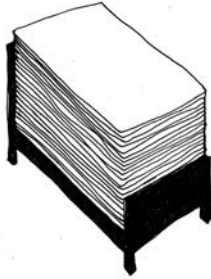


BLANKETING



Lois Klassen

*To the memory of Martha Klassen,
and to those who gather to make blankets,
comforters, and ceremonial robes.*



Practices of Everyday Ethics: *Blanketing*

Like being at the bottom of a pile of blankets on a sagging bed I am blanketed and blanketing. Smothered in an abundance of foremothers' handwork, I am a squished pea. In an art project called *Princess City*, I once claimed that the metaphor of the princess and the pea could be applied hopefully to a city, where groups of people generated piles and piles of handmade blankets in mutual aid. It is a city's treasure, I thought back then, to imagine in one place the handwork of makers who were up-cycling scraps and making comfort happen for others. These days I am lost inside a pile of blankets that have accumulated as a legacy of close relations. Their smells and frayed threads fold me into a bundle of recollections, questions, and needs, that hold me close.

To experience and think about these accumulations, personal and public, is the practice of *blanketing*. Blanketing is what I make of my mother's death last year, how I recall the lives of my grandmothers, and how I honour the lives of all other blanket makers. Blanketing is attention to the work of making blankets and using blankets. A bottom-of-the-pile reflection like this is best done in a retreat.



Banner 1 – Sointula House Residency

My partner Carl and I carry an inheritance of blankets to a faraway artist residency on Malcolm Island. The quilts, comforters, and blankets that we lug in bags and pillow cases need mending or remaking. The pile gives me the chance to recall my mother's skills, intensions, creative impulses, and love. We also brought a version of her old quilt frame, but we don't really know how to use it. I wrangled onto the boards an *improv quilt* that I had patched together from sewing scraps. It features what for me is a complimentary palette of reds, pale oranges, and browns. Some of the scraps are worn linens from my kitchen, some upholstery weight, some delicate. A real quilter would be more discerning. The triangle and rectangle pieces don't exactly align. We came up with the 4-board clamped frame by calling up memories of both our mothers' quilt and blanket-making practices. The scrap quilt is bulky and loose on the frame.

My skills and knowledge for blanketing are only partial. Questions pile up, as a measure of loss. I want to know what my mother and her mother knew, but they are not here.

What happened to your quilt frame? Where did it come from in the first place? How did you set it up? Who did you learn from? What can you tell me about older ways of making blankets? When did you change from whole cloth to patchwork quilting? How many blankets did you make – did you ever stop to count? It takes so long to make a blanket –how did you find the time?

My mother's patchwork quilts are panels of perfectly pieced triangles and squares. They feature patterns and designs with names I don't know. In the opening to *Interlaced: Animation & Textiles* Alla Gadassik describes how an anthropologist understood decorative patterning on ancient domestic objects as a means of bringing them to life. Geometrically-pieced or printed cloth vibrates with life when it is swished, draped, flicked –or danced. When a film or video camera captures the mesmerizing effect of patterned fabric in motion it is an animation that, for Gadassik, makes the textile alive. Even lying still on a quilt frame or bed, a triangle sewn in sequence with contrasting colours makes a bird take flight or a star shine.



Banner 2 – Blanket Books, Blanket Art

During the Sointula House Residency Carl and I make visits to U'mista Cultural Centre, and to Culture Shock, a gift and coffee shop, on the Namgis First Nation at Alert Bay on Cormorant Island. I purchase three books on blanketing.

In *The Earth's Blanket: Traditional Teachings for Sustainable Living*, Nancy J. Turner, a University of Victoria ethnobotanist, describes how her upbringing was steeped in scientific rationalism, but included a curiosity for the “many things in the world for which we have not yet achieved an understanding.” As a non-Indigenous researcher her career and collaborations with Indigenous knowledge keepers has offered a broad readership access to Indigenous plant and land teachings and practices. In this one Turner describes earth's blanket as a Nlaka'pamux concept in which the diversity and density of plants and organisms at the surface of the earth are the earth's gifts. When there is excessive harvesting or damage to this ecosystem, the earth is sad, weeps, and causes bad weather. This concept of a responsive covering was brought to Turner through the writings of the nineteenth century ethnographer James Teit who was married to a Nlaka'pamux woman. *The Earth's Blanket*, goes further with stories and experiences from Turner's friendships with Indigenous plant and medicine experts throughout the region.

A few days after the residency when I am back in Vancouver I dream about a bedroom and bed tucked into a dark forest. It is enclosed by live posts and beams and surrounded by enormous old trees. There is warm air and soft light inside of darkness that surrounds the bed. In the dream sleep is deep and uninterrupted. Moss blankets everything.

In the small photo-illustrated book, *Button Blankets*, the author Sally Williams describes the way button blankets are part of ceremonial practices and celebrations in Kwakwaka'wakw Territory. The book describes how the work of making Williams's own button blanket was an opportunity for her mother to share teachings that included respect for button blankets and for those who gift them.

First published in 1986 and reprinted many times since then, *Robes of Power: Totem Poles on Cloth*

by Doreen Jensen and Polly Sargent first served to accompany an exhibition of Northwest Coast button blankets on an Australian tour. Today, it is an archive of teachings from button blanket makers whose experiences span the potlatch ban years to a resurgence of regalia making in the 1980s. Contributors describe how the term blanket is not really appropriate for these robes. The section “Gitksan ceremonial robes” by the research collective, The Book Builders of ‘Ksan, explains,

The term, “button blanket” is a poor translation for *gwiis gan m’ala*, which literally means “covering or robe with buttons.” “Ceremonial robe,” “chief’s robe,” or “chief’s button robe” are preferable. “Blanket” implies bedding.

The centuries of pressured exchange of animal furs for Melton cloth from trade ships, and Hudson Bay blankets during monopolistic fur trade, resulted in the near extinction of animals, as well as the replacement of furs, skins, and fiber weaving, with industrially produced wool blankets. But ceremonial blankets and robes, whether made of wool, woven fibers, or fur, continue to signify powerful identities. Kara Thompson in *Blanket* notes how in 1933 Luther Standing Bear (Lakota) claimed that early twentieth century images of Indigenous people wearing blankets instead of coats came to signify armed resistance to colonial threats. Luther wrote that “‘going back to the blanket’ [a colonial slur for people choosing traditional Indigenous lifestyles over assimilation] is the factor that saved him [them].” The blanket worn as a robe carried the history of contact as well as the survival and endurance of Indigenous identities.

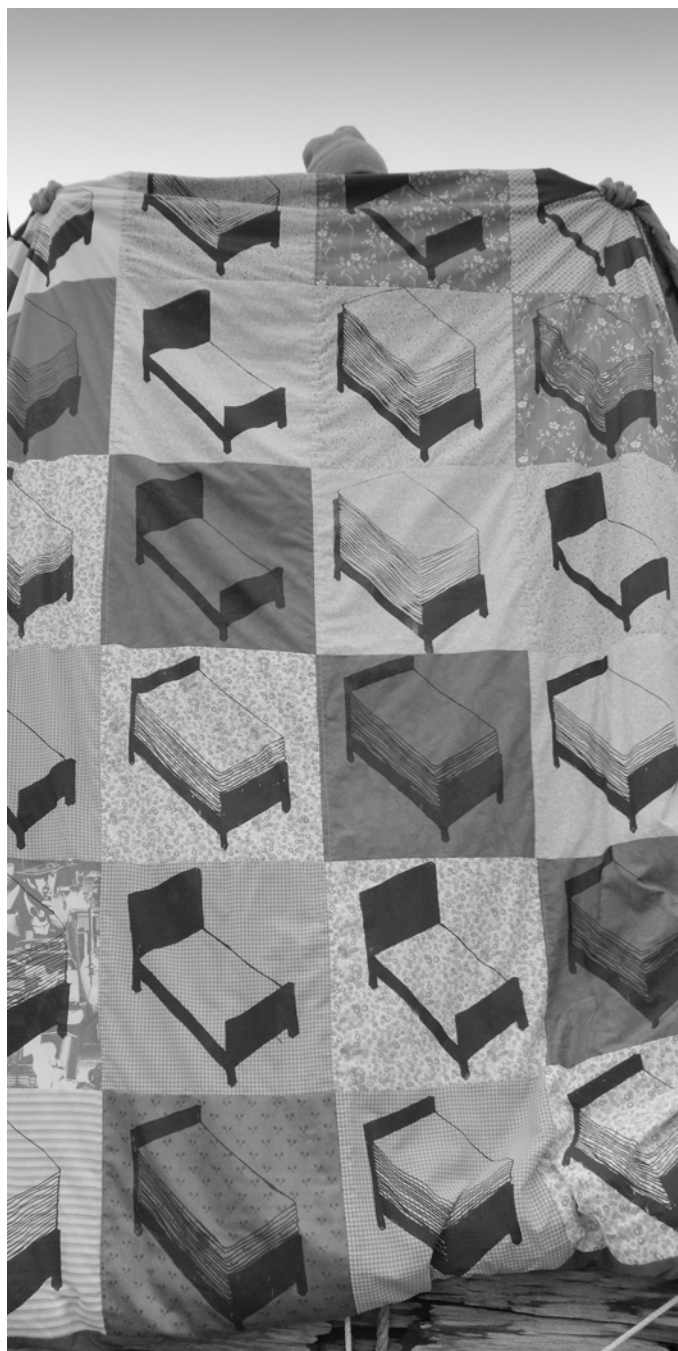
Leah Decter has reflected on the cultural weight of the Hudson Bay blanket’s legacy by taking them out of currency and into her critical artmaking practice. As a non-Indigenous artist based in Winnipeg, Decter links the Canadiana aesthetics of the Bay blanket and landscape painting. In *spill: after Tom Thomson’s The Canoe* (2022) Decter has cut strips of colour from Bay blankets and rug-hooked them like paint-by-number onto an enormous burlap backing. The strips replicate Thomson’s 1912 painting of a canoe abandoned in an empty wilderness. In Decter’s piece the image is inverted. Strands of blanket strips cascade from an unfinished rendering of the canoe, as if to empty the

canoe, the false landscape, and Bay blanket of their colonial mythologies.

In an earlier work, (*official denial*) *trade value in progress*, Dexter traveled across Canada with artist-curator Jaimie Isaac to events where participants were invited to embroider on a large panel of Bay blankets. The artists prompted people to respond to a statement made by Prime Minister Stephen Harper at a 2009 G7 gathering where he had declared about Canada that “we also have no history of colonialism.” Jaimie Isaac included (*official denial*) in the cultural programs of the first Truth and Reconciliation Commission of Canada event held in Winnipeg in 2012. Isaac, who describes her cultural background as mixed Indigenous and not, felt that though the TRC needed to foreground the perspectives of Indigenous artists and survivors, the perspectives of non-Indigenous artists working on topics like decolonization also needed to be included. “[T]his legacy pertains to and has affected all Canadians on multiple levels,” Isaac wrote. The monumental patchwork of Bay blankets in (*official denial*) gave a wide range of Canadian participants opportunities to respond to overt slippages of denial from leaders who continue to avoid confronting ongoing and systemic colonialism.

In the preface to *Blanket* Kara Thompson admits anxiety over writing about the topic. Thompson describes her assigned object as particularly daunting because of the way blankets continually produce and reproduce “knowledge and forms of inheritance” for makers, users, and inheritors like me. Even the acts of folding or creasing a blanket are events that can stop the handler and cause a spill of emotions, associations and viewpoints. Thompson is haunted by how many different ways other writers would allow blankets to unfold.

On the Malcolm Island retreat the project *Blanketing* takes shape from actual blankets around me and in my hands. Carl and I work on a series of photos together, and I put my research into a text that becomes this zine. The practice of blanketing is comprised of what has come to me through mending, repairing, remembering, sleeping, and trying to figure out materials and relationships.



