

Yarn, a Crochet Hook and the End of the World

Madame DeFarge used needles, and knit through the revolution, but now, I find myself crocheting hats, scarves, table runners, baby blankets. Whatever the yarn tells me to do with it. Hats to the homeless shelter, the baby blanket for Leah's not-yet-born granddaughter. I am learning to create straight edges for the larger pieces, ripping out again and again when the sides of a blanket have started to lean inward, or outward.

The news remains bad, even here in the quiet of the Connecticut River valley, my mind hears explosions in Tehran and Beirut, hears the mindless explanations by the inept uncaring, and the silence around dead children. I can hear parents weeping. My fingers count stitches, rows, inches, as if in the counting, I could keep children alive.

The blue-handled crochet hook, and stitches I have invented: I know these won't change the world, but somewhere at least one person will be warmer.

Jane E Wohl
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