

Moda All-Stars - Lucky Charm Quilts: 17 Delightful Patterns for Precut 5" Squares

by

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Synopsis

Join the Moda All-Stars as they use 5-inch charm squares to make scrappy quilts with style. Got one charm pack, two packs, or three? Make the most out of them with quilts that use up nearly all of the charms in your favorite packs. You don't need a huge fabric stash to achieve a dynamic, scrappy look--just your choice of charm packs. Make a range of projects, from table runners to lap-sized quilts, all by top Moda designers. Tips and tricks from each designer are included to help you show off your unique collection of charm squares.

Sort review

Unknown "Wry, informative, scary, and utterly hilarious."-- Cathi Hanauer, author of *Sweet Ruin* and editor of *The Bitch in the House* "Required reading for any once-coherent woman now faced with the sudden onslaught of save-the-date cards, prenups, and decisions like...is sage the new pink?"-- Nia Vardalos, writer, director, and star of *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* "With humor and genuine bemusement, [Schank] recounts her adventures in 'Wedding Land'...This book is fun to read."-- *Green Bay Press-Gazette* Review "A pitch-perfect, witty dispatch from the front lines of modern American wedding rituals. Hana Schank's story -- liberated modern woman meets the behemoth of wedding planning -- is hilarious and bracing."-- Lis Harris, author of *Rules of Engagement* From *Publishers Weekly* Schank, a former fabulously single Manhattanite, plays wedding historian, documentarian, Brooklynite and cynical bride-to-be in this wry take on the wedding industry. While chronicling the planning nightmares, screw-ups and family squabbles leading up to her big day, Schank pontificates on nuptial-planning touchstones, offering little in the way of surprise: Schank, as she makes clear from the outset, is way cooler than other brides, and, by being aware of how uncool it is to do the uncool things everyone else does (like admiring her engagement ring or reading wedding magazines), she's demonstrating how cool she really is. An episode involving the most important purchase of all--the dress--but packs the not so shocking revelation that most women, regardless of their socio-economic status, want to look like fairy tale princesses standing at the altar. The best material here is the wedding trivia she sprinkles in (bridesmaids were originally supposed to confuse evil spirits; the best man helped the groom carry off an unwilling bride after a little village pillaging), but it's not enough to save an otherwise predictable and not always funny memoir. Copyright © Reed Business Information, a division of Reed Elsevier Inc. All rights reserved. --This text refers to an alternate kindle_edition edition. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. 1 Welcome to Wedding Land Marry your son when you will and your daughter when you can.-- French proverb Here is the difference between a twenty-eight-year-old man telling his parents he has just become engaged and a thirty-year-old woman doing the same: When Steven called his parents, they said something along the lines of "Really? Well, okay. Whatever makes you happy." When I called my father, he said, "Well what do you know. It's about fucking time." "Yes, thank God I'm off your

