

The Plain and Practical

Year Two, Issue Six, Fourth Month 2009

“Live simply, that others might simply live.” Elizabeth Seaton

Pigs Are Food

Some city folks are alarmed when they read my stories or visit working farms or see what’s in the back of the butcher shop. They buy their meat in little see-through plastic packages in the grocery store, forgetting that the contents once walked about in manure. Marketing has even changed what meats are called, so you buy hogs as “Pork for Stir-Fry” and cattle as “New York Steaks.”

Some of these uneasy consumers would really hate to know what’s in that long gray medical facility out on County Road 9. It’s referred to by farmers around here as the “Pigs for People-Parts Plant,” and what they do there is raise pigs in awfully clean surroundings so later the heart valves can be inserted into humans. Now, we do a bit of talking, thinking that when we’ve eaten too many deep-fried pig ears and bacon and fresh side in our green beans, we’d just as soon have a valve from a pig that’s been out playing in the fields, snorting up lots of stale biscuits and gravy, and having sex, or else how do we know the valve we get is going to let us do those things? It might be a yuppie dud valve, coming from a pig that’s been sitting on its haunches in a small, clean cubicle-like pen with artificial lighting and daily baths.

For years, my grandparents did an hour’s commute to the city school district where they taught and I attended. In the second grade, Charlotte’s Web was being read for my class. When the teacher closed the book, signifying the end of the story, I felt I missed some important information.

“Missus Lukey, how much did Wilbur weight out to?” I inquired.

“Wilbur was quite a fine pig, Valerie, so I’m sure he was big and strong,” she answered.

“No, I mean when he was butchered out,” I specified. “Did they take him to Swartz’s in Jerry’s Knacker van?” Ms. Lukey blanched; Story Hour ended abruptly that afternoon, and I had to go sit in Mr. Barkman’s office during recess while Ms. Lukey, Mr. Barkman, and my grandmother (Grandmother Mexie Crabtree was a sixth grade teacher in the same building) had a little discussion, but I don’t really know what about.

Another time, we were assigned an essay on any topic we chose, so long as it had something to do with our recent fourth-grade trip to the Zoo. The teacher approved my title, “How a Zoo is Like a Farm,” and I busied myself with the task, pressing my gray pencil to the lined paper again and again, erasing and perfecting the words which came so confidently from my small knowledge of farm and zoo husbandry.

Being a creative child, I even included recipes and instructions (with pictures on the back of the pages) in my composition--Okapi Stroganoff, which I compared to our Angus Beef Cattle, and the telephone number the zoo could call to have Jerry’s Knacker Service come and pick up the ruminants, which I got off the kitchen door jamb where the phone was mounted on the wall. The tour guide had said Okapis were related to the giraffe, and I was pretty sure that the angus cows were all ruminants, too, but I wasn’t entirely sure what a ruminant was.

(continued on page two)

A Quaker Testimony:

All persons

have that of God within them

“Speak Truth To Power” George Fox

You have the ability to choose the information that comes into your home. There are a number of fine Christian-focused resources that offer similar viewpoints as you have chosen for your Faith and Life. One leader, Billy Graham, started a newspaper magazine in 1956 that has in its Mission and Vision statement “Christ preeminent in all things.” Now, 2.5 million readers absorb the material in the eleven different online and print versions of the published offerings of his church.

One of my many heroes, Mrs. Baker Eddy, wrote in 1883, “Looking over the newspapers of the day, one naturally reflects that it is dangerous to live, so loaded with disease seems the very air. These descriptions carry fears to many minds, to be depicted in some future time upon the body. A periodical of our own will counteract to some extent this public nuisance; for through our paper we shall be able to reach many homes with healing, purifying thought.” She began a newspaper, the Christian Science Monitor, in 1907.

I subscribe to these Plain women’s publications, which when I read them I am calmed, reassured of my beliefs, supported in my stance on many Christian issues, and given “food for thought” for dealing with daily challenges:

Keepers At Home

2673 Township Road 421
Sugarcreek, OH 44681 (\$13 yearly for USA, Other countries, USD\$21)

An Encouraging Word

P.O. Box 374
Covert, MI 49043
(\$20 subscription covers you and a friend)

Crazy Lady Quilting

LONG ARM QUILTING
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“send her the top—she can do the rest!”

