Sewing Christmas 2017

By Jan Pettit

Twas the week before Christmas and all thru Everett green

Not a creature was stirring except my machine

The stockings weren’t hung yet, they still needed stitching

And the cursed damn domestic was causing some bitching

So I put on my onesie and jumped into bed

While visions of quilt blocks danced in my head

Settled down for the night as snug as a bear

And dreamed that my quilt top would soon turn out square

Down in my sew room there arose such a clatter!

I ran down the stairs to see what was the matter?

I threw open the door really quick, in a flash

And lo and behold there lay a new stash!

Piled neatly on shelves were new fabrics so bright

Charms and chips and fat quarters, they shone in the light

Bolts of batting and backing and buttons and trims

Sewing needles and silk threads and rulers and pins

Oh joy! What a bonus this gift I’ve been given

And I thought for a moment I’m in quilter’s heaven!

Where did all this come from I thought really quick

And I knew in a moment it was Mrs. Nick

And I heard her shout as she sewed thru the night

HAPPY QUILTING TO ALL AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT