

My Son, Jacob

by Judith

Vincent held out one finger in wonder towards his tiny son. By design or accident the baby grabbed it strongly and held on. Matched pairs of blue eyes considered each other honestly.

“He knows you,” Catherine said quietly, sitting cross-legged, watching the encounter playing out on the end of Vincent’s bed.

“As I know him.” Vincent nodded. “We see each other.”

“I know...” Catherine understood her husband was not referring to the visual connection. She unfolded her legs slowly, crossing to his side, to reach her arms around his neck, kissing his cheek. “I see you too, Vincent.” She smiled.