Kim Keller, Publisher  
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Blaine, MN 55449  
763-754-1661  
minnesota@countryregister.com  
www.countryregister.com/mn

The Country Register Publisher Contact List
The Country Register began in Arizona, in the Fall of 1988, to provide effective, affordable advertising for local businesses. The Country Register is a nationwide publication with editions in over 40 states and Canada. To receive a sample paper from another area, mail $3.00 in U.S. or $4.00 in Canada to that area’s editor:

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**Gift Certificate Drawing Form**
To enter, complete form and mail to:
The Country Register  
12835 Kiska St NE  
Blaine, MN 55449  

All questions must be answered to qualify. We’d love to hear your comments and suggestions regarding The Country Register! Too! Send in a recipe we can share in the paper. One entry per person.

Name:______________________Phone:_________________
City:_____________________State:________Zip:_______
My Favorite Shop advertised:_________________________
My Favorite Shop because:___________________________

**My Country Register Reader Feature(s):**

1) Found this issue at:___________________________________
2) Regular reader?________1st time reader?________
3) Do you tell the shops you saw their ad in the paper?____
4) What stores would you like to see in The Country Register?________

**Subscriptions**
Get one years worth of papers for only $18

Name:______________________Address:______________________
City:_____________________State:________Zip:_______

Send Check to The Country Register · 12835 Kiska St. NE · Blaine, MN 55449
5th Annual 12 Days of Holiday Baking

Send in your favorite holiday baking recipes including cookies, cakes, appetizers, main dishes, etc! Entries will be included in the November/December issue in the 12 Days of Holiday Baking special!

Send your recipes to
The Country Register
12835 Kiska St. NE; Blaine MN, 55449
Or email to:
minnesota@countryregister.com

City Listing

<table>
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Special Events

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<td>Black Forest Boutique - Maple Grove</td>
<td>Brainerd</td>
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<tr>
<td>4-6</td>
<td>Quilt Expo - Madison, WI</td>
<td>Cloquet</td>
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<td>5-6</td>
<td>Fall Open House - Kindred House - Grand Rapids</td>
<td>Crookston</td>
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<td>5-7</td>
<td>Tour of the Amana Colonies - Quilt Haven on Main</td>
<td>Hutchinson</td>
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<td>Fall Open House - Briar Patch Mercantile - Waite Park</td>
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<td>Fall Opening - Country Craft Shed - Duluth</td>
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<td>The Prim Barn Sale - Lake City</td>
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<td>Hidden Treasures Boutique - North Branch</td>
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<td>Deck Sale - Quilted Dog - Cloquet</td>
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<td>Scarecrow Festival - Morton</td>
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<td>8th Anniversary Sale - Firefly Quilt Shop - Mankato</td>
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<td>18-21</td>
<td>The Peddler of Rapidan Sale - Mankato</td>
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<td>Harvest Celebration - DeAnn’s Country Village Shoppe - Litchfield</td>
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<td>19-21</td>
<td>Indian Summer Quilt Show - Moorhead</td>
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<td>Harvest Festival - Willow Wood Market - Bemidji</td>
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<td>25-26</td>
<td>Shades of the Northwoods quilt show - Northwoods Quilt Guild - Walker</td>
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<td>Hammers &amp; Heels Occasional Sales - Kathy’s Country Square - Moose Lake</td>
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<td>The Peddler of Rapidan Sale - Mankato</td>
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<td>Stack and Slice Workshop - The Quilted Steeple - Lone Rock, IA</td>
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<td>Fall Open House - The Quilted Steeple - Lone Rock, IA</td>
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October

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<td>Seasonal Celebrations - Quilt Haven on Main - Hutchinson</td>
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<td>3-12</td>
<td>Northwoods Boutique - Rochester</td>
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<td>9-10</td>
<td>Hwy. 23 Road Rally - Quilts on Broadway - Foley</td>
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<td>9-11</td>
<td>Patchwork Pumpkin Shop Hop - Timeless Quilts Shop - McGregor</td>
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<td>Patchwork Pumpkin Shop Hop - Quilted Dog - Cloquet</td>
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<td>Hidden Treasures Boutique - North Branch</td>
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<td>9-18</td>
<td>Harvest Sampler Shop Hop - Quilted Treasures - Rogers</td>
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<td>Brainerd Annual Fall Arts &amp; Crafts Festival - Brainerd</td>
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<td>16-18</td>
<td>Hammers &amp; Heels Occasional Sales - Kathy’s Country Square - Moose Lake</td>
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<td>The Peddler of Rapidan Sale - Mankato</td>
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<td>Hidden Treasures Boutique - North Branch</td>
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<td>Loon Country Quilters Quilt Show - Grand Rapids</td>
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<td>Rushford Arts &amp; Crafts Fair - Rushford</td>
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<td>23-26</td>
<td>The Peddler of Rapidan Sale - Mankato</td>
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November

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<td>Northwoods Boutique - Rochester</td>
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<td>5-9</td>
<td>The Prim Barn Sale - Lake City</td>
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<td>6-8</td>
<td>Over the River Shop Hop - Quilted Treasures - Rogers</td>
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<td>Hidden Treasures Boutique - North Branch</td>
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<td>Brainerd Annual Fall Arts &amp; Crafts Festival - Brainerd</td>
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<td>13-15</td>
<td>10th Anniversary Sale - Old Alley Quilt Shop - Sherburn</td>
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<td>Holiday Open House - DeAnn’s Country Village Shoppe - Litchfield</td>
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<td>Christmas Party - Farmer’s Daughter - White Bear Lake</td>
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<td>21-23</td>
<td>Beneath the Village Wreath - Morton</td>
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<td>28-30</td>
<td>Open House - Country Craft Shed - Duluth</td>
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<td>Hudson Holiday Boutique and Craft Sale - Hudson, WI</td>
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<td>11-14</td>
<td>Hidden Treasures Boutique - North Branch</td>
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Minnesota’s Guide to Occasional Sales and Boutiques

Professional occasionalsales are rare in Minnesota, but they do exist. Some of the best ones are ad in Antiques & Collectibles and are held in Mankato, Bloomington and Mound.

Rushford Arts & Crafts Fair
Saturday, October 18
9am - 3pm
Rushford-Peterson H.S. Gymnasium
102 N. Mill Street • Rushford, MN

Come to Sell - Come to Buy
Exhibitors must furnish own tables. Electricity is available.
For more info contact Karen Nelson
507-864-2420 • kanelson@acegroup.cc
Sponsored by Rushford Women’s Club
Lunch & Refreshments Available!
Free Admission
Handmade Items & Crafts of all Kinds!
Non-profit organization
Enjoy the Chickadee Experience!
Jacci Krebsbach, Owner
207 West St. Marie (2 blocks North of 694/Rice) Shoreview, MN 55126
651-483-2416
www.ChickadeeBoutique.com
fall 2014 est. 1979
Register each visit for a $35 gift certificate - 3 lucky winners!
Representing 150+ local artists, many unique to the Chickadee: Books • CDS • Clothing • Floral Food • Framed Art • Furniture • Glass • Jewelry • Paper • Textiles • Pottery • Purses & Handbags • Whimsy • and much more!
Regarded Daily • Credit Cards Accepted
Celebrating 35 Years!
207 WEST ST. MARIE
(2 BLOCKS NORTH OF 694/RICE)
SHOREVIEW, MN 55126
651-483-2416
www.ChickadeeBoutique.com

Beginner's Guide to Collecting Antiques

by Mary Dessoie

A true antique is at least 100 years old according to the majority of antiques dealers. This is based on tradition and the customs' laws of many countries. However, some societies define antiques as having been made before 1930. A near antique is anywhere between 75 to 99 years old. Vintage means 'of a certain time.' It is the description used for a range of collectibles and especially those from the 40s, 50s and 60s.

