

FOOTBALL OR NEEDLEPOINT

I recall New Year's day 1976 spending the week-end at home with Mother, Daddy and I were in the family room, Daddy sitting in his la-z-boy, Mother in her winged back chair, and I sitting on the love seat. Daddy and I were enjoying the day doing "our thing" by watching our usual bowl games (yes, we had two TV sets going at one time) while Mother, out of sheer boredom, was knitting. All of a sudden she looked at me and said, "You need to be doing something with your hands and quit watching so much TV." After looking at her, I returned to watching TV but I knew she was right. I tried knitting but that was an absolute disaster. The next week-end I tried a small piece of needle point doing one corner but it looked terrible. I did this right handed; however, being left handed some of the stitches were either too loose or too tight. Mother did not feel comfortable in teaching me (she taught me how to play the piano but not knitting or needlepoint), so she suggested I go to our local needle point store and ask the ladies there for assistance. I did and before the end of that year I had made four pillow covers, and two bell pulls. For my parents' Christmas, I did (my one and only) a petit point bird picture and a sampler which included musical notes and keyboard, our family's initials, Christmas tree with decorations, and eight different stitches. I did not like the selection of Christmas cards so I designed and needle pointed my own card to give to my parents with the theme, "Twas The Night Before Christmas." And, I even made the mouse.