

CATHERINE:

This isn't a fairytale, though it starts like one. This isn't a tragedy, though it ends like one.
It's something else.
We're something else.
We're the wonder.
The heroes.
The cure.
The failures.
We are progress in history.
We are the news.
But we are just girls who wanted to work.
Ordinary girls.
I live in Ottawa, Illinois in a brick house on a quiet street.
I grow tomatoes and peas and pansies.
I have a husband who I love.
I have two children who I love.
When my husband touches me, I know I can fly.
They say you see your life flash before your eyes.
That you see a light-that you move toward it.
But you don't.
You tell your story, beginning and middle as it was written and the end as it comes.
Once you've told it, then you can rest.
Then your real work is done.