Explore your closets, attic and basement. Something that is already under your own roof might just answer one of the descriptions: the linens and silverware Grandma received as a wedding gift, a baby bed that has been used for ages, the toys your parents played with when they were children. Any of the objects you find could be the first piece of your collection.

Whether you want to keep these valuables or sell them, have them appraised. Make sure your insurance is adequate and covers the value of all your antiques in the event of theft, damage or loss—or, if you sell an item, to make sure you get a good price.

What exactly are you looking for? Perhaps you want a certain kind of object such as a sculpture, a piece from a certain artist or artwork from a certain period, i.e. Art Deco. How much are you willing to spend?

Browse at garage sales. You won’t be the first to find a rare object that was dismissed as junk. Remember the saying “One man’s trash is another man’s treasure.”

Attend an auction at an auction house. Sotheby’s, Christie’s and Bonhams have offices all around the world. You will be able to see the pieces more closely before they are auctioned and make a better decision whether or not you want a particular piece. I attended the previews at the top auctions houses when I lived in New York. You will be able to see the pieces more closely before they are auctioned and make a better decision whether or not you want a particular piece. I attended the previews at the top auctions houses when I lived in New York. It is a free education covering a variety of antiques. Better yet, patronize the advertisers in this newspaper!

Good luck with your search as you start the wonderful adventure of antiquing!

Mary Dessoie founded the Butter Pat Patter Association for collectors of butter pats. A subscription to The Patter newsletter costs $22 and includes a mint-condition Royal Doulton butter pat and ten issues. Sample copies are available by sending $4.00 and a LSSAE (70 cents) to Mary Dessoie, 7950 E. Keats Avenue, No. 178, Mesa, AZ 85209-5025. For those who would like to start their subscriptions immediately and receive their pat by return mail, please send your check or money order in the amount of $22 payable to Mary Dessoie. You will receive an additional butter pat with your paid membership when you mention this publication and the special double premium offer!
Hudson Holiday Boutique & Craft Sale
Saturday, December 6, 9am-4pm
Hudson High School, 1501 Vine Street, Hudson, WI
For more info, call 715-386-9803
Over 130 Artists and Crafters
Unique, handmade gifts!
Door Prizes • Lunch Available
FREE ADMISSION
5th Annual

GIFTS & HOME DECOR
Sept 3 - Dec 14
Mon-Th 9-7 Fri-Sat 9-5 Sunday 11-5
Jewelry, Furniture, Clothing, Kid’s Stuff and Much More!!!!
13619 Grove Dr.
Between JC Penney’s and Walgreens
Next to Plato’s Closet
Downtown Maple Grove
763-416-4575
Visit us on Facebook and become a Fan!

THE PRIM BARN
Occasional Sales
Autumn Gathering
September 10th-14th
Christmas in the Country
November 5th-9th
3195 Cty Rd E
Lake City, MN 55041
507-696-8863
www.theprimbarn.com

Black Forest Boutique
Final Season!
Mon-Th 9-7 Fri-Sat 9-5 Sunday 11-5
Jewelry, Furniture, Clothing, Kid’s Stuff and Much More!!!!
13619 Grove Dr.
Between JC Penney’s and Walgreens
Next to Plato’s Closet
Downtown Maple Grove
763-416-4575
Visit us on Facebook and become a Fan!
Extended Season!

COUNTRY REGISTER RECIPE EXCHANGE
Hot Cider
Submitted by Eleanor Vigil, Berthoud, CO
1/2 gallon apple cider
12 cloves
3 cinnamon sticks
1 cup orange juice
1/2 cup lemon juice
Heat up all together and serve.

INDIAN SHUCK BREAD

Celebrate Autumn with the Tenth Anniversary Edition of Susan Branch’s best-selling book AUTUMN from the Heart of the Home! Hand-written and water-colored in Susan’s homey style, enjoy simple but clever ideas for Entertaining and Decorating plus lots of recipes including this delicious Indian Shuck Bread.

Available at bookstores everywhere. For signed copies: www.susanbranch.com 805-174-5830

Hot Cider
1/2 gallon apple cider
12 cloves
3 cinnamon sticks
1 cup orange juice
1/2 cup lemon juice
Heat up all together and serve.

INDIAN SHUCK BREAD

At last the day drifted into a long lazed afternoon and...
Occasional Sales

Fall Show Dates
Sept. 11-14 · Sept. 18-21
Oct. 9-12 · Oct. 16-19
Nov. 6-9 (closed Thanksgiving)
Dec. 11-14
Thurs thru Sat: 10am - 6pm
Sunday: 12pm - 5pm
Watch for more Occasional Sale Dates Every Month!

THE YELLOW SCHOOL BUS
by Marvin Hass
Saw a Mama and little girl
Hold each other tight
Then she let her baby girl just slip away
She knew that in the days to come
A woman would be born
When her baby girl went on that bus today.
She put her on the school bus
As she fought back all the tears
Then touched her lips and waved a long good bye
She felt it in her very soul
The loss already real
Now she’d just go home and think awhile and cry.
Well it won’t be long until she’s gone
And Mama’s all alone
As she sees her little girl that cannot stay
She’ll wave good bye forever
As the memories fill her heart
There’s nothing left to do but hope…and pray.
It has been this way forever
With Mamas and their girls
It’s hanging on and letting go this way
The world is out there calling
“Won’t you come and dance with me?”
When those baby girls get on that bus today.
The little yellow school bus
Took her baby girl away.

Marvin Hass was a farm boy from Central North Dakota whose career spanned 37 years throughout the Midwest as a cooperative lender and CEO. Western poetry is his passion and Marv lives in Green Valley, AZ, with his wife Candy. Marv has 4 children and 3 grandchildren. You can contact Marv at his website www.prairiepoet.org.

Pumpkin Bread
Submitted by Irene Thompson, La Junta, CO
2/3 cup shortening 1/2 teaspoon salt
2 2/3 cups sugar 1/8 teaspoon ground nutmeg
4 eggs 2 1/3 cups chopped pecans or walnuts
1 can solid-pack pumpkin, 15 ounce 2/3 cup water
3 1/2 cups all-purpose flour 1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon ground cinnamon 1/2 teaspoon baking powder

In a large bowl, cream shortening and sugar until light and fluffy. Beat in eggs, pumpkin and water (mixture will appear curdled). Combine flour, baking soda, cinnamon, baking powder, salt and nutmeg then gradually beat into pumpkin mixture until blended. Stir in nuts.
Transfer mixture into two greased 9”x5” loaf pans. Bake at 350° for 55-65 minutes, or until toothpick inserted near center comes out clean. Cool for 10 minutes before removing from pans to wire racks. Yield 2 loaves/16 slices each.

The happiest people don’t have the best of everything, they just make the best of everything they have!
Of Handkerchiefs and Harvests
by Kerri Habben

In a lifetime, there are different kinds of harvests. There is the most obvious and essential—the crops born and raised of the earth. Then there are the seeds of hopes and dreams we sow as we strive to a fruitful conclusion. And there are the myriads of moments that gather together in the sweet preserve of memory. It is this last harvest that nurtures our soul.

