

And So I Stand

A memoir of Catherine Buckaway

By Rachelle and Jacqueline Block

Characters:

Catherine - 18 years old at the start of play. Born July 7, 1919.

Alfred Wyatt - Catherine's father. Postmaster. English Settler.

Margaret Wyatt - Catherine's mother. A school teacher. English Settler.

Dr. Macpherson - A doctor from Saskatchewan.

Edward (Eddie) Buckaway - Son of Russian Settlers. Victim of polio.

Nurse Scarlett: Nurse at University of Alberta Hospital in Edmonton.

Nurse: Private nurse in Edmonton.

Helen: Boarding House Host

Doctor: Doctor in Jansen.

Can be played by four actors.

Actor 1 - Catherine

Actor 2 - Eddie

Actor 3 - Margaret Wyatt, Nurse, Helen, Mother's friend, Nurse

Actor 4 - Alfred Wyatt, Dr. Macpherson, Doctor 2, Priest

Act One, Scene One

Edmonton, 1937. Catherine, 18, is laying in her hospital bed. She has been on her back for seven and a half months. She writes.

Nurse: Miss, twenty more minutes and we'll need to turn you over. Oh, and the sharpened pencil you requested.

She smiles and acknowledges the nurse.

Catherine: (*Writing.*)

2 PM, University of Alberta Hospital

I believe we are all born winged. I know I was. I raced the wind with breezes tangling my hair, whistling sunshine across the prairie. I always won the school races. I too have laughed with my friends and wished for dresses of red velvet. I dream of a wedding day, walking down the aisle. I've had my fair share of sunburns. Is it strange to miss sunburns?

beat.

Life is what you make of it, so they say. Here I am, 18, and I have lived the past seven and a half months in this bed. I guess math says that is only 3% of my life, which I suppose really isn't that much, but it sure does feel like it. I miss the Saskatchewan skies, the fresh air, sleeping at my mother's schoolhouse. I miss being a ten year old, on a summer morning, with the bluebells in flower and the smell of heat in the air; realizing for the first time that I was there and chosen to live in that moment, in this body. I miss absently putting one foot in front of the other.

But creatures born winged must fly. Sunburns can exist for me in the form of words. My feet are shackled, so I'll travel through paper. Let these poems run, fleet, facile as the little girl I once was. For I am still living and these words will flow far and wide, lighting the universe in the shimmer of silver wings. My name is Catherine Wyatt, and this is my story.

I grew up in Saskatchewan, living in the school where my mother taught. We slept in the classrooms beside the furnace. The school was surrounded by deep bush with a trail wandering through it. When I played in the school yard, there were always coyotes sitting outside the fence looking at me. Usually on Saturday afternoons, my mother and I would visit our nearest neighbors, and as we walked along the trail, coyotes paced beside us in the bush...

Glaslyn, Saskatchewan, 1926. (Catherine is 8 years old).

Mother: Come on. Keep up or by the time we get there we will have to turn around.

Catherine: Coming!

Catherine runs to catch up.

Catherine: Mom, did you bring any vanilla pudding for Lizzie?

Mother: Not today. I really don't want you playing with Lizzie, much less feeding her.

Catherine: Why? She is so cute.

Mother: She is a coyote.

Catherine: A friendly coyote. She likes me.

Pause.

Mom, why is it that I can't see my eyes? Isn't that so strange?

Mother: I suppose.

Catherine: The only thing that I use to see... I can't see!

Mother: *(Looking around)* Come on, keep up.

Catherine: Mother, will you really get a cramp if you eat and then swim?

Mother: Yes, you're supposed to wait half an hour. You know that.

Catherine: What if you swim and then eat?

Mother: That's fine.

Catherine: What if you swim, and then eat, and then run really fast for three minutes and then swim?

Mother: You're supposed to wait half an hour.

Catherine: That's dreadful.

Pause.

Isn't it so nice that the coyotes walk with us? I love them so.

Mother: Pardon me?

Catherine: The coyotes, don't you see them in the bush?

Mom looks around and grabs Catherine's hand.

Mother: Ah, yes. Very nice. Let's go.

They walk.

A coyote howls.

Mother: Alright, let's review Woodworth today.

Catherine: Do we have to?

Mother: If you learn poetry by heart, no one can take it away from you and if you understand it, you can learn lessons quickly. Now, Woodworth.

I wandered lonely as a Cloud

The waves beside them danced, but they

Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—

Catherine:

A Poet could not but be gay

In such a jocund company:

Mother:

I gazed—and gazed—but little thought

What wealth the shew to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie

In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude,

And then my heart with pleasure fills,

And dances with the Daffodils.

Act One, Scene Two

Catherine: *(to audience)* And so, to take my mother's mind off the coyotes, she would recite poetry out loud to me. By the time I was in Grade Three I knew most of the classic poems by memory. Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Wordsworth's poetry were a familiar part of my life.

There is a movement sequence that resembles her growing up. Throughout it, Catherine's dress shifts from a childlike outfit to a dress suitable for an 18 year old. The movement sequence ends with her blowing out a candle at her writing desk, climbing into bed and falling asleep.

Act One, Scene Three

Catherine's mother walks in.

Mother: Kay...Catherine... Wake up. It's nearly nine in the morning. How in heaven are you still asleep?

Catherine opens her eyes. She is not feeling well.

Catherine: *(With a sore throat)* 9 AM? I'm sorry, Mother.

Catherine moves to get up. She groans.

I don't feel so well.

Mother checks her temperature.

Mother: Kay! Your forehead is on fire. My goodness. You need a cold compress and some water.

Kay wiggles in bed. The back of her neck spasms as the muscles knot and bunch.

Mother: Here we go. Oh my. What in the heavens, you poor thing.

Kay attempts to drink water. She chokes on it and it comes out her nose.

Mother: Kay. What are you doing?

Kay attempts to drink the water again. She chokes on it once more.

Catherine: My throat. It's not working. I think it's closing.

Mother: Alfred! Alfie! Get Dr. Macpherson here now. Alfie!!

Act One, Scene Four

Dr. Macpherson is examining Catherine.

Dr. Macpherson: Hmm. And look up. Does that hurt?

Catherine: Yes.

Dr. Macpherson: And Say “Ahh.”

Catherine: Ahhhh.

Dr. Macpherson: Hm. The opening seems large enough down there.

Mother: Surely, this is just a terrible cold and flu then.