Banner 3 – Feather Blankets and Duvets

Oma Klassen made blankets that she filled with downy feathers from farm chickens, and called *feather blankets*. I wish I had witnessed her in the process of making them. It would have involved gathering, sorting, and cleaning soft feathers, sewing together two large panels of close-weave fabric in such a way that the feathers could be stuffed into evenly spaced pockets. The final step would have been to make a removable cover with a row of button closures along the bottom, and with inner tabs of fabric for the safety pins that would keep the feather duvet in place.

Mama Wiebe made Carl and me a wool-filled duvet for our wedding, like she had for the weddings of each of her eight children. Ours was her last. The wool was sourced from the university animal lab where Carl was a very reluctant research assistant. She processed it, washing and carding, in her small city house. She then placed the clean wool pieces between whole yardage. Popular in the late 1980s, the colour choice for the blanket fabric was dusty rose and the duvet cover was dove gray. The cover had a large diamond window opening, showing the quilted blanket inside. Carl thinks that the blanket was quilted on a 4-board frame, though we didn't witness her making it, because he remembers her use of the frame during his childhood.

At the Sointula House Residency, I made a duvet cover from the last of the 2009 screen-printed *Princess City* squares. I put our store-bought down duvet inside. Our wool blanket disintegrated long ago. We hang the newly covered blanket as an artwork in the Sointula Art Shed Window Gallery.



Banner 4 – Frame Quilts and Material Aid

There is a photo of Oma Loewen making a whole cloth quilt using a 4-board clamped frame. It is set up in my mother's basement. Mom's landscape paintings are on the wall, as is the Klassen family's *Kroeger Clock*. I found the photo just as Carl and I started to recreate the clamped quilt frame. Looking at it I realize how much I am searching memories for lost knowledge and skill, when what I need is her hand to guide me.

The use of clamped quilt frames, once ubiquitous, is now rare. The UK-based researchers Deborah McGuire and Jess Bailey note how “quodidian quilting” with flat wood frames nearly disappeared from British households and communities in the 1980s. Once a specialization for rural women that offered an alternative source of revenue for households in communities that faced mine closures or other barriers to sustainable incomes, quilting with a simple 4-board quilt frame (with pegs, rather than clamps) offered women a home-based career. Their income sometimes exceeded local industrial labour wages. Fees were paid for contract pattern designing, bespoke quilt construction, as well as hand sewing. For the researchers these skills seemed destined to be forgotten, save for collectible examples in museums and with aging family members. McGuire's and Bailey's research led an appeal to add “Hand Quilting in a Frame with Rocking Stitch” to the 2025 Heritage Crafts Red List of Endangered Crafts, a UNESCO accredited organization for Intangible Cultural Heritage. Their work also included workshops where the techniques were shared, and the supply of newly crafted wooden frames for groups and individuals to put back in use.

In the photo Oma is leaning slightly over the frame while she hand stitches a large plain blue blanket. I see in the photo that it was taken when she was living with chronic leukemia, from which she died in 1997. Despite her age and frailty her hair is dark and thick like mine. Was the frame used again after the photo? What happened to it? My mother switched to quilting on a more ergonomic Hinterberg frame that my father made for her. I once witnessed in the blanket room of the thrift store where she volunteered how she and the other

volunteers knotted blankets on large tables where the layers were held in place with painters tape. As in McGuire and Bailey's research, Carl and my memories of frame quilting go quiet after the 80s and 90s.

Oma's tools are spread out on the quilt: a wooden yardstick to mark the diagonal lines with a chalk, a spool of matching thread, a pair of scissors, and something I cannot make out -maybe a pile of pins. Three layers (backing, filling, and top) of the quilt are neatly pinned to the frame's fabric strips with t-pins. There are no wrinkles or uneven bulk. Everything is uniformly taut. Oma is adding stitches with a needle in her right hand. Her left hand is not visible, guiding stitches from below. I can hear the sound of the thread, amplified as it is pulled through stretched layers. *Th-th-th-th-thhhh*, as it is pulled through.

