

## ***This Scrappy Quilt***

*Stitched together by members of the Wild Rivers Quilt Guild \* July 2022*

This scrappy quilt  
Upon the bed  
Is stitched with memories  
Of the life we've led.

Its tattered edges –  
Hold dates and a dream,  
With the colorful patches  
Joined with a seam.

The length of time  
it took to make  
Would cause your head  
to wobble and shake!

Each stitch means something  
precious to us  
And some recall  
moments of fuss!

A flowered apron  
From great Aunt Kate  
A gift of the garden  
And the food we ate.

Patches of brown  
From your Sunday suit  
You patched the fence  
When the cows got out.

Sister's pinafore  
Worn so proud  
Her best party dress  
And a song for the crowd

Brother's coveralls  
Rolled up sleeves  
He'd fix that tractor  
Under the tree in a breeze.

There's Mother's blouse  
Blue, white and pink  
Possibilities, she'd say  
You just have to think.

Pop's bandanas  
Of paisleys and checks  
A wipe of his brow  
When things went to heck.

Uncle's tattersall vest  
In that square there  
A man of calm  
Always happy to share.

Neighbors who came  
They'd clean and cook  
When I was sick  
And read the kids a book.

Busy hands  
That could not stop  
They'd pray with me  
And stitch up a block.

Threshing bees  
And raising barns  
Drinking a glass  
And telling a yarn.

So many People  
A Blessing each one  
Some near, some far  
Tears were shed, but there was fun.

This scrappy quilt  
Upon the bed  
Is stitched with memories  
Of those we've loved.