

Reba McEntire, Forward

Have you ever made a quilt? I have. it's one of the most therapeutic and calming things I've ever done.

Both of my grandmothers made quilts, my mama did, and my aunt Jeannie did. I loved to open that trunk.

Back when I was living at home, I remember during the winter months mama would set up her sewing machine. From a dress or blouse she had made for one of us earlier.

Then, when she had sewn all the squares sewn together, she'd lay the batting on the living room floor.

I feel very blessed to have received one of mama's quilts. I sleep under it every night I'm home. it does the trick.

When daddy's mother died in 1950, one year before my sister Alice was born, mama got the trunk to herself.

But as only Susie would do, she cut the makings of the quilt into four squares, had them quilted, put them in the trunk.

That's how thoughtful Susie is. she could have kept the quilt for herself, but, instead, she shared with us.

That's also the charm of a quilt. like a mother, it wraps its arms around you-soft, yet so sturdy, and so warm.

Can you just imagine the visiting, the stories, and the fellowship that have gone on during the making of a quilt?

That's what you call "comfort from a country quilt." I hope this book is as comforting to you as a quilt.

So grab your favorite quilt, wrap up, get comfortable, and enjoy.

From me to you.

Love,
Reba