

## **Kate**

There once was a gal named Kate,  
Who had an unusual slate --  
She wanted gals to be free,  
To have equality;  
To succeed in their jobs without hate.

Kate was smart and intrepid,  
Her ideas were hot – not tepid;  
She helped gals in transition  
Improve their condition,  
And enjoy their brains – not feel stupid.

These gals were daughters and mothers,  
Who'd lost the battle for their 'druthers,  
She gave them courage and skill  
To climb high on the hill,  
To look far, work hard, and help others.

Now Kate has a new desire,  
Grandkids -- new irons in the fire,  
But a part of Kate will stay,  
Will never fade away,  
Because her work will always inspire.