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The Alabama Register
Oct.–Nov., 2016

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For licensing info, contact Linda McDonald Inc 704-370-0057.

For relationships,” she said. “We have become good friends over the past several years, reaching beyond just the business.

COUNTRY REGISTER RECIPE EXCHANGE

Prepare rings according to package directions for salad use. Drain & combine:

- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- lettuce
- 1/4 cup sweet pickle relish, drained
- 2 tablespoons onion, chopped
- 1 15-oz. can tropical fruit, drained
- 1 cup vanilla yogurt
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 2 cloves garlic
- 2 tablespoons seasoned rice vinegar
- 2 teaspoons fresh lime juice
- 1 10-ounce package julienne carrots
- 1/3 cup fresh cilantro leaves

Mix above ingredients together and serve cold.

Mail a check for $20 with your name, address, and we welcome new vendors.

Stashbusting Tip for Quilters

by Beth Camp

If you are like me, you likely have more fabric than projects. For the last two years, the president of our local quilters’ guild has challenged us to take another look at fabrics that pile up without a home and put them to work.

When Venita Aldrich, an inspired Spokane quilter, started “Because We Care” to make comfort quilts for patients taking chemotherapy, I was thrilled to jump right in. The wheelbarrow size of these quilts (roughly 44” x 55”) is just big enough to allow quilters to play around with design and use up fabric. These projects also can be finished within a reasonable amount of time.

In 2015, our small group of about nine quilters, contributing either time, money or quilt tops, made 47 comfort quilts. So far this year, we’ve made 20. All of our quilts are backed with warm flannel and donated to patients taking chemotherapy at Cancer Care Northwest here in Spokane.

Perhaps a project like ours can inspire you to take another look at your stash of unused fabrics.

How do you get started?

Our library at Washington State Quilters - Spokane just added a lovely book by Lindsay Conner, www.lindseysews.com, that can be used to create fresh quilts from your fabric stash—with an added plus. Her advice encourages groups to work on charity quilts. Conner says, “If you can’t find a quilting bee to join, start your own!”

Modern Bee: 13 Quilts to Make with Friends, StashBooks, C & T Publishing, 2013, 128 pp., takes the reader through the process of setting up a quilting bee, with blocks for beginning and intermediate quilters. Organized so that each month introduces a new project (and pattern), her traditional and modern designs are bright and airy.

Stashbusting Tip for Quilters

If you can set up a small-scale getting together of friends, try to make quilts to give away. Some quilts are created for children in hospitals, for veterans, those at hospice or shelters, to raise money for scholarships or for international organizations dedicated to easing poverty, among many other causes.

Each chapter ends with a Binding Stitch note that highlights additional resources and ways for you to start a project of your own.

One quilter explains why she gives her quilts away, “It just feels like the right thing to do – put warmth and comfort out in the world!”

Why not consider making a comfort quilt? No matter whether your finished quilt goes to a cancer patient, a senior center or children’s hospital, it will be appreciated. And your fabric stash just might be a little smaller.

“Beth Camp is a member of “Because We Care” and Washington State Quilters. She quilts and writes historical fiction in Spokane, WA. Contact Beth at www.berniesbosting.blogspot.com
If anyone had told me a year ago that I’d be moving next week, I would have laughed and probably even have said ‘never’ as in, “I could never move, my husband would see how much fabric I have!”

And, all joking aside, I would have added that it would take several things for me to move. I would have to have a hundred-year-old house that had already been restored (I restored an 1889 many years ago and loved it but was a lot younger and a lot more time) or a wonderful log cabin. It would also have to have the kitchen of my dreams and a huge quilting studio.

But that would have been then and this is now—and I am indeed moving. No, I did not get my historic beauty nor did I get my log cabin. In fact, I am getting a three-level contemporary that is totally not my style and am moving into a house with stairs after having lived on one level all my life. Am I nuts? I have wondered about that since signing on the dotted line.