When I was a child, I heard and sang the hymn, Bringing in the Sheaves. Its smooth melody made its message seem effortless. It was only some years later, after a few life lessons, that I truly read the words of the song. Then I understood what I had been singing all along; prayerfully work hard through whatever comes your way, strive for the truest of reasons and believe that your efforts shall indeed lead to rejoicing.

One of the people I sang this hymn with was my great-aunt, Aunt Wilma. By the time I was a young girl she was not in good health, but she sang as I imagine angels do. She'd ask me to bring her box of handkerchiefs to her, whereupon we'd unfold them and savor their delicate beauty. Then we'd gently refold them and put them away.

Nearly three decades later I found myself drawing solace from this memory when this ever more modern world was too much with me. I decided to crochet edgings around handkerchiefs purchased at an Amish store in Ohio and to always carry at least two of them with us when we traveled. Perhaps these sudden and refined bits of cloth could soften the edges of someone's life just as they brought comfort to Aunt Wilma.

My mother and I enjoy taking a journey and one of the most compelling reasons to pack the car in autumn is for the fruits of the season. We've been to western North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia and the Ohio Amish Country for apples, chestnuts, Concord grapes and Stanley plums. Then we bring the produce home to make applesauce, bake pies and make juice. We also make Zvetchenkuchen (plum cake) the way Nanna (Aunt Wilma's mother and my great-grandmother) did.

Each of the delicious foods we eat or preserve is a blessing in its coming to fruition. There is the most obvious and essential—the crops born and raised of the earth. Then there are the seeds of hopes and dreams we sow as we strive to a fruitful conclusion. And there are the myriads of moments that gather together in the sweet preserve of memory.

There is the most obvious and essential—the crops born and raised of the earth. Then there are the seeds of hopes and dreams we sow as we strive to a fruitful conclusion. And there are the myriads of moments that gather together in the sweet preserve of memory. It is all too easy to take for granted that which matters most. Simply because something happens forever doesn't make it any less miraculous this time around.

From one of our autumn journeys to Holmes County, Ohio, we not only carried in a lifetime, there are different kinds of harvests. There is the most obvious and essential—the crops born and raised of the earth. Then there are the seeds of hopes and dreams we sow as we strive to a fruitful conclusion. And there are the myriads of moments that gather together in the sweet preserve of memory.

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From one of our autumn journeys to Holmes County, Ohio, we not only carried home the harvest of the land but also a memory to preserve. Each morning at breakfast we spoke with a couple from West Virginia. One morning, the husband was there alone and he told us that they'd just heard his wife's father had passed away. He was 102 years old.

"Handkerchief," I whispered to Mom, and she nodded. I found the lady walking outside, appearing much like Mom and I did when my nearly 100-year-old grandmother died. It was as if the Grand Canyon had suddenly lost the Colorado River.

At home a few weeks later, a letter from the lady arrived in the mail. She wrote that she held the handkerchief all the way from the Inn to the outskirts of Huntington, West Virginia, and that she would treasure it always. That she held the handkerchief all the way from the Inn to the outskirts of Huntington, West Virginia, and that she would treasure it always.
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This pattern is free for you to use. Please give the artist credit. Not for commercial use. Enlarge this pattern to your desired size. This pattern was designed as an acrylic painting but can also be used with other paints or pastels. It can be embroidered, appliqued, needlepunched or hooked. Have fun!

Designed by Kathy Graham

Countryberries LLC
1. Draw a diagonal line on the back of the pink 1 ¼" square.

10. Place kitty face and backing fabric right sides together and trim backing to the

9. Stitch whiskers right under nose and tie a knot.

8. Use (4) 4" pieces of floss (all 6 strands) to create whiskers.

7. Use 2 stands of floss to embroider a mouth.

5. Make the ears by folding the other squares in half diagonally to make a triangle

4. Measure up 2" from the top of the nose and measure down 3" from the top of the

3. Sew this square together with the other 3" squares to make a four patch. Make

2. Place this square on one corner of dark 3" square, right sides together. Sew on

11. Stitch around kitty leave a small opening on one side of face for turning and stuffing.

12. Turn to right side. Stuff and stitch opening.

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- (1) 1 ¼" square pink for nose

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Cat's Meow Pin Cushion
by Deb Heatherly of Deb's Cats N Quilts

You will need:
- (6) 3" squares (3 dark for face, 1 light for face, and 2 for ears)
- (1) 5 ½" square for backing
- (1) 1 ¼" square pink for nose

You will also need:
- (2) Small buttons for eyes
- Embroidery floss for mouth and whiskers
- Poly fill or walnut shells for stuffing

Instructions:

1. Draw a diagonal line on the back of the pink 1 ¼" square.
2. Place this square on one corner of dark 3" square, right sides together. Sew on the line. Trim off the excess and flip back to make a triangle for the nose.
3. Sew this square together with the other 3" squares to make a four patch. Make sure nose is in the center as shown.
4. Measure up 2" from the top of the nose and measure down 3" from the top of the nose and trim.
5. Make the ears by folding the other squares in half diagonally to make a triangle and then fold in half again to make a smaller triangle.
6. Center raw edges of ears on each side of head and baste in place.
7. Use 2 stands of floss to embroider a mouth.
8. Use (4) 4" pieces of floss (all 6 strands) to create whiskers.
9. Stitch whiskers right under nose and tie a knot.
10. Place kitty face and backing fabric right sides together and trim backing to the same size as the front.
11. Stitch around kitty leave a small opening on one side of face for turning and stuffing.
12. Turn to right side. Stuff and stitch opening.

Copyright Deb’s Cats N Quilts Deb Heatherly; www.Debscatsnquilt.com www.Facebook.com/DebscatsnquiltFranklin

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10th Annual Quilt Expo — A Time to Escape, Create and Celebrate

Quilters of all skill levels, aspiring quilters and even a few non-quilters will gather in Madison, Wis. this September to delight in an array of color and patterns at the 10th annual Quilt Expo.

Hundreds of quilts will be on display at the three-day event Sept. 4-6 — hosted by Wisconsin Public Television with Nancy Zieman Productions in Exhibition Hall at the Alliant Energy Center — and expert quilters will be on-hand to share their latest creations and techniques in dozens of instructional lectures and Sit & Sew Workshops. All are invited to take part in this annual quilting celebration.

The event’s main attraction is the 10-category quilt contest, which showcases the unique talents of quilters from across the country, and features a range of quilts from traditional bed-size to innovative pictorial quilts. Attendees will marvel at diverse ideas, designs, color combinations and fabric choices. Inspiration waits around every corner.

An extensive vendor mall will feature everything a shopper could ask for, including the latest machines, kits, fabrics, threads, notions and more. A raffle for quilt-related prizes, with proceeds supporting public television, and a “Quilt to Give” community service project are all part of the event.

Nancy Zieman, host of public television’s “Sewing With Nancy” will be on the vendor floor to meet with attendees. The fun will continue into the evening with special events that offer relaxing entertainment in which notable quilters share a lifetime of experience.

Visit wiquiltexpo.com for full details and to learn more about lectures, workshops and evening events. Pre-registration is recommended and begins July 7. Attendees can also purchase advance tickets at a discounted price on the website or by calling 866-297-6545.

Funding for Quilt Expo is provided by Nancy’s Notions, Baby Lock and Quilters Club of America.

