

Dear WW

"Thanks, Woman's World, for getting me to the doctor on time!"

I'd been feeling numbness and tingling in my legs for several days when I called my mother to tell her. "Go to a doctor," Mom said, "and pick up this week's *Woman's World*!"

"Why *Woman's World*?" I asked. I mean, I love your mag-

"Those are my symptoms!" I gasped as I read the article

azine but what did that have to do with the tingling in my legs?

"There's an article that sounds just like your symptoms," Mom said.

So I got the magazine and started reading. Mom's right! I gasped as I read a story about a woman with Guillain-Barré

Syndrome, a disorder that can cause respiratory failure. The feeling she could hardly walk, the sense that the symptoms were climbing up her legs . . . "Those are *my* symptoms!"

Woman's World in hand, I went to my doctor's office. "It's a good thing you read this article," he told me. "Your symptoms do point to Guillain-Barré—or multiple sclerosis. And both can be very serious."

Terrified, I thought of Joseph, my fiancée. Just the day before, we'd been making wedding plans. Now my life could be over before it began!

My doctor referred me to a neurologist, but before I could get there, my symptoms worsened. "Get to the emergency

"Woman's World gave me the knowledge that saved my life!" says Erin, top center, with her family.

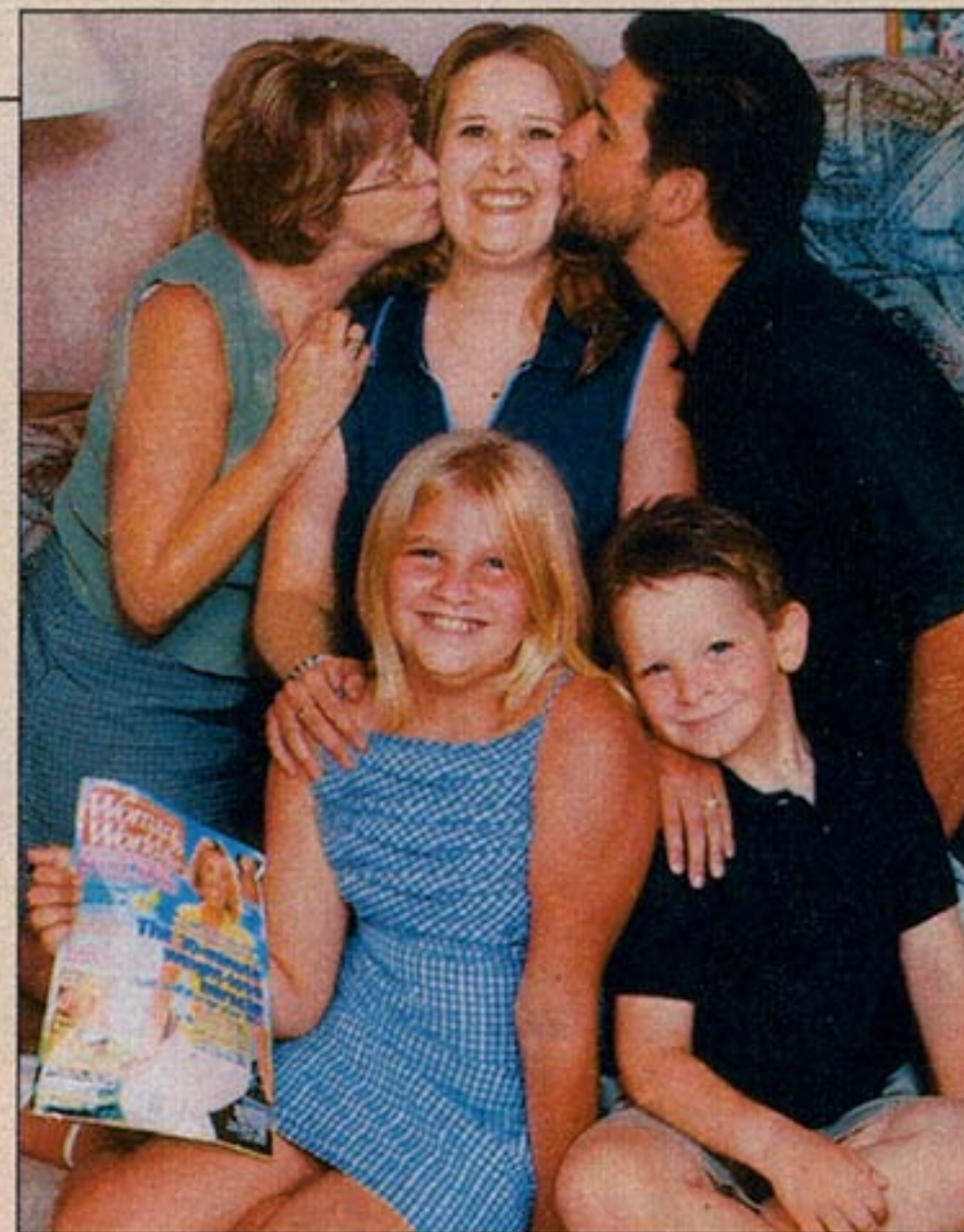
room!" my doctor said.