What I am getting is the quilting and design studio with the space I have always dreamed about and a kitchen that might actually make me want to cook. Hubby is getting a sunny yard and enough space to plant a garden and we are doubling our square footage, which gives the ‘four children’ more space to run, play and shed. All of this combined was enough to make us ‘bite the bullet.’

And so, as we approach moving day, we are both very excited, but I am faced with a dilemma. My husband knows that I have a lot of fabric since I am a Creative Grids designer. He is fully aware of the double closet, four cupboards and the pie safe filled to the brim in my sewing room. What he does not realize is that many of the boxes in other parts of the house hold fabric as well. They are in ‘disguise’ and are part of the reason we are feeling a little cramped for space.

For instance, the box in the guest room closet that says ‘fall clothes’ with the ‘I’ circled is actually fabric in fall colors. One fall sweatshirt rests on top of the fabric so it really does contain ‘fall clothes.’ There are other boxes with a letter circled as well. Example: The box marked ‘winter clothes’ and a circle around the ‘w’ holds a white sweater on top with gorgeous tone on tone whites in the bottom. A box in another closet labeled ‘plastic tubs’ has a circle around the ‘p’ that stands for pieces and parts of quilts in progress. (The pieces and parts are in plastic containers within the box so the labeling is somewhat correct.) I know the ‘code’ so I know exactly where everything is when I need it.

With this move, however, I wondered that my secret would be discovered. What will he think when he realizes? Will he call ‘Hoarders’ to have them do an intervention on his wife? I was getting a bit apprehensive until we were discussing the move last evening. Our discussion went a little like this.

“I’ve reserved two trucks,” Dear hubby said with a smile.

“Two trucks,” I asked, “Whatever for? I am sure we can get everything in one if we get a large one.”

“Well,” he said, “I figure we’ll need one for the household things and one just to move your fabrics and keep it all together.”

“I still think we can get everything out of the sewing room into one truck,” I said.

Not missing a beat, Dear hubby responds, “Well, since you are finally going to have the design studio and space that you need, I thought your ‘fall clothes’ and plastic containers’ might want to join the other fabrics from the sewing room. Keeping all together in one truck might make it easier on the other end.”

I tried not to crack a smile but before long we were both laughing and I asked him, “Let’s get on with it. Let’s move now!”

“For about a year,” he said, “I was looking for a plastic container to put a few nuts and bolts in. Once I realized that plastic containers’ did not mean what I thought they did, I realized other things might have a different meaning as well. The cluther was when I was looking for wrapping paper to wrap your birthday present and found a whole box of red fabric underneath. I realized then that the circled ‘t’ was code for red fabric and began to notice all of the boxes in this house with a circled letter.’

“What you don’t realize,” he added, “is that I’m a fast learner. Those boxes of mine that say old clothes and have an ‘x’ marked in the corner are actually things for hunting and fishing.”

With that, we were both laughing again. When we finally stopped laughing, all I could say was “If anyone helps us unpack, they are going to think we’ve both lost our minds.”

--Deb Heatherly is the Creative Grids® designer who created both the Creative Grids® Cat’s Cradle Tool and the Creative Grids® Happy Stars Tool.

Deb lives in the mountains of western NC, and travels doing lectures, trunk shows and workshops. Contact her at Debheatherlyquilts@gmail.com.
The Knitting Savant
Charting Our Success

Our beginnings as knitters are humble. We learn to make the knit and purl stitches, cast stitches on the needle and bind them off. It's the variations of these basic skills that build every knitted object we aspire to create. These skills – and a good pattern.

Patterns are the roadmap between inspiration and finished object. Our ability to interpret the writer's design can mean the difference between a handmade item that serves its intended purpose or an unfinished project in a bag at the back of the closet.

Every pattern is different and each knitter brings a preferred learning style to a pattern. Part of the process of becoming a better knitter is understanding how you connect with written directions. Are you someone who prefers reading the instructions in each row or working with a visual schematic like a chart? Do you need a lot of detail in the pattern, or do your eyes glaze over and you pass up a pattern that has page after page of written directions? Do you need measurements and photos or not?