Dr. Macpherson: Yes. Catherine is young and healthy, she has no reason to have anything other than a bad cold. Perhaps Pneumonia. Just some time to heal and rest Kay, and you’ll be back to good in no time.

Dr. Macpherson and Father shake hands and begin to walk out, chatting.

Catherine: *(To audience)* Things worsened throughout the next few days. The back of my neck bunched and knotted. My system seemed ravaged. A red knot began at my right thigh, then it travelled, travelled, travelled, travelled, slowly down my leg until finally it came to my foot, and then it disappeared. My leg from the knee down turned white, my right foot dropped. The muscle is paralyzed. My throat is paralyzed. I feel helpless. I am helpless. The pain is so extreme and my temperature so high that I begin *(entering delirium)* floating... floating.. Ahh, floating...

(snapping back to reality) in a vast sea of pain. The earth is on fire, colours burn against the window putting my life at risk. Steadily the flames envelope me; The blood in my brain turns to fire. My feet crackle as though they are kindling. Days pass, or is it years? Feels like years.

(Mother and Father begin to enter) A yellow bird rises from the ash, the pain subsides. I am still living. Arm in arm with the prairie. I wait. I wait until morning. Somehow I know my body will survive and daylight will become my face. Find the courage. Find the grace.

Act One, Scene Five

The gentle chatter of the radio is playing in the background. Alfred is listening to it. Mother spoon feeds Catherine Cream of Wheat.

Mother: Ok, let's try this again. Just a small spoonful this time. Yes, that's it. Gently push it down. Don't rush it.

Catherine chokes on the Cream of Wheat and spits it out.

Mother: I think you rushed. Just slow down. Take your time. Make sure you are breathing out your nose.

Catherine tries again.

Mother: Even slower this time. Don't force it. Just let it fall past your throat.

Catherine chokes and pukes it out. She is frustrated and upset with herself.

Mother: We'll figure this out. Let's take a little break and try again later.

Catherine attempts to mask her frustration. When she speaks, her voice is fatigued and hoarse.

Catherine: Perhaps it's the Cream of Wheat. Maybe my body is just finally taking a stance against eating something that shouldn't be classified as food. Maybe we should try chocolate, or an apple pie.

They giggle. Father hushes them and turns the radio up.

Radio Announcer: A message from the Canadian Government regarding the Poliomyelitis, an infectious and dangerous disease caused by the poliovirus. Polio season has once again come upon us. Please monitor yourself and those in your household for the following symptoms: sore throat, fever, tiredness, headache, a stiff neck and a stomach ache. It can cause varying degrees of muscle weakness or even paralysis, most severely affecting the muscles that control breathing. The polio virus is highly contagious and mostly affects young children under the age of five, but it can strike at any age. If you fear that you have these symptoms please do not leave your household and contact your doctor immediately.

Mother: Dear lord.

Father: It couldn't be. They said children under the age of five. She is eighteen. Like Dr. Macpherson said, it's just a terrible cold and flu. She is already beginning to get better.

Mother: Yes.

Father: Why don't you make some of that apple pie Kay was talking about? She's right. Perhaps, that Cream of Wheat has no right in a stomach.

Mother nods. She exits.

Father: It might be raining heavily today, but do you know what comes after the rain?

Catherine: A rainbow.

Father: That's right. *(He kisses Kay's forehead)*

Father exits.

Act One, Scene Six

It is now September, one month after Catherine became sick. Catherine works to move her legs from the bed to the floor. She is trying to reach a chair across the room. She is repeatedly trying to stand and ends up falling.

I ask you to try again, Lord. It's been 24 days. Please, give me a different life to lead. Why is the sun taking the long way home? Let it return to me. I cannot find it in these closing circles. I need some light.

She tries to crawl across the floor.

I will not be stiff in old antagonisms, allow my face to continue melting off like wax. Follow your song, Kay, even if it is a song vanishing in the wind. You can do this. Only in shame, grows defeat. There is no shame. I am strong. I know I have strength.

After struggling, falling, and crawling, Catherine manages to pull herself up to the chair. She sits, breathing heavily, exhausted. She turns to her desk, beginning to write.

An iron determination has been born within me. I know that my body is at war with itself. My muscles have deteriorated to the point that I can stick my fist along the right side of my back where the muscles had been. If I ever want to be able to walk again, I must fight.

(To audience)

And so I fought. I hit my head on the kitchen chairs when I fell. I tried so hard that my nose bled from exhaustion. By October, I had built up my strength enough that I could walk lopsidedly and I could eat without strangling.

Act One, Scene Seven

Catherine is seen beginning to walk, with a limp on her right side. She falls and uses a chair to help herself back up.

Mother: Alfred. Someone needs to help her. This is not how I imagined her life turning out. I have heard on the radio about children becoming paralyzed, invalids, not being able to breathe or worse, dead. Can you call Doctor Macpherson?

Father: The hospital is a place that people go to die. We are not sending her there.

Mother: Well, what do you suppose that we do then? If she can't survive here and God only knows what they do to these patients in the hospital - they are not putting her into one of those, those Iron Lung machines...

Father: She can breathe just fine on her own.

Mother: I know that, but look how weak she is. How is she supposed to find a husband when she can't walk... She cannot go to nursing school like this, she can't even care for herself. We won't be around forever, Alfred.

Father: When my brother was sick with Tuberculosis, we took him to the sea.

Mother: What are you suggesting? We carry her out to the Saskatchewan River?

Father: Take her to the sea. I have a bit of money stored away for when we inevitably will have to go back for your mother's funeral. *(Mother looks stern about this.)* Why don't you and Catherine go to England now. The sea air may give her her strength back.

Catherine: *(To Audience. As she speaks, they walk together.)* And so, my mother and I packed up my father's great faith in sea air, and we went. The days were a nightmare of exhaustion, but the kindness of people we met was overwhelming. Besides a bit of a tan, my condition did not improve.

Mother: *(Addressing a friend on the cruise)* All are very kind to Catherine, who feels strong in the sea air. It agrees with her. She is beginning to feel like herself again. *(Addresses Catherine)* The sea air is making you stronger, Kay.

Catherine is quiet, she nods reluctantly.

Catherine: *(To Audience)* No amount of ocean minerals were going to cure me. I didn't have eczema or psoriasis. Although we couldn't say it at the time, we knew exactly what I had. As time passed, we ran out of money, leading us back home. When we arrived home, we found that father had fallen ill.

