



Cathy, Dick, and I flew off to Houston for Quilt Market, so grateful that the area had pulled together so well after the Hurricane, and were able to accommodate all the quilters that descend on them every fall. Taxi drivers told us what the time had been like and how thankful they were that it wasn't worse, at least in the Houston area. Nearby Galveston Island didn't fare as well and everyone's hearts go out to them.

So we rode the bus back and forth from the hotel to the convention center in the unreal atmosphere of \$14 cheeseburgers and \$9 hot dogs. But the inspiration of all the beautiful fabrics and great patterns and new tools overrode those aspects.

We walked booth to booth at the convention center, picking up new patterns, books and buying bolt after bolt of fabric. Cathy did a great job in spite of having had foot surgery a few weeks before. You just can't keep an avid quilter from buying fabric!

And there were many, many wonderful fabrics. We ordered Fairies in full-size panels with Fairy Frost fabric to coordinate; a beautiful new home dec look in soft rose, cream gray blue and soft teal by Robyn Pandolph. We also ordered next year's Halloween and Christmas! Nancy Halvorsen's new collection is "I

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Believe" with santas and sayings, a great assortment. (With all fabrics, but especially holiday fabrics, you need to buy them when you see them, because they probably won't be reprinted.)

The weather was nice the whole time we were there, but the last day as we got on the bus to meet one of our favorite salesmen for breakfast, we had what Cathy later called "gale force winds." I thought I was the embellisher in the family, but as Cathy told the story again and again, I realized she can compete any time. I'd had a bad hair day, and used lots of hair spray to try to hide the fact. I thought I was fine, but as we left the doorway toward the bus, I realized my efforts might have been in vain. So I tried to shield my head, and we got to the bus when the lady in front of us decided to stop and discuss with her friend whether or not to take their suitcase inside. By the time they got it sorted out, my hard work at the mirror was destroyed. We jumped in, with Cathy by the window. To hear Cathy tell it, every woman who walked by me tried to smooth out my hair! By the end of the day as she recounted it again, with even more embellishments, we were so tired that we almost laughed 'til we cried. That kind of happens to us when we get tired.

But we did have a great trip and hope we brought home orders for all kinds of things that you'll like as much as we did!