

The Company of Knitters

One of the challenging things about the last four years is that I no longer have a regular knitting group. One meets on the evenings of the busiest work day I have, another on Sunday mornings, and the third is too early to make from where I now work.

The last 6-7 weeks have been a little crazy in various areas of my life. Suffice it to say that this holiday/end of year season found me at a low point and then I got diagnosed with a stress-induced illness. Before I got sick, I did manage to knit some lovely lace - another Wilhelmina Shawlette from *What Would Madame Defarge Knit?* It's out of fingering weight Plucky Knitter yarn, and quite delightful.



But here is something shocking: for more almost a week, I didn't *feel like knitting*. I know! I have knit through all kinds of stressful situations (although [this time](#) I didn't either, but I was also pretty sick). But for a week I really lost my knitting mo-jo. There were plenty of things to knit - I would like a hat to match a sweater I made and designed out of some Madelinetosh yarn, a cowl to match my handspun beret. It all seemed too much though.

A couple of days ago I started back in the most basic of ways: finishing a "vanilla" pair of socks for [Afghans for Afghans](#). Baby steps.

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But last night I got to go to see many in the old knitting group. We all shared what was up - one person is building a modular home ([see all of her adventures here](#)), another's daughter just got engaged (and we told her *not* to start knitting baby clothes yet), one person is "firing" a client, and so on. And I was comforted and supported by the company of knitters. They've known me for a long time, and I felt more **me** than I had in a while.

In the Christian community, there is a lot of talk and action about being community, as there should be. And one of the paradoxes for me as an interim pastor is that sometimes I go outside of the church to find community, because these folks don't care that there is a Rev. before my name, I'm just plain ol' Renee, another beloved of God (if they believe in God, which I doubt all of them do). But I can knit, and we can share, and that's great.

And I finished the pair of socks yesterday:

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