allow her to relax and visit when friends arrive.

My go-to recipe is the Ohio Country Register's Chicken and Wild Rice Chowder. It's easy enough even for me. It has 11 ingredients but it contains only 9 very short instructions. Perfect. And delicious! It joins a collection of The Country Register sauces and the lowa Country Register's sweet potato soufflé.

The Country Registers' Reader Request. I was going to donate some of my collection but didn't. Couldn't. I wondered why I cherish them. I went to the 'web' for an answer. One site featured "tombstone recipes." From a spritz cookie recipe in a Brooklyn cemetery to a nut roll recipe in Israel, recipes on headstones are common. Why?

I think the answer is that in sharing recipes we share our personal history, traditions, cultures and memories. We *connect* with each other.

So here's my request: Don't wait for Christmas. Do a cookie exchange now. Share your recipes for hors d'oeuvres, main dishes, side dishes, family favorites, and old standbys when you're short on time and temper.

You'll spark a new idea. You'll share part of yourself. You'll connect people you don't even know. Start now. My scissors are waiting.

©Barbara Kalkis. Barbara is a high-tech marketer and public relations consultant, but her first loves are teaching and writing. She's author of Little Ditties for Every Day: A Collection of Thoughts in Rhyme and Rhythm. Contact her at BarbaraKalkis01@gmail.com.





Sportaneous?

by Barbara Polston

I don't believe that I am the least bit spontaneous. Everything in my world must be planned and scheduled. Stop for a coffee when out on errands? Not unless it was planned. See an estate sale sign and stop to look for vintage linens, fabric or quilting things? I have, but only after a vigorous internal debate. Most often, I pass by.

Some years ago, for a significant birthday, my oldest daughter got the idea that the family should take me on a surprise vacation. The plan was for them to show up one morning, tell me to pack a bag for a trip to an undisclosed destination, and take off.

When she shared her idea with her sister, my youngest responded, "How well do you know our mother?

Although they proceeded to plan the surprise, fortunately, it was spoiled and I learned of the trip. I'm so glad that I was able to anticipate the trip, be confident that all the details were planned out, and enjoy our family time away. Had this developed as a surprise, I would have gone into a panic mode, unsure of the plan, and worried that details were managed.

There are groups of quilters who participate in making "mystery quilts." In this process, the participant is given just the material requirements. The construction steps, or "clues," are revealed over time.

Participants complete one clue before the next is revealed. As the maker cuts and sews the bits together, she has no idea what the finished quilt will look like until the mystery is solved at the very end. I have a friend who designs mystery quilt patterns. She has created dozens and has a very loyal student following. It probably comes as no surprise, but I have never taken part in a mystery quilt.

When I design a quilt project, no surprise, it is well-planned. I have a clear vision of what the finished quilt will look like. Many projects finish

(story continues on page 18)





Waternelon Smiles

My face was as red as the strawberries I picked. By afternoon, my back ached, berry juice stained my hands, and my throat felt parched. I wanted to quit. Just then my father stopped by the berry field with a large chilled watermelon and cut a thick slice for me. What a refreshing treat! That was more than fifty years ago. But whether young or old, many enjoy the bright color and juicy sweetness of watermelon. So, from decorations to featured foods, let watermelon steal the show at your summer par-TEAS.

For a casual party:

Enjoy an outdoor party in your yard, or fransport your party to the park. Add pizzazz to your table with colorful watermelon-themed paper plates and napkins. I've even found watermelon-shaped candles and watermelon-print fabric that I sewed into a tablecloth. Or let kids make watermelon paper placemats to add to the decor. Draw a half-slice of watermelon on white construction paper. Then let kids color the green rind and red flesh with crayons or markers. Add black oval dots for seeds. Or buy a white paper tablecloth for kids to decorate.

For the menu, here's one idea: lemonade iced tea (see recipe), croissants filled with ham and cheese, assorted garden vegetables, and watermelon slices. Once the half slice of watermelon is eaten, you're left with a smiling rind and a smiling face. For dessert, make "watermelon" cookies from your favorite sugar cookie or shortbread recipe, but tint the dough light red. Roll out the dough, cut circles, and then cut the circles in half. Press mini chocolate chips into each slice before baking.

After the cookies are baked and cooled, frost the round edges with green frosting squeezed from a tube. These "watermelon slices" will add a sweet ending to your meal.

For a fancy party:

A crisp white tablecloth with red or green napkins makes a striking table setting. For a centerpiece, use half a small watermelon and place it upside down on a plate. Then make fruit kabob flowers by cutting watermelon and other fruits into flower shapes or balls. Assemble them on skewers, and poke them into the watermelon half.

Or create a show stopper by carving a watermelon into a unique design. For our daughter's wedding, I cut long oval watermelons into scalloped baskets with handles and filled them with fruit kabobs. To welcome our newborn granddaughter, I carved a small watermelon into a baby buggy, poking in paper umbrellas for wheels, then filled it with fruit salad. You could even carve your melon into a teapot. For these ideas and more, go to www.watermelon.org (click on carvings).

Plan the menu around favorite tea foods, and finish with a frosty slice of "watermelon" sherbet made from one of these recipes.