Act One, Scene Eight

Catherine sits in a chair at her father's bedside. Mother stands behind Catherine's chair.

Catherine: I'm so sorry we weren't home earlier. We should have never left.

Father: Oh, sweet Kay. Your perseverance has only kept me stronger. I live because of you.

Catherine: I need you here. You can't leave us. Who is going to cut down the tree at Christmas? That's your job.

Father: You are far more resilient than you may ever know. We have raised you to be strong and independent, just like your mother.

Catherine: Father, remember that time we were walking home from the neighbours and we got caught in that terrible storm? Mother was so frustrated that our Sunday clothes were getting covered in mud, she insisted we stop and wait it out under a sheltered tree. We stood there for two minutes until you scooped me up, put me on your shoulders, and jumped in every single puddle. Mother was yelling at us the entire time until you grabbed her hand and pulled her into the puddles too. Do you remember that?

Father: I sure do.

Mother: I was so upset with you. When we got home, I made you scrub all of the mud out of our clothes. It took you three hours.

Catherine: I remember that. And I told you, “We shouldn’t have done that.” I didn’t think Mother was ever going to forgive you. You were sitting there, sweating and scrubbing our clothes and do you remember what you said?

Father: It may be raining heavily today, but you know what comes next, don’t you?

Catherine: A rainbow.

Pause.

I love you.

Catherine stands and walks away. While she is talking, Father peacefully exits. Mother makes the bed.

Catherine:

The wind whines loudly
At the windows of my ears
The end of the earth has come.

I cannot find you
In these closing circles:
An ugliness awakes, sucking joy
And leaving these moments
Shrivelled thin.

For here my heart
Cannot love anything;
I need a kind of miracle
To wrestle me to the sullen prairie,
And leave me a lifetime ago, warm.

Act One, Scene Nine

Catherine is on the floor, exhausted. Sicker than before, she has once again lost the ability to walk.

Mother: Sweet girl, let's sit you up (*Mother props Catherine up, holding her in her arms*). The neighbors stopped in this morning, brought us a roast with rosemary seasoning. It was very thoughtful. Smells lovely.

Catherine: Mmm.

Mother: The weather is beautiful today. Sunny. Not much wind, which keeps the dust down. We could use a bit of rain though.

Pause.

Kay, I have to tell you something and I need you to know that I love you and I have your best interests in my heart. I wrote the hospital. It is in Edmonton. They have been talking about it on the radio. It helps young people like you. Kay, this hospital is expensive and brilliant, but they are going to donate their services to help you.

Catherine: Father said hospitals are where people go to die.

Mother: You aren't going to. I won't let you. I am your Mam and I will do anything to protect you from any and all harm. You know that right? I am doing my best and I will never-

Catherine: It's alright. I know. Of course.

Mother: We'll leave in an hour. I already packed a suitcase while you were sleeping.

Catherine: Mam. The hospital in Edmonton, is it a hospital for polio patients?

Mother: Yes.

Catherine: (*To Audience*) And so the elephant in the room was exposed. Massive, obvious, and undeniable. Polio. The Crippler. Poliomyelitis. Once more, I was on my way, this time to a hospital. I had never even been to a hospital. I was terror stricken. I had forgotten how to stand, much less walk. So I was put on a Bradford frame with my right foot in an open cast, bound with straps. I lay here now for 225 days, seven and a half months.

Throughout this, Catherine's bed becomes a hospital bed with a Bradford Frame.

Nurse: Miss, it's time to switch you to your stomach.

They flip Catherine. Nurse wheels in a new patient, Edward, also on a Bradford frame. He is placed directly across from Catherine, with their heads towards each other. They cannot see each other.

Nurse: Try to get some rest Mr. Buckaway. Now that you are outside of the Tank Ventilator you will need to continue doing the breathing exercises that the nurse taught you. We will be back at 6:00 to check on you.

Nurse exits.

Catherine: Hello.

Edward does not reply. Catherine cannot see him, as she is laying on her stomach. The top of her head is towards Edward's feet.

I'm Catherine. Have you just come to the University Hospital?

Pause.

I will warn you that the food is terrible. Except, on days when Nurse Scarlett is working. She always sneaks me extra pudding. You'd think the chocolate would be better than the vanilla, but it's not. But, if you ask at breakfast, you can request a specific flavour for lunch and dinner.

Pause.

You know, when you are on your back, I find if you look at the ceiling long enough, you can see different shapes form, just like clouds. I'm absolutely positive I can see an image of a sailboat in the centre of the room. Do you see it? That black mark looks like the sail.

Pause.

So... what brings you in? haha

Pause.

Sorry, that's not a great joke.

Edward: I'm not really in the mood to talk.

Edward has to take breaths for short amounts of speech. He is still regaining his strength.

Catherine: I'm sorry.

Act One, Scene Ten

The next day. Catherine is flipped onto her back.

Nurse: Good morning. How is your strength today Ms. Wyatt?

Catherine: I feel as though I'll be climbing mountains any day now.

Nurse: That's what I like to hear.

The nurse does an assessment, asking Catherine questions. Through this we understand that her condition has not improved.

Nurse: Mr. Buckaway, your first full day without an iron lung. Truly remarkable, breathing all on your own. You have been working for months to get to this moment, and here you are.

Edward: What good is breathing if I can't do anything else?

Nurse: Oh, nonsense. You are capable of many things. A conversation for one. I've seen that sense of humour of yours.

Edward: Are we done?

Nurse: I'll be back shortly with breakfast.

Nurse exits.

Catherine: Haven't you ever heard not to bite the hand that feeds you. You're never going to get vanilla pudding that way.

Edward ignores her.

Catherine: Look, I'm sorry that you are feeling so glum. I'm not trying to be a bother. I'm sorry.

Pause.

Actually, I'm not sorry. The person that was across from me last was only 7 years old and I have been craving some grown up conversation other than, "How is your strength today, Ms Wyatt?". My mother has not come to see me once in the 5 months I have been here and my friends have all forgotten me. You may have some silence for now if you need it but, please be prepared to be a decent hospital mate and talk with me tomorrow.

Edward does not reply. Catherine reaches for her journal and begins to write. Edward falls asleep.

Act One, Scene Eleven

Lights up. It is a new afternoon. Catherine is now on her back.

Nurse: Good morning Mr. Buckaway. How are we doing today? Maybe that beautiful, young fiance of yours will come and visit you again. I haven't seen her around much lately. Thora, right? Oh. Yes, Thora. I hope she is in good health...

