

Sockfest

I needed to wash a bunch of my socks, and put them out to dry on the sweater dryer (with a small fan to move things along):



Seeing them there, it took me back a year or two ago. Originally I had the goal of having a full week's worth of handknit socks. The number above is eight pairs. I remembered that I have a couple of pairs in the drawer, and then there are a couple of pairs that I wear as house socks in bed. Twelve pairs of handknit socks, just for me, 10 to wear outdoors in the real world.

This is pretty astonishing to me since I didn't even start knitting socks til about seven years ago. They looked hard, and there was general terror over "turning the heel." I started with a cute [Little Speckled Toes](#) baby sock from Cabin Fever. It was then that I realized that the complicated sweaters I had made were much harder. And a bunch of my church offices have been on the ground floor without much heating, so it makes sense that having warm socks in winter has been a good thing.

As you can tell from looking at these, a couple of times I've gotten fancy, but my sock-knitting tends to be on the relaxation end of things, rather than the ambitious math-bending sort. That's ok, because they are on my feet, covered by shoes and pants. A peek of color, and either a lovely feel or hard-wearing fiber (ideally both!) is all I ask of a sock.

In looking at all these socks, I'm realizing why my sock yarn stash is pretty modest -- I don't need more socks at this point! Not that I'll stop knitting them, but they'll be for other folks, and

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I'll purchase the yarn on a need-to-knit basis.