1. Wrap the inside of a medium-sized mixing bowl with plastic wrap. Spread a one-inch layer of green pistachio ice cream or lime sherbet to cover the entire inside surface of the bowl. Freeze until firm. Soften pink strawberry ice cream or raspberry sherbet and mix in mini chocolate chips. Fill the green bowl with the ice cream or sherbet. Freeze until firm. Before serving, thaw slightly, unmold, and cut "watermelon slices" with a sharp knife dipped into warm water.

2. Cut a small, chilled honeydew melon in half and remove the seeds. Fill each half with raspberry sherbet and freeze it until firm. Cut each half into slices or four to six wedges. Press mini chocolate chips into the sherbet. Serve the melon immediately. Freeze leftovers.

If you're looking for a refreshing slice of summer, begin with a watermelon theme and end with happy memories. I'm ready to plan my par-TEA. Won't you join me to make smiles?

Lydia E. Harris is a tea enthusiast and the author of two books for grandparents: In the Kitchen with Grandma: Stirring Up Tasty Memories Together and Preparing My Heart for Grandparenting, both available at amazon.com and wherever books are sold.

From Lydia's Recipe File:

Lemonade Iced Tea

Combine:

4 cups brewed Earl Grey tea (Use 5 teabags and steep for 3 minutes; remove teabags.)

1/3 cup sugar (or sweeten to taste)

Add:

1 cup cold water

1/4 cup frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed

1/2 teaspoon vanilla

Mix and chill. Serve over ice in frosty glasses. Garnish with fresh lemon slices.

Makes 5 cups

Variation: Replace Earl Grey tea with English Breakfast tea.

Frosty glasses:

For sweet sips, moisten the glass rims with water and dip them into sugar. Chill glasses in the freezer until ready to use.





Random Acts

by Maranda K Jones

Picnic Time

If you could go on a picnic anywhere in the world, where would you go? I would pick the mountains. I would drive to a nice open clearing surrounded by hills all around, wildflowers coloring the sides of the mountains. Find a nice little table under the clear blue sky, spread out the red-checkered tablecloth, and set out sandwiches on cheap white paper plates torn apart at the ruffled edges. We would eat our lunch before the breeze blows in the late afternoon thunderstorm, and then we would drive home in the rain. The wipers would swish back and forth, singing along to the John Denver song on the radio.

Growing up in Colorado with a family who loves to camp made this a common occurrence. We spent most weekends in the pickup, traveling from our home on the plains to higher elevation. While camping we enjoyed many meals outdoors, and each meal seemed to taste even better in the fresh spruce air. There is a sense of accomplishment in cooking on a campfire. Earning that meal after setting up the tent, hiking to the lake and catching rainbow trout is a thrill, but going to the mountains for the day felt different. A picnic was a holiday all its own.

This happened once. I cannot recall the exact location, but I am sure my dad would know. He remembers each trip and lake and the number of fish caught with the smallest of details given. We can ask him one question, and he will recall the entire outing. "Dad, where were we when we sat at that little inlet after walking around the water?" "North Fork." Then he will proceed to tell us how many fish we caught, what the weather was like, and some other significant event that happened. "What was the name of the lake where my line got caught in that tree behind us?" "Rampart." Then he will remind us how many times we have been there and if we have an upcoming reservation to go back. I will have to ask him.

"Dad, where did we toss marshmallows to the chipmunks?" He will know. He will remember our snacking and constant questioning. My sister and I always asked if it was time for lunch yet. He will remember us continually filling our mugs with water from the red and white thermos sitting on the edge of the picnic table. He will remember telling us to walk down the hill with sideways steps and to watch our footing.

He will remember walking between my sister and me, baiting our hooks with red slimy salmon eggs. Either we were too little to do it ourselves or just did not want to reach in the small wide-mouthed jar to get three of them to fit nicely around the barb. I remember the answer to that one! The film stuck to my fingernails, and the squishy texture made me beg for a bobber and a fly. I could spend all day casting and reeling my line. My mom also loves to cast her fishing line out, so she reels in to tighten the slack and check her hook often. That day the four of us sat together, waiting for those tugs and hoping to catch a few.

For whatever reason, we were just there fishing for the day. A little fishing, a little lunch. A picnic. Sitting along the bank, with solid, flat rocks for chairs, we fished together. There was nowhere else to be and nothing else to do. No tent to be set up, no beds to be made, no firewood to gather. We were simply together, giving each other our full attention. That is what made that day feel so special. It does not matter where we were, but I will still ask my dad. He will remember. It is picnic time.



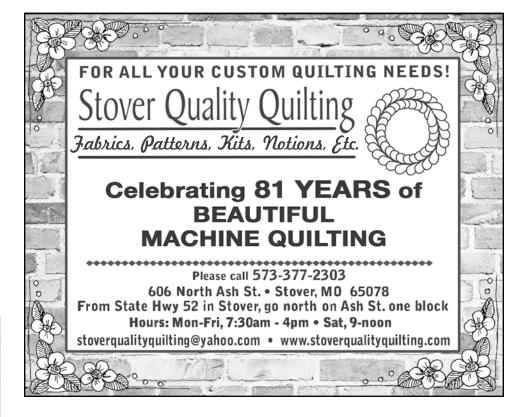
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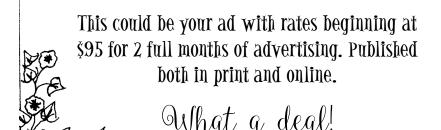
Maranda Jones' new book **Random Acts** is now available at amazon.com

The book includes her reader-acclaimed articles from the last decade









Pieces From My Heart by Jan Keller

How Long?

