DEBORAH BAILLIEUL

Columbus, Ohio *Rise Up* 20" x 32"

am inspired by Maya Angelou's poem "And Still I Rise."

I took her message of what enslaved people had to move through and move against. We all need to rise up against oppression, abuse, racism, domestic violence, human trafficking, sexism, and more. We are all human. We must recognize the inherent worth and dignity in all people.

We must treat the earth with respect and dignity, as well. If we don't hold the earth dear, there will be no place to go for food, shelter, or community.

Ms. Angelou's inspiration causes me to use my voice to RISE UP! To SPEAK UP! And to HELP OUT!





ANNE BELLAS

Redmond, Washington Cathédrale des 1000 Soleils/ Cathedral of 1000 Suns 33" x 48"

I was long fascinated by the about 1000-year-old (Middle-Ages) cathedrals surrounding us in France. Last year came this urge to transpose into fabrics the irradiating spirituality emerging from these exceptional buildings.

This first of a whole series came out of my imagination. It was inspired by some self-dyed and self-screen printed fabrics whose colors and solar motives struck me as fit to convey the strength of the joy one can feel when one is praying or meditating inside a cathedral.





Susan Brubaker Knapp

Chapel Hill, North Carolina *Pink Coleus* 35[°] x 35[°]

The art I create is my way of celebrating and documenting the deep mysteries of the world that are to be experienced only by close inspection of nature. Walking and taking photos of beautiful and interesting things is part of a practice of inspiration and gratitude that I embraced more than ten years ago after my mother's death left me in a deep funk. I use these photos to inspire my art, often recreating them in a realistic way using acrylic paint on fabric and then stitching it. The subject of this piece is a gorgeous pink and orange coleus photographed on my morning walk.





SHARON BUCK

Okeechobee. Florida How Many Tears Does It Take to Mend A Broken Heart? 30.5["] x 41["]

• ow will I find myself and make my art after losing my other half, my heart, my best friend, my beloved husband? My world is bleak; is my life over? I can see how Indian women could consent to crawl on the funeral pyre of their husbands, a horrible custom that previously seemed unfathomable. I think I am beginning to do ok, and then the smallest thing can set off this flood of tears: is there an answer to this? They are large, fragmenting, splashing tears, raining down on my food, my dog, my computer, my paper, my fabric, and



my bed. Perhaps after so many tears, I will be able to make my way forward. Maybe there is a formula in God's universe where you can measure the number of tears that it takes to begin to sew a heart back together.

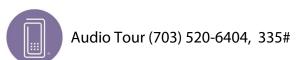


LINDA COLSH

Middletown, Maryland *Melancholia* 40[°] x 40[°]

A s we sped across the lagoon to Venice, the figure silhouetted against the opening to the Corte del Duca Sforza caught my eye. I couldn't look away. I wasn't even sure if she was a woman or a man. She wore red shoes. Her distant, blank stare conveyed a deep, contemplative sadness. I looked at her standing against the dark black passageway above the inky, churning water. I could only guess at the reason for her melancholy.

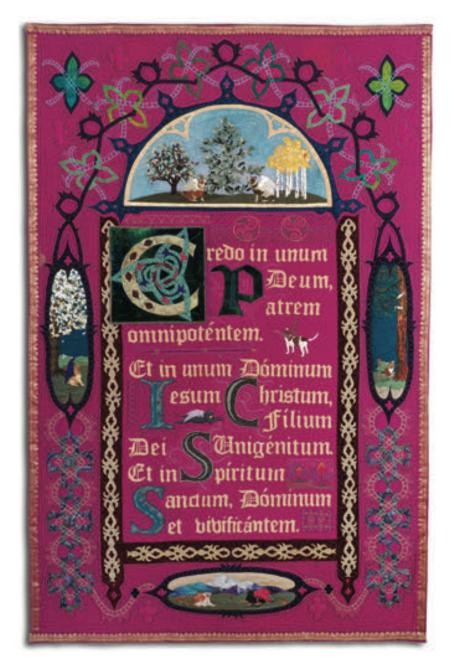




SHANNON CONLEY

Moore, Oklahoma *I Believe* 40" x 61"

This piece highlights the role of the Christian trinity and features text from the Nicene Creed. Medieval illuminated manuscripts were filled with images, including flora and fauna, rich with symbolism and meaning. The things that keep my heart grounded and joyful are home and family, so I have populated this quilt with places, flowers, plants, and animals dear to me and my loved ones.





