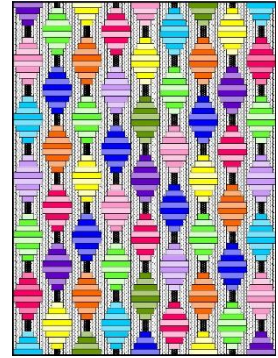


Christmas Memories by Flavin Glover

As a child with older brothers and sisters, Christmas and Thanksgiving were exciting times because siblings who lived across the country might come home to the farm. Another important arrival prior to the holidays was the Christmas catalog from Sears and Roebuck. My sister, Londa, and I viewed it as a wish book – admiring the toys, games and particularly the metal tins of colorful hard candy. Nonnie, our Mom, would often order a tin of candy that was cherished, yet devoured before the candy got sticky. Recently while coloring an elongated Log Cabin block grid, I recalled the multicolored, striped candy and composed a quilt design titled *Penny Logs*.



Back to the siblings coming home for Christmas – if many came, we kids could sleep on the floor in front of the fireplace with a bounty of colorful patchwork string quilts stacked on top of each child. Mom would allow us to keep on the Christmas tree lights. I loved the glowing fire and the multicolored Christmas tree lights, so intense once the living room was dark.

One autumn while away for college, Mom constructed a butterfly applique bed quilt using the zigzag feature of a new sewing machine to zip around each butterfly before hand quilting the layers. That Christmas I received a big puffy package from Mom and Dad containing the butterfly quilt. Each butterfly featured black, hand embroidered antennae and eyes. One butterfly in the middle of the quilt had eyes embroidered at the head and butt. Mom noticed the extra eyes while quilting, and decided to leave them – making it the special butterfly. A hand-written note attached to the quilt read “To Flavin and Glenn, just in case ye ever say ye do.” That note became special and I embroidered the words on the quilt.



After graduating from college and while teaching arts and crafts therapy classes, I desired to learn patchwork quilting techniques to include in her therapeutic classes. When asked to teach me to quilt, Mom blew it off as a fleeting request. She was busy making quilts for children and grandchildren and did not want to be bothered with another assignment.

Back to the siblings coming home for Christmas – in 1973, a year after Glenn and I were married, with Christmas coming, we returned to the farm to find Mom very much needing to get the quilt frame out of the dining room before the family arrived. Nonnie said, “Flavin, I have a quilt in the frame I don’t care much about. I’m going to let you help me quilt it out.” I replied, “Gee thanks, Mom – for all the encouragement!” With permission to stick a needle into the quilt’s layers, I sat down at the quilt frame, began quilting and has never stopped. She knew how to play the game and wait until I was hungry and eager to learn. Thanks Mom for the gift of quilting!

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