

Home

With

The

Armadillo

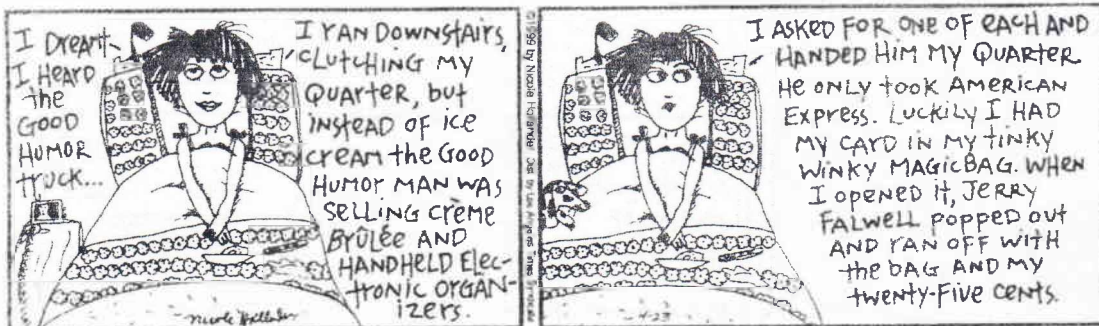


Home with the Armadillo #54 is brought to you by Liz Copeland of 3243 165th Ave. SE, Bellevue WA 98008. Phone number is 425-641-0209. Email is received at lizc@nwlk.com. Started in July 2002, for SFPA 228.

The first of June, I flew to Indianapolis for my stepfather's funeral and to help my mom deal with everything. The day after Bill's funeral, one of my uncles died. So I stayed for another week for that funeral and to help my mom cope. I do not recommend 2 funerals in one week. I am still grieving over Bill. While he became my stepfather after I had already left for college, it has been over 25 years since their wedding. Allie & JJ think of him as their grandfather and we all miss him.

We were very lucky not to have 3 funerals in June. Allie's boyfriend Joe rolled his car late one night while driving home when he fell asleep and drifted off the freeway. The car was totaled, it was about 3 am in the morning by the time he was done at the emergency room, and his parents weren't answering their phone so he called Allie. She and I went to the emergency room to keep him company until they did get ahold of his parents. His mom showed up about 20 minutes after we did. She had the thrilling experience of being woken up by a policeman at the door to tell her that her son was at the emergency room. This is one thing I sincerely hope James doesn't put us through. Three a.m. runs to the emergency room are only slightly less fun than 2 funerals in one week.

SYLVIA



The next day, Jeff and I went for a long weekend to Victoria, BC. We had planned the trip weeks earlier for our birthday celebration and by the time the weekend came around we were very ready for it. It was a nice trip. We found 3 very good restaurants, went on a whale watching trip that was exhilarating, fun, cold, and wet, spent hours at the Butchart gardens looking at their gorgeous roses (and the other 7 theme gardens they have), and even had time to spend an evening sitting in the hot tub at the B&B. The weekend was just what I needed.

Our next major weekend was the 4th of July. Once again we talked about going to see a fireworks show and failed to do so. We did see some of the ones at the south end of Lake Sammamish from our deck. Next year, we'll try to remember what happened this year and go down to the Tully's coffee house at the tip of the lake and watch from there. While Allie would love to go the music festival at Marymoor Park, the thought of dragging James, the kid who hates crowds and lots of noise, to a place with thousands of people and staying for several hours until it's dark enough for the fireworks is less than appealing. But I'm starting to have serious fireworks withdrawal pain. I'm used to watching them every year. Admittedly, in LA, we'd go find a lounge on top of a tall building and sit and watch them all over the place while having a drink and great conversation with friends. Obviously, I don't require the blanket on the wet grass component of traditional fireworks shows. But I do need the pretty lights and someone else to go "Ooh!" and "Aah!" with.



On July 13, we had our annual big summer party, usually called the Bastille Day party. This year, I restarted the tradition of making fruit tarts. I used my pie book rather than my lost in the moves tart book and I found the pastry cream recipe less than satisfying. Actually, it tasted really good but it wasn't the pastry cream I remember and wanted. This means I now have to find either a good tart book or a good pastry cream recipe from the books in the library. But, I have a year to do it in. And then I can do a pastry cream taste off. We also invited some local fans for the first time in this location. We had a great time talking with Alan Rosenthal (an ex-Golden Apa member) and his wife, Janice Murray, and we hope to have them over to dinner sometime soon. Janice is working at the worldcon so it may have to wait until after Labor Day but I'm already planning who else to invite. [Interesting sidebar: Word wants that to be "whom else to invite" in that last sentence. But if I remove the else, it doesn't mind the who. Sometimes I wonder how good this software actually is at the grammar thing.]

And on July 16, my mom arrived for a 2-week stay. (Yes, we're in the middle of it right now.) We went down to Portland to see my quilt in the traveling exhibit of the America: From the Heart quilts. This is why my mom came when she did; normally she'd try to hit my birthday and come for July 6. I also wanted to see the other quilts because I know how much detail of my quilt doesn't show in even the best photo and I wanted to see the details on the other traveling exhibit quilts. This is an amazing collection of quilts. (Note that the book is now in it's third printing although Amazon is still selling the first printing based on the gift copies I ordered recently.) The exhibit was at the Embellishments Bead show that is a show

OVER THE HEDGE

THEY SAY YOU SHOULD
WRITE WHAT YOU KNOW...
BUT I SAY YOU SHOULD
WRITE WHAT **NO ONE**
KNOWS...