Sue Gardner
734-426-8274

Janet Jones
Professional
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S O X

Carefully made on an
Antique sock knitting machine

Beverly Larsen
(517) 436-3001

April, 2009

S	M	T	W	TH	F	S
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

Moon is full: April 9th
Easter falls on First Day, April 12th

April 7th is National No-Housework Day

The shortest prayer in the Bible:

“Lord, save me.”

Matthew 14:30

“Let your light so shine before men,
that they may see your good works,
and glorify your Father which is in heaven.”
Matthew 5:16

“In moods of discouragement or despair,
never forget that the sunshine will
ultimately come back,
that it’s absence never is permanent.
Hang onto your faith, knowing that soon
you will rise into the sunshine again.”
~Norman Vincent Peale~

“What’s with all those little
quotes?”

I tuck in a number of inspirational quotes in each issue. After you have enjoyed your issue (and of course feel free to make a copy for a friend any time you wish) you can cut out those quotes and attach them to refrigerator magnets, make get-well cards from them, or use them as bookmarks in your other Christian reading. Not only do they help to “fill in” the gaps created by various sized articles and newsy tidbits, but they can continue to inspire you to remember what is important—our continuing relationship with our Lord Jesus, the path we should find our feet upon each day, and the fact that we are part of a larger community.

(Pigs Are Food, continued from page one)

When I got to Roast Flamingo, I recommended that the teacher and the zoo should peel back the skin and feathers, the way you field dress a goose. That's much easier than dealing with pinfeathers, and I reminded them to wipe out the gutted cavity with dry grass so's not to get bacteria in there. On the back of that page was a picture with a red gallbladder and a note to be careful of bile corruption.

Stewed Lemur was a knock-off of a squirrel dish we only got to eat when we went to visit Unk Hi's place in Kentucky. I told how to use a fishing pole and peanut butter to catch the devils out of their zoo habitat, just like Unk Hi did in his back yard. Another picture demonstrated where to cut the skin to the spine so's you could peel them back and not tear up the tails, since lemurs have a nifty tail and you could use it to put a whole new look into next year's Davy Crockett hat. I drew a picture of a hat and then cut out the lemur tail from our class ditto sheet handout, and glued it on to show what a nice hat that would make.

Soon I found myself sitting in the school's office, with the secretary, Mrs. Snelling, giving me disapproving looks as she sent a student messenger for Mrs. Crabtree. Mr. Barkman glared at me from inside his office. I think the charge was Insubordination, but I didn't know at the time if that had anything to do with ruminants.

My grandmother Mexie arrived from her sixth-grade classroom, and stomped into the office. Her face went from hard to soft, when she saw I was already crying, using the hem of my skirt for my nose. She handed me her handkerchief, went into Mr. Barkman's office, and closed the door.

I was eventually rescued, and my essay was returned with an "A" broadly penned on top. That night, I had the added pleasure of sitting with my legs through the banisters upstairs, my hearing aids turned as loud as they would go, listening to my grandparents reading my essay down in the kitchen at the table. Long after they thought I had gone to sleep, they were laughing and reading, and the sound of their enjoyment made me smile in the dark, safely swinging my crossed legs over the steep farmhouse stairs. I knew completely and solidly in my heart that if it was good to my grandparents and they approved, I didn't need to worry about those city people up at the school.

Before you put them to bed for the winter—

Your mittens, scarves and hats will attract fewer moths and critters if they are clean before you store them away for the warm summer months. A sprinkling of cedar chips (such as sold in pet or farm stores) or a couple of packages of dry leaf tobacco will help turn away the munching moths, as well, and costs little compared to replacement.

If at all possible, try to mend the wear and tear, so that your family's things are ready to come out for immediate use should the weather turn suddenly cold. A trimming of the fringes, pulling in snagged threads, each little effort helps to maintain these items for longer life and less need of replacement. It's a calm way to spend that first frost-free day!

Recipe for a Dark, Strong Cup of Brewed Tea

Now, you might think I've slackered out of providing a proper recipe here this month, but truthfully, since I taught two new people how to make this good tea they are now enjoying, I thought I should spread the word.