LIZ DANISH

Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania *The Purple Barn* 29.5" x 29"

I love old barns – the majestic, well-built, sturdy ones, even if in a state of disrepair. They symbolize anyone or anything that has endured harsh times with strength and dignity while functioning to protect and nourish. They inspire me to want to know about their past, care for them, and value them so that their stories can inform and enrich our lives. Are you a purple barn?





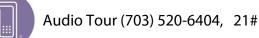
DAVID CHARITY

Prescott, Arizona *They Cry Out* 43^{°°} x 33^{°°}

U pheaval, uncertainty, and strife are a part of every life. For those experiencing religious persecution, it can mean life or death. Thrown out of homes, towns, or killed, their lives and security are not under their control. My piece shows the ten worst countries that do not tolerate different religious views, where the lives of persecuted Christians and Jewish populations can be a fleeting moment.

2 Corinthians 4:8–9 (NLT) We are pressed on every side by troubles, but we are not crushed. We are perplexed, but not driven to despair. We are hunted down but never abandoned by God. We get knocked down, but we are not destroyed.





SHANNON DION

Portage, Michigan Gates of Evening 37.25" x 29.25"

Ma'ariv Aravim is part of the Jewish evening prayer service. This prayer thanks God for bringing on the evening, the arrangement of the stars and planets, the cycle of the seasons, and the rotation of the days. I have long had the desire to turn Ma'ariv Aravim into an art quilt. I find comfort in both the cycle of the seasons and this prayer. I placed Ma'ariv Aravim on the back of the quilt in Hebrew and English, using the version in the 2007 Edition of the Mishkan T'filah Reform siddur.



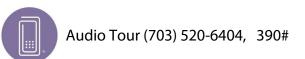


GABRIELE DITOTA

Melbourne, Florida November 9th, 1946 41^{°°} x 28^{°°}

S ome stories are harder to tell than others, and stories that take place during times of war are among the worst. This piece tells my mother's story. Born in Pommerania (the far eastern part of Germany before WWII), they were forced from their homes on November 9th, 1946, as part of a massive population resettlement post-war. It is estimated that 14 million people were forced to leave their homes, farms, and livelihoods to face an unknown future in the west.







EILEEN DOUGHTY

Vienna, Virginia Which Side Are You On? 40" x 26"

E very living creature needs a habitat—food, water, shelter. What kind of habitat for birds is your neighborhood? The best-kept lawn may actually be a kind of green desert, as shown on the left side. Add some flowering plants, seed feeders, and a birdbath, keep house cats in the house, and the birds will come—shown on the right side. Add native plants, year-round food sources, reliable water, places to hide, and the birds will thrive, as will all kinds of native flora and fauna—shown in the center area. We can all take part in healing the environment. Think globally, act locally.



Audio Tour (703) 520-6404, 30#

Mary Kay Fosnacht

Overland Park, Kansas Diamond of a Thousand Suns 31.5" x 31"

his quilt was inspired by a meditation written by my husband. Fred Fosnacht. on an excerpt from Thomas Merton. Merton writes, "At the center of our being is a point of nothingness which is untouched by sin and by illusion, a point of pure truth, a point or spark which belongs entirely to God... It is like a pure diamond, blazing with the invisible light of heaven. It is in everybody, and if we could see it. we would see these billions of points of light coming together in the face and blaze of a sun that would make all the darkness and cruelty of life vanish completely." The full quote and meditation can be found here:

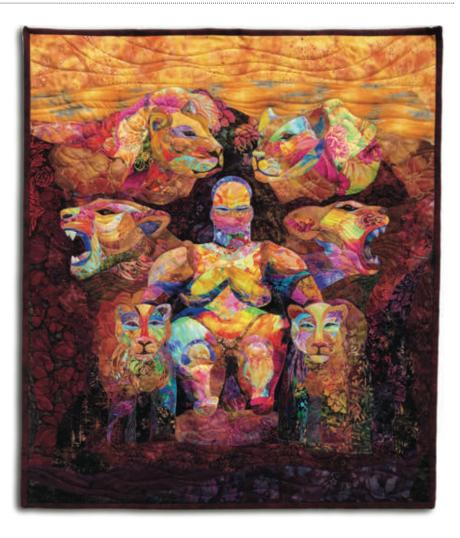
https://www.piecefularts.com/single-post/diamond-of-a-thousand-suns.