Edward does not reply. Nurse does a quick assessment of Edward.

Nurse: Well, I'm sure she will be around any day now.

Nurse Exits.

Catherine: I did not realize that you are going to be married. It must be wonderful to have something to look forward to after all of this...

Edward does not reply.

Catherine: I mean that I am sure we will be free of this place eventually... even if that means our life looks a little different.

Edward: Catherine, can you please -

Catherine: Will Thora come and visit today? I would love for her to describe the weather to me.

Edward: Thora is not coming.

Catherine: Tomorrow maybe. That might cheer your grumpy self up.

Edward: Catherine please stop -

Catherine: Maybe she could bring in some spring flowers..

Edward: She isn't coming.

Edward coughs, exasperated.

Pause.

Catherine: I'm sorry. I can be so insensitive sometimes.

Edward: She doesn't want to marry a cripple like me. I can't blame her.

Catherine: We are not cripples. We are sick and there will be some way that we will be able to be in control of our bodies, of our lives again. I do not know you Edward but, I can tell you that Thora does not deserve you. Her exit may just be the best thing that has ever happened to you.

Pause.

Edward: You know what she said? She stated, "I am unable to cope with the unforeseen circumstances. I hope you understand that the promise we made to each other can no longer exist." I think she practiced it in front of the mirror before she came. Unforeseen circumstances. As if we had to postpone a baseball game because of a storm. I feel no anger towards her. How can I ask her to marry someone who is now half the man he was? I was supposed to take care of her, not the opposite.

Catherine: We cannot beat ourselves down. What kind of life will that give us?

Edward: How can you be so... positive?

Catherine: Rainbows.

Edwards: Rainbows?

Catherine: It is something my father used to say. After the rain always comes a rainbow. It's hope. We have to keep up our hope.

Edward: I do not think that I have a lot of hope anymore.

Catherine: You know, it took me a while to come to terms with this, but it is okay for us to grieve what we used to know.

Edward: Mhm.

Catherine: It's not easy to be here. None of my friends or family has come to visit me in the six months that I have been here. It's like I have been abandoned or maybe forgotten. Before I left home my friends looked at me with this deep pity in their eyes. They said it was inspiring how hard I tried to stand on my own. But, then I got sicker and forgot how to walk again. No one visited me after that. Maybe they were afraid of offending me or of making me sad that they were healthy? Or maybe they just did not see my value anymore, just some sort of sapling that needs to be taken care of for the rest of her life.

Pause.

I hope you know that you have a friend in me if you want it... and, you know, you would really be doing me a favour because, I know that I could really use one.

Act One, Scene Twelve

The next evening. Nurse Scarlett enters.

Nurse: You're looking stronger everyday, Ms. Wyatt.

Catherine: Well, you did say it was a beautiful day outside and I do believe with sunshine comes good news.

Nurse: Mr. Buckaway, let's see what the sunshine holds for you.

She begins evaluating Edward.

Seven days without even a moment in the Drinker Tank. How freeing that must feel.

Edward: That's me, free as a bird. In fact, you should be keeping a closer eye on me or I just might start sneaking off to social dances in the evening.

Nurse: That's strange, I could have sworn we were at one.

Edward: Ah, right. My mistake. Well I've always been quite the dancer, so you best be careful, or I might just sweep you off your feet.

Catherine: It appears she has already swept you off of yours.

They all share a laugh.

Nurse: Your lungs are cooperating with you Edward. I'll have to take a rain cheque on the dance for now, lots of work to do this evening.

Nurse exits.

Catherine: Wouldn't it be so wonderful to have seen the sky today? What I would do for sunshine on my face.

Edward: What I would do to actually dance with someone.

Catherine: Is that what you miss the most, dancing?

Edward: Maybe not dancing, but having the option to.

Catherine: Alright, let's play a game. If there was one thing you could do, anything in the entire world. Dance with someone, swim in the ocean, anything... and you could get up right now and go do it. What would it be?

Edward: Oh, I don't know.

Catherine: It's a game. Just play.

Edward: Hmm... dancing is up there.

Catherine: Pick something different. You've already said that one.

Edward: Ok... Drive. I would love to drive.

Catherine: Do you have a car?

Edward: Ha, yeah right. I was saving up for one though.

Catherine: Oh, I see... but you have driven before?

Edward: ...

Catherine: Don't you think you should learn to drive before purchasing a vehicle?

Edward: How am I supposed to learn if I don't have one?

Pause.

Edward: Alright... and yourself? What would you do?

Catherine: Easy. I would lay in a field of fresh grass and watch the clouds pass.

Edward: So if you could stand and do anything... you would lay down?

Catherine: Well, no. That's not what I am saying. I would have to walk out to the field.

Edward: ...and then lie on your back.

Catherine: I just want to see the sky. Is that alright with you, Edward?

Edward: Eddie. Nobody calls me Edward.

Catherine: Ok. Is that alright with you, Eddie?

Edward: I suppose it will have to be.

Pause.

You know, you're right. That black smudge on the ceiling really does start to look like the sail of a boat after a while.

Catherine: I told you. And if you look over near the door, it kind of looks like an old man's face... but you have to squint.

Edward: (*Squinting*) Where?

Catherine: Look at the door and then look three feet across the ceiling.

Edward: Huh... Oh yeah.. I see it. Huge nose.

Catherine: *(Laughs)* Looks like my old neighbor.

Edward: Looks like everyone's old neighbor.

They both laugh.

Edward: Above that chair. I see an elephant. The crack is his long trunk.

Catherine: Hmm.. I think I see it. The crack kind of looks like a tree branch to me though.

Edward: Alright. I can see that. OK, try this. Hold your hand up. Cover the light with it. Now slowly spread your fingers, just slightly though. Looks like rays of sun coming through your fingers. Doesn't it?

Edward can't do this, but Catherine tries. She smiles.

Catherine: Thank you.

Edward: For what?

Catherine: Bringing the sky inside.

The night has come. They fall asleep.

Act One, Scene Thirteen

It's the middle of the night. Throughout the night Eddie had difficulty breathing and was taken back to the iron lung. Catherine is sleeping. She wakes up and moves around a little in her bed. She feels as though her body remembers how to stand. She takes time to learn and discover this. She is not strong enough to truly stand and walk on her own.

