I have a scarf. It's big, and brown, and warm.
I learned how to knit,
and I made it while the calendar
was still on its autumn pages.

It looks really nice, and when people see it,
they tell me so.
"Hey, I love your scarf!"
"Thanks! I made it myself."

It's so lovely when people tell you things like that.
They're being honest, and kind.
I love honest and kind.

But, while my answer is true;
I did make it with my own two hands,
this big brown scarf that's warm;
I thank people but I'm not telling the whole truth.
I'll tell you what I mean.

I knit it in my little apartment,
in Downtown Dartmouth.
Dimly lit, chilly and drafty.
My cat Penny fought for space on my lap
with the bundle of brown yarn.

And it was so quiet.
I listened to the traffic go by.
And I knitted.
And I thought.

I thought about my Mom,
who taught me how to knit.
She's honest and kind too,
and she showed me what I needed to know.

Then I thought about my Gramma,
who taught my mom.
She was so sweet,
and taught me how to see sweetness in others.

I thought about my partner Ashley,
who I kinda knitted that scarf to show off for.
She's one of the sweetest people that I know.

And I thought about my little nephew Nathan,
who was like 4 years old at the time.
He's always wearing awesome knitted sweaters
that I wish came in my size.

And I thought about my littler nephew Anthony,
who's younger than Nathan.
I wonder if he'll ever learn to knit too?

I thought about my brother Eric,
in the red-blue-and-white scarf that Gramma made,
when she made me one that was yellow-and-red.

And I thought about my Dad,
my Gramma's oldest son.
She probably knitted him scarves too.
Maybe I'll knit him one someday.

I thought about my Nanny,
who babysat Eric and me when we were kids.
Her home was small too;
she wore hand-knitted slippers to keep warm.

And I thought about Ashley's mom Lily,
who lives an 8-hour drive away.
She wears those same slippers, sometimes.

I thought about my friend Trevor,
who knows and loves Lily too.
He's a Flight Attendant,
and travels a lot.
I wonder where he is, right now?

I thought about my friend Brendan,
who's visiting his family in Zimbabwe right now.
That's a really long plane ride from here.
He certainly doesn't need a scarf tonight.

I thought about my friend Will,
who I've known for about half of my life,
so far.
He appreciates everything around him,
and I bet he'd love a handmade scarf.

I thought about my friend Jenny,
who loves to go to the beach
in her alone time.
Even if it's winter.

And then I thought about my friend Denise,
who encouraged me to use my alone time
to make something by hand.
She's one of those people who always feels cold.

Then I thought about my Grandmaman,
who always made sure I felt warm
and loved,
when I visited her Ontario house,
every other Christmas vacation.

And I thought about @dartgalleryns,
the Instagram account
of the art gallery up the street,
run by my friend Jane.
She comments with a 👏👏👏 every time I post a pic.

I thought about my college teacher Rob,
who's always supported my artwork too.
Maybe I'll teach with him someday.

And I thought about my friend Katie,
who lives a few blocks away.
Penny was once her family,
and is now mine,
when their home became too small for a cat.
I'm really grateful for that.

And I also thought about the man on the park bench,
in front of the library,
in the cold of last winter.
I gave him the scarf I was wearing then.
I hope he's warm now.

See, I was never alone
when I made this big warm brown scarf.
I guess I did knit it alone,
but no way did I make it myself.

I still have it,
and it's still big and warm and brown.
And it still makes people show their honest side.
Their kind side.

"Hey, I love your scarf!"
"Thanks! I made it with everyone I know."