hands," I said. Daughter successfully married off. Check. He then told me that I sounded like one of those girls I'd been making fun of for the past few months, giddy and excited that someone would actually want to marry her. "I do not," I insisted. "It's just cool that I'm, like, getting married and stuff. It's weird." "You do," he said. "Maybe you don't want to admit it, but you do." From my mother, a woman whose general level of seriousness would make a two-year-old depressed, I got squeals of delight. So I did the only thing that seemed reasonable. I squealed back. I'd never really pictured myself married. My childhood fantasies had always involved either sharing a funky SoHo loft with my fabulous (undiscovered) artist boyfriend, or heroically struggling to raise my kids on my own while pursuing a high-powered career that required owning lots of designer suits. Wearing a big white dress and twirling across the floor to "A Groovy Kind of Love" had never entered into my imagination. So it had been a long and involved process to get to this point, to go from being someone who wore two worthless rings on her right hand (one bought at a flea market to commemorate a long-overdue breakup with an ex-boyfriend, the other purchased on a business trip in a moment of boredom) to one of those women I always saw on the subway lugging around glaciers on their fingers. There had been two years of friendship, two years of dating, and one year of living together before either Steven or I even uttered the word "marriage." But once spoken aloud, it was soon followed by other related words like "engagement ring," "proposal," and finally, "wedding." And then before I knew it, I was flashing my own little chunk of ice at my friends. With the ring on, my hand no longer looked like mine. It looked like it belonged to someone older, someone who lived in a sprawling Upper East Side apartment, someone who referred to herself as Mrs. So-and-so and had a nanny and a closet full of Manolo Blahniks organized by color. I found that I couldn't stop staring at this foreign entity that had taken up residence on my hand. I snuck peeks at it as I walked down the street, watching it flash in the sun, wondering how it looked in the rain, when it was overcast, when there was wind. My friends seemed a little obsessed too. "How do you feel?" asked my friend Jami, the resident rocker chick in my life, over sushi in the East Village a few days after I had officially become engaged. "Ridiculous," I told her. She grabbed my ring finger and pulled it towards her. "Let me see it one more time. I may never get this close to one of these things again." I stared at her. Jami is a woman who maintains a website detailing her sexual exploits. We used to stay out at clubs till all hours, spend Sundays lazing around Tompkins Square Park, eating bagels and peanut butter frozen yogurt, and complaining about work and men. My understanding had been that we didn't care about getting married or owning diamond engagement rings. When people we knew got married, we rolled our eyes. "You'll find the right guy," I said, suddenly the authority on how to properly trap a man into marriage. She picked up a spicy tuna roll with her chopsticks and inspected it. "You know, when I turned thirty it was fine. Thirty and single is cute, you're part of a trend, single thirty-year-olds loose in Manhattan, blah, blah, blah." I nodded. "But thirty-one and single," said Jami, "that's not so cute." The engagement ring, it seemed, shone as bright and loud as the lights of Las Vegas, and everyone noticed it. It wasn't a huge ring, but to me it felt like I was carrying around the Rosetta stone on my finger. I

was getting my hair cut when the hairdresser asked me if I was planning on wearing my hair up or down at the wedding. I was getting my eyebrows waxed when the waxing lady asked to see my ring. ("Oh," she said, hot wax in hand. "Your fiancé is so...thoughtful." I took this to mean she thought the diamonds were small.) I was at an interview in a large midtown office building when the twenty-something guy conducting the interview asked when the wedding was. "What wedding?" I said. "I saw your ring." "Oh," I laughed. "My wedding. Um, we're thinking next fall. Labor Day weekend. Probably something small." I was surprised at how easily these facts rolled off my tongue. In just a few weeks they had become my new vital statistics. What I did for a living, what neighborhood I lived in, what I hoped to accomplish in life -- all these facts had now become secondary to the single, all-encompassing fact that soon I would be someone's wife. When I stopped by my friend Ellen's store I got the feeling she was staring at my ring, so I put my hands in my pockets. Ellen and I used to work together years ago in the Internet division of a fancy ad agency. Back then she had bleached blond hair and wore patent leather stiletto boots because that was what one wore in advertising. But these days she owns a home furnishings store just east of SoHo, has grown her hair back to its natural brown, and is usually in some flavor of trendy sneakers and jeans. "I'm thinking," said Ellen, "that you're not letting yourself be happy about this." "What do you mean?" I asked. "I'm happy." "But you should be really happy. It's okay. You're getting married." I shrugged. "I'm happy. I cried when he asked me -- I don't know why." "Because you were happy," she said. The door opened and two Japanese tourists walked into the store. "Let me know if you have any questions!" Ellen called out to them. "How's the store?" I asked, lowering my voice. Ellen sighed. "Oh, it's fine." "That one's nice," I said, nodding towards a curvy green glass vase. "You just get it in?" "Yeah." Ellen reached out and moved it two centimeters to the left. "I just need to find a husband, is what it comes down to. I'm sick of worrying about money." I stared at her blankly, not sure if she was serious or not. "Thank you! Come again!" Ellen called out to the two tourists, who were silently making their way out the door. "Anyway," she continued. "Be happy." "I am happy," I said. "I just don't want to get divorced." Ellen rolled her eyes. "Oh Lord. You're not going to get divorced." "Over half of marriages end in divorce." "I'm not having this conversation. Be happy. You're getting married." I shrugged, and looked down at the cement floor. "Plus," she said. "We've got wedding planning to do." Yes, there was wedding planning to be done. Now that I had a ring and a fiancé, it seemed that the only reasonable thing to do was to figure out what kind of wedding Steven and I were going to have, which sounded simple enough. It wasn't until I wandered over to the wedding planning section of my local bookstore that it began to dawn on me that I had done more than simply decide to commit myself to the man I loved: I had entered Wedding Land. "You've died and gone to heaven" read the introduction to *Planning a Wedding to Remember*. "He, you know -- the one -- finally popped the question and you said (no surprise here) YES! Your feet haven't touched the ground since." I stood in the bookstore, frilly pink book in hand, not knowing whether to laugh, cry, or throw up. Thinking that perhaps I had selected a particularly obnoxious wedding planner, I put the book back and picked up a second one. "Congratulations on your

