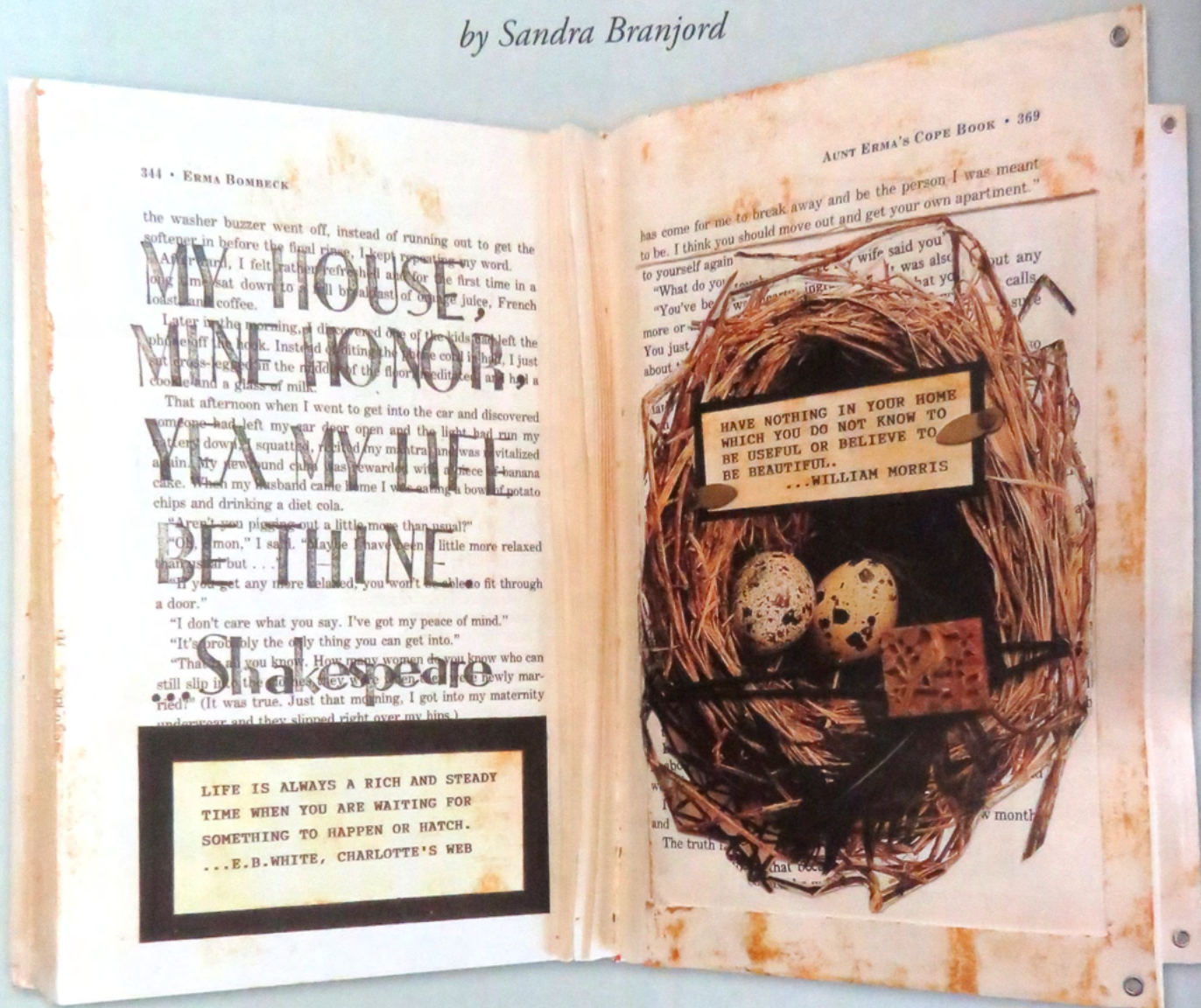


HOME

by Sandra Branjord



344 • ERMA BOMBECK

the washer buzzer went off, instead of running out to get the softener in before the final rinse, I kept repeating my word.

