

Whose Button?

by Angie

Catherine brought a tin box full of metal buttons below, found in her mother's sewing chest, probably passed down from mother to daughter. There were some she thought might interest Vincent.

The two of them spread the buttons on his table and regarded the variety with amazement.

"I think this one is for you," she remarked.

"*Je Maintiendrai*"*, he chuckled. "Quite appropriate."

He handed Catherine one in return.

"*Spectemur Agendo*"**, she read. "Apt for a lawyer. I can't place the quote."

"Ajax in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*."

"Ah, trust you to know that," she remarked ruefully.



END

* I shall maintain (displayed on the Netherlands coat of arms)

** Let us be judged by our acts