Knowing your preferred learning style and then finding tools to help manage the information presented in a pattern will go a long way towards making the knitting experience enjoyable and successful. Here are a few things to consider:

- Take the time to look at the pattern online. Search by the pattern name and add the word "errata" to the search. The results may reveal corrections to the pattern that were made since it was published. A little time invested in the beginning may save you hours of frustration down the road.
- Learn how to read charts. Many knitters avoid them because they look foreign and complicated but again, with a little investment of time, understanding how these patterns "pictures" work can save time and frustration.

Develop tools to help you navigate a pattern. Pencil in notes as you go about changes and adjustments. Sticky notes and highlighters work to mark specific rows and sizes. Charts can be enlarged on a photocopy (for personal use only) and their individual stitch motifs identified with colored pencils so they're easier to read and follow. Experiment and learn what makes the process easier for you.

And – as always – swatch. Making sure you're getting the same gauge as the pattern is the first building block in the success of your finished garment.

Our handmade projects are built on a foundation of basic skills and a good roadmap. Chart your success with a little preparation and the right tools.

-- Andrea Springer blogs at www.knittingascount.com where she helps folks remember that they have everything they need to be successful in knitting and in life. You can share comments or ideas with her at andrea@knittingascount.com or follow Knitting Savant on Facebook and Twitter.

The Country Register
RECIPE EXCHANGE
Date Ball Cookies
From the Kitchen of Sandra Beck, Loveland, CO

2 sticks butter or margarine MINUS 2 tablespoons
2 cups rice krispies
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup sugar
Place butter, dates and sugar in saucepan and cook until thick, stirring constantly (about 10 minutes). Remove from heat and add rice krispies and chopped nuts. Mix well and shape into balls. Roll in confectioner's sugar.
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Disappearing Nine Patch Is New Adventure in Harriet Truman Loose Threads Mystery Series
by Arlene Sachitano

Molly Baker has come to Foggy Point to organize a recognition ceremony for donors to the local missing children organization and to escape her abusive ex-boyfriend. Harriet Truman and the Loose Threads agree to make quilts for the top two donors, but soon discover that Molly has an agenda. She herself was a kidnap victim as a child along with her friend Amber and the perpetrator was never caught. Molly hopes Harriet can help her figure out what happened.

Harriet and the Loose Threads have barely started asking questions when accidents start happening to them—and Molly herself is killed. Is it related to the girl’s kidnapping? Or did Molly’s current work tracking down missing and exploited children put her in harm’s way?

After Harriet’s Aunt Beth is injured in a car accident that may have been planned for her, the group wonders—will someone go to any lengths to keep the secret of Amber’s disappearance? Or has Molly’s work pursuing human trafficking made them a target?

Disappearing Nine Patch (book nine in the series) is available as a paperback print book through amazon.com or barnesandnoble.com or as an e-book through Kindle, Nook and other popular formats. All of the Harriet Truman Loose Threads adventures are also available on the Espresso Book Machine at a location near you.

—Arlene Sachitano was born at Camp Pendleton, CA, while her mother was serving in the US Navy. Her family lived in Newport, Rhode Island, before settling in Oregon where Arlene still resides. Arlene is handy at being both a knitter and a quilter—and she puts her quilting knowledge to work in the Harriet Truman/Loose Threads mystery series, which features a long-time quilter as the amateur sleuth. Arlene also helps her delightful grand-girls several days a week. Arlene divides her time between homes in Portland and Tillamook, with her husband and their canine companion, Naurux.

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

Nature’s Palette
As summer slowly melts into fall we notice a vibrant shift in the days. The air becomes much more crisp, New England foliage ripens to the colors that only nature can provide and we become increasingly aware of the beauty that belongs only to fall.