Presented by Wisconsin Public Television and Nancy Zieman Productions, Quilt Expo features a 10-category quilt contest, vendor mall, stage presentations, informal lectures, Sit & Sew and hands-on workshops, nationally known celebrity presenters, appearances by Nancy Zieman, and raffle prizes. Join us at the Alliant Energy Center, Exhibition Hall; 1919 Alliant Energy Center Way; Madison, WI. The show runs September 4-6 (Thurs & Fri 9am - 6pm and Sat 9am - 5pm). Tickets are $9 at the door with discounts for advance purchases. For more information:
Visit: http://wiquiltexpo.com; Email: wiquiltexpo@wpt.org; Phone: 866-297-6545
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by Margo Hansen

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Emma’s Marriage Secret is the third book in A Newly Weds Series. It follows the second generation of the Newly family in a romantic mystery novel that will keep you guessing until the final secret is revealed. Discover with Emma and Simon how God takes uncertainties in life and works them out for good.

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Book Review

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Wit and Wisdom
by Juleann Lattimer

**Autumn Rose**

Oh how sweet is the last rose of summer. And the only rose is even sweeter.

I’ll not forget the one and only time I attempted to grow roses. Every day on my morning walks I passed by a huge bush full of small yellow roses that greeted me with the sweetest fragrance. With each trip by I became more determined to have roses of my own. This doesn’t sound like such an amazing feat except for the fact that my thumbs are not green, I have never planted a garden and I do not touch dirt.

But I decided that it would be worth the sacrifice of a few minutes with soiled fingers just to possess my own rose bush—or better yet, I’d nag my husband into planting it for me. I enticed him by telling him to imagine how picturesque out our little red house would look with a rambling red rose bush entwined along our newly-built rail fence.

But I decided that it would be worth the sacrifice of a few minutes with soiled fingers just to possess my own rose bush—or better yet, I’d nag my husband into planting it for me. I enticed him by telling him to imagine how picturesque out little red house would look with a rambling red rose bush entwined along our newly-built rail fence.

Despite the late autumn climate I continued hoping and one October day it freeze before it blooms.

“Too late,” everyone told me whenever I pointed it out to passers-by. “It will

“Ben, you slip into that skeleton suit and that mask, where the harness hangs, I’ll dress up like Ol’ Count Dracula. With a cape and bloody fingernails.”

I figured that he’d bow his neck ‘bout the getup to scare the guts out of the kids but no sir, he showed his toothy grin and said, “Well, let’s give ‘er a whirl.”

We put a sheet on my horse Buck and a mask and a witch’s hat on. Red eyes were flashin’ on and off. Buck blew and shook his head.

So, we walked him right up on the porch and then tapped on the door a spell.

Lizzie took one peak and screamed at us “Liz! It’s Buck! He’s a witch!”

Lizzie snickered as she turned out the light

“Why, nooo…the first time I’ve ever…”

She kissed that lump on my sorry head

“Why, nooo…can’t say as I ever have…”

Buena Vista, CO. They have four children and three grandchildren. Contact Marvin via www.marvinhass.com

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**Pumpkin Spice Smoothie**

From Sarah Heim, St. Joseph, MN

- 1/2 C pumpkin
- 1/2 C frozen banana
- 3/4 C almond milk
- 1 tsp cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp pumpkin pie spice
- pinch of ground ginger
- 2 Tbs vanilla (optional)

Blend all ingredients together! Good any time of the year!

---

**Country Register Recipe Exchange**

**Trick or Treat**

by Marvin Hass.

Ben and Ida had come for a visit. When I mentioned to Ol’ Ben, “Let’s mosey out and check the stock. Got a new Bully down in the pen.”

“I think it’s a billy!”

Well, it was a ‘coon’ on to Halloween, I’d planned this crafty “Trick or Treat.” Had hid the gear behind some bales

“Ben, you red roses that greeted me with the sweetest fragrance. With each trip by I became more determined to have roses of my own. This doesn’t sound like such an amazing feat except for the fact that my thumbs are not green, I have never planted a garden and I do not touch dirt.

I’ll not forget the one and only time I attempted to grow roses. Every day on my morning walks I passed by a huge bush full of small yellow roses that greeted me with the sweetest fragrance. With each trip by I became more determined to have roses of my own. This doesn’t sound like such an amazing feat except for the fact that my thumbs are not green, I have never planted a garden and I do not touch dirt.

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“Ben, did you ever Trick or Treat?”

Ben had left the porch in haste

“Jake, did you ever Trick or Treat?”

As I nursed that lump on my head.

“We'll just say, ‘Trick or Treat’”

Collected our wits down at the barn, Dern “Trick or Treat” that had gone amiss.

“Trick or Treat” that had gone amiss.

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Sisters in Cahoots

I have been in many places, but I've never been in Cahoots. Apparently, you can't go alone. You have to be in Cahoots with someone.
I've also never been in Cognito. I hear no one recognizes you there.
I have, however, been in Sane. They don't have an airport; you have to be driven there. I have made several trips there, thanks to my friends, family and work. I live close, so it's a short drive.

I would like to go to Conclusions, but you have to jump, and I'm not too much on jumping any more.
I have also been in Doubt. That is a sad place to go, and I try not to visit there too often.
I've been in Flexible, but only when it was very important to stand firm. Sometimes I'm in Capable, and I go there more often as I'm getting older.
One of my favorite places to be is in Suspense! It really gets the adrenalin flowing and pumps up the old heart! At my age, I need all the stimuli I can get! And, sometimes I think I am in Vincible, but life shows me I am not.
People keep telling me I'm in Denial, but I'm positive I've never been there before.
So far, I haven't been in Continent. But my travel agent says I'll be going soon.
My Sister and I, who are in Cahoots with our new personalization business are looking forward to serving you with anything you can think of to be personalized.
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Pat Dempsey & Linda Dees • 2 Sisters in Cahoots

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Country Register Recipe Exchange

Pumpkin Chiffon Pie
Submitted by Sherry Harper-Woolf, Carlsbad, NM

1 can (2 cups) pumpkin
1 cup sugar
1 envelope gelatin
1/4 cup cold water
1/2 cup milk
2 eggs separated.
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon allspice
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 pie shell, baked

To slightly beaten egg yolks, add 1/2 cup sugar, pumpkin, milk, spices and salt. Cook until thick. Soak gelatin in water then add to mixture. Mix and cool. To stiffly beaten egg whites, add remaining sugar. When pumpkin mixture is thick, fold in the egg white mixture. Pour into baked pie shell.
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Over The Teacup
by Janet Young

Just A Note

“Have you ever had a good time, and never wanted it to end?” That quote is from one of my customers of the formerly Over The Teacup Teahouse. As most of you know, due to elder care issues, I had to close my teahouse after 12 years of serving tea to some of the most gracious people I have ever met.

Recently I came across a book I kept containing comments that were made by my customers as they enjoyed their tea experience. As I served them, I would hear comments about their experience, and I would immediately write them down when I escaped to the kitchen. That book served me well on those days when I needed a little reminder of why I was doing what I was doing. Don’t get me wrong, it was not that I didn’t enjoy it, but like anyone else, we all need a little encouragement from time to time. Because tea is such an enjoyable, fun time, few people realize all the work that goes into making their tea time so special.

Prior to operating a teahouse, I worked for 20 years at a retirement community. When I left, among the numerous things the residents had done to honor me, was to present me with an album of hand written notes from the residents expressing their thoughts about our time together. While I seldom look through that book, I know if I ever need a little uplifting, that is the place I will go. This got me to thinking about how we all can benefit by our kind words or expressions of appreciation to others for what they mean to us, or what they do for us.

With kids going back to school or college, wouldn’t it be helpful if they found a note of encouragement from Mom, or Grandma, or even a friend. Or, what about a young adult entering the workforce, he or she could certainly use a little bit of confidence, that maybe a note from you would instill. There are many opportunities to offer kind words to those who are struggling and may need a little compassion to help them on their journey. You may never know what impact your note(s) may have on someone’s life.

