

A Story Worth Repeating. Again

Description

Iâ??ve told this story many times. I think it has remained mostly the same each time. Some details may get left out or remembered from one telling to the next. And itâ??s just possible that Iâ??ve re-told it to folks that have already heard it. Sorry everyone but itâ??s a great story. It makes me smile and gives me such joy to tell. Sometimes itâ??s more than ok to repeat yourself. So. Here goesâ?| maybe it I write it down I can stop repeating myself to my friends.

In January of 2019, Tom and I were in NYC for our annual pilgrimage during the week surrounding our anniversary (2021 marks 30 years for us). I had planned to â??pop inâ?• to various yarn stores for a look-see but only if our path took us close by (and no, I hadnâ??t shared my secret agenda with Tom). Our first stop on my secret list brought us the joyous news that there was a yarn-a-palooza happening that weekend. This link will take you to [Vogue Knitting Live](#) if you are interested. These days everything is held virtually but in January, 2019 it was live and in-person.

We attended. I donâ??t think Tom had any idea into what adventure I was leading him. It was jammed. I wrote about the whole thing in an earlier post so I wonâ??t repeat that part of the story again. However, little did I know that during that trip, Tomâ??s brain starting thinking in a more yarn-like manner.

Fast forward to Christmas of 2019. We were opening presents at our house. Just us and the dog. Tom handed me a package. It was wrapped in pretty xmas paper with a bow.

He said, â??You must open this one last.â?•

Hmmmm. Ok, so we opened some packages, went for more coffee, opened a few more, broke for food, came back, opened some more until there was one package left. At which point, I picked it up and asked, â??Now?â?• The answer was yes. I *will* add that he had a rather strange, expectant look on his face.

Alrighty, off came the pretty Christmas wrap and this is what I found:



As you can tell, I made this photo after I opened the package. How strange to be given a gift that when unwrapped instructed me to give it back to the one who gave it to me. Ok, I thought, I'll play along. What could it be? It felt like a book. That was odd. Why would he give *me* a book to give *him*? Hmmm. Did I forget something I was supposed to have gotten for him and he found out?

Anyway, I dutifully handed it over and it was my turn to look expectantly at him. He pretended surprise—What? For me? Whatever could it be? And then he opened it. And this is what it was:



Delight! Amazement! Dumbfoundedness (I know, not a word)! Lots of sputtering on my part: Really? â??Yes, reallyâ??. Knitting? â??Yes, knittingâ??. And then at some point I had to ask (because my brain was really having to work to wrap around this event), â??Why knitting and not crocheting?â?•

My brain was thinking: I have all the toys for crocheting â?? I can teach him how to do it â?? I could share all the accoutrement for that but knitting is foreign territory. Well there is still the yarn. And since I have so *many* skeins, cakes and balls of yarn, they can be shared but *really*, â??Why knitting and not crocheting?â?•

He did give me an answer. He wanted to join me in my obsession but didn't want to copy me. He wanted to try something similar but different. And I suspect he thought me teaching him wouldn't go well.

Bottom line? It doesn't matter one way or the other. Maybe he also figured if I was going to drag him to yarn stores and yarn-a-paloozas that he needed to have a vested interest. And, yes, I do share my stash but he has also been tempted by his own yarn store visits to buy yarn I would probably not have picked up and brought home. And that means that I have had to work diligently to clear space in the stash bins into which he can put his yarn and projects.

And now you know why I have been spending more time than I will admit to with hook in hand for the last year. I *have* managed to give him three bins (aiming for a fourth) for yarns/projects and shared one drawer for the needle collection (and no, I won't tell you how many bins there are in total).

So my friends, we are busy playing with yarn at our house. Tom's home early today. He's tinkering a shawl he started but doesn't like and I need to go finish a baby blanket so I can start on a sweater I want to make.

Stay warm!

Category

1. Uncategorized

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