

# Place and Time

by Angie

Could they capture the magic of 30 years ago, Vincent wondered aloud.

Catherine regarded the man she loved. What more could she need?

“Catherine?”

“Vincent!”

They knew each other so well. He rose and took her hand. Together they re-traced their steps. They were older, slower, but memories were undimmed.

At the threshold he took her into his arms.

“What can I say to you?” she whispered into his chest, as she had then.

Vincent said nothing. No words were needed, then or now.

With soft sighs, they turned for home, hand-in-hand, their hearts full of gratitude, beating as one.