

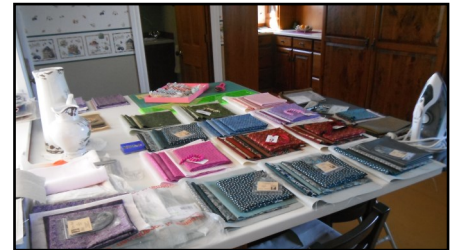
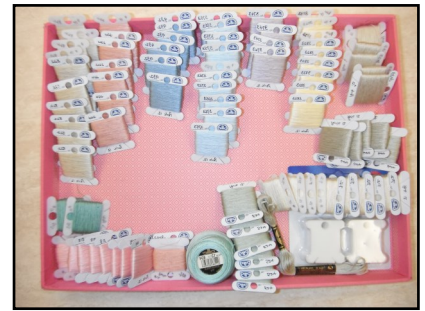
Blog #64 - Preparations for Fili Senza Tempo

Saturday, 2 September 2017

I leave for Italy tomorrow! What's not done now - won't get done!!



For the last couple of weeks I've been creating kits for my design, "Hem Your Blessings Poche" - that is, choosing various coloured linens and cutting the fabric to the size required, choosing appropriate Silk Pearl (overdyed) thread colours for the linen fabric colour, choosing the appropriate coloured Coton Perle #12 thread for the colour of the linen fabric and special silk thread colour and winding ball after ball of the Perle cotton onto cards, and then choosing & cutting colour co-ordinated printed cotton fabrics to be used for creating the internal pockets & bias binding edge of the pouch.



And finally, folding all items neatly and tying all together and placing everything into cellophane bags.

In all, created just over 30 packs.

To the right are a couple of pics of some of these finished packs.



And too, a pic of fabrics and threads being prepared for 'Josephine's Fob' packs.



Time is marching on - and so will have to leave off and continue this when I get back home.

Saturday, 30 September -

Arrived back in NZ from Italy on Wednesday, the 20th of September.

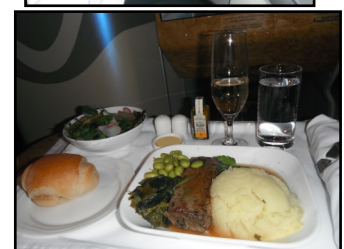
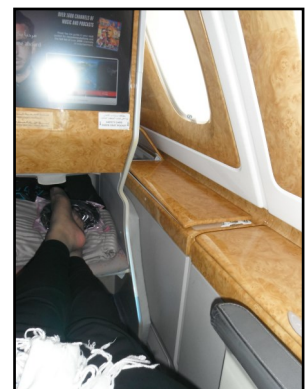
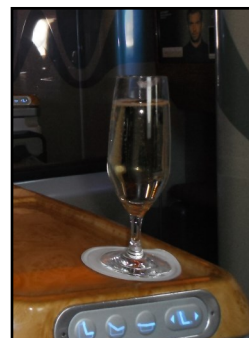
But will go back to Sunday, the 3rd of September.

This is the date that I flew from Napier to Auckland, a few hours layover (as I don't like to be rushed) and then I left New Zealand - flying Emirates from Auckland to Dubai (17 hours).

Ah - so lovely to put my feet up after all the busyness of preparations and packing, enjoy a complimentary glass of champagne & a delicious dinner (more champagne) and a peaceful sleep.

A layover for 5½ hours at Dubai and then a 6½ hour flight to Bologna, Italy

to be met by a chauffeur provided by Emirates and taken to my hotel located in the centre of the city.



By this time it was late afternoon of Monday, the 4th (Tuesday - New Zealand time). A long tiring trip.

During the flight when I wasn't sleeping, (and at other spare times during my time away) stitched alphabet letters.

Stitching of this series is taking longer than I had anticipated. I guess it is because each design is so similar (it's not so much fun stitching a design over and over) - and so many to do!



I wasn't able to stay at the same hotel as the one Elizabeth & I had previously stayed at due to it being renovated, but stayed at a sister hotel just a couple of streets away from it and the central city square - Piazza Maggiore. Wandered to a little restaurant in the square for dinner that evening.

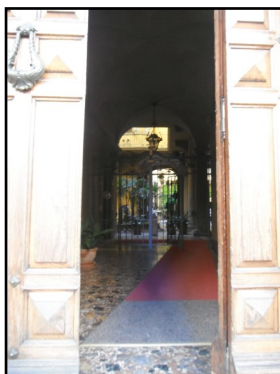


Next morning I explored the city on foot (retracing my 2015 steps).

Wandered up and down all the shopping streets - found the absolutely fabulous fabric shop that Elizabeth & I had found last time (Valli : all Italian manufactured fabrics over 100 Euros a metre), revisited the ancient communal city water well, twin towers

(built by two families competing against one another, one tower having to be stopped due to its lean)

and revisited the town hall which houses the most glorious pieces of needlework, lace & art. The photos of the needlework and lace pictured I actually took on my last trip in 2015. It wasn't until this trip that I saw the sign - no photography! Whoops!!



On my walking tour I discovered what is behind those beautiful big doors of the buildings.

A marbled entrance / lobby, from which stairs and walkways lead to all living apartments for lots of families and these apartments surround an enclosed garden. In the photo you can see the garden through the grilled gate. Really lovely.

After lunch I toured the city via the 'Hop On, Hop Off' bus sitting next to two husband and wife couples from Hamilton! Small world, isn't it?!

At 3pm, Flavio (the driver of a private tour company) picked me up from my hotel and drove me to my next hotel, Hotel Guerro, at Castelvetro di Modena which is about a 45 minute drive from Bologna.



On arrival discovered they only served breakfasts at the hotel and there were no eating places nearby.

After the receptionist and I struggled to understand one another - neither of us spoke each others language - managed to ascertain that all restaurants were across the road at the top of the hill in the old walled town that could be seen in the distance.



*And so - off I went, wondering all the time, "Am I going in the right direction?"
I went across the road and then across the bridge,*



*round the corner,
down the street for quite some ways,*



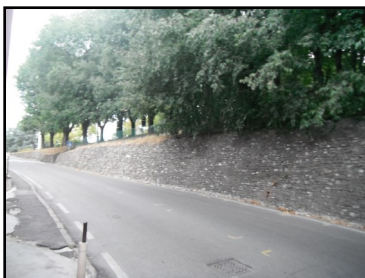
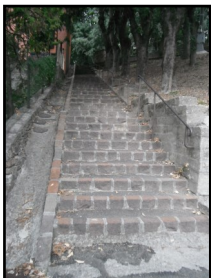
*past the gift shop (which was closed by this time),
round that corner,
up the hilly street,*



past lots of houses, to the first set of steps.



Up the steps, across the road, up more steps, past the carpark, (no cars allowed in the town), up the residential street,



*to a small square and tiny quaint cobblestone streets
in which there were several restaurants.*

Chose one that served a delicious pasta with a glass of red wine.

By the time I had finished my meal it was very dark.

A little bit unnerving walking back to the hotel on my own.

At least it was down, down, down and not up, up, up!

More next time

