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Evelyn Waite and Kathy Webber are collaborating on this project in an effort to encourage our Christian sisters and possibly *to inspire other women to participate in this effort.*



My Quilt

Today I made a tee-shirt quilt. I'm not a quilter, but I made a quilt. Actually, this quilt has been in the making for quite some time; and it is not finished yet. It doesn't look like a quilter's quilt; instead, it looks very much like an amateur's quilt.

My quilt reminds me a lot of my life. It is made up of squares from different times in my life and various places I have traveled. My childhood and early adult years were in New Mexico, but I have lived in Missouri the past 28 years. Squares from both states are in my quilt. There are squares from mission trips to Guyana where we carried the saving gospel to many Hindu people. There are squares from vacations in the Colorado Rockies and Mount Rushmore in South Dakota. Some squares are from gifts to me, such as the ones my husband brought me from various trips he took for work. The squares are different colors ranging from white backgrounds to black backgrounds.

Like my quilt, my life has been in the making for quite some time; and it is not finished yet—if the Lord lets me live another few minutes. My life is an amateur's life as I have walked in different times like the troubled '60's and in different places like New Mexico, Missouri, and Guyana. There have been times in my life where I have been black with sin; but now in the precious blood of Jesus, I am white and clean and pure.

Some things in my life have been given to me by others. The love and leadership of my wonderful husband have been steady gifts for many years. Our two sons have given me tremendous joy with their encouragement and support and their godly lives. The warmth of Christian sisters as they have lovingly encouraged me through the years has been a gift of untold value. The guidance and

teaching of elders, preachers, and Bible teachers have enriched the fabric of my life.

The love and mercy of my Savior blesses the quilt of my life every hour of every day. What a blessing it is to belong to Him!

Evelyn Waite
©August 22, 2009

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Alberta Rowden

Alberta Rowden has lived in Rolla almost all her life. She married at age 18, and her first child was born a year later. She had four children—two boys and two girls. Her daughter, Anne, was diagnosed with diabetes when she was 12 years old. When Anne was just 37 years old, she had a stroke on Thanksgiving Day and lived just 12 more days. In addition to her three living children, Alberta also has seven grandchildren, twelve great-grandchildren, and one great-great-grandchild.

She worked for a while in a music store. Luther Martin had just started the radio station about that time, and he would come in and buy records to play on the air. Before long, he offered her a job at the station. While there, her job was to write commercials and gather the news at the courthouse, the Highway Patrol, the Police Department, etc. On her news gathering stops at the Highway Patrol, she got acquainted with a desk sergeant whose daughter, Wendy, was getting married. Alberta made a quilt for her—the first quilt she made. Over the years since then, she has made hundreds of quilts. Just last year, she made 20 quilts. Alberta also worked at the USGS as a draftsman for two years.

After their first child was grown and had left home, Alberta's husband left her with three children to support. She rolled up her sleeves and worked three jobs in order to support herself and the children. She was hired at UMR; she did X-ray transcription; and she worked weekends at the Vichy Y Café—where she cooked, waited tables and did whatever else needed to be done. While working at the University from 1972 to 1986, she worked for 18 professors in the English Department. She typed manuscripts for them, kept records, and had lots of other duties as well.



One of her beautiful quilts

At one time, she attended Ridgeview church. A group of ladies at that church met one day each week and quilted, and that is where Alberta learned quilting. Luther Martin began to encourage her to attend the St. James Church of Christ, so she was there for a few years. After she started attending Rolla Church of Christ, she was aware of Ralph Rowden and his wife, Bernice, who died in 1985. Alberta and a group of women, most of them widows, used to visit with Bernice after she became very ill. A few months after Bernice's death, Ralph offered to take the whole group of women to lunch as a way of thanking them for being so good to his wife.

A couple of weeks later, Ralph approached Alberta and asked about having lunch. She said she would check with the other ladies and see if they could go—but he said, “No, just you.” They saw each other for a few months; and his daughters urged them to marry, which they did in 1986. They enjoyed 19 years together until Ralph's death in 2005. Her parents have also passed on, as have her only sister and all her first cousins.

