

“Mimi, how do you sew like that?”

“Well, practice I guess.”

“Do you think you could practice somethin’ for my doll?”

“I think we could probably come up with something. Would you like to look through that bag of scraps I was saving for a quilt? I’ll be finished mending this shirt in a few minutes and then you can show me what Barbie might like.”

Tabby sat on the floor inspecting various pieces of fabric. Floral, paisley, gingham she traced the patterns with her fingers and carefully stacked each one in a rejection pile. She continued to look for something special.

Mimi smiled watching her granddaughter’s selection process. She couldn’t believe so many years had past since she was Tabby’s age. She reminisced her own grandmother singing southern gospel while darning socks; sweet memories. She closed her eyes and breathed a prayer to be able to give little Tabby lots of good memories.

“Well I guess I’ll go and find my patterns, have you decided on anything?”

“I like shiny Mimi.” Tabby handed her grandmother a wrinkled cloth.

“That is special Tabby. It was your mother’s dress-up dress. She wore it to the banquet the night your dad asked her to marry him.”

“Was she pretty?”

“Absolutely.”

“Could you make a dress like it for my doll?”

“What a grand idea. Let’s look through my pattern box and see if anything is close.”

Tabby was mesmerized by Mimi’s careful placement of thin paper over the pink fabric. She pinned and cut with precision. Mimi loved the challenge to remember all the tiny details of the gown her daughter wore when she accepted her marriage proposal. The project required four patterns to craft the tiny replica. It also required digging through the scrap bag to improvise the other particulars of the dress.

“Tabby, do you know the Bible story you were named in honor?” The tiny child simply shook her head.

“The story is about a lady named Tabitha, just like your big girl name. Tabitha loved to sew and make clothes for the poor. She helped lots of people until she got very sick and died. The Apostle Peter was told of her kindness. He wanted to help her so she could

continue to help others. He went into the room and simply took her hand. She got up and went right back to doing what she loved to do, making things for others.”

“I want to be like that, Mimi.”

“Me too; let’s see how your doll looks in the dress.”

Mimi and Tabby admired the doll in the new dress.

“Does she look like my mommy?”

“Just like her.”

Mimi remembered to add a sash that hung down in the back and tiny pearl buttons accenting the bodice. The pink chiffon draped gracefully and modestly in a classic gown.

Tabby decided the dress was her favorite, so did the doll.