Fearing the worst, I was taken to intensive care where, for three days, they ran tests. And finally . . .

"You *do* have Guillain-Barré," they confirmed. "But it's a milder form that stops itself before respiratory failure sets in. With medication, you're going to be just fine."

"Thank you," I wept to the doctors. "And thank you, Mom, for telling me about that article."

Three weeks later, I was well enough to start planning my wedding again. And as I get married this week, on September 20, I had to write to you,



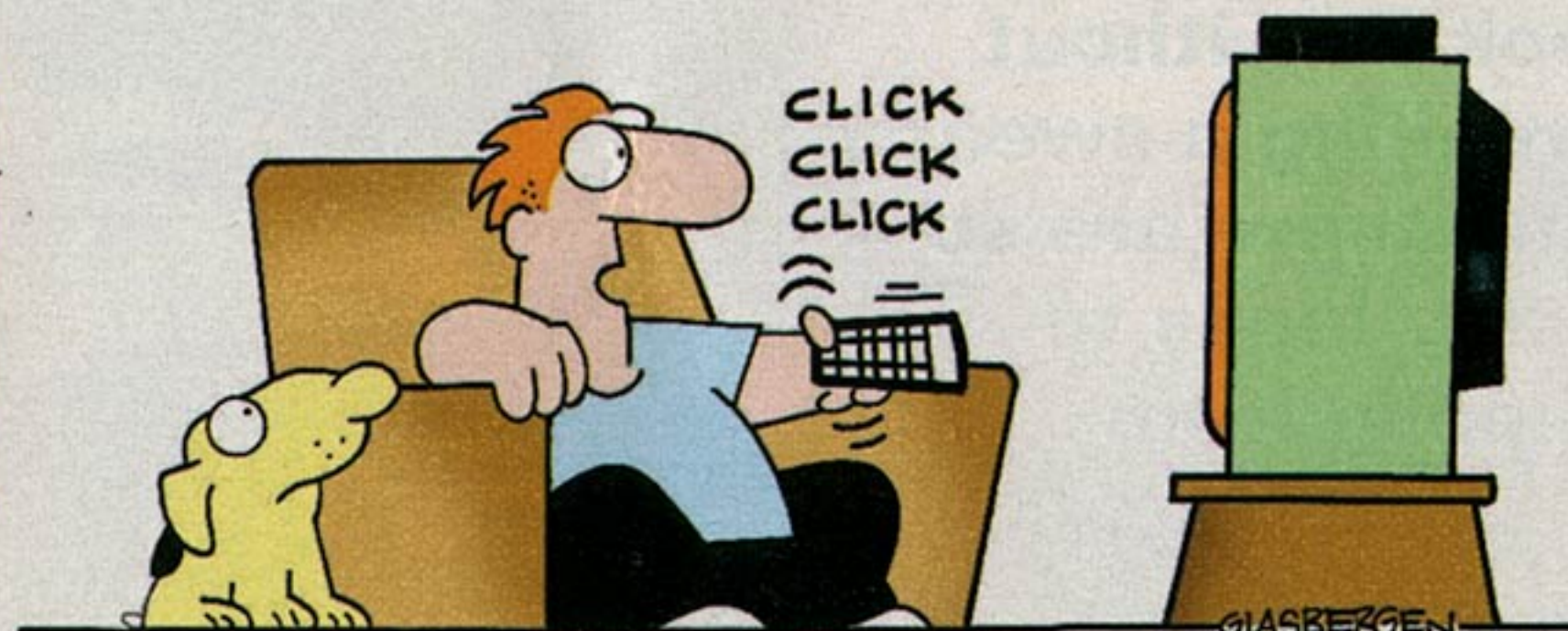
Woman's World, to say thanks for prompting me to get help and giving me the knowledge to ask my doctor the right questions—priceless knowledge that may have saved my life!

