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Grow slowly, Then fade away, to reappear again In a never-ending cycle. All this time, my husband worked hard, lived hard, and struggled to master our lot in life. I knew he felt like he was going nowhere and that our difficult life bothered him. But he tried his best • oh, he was such a hardworking man. I never saw anyone work as hard as Frank did. I remember when they were putting in a water line here in the community, and the men got paid forty dollars for each deep, six-foot-long trench they could dig in a day. It was bad enough to dig a trench, but Frank had to dig two so that he could earn eighty dollars a day. From dawn till dark, and sometimes even after dark, he'd work so that he I could earn those eighty

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O.A.C. dollars. The trenches would be measured and the men would be paid at the end of the week • they were allowed to work five or six days a week. And at the end of the week Frank would be able to buy us things • blankets, pots, pans. I still have those pots and pans. At home, I continued to build up Frank's ego. Everything he did I praised, and everything I did was to please him and the children. The problem in all this was Frank's drinking. His frustration became evident as he drank, and the beatings he gave me became a more frequent part of my life. Our children saw it all. They could not prevent it, but their love for me was what held me together. "Yi-ya (Does it hurt), Mom?" they would ask, touching my bruises. I often cried into their hair and wiped my tears on their clothes. When I hugged my children, I tried to find comfort in their love for the pain consuming my soul at that moment. The battered women in all walks of life are there. The ill-treatment we undergo, psyches us out. Jumping to do our duties, reasoning love. Obeying blindly, until it is too much to bear. At first I hid my hurt in long-sleeved blouses. The ache in my heart driving lonely thoughts inward. Believing the love words, dependent. Our children there looking up to me. Wanting to believe so very much, the love reward. This went on for years at first. Most of the time we were compatible, friendly. But liquor always got its way. My seventh child, Bemadette Isobel, was born to us on April 7, 1959. I remember her curly black hair and large, expressive eyes so well. This baby was joined in one year • on April 29, 1960 • 'by our daughter Frances, and again a few years later by Caroline, a ten-pound beauty born on March 4, 1963. The nurses at St. Rita's hospital in Sydney took her everywhere, showing her off. Because Frank worked there, they knew how much he admired his children. She was born to us in early spring. A pretty daughter, my heart sang. Followed by another, she was unique; Cape Breton Island. Once you've discovered our scenery, the rest is history. Cape Breton Island is renowned for its spectacular scenery, majestic mountains, quiet beaches, shimmering lakes and wave-battered cliffs. The island is home to a fascinating cultural and historical legacy. Nowhere is this blend of



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