aln furniture

Newsletter



Workshop temp - 23 degrees!!

Welcome to Anna's newsletter!!

What has been happening?

A warm summer in our workshop and a few grumpy makers looking out the window at the blue skies.

Highlights of the summer has been making two new doors for the Royal mile whisky shop in Edinburgh

New furniture added to my made to order website page. Pick your preferred hardwood and finish. Made to measure furniture.

A special new design a curved shelf laminated from layers of Ash on the made to order page. Check it out!!



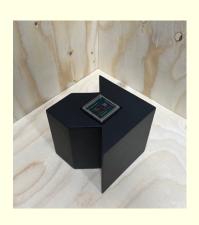


SUMMER 2025 info@alnfurniture.co.uk 07919 485173



ALN WOODWORK HIGHLIGHT

STRANGEST TROPHY BASE I'VE MADE SO FAR!!



www.alnfurniture.co.uk

Classes

Turning with wood

Latest Autumn dates for wood turning classes (maximum 3 people) are up on the website. www.alnfurniture.co.uk

2 Hour taster session £70Making a wine bottle stop or door stop

1 Day taster session **£180** Making a small bowl

2 Day taster session **£360** Making a three-legged stool or pedestal table

6 Day furniture making course **£1100** Make your own chair with woven seat & mug

Upcoming...

Lind & Lime Gin Distillery Makers market with Support the makers ~ 27th September at 24-26 Coburg Street, EH6 6HB - 11am till 6pm

Tree of the season

Tree bark can be fascinating up close and smaller ornamental trees have unique textured and coloured bark that are aesthetically pleasing throughout the year. Here is the colour of Prunus serrula tree bark



Online Shop

Check out my new online shop

alnfurniture on Folksy

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Nature poem

By John Keats

The poetry of earth is never dead: When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run from hedge to hedge about the new mown mead;

That is the Grasshopper's - he takes the lead in summer luxury, - he has never done with his delights; for when tired out with fun

He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.

The poetry of earth is ceasing never: on a lone winter evening, when the frost has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills

The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever, and seems to one in drowsiness half lost, The Grasshopper's among the grassy hills.