The day we 'preg checked' our cattle, John rousted me out of bed very early, saying, "You better get with it or we're going to be late."

Almost immediately, I managed to leave the cozy warmth of our bed and, with my eyes still mostly closed, find my way to the shower. Then I hurried to throw on some clothes, dry my hair and even apply a little makeup before heading out the door. A few minutes later, as we approached the ranch, we could see Jason and Durham, our herdsman and his son, were already out in the pasture rounding up the cattle and herding them into the corrals.

John and I quickly joined Jason and Durham in their efforts and before long John's cousin George Ray arrived. With this crew of experienced help, all the cattle on the ranch were ready and waiting when the vet drove in the yard.

Everyone had a specific job. It was the vet who actually examined each cow to determine if she was pregnant. John was in charge of treating them with Warbex. Jason checked each cow's hooves and teeth. George Ray kept cattle coming from the pens to the lane leading to the treatment area. I 'ran the pipes' by quickly sliding a metal pipe behind each cow so she couldn't backup once we had her in the lane. And Durham helped prod each cow, one by one, into the squeeze chute so treatment could be safely completed and each cow quickly released.

Though our 'system' went quite smoothly and three hours later all 141 cows had been checked, I found the day unsettling. I know ranching is a business that must be operated without emotion, but I sometimes struggle with some of the decisions made by my husband with little or no difficulty. The vast majority of the cows were found pregnant and fit so they were turned out in the large corral. But occasionally, John would direct a specific cow to be released to join a few others off to the side in a small holding pen.

It didn't take me long to figure out the small pen held our 'culls'—the cows that for one reason or another were deemed unworthy to keep on the ranch due to the cost of feeding them through the winter. Our ranch operation is one of having a calf crop to sell every fall. Whether I like it or not, any cow that's found 'open' (not pregnant) must be shipped off and sold. It simply isn't good business to keep and feed a non-productive cow.

In other instances, Jason, after all but standing on his head to pry a cow's mouth open—all the while being careful where his fingers were placed so they wouldn't be bitten off—would announce, "Her teeth are bad." This, too, was reason enough to cull a cow.

On occasion, I've had an ingrown toe nail, but nothing that could compare to the way a couple of the cow's hooves grew to be totally warped and curled. When these cows were being inspected, I heard someone announce, "This old gal can hardly walk!" And with that, John would pronounce his decree: "We better sell her."

Sometimes, all it took was a look at the records. If a cow was old and raised a scrawny calf this past year, she too was destined to end up in the small pen.

By the end of the day, I realized why I was so unsettled by the harsh realities of the cattle business and the way my husband manages the herd. Any cow that isn't pregnant, has bad feet or bad teeth—or is just old, is sold.

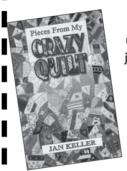
I'm old—so old that when I go to the doctor and they want to know my age, I say, "I don't know. You've got the chart." I not only have bad feet and wear orthotics in my shoes, but my teeth are prone to ache. Why, last year alone I had three costly root canals. It's also a certainty that pregnant I'm not!

With every strike going against me, I can't help but wonder just how long until John will decide to cull me?

©2023 Jan Keller No reprint without permission Jan shares other pieces of her life in her books, Pieces From My Crazy Quilt, and The Tie That Binds These books can be ordered by calling 719-749-9797, or writing: Black Sheep Books, 11250 Glen Canyon Drive, Peyton, CO 80831



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The Quilted Bee, Monticello, Indiana

Midwest Indiana's newest Quilting and Fabric store is now open, The Quilted Bee recently opened on January 16th in the NE part of Indiana in a quaint little resort town called Monticello, Indiana. The city is home to the famous Indiana Beach, which is a 97-year-old amusement park and the Madam Carroll which is the largest registered boat in the State of Indiana that cruises beautiful Lake Freeman.

Kelly and Randy Strong are the owners of this new Quilting and Fabric store, their passion for Quilting was passed on by Kelly's mother who was a long-time quilter and got Kelly involved as a young adult. Kelly and her mother had discussed opening up a fabric store together for many years but unfortunately Kelly's mother was diagnosed with brain cancer in 2018 and passed away from the terrible disease in 2020. The possibility and passion left Kelly for a while until the couple was doing some traveling out west to visit their youngest daughter. After many stops in various Quilt & Fabric stores along the way, the spark reignited, and Kelly decided it was time to open a store in honor of her loving mother. Randy fell in love with Quilt Shops when they were making one of their trips to Colorado Springs, he said it takes him back in time and allows him to alleviate the everyday stress in today's society.