Last year for my grandson’s first birthday, I wrote him a letter that predicted what I thought his strengths might be as he grew, and what possibilities were his as he matured. This year I will recount the fun things we did over the year, highlighting the joy he has brought into our lives. His innocence, his sense of wonder, and his numerous giggles are all attributes that endear him to us more and more. What about you…is there someone in your life who could benefit by a note of cheer or encouragement?

When I closed the teahouse, it was not what I wanted to do. However, I continued on by presenting tea talks and teaching etiquette classes. Now, I find great delight in reading the note I received years ago; for I know I did the right thing, and that everything has worked out the way it was meant to be.

In closing, I will end with another quote from a former customer. I didn’t want the usual comments: food is delicious, attention to detail, standard by which we judge other teahouses. Instead, I wanted it to reflect the true mission of Over The Teacup. I think I found that in the following quote: “Thank you for caring.”

–Janet Young, Certified Tea and Etiquette Consultant, is a founding member of Mid-Atlantic Tea Business Association and freelance writer/international tea presenter. Visit her website at www.overtheteacup.com.
Junk Store Jaunts

by Susan Springer

My thrill with thrift stores began when I was about 13. I wandered into a junk store and was immediately hooked at finding neat loot, stacked helter-skelter for pennies on the dollar. I made fifty-cents an hour for babysitting and could see my buying power expand in leaps and bounds. I was enthralled. No, I was giddy. This was in a time when it was a social embarrassment to my mother that I was so enchanted by such a store and talked to the neighbors about my “finds.” Years later—once I had a home of my own—I went wild. This hobby has continued for the last 46 years, and looking at my garage and spare room, you wouldn’t doubt it. Before you cluck your tongue, consider this. I have found world-class art, museum quality sculptures, designer handbags, fine jewelry, high-end clothing, elegant luggage as well as goofy things I use for props in my various hobbies and businesses. Sooner or later, I deduced; whatever you wanted would wind up at a convenient thrift shop.

Over the years, I have found this true. Some of my fabulous finds have been: a bottle of unopened perfume (the real deal that would normally retail for $125) priced at $6.99; a Chanel shoulder bag, which listed for $1500 at the time, for $5.99; $400 Taryn Rose shoes for $6.99; and a signed Chihuly glass bowl with nesting vase for $24.99—just to name a few. Between junk stores, antique malls and estate sales, I buy what catches my eye and what I like. It’s as if these things jump out at me when I walk into the store.

Do you want expensive cookware or, perhaps, high-end knives and are willing to get them a piece at a time? You can find them! The skill in finding your own treasures can be learned. My “collections” and objects of desire have changed over the years. I collect something and then move on to other interests. One year it was Native American baskets, etc. The “secret” I possess is this—exposure to world-class galleries, museums and perusing the magazines of the wealthy. They help me identify the name brands and artists that may not be known to the thrift store purveyor and expand my repertoire of stuff I someday dream of finding. One vendor cannot be an expert on everything so I take advantage of that fact. I will often buy to sell, but as the years roll by, I am getting rather picky in my selections for resale. Most of the time I cannot part with things, which explains my garage and treasure room.

Now that is the problem. Living with ultra expensive items, albeit bought on the cheap, spoils you. You get used to drinking out of Faberge, Waterford or Ajka stemware, wearing designer clothing and surrounding yourself with beautiful art and often unusual or interesting artifacts. Keeping your mouth shut when someone compliments you on something you are wearing or displaying is another occupational hazard. It is so hard for me to simply say “Thank you” and not “Oh! Can you believe I paid $4.99 for this?”

Lastly, keep in mind that the thrill is in the hunt. You may find greater enjoyment in the looking, longing and hoping for the item. When you finally snag it, it may not satisfy like you thought it might. Like any proper addiction it leaves you wanting more, more and more!
Along for the Journey...

Sequoia National Park—Part 2 — 19th in a series of articles featuring our National Parks

by Dr. Joe Wheeler

Because Sequoia National Park and King’s Canyon National Park are administered as a unit, we will move to Kings Canyon in the next edition. Together, they encompass 865,257 acres. Elevation-wise they range from a low of 1,300 feet to a high of 14,494 (Mt. Whitney), the highest point in the lower 48 states. Nearly 808,000 (or 93.4%) acres are officially designated as wilderness, which means that no roads mar its pristine beauty beyond the few paved roads tourists know. All the rest are known only to backpackers (80,000 a year), which strains the capacity of the park rangers to oversee.

Our Memories

Early in the morning, around 5 a.m., Bob and Lucy Earp and Connie and I arose, quickly packed the car, and nosed the car out of Furnace Creek Ranch onto road #190. Here we made a fateful—and, it turned out, “stupid” mistake, in not paying over $5 a gallon for gas and filling up the tank. Surely we’d find cheaper gas once we got out of the park. Instead, we twisted up and up and up serpentine roads where we finally crested the Angora and Panamint Mountains; meanwhile, as the gas needle continued to drop, all four of us grew tenser by the mile. Then the crest. We breathed a sigh of relief; surely we’d be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. From the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—then to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees. After Death Valley’s heat, the mere thought that we might be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees. After Death Valley’s heat, the mere thought that we might be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees.

Finally, it was mid-afternoon; by then, we turned east and began to climb into the Sierras. At the Foothills Visitor Center, we were greeted by potentially bad news; because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees. After Death Valley’s heat, the mere thought that we might be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees. After Death Valley’s heat, the mere thought that we might be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees. After Death Valley’s heat, the mere thought that we might be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees. After Death Valley’s heat, the mere thought that we might be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees. After Death Valley’s heat, the mere thought that we might be back into snow by nightfall seemed preposterous to us. Yet as we climbed, the temperature gauge dropped from the 80s to the 70s to the 60s, to the 50s, to the 40s—and eventually colder yet. For a while, all traffic came to a complete halt. Just behind us was a long caravan of tourists. Because of recent snowstorms, the roads into the heart of the park had been closed. However, there was the possibility we could now make it up into the Big Trees.

Turned out to be straight out of the Old West, the customers mainly ranchers and cowboys. We were served by a pretty waitress who’d been transplanted from Tyler, in Texas rose country, to here where she’d fallen in love with a cowboy. She “darlinged” us through a wonderful Southwest breakfast—and we were ready to face whatever the rest of the day brought us.

Though our destination was west, we couldn’t cross over at Olancha, but had to head south. Reason being the massive wall of Sequoia/Kings Canyon/Yosemite that barred access to Sequoia. As we drove south we could look up at the towering rampart crowned by two snow-capped fourteeners, Mt. Whitney and Mt. Langley. Several hours later, once again, we headed west on #178 via Lake Isabella followed by an unforgettable ride down Kern River Canyon. Because of the massive snowfalls the Kern thundered rather than merely flowing. After which we headed north again, through oil wells and orange groves, strange bedfellows. Even though I knew the great San Joaquin Valley was the breadbasket of the nation, I’d never known before that its orange groves rivaled Florida’s.

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3 Envelope Roast

3 lbs beef or pork roast
1 envelope of dry Italian salad dressing mix
1 envelope of Ranch salad dressing mix
1 envelope of dry Brown gravy mix
2 cups of water

Mix all ingredients and pour over roast in crock pot. Cook on high for about 4 hours or on low for about 8 hours.

