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Magazine. At that instant, I promised I would never read another one. My sight was restored. I kept the promise. The child was born February 11th. 1937. In October 1937 we went for a Sunday drive. The driver struck a very large pothole. I hit the roof of the car and landed back on the seat with a bang. I was pregnant with my second child. The following Sunday he was born dead--six and a half months. It was a boy. The third child was born October 15, 1938. also a boy. After the fourth child was born, January 4, 1940, I was dismissed from the hospital with a pain in the calf of my leg. I mentioned it to the physician in charge--my own doctor was on a course. He said I was only imagining it. At home, my leg became worse. I was unable to put any weight on it. I did my housework kneeling on a chair. A registered nurse who lived near told me to quit nursing the baby. She gave me a dose of salts to dry the breasts. That night my leg swelled and I became delirious with a fever. I was rushed to the hospital. It was phlebitis. One complication led to another until I was completely paralyzed. All I could move was my head and one arm. At the end of February. I felt a pain Part of the family at Beaver Cove. Left to right: sons Peter and Michael, Grannie Currie (Mick's mother), son Donald, Kay's husband Mick, Ann Marie, Rannie, Kay, Tommy, Jeannine, and a visitor, Mary MacDonald. in the left side of my chest going through to the back. I had asked the Sisters to call the doctor. They told me to stop complaining, there was nothing wrong with me. That happened on a Thursday. On Saturday I lost my speech. I started to pray to our Lady to send a doctor--my doctor was still on course--to help me. Around 10 o'clock, an Indian lady fell on the ice outside of the hospital. A doctor was called, my doctor arrived. He came home on the evening train. Noticing my light on, he came to my bed. Seeing my condition, he was furious at the staff for not calling a physician. He attended to me himself and ordered a nurse to feed and watch me continuously. I wasn't allowed to move. Meantime, he sent word to my husband to expect my death any time. I was in that condition until Tuesday, when Rev. Michael MacCormick, my parish priest, came to visit me. He said. "I met Mick. He gave money to say a Mass. I didn't know you were so ill. Catherine. V>rmris TvAS/i'Agena) We plan it all for you. 794-7251 158 QUEEN ST., NORTH SYDNEY r ACTA . Serving homes and businesses throughout Cape Breton Island Distributing the White "K||H" "Maple Leaf Products Of SVDCO' 38 Lewis Drive Sydney River 539-6444 FURNACE OIL • STOVE OIL • DIESEL • GAS • LUBRICANTS ENERGY FUELS