Kelly is following her mother's footsteps and advice with a few things she's incorporated into the store....#1) A store should always have a variety of Fabrics, not just what the owner likes and #2) The fabric must be a very good quality and reputable Fabric....no cheap stuff.

They have some aggressive future plans ahead of them for the new building and business. The first step which has been completed was to get the store up and running selling Fabric, pre-cuts, notions, sewing furniture and accessories. They are a Premier Arrow Sewing Furniture Dealer. The second step is to bring in a reputable Sewing Machine line to display and sell (they're getting close to making a decision). The third and fourth steps

are to purchase a Long Arm so they can offer that service and remodel a garage area that's attached to the building to be used for Sewing Classes, open Sew and house their Longarm.

If you're too far away to visit, they have a very nice and easy to navigate website, go to www.thequiltedbee21.com to see what they have to offer.

Randy and Kelly love visiting other Quilt Shops when time allows, to them, other Quilt Shops are destinations and that's what they hope customers get out of visiting their store. They have a fun little unique cork board of the United States hanging on their wall, when gathering information at the point of sale from the customer and their home state is different than Indiana, a pin is placed in that state. At the time of publication, they had already pinned 10 different states in 5 short weeks of being opened.

Kelly and Randy moved to Monticello in 2020 to build their forever retirement home on Lake Freeman and as Kelly puts it, "It's the last home before the Funeral Home". They've been married for 29 years and have 3 lovely children, one grandchild with another on the way!

Randy and Kelly love talking to people and would love to see you stop in the store and say Hi!! If you stop in to visit and shop and mention this article, they'll have something special for you.

The Quilted Bee is located at 620 N Main Street, Monticello, Indiana 47960. Phone # is 574-297-5418. Store hours are: M-Tu-Th-F 9-5, Wed 9-6, Sat 9-3, Closed on Sunday.

Like and follow them on Facebook at The Quilted Bee and check out their website at www.thequiltedbee21.com.

God Bless and Happy Quilting from Randy & Kelly Strong











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Shop Hop Learn, Enjoy and Give Back

Shop Hop is a familiar term to many quilters. These unique events serve many purposes, benefiting quilting and sewing businesses, hoppers, and local communities.

Shop Hops can vary in size from just a few shops in an area or region all the way up to a statewide event. Shop Hops are events meant to bring new customers to stores, and to expose customers to new stores.

Many of us have our "own" store. A place that's convenient, familiar, and that carries the stuff we like. But there is a whole world of new and different fabrics, notions, equipment, and personalities you're missing out if you don't occasionally branch out. A shop hop provides quilters with a specific plan to do just that.

In a day when brick & mortar retail locations are dwindling across the nation, a Shop Hop works to promote and support quilting and sewing stores, so we can touch and feel the fabric in person for a long time to come. Most quilters "get this" and understand how important it is to support these places if we want them available in our communities.

For Shop Hoppers, it is also about making memories. Many quilters hop together with friends, family, or their favorite "quiltsie". They're not just shopping; they're making memories as they travel around an area together. They not only get to see and enjoy sewing stores, they also enjoy traveling through large and small towns, discovering parts of their

home (or a new place) they've never visited before.

The towns and cities that hoppers travel through also offer many treasures along the way. Small town main streets still exist and can evoke many fond memories of years ago. Shop hopping can also support these towns as hoppers take a break to enjoy lunch or dinner at a quaint restaurant, or someone along for the ride visits a local antique store, or boutique while hoppers are visiting a sewing store.

Hops are also about other kinds of fun. Most offer some sort of reward for visiting the participating shops like prizes or discounts. And of course you get to express your creative side when you return home to create something beautiful with the items you picked up along the route.

The All Illinois Shop Hop and the All Missouri Shop Hops are returning to each state for the second year. Illinois kicks off August 1st and runs through September 2023. Missouri kicks off September 1st and runs through October. These unique hops offers the opportunity to explore participating stores across an entire state. Start your adventure by picking up the All Illinois or All Missouri Shop Hop Magazines in stores mid-June and Mid-July. This is a great resource to help you navigate the hop and something you can use all year long as you travel throughout each state.

Whether you hop to learn, enjoy, or give back, we hope that you'll mark a few days on your calendar to explore the great states of Illinois and Missouri and all that their sewing industry has to offer. To learn more, visit www.AllIllinoisShopHop.com and www.AllMissouriShopHop.com. Join our Facebook Groups www.Facebook/groups/AllIllinoisShopHop, www. Facebook/groups/AllMissouriShopHop.





2 Minute Lift
TWO MINUTE READS TO FLIP OUR SCRIPT

by Kathy J. Sotak

Plant Diaries: We are Mothers of Thousands

Maybe you can still hug your mother - maybe you can't.

Maybe you lost a child - maybe you haven't.

Maybe mom brings you joy – but maybe you've been hurt.

Maybe you tried to have children - but couldn't.

Maybe you chose not to bear children – and then decided to be a Mother in other ways.

If you ask me, "What are you doing for Mother's Day?" I'll give you a boiler-plate response. It's not that I don't love being a Mom. I'm blessed with two boys that make my heart bloom every day. And as a bonus – not only do I love them, I like them too. They are very cool human spirits, and I am grateful that they chose me as their Mother.