Camping Pretzels

2 bags of pretzels
1 bottle of Orville Redenbacker Popcorn oil
2 pkgs Hidden Valley Ranch original dressing

Mix all ingredients together. Put on cookie sheets and cook for 1 hour at 250°. Stir every 15 minutes. Put on paper bags to cool. Store in air tight containers.

Country Register Recipe Exchange

Country Register Recipe Exchange

by Dr. Joe Wheeler

Visit his blog at: http://joewheeler.wordpress.com/


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Dirty Knees

by AnnMarie Rowland

Leaf Them Alone

I heard recently that the average mature oak tree has 70,000 leaves on it. Thinking that the number seemed outrageous, I looked it up and found that indeed, 70,000 is incorrect. A healthy, mature tree can have more like 150,000 to 200,000 leaves, depending on the species. Oaks and maples have high leaf counts.

I considered this as I raked my yard last week and then, as though I wasn’t overwhelmed already, added to the chore by counting the trees between my house and the driveway which marks the end of my “lawn”. Twenty-eight. Twenty eight oak trees. And three maples. I might have found comfort in the fact that just a few of them are mature, but even at half-grown the math became too much for me without the benefit of pencil and paper. My arms ached before I even picked up a rake, just from thinking of how many scraps of crunchy brown I would drag along the ground. Indeed, the piles of leaves that I gathered were huge. And heavy. The temptation to jump in them was strong, but knowing that I’d only have to collect them again kept my knees out of the dirt. What’s more, at least a third of the leaves are still dangling up there on the ends of the branches, which means that I will need to rake again before the snow comes, if the weather is kind.

Six hours of raking gives a person time to think. After the first two hours I began to suppose that I was not digging with the sharpest shovel in the shed. Three hours into the project I switched to a rake that was heavier but more thorough. Fewer strokes seemed appealing. An hour later I was thinking less-than-kind thoughts about the occupants of every car that passed, but did not stop to offer help.

By the time the fifth hour rolled around, my arms were really tired, and I could feel the beginning of a blister forming on my right palm. Yet with the late afternoon sun warm on my back, I fell into pondering the way that leaves grow and die every year but the contour of the ground doesn’t change, even though much is taken from the soil for the growth to occur.

And as my compost pile grew with each tow of the tarp, I wondered why I didn’t just allow the leaves to remain in their place beneath the trees. Fallen leaves return about 70% of the nutrients they used for growth to the soil, and by spring they would have begun to compost right where they fell. As we all know, compost happens whether we help it along or not. One needs only to look at a forest to know that this is true. No one rakes the forest, yet it is beautiful whether its floor is carpeted with trilliums or fallen leaves.

In the sixth hour, I determined to skip the second raking. I’ll just leave them where they fall. Considering that a pile of “only” 25,000 leaves weighs just a little less than 70 pounds, I don’t need a pencil and paper to know that my arms will feel a lot better for it, and the ground around twenty-eight oaks will thank me.

If you happen to have lush green grass and don’t like the look of thousands (millions?) of leaves covering it in autumn, let me suggest that instead of raking, you just run the lawn mower over it all and, instead of bagging the clippings, let the chopped up leaves nourish the soil through the winter. By springtime you won’t see any trace of them. Save some time and energy. Use it for something else, like quilting, knitting, or sipping a cup of tea!

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AnnMarie is a full-time freelance writer, and a folksinger, living in Indian River, Michigan. In April, she released “Pieces of Time,” a CD of songs with quilts as the theme, and performs mostly in Michigan, but has toured as well outside. She also writes short stories, personal histories, poetry, and songs. AnnMarie does her crafting with words.
It's Party Time with Lesley

Hope you had a wonderful summer! I’m so excited to tell you about the fun and party time I’ve had this past month! I know all families make time to get together for special occasions, and our family is no exception. It’s been two years since my sisters and I have all been together. They come from different parts of Canada: Julie from Ontario; Sandy from Manitoba, and Beryl from Alberta.

My husband and I hosted this year’s gathering and had enough room to accommodate my three sisters and spouses, so it seemed like it was party time all day and into the evening too! On arrival, there were hugs all around; laughter and chatter all at once.

Beryl surprised me with a beautiful bouquet of pink roses with the caption, “HAPPY SISTERS WEEKEND!” Julie brought her delicious home made buns, cherry and apple pies, and Sandy brought her famous carrot cake and Mom’s favorite matrimonial cake. After everyone was unpacked, our weekend visiting began. As I’m one to preach about “pre-planning,” I had all our meals and events organized. Party time is all about the good food, games, companionship and fun! The following is some of what we had fun doing!

Friday night was our big dinner event and we included our cousins Terry and Joanne. The table was set to perfection with our best china. My husband had pre-made his famous BBQ ribs; I made my special cabbage rolls, and included some salads and veggies too. And of course, there were lots of different choices for dessert! The clean-up was actually fun working together with no squabbles over who would do what...as we did when we were children. The evening was spent playing Sandy’s electronic game called, “Catch Phrase.” It was so much fun, our laughter played us out!

We were all up early on Saturday morning for more visiting. After lunch, we went to a Seniors Complex for Sandy’s electronic game called, “Catch Phrase.” It was our childhood. The evening was spent playing games, companionship and fun! The following is some of our fun and hysterical.

Although Sunday was a rainy day, it didn’t dampen our spirits. We were invited to our cousins, Terry and Joanne’s for lunch. Joanne is great at entertaining, and offered us a Strawberry Slush, and an appetizer of Strawberries and dip. Her table was beautifully set and her menu was delicious salads, buns and her pulled pork “to die for!” Then she had two fabulous desserts to choose from, and of course, we had to try some of each. After much visiting and photos, we went home with our tummy’s full, only wanting to relax!

The evening was a night out at a restaurant...no cooking or clean-up! Then we went back home for coffee and dessert. Sandy had another new game for us to try called, “Wooden Horse Race.” This game was equally fun and hysterical.

It’s Party Time with Lesley

Another “special” event took place the next week. After eight years, I got to meet my email/facebook friend, Jan Keller, the publisher of the Colorado and New Mexico editions of The Country Register. She was on vacation with her family in Minnesota, USA, which is only six hours from where I live in Ontario, Canada. With our trusty map and instructions from Jan, my husband and I traveled to an area we had never been to before.

It was so thrilling to finally meet Jan and her family! There was Jan’s husband, John; son Maury and Lana, and twins Garrett and Gabe; son Mick and Kim, Austin and twins, Morgan and Regan. It was a pleasure to meet them all, especially Kim who publishes Minnesota’s edition of The Country Register, and fellow authors, Austin, Morgan and Regan who write “Kids in the Kitchen” for the paper. Both my husband and I were so impressed at the hospitality offered to us, as we were practically total strangers! After our initial hugs and handshakes, we had many interesting discussions on our lives, work, family, and politics in Canada and the US. The lunch was a new adventure for us, something we had never tried before. It was a barbecued pizza that was quickly made and cooked by Mick. It was very delicious, as was the colorful nutty coleslaw and the fruit salad. For dessert, we bought a “thank you” cake, which was gracefully served by Jan! And of course, we did need to have photos taken and Maury cheerfully did the honors!

It’s hard to believe how quickly the two days flew by. I am overwhelmed and grateful for the chance to meet my Colorado friend, as well as her family. I hope some day in the future, we get the chance to meet again!

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By Lesley R. Nuttall, Author of Secrets of Party Planning, A Guide to Easy Entertaining. Lesley lives in Dryden, ON, Canada with her husband of 50 years.
Now that fall is here, so too are fall and Halloween get togethers and parties! Have the kids’ friends over for a fun caramel apple bar! This is lots of fun for a party or even for an afternoon snack when the kids get home from school!