There's a couple of problems with making hot water and filling a teapot for traditional teas. First, to properly get it hot, you've got to make a boiling pot and pour it in to heat the teapot, then start over and make another that will be for the actual tea, otherwise the pot cools too quickly. Another problem is that the teapot usually drips at least a little, being made for pretty and not for perfect pouring. Teapots have to be scrubbed out regularly, the leaves of loose tea get caught in the spout and have to be auger'd out, so there's some maintenance. My way is easier and faster and less work all around.

I use my coffee pot, the electric "Mr. Coffee" style. Put a filter in the basket, and put in three tea bags. My favorite is two tablespoons of dried mint and one tea bag. Or, play around with a caffeinated mix like this one:

- 4 dried juniper berries
- 1 T. loose jasmine tea
- 2 regular tea bags—Red Rose is my brand
- Dash of clove powder, just a tiny bit
- Dash of cinnamon or a small cinnamon stick

The 10 cups of tea will stay hot the whole time you leave it on the burner—but not bitter since the tea isn't inside the water. The filter and the teas can all go into the compost heap. If you only drink a couple of cups, you can pour the rest into a quart mason jar and put it into the fridge for a cool drink later on. Stir in honey in while it's warm.

I sat and figured out that even with the electricity, this costs about one-tenth as much as a 8-ounce glass of bought soda pop with ice in it. This method pleases folks who like a dark, strong cup of tea.



Deliciously Homemade For You By

Date:

Ingredients:

Here's a nifty label for that next kitchen treat you share with a neighbor!

Don't Get Rid of the Gold in your Back Yard!

Well, now, haven't we all said something and found the do-ing was a lot more difficult than the say-ing. I'm finding that problem right now myself, and remember, I'm a person that daily finds ways to humble myself on a variety of levels, without any help whatsoever from everyone else, and my big mouth is one of my best means to do that.

So I decided I wanted to have a clothesline in the back yard. Not sure exactly where yet, it's a narrow and not very big yard, and I'm out there watching the sunlight travel across it and studying about how to best arrange my little plastic wading pool gardens for optimal sunlight to make those little green beans, cowpeas, corn salads, and other goodies spring up and be prosperous.

After asking around at various stores and being told "here's our best model" and being shown, well, crappy stuff punched out of cheap aluminum that wouldn't hold up two jeans and a sheet, I decided what I stubbornly wanted was those old-fashioned, steel, welded together in a T-shape poles. About eight or nine feet tall and cemented into the ground. With supporting notched sticks for in the middle. And then of course my artist-brain invented some morning glories and English tea roses should grow up those poles and hey, since we're fantasizing here, let's put in a couple of my friend Paul's handmade birdhouses, say, painted blue . . .

And let me tell you, if you have a couple of those sturdy steel welded clothesline poles in your backyard, or laying abandoned by your shed, you have a bit of real gold. Those things are no longer made in the manufacturing sector of this country, for love or money. Having a custom pair fabricated locally? \$300. No kidding.

And a rusty aluminum pail with a kink in the bail handle, was \$6 at a local auction here last week (people put beer and ice in them, the happy new owner told me). Old shovels and rusty bent-tine pitchforks? \$15 to \$20 each, sold to restaurants who use them for wall décor. Folks are realizing that those heavy, real-solid-wood dressers we all threw out in the 60's are better made than the furniture today from press-wood and composite junk, and those are fetching \$50-100 even when in bad shape and needing complete refinishing work.

So's you know it, there's gold in that "junk" in your back yard and barn, so be careful before you sell it off for scrap weight!

Our First Amendment makes this publication possible: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press . . ."

Editor's notes

Owners: Craig and Valerie Hibbard. Expenses covered by Editors until successful enough to stand on its own. Ads selected by Editors and given freely, and we reserve the right to refuse any ads. Email comments to valerie@plainandpractical.com, or mail to: 3406 Kingston Avenue, Grove City, Ohio, 43123. We'd like to hear your comments. You may read PNP free on the web at plainandpractical.com, or order print copies by writing or emailing the editors.

A friend of mine sent me a list of “weird crime blotter” listings he found on the internet. Here’s the best one:

“I live in a semi-rural area (Weyauwega, Wisconsin). We recently had a new neighbor call the local township administrative office to request the removal of the Deer Crossing sign on our road.

The reason the neighbor gave: “Too many deer are being hit by cars out here! - I don’t think this is a good place for them to be crossing anymore.””

PEACE

Since I’ve got gardening and putting up food “on the brain,” here’s the next two books I plan to get from the library and study!

