

## “The Meadowlark Collection”

This very special collection of wool, wool threads, and the mug rug pattern is a special tribute to my mom who I lost 4 years ago.

Ever since I can remember, as late spring turns into early summer, my thoughts return to a simpler time when I was a young girl in the early 60's. The last days of spring were upon us, and mom set about her early morning routine as she gently woke us up to face the school day. As was her habit, she'd quietly creep into my room and open the curtains to let in the morning light, and open the window to let in the cool morning breeze. As the sun's rays washed over my pillow and face, I kept my eyes closed tight so that she wouldn't know

I was already awake. I didn't want to disturb her routine that was sure to bring the treasured outcome of her actions. And more often than not, I was rewarded with the sweet, sweet song of the meadowlark outside my window in the big old oak tree that she called home. As she sang her song, greeting each and every new morning with the promise what the day might bring, I listened and daydreamed along with her, reveling in the crisp clear notes that she sang.

Those early mornings, filled with such promise, were very special to me when I was a young girl. There was a warmth and security there that gave me such peace. Heading off to school, with Mom at the kitchen table sipping her black coffee laced with a liberal amount of her “sweet sugah” as she called it, gave me the confidence and security I needed to face each new day. Mom is no longer with me, but every spring and summer, as I hear the meadowlark singing her morning song, I know my mom is right here with me in spirit.

And so I dedicate this Meadowlark Collection to Mom, and those simpler times of so long ago. I hope you enjoy it, and the gentle colors that speak of late spring and early summer mornings, and promises of each new day!

### “Meadowlark”

