The Sewing Lesson

Words & Pictures

by

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I was supposed to be asleep, but there was a light on somewhere.
I crept out of bed
and tiptoed down the hallway.
I saw Mama sitting, leaning over the
dining room table,
her shoulders hunched up like mountains.
I heard a hummming, tap-tap-tapping sound.
“What’s that?” I asked, wrapping an arm around her neck.

“It’s a sewing machine.”
“What are you doing?” I said.
“Making masks,” she said.
“What for?”
“For the people who are helping.”
“Like the doctors, nurses, and other people who work at the hospital?” Mama nodded.
“And the grocery store workers?” Mamma nodded again.
“And our postman, and the farm workers, and...”
“All the people who have to work outside their home right now,” Mama said.
“How can you make so many, Mama?”
“I can’t, but I can do my part.”
“Can I do one?”
“Not tonight,” said Mama.
Mama tucked me back into bed.
In the morning, Mama showed me a little mask she had made just for me. It was scritchy and scratchy, and I didn’t want to wear it at first. I thought I looked funny, too.
But Mama put on hers, so I put on mine, and we went outside to take a walk around the park. It was Spring and all the trees were pinks and purples. They reminded me of the color of my mask. I had almost forgotten I was wearing it! “When can I have my sewing lesson?” I asked. “No time like the present,” said Mama.
At the dining room table, Mama taught me how to sew. She helped me make a special mask, just in time for a knock at the door.
It was Grandpa, just getting home from his long shift at the hospital. I showed him the new mask I had made just for him.

He was so proud. Oh, he was so proud!
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