Thththththread

After my mother, Martha Loewen Klassen, died in the fall of 2024 at age 85, my artistic mentor Aganetha Dyck also passed away. She was 87. Both of them were born in Manitoba to Russian Mennonite immigrant parents, and both had experienced post-war childhoods in Canada's rural west. My mother sewed, crafted, gardened, and fed a community with food and music. Aganetha Dyck became a celebrated sculptor, recognized for fearless experimentation with some of the least celebrated of domestic materials, including shrunken wool garments, buttons, last cigarettes, and eventually bees in their hives. My mother, a coordinator for a time of an NGO's regional thrift stores, once aimed to make 100 refugee blankets a year, either single-handedly or with her women's group, which she referred to as the *sewing circle*. Later in retirement years she was a committed volunteer in the blanket room of a large thrift store in her neighbourhood. There she and other elders would process donated orphan quilt materials into either showpieces for quilt exhibitions or utilitarian knotted blankets that were distributed as international material aid. Aganetha often took me to thrift stores where her gaze searched out art materials: things that caught her curiosity or intrigue, but were available in large enough quantity

for studio experimentation, and at low cost. I remember her saying to a thrift store volunteer, "I'm just looking to use this for art. I don't want to take anything that someone else needs." Both women's ethic was to create value from materials whose value had been thoroughly depleted.

A few months after Aganetha's passing another first-generation Russian Mennonite Canadian artist, Gathie Falk, died in Vancouver at age 97. Falk had just exhibited paintings that Equinox Gallery curators had unearthed from cluttered corners of her studio. The painting *Untitled (Woman)* was completed when Falk was both a school teacher and an art student. It is an expressive panel of an older woman looking at something in her hands. In a promotional video for the exhibition, Falk in a wheelchair pointed to the painting and said, "that's what my mother looked like." The woman occupying most of the image has white hair pulled into a bun near her neck. She is wearing a green printed dress that covers her knees and has three-quarter length sleeves that leave her lower arms and hands free. Is it a blanket that she is examining? Or, is she looking at a thick, velvet-covered album that she has pulled from the closet to show her granddaughter? Oma Klassen comes to me from the painted canvas. She wants to show me the book that holds precious *cabinet card* photographs of well-dressed family members living their best Victorian-era lives. It is a memory machine for her. Through it she names loved ones lost, relationships cut short by illnesses, and a family scarred by a modern world order confronting them with violence. Her bowed head holds memories of baby brothers and sisters who didn't become adults, and of her mother who wasn't alive to accompany her on the Atlantic crossing. I love her house dress and tidy white hair.

Also in the fall of 2025, during film festival season, everyone was talking about Amalie Atkins's film *Agatha's Almanac*. In it Agatha Bock, the film maker's Mennonite aunt, is featured in her summer farm home demonstrating an astonishing array of everyday practices in gardening, food production, and reuse or re-purposing. The colours are thoroughly saturated, with emphasis on the pinks and reds of Agatha's dishes, fabrics, and impossibly large garden-grown watermelon. Friends

who saw the premier in Vancouver, were delighted by the audience filled with family members including Agatha herself adding commentary. Agatha Bock also appears with another of Aktins's aunts in an apron-donning scene in an earlier film, *The Diamond Eye Assembly*. In it one woman assists the other in putting on dozens of hand-made aprons, one over another. The pile of aprons appeared in a gallery exhibition that I saw in Regina in 2019. Maxine Proctor described the aproning as incredibly important to the film, "The aprons are beautifully homemade and diverse in their colours, patterns, and styles—utilizing every scrap of spare fabric and ribbon. Although sweet and delicate in their form, the aprons act as armour and prepare her for the world outside."

