

Yarn as souvenirs

Description

When I began my crochet adventure, I used only very inexpensive yarns so that I could learn the stitches, play with patterns, and take online classes without making a huge investment. Because, well, I wasn't sure if I would stick with it or if this initial fascination was just overactive curiosity looking for a distraction. So, one hook, four balls of cotton yarn, a darning needle, and a pair of scissors. Fast forward to today! multiple hooks in just about every size, double ended hooks, tunisian hooks, interchangeable hooks, lots of stitch markers, patterns saved in multiple files, on Ravelry, even printed ones in books, binders and project bags. And the yarn! more than I should have! and it keeps accumulating. Almost like the weeds in my garden but nicer. I truly am crocheting as fast as my hands and aging body parts will let me but I seem to be stashing more than I can use in a timely fashion. Does that sound familiar to anyone? But I digress. I have now a growing collection of yarns from my travels and from local shops and events. My husband has become accustomed to finding a comfy chair to sit in while I wander through the local yarn store, whether in Spain or Reykjavik. He even tried to find yak yarn for me when he was hiking in Bhutan. My yarn stash keeps growing. It's a bit like kudzu really, but in a good way. I am meeting some amazing people in the yarn world. So many people, when asked why they got in to dyeing fiber have told me that they couldn't find the fiber in the colors they wanted. So they took a class to learn how to dye their own and that morphed into a business. I enjoy talking to these folks and bringing home some of their yarn is a nice souvenir of our conversation and of the places I have traveled. That's what I want to share on my blog. The stories. The yarn. The people.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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Author

admin