Afterward, I felt rather refreshed and for the first time in a long time sat down to a full breakfast of orange juice, French toast and coffee.

Later in the morning, I discovered one of the kids had left the phone off the hook. Instead of waiting for the cold fish, I just cut across eggs on the riddle of the floor, meditated, and had a cookie and a glass of milk.

That afternoon when I went to get into the car and discovered someone had left my car door open and the light had run my battery down, I squatted, rubbed my mantras and was revitalized again. My new found calm was rewarded with a piece of banana cake. When my husband came home I was eating a bowl of potato chips and drinking a diet cola.

"Aren't you pigging out a little more than usual?"

"Oh, no, no," I said. "Maybe I have been a little more relaxed than usual but . . ."

"If you get any more relaxed, you won't be able to fit through a door."

"I don't care what you say. I've got my peace of mind."

"It's probably the only thing you can get into."

"That's all you know. How many women do you know who can still slip into their dresses every day when they are newly married?" (It was true. Just that morning, I got into my maternity underwear and they slipped right over my hips.)

LIFE IS ALWAYS A RICH AND STEADY TIME WHEN YOU ARE WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO HAPPEN OR HATCH. . . . E.B. WHITE, CHARLOTTE'S WEB

AUNT ERMA'S COPE BOOK • 369

has come for me to break away and be the person I was meant to be. I think you should move out and get your own apartment."

to yourself again . . . my wife said you . . . was also . . . out any

"What do you . . . ing . . . that you . . . calls

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more or . . . You just . . . about . . .

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BELIEVE TO BE BEAUTIFUL

Cut out a picture of a bird's nest. Attach bird ornament with eyelets and cord to the front of the nest. Attach quote to top of nest with photo anchors. Cut a frame opening on the right page and glue in the nest collage. Stamp Shakespeare quote on left page. Add typed quote.

When I saw the call for Le Chateau I thought right away about a little wood house that I had done for a class last year. I was about to mail it in when I started thinking about what a house really meant to me. I love quotes and this quote by Elsie de Wolfe came to mind, "It is not the home I love, but the life that is lived there." I decided to combine book and house so I could better tell the story of my home.

I was born the last of seven children and was the only one left at home when my mother passed away. I was 7 years old and it was so traumatic that I have lost the memory of anything before that day. So home for me and home for my

siblings was very different — home for them was bursting with activity and home for me was a very lonely place. But by talking to family and reading old letters I have pieced together a warm and loving home with a warm and loving mother.

This project, this home, is my journey into the past that brings alive that home for me. I used the bird and nest as a symbol of bringing forth, nurturing, and letting go. It starts with the birth of my mother and ends with the letting go of my own children to grow and fly.

A house to me, a home, is the people and the life in it. We are born, we grow, and if we are really lucky, we fly. →



THE SHELL MUST BREAK
BEFORE THE BIRD CAN FLY

SHE WHO WOULD
LEARN TO FLY
MUST FIRST
LEARN TO
STAND
AND WALK
AND RUN
AND CLIMB
AND DANCE
ONE CANNOT
FLY INTO
FLYING

H₄ O₁ M₃ E₁

was impeccable, her hair looked like an unmade bed, and she was over twelve.

"You have no college," said Miss Sawyer.

Connie cleared her throat. "I was going to take some classes at the junior college, but I couldn't find a parking place."

"You didn't check the box marked 'no,'" Miss Sawyer said, as if she were grading a term paper.

Connie wanted to say, "only during the moon," but decided against it. "Female," she said. Miss Sawyer checked it off.

"Your experience is limited," she observed. "Have you no computer experience?"

She married right out of high school. Connie thought Miss Sawyer shook her head. "I'm afraid you're just too young for anything we have, but we'll keep your application on file and if anything comes up, we'll call you." She reached for a phone (a personal trick), signaling that the interview was over.