Thththththread
Marthththa
Aganethththa
Gathththie
Agathththa

In the years that she cared for her five children, my mother and her sewing circle made hundreds of patchwork comforters from worn out clothing, bedding, and other scrap or surplus fabric. Besides *comforters* she called them *relief blankets* or *refugee blankets*. She didn't like the term *charity blankets*. She didn't see material aid as charity. For her it was a practice of sustainability and up-cycling (though she didn't know that word then). Warm and usable textiles cut from worn out clothing and other things were recirculated to places where they were missing or needed. The comforters that she made featured simple patchwork tops knotted to surplus or recycled fabric backing, and were sized for a single-bed. They were meant to be attractive, durable, not too precious, easy to dry, and light enough to grab and carry.

Canadian women's efforts to make blankets as material aid for bombed parts of Europe and Britain during the World wars is legendary. Known as *comforts* and *Red Cross Blankets*, these blankets were completed by women's groups in Canada, labeled with small cotton square saying "Gift of Canadian Red Cross Society," and delivered to refugee centres where families' homes were destroyed in bombing raids. Quilt and craft

historians like Johanna Dermenjian are now actively searching for them, documenting their travels, and even returning the tattered blankets back to Canadian museums and collections. A collection of quilts made by Mennonites in North America that were received by a Dutch Mennonite couple who had opened their home to Jews and Mennonite refugees during and after the second world war became the focus of an exhibition that toured North America. An Keuning-Tichelaar, a Dutch resistor who had initially received the blankets, and the much younger Lynn Kaplanian-Buller, who found them on a chance visit, together wrote a book and assembled the exhibition *Passing on the Comfort: The War, The Quilts, and the Women Who Made a Difference*. Like many in the UK who noticed the "Gift of Canada" label on worn hand-made blankets, Keuning-Tichelaar felt an impulse in her elder years to return the blankets with their stories to the communities who had originally made them. It is as if comforters given as aid are in best cases borrowed for use and witness. Their return, carrying a legacy of lives lived in urgently compromised circumstances, is made in reciprocal gratitude.

My mother was not well around the time of 9-11 and the subsequent invasions that resulted in mass displacement of people. So I took up her practice of social sewing in a project called *Comforter Art Action*. My version put the action of making knotted quilts into my mail art practice and other art settings. I invited correspondents and artists to send fabric squares or blanket tops that I finished as colourful blankets that were distributed to local under-housed people through Vancouver First United Church, as well as to internationally displaced people through an NGO, and later to people in migration housing shelters in Tijuana through Border Angels volunteers.

One of the worn quilts that I put on the frame at the Sointula House is a blanket that the family of my mother's father received when he was a child. The blanket was made by a group of Mennonite quilters, likely in Pennsylvania. Its printed patches cut from men's shirts up-cycled into a charity blanket in the 1920s are now disintegrating. I cover the largest gaps with light-weight patches and return it to its dark container.



Banner 5 – Scrap Quilt Vest

With a patchwork top the crib blanket that Oma Loewen made for my son, and that I made into a quilted zipper vest, is stitched with her characteristic bordered diamond pattern. I cut the vest from the parts that were not torn. The bordered edges run along the bottom hem and the zipper. Her stitches are visible in the vest's blue interior. The fabrics are very old and thread-bare in places. As it wears out I add more patches to keep the filling in place.

In *An Encyclopedia of Radical Helping* (Erin Segal, Chris Hoff, and Julie Cho, editors) the entry "Slow Textiles as a Form of Resistance" by Monika Cvitanovic reads,

Engagement in slow textile practice acts as an antidote to consumerist attitudes towards textiles in terms of alienation from abstracted labour embedded in undervalued garments in circulation. My restoration of the slower approach to textiles serves as a form of resistance to participating in neoliberal economies and asserts manual stitching as both a method of care for the intergenerational craft-based knowledge and a practice that reclaims time...