Vinegar

The User Friendly Standard Text Reference and Guide to Appreciating, Making, and Enjoying Vinegar. by Lawrence J Diggs, Regular paperback price: \$17.95, Pages: 324 ISBN: 0-595-14716-X, published in Dec-2000.

Heirloom Seeds and Their Keepers: Marginality and Memory in the Conservation of Biological Diversity, by Virginia D. Nazarea. Published in 2005 by the University of Arizona Press. 193 pages.

I also plan to start a “pocketed note book,” with inserted plastic sleeves intended for storing photos or CDs. This will be a record-keeping journal for my gardens this year, and I’ll save seeds in there with descriptions.

“A gardener who cultivates his own garden with his own hands, united in his own person the three different characters, of landlord, farmer, and labourer.

His produce, therefore, should pay him the rent of the first, the profit of the second, and the wages of the third.”

Adam Smith

V B C L U T C H R I
 F O H R X O B S O D
 E N L O T I P B R G
 N K L T S M S E E N
 D T I A A E T L T O
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 T S K E Y U M E H N
 U R E R I T O K C G
 N A P L I O R O A I
 H E A D L I G H T S
 P G A C H I T C H R

Gear shift knob	grommets	tire
Fender	coil	tube
Oil pan	clutch	nuts
Tachometer	choke cable	key
Hose	headlights	box
Clamps	voltage	hog
Regulator	hitch	

You’ll find fourteen letters left over after you find all the words above, put them in the right order and they will spell out a part that is located near the spark plugs!

I was wandering around on the internet the other day, and stopped off at the Craigslist sites for Detroit and for Columbus, Ohio. Do you know about Craigslist? And no, although I think my husband is the smartest man on earth, he didn’t invent it.

If you use Yahoo or Google search engines, just type in craigslist [name of biggest city nearby]. So typing in “craigslist columbus ohio” means you’ll have most of central Ohio included, and sometimes parts of Indiana and Kentucky.

Craigslist, like anything that is uncensored and unregulated, can have, well, unscrupulous offers for escort services and illicit get-togethers and odd folks looking for other odd folks. But it also is a place to click on “farm and garden” and get a good look at fifteen people’s ads for their lawn tractors. You can find chickens, cattle watering troughs, barn lumber, and old doorknobs there, too.

Clicking on “activities” lets you know there are cooking classes in Hilliard, someone is arranging a charity car wash tomorrow at such-a-such intersection by the campus, and every Thursday there’s a church food pantry looking for volunteers.

You can search for a job, full or part time, or just someone to help you pour a new deck that can bring their own concrete tools. You can look up a farm to pasture your horse, someone to rake your yard, catch a ride to San Francisco with two college girls and split the gas, or give away that dresser with the sticky drawers to a family who needs one and doesn’t mind fixing it.

There are free categories where you can find fill dirt, furniture, shrubs, firewood, concrete blocks, size four boy’s clothing, moving boxes, or home-schooling books. People can post anything for free, including Lenten fish suppers at the churches in the area, and someone hoping for knitting lessons.

I used to tell my college students the internet is a tool, no different from a hammer or a pressure cooker. Use tools when you understand how to be safe with them, and be careful, and realize all the hammers in the world are not made alike. So use a little caution, and you can make houses with that hammer, build useful things, learning as you go.

This weekend I am picking up a \$20 metal gazebo, all disassembled, found on craigslist. If not a gazebo it will make marvelous trellises for the vigorous climbing roses I’m planting by the entrances of the new house, or perhaps a folding divider wall.

Begin with Love

A Handful of Funny and Practical things I’ve Seen Lately:

—a set of old wood dresser drawers, with handles still on them, arranged on top of and around each other to create a stacking strawberry pyramid—easy to move, store, and fill with fresh soil each spring—very clever!

—half of a dishtowel sewn into the waistband of an apron, providing the wearer with an instant place to dry their hands!

—pieces of a fancy hand-carved chair back, rescued from curbside garbage, taken apart and cleaned to be reassembled into a unique tabletop pad for holding a hot casserole or pizza pan

—bi-fold doors made into nice thick long sturdy shelves for a sewing room (and you get free hardware, too, when you salvage them from construction trash)

—floral wire wreath frames used to hold upright and separated several wood sticks for bean poles, and also used as a holder for wire tomato cages—that springy wire can’t open too far when encircled with one of those!

