

Beading Story: Smooth Beads

By Amanda Norton and Jillian Laursen

I loved going to my Noohkoom's (grandmother's) house up north. The smell of leather and the sight of cookie tins filled with beads would wake up my senses. Even as a young child, I remember running my fingertips over the tightly beaded leather pieces in my Noohkoom's home. How delicate and fine they were.

Her fingers would move so quickly as she created patterns of flowers in her mind. She would use two needles on the leather—stringing a needle with two and sometimes five beads at a time, and then using the second needle to tack them down.

Her patterns grew with every movement, and her hand would begin to move faster. Her hand would only leave the leather to stop and sip her warm mug of tea. When she was finished, we would sit back and look at the beautiful pieces. Our family, our friends, and people from all over the community admired Noohkoom's beadwork.



Photo taken by: Amanda Norton