PEG GREEN

Sarasota, Florida *Catal Hoyuk Lioness* 32" x 36"

ight thousand years ago, an __artist in Catal Hoyuk created a tiny 6-inch clay sculpture of a magnificent goddess seated on her lion throne with lion guardians perched on her shoulders. Eighty years ago, archaeologists dug it out from under tons of sand to reveal it to the modern world. For millennia. civilizations worldwide have worshipped the Goddess of the Lions, from Egypt to Babylon, from ancient Greece to modern America. I try to imagine the immense power of the lioness embodied in a womanprotective, fierce, sleek, glorious. This feeling is what I was trying to depict in this quilt, envisioned in a vast ancient landscape emblazoned by the sun. The lion goddess figure in my quilt is that ancient little clay figurine from Catal Hoyuk, Turkey.





LISA JENNI

Redmond, Washington *Fifty–Eight* 36" x 40"

The repeated mass shootings in the U.S.A. have been hitting me emotionally deep and hard. I grew up in a country where fear for your life while going to the fun country music concert in Las Vegas, or school, a mall, church, the movies was not ever-present. The number of fellow human beings killed or badly hurt by guns weighs heavy on our collective minds. Still. excuses are made. shielded by the Second Amendment that has little in common with true patriotism. How many lives to lose are enough to move the needle? Not fifty-eight and not 411 wounded, all within to minutes by one person.



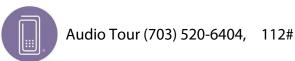


BARBARA JONES

West Des Moines, Iowa "*Rising*" *#1 in a Series* 28.5" x 41"

started this quilt in the Spring l of 2021 while trying to deal with the grief of my daughter and granddaughter's passing within eight months of each other. My precious granddaughter, Anna, passed away due to lingering health issues due to a brain tumor when she was nine years old. My daughter, Tina, spent the last ten years caring for Anna, and with Anna's passing, Tina lost her purpose in life and died (I believe) of a broken heart. The circles on this quilt represent the circle of life, and they are rising, rising. The hand stitching of this quilt is my way of healing, one stitch at a time.





TONI KERSEY

Springfield, Pennsylvania In Search of African Gods 2 39" x 51"

7 hile sitting in a Catholic Church and looking at the imagery on the walls and windows, I couldn't help but feel excluded from the Christian canon. There were no images that looked like me. My response was to research the spiritual practices of West Africa. This is the region of my genetic heritage. My ancestors were forced to abandon these practices and adopt the religion of their oppressors. That fact is represented by the mask the figure wears, suggesting that she has been silenced. These figures are inspired by Nkisi, which are objects that spirits inhabit. I also wanted to focus on the power of the feminine divine. Hence, my figure is female as opposed to the traditional male figure.



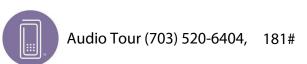


VIVIANA LOMBROZO

San Diego, California *Torn Apart* 35^{°°} x 42^{°°}

Torn Apart refers to the inhumane policy of separating parents and children upon crossing the border.



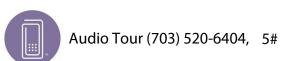


KAREN MILLER

Corvallis, Oregon Free at Last 30.5" x 31.5"

T bought a small vintage parish register in a Paris flea market. It records donations made to pay for masses for souls in purgatory, dated 1928-1944. In early 2020 I decided to pay homage to all the lives lost in this pandemic by painting a butterfly on those pages every day for 100 days. It became a lovely and meditative process that I looked forward to each day. They were printed on silk with additional organza butterflies layered over them. The finished quilt did not represent grief for me but a joyful release of so many souls.