Catherine: Oh my. Oh my lord. Eddie! Eddie! Wake up! I can remember, I remember how to walk. My body can do it. I know it! Eddie! Eddie?

She waits for Eddie's reply. It does not come. She panics.

Nurse Scarlett! Scarlett! Nurse! Somebody! Hurry!!!

Nurse Scarlett rushes in.

Nurse Scarlett: What is it, child?!

Catherine: Eddie! Check him! I think something's wrong. He's not waking up. Hurry!

Nurse Scarlett: Oh, my dear, Eddie is not here.

Catherine: Where is he? Is he alright? Dear lord, please. Oh no. Oh no.

Nurse Scarlett: He is alive. Yes, he's alright. He was having some difficulty breathing in his sleep, so we have placed him back into the iron lung. Hopefully, not for long.

Catherine breathes a sigh of relief.

Catherine: Good lord.

Nurse Scarlett: Is that why you called? Why are you awake at this hour?

Catherine: I awoke and I remembered. I remember how to use my legs. I can stand. Please, help me out of this bed. I know I can do it.

Nurse: Catherine, you have been in bed for nearly eight months, your muscles won't be strong enough. I'm sorry.

Catherine: Please. Look, look at my toes!

Nurse Scarlett: Goodness. They are moving!

Catherine: Please, come here.

Nurse Scarlett helps Catherine out of Bradform Frame. Catherine clings to Nurse Scarlett as she helps her stand. Catherine cannot stand on her own, but finds she can wiggle her toes. Catherine says the next poem as she continues to grow stronger and walk.

The sound is different here.
 The laughter of strong lungs
 A true language I can understand.

All in colour, I come dancing.
 My heart a fountain.

Water's light hands touch my throat;
 Caressing with delicate fingers
 The sumptuous usefulness of flesh.

My breath gives more light than the daylight summer
 Restoring noonday warmth.
 I am my own miracle.

END ACT I

ACT II

Act Two, Scene One

Catherine: (*Addressing audience*) The magical evening passed. I clung to Nurse Scarlett and asked her to be my strength. The next day, I stood by myself in a pool. I worked hard everyday, pushing to build my strength. Eventually, I could walk while holding onto the edge of the pool. Eddie remained in the iron lung, never returning to our shared room. When I was ready to be released, I felt abandoned, unsure where to go. My friends had forgotten me and had written me off as a hopeless cripple. I hadn't heard from my mother since arriving at the hospital. But, then help came from an unexpected direction. A letter arrived from my mother's friend in Victoria.

Dear Catherine,

I am not sure if you remember me. I am your mother's friend from when she first arrived in Canada. Your mother wrote to me to tell me about your condition. I am overjoyed to hear that you are walking again and that you have found strength through swimming. What a troubling journey you are on, after such tragedy. I send my condolences about your father. He was a kind and generous man.

I am writing to you, because I would like to invite you to Victoria for the summer. My friend, Mr. Ellison works at an outdoor pool. He teaches swimming lessons. I will take you each day so

that you can continue building your strength through swimming. I have enclosed a train ticket to Victoria. Please write to me that you will come. I am looking forward to seeing you.

Sincerely,

Eileen Bride

Once again I was off on a train to the unknown. My doctors had fitted me with a steel-supported corset and a steel caliper on my right leg, that wrapped just below my knee and around my ankle. All I remember of the ride through the rockies was how the corset pinched and bit at my skin. While the gentle hum of the train murmured like the pounding of my heart as I thought about thrills that lay ahead.

When I arrived at the ferry in Victoria the sun was bright and shining. I knew that this was to be a good omen. Eileen, my mother's friend, met me at the docks, welcomed me, and put me straight to bed.

Act Two, Scene Two

Catherine enters wearing a bathing suit and a towel wrapped around her.

Catherine: The Crystal Gardens had the most beautiful swimming pool that I had ever seen. It was exactly like the name depicts, like a giant crystal ball that I could swim inside of, the warmth of the sun through the glass and the humidity made me feel like I could do anything. But, I was reminded by the burning eyes of everyone staring at me and my withered body held together by cages, that not everyone would believe that I would be anything more than a liability in this paradise. I was handed off to the lifeguard, Fred Ellison. He lifted me into the shallow end of the pool and there I stayed for the rest of the morning.

My eyes were drawn to the glimmering bodies, like swans, as they dove and weaved in and out of the pool. There was a longing deep inside of me that yearned to be able to move like one of Mr. Ellison's students. I felt a twitch, a memory, deep inside the muscles in my legs that felt as though, I could remember. Like the mirrored flutter of movement one feels when you watch a dancer on a stage or like an injured bird remember how to flap his wings. Mr. Ellison saw my curiosity and after a week of watching me struggle to walk across the shallow end of the pool, he agreed to teach me how to swim properly.

And did I learn fast! Each week was its own miracle as my strength grew! Within three and half months my withered leg filled out. My foot still flopped when I walked, but who could care

about that. I had gained 20 lbs of muscle! Mr. Ellison helped me pass my Bronze Medallion course, but the Silver Medallion was where the real hurdle laid. It called for me to dive off the 10 foot diving board. Not even Mr. Ellison could help me with this one. Usually he would walk me to the end of the diving board. But, this one I had to do on my own. I spent hours each day climbing up to the top, trying to muster the courage to get to the end of the board.

Catherine is climbing the ladder up to the high dive.

If I fall, it will be quick. If I lose my balance that will be it. Splat. I will be splattered all over the cement. Oh my goodness or worse. I will be even more disfigured than I already am. Maybe I will not have my wits anymore. What else will keep me sane. Ah. Oh, it looks like I have already lost them. *Catherine is now crawling on the board on her stomach.* Shimming across on my stomach. I look foolish. *Laughs.* Okay. Now, if I can just get past the first few steps, I will clear the cement. If I fall it will just be into the water. *(Looking at her caliper)* This bloody thing doesn't even close properly anymore. It's just a burden. *(She takes it off and throws it off the diving board).* Oh my, ok. Why did I do that? Because I don't need it. I don't need it. *(Realizing)* I don't need it! Mr. Elison, I don't need it! Take the next step, Kay. Step into courage. You can do this.

Catherine works up the courage to walk across the diving board, floppy foot and all. She finally gets to the end of the board. She gets ready to dive.

And I made the most perfect dive.