Connie sat in the parking lot, her head bowed over the steering wheel. She was too angry to cry. Not qualified for anything. Who said so? A child, not unlike her own, who should have known better, said so. She had wanted to go to the library to the desk. "I know about And you know the man who had you lying around, miss, you pay for your behind. I don't see what hanging around for you is. I went to your class plays crepe paper for you. I went to your parties. I went to your and took your pictures and clapped the loudest. I went to your science fairs and walked for hours. So you explained how basal mole can cure cancer."

"I used to be a pianist. I balanced your books and made out the buds. I learned how to sew and to cut hair. I made a thousand hamburger before anyone knew it could be helped. I gave sand decisions. One day, you called me. You kept you well, and gave you stability. I listened to you when you talked. Now you when you talked. And I cried with



tain them, feed them, and discipline them with firmness and love. She also drove.

Estelle had been a single parent for two years and had been through an entire alphabet of government services and organization.

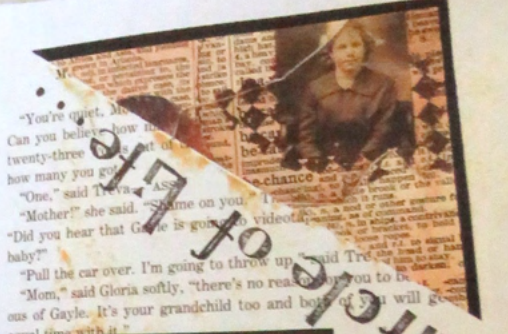
HOME IS A PLACE NOT ONLY OF STRONG AFFECTIONS, BUT OF ENTIRE UNRESERVE. IT IS LIFE'S UNDRRESS REHEARSAL, ITS BACKROOM, ITS DRESSING ROOM.

... HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

ROOTS & WINGS

Stamp roots and wings quote on the left page. Turn down top half of right page to form pocket. Adhere printout of vintage images with wings onto background. Slide into the pocket. Add home quote into outside of pocket.

552 If in her... Maybe they see... Non... A... both... ve... W... make... food... diet. They celebrated hot... on the... park, hamburgers that... heated in... sauce, charred marsh... on a... hanger, and anything... longer... thirteen days... they refused to eat anything that hadn't danced on... mid-1970's... up to a cold, hard fact. Home cooking... up by a mother... of nutrition and a well-balanced diet served... Show biz food was in! Hamburgers with cute names, catchy songs about tacos, and free balloons with every shake. I did what any red-blooded American mother would do. I fought back. I installed golden arches above the stove with an electric score... focused a red light on the pie to keep it warm. I... A lighted menu and a drive-in window and served everything in... that leaked coleslaw and contained a two-inch plastic... ed pizza... a straw hat and a zane. And when their... I propped my mouth open with a fork and... hair... to it, but it didn't work. WE ALL... nothing... to a child about eating in a car OTHER'S... every... of the year. FAMILY JO... FEUDS AND JOYS... ate all of our meals in the car. AND JOYS... Would a cup... thing. He said, "Didn't TOUCH OF TIME... I wanted for my birthday?" We... home... band. "Can we how ticked off you were when I... "I was ticked off because the woman was... and it was her eleven-year-old daughter who had



A WOMAN IS THE FULL CIRCLE. WITHIN HER IS THE POWER TO CREATE, NURTURE AND TRANSFORM.

... DIANE MARIECHILD

"You're quiet. Do... Can you believe... how many you got... "One," said Treva... "Mother?" she said... "Did you hear that... baby?" "Pull the car over. I'm going to throw up," said Treva... "Mom," said Gloria softly... of Gayle. It's your grandchild too and both of you will ge... some time with it."

THE HEART OF COLOR OF

WENDELL HOLMES

CIRCLE OF LIFE
Create two free center pages into triangle form by folding outside corners toward the middle to create the look of a diamond. Fasten points with brads. Stamp quote around edges of diamond. Create large family tags to go in pockets.

