

## **PATCHWORK QUILTS**

It's out of style, my home-folks say, to make a patchwork quilt today, nobody wants it when complete, it's just an object obsolete, a waste of time, a sign of guilt, and poverty – a patchwork quilt.

Yet, when I let myself look back, to youth's glad day, in humble shack, a picture rises sweet and fair, of mother in a straight-back chair, her face aglow with joy – not guilt, while cutting pieces for a quilt.

To keep the pattern true and right she balanced shades of dark and light, and I remember one design she made was called "The Friendship Vine," and when each vine was stitched in place, to her it meant a friendly face.

Sometimes I ponder in my heart, how human eyes can view such art, and fail utterly to see in it the true affinity of life a patchwork quilt may prove, when splashed with shadows, sun, and love.

There's bric-a-brac around my place, and bits of linens edged with lace, and yet the thing I love the most, and of it frequently I boast, without embarrassment or guilt, strange to say, a patchwork quilt.

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