I see Mother's Day through a different lens, perhaps after losing both a mother and a son. But it's not my own pain I feel. I think about my co-worker M, who whispered her pain to me, "I tried to have children, but never could." I think about my friend S, who died from the poison of loneliness and other substances, and her two teenage daughters, now walking this earth without the solid embrace of their Mother. I think of R whose son took his life. I think of my former hairdresser C, who took her own life and left her two grown sons, now figuring out parenthood by themselves. I think of E who didn't talk to her Mom for two decades. I think of my friends S, J, M, A and D who chose not to have kids, yet our culture may not fully understand that choice.

So given this perspective, how can we look at this 107-year-old holiday differently? What if we turned Mother's Day into a celebration of honoring all of the Mothers around us, and the Mother within us? It doesn't matter if you have a child or a mom. I bet you are a Mother in many ways. I bet you have many Mothers in your life. It's time to recognize the Mothering Energy that we all have. It has nothing to do with kids, moms or dads. It has everything to do with creating something and nurturing those around us.

My Mother of Thousands plant helps me see a new take on Mother's Day.

This is my Mother of Thousands plant, its name quite literal. It produces babies that grow off of the leaves, their roots dancing in the air, then falls off into their own identity. This plant exists to remind us that we are "birthing" every single day. What are you creating and nurturing in this day?

The thousands of somethings we create and nurture each day are felt in this world. It could be a smile, a prayer, eye contact, a warm meal, loving an animal, doing your best, a new idea, artwork, laughter, playtime, poetry or dreaming. And a thousand more.

You and I are both Mothers of Thousands. May you honor the Mother within you, and may we all honor our surrounding Mothers that nurture us. And if you are lucky enough to hug your own Mother today, give her a warm embrace as you honor her for all that she is.

Happy Mother's Day!

Finding Love in the Mourning Doves

by Kerri Habben Bosman

One reason I like to write these articles is to remind myself what is important. They force me to keep digging until I reach what I want to express. Sometimes I have to push aside a lot of details to achieve that. It is then that I realize once again how much time is spent on the minutiae of living.

I don't mean basic maintenance like grocery shopping and doing laundry. These tasks and others like them can become quietly sacred in their own way just by being grateful for having enough. There is much to be said for being dedicated to what needs to be done. It is when all the details begin gelling that I consciously slow down. If I didn't, I might forget that simply being alive is a precious gift. For underneath all that accumulated moss is still the rock itself. A core each of us has that makes us who we are.

Perhaps this introspection is why watching the birds is so relaxing. They, too, have details to tend to but they never seem in a hurry. My husband, Wayne, and I enjoy seeing them land on the feeder, from the tiny finches to the bigger blue jay. The chickadee always draws our attention. A male cardinal up on the top of the crook gleams endlessly red and we find his arrival better than anything we'd ever see on television.

Then there are the birds that feed on the ground. Each year we have an Eastern towhee couple arrive in the spring. Papa Towhee is striking in his black overcoat and Mama is elegant in her simplicity. When the robins start to appear, it is an extra special day.

But my favorite bird is the mourning dove. Since I was child, I've valued the even coo and steady pace of this bird. Usually there are two of them together and, sometimes, three. They either fly off in one sudden moment or one ascends and the others follow.

It is both their immense calm and their sudden energy that inspires me. Each bird gently strolls along the ground, eating until it has gathered enough to fill its capacity. When it is indeed time to fly, they take off with a deliberate and passionate trill.

These doves never bother any of the other birds and even a nearby squirrel twice their size doesn't cause them to change their path. They just quietly go about the business of gathering as if they know exactly where the next morsel is waiting. A pastel iridescent light glimmers off their feathers whenever they are in the sun and it is then that they seem transformed. One moment they are seemingly drab and the next they are shining.

I try to go about my days and my tasks in a way similar to a mourning dove, ideally with an even pace wherein somehow everything gets done. I haven't perfected this bird's graceful motions in changing course; I slip into a flutter and then catch myself. Yet, there have been pivotal moments in my life when I knew exactly what I had to do and how to do it.

I apply the most important lesson from the mourning doves to how I am with other people. For all our different personalities and paths, everyone can feel gray and drab once in a while, especially when life's details could overwhelm us. So I try to draw out a bit of light to remind people that they truly shine, which brings me back to why I write these articles. There is always the increased self-awareness, but being able to share with you and others is part of what keeps me steadfast.

And of course, there is always remembering the mourning doves.

Kerri Habben Bosman is a writer in Chapel Hill, NC. She can be reached at 913jeeves@gmail.co













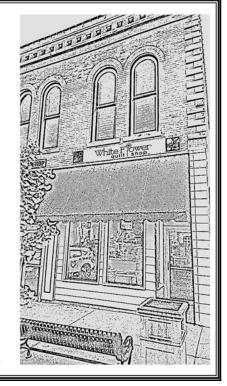




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Dear Editor,

Writing is a lonely job. It requires concentration, the search for the perfect word, and the desire to go beyond communication and connect with others. No matter how alluring it is to leave the computer off, the printer silent, and the home-office door closed, a topic buzzes in our thoughts demanding the same attention as a mosquito on a summer day.

