

“Oh I Hope This Isn’t A Blanket!”
by Levada Pendry
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I hadn’t really talked to my mom in years. Looking back, I can’t even remember what our disagreement had been. It wasn’t important at all, compared to the seven long silent years since we had talked.

Suddenly one day I got a phone call – she had been down south visiting my brothers, and wanted to stop and see me.

How was this visit going to be? Could those hurt feelings from so long ago be just swept under the rug? Despite the apprehension, I really wanted to see her. We arranged to meet at a local restaurant for lunch, and then she would be back on the road home.

I had been working on a lovely lap quilt for weeks. It was an appliqué done like a paper-cut-out. Just fold the material like paper, and cut random “snowflake” shapes. Then do a satin edged stitching on the machine to appliqué them. Of course I had chosen various blues and whites as my colors.

As I finished sewing the binding on the edge, I realized that the day my mom was to drive through was actually her birthday! I resolved to give her this quilt as a birthday present. Maybe it would begin to patch up some of the past hurt feelings. I carefully crafted a label and sewed it to the back. *Quilts are love in fabric form!*

The day came when we were to meet. I eagerly awaited her phone call. The lovely quilt was in a decorative bag and ready to go.

I arrived at the restaurant first. It was a very hot day, one hundred ten degrees, and the air conditioning in the restaurant felt good as I waited. My mind wanted to rehash the old hurt episodes, but I refused to do it. I slipped my hand inside the bag and caressed the quilt. Would she like it? My mom had never seen any of the quilts I had made.

She came into the restaurant and sat down with me. She was very red-faced and sweaty. Her air conditioning had stopped working in her car some forty miles back, and she had gotten really hot. As she drank some ice water, I presented her with her birthday present. That’s when she said it....”Oh, I hope this isn’t a blanket!”

I was just astounded. I mean, what could I say? “Um, no mom, actually it is a quilt.”

She gave it a quick glance, and then shoved it back into the bag.

We had a good visit, and hugged each other when she had to leave. We never did talk about the past, and just went forward from that day. Now we talk regularly on the phone, and we get along really good.

