

LATIMER: HEALING

*Grandma humming from *Latimer: Hurting**

HERALD

You're almost to the end of your journey. We're in the 90s when—yet again—St. Paul is beginning to look a little different.

GRANDPA

(To you)

I love when your grandmother sings that song. Imagine coming here, to America, believing everything would change. Thinking we were coming to a land with plenty of work. We could pray in our churches, educate our children, share our language, our history, and everything that made us who we are with all the others wanting to do the very same. Thinking there's enough for all of us to build here—only to find that's not true.

(Beat)

I used to think that some people just weren't built for the dream. But then I kept on living, and I learned the dream isn't built for all people. Most dreams are never meant to.

(Beat)

Some times the lot of you sound like the boy in that bedtime story. Refusing to open his eyes because he loved his dreaming too much. The lad built an entire world in his little mind made only for himself. *He* had all the power. *He* determined everyone's purpose, all to serve him and what he thought was beautiful. The funny thing is everything he dreamed of already existed. And while his eyes were closed, new beautiful things were being shared that he'd never see. If he could just open his eyes—just to take a peek—He would learn that his world could grow. And all he'd have to do is share it with his loved ones and those he's still learning how to love. Any other choice destroys the world—only at different speeds for different people.

(Beat)

So, my darling grandchild,
Keeper of my heart,
Who are you going to be?
Eyes shut or open?

HERALD

I hope you choose eyes open and join us in a healing hive. What's that? Join me in the future to find out.

END OF PLAY.