A Season of Change
Fall brings with it an excitement for the home decorator. Home interiors, porches, yards and patios can be transformed easily with the bounty of nature to capture the essence of this special season of change. With nature’s bounty all around us, we have countless ways to use the produce of fall to enhance our home displays. And experiencing the abundance that is provided by nature is a special part of the joy of autumn. Venturing to a local apple orchard or sparkling fall afternoon, one could spend time enjoying the experience of being among the apple trees actively harvesting a full bushel basket or two to be brought home to use for homemade apple pie or to serve as a colorful accent in a country basket or wooden trelliner. Hayrides through a pumpkin patch offer a similar experience that truly embraces the wonder of fall. Bringing back a collection of hand-picked pumpkins, squash, corn stalks and gourds we have the perfect elements to recreate the ambiance of autumn to surround us throughout the season.

Our interiors bask in the glow of fall as we incorporate our carefully chosen touches of nature in and among our favorite pieces. Candles in the comforting scents of New England Butterly or Pumpkin Cornbread suggest a setting of warmth and coziness as the evenings begin to creep more quickly into our days.

An Inspiring Experience
One of the biggest attractions in fall to a home decorator is a trip to an outdoor fall festival or shop. While sipping a cup of hot mulled cider, one can stroll the grounds of a harvest gathering and find special treasures to bring home. From country antiques, to the festive food of fall, a harvest festival is an outing of fun that should be shared. Visiting country shops staged with the beauty of fall can be an equally inspiring experience. With a desire to entice shoppers to visit, shopowners work especially hard to recreate their spaces to encourage and inspire the eager country shopper.

As the fall season advances, spend time enjoying that natural beauty that abounds. Make an event out of the experience of gathering portions of the bounty of fall. Take time to treat yourself to a treasure of the past and create an inter setting of warmth to bring you a sense of being truly welcomed home. As you plan to pursue the pleasures of fall, take time to share the simple yet spectacular joys of fall with those you hold dear.

—Annice Bradley Rockwell is an author and owner of Positively Antiques. She is currently working on her book, New England Girl. NewEnglandGirl27@gmail.com

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Traditionally with the dawning of a new year we tend to want to make resolutions that will improve our life such as vowing to lose weight, stop smoking, or starting an exercise program. However, before long the vast majority go back to their old habits and their resolve is gone until the next year. But, why...why do we let a whole year go by as vowing to lose weight, stop smoking, or taking a new way to get to work? Perhaps it’s time to change our mindset for every day is a new day – a new opportunity to start anew.

Using that strategy, with the new school year beginning, now would be the perfect time to determine you are going to start out strong and not give up. When things get tough, seek help through your parents, a teacher, or tutor to keep your grades up and to prove to yourself that you can do it. October is another popular month for weddings. This is the time to rejoice in your new life together and strive to keep your vows to each other fresh and renewed every single day.

If today you have found yourself dissatisfied or disappointed with the way things are going, remember tomorrow is a new day – another chance to turn things around – another opportunity to make a difference in your situation. Life is not always easy. But remember, each new day affords us the ability to start anew. So, as you head out the door to work, or school, or starting a new life together, today is a new day. The past is just that – the past. Today you will resolve to take that first step toward making positive changes in your life.

To get started, why not sit down and over a cup of tea begin to draft a plan as to how you will reach your goal. Remember, mornings are the most beautiful time of the day. Wake up anticipating the day and what it offers – a chance to start again, and a hope that you can try once more. Don’t let anyone or anything stop you. Step out and let the process begin, perhaps learning through your experiences as you go. Someone once said, “Every day may not be good, but there’s something good in every day.” So persevere to the end. As you move forward, remember tomorrow is a new day, and so, you just pick yourself up and start anew.

With hope in your heart may you greet each new day with a sense of purpose and dedication toward reaching your goal. May you have a happy new day!

-Janet Young, Certified Tea and Etiquette Consultant from the Protocol School of Washington, is a Founding member of Mid-Atlantic Tea Business Association, freelance writer/national tea presenter, and owner of Over The Teacup Inc. You can email her at janet@overtheteacup.com.

