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Gwennie and her weaving lish. How he could see how close she was to me. But it was me, it was always me-- didn't matter where she went, it was al? ways me. When was I coming home? When was I taking her back? When (my son) Carl was born, I was exactly 6 weeks from the day he was born till she was back with me. And when Marcia was born, I think it was 3 weeks. Dr. MacMil? Ian didn't want me to take her back, be? cause I was having inward trouble at the time. And he didn't want me to take her back, you know, he wanted her own to look after her. But no way. She wanted to be here. She wanted to be with me, and that was it. I may not get reward in this world, but surely to goodness I'll get it in the next....

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So, when I took her home, she had been in at North River. And she took sick there. And after she started getting better, she stiffened. She couldn't move her joints like she could before. And when she came home here with me, she still had the lit? tle bed. And this day she wanted to get up. So I told her, I said, "Well. I'll see if I can take you up, I will. I'd love to see you getting to sit in the chair, Mary." But when I went to take her up, she couldn't move, you know, she couldn't bal? ance herself, or she couldn't do anything. So then she said, "Well, you'd better leave me down, dear. We'll try tomorrow." And I was like that for about a week, try? ing to get her to move. But no way. So, then we got a hospital bed (from the Red Cross). They gave it to me for 50 bucks. I could move the curtains off the window and I'd raise the head of the bed and she'd look out the bedroom window. So she was like that for 6 years, on that bed, before she finally gave up. (And how old was she then?) Ninety. Ninety years old, and she was the last one of the fami? ly. All the rest of them were healthy. None of them ever had rheumatism or any? thing else. She was the last of the fami? ly. But she was as healthy as could be, although she was all crippled up. She nev? er had an ailment of any other kind, but just the arthritis. But she was the jolliest person you could want to go to visit. From the day I came with her till the day she went to her grave, I never heard her complaining about herself, or about what she had, or her pains or her aches. And she must have had lots of them before she went the way she was. She was just all crippled up. (Gwen? nie points out Aunt Mary's picture in an early issue of Cape Breton's Magazine.) That's the old lady, now. And she was like that the first day I ever saw her. She was crippled up like that. Poor soul. And the funny thing was--of course, like I say, I was only 10 1/2 coming there. The first day I saw her there, and she was so big and fat and rosy as a red apple. And when I went in--the fellow that took me home--Uncle Murdock, as they called him. He took me home from Baddeck and he intro? duced- -he said, "Now, this is Aunt Mary." And I went over, you know. I started ask? ing questions right away. Why was she in a chair, and could she get up, and all this. You know I just--it seemed like as if I took pity on her right there. Right at the very moment that I saw her. END Thanl(s to



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