

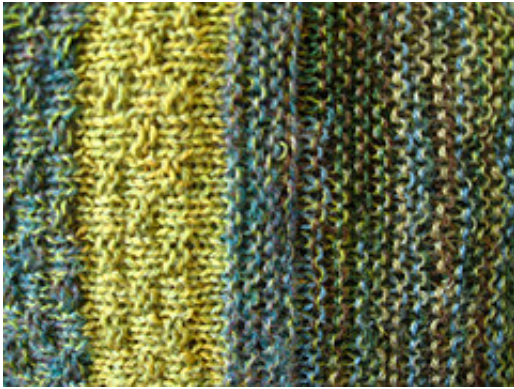
Gratitude for Knitting

On June 19th, my world changed. In San Jose at a national conference for my church, I received a phone call from my mother, who told me that the police had come to her house to notify her that my brother, Randy, age 56, had died. It was a total shock. We will never know what happened -- the coroner has said that his cause of death is undetermined.

The intervening weeks have been a blur. I have put a lot of miles on the car, flown to Denver and back, and dealt with what I have had the energy to deal with.

Thank goodness for the knitting. My Knitpicks lace sampler kit had finally come, and I wanted to make a shawl for the Afghans for Afghans project. I had started the shawl just before leaving for the conference, and it became my sanity-saver the past few weeks.

It started small,



and grew and grew:

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I knit the whole thing in just 3 weeks. It was my prayer for my brother, my mother and me...

I also finished knitting a scarf:



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Two easy knits, one of which that I can wear into the future, the other of which that will brighten the world of someone carrying many more burdens than myself.

I thank God for knitting.