LINDA MUSHKA

Ruddell, Saskatchewan, Canada What Holds Us 35.5[°] x 35[°]

This hanging pays homage to my legacy of music, dancing, making, and travel, the exploration of joy and connection, given to me by my parents and passed on to my children. This love of community built friendships with others, particularly the women in my life, who I join with regularly to honor our spirits and the earth. The main background panel was rust dyed with found objects and is bordered



with a fabric from Australia. The musical notes were transferred with gel medium, and the background was free-motion quilted. The fringe on the bottom is evocative of Toran-like welcoming door decorations, is made of my handwoven fabric, and is adorned with jewelry gathered around the world during my exploration of cultures and landscapes.



MARY ANN NAILOS

Cedar Park, Texas *The Diagnosis* 40[°] x 49[°]

S everal years ago, when I was diagnosed with breast cancer, my life was suddenly thrown into turmoil. Outwardly nothing had changed, but internally my mind kept looping through the questions that were in the background text. Like the mandala, I tried to remain centered. The primitive figure was stamped into the fabric, representing how I felt that I was knocked off my heels. Several years later, I am fine but changed. I don't take my health for granted.





KATIE PASQUINI MASOPUST

Fortuna, California Daisies 35[°] x 42[°]

his is part of my *Floral Series*. I started this series just after my husband passed. I was at a loss as to what to do with myself. I did not want to create anything sad or depressing. I received so many bouquets in honor of my husband. They brought me joy, so I began on a journey of recreating these beautiful bouquets as quilts. First, I painted canvas surfaces in the desired color scheme that I then cut into forms to create the flowers. vase background, and table surface, stitching them together to create the floral composition. I then translated the stitched painting into a fabric piece with machine appliqué and machine quilting.





TERRY PECKARSKY

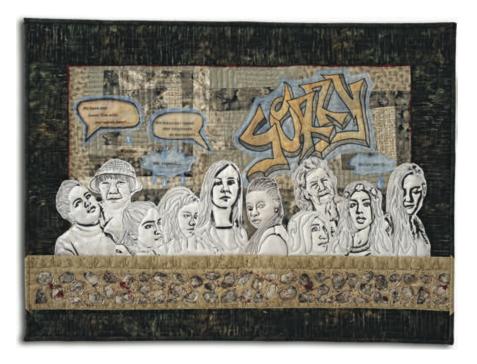
Reston, Virginia Still Weeping on the Via Dolorosa 31[°] x 23[°]

The Gospel of Luke describes the weeping women of Jerusalem who encountered Jesus, bleeding and on the way to his execution. He spoke to them with compassion, urging them to weep for those who do not recognize him as their atoning mediator.

My contemporary rendering of that moment includes women of all ages and origins offering the traditional prayer of confession on behalf of all their descendants in every nation:

"We have not loved you with our whole hearts. We have not loved our neighbors as ourselves. We are truly sorry, and we humbly repent."

May the prayers of faithful women continue to rise.



CANDICE PHELAN

Boynton Beach, Florida Angel of Humility 30" x 43"

T n Scripture, the sparrow is a symbol of humility. Angel of Humility, representing one of the Gifts of the Spirit, is based on a photo taken by internationally award-winning photographer Frank Klein. He photographed angel sculptures in South Texas (US) for decades and was kind enough to allow me to use this beautiful photograph of an angel statue with a sparrow on her shoulder to represent this Gift. Related verses and quotations about humility are quilted into the background. Thanks also to Fabrilish for custom-dying the background fabric with the halo in just the right place for our angel. Angel of *Humility* is part of the Frank Klein Collection.





HEATHER PREGGER

Fort Worth, Texas *High Anxiety* 31[°] x 37[°]

The past year and a half have been a continuous series of terrifying lows and amazing highs. I found that my work became increasingly spiky and uncomfortable. By expressing myself with the jagged triangles, I managed to find peace despite the chaos of the world around me.





THERESA POLLEY-SHELLCROFT

Victorville, California Borderline 34^{°°} x 31^{°°}

In the past few years, I have been disturbed by the tearing of young children from the arms of parents as they enter this country. In reaction. I created this work first as a watercolor and then into a quilted work. The child here was appearing before the judge to decide his fate. Behind him, I placed another child in shadow in prayer along with the words from a song by Bob Dylan about the border. The work is to draw attention to the plight of these families as they are seeking a better, safer way of life, only to be treated so desperately as they cross the border into this nation.