Act Two, Scene Three

It was time to go home. I left Victoria with fifty cents in my pocket, a train ticket, and no caliper. I bought a chocolate bar on the ferry and travelled that night to Edmonton. I was hungry, of course, but didn't have money for food. Around midnight, one of the train men brought me coffee and buns. Such kindness from a nameless man. I spent the night on a cot in the church basement. The next morning, the janitor shared his meagre breakfast with me. The next day, I arrived in North Battleford, where I obtained a room in a boarding house in return for cooking and cleaning services.

Catherine enters the boarding house. In the background, you can hear someone playing the guitar, singing "You are my sunshine".

Helen: Bathrooms are just down the hall here. Your room is upstairs to the right.

Catherine: Thank you so much for your kindness. I'll be of great help.

Helen: That's great. We sure can use it.

Catherine: That music is lovely.

Helen: Ah, yes. That's another one of our tenants. He had polio too. I'm sure you two could find lots to chat about.

Catherine: I'm sure.

Helen: Come, I'll show you your room.

Catherine: Thank you.

They begin to walk. Along the way to her bedroom, she sees the young man playing guitar.

Helen: Your room is just here on the right... and across the hall.

Catherine is not listening. She is watching the young man play guitar.

This is the young man I was telling you about.

Edward: Hello.

Catherine: Hi.

Helen: Eddie Buckaway, meet Catherine Wyatt.

They both freeze, making the connection. They are stunned.

Edward: Hello.

Catherine: Hi.

Helen: Alright. Well, if you get hungry there are leftovers downstairs. Catherine, why don't I take this bag to your room?

Catherine: Uhh.. yes. Thank you.

Helen exits.

Edward: You're walking.

Catherine: You have brown hair. I always imagined blonde.

Edward: Brown hair. Brown eyes.

Catherine: It suits you.

Pause.

I have worried about you every single day. Imagining you, trapped in that machine.

Edward: Still a bit trapped. I can still hear the rhythm of laying on the pump: breathing, bump; breathing, bump; breathing, bump. I hear it in my sleep.

Pause.

My legs remind me of what I have lost. Catherine, I'll never walk.

Catherine: I'm sorry.

Edward: I'm finding rainbows. I climb up the stairs multiple times a day by myself. And I have this chair with wheels. Not quite a wheelchair, but I can really cruise on this thing. *He does a little spin.*

Catherine laughs.

Catherine: So tell me about this boarding house. Any exquisite puddings I should be aware of?

Edward: If I ever have to eat pudding again in my life, I think that will end me.

They laugh.

Catherine: *(To audience)* And so we talked, all night. I never went to get dinner from downstairs. Eddie was satisfying my hunger for something else, connection. Friendship. Throughout the next few months, I spent several hours a day training at the pool, and then would return to help make

dinner at the boarding house. Eddie attended chiropractic treatments. The rest of the time, we spent together.

Act Two, Scene Four

Months later. Catherine is pushing Eddie in his Chair outside.

Edward: Where are you taking me? I feel so silly, and to be honest, a little nervous about the speed we are travelling.

Catherine: Oh, hush up. We're almost there.

They stop.

Open your eyes.

Eddie opens his eyes to discover they are in front of an old vehicle.

Edward: I don't understand. Why are we looking at someone's crappy old farm truck?

Catherine: Because for the afternoon, it's your crappy old farm truck.

Edward: What do you mean?

Catherine: I borrowed it from Robert at the pool. He said we could use it for the afternoon if we put gas in it after.

Edward: Really?

Catherine: Well, I also told him you were an experienced driver... which you will be within a few hours.

Edward: Kay, I can't drive. You need legs to drive.

Catherine grins.

Catherine: Let's go.

She pushes his chair towards the driver's door. She opens it. She begins to help Eddie in.

Edward: Oh my god.

Eddie is sitting in the driver's seat. Catherine climbs in and sits on his lap.

Catherine: You need legs. I have legs.

Edward: We are going to get in an accident.

Catherine: Oh no. Hopefully you will walk away from it.

They laugh.

Catherine: OK, I'll press the brake, you start the truck.

They do so. The truck rumbles to life.

Catherine: Brake release... and here we go.

Edward: What about the gas pedal? We're only going 2 km an hour.

Catherine: I said I would borrow the truck, not wreck it.

Catherine slides off his lap onto the passenger seat.

Catherine: Hm. Driving suits you.

Edward: If we aren't using the gas pedal, we aren't going to get very far.

Catherine: Guess we'll just have to circle around the boarding house.

Time passes. This can be shown by Catherine and Eddie occasionally shifting body positions. They are laughing and enjoying each other's company as they circle the boarding house again and again.

Edward: Where did you get this crazy idea from, anyways?

Catherine: The one thing I wanted to do in the hospital, you made happen. I wanted to do the same for you.

They kiss.

Catherine: *(To audience)* We circled that boarding house for nearly three hours. A merry-go-round with only two passengers. We spent the next month, in love, head over heels. Together, we felt unstoppable. One day, Eddie's brother and dad came for him. I watched as they carried him to their car, his legs dangling beneath him, wondering if this was the last time I would see Eddie. I was devastated. In time, I saved enough money to travel to Edmonton. There I stayed at the Y.W.C.A. to get my lifeguard certification. In exchange for room and board, I was a dishwasher.

In the meantime, Eddie's dad was killed in a harvesting accident. His mother had heard that there was a nurse that worked wonders on polio patients. So his mother sold the last steers and sent him to Edmonton. Strange how fate knows how to draw people back together, isn't it? Once again, Eddie and I were united. This time, we weren't letting go.

Act Two, Scene Five

Catherine and Eddie sit in the priest's office.

Priest: So my children, why have you come to see me today? Are you seeking that I pray for you? Polio, unimaginable, of course. You're in my prayers, absolutely.

Catherine: Oh. Thank you. You see, Eddie and I, we have been through alot together and in that our relationship has grown quite strong, and father, we have fallen in love. We want to be wed.

Priest: Marriage?

Catherine. Yes. You see, Eddie and I love each other and we are prepared to spend the rest of our lives together. We are both Catholic, born and raised.

Priest: Ah, yes, well that does make things easier.

Catherine: We are thrilled and you have such a beautiful chapel. This is truly a dream come true for us.

Edward: We attend your services every Sunday.

Priest: Yes, thank you. *Pause.* Tell me, Edward. How do you plan to care for Catherine?

Edward: Well, sir. I may not have legs, but I have brains in my head and a heart in my chest. I plan to get an office job soon to support us.

Priest: And when Catherine grows old and needs someone to care for her? Will you do that?

