

Favorite Child

I confess, I get all attached to things that I knit. But I am a fickle knitter, I like the newer child better.

Such is the case with socks.

I recently knit these socks out of the very first yarn that I hand-dyed. I whined that I might keep them for myself, even though I don't wear socks this thick, and they would keep a child in Afghanistan warm. Yeah, that was pretty honest to admit.



But now, well, now I have no problem putting them in the Afghans for Afghans pile. What has caused this change of mind? Was it that I really got in touch with only being able to wear 2 socks at a time, or that I could hand-dye more yarn just about any time that I want? I wish. I wish that it was being way more generous than I really am about socks.

No, it was that I am now knitting this lovely handspun-by-me yarn from Targhee from [Abstract](#)

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[Fiber](#). It was supposed to be a three-ply yarn, but the stuff is so crimped and bouncy it ended up being a two-ply yarn:



into *another* pair of socks in the lovely "Laurel" colorway - and I'm smitten by them.

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Yep, I'm just now infatuated with another, newer pair of socks-in-the-making.