So, we write, not really knowing if we have communicated or connected with anyone. One of the joys of writing for The Country Register is that the publication has nurtured and grown an international community. We share similar hobbies, interests, sense of humor, and traditions.

I know this because of the emails I've received. One example is the article on doilies. It was written on a challenge. Although my 'day-job' is writing about high-technology topics, I tell my mostly male colleagues about my The Country Register articles. Following the article I wrote about aprons, I mentioned my delight at hearing from women who also love wearing aprons.

A man who is an industry leader mentioned that his mom and grandmother wore aprons and the wonderful memories it brought back. He then casually mentioned that they also made so many doilies that walking around the house was like walking through a lace garden. I love that beautiful image. He challenged me to write about doilies, not knowing that I have a bureau drawer full of them, as well as a doily on every doorknob and open surface of my house.

But the real surprise was not for him. It was for me. After the article was published, I received emails from women who also love doilies. Connie in Kansas even sent some doilies tagged for donation.

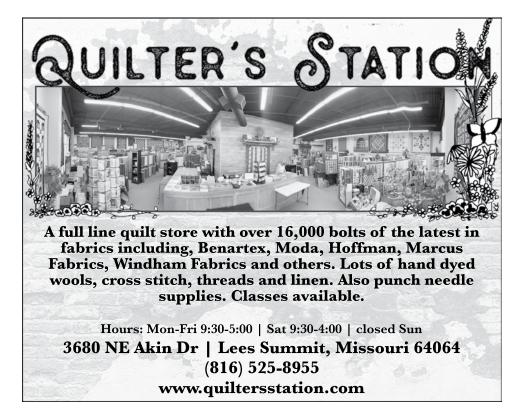
To everyone who emailed me, I'm grateful for your notes. To the editors who published the article, thank you. To The Country Register, I commend you for creating and nurturing an international community that finds joy and *connection* in knowing each other through your publications. There's no better gift to a writer.

Kind regards, Barbara Kalkis. BarbaraKalkis01@gmail.com









Writing From Life

by Jeanette Lukowski

The Pace of Quilting

I recently sent my quilting friend a text message that made me kind of stop and reflect. The message was describing a day actively engaged in quilt-making activities—yet I had produced no single finished work to share with her. Sound familiar? Or, does it sound strange?

I had worked on seven different quilt projects that day. No kidding! Seven.

But the total amount of time I had spent on those seven quilting projects had only added up to a small number of









hours, as I was stealing time away from doing other activities (like grading student papers, reading a book, or taking a walk).

May/June 2023

Project #1: Machine-quilted a simple, 14-inch square wall hanging for someone made from a bandana honoring her high school reunion.

Project #2: Basted together a panel of fabric, batting, and backing fabric for a mid-size wall-hanging for someone else's new work office.

Project #3: Pulled fabric out of plastic boxes as I began planning a sudoku puzzle-turned-pattern lap quilt for someone undergoing breast cancer treatments.

Project #4: Drew colored-pencil blocks on graph paper, capturing details from an online video I had seen the night before (two quilt designs I hope to make in the future).

Project #5: Cut fabric from two of the three color families needed for a table runner wedding gift project (the wedding is in a month).

Project #6: Machine-stitched around the upcoming month's gnome—part of a 12-month set of wall hangings (11"x14" finished size) I call Gnome-of-the-Month—for myself.

Project #7: Chopped up another "scrap" bit of fabric (about the size of a fat quarter) into blocks for a full-size quilt my mother commissioned me to make for a woman at church.

A rare day of productivity; a somewhat rare day of scattered directions. Most days I spend quilting are focused—and I only work on one project for a number of hours at a time.

In March, for instance, I presented a thirty-eight inch square quilted wall hanging to someone as a gift, made from over one hundred two-and-a-half-inch squares. I had started cutting squares for that project in October 2022, which meant that it had taken me five months to complete the project.

Over those same five months I started, worked on, and finished about ten other projects between October's start and March's finish. The other projects were quick, or easy, or had an earlier delivery date than the March bridal shower. The heart wall hanging was too special to rush; created without a pattern, the project also required lots of decisions. Measure twice, cut once.

For me, quilting is a hobby. I enjoy quilting when I have spare time—or when I need a puzzle to distract me from stress. There are times my sewing machine sits idle, like an old friend waiting for me to return. Other times, it hums along with life, filling my life with wild productivity.

The true beauty of quilting? We each get to set our own pace.

© Jeanette Lukowski 2023. Jeanette is a mother, grandmother, teacher, and author who lives in Mankato, MN.

She is inspired by the lives of strong women. Her email address is: writingfromlife@yahoo.com





The warm winds, clear sunshine, and soft showers of April enlivened our May flowers and ornamental shrubbery in the dooryard. How I love to watch everything unfold. Flowering redbud, crabapple, and dogwood are in their glory now. It is fun to take a country drive to spy out these beauties on display in the woods. We never take notice of their inconspicuous locations at any other time of the year. The official tree of Missouri is the beloved dogwood tree. We had hoped to discover dogwood or redbud (both very common around here) in our own woodlot or hedgerows but found neither one. We've since planted them in areas that would appear "natural" and we look forward to their maturity.