GIANT
SQUIDS!



email: hedge@nucentrix.net

NO...
THE NAUGHTY
NINJA NURSES
FROM PLANET
THONG!

WHOA...



LOOK...GUYS...
I APPRECIATE
THE HELP...
BUT THIS IS
A **PERSONAL**
JOURNEY I
NEED TO GO
ON **ALONE**...



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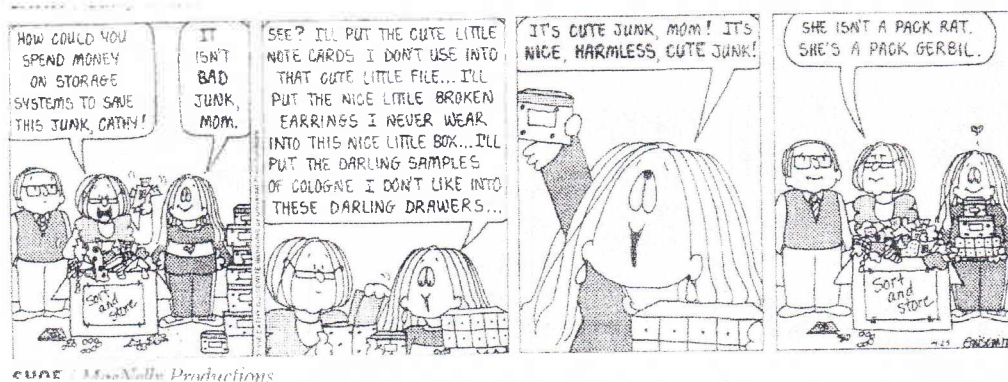
ANYWAY, I SEE THEM
AS A GALACTIC FORCE
FOR HEALING....

(AND KICKING GIANT
SQUID BUTT!)

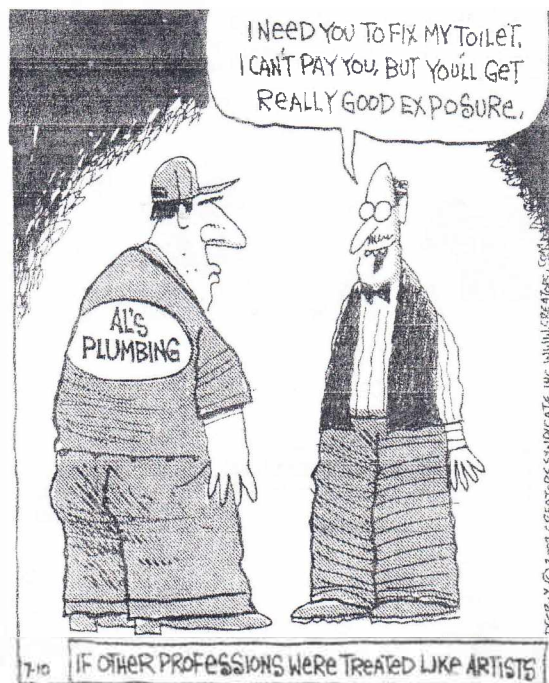


dedicated to making things from beads and the vendor's room is full of beads and other great embellishment things. So I was impressed at the number of people taking time to look at the quilts. I wish I had had the stamina to read more of the memory book. It has traveled with the exhibit and was there in Houston in November 2001. I tried to read some of the comments written in Houston and had to give up before I burst into tears. I think the organizer is planning to make copies of the memory book and send them to us but I'm not sure. I hope she does. Allie was unable to look at more than 2 or 3 of the quilts in total. Of course, she started with my quilt and then spotted the other quilt dealing with the impact of the loss on children and that's when she had to go bead shopping instead. We did enjoy the bead shopping and I got a few textile-based items for me to have fun with during the remainder of the summer.

The rest of the time, we've been hitting the thrift stores and the garage sales as my mom loves recreational shopping, and that's been fun too. I sometimes think that garage sales are the functional equivalent of hunting because a big part of it is tracking down the sales by following these obscure little signs stapled to telephone poles and stop signs. "Look! There's another fluorescent green arrow, turn quick!" This means I am continuing the process of stuff coming into the house. And I now keep a bag or box in the house to put stuff to be donated in. Stuff in, stuff out, part of the process of life. And sometimes I even organize it.



The weekend of the deadline, we're going to the Bellevue Art Fair. This is a major regional show that has been going on since the late 50's. I hope someday to be juried into it as one of the artists. We go each year so I can see what other quilt artists are doing, and what sells well. And to enjoy all the pretty arts and crafts. My whole art/quilt business thing is taking longer than I wanted but I keep plugging. As I keep telling James, persistence counts more than genius. Although, I bet getting a webpage up sure wouldn't hurt.



On the back cover, I have a series of comics that express my feelings about James and his Xbox. He would be perfectly happy to spend the whole summer glued to the TV either for the sci-fi channel, or the Xbox game console. I've been forcing him to go to pottery class, play games with his grandmother, do art projects with me (we've finished one pillow for his favorite stuffie), and go swimming. Only 5 weeks to go...

