

## Homecoming

by Angie

*Dear Son,*

*This is the most difficult letter I have ever had to write. I do not write many, as you could probably guess. I could not have imagined having to write this one. So I'm afraid I must be blunt.*

*Catherine is dead. He spent some weeks seeking out and finding their son, and rescuing him from the man who held him. He has needed some time, Devin, to come to terms with this change in his life. He is not the Vincent you saw last, more reserved, sad of course, introspective. His love for Catherine, however, is undiminished. His love for his son warms us all.*

*We postponed the Mirror Pool ceremony, but I feel that the time has now come to hold it. Catherine, of course, is buried in a graveyard above, arranged by her friends, who know nothing of Vincent or us. Many of us did attend the ceremony, although the person who most needed to, of course, could not. But we can remember her in our own way, and so we shall.*

*Winterfest and Yuletide are past and so I have set a date, January 5<sup>th</sup>. It's the day after the Twelfth Night of course, when the festive season above officially ends, but it also happens to be a full moon – a symbol of hope and renewal. We will hold the ceremony in the early afternoon, so that the light from above shines down the shaft, embracing us too.*

*If you wish, you may write a letter of farewell to Catherine. We burn them next to the Mirror Pool as we remember the departed. Vincent can explain how that came about. I find I am not able to go into great detail in this letter, for which I apologize.*

*I do hope you and Charles can attend the ceremony. Drive to our Helper in the Village, whose address I'll write below, and he will park your vehicle and open the tunnel access. I have informed him that you might come, so feel free to do so at your convenience. I pray the weather will cooperate.*

*Affectionately and with sadness,*

*Your Father*

(Note: This story is continued in 'Dreams')