

I Reach Out To You

by Cindy

Catherine stood behind St. Vincent's Hospital, in the January cold. Vincent's birthday had been wonderful.

She had one gift left to give, but not to him.

She laid something on the frosty ground near the dumpsters.

"Just in case you come back here, sometimes." She adjusted her token. "I don't know who you are, or why you did what you did. But I want you to know he's alive. And loved. He'll always be loved. I hope you get this message. I hope you understand it."

Head bowed, Catherine left.

Behind her remained two wrapped roses: one red, one white.