

"...if I die, you get my stash."

We're in the throes of putting together the many blankets from all these squares. This is the latest group of squares from Bluebird:



and we ended up with many, many blankets. Here are three of them:

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And because of all the squares, we've called in for reinforcements -- Ann, Sue, and Les - thank you for bailing us out! On Friday, I dropped by a couple of blankets to Les for making up and finishing, and as she opened the door, she tells me, "I just told my husband that if I die, you get my stash." Wowza, now there's place of honor in a knitter's heart.

The funny thing is that later in the day I picked up a bunch of white, animal fiber yarn from Patty, who I "met" on Ravelry and lives a couple of miles away. The yarn is from her mother's stash, quite lovely, and will be able to be dyed for use in Afghans for Afghans projects. Stash ecology lives on...

The wonderful things is all the connections and discoveries that are being made with this project. Allison has made almost an entire blanket on her own. See the delight on her face?

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Although she only knows the knit stitch, she learned to do stripes on her own. I really need to teach her how to purl though!