



*Everything was arrayed on a table in the elementary school cafeteria, ready as could be. I stood, tuft of orange fiber in one hand, doing something I've been doing most of my life, as children started filing in. They seated themselves at the cafeteria tables, murmuring to each other: "What is she doing?" A light dawned in one girl's eyes. "She's making YARN! From stuff that isn't yarn! With that stick thingy! She is! She's making yarn!" I grinned.*

[Read More](#)