"You don't have to shout," said Ginny. "He's retarded. Not dead."
 Peggy slipped out of her coat. "You're not in another one of your moods, are you? You look tired around the eyes."
 "You want Brooke Shields? Come after lunch. Coffee?"
 "Sure. Hold the sugar. I'm cutting back. Hey, did Sue call?"
 "What's she selling?" snapped Ginny.
 "What made you think she was selling anything? She just wants to invite us over for an evening of shallow conversation and a fattening dessert."
 "She never serves cashews without a reason. She's always buying something—plants, plastics, jewelry. Call me cautious, but I'm always suspicious. She sometimes invites me over for dessert and then says, 'Oh by the way, wear clean underwear and bring your checkbook.'"
 Peggy took her handbag off the table and hesitated. She didn't know if this was a good time or a bad time to give Ginny the column she had clipped from the newspaper on mothers of handicapped children.
 She unfolded the column slowly. "Got something for you. As soon as I read it. Although, of you."
 "Don't tease me. I've been named Miss Congeniality in the Pillsbury Bake-Off."
 "I was going to save it for Mother's Day, but I think you need it today. Read it."
 Ginny took a deep breath and began to read in a sing-song voice. "Most women become mothers by accident, some by choice, a few by social pressures, and a couple by habit." Her head jerked up.

HOME HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE BOARDS
 AND NAILS THAT MADE OUR RESIDENCE.
 HOME WAS HERE, IN MY HUSBAND'S ARMS.
 HERE WAS MY REFUGE. HERE WAS MY LOVE.
 ...JANENE WOLSEY BAADSGAARD

"There was a Rosemary's Baby Wilma. "Something I couldn't put
 "They were just active little chi
 "You weren't here the day they
 arms and said they were going
 Wilma. "I'm telling you, Herb, this
 "Are you saying you're glad the
 "I'm saying I think they planned
 "Then why did we find crumbs
 house? Is that the act of children
 Wilma had no answer. The case
 her defense. She was a stepmother
 real affection for her two charges
 who she mentioned in the
 be a ... Wilma ... and un
 She sentenced ... a pris
 of ... innocen ... SAID.



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HERE WAS MY LOVE

Stamp heart quote on the left page. Attach a quote about boards and nails to the bottom. Fold the middle page in half lengthwise. Position wedding figures on the half page. On the page beneath the half page, adhere hinges and attach a mother quote fashioned to look like a door. Add handle. Glue Scrabble tiles to the edge of the page to spell "sanctuary." →

TOOLS & MATERIALS

- Acrylic paint: white
- Adhesive: (Fabri-Tac)
- Alphabet stamps: (PSX)
- Book: hardback, thick
- Brads
- Buttons: mother-of-pearl
- Cardstock: black, manila
- Die-cut: bird
- Embellishments: bird egg, bird ornament, mama bird, small birds
- Eyelets
- Game pieces: (Scrabble)
- House: wooden
- Images: family, nest
- Inkpad: (StazOn — black); (Fresco)
- Metal fastener: (Acco)
- Metal hinges
- Permanent marker: brown
- Photo anchors
- Quote book
- Ribbon: silk
- Varnish: water-based

MOTHERHOOD

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Edward Richard Kiekhoefer

Edward Richard Kiekhoefer
died Tuesday, July 25 at
Bethesda Hospital, St Paul.
He was born May 13, 1896 in
After to Albert and Augusta
Linsad Kiekhoefer. He married
Doris Whitney on January 31,
1922 in New Richmond. Mrs.
Kiekhoefer preceded him in
death on January 8, 1953 in New
Richmond.

He is survived by one son,
Edward Roberts, five
daughters, Alice (Mrs. Virgil
Emerson, New Richmond,
Marion (Mrs. Ervin Champeau,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Romona
(Mrs. Virgil) Sandmann, St.
Elaine (Mrs. Robert)
Anchorage, Alaska and
a (Mrs. Jerry) Branford,
Ford, Ohio, 23 grandchildren
and great grandchildren.