**What You’ll Need:**
- Carmels
- Granny Smith Apples
- Marshmallows
- Mini M&Ms
- Mini Chocolate Chips
- Reeses pieces
- Candy Corn
- Toothpicks
- Sprinkles
- Any other desired toppings

**How You Make It:**
1. Pour each topping into a separate bowl.
2. Core and slice the apples.
3. Push a toothpick into one of the ends of the sliced apples.
4. Melt the carmels in a separate bowl.
5. Holding the toothpick, dip each sliced apple into the melted carmel. The hotter the carmell, the better it sticks to the apples!
6. Immediately dip the apple with hot carmell on it into the desired topping.
7. Let cool and enjoy!

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**Mail Bag**

“I recently picked up a copy of your paper on a bench outside the Mount Royal Branch Library. I loved reading it! I’m anxious to try the recipe for ‘Creamy Sweet Potato Soup’. I am almost 82 years old. I have now retired and plan to do some sewing and crafts. I was happy to see advertised in your paper other shops in this area. I plan to visit them soon!”
- Margaret Fanselle, Duluth MN

“I won a copy of the book, ‘Friends Forever, Facing Whatever’, and I had to write to thank you! I enjoyed the book so much that I bought 6 more copies to give to my ‘Forever Friends’. Thank you again! I so enjoy reading The Country Register and I read every article, tip, recipe and ad. You provide a great service to quilters and crafters.”
- Kathy Tarnowski

“What a nice surprise in my mail to have won in your contest! Thank you so much for the nice tea book. I drink tea a lot. Always enjoy your newspaper!”
- Roxy Eastman

“Returning to Wisconsin, we drove into Sherburn to take a break. There we found the neatest quilt shop, Old Alley Quilt Shop. What a great shop! Next year I’m sure I’ll be stopping there again!”
- Joann Ingram
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Find more free patterns at:
JacquelynneSteves.com
Once upon a time, there was a great grandma named Clara. Clara had a secret. Like her children, she enjoyed both academics and athletics in school. She read widely in the world. They are very caring, good, and really precious to me."

We recently celebrated my grandma’s passing in the church where she was baptized. She often told me how life had come full circle. Grandma told me many stories, and, in fact, as we gathered to plan her funeral, we realized she was the storyteller of our family. All of our stories about Grandma involved her telling us a story. With our memories and the stories she left us in her journal, we were able to write her tale.

Once upon a time, there was a great grandma named Clara. Clara had a secret. For years, her grandchildren and great grandchildren alike did not even know that Clara was her name. They always called her “Grandma.” Grandma had five sisters and one brother. Most of them went by their first names at school and their middle names at home, but Uncle Byrel didn’t have one, so he didn’t have to worry about it...

Grandma was so happy to have two great grandchildren. When she learned she would have three more born within a short time, she was overjoyed. My uncle Dennis said she even saved a less than perfect candy started setting. Grandma’s five granddaughters enjoy the popcorn ball tradition, bags. Everyone knew it was Christmastime when the corn started popping and the candy started setting. Grandma’s five granddaughters enjoy the popcorn ball tradition, bags. Everyone knew it was Christmastime when the corn started popping and the candy started setting.

Grandma’s mind remained strong even when her body grew weak. She never hesitated to tell us how much we meant to her, and, in her journal she is leaving behind did not surprise us. When we cleaned out her room, we found presents. “This Christmas will be different without Grandma, but what she left behind did not surprise us. When we cleaned out her room, we found presents. Her life was not a fairy tale.

Grandma admitted she yelled at her boys a lot, but she always enjoyed being a mother and showed them kindness. Dennis loved to run through the pastures, and when he was six, he looked down and saw a coiled rattlesnake under his feet. He took off back toward the house, and his dad killed it when he got home. My uncle Malena was easy to remember as she was the only girl of the latest addition.

Grandma often confused Blake and Felix, which was perfectly natural since they are only two weeks apart. No matter what name she called them, her love for all of her great grandchildren was endless.

My kids only knew Grandma from her nursing home days, but they loved to stop by often. My six-year-old son spoke at her funeral and reminded us, “Grandma had a fridge full of chocolate bars and a bag full of lollipops. She had a lot of stuffed animals and a bookshelf full of pictures of us. She even had baby blankets ready for the new baby girl.” Grandma passed away a week before her sixth great grandchild was born, but she was ready and waiting with crocheted comfort.

My son continued speaking, “She loved us a lot, and we made her happy just by going to see her. She made us happy because she was very nice and sometimes we got presents.” This Christmas will be different without Grandma, but what she left behind did not surprise us. When we cleaned out her room, we found presents for her great grandchildren.

My sister and I remember our family picking up Grandma for Christmas at my uncle’s. In the backseat of our Torino was Grandma surrounded by paper bags filled with red and green popcorn balls. The car smelled delicious and provided a level of safety that was not available back then. Rather than airbags, we had popcorn balls. Everyone knew it was Christmastime when the corn started popping and the candy started setting. Grandma’s five granddaughters enjoy the popcorn ball tradition, and we were lucky to have her guidance in making them for so many years.

Although they enjoyed eating them more than making them, Grandma’s three sons always helped. She admired her boys for being both scholars and athletes. She always attended their games and concerts, and she made each boy a scrapbook with their achievements. My uncle Dennis said she even saved a less than perfect candy started setting. Grandma’s five granddaughters enjoy the popcorn ball tradition, bags. Everyone knew it was Christmastime when the corn started popping and the candy started setting.

Grandma always argued with my dad about liking pickles. She insisted he LOVED pickles, and Randy maintains he did not, and does not, even LIKE pickles. They did agree that he loved peanut butter sandwiches, and she made him one every single day.

Grandma was an excellent cook and baker. Her sons all loved homemade ice cream and would wait at the oven with butter and jelly for the bread to be done baking. Although Grandma’s cakes were the best, she wanted them to be better. She was always frustrated that her burnt sugar cake did not turn out like her mother-in-law’s. She spent most of her life trying to cook like Grandma McElvain, and finally declared it was impossible.

Grandma Clara

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Quilts That Redeem, ETC.

by Sherry Osland

Pay It Forward

(For anyone reading this column and recognizing the title, there’s a little 3 letter word change. For the times when God has yet to show me a story of how a quilt has helped redeem someone’s situation, I will write under the “ETC” heading.)

My husband and I witnessed a very heart-warming thing the other day while eating at one of our favorite restaurants. There was a soldier sitting by himself at the counter. I would guess his age to have been mid-to-late 50s. A waitress worked near where he sat. She was restocking and they visited off and on while she worked and he ate his meal.

A twenty-something year old man approached them, thanking the soldier for his service and handing the waitress money for his meal. She smiled and said it had already been paid for by someone else. Appreciative smiles were exchanged. Both my husband and I had seen it and our hearts were warmed by the young man’s gesture.

Before we finished our meal and shortly before the soldier finished his and left, a second young man approached making the same gesture. Again, it was gratefully declined. We couldn’t help but feel overwhelming joy at having been privy to two such neat exchanges. It seemed especially poignant because it was two very young men showing such respect and gratitude to the older soldier...not the other way around.

There are those times and situations when I say I wish I was a mouse in a pocket so I would get to see things more closely around me. Well, I would say this was just such a time. What a special lunch hour it turned out to be. It reminded us of the encouragement to “pay-it-forward” and also the television commercials for “moments.org” on the INSP channel. Have you ever pulled into a fast food line and had the impulse to pay for the lunch of the one in the car behind you? Or, paid for a soldier’s meal like the young men offered? Or, even just said “thank you for your service” to those military men and women you meet?