—toilet seat recycled to hang from a tree and hold a bird-bath, guess the birds won’t be afraid of a cat sneaking up on them while the birdbath is suspended from above!

They that know no evil will suspect none. Ben Jonson

Been Thinking About Hungry People and What I Can Do To Help

When I was a youngster, we had a purpose and a good ending for all those squash that escaped our attention in a three-day rain and became the size of cavemen's clubs. We didn't worry about the melons that didn't turn out pretty enough for the market, or the pears that got dinged on the rough bark on their way down in the windstorm. We had cattle to fatten, pigs to spoil, and chickens that got the bestest pickin's.

But this year, I am doing a container garden in large plastic wading pools, stuffed burlap bags, and anywhere I can find a sunny spot by a porch or shed. My new landlord says I can "torture it all you like." I'm eyeballing the entire perimeter of the house, picking up pallets for the new compost pile, and thinking about using every square inch (including pots on the porches). And since I have no farm critters, not even a woolly angora rabbit to nibble the lettuce leaves and the ugly carrots, I am thinking about how to better feed my fellow man.

Food banks are struggling. It's not enough that they are getting fewer donations, but they are finding more people lining up for help in an economy that is 9% unemployed in my area. That is only the number of persons seeking unemployment benefits. For all those who work contract positions, or part time, or can't afford to pay child care from their cut-back salaries and must quit and go home, many are not qualified to even ask for an unemployment claim.

Add in the immense difficulties of the recent peanut butter recalls. Many food banks are either paying to store thousands of pounds of food that is "in limbo" as to whether it is safe or not, and many others have had to slice off hundreds of hours of man-power to sift and remove peanut butter products from hundreds of pre-packed emergency food boxes. It was just another blow to a struggling ambition to keep the poor fed.

Now, I'm going to look around. I'll walk up and down my neighborhood streets, although it's rather an upscale kind of place, and see if the Lord leads me to discover some senior citizen or disabled person, or some young mother with limited resources, and instead of a food bank I'll just leave the goodies on that porch, long as I know the folks will eat them. If I don't see something rather soon I can ask my two new friends in town to recommend someone. That doesn't bring results, I can stop up to the school or police station and ask them to recommend someone. There's lots of churches, I can go and meet the ministers and see. How about a veteran's spouse, trying to keep the household together by themselves? Someone who had to quit their job to care for an ill parent? I can imagine all kinds of reasons people would have a little trouble making ends meet and could use some free, healthy, homegrown food.

I've ordered seeds for green beans. When I am picking green pole beans and purple pod pole beans, I just feel full of the Love of God. I stand there and dodge the bees and fill up my apron front that I hold by the corners and my grandma's there and my grandpa and my great-grandmother, and of course they are all telling me from the past in their old-people voices from decades ago that I still hear clearly today, "Be careful, don't break off the branches." Even a poor gardener like me can raise more beans than I can eat, and I love southern cooked green beans, where you throw in a couple of potatoes about three-quarters of the way through the process, and you don't have to chew those things, a whole stick of butter and four hours of simmering and they are absolutely just right (you meat eaters can put in your salt pork any time you like).

I ordered seed for dry beans, squash of four kinds, climbing peas, corn salad, lettuces, and much more. I went for the ones that said "excellent producer," or "high yielding." I bought only seeds that were marked heirloom, the kind I can save the seeds from year to year and save money. I stuck to the basics, except didn't get potatoes or winter squash, which would take up far more room than my little pools can provide.

Did you ever see the tomatoes and pumpkins that would come up on the compost pile as volunteers? As a kid, some of my best hubbard squashes came up off the compost and manure heaps, big 20+ pounders that we would store down in the basement. In mid-winter Grandma would have me lug one upstairs and we'd cut it, some for a wonderful pie she did with walnut topping, some for roasting with a big piece of angus beef.

There will be mint, to set aside for my winter teas, and of course catnip for the Boo. Just because every garden needs something that's for pretty and not much else, sunflowers to put against the front porch and show everyone walking by that I might dress funny but I'm an okay person.

