

Memento

by Judith

“I wanted to give you another magnet that holds our memories.” Catherine smiled. “Like the ice cream scoop, and the sea shell heart.”

She held out her cupped hands towards Vincent. “I found the tiniest piece, and then a button that says it all.” She opened her hands.

Nestled in her palm was a tiny leather pouch. On it sat a miniature white rose. Both replicas of those Vincent always wore around his neck.

“I will treasure them, Catherine.” Vincent lifted them carefully from her hand.

He tucked the rose within its covering before adding it to his growing collection.