Deep into autumn, we awoke to an unseasonably warm day. I took advantage of this unexpected gift by tending a long-neglected outdoor chore. With my little helper, grand-daughter Annie, close by my side, we set to work pruning English ivy vines from the wide cement steps that lead from our lawn down to the road. Years ago I planted the ivy with the idea that the vines would trail picture-queuly down each side of the steps. But I guess I forgot to tell the vines that. Instead of growing neatly down, they crisscrossed through the middle, creating a thick mat that completely swallowed up the seven steps.

As I pruned my way through the tangled mess, Annie asked non-stop questions. “Why are you cutting that?” “Because it’s too thick.” “Why is it too thick?” “Because it’s not growing right.” “Why isn’t it growing right?” “Because I didn’t train the vines.” Then, to steer the conversation in another direction, I said, “Look! We can almost see the bottom step!” “Where do the steps go?” Annie asked. “Down to the road.” “Why do they go down to the road?” “Well, the story we heard is that long ago our house belonged to a farmer. His barn was across the road. He used the steps to get to his barn.”

“Did you?” “Yes.” “He didn’t drive?” “No, he didn’t drive.”

Annie was quiet for a minute, then she said, “Sometimes you have to walk, like when you go to heaven. You can’t drive there.”

Taking her statement literally, I responded, “Well you don’t actually walk to heaven, Jesus calls you home when He wants you to come.” “Yeah,” Annie agreed, “and you have to walk ‘cause you can’t drive there.”

Now, when Annie gets a thought in her head, she’s like a hungry pup with a ham bone; she just won’t give it up. So after repeating this same exchange several times, I finally gave in. “Yes, Annie, you have to walk to heaven ‘cause you can’t drive there.”

Satisfied, Annie turned her attention to collecting rocks and kicking up dirt with her sneakers.

While I continued to prune and drag away the vines, I thought about what Annie had said. And I realized, how right she was: we do get to heaven by walking – walking with Jesus every day – and it’s true - you can’t get there by car.

Two flats of English ivy vines from Wal-Mart: Six dollars. Spiritual lesson from a 4-year-old: Priceless.

-Submitted for Wit & Wisdom
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Nana’s Aprons
by James F. Leiner

Whoever came up with the idea of the apron probably thought its main use would be to shield a woman’s clothing until the baby was born, but long ago the proper piece of cloth came to mean so much more to a generation of kids who grew up around their grandmothers. My Nana, like all of my friend’s grandmothers back so long ago, always seemed to be wearing an apron anytime she was in the kitchen, and as a young boy it seemed like all the time. She had dozens of those colorful, homemade bibs hanging in the kitchen next to the back door. Alongside the icebox was her old Singer Sewing Machine with its little light helping her see the newly joined hems and seams as she peddled away providing the power for the needle and bobbin. She created her “new” aprons from scraps of material left over from dress making, or from shirts that were too worn to repair. Not all of her aprons were made from scraps; a few of her special aprons were made from new material. She wore those at the Methodist Church serving after church refreshments, or when she was overseeing one of those delicious old-fashioned potluck suppers.

We lived with my grandparents in their large Victorian home on the edge of the village, so I have a myriad of memories of Nana while growing up; to me the nicest memory is her and her aprons. Back then it seemed to me that everyone’s grandmother was always dressed up a little, and mine was no different. There didn’t seem to be a casual style back then. Nana never wore a dress. Some she called “house-coats,” but whatever it was called she was always dressed and ready to receive callers. Wearing an apron did protect her dress but along with that, it proved to be useful for almost any chore around the house. She used her apron for holding hot pans on the stove top, and she also wiped many a perspiring brow as she bent over that hot stove. Her aprons were wonderful for drying my tears when I came in from the backyard with scraped knees, and on occasion her apron could be used for cleaning out dirty ears or drying up a runny nose. From outback where Grand-Pop kept a few chickens Nana’s aprons were used to carefully carry eggs in the house, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in a warm oven. When company came to the front door her apron was an excellent hiding place for a shy grandson who might be hanging around her kitchen waiting for a broken cookie. From our garden, aprons arrived all sorts of vegetable, and after all the peas had been shelled, they carried the hulls to the compost pile. Her aprons also held nicely a bouquet of lovely cut flowers from the side garden brought in to decorate the dining room table.