engagement!" cried the Easy Wedding Planner, Organizer and Keepsake. "You must be looking forward to what will be the happiest day of your life -- your wedding!" I didn't realize, of course, that this was the sort of language and the kind of mentality that would engulf my life for the next year, that from the moment Steven placed a ring on my finger until the last wedding guest left I would inhabit a world filled with ribbons and menu choices and useless facts, like the difference between engraving and thermography. I figured that over time people would stop noticing my ring (it would get duller, right?), stop asking me wedding questions, move on with their lives. But this was foolish, and I believed it because I had not yet opened a wedding magazine. The engagement up until that point had been an oddity, a funny little thing that I'd gone and done. A slice of American kitsch that Steven and I had enacted in our living room. But one day, killing time at the airport before a flight, I crossed into flagrant wedding planning mode: I bought Martha Stewart Weddings. All my life I had passed by racks of wedding magazines, and now, finally, I had undergone the rite of passage required for me to actually open one. I had to find out what secrets of womanhood were revealed in those pages. What was it that made the white-clad women on the pastel magazine covers look so serene and pleased with themselves? Did they say if the ring got duller? Did they explain why no one mentioned divorce? It turns out that the world of wedding magazines is one in which every bride has waited her whole life for her wedding day, where women have favorite flowers and signature mixed drinks, and every marriage ends in happily ever after. Advertisements for vacuum cleaners and silverware abound, sandwiched between articles instructing the bride on how to carve her own chocolate bride and groom figurines, or extolling the virtues of ruffles. The magazines are like an alternate universe in which the years b...--This text refers to an alternate kindle_edition edition. About the Author Hana Schank has an MFA in nonfiction writing from Columbia University. She has written features and a daily column for CBSNews.com, and her writing has appeared in Glamour and Lifeboat: A Journal of Memoir. Hana is also the founder and president of Hana Schank Consulting, an information-architecture and user-experience consultancy. She hopes never to plan another wedding. --This text refers to the paperback edition. Read more

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What people say about this book

Lauran42, "quilt book. This instruction/pattern book is one of the best I've read. All of the patterns are user friendly and really beautiful. You can expand on the pattern for a table runner, for example, to a larger quilt. I rate this particular book as great on all points. The price on Amazon was excellent, as compared to quilt shops, etc., and I received it in 2 days. Definitely recommend."

LLWS, "Many Fun Quilting Patterns to Try. I gave this book and a charm pack to a friend and ordered the Kindle version for myself. I had fun making a table runner. I look forward to trying some of the quilt patterns."

Terry Corn, "Nice book, beginner friendly!. Easy to follow, easy to purchase materials, well-written directions"

Patricia Johnson, "Refreshing ideas with shortcuts. This was fun. I e used two of the patterns. Loved them. Especially liked Spring mosaic."

Ebook Tops Reader, "but no good idea of what to do with it. Features very cute, and do-able, projects; already have one "flagged" to use a layer cake (will cut in 4's) that I had on hand, but no good idea of what to do with it. Really enjoyed the variety of designers included in the collection as well as the "Charmed I'm Sure" comments each one included with her project."

A G Schoemaker, "Five Stars. I feel "lucky" to have a beautiful book to quilt from! Inspirational!"

Susan, "Five Stars. Super!"

W. James, "Quilters Handbook. If this is your thing, it is a good book about its subject with clear images and advice"

M R, "Very pleased.. Just what I wanted. Arrived quickly to Ireland. Very pleased."

Janette A, "Five Stars. Love the patterns, great book."

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