Edward: Until my last breath.

Priest: Edward, marriage is a full and total gift of self, which includes the bodily gift as well.

Edward: Of course.

Priest: With your condition, which indeed I do have sympathy for, but with these circumstances, I am not sure I can stand by your decision. You cannot guarantee your support for her. I cannot officiate wedding vows that I do not believe can be kept. What kind of life will you have together? I cannot grant you a life that forces you to rely on each other, you need assistance from people who can care and provide for you.

Edward: I see. Yes, I understand-

Priest: That's not the only issue. You see, for marriage not to be rendered null, it must also be consummated. In the Catholic church, sex is both unitive and procreative, the two cannot be separated. Even if you can have sex, you must be willing to have children. Is it right to bring children into your relationship with your conditions? Then, not only are you caring for yourselves, but the lives of young ones as well. Are you able to make these promises to God?

Edward: Sir, everything on my end is in working order to procreate.

Catherine: I think you misunderstand what we are capable of. I don't know where our limitations lay, but I know that I am not going to let you decide. Are you aware of Matthew 19:16? It says "they are no longer two but one flesh. What therefore God has joined together, let not man put asunder". You sir, are not God. You are a man, and you will not put asunder. You will not break us apart. Whether you wed us or not, you will not stop us from marrying. We will travel the world and ask every single priest, if that's what it so takes. We have our own heart beats, thoughts, perhaps between the two of us we only have one set of working legs, but we are two people. Two people who love each other. My investment in the lives of other people is just as significant as yours. I have the right. I can love someone and you better damn well believe that someone can love me back. Pardon my language.

Edward: Catherine. I'm sorry, Father. I think it's best we leave. Come, love.

They begin to exit.

Priest: No one else can know that I married you. I know I am not the only priest with these thoughts, and I could be dismissed from the clerical state for such an offense. It has to be done in private, outside the church.

Act Two, Scene Six

April 1, 1941. Catherine enters the nurse's home, rushed, she has left work at 6:30 and the wedding is scheduled for 7:00. She is wearing a jacket covering her wedding dress and has a simple bouquet of lilies..

Edward: No need to rush the minister isn't here yet.

She takes off her jacket.

You look beautiful, Kay.

Catherine: Thank you. You look very handsome. Do you think he will come?

Edward: After what you said to him when he refused to marry us the first time. I think there is no chance in heaven that he would take that risk.

They laugh, Catherine is still nervous.

Catherine: Marie, I have to thank you again. You have no idea how much it means to us - I mean for you to let us into your home and to keep our secret. I'm not sure what people will say when we finally tell them.

Nurse: You are welcome. I have never seen two people more deserving of happiness.

Catherine: Thank you. *Pause.* This is not how I imagined it. My mother ... nor my father. With her not being here, not even being aware that I have found the man that I will spend the rest of my days with. I wish she could share in my happiness.

But, how could she. How will we be able to support a family together? We have not even been able to make a living alone. No one believes that people like us should be together. I used to have my own judgments before. But, now...

Nurse: Catherine. Take a deep breath. Think about what you told that priest. Remember what you told me. You and Eddie are stronger together. You deserve happiness and a chance at love just as much as anyone else. Just because you came down with that awful disease does not mean that you deserve any less in life. Do not let it take away any more than it already has.

Eddie kisses Catherine's cheek.

Edward: We deserve this. Will make it work together.

Catherine: We made it here.

Edward: That's right. Catherine, I never believed that I would ever have someone like you in my life again. After I got sick and Thora left me I thought that no one would ever choose to love me again. But, her leaving was the luckiest thing that ever happened to me and if it wasn't for our illness, I would never have met you. I am so unbelievably happy to be marrying you tonight. I love you.

Catherine: I love you best Eddie. Now where is that priest? If we don't hurry up someone will realize I am not at the Y and start asking questions.

Nurse: He is here. *(He has entered sometime during their words to one another)*

She eyes him and prompts him to hurry up. Catherine and Eddie get settled in their wedding positions. Catherine holds three lilies.

Priest: We are gathered here today to celebrate the love between Edward Buckaway and Catherine Wyatt... *(fades into a suspended moment of Catherine speaking this poetry)*

Catherine:

In this unknown country
 The wind eats the night.
 The north dances upon iced skies.
 I wait for my lover to come.
 I have adorned myself with ropes of lilies.

Happiness lightens my skin.
 It is I who love him best.
 Tonight the hours fall.
 How sweet is this night.
 It will last forever.

They kiss.

Priest exits murmuring his disapproval. The nurse exits.

Edward: Shall we have our first dance? *He takes Catherine by her hand and she sits on his lap. As music plays, they sway, perhaps spin together in his chair.*

Act Two, Scene Seven

Catherine: *(To audience)* The priest married us and left, still murmuring his disapproval. The nurse and an old age pensioner who boarded with her stood up with us, and shared our wedding lunch of coffee and Christmas cake. It didn't matter, it was perfect. Soon after, Eddie moved to Rabbit Lake, to pursue training as a secretary-treasurer. I moved to Watrous to work at the Chalet Pool. We worked hard and saved up every penny that we could, keeping in contact through letters.

Catherine:

Edward:

Dear Kay,

Dear Eddie,

Make me a little stronger,
 To smile when things go wrong,
 Teach me a finer courage,
 Give me a sweeter song.

Whenever worlds are newly found
 I will always bring you violets
 And a pomander of spice
 To cheer your days.

If they think to look at my eyes
 They may find the image of
 my lover straying there.

We are richer than a hundred years of rain.

We are richer than a hundred years of rain.

Listen
Stranger

Lover

Neighbour

Strong one

Husband

Wife

Listen

I will always answer you.

I will always answer you.

Love always,

Kay

Eddie

Eddie and I continued to write and save every penny we could. Yet, something weighed on me. In my memory lived the days of being a young girl, reciting poetry with my mother, hearing the coyotes howl. My memories called me home. I yearned to tell her about my marriage. It broke my heart to know that my magnificent Eddie was a stranger to her. But I was scared. What if she didn't want to hear from me? Was I a burden?

In a year, we saved up enough money to buy a small home. Prairie Rose No. 309 was hiring a secretary-treasurer. We took ourselves, our hope, and every penny we saved and moved to Jansen. We took the \$70 we had saved and bought a tumbledown home with a loan for \$750. We filled it with a couch and a kitchen table. We were gulls slanting toward a field, wings working against the wind. But we were together at last, alone... at home, our home.

