

ANOTHER EXAMPLE: Narrative Mode

The Art of Story Weaving

“Everyone has a story to tell,” my mother would always say to me. The soft whir, shuffle, and click of the loom as she worked would provide a quiet background noise as she wove in the evenings. It was mesmerizing to watch her pass the shuttle from left to right, pull a lever, right to left, pull the lever, and repeat. The threads wove in and out of the strong cords, creating intricate patterns that spidered their way up the cords as my mother spoke. “You just need to know how to listen.”

My mother’s own stories were told as she worked on her loom, making blankets and rugs in her free time. I listened to the rhythmic sentences as she worked, each sentence matching the flow of her shuttle and the shifting of the loom. She would tell me old family stories about what she did when she was my age—stories Grandma had told her and stories her grandmother’s grandmother had told her. She would tell me legends from all over the world, a different tale for each color she used. She would combine two or three to make a new story, and sometimes I would be a character in a story. All her tales I listened to, and I wove every sentence into my memory the same way she wove them into her blankets and rugs.

When I look at her finished works, I can see the threads and remember the story that is bound within those patterns. The story and the blanket are inseparable, interwoven in both the blanket’s thread and the fabric of my memory. Now that I am learning to weave on my own, I tell my own stories, and I see new patterns emerging on the loom in front of me. I cannot wait to see what other colors and characters I can add to my own pieces. I continue to learn the art of story weaving from my mother as I listen to her voice, and the soft whir, shuffle, and click of her loom.