She and Ralph enjoyed the college students at church, and Alberta saw many of them while working at the University. She decided they didn't eat very well, so she and Ralph invited them all to their home for home-cooked fried chicken. They expected the group at six o'clock, but they straggled in all the way to about 10 p.m. She says she was really tired of frying chicken by the end of the evening!



Alberta has made hundreds of quilts over the years, but Borgello (left) is her favorite pattern. The patterns and colors depend on who will be receiving the quilts. She made wedding quilts for all her children

and has made numerous wedding quilts for other

couples. She has lovingly crafted lots of small quilts for babies over the years.

She and Ralph enjoyed traveling to all the states except Hawaii, about which she says, “I don't do water!” Most of the time, they drove or took bus trips; but they did travel by train in Canada. They honeymooned in Florida and loved the flowers there. The flowers in Vancouver, British Columbia, were just as spectacular. Their travels also took them to the amethyst mines in Canada.

All her life, she has felt like she had to have something to show for her time. Now she feels guilty because she can no longer read or even watch television because she has lost sight in one eye. But she rarely feels sorry for herself. Instead, she says, “I feel so lucky.” She doesn't like to be negative and tries to find something humorous to say. She waves at people in cars she doesn't even know and impishly says, “It keeps them guessing.” She just wants to make people smile. Her many quilts have made numerous people smile over the years.

Alberta is a quilter extraordinaire and a true Treasure Among Us.

NOTE: *This is the eighth in a series highlighting noble Christian women in our congregation. We truly have many “treasures among us” in the women who exemplify Christianity in all its facets and have much to teach us all.*



The Church; God's Beautiful Album Quilt

I enjoy hand piecing and quilting; each stitch is made with love. As each individual piece is fit together, it becomes part of the whole. When the quilt is done, there are hundreds of individual pieces that have become one beautiful, functional quilt. Each individual piece contributes something special. In much the same way God stitches the Church together with love through the blood of Christ; one piece at a time, thus making one Church from many individuals. As each piece of fabric is not functional by itself, neither is each child of God. As God fits each of us together in fellowship, we become empowered to pursue His will. In doing so, all our individual experiences fit together as one for the glory and power of God.

“...but speaking truth in love, may we grow up in all things into him, who is the head, even Christ; from whom all the body fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplies, according to the working in due measure of each part, make the increase of the body unto the building up of itself in love. Ephesians 4:15-16

The most recent quilt I made was the 50th wedding anniversary album quilt (shown below). Each piece of the quilt tells part of my parents' story, from the time they were three years old through their grandchildren. The same similarity can be seen in the Church. Each child of God has an individual story and talent. As an individual, it is difficult to stay focused on God, to meet all the needs of others, to reach and teach others, and to remain encouraged. However, when God stitches his children together as one, we became His beautiful album quilt. The Church as one becomes strong because all talents are incorporated as a whole; different strengths come together as a whole, and we become stronger. As a whole, the Church tells the beautiful story of Christ.



For this reason, let us allow God to stitch us together in love as one, to strengthen each other to His glory.

“For I would have you know how greatly I strive for you, and for them at Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh; that their hearts may be comforted, they being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurances of understanding, that they may know the mystery of God, even Christ, in whom are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge hidden.” Colossians 2:1-3

Teresa Campbell, Boss, MO
©June, 2014

Excellence in Quilting

Barbara King was first introduced to quilting by a friend, Mary Gibson. As she works on quilts, she thinks about the person or couple it is for and prays for them. Most of the quilts she does are for family members. In fact, the first ones she made were for her boys.

At one time, she took in quilt tops and finished quilting them. At first, it was hand quilting, but nowadays she



does all machine quilting. She puts the blocks together on the machine, then sets the quilt together on the machine. Even the final quilting is done on the machine.

As with all tasks Barbara undertakes, be it coordinating and serving funeral dinners, cake decorating, quilting, etc., she does an excellent job. In fact, Colossians 3:17 accurately describes Barbara: “*Whatever you do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks through him to God the Father.*”

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A bed without a quilt

Is like a sky

Without stars!