—Erin E. Clavey,
Spring Valley, Illinois

Kids are funny!

My four-year-old dinner guest, Gianna, perked up when she heard we were having angel food cake for dessert. As I placed a fluffy wedge before her, she looked up and whispered, "Is this one of the wings?"

—Andi Berger, Winter Haven, Florida



"The TV remote uses fewer muscles than other exercise equipment, so I compensate by doing it longer."

Across generations

"I made my daughter's baby clothes into a priceless heirloom quilt"

When I was growing up, I loved looking at the photo hanging on my bedroom wall. "You were such a beautiful baby," Mom would smile. "And that was probably the last time you ever wore a dress!"

I was quite the tomboy, preferring my cowgirl hat and boots to frilly dresses. But still, that photo always captivated me—and I guess Mom knew it,

It wasn't just a quilt—it was a tapestry of memories

because she saved the little dress and gave it to me as a gift after I was married.

Delighted, I had the dress framed. Later, I hung it in my daughter Ali's nursery, and when Ali was one, I framed one of her dresses to hang alongside mine.

Then one day, I had an idea. If the dress Mom saved made me

feel so loved, I thought, imagine how Ali would feel if I saved *all* of her baby things! Then I started to think about the other precious bits of fabric I'd saved over the years—my grandmother's embroidery, my mother's linen handkerchief. Why, these things tell a story too! I realized—a story of love.

Inspired, I brought my pile of baby clothes and fabrics to a seamstress, who assembled them into a beautiful quilt, appliquing each keepsake onto a pink and white square. When she was finished, it wasn't just a quilt—it was a tapestry of memories.

And Ali loved it! Every time I tucked her in under her quilt, I'd point to a square and tell her a story about her family—and my heart would squeeze with joy.

Today, the quilt is put away for safekeeping, but I know that someday, when Ali's got a little



"Ali's memory quilt and matching pillows wrapped her in love," says Robyn, with her daughter.

girl of her own to tuck into bed, she'll pull out her memory quilt and tell her daughter the story of her own childhood—a story embroidered into each square, straight from my heart.

—Robyn Spizman,
Atlanta, Georgia

You deserve
A LITTLE LIFT!

"You are a living jewel, sparkling with precious possibilities."

Elna Rae

If you have a family tradition, a story of love across the generations, a special relationship with a friend or neighbor or a precious memory that you'd like to share with our readers, please send it with your name, address, phone number, a duplicate photo and SASE to: It's all in a *Woman's World*, *Woman's World*, 270 Sylvan Ave., Englewood Cliffs, NJ 07632 or e-mail allinaww@bauerpublishing.com. We'll pay \$50 if published. Submissions may be edited for style.