I once visited a Buddhist garden in Columbus, Ohio, in February. Along the outside were raised beds of rich, dark soil, combed neat as could be, ready for spring planting. About a week after they gave me a tour, I dropped off several ten-cent packages of mint, spearmint, squash, and other seeds that were being closed out at a local hardware. In July, I stopped by again and the transformation was astounding. Almost everything was grown from an arbor-like trellis, delightful long cucumbers that had eight ridges, long red beans that dangled more than two foot from their still-setting blossoms, bottle shaped gourds.. We didn't share a spoken language, but one of the women pulled me by the hand to one of the raised beds, which was filled over-brimming, the height of my chest, with the most lush shrubby-like foliage. She reached down into the edge and pulled up a rain- and sun-damaged little paper envelope. The entire bed was the result of one package of spearmint seed. They had started them indoors, moved them into the prepared soil outside, and the results were incredible. They smiled, I smiled, and I dearly wished I could have told them they had me beat by a mile in the spearmint-growing department! I had to settle for smiling some more and clapping my hands, to their obvious delight.

I don't know yet how the food from my little effort, is getting out and about from my garden to others. It might be baskets of veggies left on a porch, it might be made into soup and handed through a door to someone who hasn't the health to stand at the stove any more. I might curry it up to the local food bank or it might get picked up by some third party and delivered directly. All I know is I cried as I filled out the seed order, looking for what had the most protein and shelf life and was easy to fix up. We signed for that house on Friday last and each night I've walked in that garden in the back yard, that garden that isn't there yet except in my dreams, with things growing from seeds requested on an order form that hasn't gotten to its designation yet.

Quakers were historically teased about "quaking" with the spirit of the Lord speaking to them, moving them. I hope that you too feel, this very springtime, that there is some little place that you can put a few extra seeds, and grow something that reminds another human being that there is Hope in the hard times ahead. Let the power of the Lord move you, and stir you up into action!

A Few Plain and Practical Resources for Self-Sufficiency

Make your own brooms—Broomcorn and supplies at R.E. Caddy, Box 14634, Greensboro, N.C. 27415, 336-273-3609.

Non-electrical tools and household goods, Lehman's, 877-438-5346, or write for a catalog, 289 N. Kurzen Rd., Dalton, OH 44618.

Modest clothing patterns for women and girls, try Candle on the Hill, R 139 E. Townline Rd., Athens, WI, 54411, or email: info@candleonthehill.net

Scrap Leather, lacing, and hides, all American leather, Real Leather People, P. O. Box 251, Sonora, KY 42776 or 270-369-8880 or sales@realleatherpeople.com

Sewing Supplies, Home-Sew Inc., P. O. Box 4099, Bethlehem, PA. 18018-0099

Plain Clothing and Household Goods, Sewing Supplies: Gohn Brothers, Box 1110, Middlebury, Indiana 46540-1110, toll free number 1-800-595-0031. All sewing done by local seamstresses to your measurements, at very reasonable prices for good quality.

Homeschooling, Pastoral, and Bible Study Reference Supplies, Christianbook offers free catalogs, call 1-800-CHRISTIAN, or write your request to Christianbook, 140 Summit Street, Peabody, MA 01960.

Order dried fruits and kitchen needs—Barry's Farm Foods, 20086 Mudsock Road, Wapakoneta, Ohio 45895, you can use paypal, and also can purchase their wares off of Ebay.

Linen and wool fabrics—nice wide 54" + widths, all new, \$5 a yard and up, Renaissance Fabrics, 1498 Depre Court, Concord, CA 94518

Countryroad Fabrics and Gifts, 2195 N 700W Shipshewana, Indiana, 46565, good resource for fabrics, snaps, prayer caps, and more.

Healthy natural soaps and salves, Cindy High, 905 Egeler Lane, Dexter, MI 48130

Children's books, wool, and farm products, Quaker Hill Farm, P. O. Box 10, Harrisville, MI 48742 (recently featured on Animal Planet!) Quaker Anne has all kinds of good things made from her farm, web site is www.quakeranne.com

Sisterthreads is a group of three Christian women who sew together in the daughter's house amongst her four children, one of which is special-needs. Although they focus on quilts, they also do a variety of purses and organizers for knitting needles, crochet hooks and other sewing items. Like myself, they know how important those made-in-America purchases can be to the crafter's pocketbook, and depend upon this income from the work of their hands. By mail: Sister Threads, P. O. Box 91, Herrietta, MI, 49638, or telephone, 231-389-0253.