

Threads

When the stresses of the world surround me, I seek solace in my sewing machine. It beckons to me multiple times throughout the day. I could be working on a difficult task in math or mindlessly eating my lunch when visions of vibrant textiles take me away to my attic alcove, much like writing transported Anne to a world outside her dismal garret. When the stress of her life became unbearable, she found an escape in writing. “At last, at last I can sit quietly at my table in front of a crack of window and write you everything.” Writing was as necessary as breathing to her, and in the same way sewing is a balm to my soul.

“I can use (writing) to develop myself and to express all that’s inside.” Like Anne’s writing, sewing lets me express my identity and creativity. People might think that I am a quiet young lady, but most of them don’t know that inside I’m not quiet. I yearn to express and share my artistic passions with others. Sewing is a patient comrade and tutor. Anne wrote that she finds paper to be more patient than people, and I also find fabric is more patient than people.

Today’s modern world filled with Facebook and Twitter lacks patience and understanding towards each other, much like Anne’s world did. Teenagers today face many challenges such as self-esteem issues, bullying, abuse, and many other hardships. Outside of my safe world, people deal with unimaginable adversities. When Anne was in hiding and feeling depressed she would write. “I can shake off everything, as I write; my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn.” Like Anne found comfort in writing, my comfort lies within my sewing machine. As the material slips through my nimble fingers and then through the presser foot of my sewing machine, my melancholy is reborn into every stitch that becomes a new serene creation. Despite all the technology available today, people can still feel alone and overwhelmed

and need an outlet for these feelings. In a world where there is suffering and loneliness, it is positive forces like sewing, writing, and creating that give people solace.

The whirring of the sewing machine is a reminder to me of the whisper of the Holocaust victims heard through Anne's powerful voice. Anne's legacy was her words and I dream that my legacy will be passing the joy of sewing to people all over the world. I hope that sewing will help ease suffering through the creation of beautiful and utilitarian garments. In the same way that Anne's words make people stronger, sewing enables people to clothe themselves against the harshness of their world.

Anne was cut out of the fabric of society by the atrocities committed in the name of war. She writes, "I want to be useful or bring enjoyment to all people, even those I have never met. I want to go on living, even after my death! And that's why I am so grateful to God for having given me this gift." Anne's wish came true, and she continues to inspire millions of people with her powerful words. Her humble voice turned out to be louder than the hatred preached by her enemies, and her legacy has become a part of the fabric of our society. Anne's words bring together many different cultures and create beauty in love and understanding like threads through colorful textiles.

My kaleidoscope of threads represents all people and can be woven into stunning fabrics if we remember to include every thread. We need to seek out and help the depressed student that's in our Algebra class, the girl that has no friends, the boy that can't afford lunch, all those threads matter and without them the fabric we weave will be incomplete. Today's society is not the drab colorless uniforms forced on the prisoners of the Holocaust. It's made up of all types of people and so our fabric becomes a coat of many colors. We are charged by Anne to

include all people in our society. “How wonderful it is that nobody need wait a single moment before starting to improve the world”.