In the fall, her aprons were used to bring in apples and cherries that were picked in the orchard down the block. When the weather turned cold, Nana wrapped her apron around her for the short walks added warmth when she needed to quickly dart outside. When the church pastor unexpectedly walked up on the front porch and turned the doorknob crank, you’d be surprised at how much furniture her apron could dust in a matter of seconds before she greeted the Reverend. At dinner time, Nana would walk out on the back stoop, wave her apron, and Grand Pop and all the boys knew it was time to come inside and end their day.

I don’t think many Grandmothers or Nanas wear aprons today. I’m not sure why they fell out of favor, but I am sure it will be a long time before someone invents something that will be as useful and can replace the old-time apron that served so many purposes. To a young boy growing up my Nana’s aprons were many things to me. They were almost a part of her, some of them even smelled like her. I can still see her different aprons hanging on that peg in the kitchen. One of my favorite memories is when Nana would use her big apron to set a freshly baked pie on the window sill to cool. Oh what delicious memories her aprons make for me these many years later.

Building Harmony
By Jeff Cappis

Halloween
In honor of Halloween, I would like to offer you an Edgar Allen Poe inspired poem. For you Poe fans out there, I’ll start apologizing in advance:

Once upon a weeknight dreary, watching TV tired and bleary, While Cathy slept with dreams of fancy in the room next door. I knew that she was sleeping and her blessed heart was beating, That her lungs were strongly breathing because I could hear her snore. Outside a fog was forming and a gentle rain began to pour. Only this and nothing more.

My mind was drifting out of me, watching something on DVD. A fun old movie, that had moved me back in movie lore.
But somewhere in my grog, a gentle sound had split the fog. My eyes half opened and I hoped it was a dream and nothing more. Outside the blackened night got mad and rain began to pour. Then a scratching met our door.

Instantly the noise got stronger; held my breath a little longer, Who was that or what was that, my both feet hit the floor. But the fact is I’d been sleeping, and the noise so gently creeping, I wasn’t sure that I’d been dreaming of ‘the scratching at the door.’
Then lightning cracked and the thunder made a roar! And a claw, claw, clawing began sawing at the wooden door!

The scratching and the clawing led to mounds of godlike bowling, I hid my ears, I curled my lip, it’s louder than before! Then more lightening flashing, thunder crashing, raindrops splashing, And the demon started thrashing at my wooded outside door.
In fear, I yelled out I leave me! I implore! Still the demon thrashed upon my door.

Standing with my nerves quivering, a boom, exploding thunder, My eyes grew wide to see the swinging of the battered door. More lightening leading thunder flashed a light upon a wonder, There staggered from the rain a puppy soggy to the core. My demon wet and hairy wasn’t scary anymore. He had a nasty look and left a puddle on the floor.
Oh yeah—I’d let him out to do his business sometime there before . . .

—Copyright by Jeff Cappis, Email: jappis@tush.net.
Back Porch Break
by Nancy Parker Brummett

Why Resist a Rest?

With the busy days of summer behind us, it’s time to take a deep breath and recuperate for a while. On the route I take for my morning walk, there are several inviting places to sit and rest. Clean and comfortable benches, picnic tables, big flat rocks—all seem to say, “Stop and rest awhile.” Yet unless I need to tie a shoelace I seldom stop. Why not? I am there for the exercise, it’s true, but wouldn’t I still take the same number of steps if I take just a minute or two to sit quietly and absorb the beautiful mountain views? Why do I tend to resist a rest?

Rest is critical to our well-being and ability to function in this world. And it’s vitally important for those who are grieving. A close friend of mine recently lost her father. She has gone on a relaxing trip with her husband simply to rest. To grieve well, we must rest well.

