

Stocking cap season is here, and I pulled out my favorite. It is not at all pretty, but it is “interesting.” It all started with my cousin, the one with all of the ideas, and the temperature scarves she talked us into knitting in 2017. Using different colors for ranges of temperature, the idea was to knit every day for the entire year, ending up with a warm scarf that reflected the year in degrees.

I did that, and I wear the scarf, too. It is a bit strange-looking, but it suits me. So, last February, I decided to knit a cap for the month, using the same procedure. And, a week or so ago, when the snowflakes began to drift through the leaden sky of November, I took it from its summer home in the mitten drawer and have been wearing it every day since.

When one needs short-term amusement or interest, a project like this is just the thing. A friend in Sweden told me she had read of a woman who had a fairly long train commute to her job. She spent the time knitting mittens or socks—I don’t remember which—in colors reflecting on how well the train was keeping to its time schedule.

And, a friend in the West said she had started a weather scarf while they were traveling, but as they crossed the southwestern part of the country, she decided that solid blue had become pretty boring.

No such danger in Michigan. Our weather here on these two peninsulas with big bodies of water on three sides is more mercurial.

So, deciding that another stocking cap wouldn’t be extravagant, especially since I had leftover yarn of many colors, I started a “November cap.” I made the warm cuff a cherry red. That color will also serve to act as a division if two days in a row have the same shade. Then, I am making one row per day, and when I have finished knitting, I will have a history of weather, as checked around noontime, in a useful cap. I will finish the cap in red, too, and perhaps, add some tassels.

The key to the cap is simple: white indicates snow, gray stands for cloudy, blue appears when the sky is clear at midday, and a ragg yarn of white/gray will show a rainy day. So far, on the 11th of the month, I have not used that yarn. Five days are white, three are gray, and two are blue. In a couple of hours, I will look out to see what midday is like on this day, the 11th of the month.

Life here on Coe Creek might be “different,” or “interesting,” but it is never boring. And as long as we can be easily entertained by some of our more esoteric projects, it never will be.