Give and be blessed!

Written by Sherry Osland of Praise Works Machine Quilting; 1216 NW 3rd St., Abilene, KS, 67410. In business and ministry 14 years. Contact information: sherryso51@hotmail.com or 785-263-4600 (263-5528 cell). For examples of work: facebook.com/PraiseWorksQuilting

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Eliza’s Buried Treasure
by Deb Heatherly

Some quilts come to us with a colorful past that has been handed down by word of mouth from one generation to the next. One must wonder sometimes if these stories are true or simply family folklore. This quilt comes to us with just such a past. Parts of this story, while quite entertaining, cannot be documented as fact. It is therefore presented to you simply for your enjoyment.

I came across this beautiful “Bethlehem Star” quilt in the early ’90s while traveling through Delonequa, Georgia, with a friend. I spotted the quilt hanging in front of the antique store long before we were parked and out of the van. I instantly fell in love with its vivid colors and its striking contrast to the weathered wooden crates that sat all around it. I quickly scooped it up and went inside to inquire as to the price. As I handed over the money, the old wrinkled gentleman behind the counter began to tell this story.

"You will never believe where this quilt has been," he said as he began his tale. "It started way back sometime around the turn on the century and happened somewhere up in these hills. Eliza Sue Mc Elhaney, at least I think that 'wuz' her name," he said while deep in thought, "made this quilt and a dozen more just as nice. This is the last one I have left. They 'wuz' to be her wedding quilts."

He continued and I found myself glued to every detail of the story he related it to me. According to this gentleman, Eliza was the only daughter of a poor farmer and his wife. The three of them worked the farm and, though poor by the standards of the day, always seemed happy and content to those who knew them. Raising chickens and selling their eggs was Eliza’s responsibility and, when eggs were plentiful, Eliza sometimes used a small portion of the money from their sale to purchase or trade for fabric from the general store. It was with this fabric and scraps from clothing that Eliza made her quilts. The neighbors knew of her prowess with the needle and many times Eliza, even at a young age, was called upon to help with quilting on the farms around her. Although her mother had been her needlework teacher, it was quite evident to all that Eliza was the one who possessed a special gift for color and design. Hardly a night went by that Eliza did not sit long after her chores working on her newest creation.

Sometime around the age of 15, Eliza’s world was shattered when her father took sick and was Bedridden for months. Eliza and her mother worked tirelessly to take care of the farm and nurse her poor papa, but it was to no avail and he passed away. Her mother, tired from weeks of trying to work the farm and broken hearted from her loss, died not long after.

Eliza was not sure what to do for she knew she could not work the farm on her own. She prayed for direction and soon after met a young man who is said to have been the cousin of a friend on a neighboring farm.

"His name 'wuz' Charles," the old man told me, "Or maybe he 'wuz' from Charleston. It was one or the other," he continued. "Yes sir, those two fell madly in love and he was a 'commin' back for Eliza that summer to take her home with him and make her his bride."

It is said that Eliza was radiant and soon busied herself with finishing the last of her special quilts. You see, every bride at this time in history was expected to have 13 completed quilts to bring into the marriage and Eliza did not want to be the exception. Everything seemed to be falling into place for her but soon tragedy would enter her life again and her happiness would be short lived. Only days before ‘Charles’ was to return to claim his bride, news came that an accident had taken his life. Eliza fell deep into despair and buried the precious quilts in a box under an old tree somewhere on her farm. To her, each one was a reminder of the life she had dreamed about and the wedding that would not take place. She wanted nothing to do with them. Eliza herself passed away weeks later. Some say it was the fever, but others say it was simply a broken heart and spirit.

“One of the neighbors saw her bury those quilts,” the old man said while closing his eyes as if he could see it all himself, “and after Eliza was gone, she went and dug ‘um’ up."

As I tried to picture this myself, the man continued. He said that the neighbor had been afraid that everyone in that town would want one, so she hid them in her barn and later concealed them in the bottom of an old blanket chest in her house. Years later, her grandchildren were told the story and shown the wonderful quilts. It was one of those grandchildren who eventually sold the quilts to the antique dealer who related the story to me.

Is the story fact, fiction or a combination of both? We will never know for sure. I do know however, that I will continue to cherish and pass on the story to my children and grandchildren and will take great pleasure in showing them the quilt that I call, “Eliza’s Buried Treasure.”
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**The Dropped Stitch**
by Sharon Greve

Gifting Beyond the Baby Age

Who doesn't enjoy gifting beautiful hand knit/crocheted blankets and garments to babies? Before we know it, the baby age is over, but the enjoyment doesn’t stop there. Our loved ones still need colorful, warm, soft, and fun-loving clothes and accessories as they pass through the following age groups.

Toddlers attract dirt faster than a backhoe so fibers that list both washer and dryer for care on the yarn label are the right choice. Post-babies like “dress myself” clothes. Simplicity and separates are the best choices. Pants should definitely be pull-ons. Because children have proportionally larger heads than adults, the neckline needs to open larger. The shoulder button overlap is ideal and larger armholes provide ease in putting on the garment. Tears and frustration over tight necklines will disappear. Consider making sweater fronts and backs the same, eliminating the distress of having the garment on backwards. Duplicate stitch or embellishments for color patterns prevent little fingers and noses from snagging on trailing unworked yarn across the inside of garments.

Pre-schoolers and kindergarteners love to button their own clothes. Big, easy-to-manage buttons are best. Soft crocheted buttons allow little fingers to “squeeze” the button through the buttonhole. This group loves pockets to carry those “pretty rocks.” Pockets that fold down over treasures are best; velcro fastening is a good choice. Thumbless mittens are warmer and easier to make and to replace lost partners.

Six to eight-year olds develop their own personal fashion style, especially girls since their clothing offers more diversity and fashion. Both boys and girls love clothes that display their interests such as dinosaurs, princesses, and their favorite animal. What first grader wouldn't love a vest or sweater with his/her own drawing worked in duplicate stitch onto the front body or sleeve, if not knitted or crocheted into the garment? Lady bugs, snakes, teddy bears—oh, my!

Pre-teens and teenagers are a very difficult group to satisfy, especially girls, because of the culture fashion trends and fads that come and go. Fashions for boys are more standard. Girls, on the other hand, are fussy and are known to try on several outfits before deciding what to wear that day. Often the safe handiwork items for this group will disappear. Consider making sweater fronts and backs the same, eliminating the distress of having the garment on backwards. Duplicate stitch or embellishments for color patterns prevent little fingers and noses from snagging on trailing unworked yarn across the inside of garments.

A grandma’s advice: When creating with fiber for any of these post-baby age groups, select the right yarn. For easy care and durability, machine washable fibers such as super wash wool (no itching, felting, or shrinking as with wool), acrylic/wool blend, acrylic/cotton blend, and acrylic yarns are best. Be very careful when selecting colors for redheads. Color selection should complement the child’s skin and hair color as well as personality.

Select the right stitch pattern by considering the age and gender of the recipient. Try new stitch patterns on a small scale. Open work or lacey patterns are beautiful and perfect for older children, but younger children get frustrated putting them on as fingers become caught in open spaces. Stitch patterns as well as yarn size and texture should complement the recipient who should always be the focal point.

By all means, please refrain from putting young children’s names or initials visibly on their clothing for public view. Strangers can “guess” the correct name which leads to dangerous events or conversations.

The fun continues!