

MY LIFE



Mary Keating

Me, When We Moved in
Our New House.

art one

at two

My Life

Part one: The Birth.

On August 26, 1950, a wonderful thing happened, a baby was born! And that wonderful baby was me! Ah! my older brother and sister were so happy! My sister's name (I learned later) was Kathy. My brother's name was Edward. (Also called Butchie.) The name of the hospital was St. Annes. The place was Chicago. I weighed 6 pounds 12 1/2 ounces.

Part two: The Baptism.

On September 10, 1950, when I was 10 days old, they took me to St. Genesieve's Church to be baptized. There was a great crowd. My godmother was my aunt Helen. My godfather was my Uncle Bernard. Father Lyons. It was a beautiful ceremony. He baptized me 'Mary Ellen'. Then we went home to our house in Arlington Heights (that is a Chicago suburb, 10 miles from the city). I was so tired from the big day that then I went straight to sleep.

Part 3

Early Childhood

When I was one year old, I didn't do much. I just laid around and cried. Of course no one knew what I cried for, neither did I, but just gave me some attention.

And really, that babyhood was good. When I was going on two, my dad died. So we went up to St. Paul, where he was working, for the funeral. Then mom and my sister Kathy went back home to sell the house. They left my brother and I at our aunts on Ohio street.

When they came back, we moved to a house on Haskell Street. It was a great big duplex. Our aunts moved into the other part.

When I was still going on two, my sister Barbara was born. I was one because that meant I wouldn't be the baby anymore. But she was very lovable. She was born in St. Paul, like Kathy, but me and Butchie were born in Chicago.

My Life (continued)

#4 Kindergarten

When I was five years old, my mom sent me to kindergarten. I went to St. Matthews in the morning. My mother would always pick me up, after school at the corner. One of my first days at school, I walked up to the corner, and mom wasn't there. I was scared, and started walking, but I didn't know where to go. So I started to cry. A police-girl came up to me and tried to stop my crying. Just then up rode mom. Boy! was I glad to see her!

#5 St. Michaels

When I was six, mom registered me for 1st grade. I got a paper cow. For a teacher I had Sister Gregory. She was very nice and funny. There was this little boy Jimmy, and he was very naughty. So Sister put him in this big box, which she put under her desk. Did he look funny!
In second grade I had Mrs. Canon.

She was kind of nice, but I liked Sister Gregory better.

In 3rd grade I had Sister St. Irene. She was very nice. Mrs. Mullens came up to teach us reading.

In 4th grade, I had Mrs. Studer. She was very nice.

In 5th grade I had Sister Agnes Marie. She was very very nice.

In 6th grade I had Sister Anna Francis. We did many fun things such as go on field trips, make dolls, and put on plays. She was very nice and very fun.

So that's the end of my auto-biograph. What will I be? Probably a nun, a nurse, or an artist. Who knows? I might even become a scientist. But one thing is for sure. Whatever I do I will do for God. My main ambition; to go to heaven.

Mary
Feating

My Life = a very happy one