

YARN, NEEDLES & THREAD

By Cindy Taft

Gracie loved life. Every day a new memory was made and stored away in her mind. At 83 years young, she was a dedicated mom, doting grandma and devoted friend. If she wasn't outside in her flower bed she was sewing or knitting. She would sit at her old Singer sewing machine for hours at a time or reach for her sewing basket sitting within reach of her favorite rocking chair. It was always full of colorful yarn, needles and thread. Everything Gracie made was created with love, from the smallest bootie to a pair of overalls. Any time she knitted a blanket or scarf or made a new shirt or dress, she always made an extra one and the last thing she did to a finished garment was stitch a capital "G" somewhere on the cloth. The extra clothes were placed in a cedar chest she had at the foot of her bed. Gracie knew there would always be someone needing a pair of pants or sweater in the days to come.

One night, Gracie passed away peacefully in her sleep. A week later while they were cleaning out her home, her family discovered the clothes in the cedar chest. They decided to donate them to a small thrift store on Main Street.

Several days later, a young mother entered the store with a crying infant. Sarah looked very tired and worn. Her husband was working two jobs to make ends meet and she was finding it very difficult to bond with her new daughter. Searching through the stacks of clothing, the woman came across a beautiful pink and purple blanket with the letter "G" stitched in a corner. A calm suddenly washed over her. She wrapped the blanket around her first born who immediately stopped crying. The blanket had soothed the fussy baby. Sarah looked down at her daughter's sparkling green eyes and thanked God for the most wonderful gift in the world.

A few weeks later, a single mom entered the store with two excited little boys following closely behind her. Amy had paid her bills for the month, but very little money was left for anything else. The weather had turned cold sooner than expected and she didn't know where to turn. Her sons had come home crying that afternoon because of some cruel remarks made by some kids at school. Her sons' coats were worn, but clean. Old rubber boots covered their tattered tennis shoes, but what they didn't have were hats and gloves. With the falling temperatures, they could not go outside without them. What was she going to do? Looking around she

found two pairs of black and purple mittens along with two knit hats. Inside the hats and mittens, the letter “G” was carefully stitched with snow white thread. Handing the hats and mittens to her sons, Amy said a silent prayer thanking God for having given someone the talent and patience to create the wonderful winter clothing now warming the hands and heads of her two precious angels.

Days later, a homeless man entered the store. For the past two years, Greg had been out on the street, living wherever he could find a warm corner. Day after day, he wandered, looking for answers he couldn’t find. Then he had spotted it – a job opening posted on the local grocery store bulletin board with interviews being held that day. Not feeling very confident, he knew the torn overcoat he was wearing would not be appropriate for an interview. Searching the tables in the thrift store, he came across a blue plaid shirt, just like one he had worn years ago when his life had meaning. Looking more closely at the shirt he noticed a “G” stitched with dark blue thread in the collar. Greg stood there, holding the shirt in his hands. Was it a sign? At that moment his life began again. He knew that God was giving him his life back, a second chance to find what he had lost. He walked out the door, feeling the love from every stitch in Gracie’s handmade treasure.