SUSAN PRICE

Springfield, Virginia Blessed Are the Piecemakers 35" x 31.5"

n lessed are the Piecemakers is a D tribute to my mother and her life as a maker—she spent her working life as a seamstress and sample maker in the garment industry in Berks County, PA. She also taught my sisters and me to sew and other handcrafts. The screen-printed images are her tools of the trade. The notebook prints show her records of the various factory job codes and amounts paid for each. These skilled laborers worked hard in an industry that eventually moved offshore for cheaper labor. My mother passed away in 2019 at the age of 97; I am grateful for the many skills she taught me.

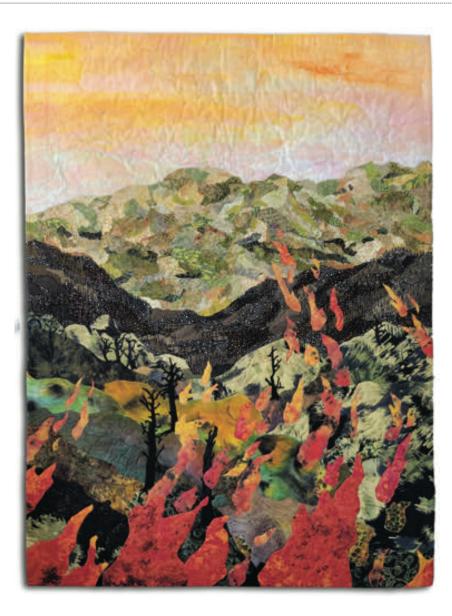


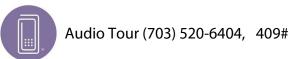


DOROTHY RAYMOND

Loveland, Colorado *Fire Season* 31[°] x 43[°]

rought caused by changing climate patterns has left the American west tinder dry. Forest fires burning thousands of acres are now an annual occurrence. The flames come and leave behind devastation. Wildfires have a kind of terrible beauty and make for glorious sunsets. But I grieve for all that has gone up in flames, symbolized by the burned trees. The delineation between abstraction and representation acknowledges the terrible beauty without minimizing the loss of habitat.

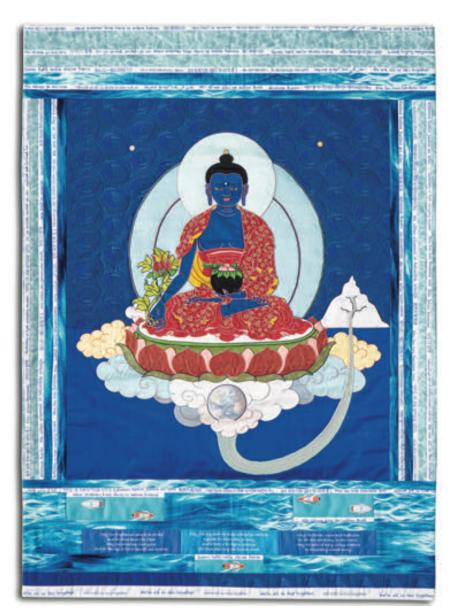




LESLIE RINCHEN-WONGMO

Oxnard, California *All in This Together* 30.5^{°°} x 42.5^{°°}

In the early days of the COVID-19 pandemic, the phrase "we're all in this together" reverberated in the air, and people around the world sang together from their balconies. At the same time, we were experiencing widely divergent impacts from the shared crisis-depending on our work, health, race, family makeup, and socio-economic conditions. The virus interacted with imbalances at our roots, causing great suffering. In this 2020 quilted thangka, I offer the Farth to the Medicine Buddha to diagnose and heal those imbalances. Voices from around the world fill a watery border expressing the unifying truth—in 28 languages—that we're all in the same boat. Amidst all our differences. we're still interconnected, still in this together.





JUDITH RODERICK

Placitas, New Mexico *Reaching Higher* 21[°] x 44[°]

This is a silk painted image of us, as humanity, moving up the Emotional Scale, from hate and fear at the base up through many different steps toward Love and Appreciation. I believe this is our journey on the planet at this time, and it is a long, complex, and ongoing process.





