

Heavenly Arts - Our creativity comes from our Heavenly Parent.

Joy Lascari
July 1, 2026



Our creativity comes from our Heavenly Parent.

Everyone has it.

My journey into creativity started with hand stitching troll doll and barbie doll clothes with the guidance of my grandmother at age 5. I was sewing my own clothes starting in junior high school and experimenting with design in high school, learning from neighbors and professional fittings for my ballet costumes that my mother sewed.

When working as a maid at an isolated resort on the Olympic Peninsula, and grieving the absence of my sewing machine, my mother sent me a bag of mis-matched fabric and unfinished projects that I hand stitched into a patchwork blouse.

Fabric was not my only medium. I painted walnut shell halves and hung them on a ribbon around my neck in high school. Crazy! I know! Yes, I wore it to school.

Most of us have probably experienced their talents not fitting in with the demands of the wilderness course. I was not a good speaker, fundraiser or songster. My compulsive 'need' to create with my hands could not be accommodated on MFT and I suffered because of it.

Opportunities to use my talents slowly filtered into my life here and there and I gladly embraced every medium I came across. At Camp K in California I was able to repair several sewing machines and make colorful skirts for everyone, using the piles of fabric stored at the warehouse.

Working with butterflies at Kohshin Butterfly Factory in Chicago was a godsend for me as well.

Discarded telephone wire became a craft project at camp sunrise making small figures that could be worn as pins. Sharing my creativity with the children and watching them gleefully trail colorful wire behind them through the camp as they worked on their creations was a huge uplift for me.

Skip forward past knitting 16 sweaters and about a hundred scarves (which were sold to support WFWP), crocheting a few Afghans, creating many beaded necklaces (also sold for WFWP), sewing five wedding dresses and 10 dance costumes, and half a dozen cross stitches creations, with the revival of a sewing machine in my possession, I am currently focusing on quilting. It's in my blood, so to speak.

Quilting has a long tradition and history in this country. Resources were scarce and everything my pioneer ancestors owned had to retain usefulness long past its original purpose. Fabric scraps cut from clothing beyond repair were often stitched together to make quilts. Patterns and new designs were passed through quilting bees, churches and from mother to daughter. Abolitionists hung specific designs out their windows to guide fleeing slaves to food, shelter, safe passage and freedom in the North.

My grandfather helped the local ladies quilting circle tie quilts with his nimble fingers. I have inherited a crazy quilt that lay on my grandmother's bed for as long as I can remember. No one knows who made it

or when. Maybe it was a wedding gift for my grandparents. The satin fabrics in it are disintegrating but the velvets, corduroys and decorative stitching are still vibrant. I also have two of the many hand-pieced summer spreads that my great-great aunt made. Used as a bedspread, these patchworks provide decoration without the warmth that a winter quilt provides.

Every quilt tells a story. Here are a few of mine:



I made this quilt when my children were still young. It is titled "World Peace Through Ideal Families" (Can you tell?)

Blessed families fill the globe across five continents - North and South America, Africa and Europe, with Asia in the center. The name of God - Yahweh - Air, Earth, Fire, Water, is depicted in the art forms or produce of four continents. The colors around the border represent all races.



"Prayer Walk in the Garden" was completed last year.

It took me better than two years of on-and-off working to complete these last two quilts for my grandchildren. My granddaughter wanted purple butterflies. The design for my grandson's quilt was born of his favorite color blue, and everything depicting transportation.



I am still learning. There are many YouTube videos that may inspire you, but if anyone wishes to have more hands-on guidance, I would love to share my knowledge and experience with a small group or individually at my home in Budd Lake, New Jersey (when the renovation is finished in the Fall) to kick-start your own journey in this art form.

All photos by J. Lascari