

# Imaginations

## Patchwork

Andie's eyes slowly read the note inside the box her father had left on her bed. She had spent the afternoon alone, even though several people offered to be with her. She didn't want company, she needed to be alone. Warren had been a sweetheart, only thinking about her, not about what was best for him. She loved him and it broke her heart to tell him that she did not want him to be with her. It was nothing personal, he said he understood.

The note was from her grandmother. Andie's eyes slowly filled with tears. This shouldn't be so hard, it just shouldn't. Andie knew it was inevitable, but something deep inside her heart kept telling her it would not happen. But it had. Now Andie read through the note.

"Just a little something to keep you warm on those cold nights you are away from home. Love Grandma"

Andie couldn't help but smile. That was her grandmother always looking out for her, even now that she was no longer here. Andie tried to blink away the threatening tears, but it was a futile attempt. Warm tears slowly slid down her face. It had seemed that since she had heard the news that was all she had been doing. Most of the way home from university she had been silent, but she had cried. Warren had been so helpful. He had even offered to drive her home, knowing full well that he would be missing classes.

The funeral was something else. Andie had never cried so much in all her life. Then, when her dad had said there was a package for her from her grandmother, Andie had to get away.

Her grandmother was getting on in years, but she had still found time for Andie. She had been the only grandparent Andie had known, all the others passed away before Andie had been born. Her older siblings never had quite the same connection with her grandmother that Andie did. They tried to help her through it to the best of their ability, but right at this moment it was not enough.

She folded the note up and placed it gingerly on her pillow. Andie summoned her courage by taking a few deep breaths. She pulled open the flaps of the box. She opened the tissue paper that hid the gift inside.

Andie removed the mass of material from the box. She inhaled sharply, and then proceeded to spread out the quilt. There before her eyes was the last thing her grandmother had ever made for her.

In front of her a quilt of magnificent colours was unfurled. Her eyes raked over the quilt. It was a patchwork quilt made up of different pieces of materials, all fashioned in a similar pattern. Andie looked closer at the quilt, all the materials were familiar to her. The light shade of blue was from the baby quilt her grandmother had made her. The yellow was from her niece's christening gown. The pink was from her mother's wedding dress. Some of the prints were from shirts her brothers used to wear. The green striped material was the same as some of the doll clothes that she had as a child. Andie smiled as her fingers ran smoothly over the nice even stitches that held the quilt together. Her grandmother had made this with so much love and kindness, it just warmed Andie to the bone. Her grandmother had chosen all those materials for a reason, she knew they would all mean something special to Andie.

Andie wrapped herself up in the quilt. She could literally feel her grandmother's arms around her. She began to cry. This time her tears were not tears of mourning but tears of happiness. Andie knew that even though her grandmother was gone, she would always have a part of her. This quilt was more than just patchwork, it was a life's work, it was memories that would never die. Andie looked at her quilt in the mirror on the back of her door. It was at that moment that Andie saw the most beautiful pattern on the entire quilt. Down on the right hand corner of the quilt there was a large heart made from the material that used to be her grandmother's apron, and on that heart was her grandmother's initials. Andie smiled knowing that this patchwork was more than just material, thanks to her grandmother's love.

DEAR JOHN

advice from a slightly  
different perspective

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See you next issue!!