

Made by hand

by Angie

"He who works with his hands is a laborer. He who works with his hands and his head is a craftsman. He who works with his hands and his head and his heart is an artist."

— *Francis of Assisi.*

Catherine was helping Mary to sort with the boxes of yarn sent down by helpers. It was of every kind imaginable, and she settled down to sort it into types, as well as she could. Mary had given her a plastic bag, as well as the several boxes for sorting. Catherine looked at the bag and then at Mary with a question in her eyes.

"That's for the pieces too small to be useful."

"How small is that?" was Catherine's immediate question.

"Well, it depends. You'll find out as you sort."

Catherine was still puzzled, but got to work. She had indeed found some shorter pieces that didn't have enough to roll into a ball. She put them in the bag as directed. She was now down to the last yarn in the box and her heart quailed as she picked up the large messy handful and gazed at it. Just trying to separate out all the different yarns would be hours of work!

"Good grief," she exclaimed, turning the mess over and over in her hands.

Mary heard her exclamation and joined her, gazing at what Catherine was holding and nodded wryly.

"That's typically what's at the bottom," she remarked. "There's probably nothing useable there, so I do something special with it."

Catherine looked up. "Special? What could be special about this mare's nest?"

"Ah, I got the idea from a helper. She read in a magazine that the best way to use this kind of thing is to make a Hankenstein." She pointed to a small shelf near the door something very colourful and very messy sat - and it had eyes!



Catherine laughed, and turned the snarl around again. "What do I do?"

"Just tie up what you can into a roundish shape, pull some of the inside yarn out here and there, then attach these to it." She pulled out a couple of large, plastic, googly eyes from her pocket. They had a button like shank on the back.

"The children love them," Mary declared.

So, Catherine worked away at the snarl, trying to be a little artistic. Then on impulse, she wove in a strip of nylon ribbon yarn through the top and tied a bow. She was just attaching the eyes with a tapestry needle when Vincent appeared.

He regarded what she was doing and leaned down to whisper to her. "Are you taking orders, Catherine? I would like that, please."

She looked up at him, puzzled. "Why on earth would you want this thing, even if it does have eyes?"

"Because you made it, Catherine."

To that she had no response except to quietly hand it up to him. "This would have to be the bride of Hankenstein," she commented wryly - pointing to the other one on the shelf.

Vincent laughed. "I shall treasure it," he said, and gave her his hand to help her off the chair. She rose with a groan, somewhat stiff after so many hours sorting, and waved goodbye to Mary.

In his chamber, Vincent carefully placed the hankenstein on his shelf of knickknacks.

"She looks quite at home there," Catherine commented.

"She's a prize I will be able to see when I get up in the morning, and quite visible to guests," Vincent replied. "The children will be quite jealous."

Catherine laughed and hugged him. What could she say?

