

WOMEN'S VOICES

aka Sad Buggy Quilt - A Story

In December of 2005 I received a quilt catalog from Keepsake Quilting that had several beautiful block of the month patterns in it. I saw a civil war quilt called Women's Voices and just knew that this was the quilt I was going to do for my mother. I could just see it in her room downstairs. So in January 2005 I received the first two blocks and so on throughout 2005 I could hardly wait each month to get the new blocks. In late December of 2005 I finished hand piecing and putting the quilt together and I was excited about getting it quilted and finished for mom for Mothers Day or maybe even her birthday of 2006.

Now the saga begins - I sent the quilt over to the Leavenworth Assistance center to be quilted the first part of January 2006. After about two months I received a phone call to say that they had left it at the Weston Library since one of the women who volunteered there lived in town. I was so excited and could hardly wait to get home and see the quilt. Of course the ladies at the library just had to see the quilt as they had been waiting all afternoon as well. I took it out of the bag right there at the library and my heart literally fell, what grief I felt. I just knew that the quilt was ruined as the shop had used the thickest batting available and had not stretched the quilt prior to quilting along with bad stitching as the machine had messed up on the back and they had not noticed. I have to admit that I am just a little anal about my quilting, I do the best I can and each stitch is part of me that only passion for this hobby can bring, I think this is what drove me to try and fix this mess. So after shedding many tears and a very upset stomach I decided to rip out the quilting stitches. So for almost a month each night I ripped out the stitching being very careful as to not ruin the top of the quilt. After all the stitching was out I spread it out over the floor to take off the back and batting and low and behold what did we find there...roaches several in fact that had been sewed right in and thought to be hidden forever amongst the batting. Ugh! Brady asked what are all those brown things, and we only thought it could not get any worse...I hand washed the top and air dried it to free it of all the roach goo and decided to take it down to the quilt shop in Weston for I had had dads quilt done there and they did a beautiful job. After about six weeks I get another call that the quilt was finished and I could pick it up. When I took a first glance at the quilting I could not believe my eyes, the quilting was worse than the first time, all bulky, not stretched the sides looked like they had come out of a war zone. I could not believe that the quiltshop would even accepted such bad quality from one of there venders. This time there were no tears I just decided that I was done...mad as blazes and hurt more than ever, I took the quilt home and threw it away. My heart was so sad because I wanted to much to give my mother something from me that would be special for years to come.

After about a week and a half I could not stand it any longer, that bag stood out as if calling to me for me to help. I took it back in the house and started ripping again. By September I was done again ripping out the stitches, at lease this time there were no bugs. I was relieved about this. In the weeks that followed one of my best quilting pals Patty bought herself a longarm machine and was still practicing when I approached her on the subject if she would be interested in trying to save "Sad Buggy Quilt" (you just have to ask in the surrounding quilting groups about "sad buggy quilt" and everyone knows and has seen or been through the saga with me) Patty agreed to give it a try, she washed, pressed and set out to start on it as soon as she was comfortable sewing on her new machine. Last week on December 10, 2006 at our little Christmas get together Patty surprised me with the miracle of the most beautiful quilt that these eyes could ever see. Marcia had it spread out on her bed and it looked so pretty I was awestruck. I knew in my heart that I would be proud to give this sad buggy quilt to my mom, all that I had to do is sew the binding on and wrap it up.

Mom - after all the trials and challenges that this quilt has been through, a year of love piecing each block and putting it together. Then almost two years later, many tears, tired eyes from ripping out the stitches, three quiltings and many friendly hugs of encouragement from friends, I am giving you this quilt with so much love, and if you can only imagine the amount of stitches that this quilt has and has had you can maybe put a pin point on the amount of love I have for you. – Margo