Looking down pasture now we see not five copper-color Gelbvieh cows, but ten! We had successful deliveries of 4 heifers and 1 bull. Borrowing a bit of St. Matthew's scriptural lingo, I share their names with you: Liza Jane begat Janie; Ginger begat Gina; Rustie Rae begat Rainie; Ella Mae begat Elsie; and Sally begat Sonny. Seeing the births up close was such a thrill for Hubbins and me. Such a fascinating miracle that one moment they are all safe, warm, and tightly tucked securely within and the next little while they are standing out in a cold misty rain ready to walk and nuzzle their mama. And the next day they are friskily gamboling about and greeting the other newly delivered half-sisters and -brother!

Soon we'll be heading south a little way to the much-loved city of Branson, Missouri. I suppose everyone reading this regional newspaper is well-acquainted with this jewel of a vacation destination. Both my husband and I have vacationed there since we were children (has that really been more than a half-century ago?!). One of our never-miss Silver Dollar City events is the Bluegrass & BBQ Festival held in May every year (May 4-29, 2023). The nation's very best Bluegrass artists perform and the park is loaded with restaurants dishing out mouthwatering barbeque. While strolling along the various shops and rides and music venues, one is often overtaken by a redolent fog of some smoky pit 'que nearby. It is relaxing fun to sit and simultaneously gnaw a rib and tap a toe at tables set up near outdoor stage performances. Be sure to consider visiting Branson, Missouri while making your 2023 holiday plans. There is so much to see and do there. Few towns can boast that every age of persons in the family will enjoy all the attractions! And while in town, I heartily recommend you take in Sight & Sound Theatre's newest production, "Queen Esther." You will love it!

A term that has become antique is "Decoration Day." Today most people say "Memorial Day." When I was young, my kinfolk would gather at the family cemetery for a full day of clean-up, catch-up, and eat-up of the big spread of picnic fare. Aunts, uncles, and cousins that may only get together this one time annually would walk around pointing and repeating the stories about this one and that one buried beneath the sands of time. Mason jars of peonies and "glads" (gladiolus) would be thoughtfully distributed amongst the gravestones which had just been swept and washed by the daughters of the dead. Sometimes there would be a grand fish fry come evening – the menfolk and youngin's having spent time with a cane pole at the creek. I was a "town" cousin and I greatly admired any cousin that had a barn (with cats) in their backyard. It would generally take a couple hours before all the shy various-bred kids could relax and look each other in the eye. But then the fun would

begin. Sometimes horseshoe pits would be set up. Sometimes croquet. Interestingly, I don't recall any member of the family ever crying on the occasion of "Decoration Day." (All of my relatives knew that One Day there would be another Family Reunion.) These days, families are so spread out across this nation (world!) that it is very rare indeed when everyone can meet up at Grandmother's grave. Sadly. Hubbins and I go every couple years with a bucket, a brush, and a bottle of elbow grease to scour down the moldy headstones of our dearly departed. And always, always, we take a jar of May's fragrant old-time white peonies. Am I the only one who misses the era of an extended family "Decoration Day?" How will today's cousins learn the family cemetery stories? I guess they will read a modern-era "Grandma Remembers" album... If modern-arandma writes one...

When one sits down to ponder the months of May and June – considering topics about which to write – one is bowled over by all the usual suspects: May Day, graduations, Mother's Day, Father's Day, weddings, school's out, Memorial Day, Flag Day, summer solstice, etc.! I want to take the road less traveled for a minute and mention some dates not generally acknowledged by the majority of people...

May 4	National Day of Prayer	this day and every day
May 5	Cinco de Mayo	Miss my Texan friends! (and restaurants!)
May 9	Teacher's Day	Pray for our teachers
May 20	Armed Forces Day	Honoring all currently serving in the military
June 1	Go Barefoot Day	Do some healthful "grounding"
June 5	Thank You Day	Make a list then make calls or send cards
June 13	Nat'l Sewing Machine Day	Really! Give her a hug! Get creative!

Winter is a distant memory now and early summer envelops us in its verdantly lush and optimistic way. We have many field trips planned for the next couple months! There will be blueberry picking, strawberry picking, fishing for trout in our little Jon-boat, visiting a new-to-us arboretum, and camping at the lake. Here at Sweetmeadow, there will be plenty of work to do in the newly established kitchen garden and orchard. We will enjoy life to the fullest with cookouts and bonfires and swims at Moonshine Beach. All of the hot sweaty work that it takes to upkeep a farm, home, hearth, and larder is blessedly rewarded in the good of summertime. Carpe ALL the diems!

"Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass on a summer day listening to the murmur of water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is hardly a waste of time." Sir John Lubbock

Sweetmeadow Farm is located in the beautiful Missouri Ozarks. Lori and her husband are semi-retired and enjoy relishing the seasons on their small farm. Lori can be contacted at sweetmeadow812@gmail.com.



(story continued from page 5)

exactly as first envisioned. Some change along the way but, when finished, are still close to the original idea. To the amusement of quilting friends, I asked the math expert in the group for the mathematical formula to lay out a group of fabric squares so they would look random. She responded, "If there's a fonnula, it's not random." Clearly, I've even tried to plan spontaneity!