✦✦✦✦✦

Ode to My Wife, the Quilter

Author Unknown

She learned to quilt on Monday
Her stitches were very fine
She forgot to thaw out dinner
So we went out to dine.

She quilted miniatures on Tuesday
She says they are a must
They really were quite lovely
But she forgot to dust.

On Wednesday it was a sampler
She says the stippling's fun
What hi-lights! What shadows!
But the laundry wasn't done.

Her patches were on Thursday
Green, yellow, blue and red
I guess she really was engrossed
She never made the bed.

It was wall hangings on Friday
In colours she adores
It never bothered her at all
The crumbs on all the floors.

I found a maid on Saturday
My week is now complete
My wife can quilt the hours away
The house will still be neat.

Well it's already Sunday
And I'm about to wilt
I cursed, I raved, I ranted,
The **MAID** has learned to **QUILT!**

✦✦✦✦✦

A good friend is like

A warm quilt

Wrapped around the heart!

✦✦✦✦✦

The Quilt

Living in Kansas all those years, we had time to put together a lot of quilts during the long, cold winters. Mom made one for each of the kids to take to college with them.



As I look over the one she gave to me, I see material from one of my favorite dresses. I remember the good feelings I had whenever I put that dress on to go to a special occasion. There's also material from the blouse that didn't fit quite right and didn't really go with anything I had. Other pieces are

made from my brothers' shirts or my sisters' skirts that I may recognize, but they don't stir any feelings whatsoever.

Whether I liked the material or not, it took scraps from all the material my mother could find to put together the nice warm quilt that I snuggled under on cold nights. Each piece, in its own way, played an important part in making that quilt.

There are people that pass through our lives. Some of them are best friends, and we cherish the time we spend together and the memories we share. Others pass through, and we are glad their stay was not any longer than it was. Most of our lives are full of people we may recognize, but don't really know anything about.

Whatever your feelings about these people, each one has played a part in forming the make-up of your life. They've each touched your life in a way you may not even realize. Let's keep our eyes open to the many people we come in contact with, and share with them the good news of Jesus!

Lorna Smith, Lubbock, Texas
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QUILTING—A FAMILY TRADITION

When I was about 7 years old, my maternal grandmother, Ethel Wilson, introduced me to quilting. Nannie and I got to work together for a brief time before my family moved from Louisiana back to New Mexico. I didn't really do any more quilting until I had my own grandbabies to quilt for.

The first design Nannie and I worked on together was a double wedding ring quilt that we made from shirts and dresses of family members who had passed away. I don't

remember who the quilt was for, but I cherish the memories of working on it with Nannie.

Some of my favorite designs are “tumbling blocks” and strip designs like “log cabin” because I am able to finish them quicker than designs that require a lot of cutting. Cutting is one of my least favorite parts of quilting. Combinations of blues are the colors I like best, but working on any bright, cheery combination brightens my day. I like to use colors and designs that will be peaceful for the recipient of the quilt. I want the quilt to be one in which they can snuggle up and go to their “cozy” place.



Most of my quilts are for family and/or for gifts. I don't even own one quilt I've made that is larger than a table runner. It is simply a hobby for me—a hobby I have only gotten back into in the past 5 years or so—except for special occasions like a new grand baby. Quilting is both relaxing and rewarding for me.

These days, I live in Alvarado, Texas, just south of Dallas/Fort Worth. Since I got back into quilting again, I have found that handling a needle for long periods of time for hand quilting is difficult, so I do almost all of my quilting on my sewing/embroidery machine. I have a simple frame that can be used with a sewing machine but hope someday to get a true long-arm quilter.” I really admire quilts displayed at shows and in quilt shops. I also enjoy most other types of needlework, too.

Shirley Gaston, Alvarado, Texas
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Sunrise is a monthly newsletter written and/or assembled by Kathy Webber and Evelyn Waite, members of the Rolla Church of Christ. If you would like your sisters in Christ or your relatives, friends, co-workers or neighbors to receive it, you can share your copy with them. If they would like to receive it, please send their email addresses to evelynwa@fidmail.com.

