



Just Stitch,

After working on this cross-stitch for almost a year, I laid the finished piece out on the kitchen counter. I smoothed it out and stood back to really look at it. I felt proud. I felt connected to my Grandmother (a woman so skilled with needle work).

Looking at this finished piece, I'm humbled at the year it represents. I ordered this cross-stitch at the start of covid, about this time last year. Before this, my self-taught cross-stitch experience included one and half (this piece still sits unfinished) starter pieces. I had never done anything so large and involved. When I ordered it, I wasn't sure what it would require of me. When it arrived, I opened it up and didn't even think about how it would turn out or whether I could/would finish such a large piece.

I just started.

The whole piece went that way...No thinking, just doing.

Each time I picked it up to work on it, I settled in my seat and simply moved my hands. Following the pattern, watching and feeling my hands, the cloth, the ring, the needle, the thread. Shoulders relaxed, hands moving. No thoughts about covid, no worries about health or finances or "what's coming". Just one stitch after the other. Again, and again and again. Relaxed, at ease. Nothing to do in those moments but stitch. It was like hitting the reset button: Pause; sit; breathe; stitch.

I've hung my cross-stitch up on the wall...In a place where I look at it every day. It's a hanging reminder of a years' worth of: Just stitch. Again, and again and again.

Warm Regards,

Becky & Shelley

"Laughingly, she says that she has made a substitution in the cross-stitched sampler that hangs on the walls of her inner life. It used to say, "Life is only for the well." Now it says, "Anything worth doing is worth doing half-assed."



"Contentment is the greatest treasure."
-Lao Tzu

--Rachel, Naomi Remen, M.D., from the book "Kitchen Table Wisdom"