In fact, in Matthew 6:28 Jesus suggests we can put much of life into perspective if we will simply “consider the lilies of the field.” This time of year the lilies in the fields of Colorado are the wild Backeyeds Susans. Jesus didn’t say, “Stop and consider the lilies if you need to tie your shoelace.” He said intentionally noticing and appreciating them will fill my worries and remind me that my real treasure is stored up in heaven. I can’t really understand that message unless I rest in it.

I find fall invigorating. Maybe it’s because my biological clock is still set to the beginning of the school year—and because I still love sharp pencils, clean notebooks, and new shoes! Yet it’s a busy time for so many moms, dads, and kids. I sense the buzzing all around me wherever I go, and I just want to say, “Take a deep breath, and make time to rest.”

Our elders can also find rest elusive, for many of reasons. Some of them just feel “bone tired” as my mother would say. They are worn out by life in general, and by how difficult it can be to do the things they used to do so easily. In my senior devotional The Hope of Glory, I encourage these seniors to ask the Lord to give them the rest they need. He promises He will in Matthew 11:28 when He says, “Come to me, all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest.”

On my next walk, I’m going to take time to sit a spell. I will consider the lilies. I will not resist a rest. What about you?
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decorating ideas

Family Recipe Wall

My oldest daughter, Angie, came up with a nostalgic way of displaying old family recipes while preserving tradition with our family. She asked members of our family to write down the recipe they were most famous for preparing. She also asked for her favorite recipes they had cooked for her as a child. There were some family members who have passed on but their recipes live on because they were handed down to the next generation. Angie photo copied their recipes also. One example is “Grandma at the barns” Banana Walnut Cake with Caramel Icing.

Some of her other favorites are my homemade chocolate icing for brownies (see recipe below) and my mom’s apple cake recipe. Also included in the collection is my mother-in-law’s sugar cookie recipe.

Angie then found old frames at antique shops and painted them a glossy black. She mounted each recipe on parchment paper and framed them in different sized frames. She then hung them in an arrangement on an entrance wall into her dining room. What a beautiful way to honor our family cooks, don’t you think?

Chocolate Icing

1 cup of sugar
2 tablespoons of butter
¼ cup of milk
Heat and stir until boiling. Take off stove and immediately stir in one package of semi sweet chocolate chips. Keep stirring until melted. Pour on brownies. The icing will set up in a few min. as it cools. Enjoy!

-Angie Page lives on a Indiana farm with her family, farm animals and many pets.

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Salvage Style by Maria Wilson – Sunflower Cream Can Table

Repurpose, recycle, upcycle, reclaim, whatever you call it – it is just plain fun. There is something very satisfying about taking an item destined for the junk pile and turning into something useful or decorative.

An old cream can made into a table is hardly a “new” idea, but this is my most recent version. I love sunflowers, so I cut the plywood in a sunflower shape, sanded, primed and painted it. I used exterior paint, since some of my customers were going to use this table on their porch or patio. I sanded, primed and spray painted the cream can and used a heavy duty adhesive to adhere the top. I always recommend picking these tables up by the handles and not the top. These are also great for bedside tables. Instead of a sunflower, do a round petal shape, sanded, primed and painted it. I used exterior paint, since some of my customers were going to use this table on their porch or patio. I sanded, primed and spray painted the cream can and used a heavy duty adhesive to adhere the top. I always recommend picking these tables up by the handles and not the top. Both are great for bedside tables. Instead of a sunflower, do a round petal shape, sanded, primed and painted it. I used exterior paint, since some of my customers were going to use this table on their porch or patio. I sanded, primed and spray painted the cream can and used a heavy duty adhesive to adhere the top.

*** Maria Wilson is the owner of The Rusty Wheel, a gift boutique in Scaduna, KS. The shop features her hand-drawn designs and stitched “potholder” artwork, as well as kitchen and home gifts, home decor and fashion accessories. Follow The Rusty Wheel on Facebook at www.facebook.com/therustywheel or on Instagram at therustywheel.