Cvitanovic's contribution is linked to other encyclopedia entries: *lingering, mending, poems/poetry, slowness, and staying with the trouble.*



Banner 6 – Unfinished

Another entry for the encyclopedia could be, *Blanketing is a process of awareness. It is the intention of observing, smelling, hearing, and loving the blankets that have been provided for use by textile makers. Your blankets may be made by friends or mothers or aunts or other loved ones. You might have a blanket that is an art object or a near-sacred symbol of your belonging. Maybe you have blankets made by skilled textile makers, and maybe their wages and working conditions are not nearly worth their effort and skill, but maybe the choice of working is not exactly theirs to make. The awareness of blanketing recognizes the value of the components and relationships that brought the blanket to you, and are contained in its folds and layers. You can smell them and feel them. Blanketing is a curiosity for how long a blanket will last, how to mend it, and what it can become next. In these ways blanketing is allowing oneself to be covered in gratitude. Blanketing asks what more can I do to care for and mend my bruised and scarred self, my relationships, and the world of objects, humans, and other beings. It joins movements of mutual care, moral kindness, and respect for others and the world itself.*

Mom gifted me two blankets made from quilters' UFOs (unfinished objects) which she likely salvaged from a thrift store. I love how they include vintage fabrics that would have been novel to her, and distinct from her newer quilt fabrics. Some of those fabrics are disintegrating in places. I have stitched patches over the most worn sections. The mix of fabrics in the UFO quilts remind me of the way *Comforter Art Action* generated piles and boxes of unusual fabric pieces mailed to my studio from far away correspondents.

In her retirement years my mother took up decorative quilting as a pastime. She joined quilting groups and went to quilting events and exhibitions. She mastered many techniques like hand and machine piecing, appliqué, detailed hand

stitching, and numerous patterns and designs. All her children and grandchildren were gifted personalized quilts while she was alive. More were distributed after she died. At her funeral, we spread out her quilted table coverings and an album of photos of quilts that she had shared with us.

Martha Klassen saw to it that we were blanketed and blanketing, in our families and in public.

Acknowledgments - Thank you to Carl Wiebe who produced each of the photos that were used in the six banner images. This project is truly a collaboration and not at all my own. It has been such a pleasure to learn with you and to see it come to reality with you right alongside me, Carl.

I am grateful to everyone who welcomed Carl and me for a month in Sointula, Malcolm Island. Thank you to Sointula House Residency host Rebekah Pesicka and Sointula Art Shed hosts Kerri Reid and Tyler Brett. Thank you to Robin, Lynne, and the Sointula Hiking Group. Thank you to Kimberly and the regalia makers at U'mista Cultural Centre for welcoming me in one of your workshops.

Thank you to Faith Moosang and the City of Vancouver Public Art Program (*Platforms: The Teachers Among Us*) for commissioning and installing *Blanketing* on the banners in the Vancouver Public Library Atrium in 2026. Thank you to Emily Carr University of Art + Design for supporting my professional development, which enabled the residency on Malcolm Island. Thank you to Clare Yow for assisting Carl and me to prepare the digital images for printing. Thank you to Ginger Mason and Sarah Klassen for your encouragement and invaluable feedback on this text.

NOTES

Cover image

Lois Klassen (2009), *Princess City*, 3-part graphic for a social sewing project at the Glenbow Museum. This graphic is also found printed on fabric in each of the pieces photographed in the banner images.

Introduction

Lois Klassen (2009), *Princess City*, residency, sewing circles, and public talks during Sew City: A community project for mending and making, at the Glenbow Museum and Canadian Social Forum 2009.

Banner 1

In 2025 I was an artist in residence with Carl Wiebe at Sointula House Residency hosted by Rebekah Pesicka, with Sointula Art Shed Residency hosts Kerri Reid and Tyler Brett.

Improv quilting is a style of quilting that pieces scraps without patterns into colourful patchwork blanket tops and even backs. It is not without expertise and historic context, including African American quilting traditions. I benefited from the course “Improvisational Quilting” by Beth Wood at Sew DIY Patterns.

Alla Gadassik (2024), *Interlaced: Animation & Textiles*. Aotearoa New Zealand: Govett-Brewster Art Gallery/Len Lye Centre. Gadassik quoted the anthropologist Alfred Gell on page 22.