In Memory of
EDWARD RICHARD KIEKHOEFER
Born
MAY 13, 1896
MERCER, WISCONSIN
Passed Away
JULY 25, 1978
PAUL, MINNESOTA



MRS. EDWARD R. KIEKHOEFER

Rev. Marvin Grunke, pastor of
Christ Lutheran church, Somerset,
officiated on Monday, January 12
when funeral services were held
at 2:30 p.m. Mrs. Edward R. Kiek-
hoefer passed away Thursday,
January 8 in Holy Family hospital.
Interment was in Oakland ceme-
tery, Star Prairie, and pallbearers
were...

Doris Luella Whitney was born
the township of Erie, on De-
of July
ey She
1, 1924
Surviv-
a son,
Roberts,
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**AND EACH HEART IS WHISPERING,
"HOME, HOME AT LAST."
... THOMAS HOOD**

HOME IS ...

Create a collage of photos and newspaper cutouts. Adhere collage to cutout of house. Add a black ribbon. Place on right page.

FLY

On the right page stamp quote. Cut out the left page. Make a color copy with an image of nest in the center. Glue the new copied page back into place. Enlarge text from the book, cut out and place onto slightly larger background of black matboard. Add above and below the image of the nest. Add a soaring bird to the top of the page to illustrate the point. Drap a silk ribbon with a long quote printed on it over the page. Attach a baby picture of yourself to the end.

"What are you talking about?"
"Boot us out. Clean house."
"Don't think it hasn't crossed my mind." She looked
desperately for a place to sit down. "I've tried to be a good
mother, Mark. And a patient one. I really have."
"You've been a good mother," he said evenly. "So
finish your job."
"What do you mean finish my job?"
"You chickened out. All our lives you told us what to
do, how to do it, and when. You've done it. You don't have
to prove anything anymore. It's graduation day. Say good-
bye to us and get on with your life."

"Don't think it hasn't crossed my mind." She looked desperately
for a place to sit down. "I've tried to be a good mother, Mark.
And a patient one. I really have."

"You've been a good mother," he said evenly. "So finish your
job."

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"You chickened out. All our lives you told us what to do, how
to do it, and when. You've done it. You don't have to prove any-
thing anymore. It's graduation day. Say good-bye to us and get
on with your life."

"You have no right to come to me. I've had to raise it all
with you kids—from birth to anger to guilt and back again."

"You're at martyrdom. You've been there long enough. How
long can you keep booting me?" Mother of the Year?

"Is that what you want? To be the Mother of the Year?"

They sat there for a long time.

Finally Janet said, "What was I thinking of doing?"

"You always said there was just one more thing to do."

"That was before I knew you showed up in my underwear."

She smiled.

They looked at one another for a long time.
"Mom," said Mark, "I'm scared."
"Me too," said Janet, closing the door.

Epilogue

Her neighbor warned she'd feel different when the kid sat around
connecting liver spots on Mommy's arms.

Her happy boy said, "I thought you were the oldest mother in
North America, but I looked it up in the Guinness Book of World
Records and there was a woman who gave birth when she was 57
years and 129 days."

Her former boss told her that the expression, "Children keep
you young," was first said by a ninety-year-old mother in Mil-
waukee who was giving it when she turned seventy-two.

How many years ago a napper would be said that most children
are wanted. For every child abandoned in a bus station, there's
a list of adoptive parents who have waited and prayed for years
to hold a baby.

