

THE VOICE OF

Martha



The year I turned 18, WWII ended. All the handsome boys were coming home from the war. But I had my eye on a beautiful girl. Lucky for me, it was mutual. For 61 years, Claire and I loved each other. **But discrimination was everywhere.** We had no place to be ourselves except inside our apartment. Most people thought we were roommates and spinsters.

When Claire needed more help than I could manage, we moved to a senior community. The staff kept making the wrong assumptions about us. I didn't want to correct them because I wasn't sure how they'd react.

I wish they had asked the right questions to get to know our story.

As I live out the rest of my days here, I'd like to feel comfortable just being who I am. Would you like to hear my story?

Help Martha Feel Welcome.

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