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ELAINE ROSS

Batavia, New York Beside the Still Waters 36" x 24"

🗋 eside the Still Waters – He **D** restoreth my soul! I like to take my daily walks in a quiet and unhurried place such as this nearby pond with trails and lots of photographic opportunities. This became our main hiking place each day during COVID-19 because it was quiet and solitary and because we had to get into a car and drive there, so we didn't feel as housebound as we might have otherwise. This is one of my photos of the pond and some reflections. The bright colors make my heart happy. I find a metaphor in that quiet, still boat-holding its own while waiting to be used again. Like me, it sits still and quiet in a beautiful place, receiving solace and comfort for the times we are living.





IVY SANDZ

Berkeley, California *Testimony of Yazmin Juarez* 33.25^{°°} x 34^{°°}

Testimony of Yazmin Juarez is the true story of a mother's grief following the loss of her toddler daughter, Mariee, in the ICE camps (2018). The stitched words are excerpted from Yazmin Juarez's congressional testimony of July 10, 2019, about her desperate and ultimately unsuccessful attempt to obtain adequate medical care for her daughter. Mariee became ill in cold and crowded conditions and was denied basic care multiple times. The vintage children's dress evokes the missing child, and the stitched heart represents Mariee. This piece is a meditation on grief-Yazmin Juarez's grief as a mother, but also the grief many Americans feel about the inhumane and cruel policies our government inflicted on those seeking asylum.





JANICE SCHWARZ

Aurora, Colorado Balloon Days 33[°] x 33[°]

This quilt is an adaptation of a picture of my two sons when they were young. We had gotten balloons for my older son's 5th birthday. The boys were so excited and had so much fun. It's amazing how much joy two small kids can get out of a couple of large bunches of balloons. The older of the two has autism and is now 23. As he has gotten older, he has withdrawn more from us and has almost entirely stopped speaking. Even though it seems that it isn't a loss since he is right in front of me, I miss him, and it is a loss that has left me heartbroken. Spending time recreating these happy times is a way for me to come to terms with my grief and gives me some hope for the future.



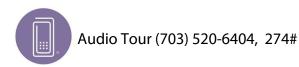


CAROLYN SKEI

McKinney, Texas *The Creative Hand* 24" x 31"

reativity is the central thread of so many lives, and our busy hands are daily reminders of our likeness to the Creator. This quilt began with an iPhone "selfie" of my own hand — which stays busy with quilting, gardening, cooking, writing, computer design, and more. I manipulated the image on an iPad and had the resulting colorful image commercially printed on whole cloth. Hours of machine quilting, hand stitching, and silk ribbon embroidery completed this pandemic–era quilt.





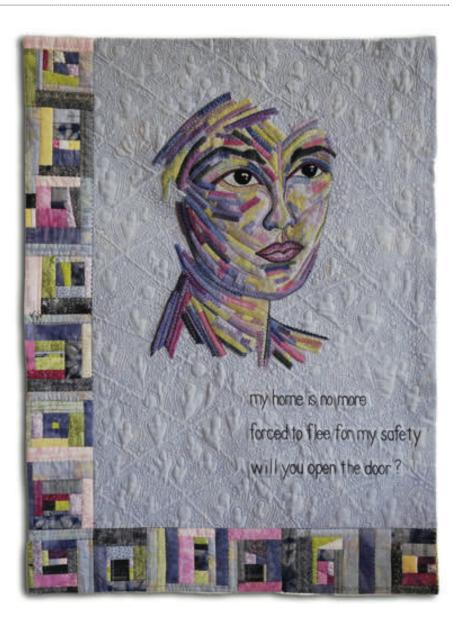
PAULA STRAW

Montrose, Colorado *Sharbat* 32[°] x 44[°]

A s a child, she fled her Afghan village during the terrors of the Soviet bombings. Her photograph was on the cover of the National Geographic Magazine in the summer of 1985. I have a lasting impression of her piercing green eyes and tattered red headscarf. I was haunted by her anonymity.