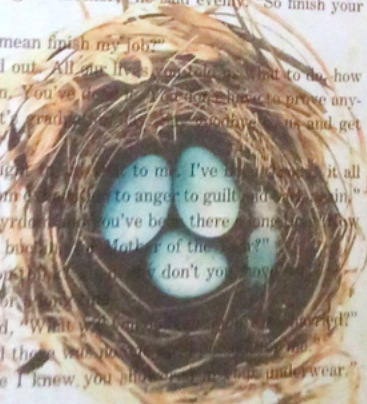
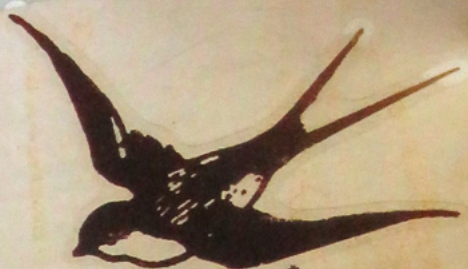
For every woman who has an abortion there are women who
are fighting for both of their lives against still odds.

For every mother who complains how much a child costs, how
much trouble they are, and how much different their lives would
be if they had them, there are thousands of women who would
have been whole without them.

Janet said, "You're a healthy six-pound, five-ounce son. She
had never known before, nor would ever know again, such a feeling
of exhilaration.

There is a lot of Cora in most of us, more than we like to admit.
At whatever age, we are aware of the miracle that is a new life.
We are filled with joy and wonder by the process that gives us
our immortality. Why are we so reluctant to admit it?

THEY MUST BREAK BEFORE THE BIRD CAN FLY... unknown



Mona was allergic to domesticity and let me do it, but it happened because she wasn't "in electricity." There's always a spare tire of their station wagon? reclaim them without a scene.

The Spooners stayed for four days the end of our vacation. They have taunted me with extra food and drink to turn off the bubble machine.

Somehow Living Cheap Experience. I didn't go to any personal learning. I was bored. I was bored. I was bored. I was bored.

Did I hear you say you're going through the Empty Nest trauma? asked Natalie. "Some people make a transition smoothly. You're going to have to be careful. You're a child-gear per the back. We've always known that. You were always fulfilled by those who make the funny cakes for their birthdays, buying a bolt and entered the house and dressing them all alike like wallpaper, and you "No one's any design in front of your house for as long as I can and am between self."

... AND THE DAY CAME
RISK TO REMAIN TIGHT
BUD BECAME MORE PA
THE RISK IT TOOK T
... ANAI:



CLARICE, DORIS, SISTERS BERNICE
AND MARGARET EUGENIE WITTEN
OUR HOUSE IS PEACEFUL ENOUGH
THAT WE CAN LISTEN TO LIFE'S WHISPERS

THE RISK IT TOOK TO BLOSSOM

Stamp home quote by Lois M. Bujold on left page and attach Anaïs Nin quote beneath it. Fold middle page into a pocket. On the right page place a family photo printed on tissue paper, cover with acetate and fasten with metal prong fastener.

COVER

Choose a sturdy book (mine was 500 pages). Start by clamping together a large block of pages (approximately 300), then run the glue around the edges of the block to secure. Trace the wood house shape and cut out a niche throughout the front cover and the block of pages. Be sure to leave a few pages intact at the back of the block to provide a stable base to glue the house to. Save the cutout from the cover to use later.

Paint both covers and spine white and distress for an aged look. Paint the wood house white and distress with Fresco ink. Print bird quotes on tissue paper and decoupage onto sides of house with varnish. In the top floor, glue a nest with two birds and an egg; also glue a nest with a baby picture and a mama bird on the ground floor. Use Scrabble tiles to spell out "home" across the front. Adhere decorated house unto the niche.

Divide the remaining book into seven two-page spreads by gluing pages together and cutting pages out between spreads to accommodate embellishments. Run glue around the edges and secure corners with eyelets. Distress with ink. ❖

Sandra Branford is a mixed-media artist who divides her time between Sun City, Arizona, and Miami, Oklahoma. She welcomes e-mails at okredfox@yahoo.com.

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GALLERY

SUMMER
2009

*Paper
Dolls*
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An Art Journal
that Speaks
From the Soul

p. 46

**Marie Antoinette
Projects**

FIT FOR A QUEEN

**COLORS OF
VINTAGE**

by Lisa Bebi

p. 6



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