

*Rejection. We've all experienced it, or know a fellow knitter who has: the grandchild who wore those felted slippers she asked for once, and never again; the husband who left that masterpiece Aran sweater in the closet for the moths to feast upon; the "friend" who gave a handmade layette to Goodwill "because it didn't match my nursery colors."*

One Christmas as I was teaching myself two-handed Fair Isle while fashioning a beautiful yoke sweater in the process, a relative's comment floored me. "For you? Isn't that a little selfish?"