Years later, we learn her name and her story, Sharbat, an iconic refugee. And we continue to witness the plight of millions of refugees. They, too, are anonymous in our daily news cycle. Can we recognize their humanity and our commonalities? Can we make the world a better home for every person?

Thirty thousand hand stitches are dedicated to the millions of souls displaced from their homeland.





Linda Syverson Guild

Bethesda, Maryland *April Showers* 29.25[°] x 36[°]

This fabric story began when a portion of a well-loved quilt was given to me. It reminded me of an old quilt from my youth and the fiber-related lessons my mother and grandmother taught me.

As I looked at the quilt scrap, a garden seemed to grow up over the surface. Armed with this inspiration, I pulled old zippers, bias tape, a Sunbonnet Sue quilt block, and old crochet books from my collection. The land and sky were defined by the heavy lines of Kantha stitching. Then the garden rose into the sky, reaching toward the sun.

Sitting and working on this assembly for months took my spirit on a trip through places in my memory. I hope that it will do the same for you.





Beth Frisbie Wallace

Francestown, New Hampshire *"I am Strong"* 30[°] x 42[°]

Losing my best friend and love of my life was a sudden and devastating change for which I was not prepared.

The loss left me overwhelmed by the responsibilities we once shared and brought unexpected new challenges.

In the midst of a sea of loss, lone– liness, and despair, I ask, "How do I go on?" As I journey through my grief, Helen Reddy's words boost my confidence:

"If I have to, I can face anything I am strong."

My loss is represented by the incomplete double wedding ring

pattern. Laurel leaves signify eternal love. Multicolored nails represent moments of joy. Surviving spouses go on by digging deep within ourselves and, like the lotus blossom, demonstrate our resilience, strength, and power.

-Dedicated to Raymond G. Wallace Jr.

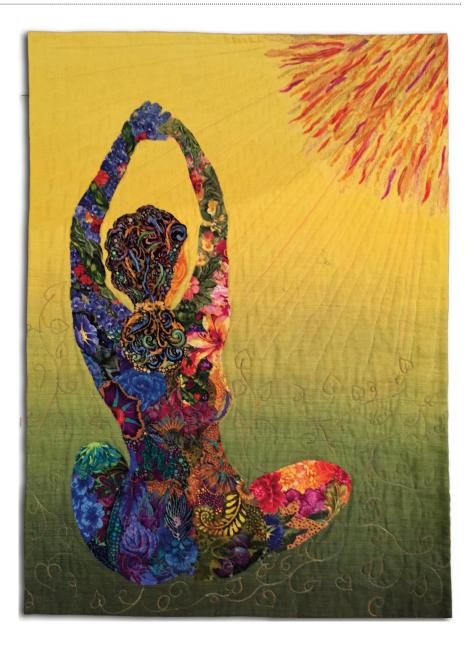




MAGGIE WARD

Warrenton, Virginia Sun Salutation 24" x 33"

Y oga offers us strength and serenity. Art offers us selfexpression, an avenue for sharing our inner life with others. Fabric offers us a feast for the eyes and a playground for the fingers. The world of quilting offers us a loving community. What more could a person ask for? These are my elements of joy.



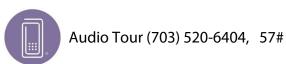


HOPE WILMARTH

Houston, Texas Shattered 41[°] x 48[°]

A life event can render a person shattered and, for a period of time, living on the edge. My husband's sudden diagnosis of a mass on his lungs left me feeling as if my insides had broken like china dishes falling to the floor.





SAUDA A. ZAHRA

Durham, North Carolina *Give Thanks* 32[°] x 76[°]

y quilt inspiration was the fabrics depicting women in various movements, which reminded me of ways to individually and collectively express and share joy. The sound from the brass bells attached to the African fabric strips enhances this imagery.

The quilt was completed in January 2020. The title, *Give Thanks*, took on a deeper meaning when faced with COVID–19, isolation, and tremendous loss. The upper part of the quilt represents the ancestors, who I believe can provide comfort in these uncertain times. A way to communicate with the ancestors is by expressing joy and gratitude. Finding joy during a world– wide pandemic was challenging.

Give Thanks is a celebration of expressing joy and gratitude and spreading positivity in the world.