I appreciate people who are spontaneous and the freedom they seem to have in living their lives. I appreciate those quilters who are comfortable being spontaneous and improvisational in their quiltmaking. It's just not me.

I overheard a discussion the other day. One person expressed how much she loved approaching travel by being spontaneous. She enjoyed approaching each day with the excitement of not knowing what she would see or experience - going with the flow. Her companion simply replied, "I find it relaxing to have a plan and a schedule." I couldn't agree more!

©Barbara Polston, Tucson, Arizona, February 19, 2023. Barbara Polston, the author of Quilting With Doilies: Inspiration, Techniques, and Projects (Schiffer Press, 2015) and Meet Puppy Brian (2022 on www.puppybrian.com), lives in Tucson where she has failed at retirement but is getting more time at her sewing machine. Contact her at barbarapolslonquiller@gmail.com.

Mother's Day Trivia

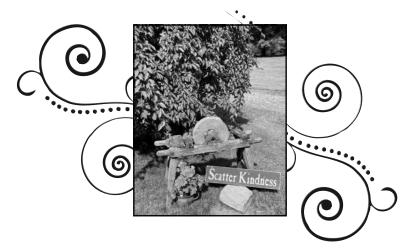
from Rachel Greco

- During the 1600s, England celebrated "Mothering Sunday." Servants would visit their families and bring cakes to their mothers. This custom was called "going a mothering." Each mother received a "simnel" (fine flour) cake. Mothers would then give a blessing to their children.
- Chinese family names are often formed with a sign that means "mother" as a way of honoring their maternal ancestors.
- George Washington has been quoted as saying, "My mother was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. All I am I owe to my mother. I attribute all my success in life to the moral, intellectual and physical education I received from her."
- Native American women have been honored with the name "Life of the Nation" for their gift of motherhood to tribes.
- Eve is credited in the Bible with being the "Mother of All the Living."
- Ancient Egyptians believed that "Bast" was the mother of all cats on earth and that cats were sacred animals.
- Buddha said, "As a mother, even at the risk of her own life, loves and protects her child, so let a man cultivate love without measure toward the whole world."
- Mother Goose is one of the most popular of all authors for children. Her books and stories have been loved for several generations.
- Some African tribes call themselves "Maharis," which means "Mother-hoods."
- Nine years after Mother's Day was made an official holiday, Anna Jarvis, who had campaigned so hard to make it possible, filed a lawsuit to try to stop the over-commercialization of Mother's Day. She lost her case. Today, cards, letters, candy, and dinners out mark Mother's Day for most families. It had been Anna's hope that the day was one of reflection and quiet prayer by families thanking God for all that mothers had done.

Rachel Greco owns Grandma's Attic, a traditional quilt shop in Dallas, Oregon. A quilt historian, she gives talks on needlework, the role of women in American history, and their connection to fabric. She has written several books and patterns and runs Grandma's Quilt Club, a monthly quilt class where participants collection blocks, learn about quilt history and make new friends. Learn more at http://grandmasatticquilting.co.

Become Inspired Decorating, Entertaining and Living in the Early American Style

by Annice Bradley Rockwell



Bourtiful Reminders

Beauty abounds in the season of spring. Slowly but surely after only occasionally warm, sunny days, nature now provides us with more bountiful reminders that she has kept her promise. Country landscapes are now filled in with the glory of green. Herbs in our garden have waited all winter before bursting forth yet again to be enjoyed. Dogwood trees with their beautiful, white blooms can be seen dotted along a rural roadside lending a touch of beauty to our days.

As spring progresses, we now have the confidence to plant new flowers and herbs to accent our gardens. Our first visit to the local garden center is a true country delight. As we pull a wagon through the wide rows of mulch, we can select strong, native plants to complement our garden arrangements. If planning a new raised bed, we could consider the dark green, hardy wall germander to serve as a perimeter. To add color and interest we might choose a calendula or beebalm plant in striking, bright hues. And to enhance our culinary herb kitchen garden, lovage is a luxury all season long. Having a mild celery flavor, lovage is wonderful to add to a spring cottage soup or to accompany a pork roast.

Country Celebrations

When spring is in full swing, it is the ideal time to work outside to prepare our yards for the special celebrations that are enjoyed this time of year. An outdoor Mother's Day brunch is a fun way to show gratitude all while enjoying time together. Country dropleaf tables can be arranged outside and can be adorned with fresh bouquets of lilacs in antique, white ironstone pitchers. Brunch can be served on a primitive harvest table with some of our favorite antiques to hold utensils and bowls of fresh fruit salad. Petite potted herbs can be placed in and around our displays as gifts for our guests to take home.

Father's Day and graduations are also festive celebrations to enjoy outside. Classic cookouts and evening bonfires are the perfect way to feel reconnected and joyful as we remember how fortunate we really are.

Making Memories

This season indulge in the full awakening of spring. Take time to find something exceptional to include in your garden or yard arrangements. Consider planning a small gathering that contains creative touches of the past. And as you carefully plan, you will be fulfilled because you are not only creating a special gathering, you are making country memories that will last a lifetime.

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







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