Banner 2

Nancy J. Turner (2005), *The Earth's Blanket: Traditional Teachings for Sustainable Living*. University of Washington Press. The quotation is from page 2.

Sally Williams (2018), *Button Blankets* from the Kwakwaka'wakw Strong Stories Series (Strong Nations Publishing).

Doreen Jensen and Polly Sargent (1986, with reprints in 1993, 1997, 2003, 2013, 2018, 2023), *Robes of Power: Totem Poles on Cloth*. Vancouver: UBC Press. The quotation of The Book Builders of 'Ksan is found on page 71.

Kara Thompson (2019), *Blanket*, in the Object Lessons series, edited by Ian Bogost and Christopher Schaberg. New York: Bloomsbury Academic. The quote from Luther Standing Bear (1933) appears on page 21.

Leah Decter's artwork can be viewed here - <https://leahdecter.com/artwork>.

Jaimie Issac describes her cultural background this way, "The matriarchal side of my family is Anishnabe from Sagkeeng First Nation, Treaty 1 territory, and the patriarchal side of my family hails from Britain and the Isle of Mann," on page 116 of "Reflections on Unsettling Narratives of Denial," by Leah Decter and Jaimie Isaac (2015), in Sophie McCall and Gabrielle L'Hirondelle Hill, editors, *The Land We Are: Artists & Writers Unsettle the Politics of Reconciliation*, Winnipeg; ARP Books, pages 96-129.

The quote "[T]his legacy pertains to and has affected all Canadians..." by Jaimie Isaac is found on page 119 of "Reflections on Unsettling Narratives of Denial."

Kara Thompson's quote "knowledge and forms of inheritance" is found on page xviii of their book, *Blanket* (2019).

Banner 3

Oma Klassen was my grandmother Helena Froese Klassen (1903-1995).

Mama Wiebe was my mother-in-law Anna (Anushka) Bergen Wiebe (1922-2007).

Banner 4

Oma Loewen was my grandmother Maria Isaak Loewen (1917-1997).

The significance of a Kroeger Clock in the home of a Russian Mennonite family is described on the website of the Mennonite Heritage Village for their 2018 exhibition "Baring the Marks of History" - <https://www.kroegerclocks.com/2018-exhibition>.

Deborah MCGuire and Jess Bailey's research

project "Within the Frame" is described here - <https://www.withintheframe.co.uk/>.

Cabinet Card photographs are described here - https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cabinet_card

My mother, a coordinator for a time of an NGO's regional thrift stores - The non-governmental organization referred to here and elsewhere in this text is Mennonite Central Committee (MCC).

The video containing the comment by Gathie Falk about the painting *Untitled (Woman)* is no longer available. It is quoted from my memory.

Maxine Proctor (2021), "Generation to Generation: The Legacy of Loss in the Films of Amalie Atkins." *BlackFlash Magazine*, February 9, 2021.

Johanna Dermenjian's research project "Suture and Selvedge" is described here - <https://sutureandselvedge.com/>

An Keuning-Tichelaar and Lynn Kaplanian-Buller (2005), *Passing on the Comfort: The War, the Quilts, and the Women Who Made a Difference*. Intercourse, Pennsylvania: Good Books.

My project *Comforter Art Action* was documented in three zines. They can be found in the Vancouver Public Library Zine Collection (Central Branch): *Comforters* (2003), *Comforters, Comforters* (2005), and *Comforters, Comforters, Comforters* (2007).

Banner 5

Monika Cvitanovic (2024), "Slow Textiles as a Form of Resistance," in *An Encyclopedia of Radical Helping*, Erin Segal, Chris Hoff, and Julie Cho, editors, Thick Press, page 411.

Practices of Everyday Ethics is a series of pamphlets that muse over the wicked problems and solutions that hope to make good in daily life. They are authored and designed by **Lois Klassen**, and self-published by **Light Factory Publications**.

As artist-produced 'zines, these pamphlets can be freely shared, exchanged, copied, cited, used as colouring books, or something equally creative.

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Blanketing

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