

*Kate Barnard's Journal*



Dear Journal,

November 20, 1906

It feels so silly to write like this: like I am a young schoolgirl. But somehow, it seems important to document my journey. . . . No, my new career. I was born in Nebraska in 1875 to my parents: John and Rachel Barnard. My poor mother died soon after, and my father abandoned me to the care of my welcoming relatives. Once I was of age to attend college, I joined my father on his claim and attended St. Joseph's Academy. I taught at the school for quite a while, but I still felt that I could be doing more.

A few years back, in 1904, I was serving as a hostess in the Oklahoma Exhibit at the St. Louis World's Fair, and it was there that I witnessed urban poverty to great measure: this realization led me to take a massive interest in the social sciences.

My newfound career in social work and charity is so very gratifying. Every day, I see young women with so much political knowledge and potential. As much as I enjoy my efforts, I feel as though I might be wasting my knowledge and potential... and perhaps my ability to better the lives of others.

I have connections in the democratic party and a fairly deep understanding of the territorial government.... I feel as though it might be time to change the path I've been following, and focus on politics. I know my voice is strong enough to be heard.

January 16, 1907

Dear Journal,

I have been so extremely busy, that it seems I have forgotten about you. Be that as it may, my newfound passion for politics brings me nothing but utter delight! Fighting for the rights of women, and giving a voice to those who cannot speak for themselves fills my heart with gratitude and hope for our future.

Recently, I was dubbed "Saint Kate" in a newspaper article writing about my past and current efforts to protect the innocent. I am so passionate about my work, and my debates are presented flawlessly, with confidence and elegance. I wish for nothing more than for women to have a voice in our society, and to not have to constantly be at war just to be allowed to speak up.

I am currently beginning to draft new demands for the constitution, with the undoubtedly quick approachement of Oklahoma Statehood. To be quite frank, I fear the unknown of what may come politically with our newfound statehood.

When will the eyes of men in power clear, so that they may see that there are others in the world, others who are less fortunate in the power they were born with?

I am not tired of fighting yet.

October 17, 1907

Dear Journal,

I am running as a Democratic Candidate for State Commissioner of Charities! Nothing brings me more fulfillment than my voice being heard; I feel as though I am finally making an impact, especially in times such as these where women can not vote.

It seems that my views and goals are ahead of me, but I know that I have a strong voice that will not waver against the bullies in politics. I will continue doing everything in my power to speak up for the victims of said bullies. As a matter of fact... I was mentioned in Wilma Shankiller's book, "A Chief and Her People". She quoted these words: "I have been compelled to see orphans robbed, starved, and burned for money. I have named the men and accused them and furnished the records and affidavits to convict them but with no result. I decided long ago that Oklahoma had no citizen who cared whether or not an orphan is robbed or starved or killed - because his dead claim is easier to handle than if he were alive."

I will forever stand by my words.

The new Oklahoma Legislature is crooked, with ignorant, arrogant, and loud-mouthed men writing it to their standard without others in mind. It is not that I despise statehood for Oklahoma, I just despise the opinions of those organizing it. I think I might burst a blood vessel if I rant anymore about the injustice we are facing, so it may be best for me to put the pen down now.