Act Two, Scene Eight

Catherine is sitting in the empty home on the couch. Eddie enters.

Edward: "If Mr. Roosevelt can be President of the states and he can't walk, I think Mr. Buckaway can be our secretary-treasurer." Damn rights. I did it Kay, I got the job!

Catherine: Eddie, that's wonderful! *They kiss.*

Edward: And guess what the pay is?

Catherine: \$50 per month?

Edward: Higher.

Catherine: \$60!?

Edward: Honey, it's higher!

Catherine: Well, tell me! How much?

Edward: \$100 a month!

Catherine: Oh my lord. Oh, that's wonderful.

Edward: Better than the \$12 a month we were living on! I'm going to fill this place with a bed and everything we need.

Catherine: Even a crib?

Edward: Anything! Wait... a crib?

Catherine smiles.

Catherine: I think we might need one.

Edward: Are you sure?

Catherine: *Kay nods.* I scheduled a doctor's appointment for tomorrow.

Edward: *He pulls Catherine into his lap.* Well, a crib then too.

Act Two, Scene Nine

Edward and Catherine sit in the doctor's office. The doctor is in the room.

Doctor: Congratulations. It looks like your due date should be near the beginning of November.

Eddie and Catherine share a smile and kiss.

Doctor: Now, Catherine, I have been reviewing your history. You are a polio survivor.

Catherine: *She smiles.* That's correct.

Doctor: Although, I am sure this is all very exciting news to you, I must make you aware of the risks and complications. You see, your immune system is already weakened, but pregnancy can make the immune system even weaker. If you were to get sick, it could be deadly. And for your body to be put through the process of childbirth, it's extremely dangerous. Your body most likely will not handle the trauma of childbirth. If you do live, you most likely will never walk again. Carrying this pregnancy is a huge risk to your health and life. You need to understand the chance of survival.

Catherine: What is it?

Doctor: From your condition, research estimates about a 30% chance of survival.

Catherine: Let's hope I fall in the 30% then.

Edward: Catherine. I won't lose you.

Doctor: I'll give you some time.

Edward: Catherine, 30%? That's not enough to bet your life on. You have fought so hard to survive, you can't give that up so easily without serious consideration.

Catherine: Eddie, I love you and I want a part of us to live on through a child. I won't give that up. Not for anything.

Edward: You know I want children. Of course I want that. I want it to have your beautiful eyes and sweet laugh. Your spirit and sense of humour, but I can't lose you to gain that. I need you, Kay. What do I have to live for if you aren't here? You are my everything.

Catherine: So then you won't lose me. I can feel it, Eddie. I know I can do this.

Edward: But you don't know, you can't know. Not even the doctor knows. Kay, you can't always be so optimistic. We need to stop waiting for that rainbow and look at the rain that's here, right now. Kay, it's raining. And if you are gone, I can't weather the storm.

Catherine is silent.

I'm scared, Kay.

Catherine stands and walks to a desk. She begins to write.

Catherine:

As she writes, her mother emerges from behind her. She slowly walks up, answering her call. They embrace.

Dear Mother,

It's been a long time since we have last spoken. I am out of the hospital. I am stronger than I have been since father was alive. I miss him everyday.

I fell in love. His name is Eddie and he is the most magnificent person. He's charming, funny, smart, and stands by my side through thick and thin. We have persevered through so much and we own a house now. We have a bit of furniture and Eddie has a job. It's wonderful.

I am writing because I want to tell you something that I believe you have the right to know. You're going to be a grandmother. I have a feeling it will be a girl.

All of my life, I never imagined a wedding or childbirth without you present. But, in my weakest moment, when I needed you, you abandoned me. I layed there for 8 months. You didn't visit once. Why? Why didn't you visit? I felt ashamed and forgotten, so much so that I couldn't bring myself to return home. Would you have welcomed me?

The doctor says that I most likely won't survive childbirth and if I do, I will never walk again. I want to live. I need you. I do not want to face this without you. I have already lost a Father and you a husband. I know that is hard for you. We need each other. Please, don't let me lose you. I am afraid.

Mother approaches Catherine. They embrace.

Mother: I'm sorry.

Act Two, Scene Ten

Margaret leads Catherine to a bed behind a curtain and lays her down. Eddie joins them. This section is led by rhythmic breathing to end in a baby cry and black out.

Act Two, Scene Eleven

Catherine:

Love trembles in the depths of my eyes.
I hold my ears against the sound of earth turning.

There are the days, vivid and pure,
When everything dazzles, new found.
They are harmony.

Then from a quiet place
Behind the shadows,
You cry out
And shout your whispers:
Come back.

Listen
Stranger
Loved one
Strong one
Child

Listen

I will always answer you.

A baby girl. We named her Scarlett and I got to watch her grow. I was bed ridden for months after giving birth, but I lived and I walked. Suddenly, every sense in my body registered things differently. The sound was different. The laughter of a child, a true language I could understand. The language of motherhood. The years flew by, as they say they do. We filled each day with laughter and adventure, the knowledge of love evident on any given afternoon. Eddie grew old, but not before 40 beautiful years together. He spent 18 months in the hospital before passing. I visited him every single day. I bought a double headstone, knowing one day my bones would

once again rest beside his. And then I continued to walk this path of life, filling my days with poetry, love, and grandchildren.

I was a distant sky
Lifted on coloured wings.
I sailed as high as I could.

But all suns must set.
I've lingered
Between my own arms too long.

A shift. Catherine reflects in her final moments.

I eye my wrinkle with distaste
And yet I shouldn't.
For I am too old to grieve these marks of time.
Voices of the past
Haunt my silent hours
Running their course
And then back away
To the mounding earth.

I remember the houses where I wintered in -
Fires born of kindling
And chopped wood,
Spinning to heat
The impossibly cold rooms.
Life was more intimate then.

I understand the flowing streams,
The crass heat of summer,
The coiling and uncoiling
Of the prairie
Which nourishes me.

I have learnt another magic,
The art of life,
Strong and beautiful -
The fact of age

Age - who would have thought
That leads me
To the inviting grave.

And so I leave my words, as those who do, write history.

END OF ACT II

Archival Photos



Catherine and Alfred Wyatt with Lizzie the Coyote (1925ish)



Turtle Lake (1920s) - Catherine Wyatt bottom left



Catherine M. Buckaway 1980s