

SONG OF ORPHEUS

(The Lost Love Letters of Catherine Chandler #8)

by Joy Faulkner

My dearest Vincent,

My heart rejoices to know that Father found his love again, if only for the briefest of times. Those days will be even more precious, because they were short. But at least he had them, Vincent, to share.

Of course we all have our secrets, and I am so happy that you have chosen to share yours with me. It touches my heart to think that you trust me so much. I pray God I am always worthy of that trust, and always return it to you in full.

Vincent, Vincent, I know you will never hurt me, you have no need to tell me that. I know it, just as surely as I know the sun will rise every morning. Can't you feel it yourself? Surely, you must. I cannot conceive of a time when you would do me harm. It isn't a possibility, in this world or Below. So your dream has no power to frighten me. It doesn't frighten me now, nor will it ever.

You should not fear your secret, Vincent, or think there is anything shameful in it. It is the most beautiful dream in the world, to want to be close to someone. Someone very special. There is no shame or terror in that. I, too, dream dreams of being held close, of feeling another heart beating in perfect unison with my own.

And there are times when I long for the warmth of strong arms about me, keeping me safe, and I imagine a voice, not just any voice, but a special voice, soothing away my fears; saying it will love me. Always.

The hunger you feel is natural, too. As natural as breathing. It goes hand-in-hand with love. They are both part of the same whole. The whole of belonging; of being part of someone, a special someone, totally. It's as much a part of the dream as the tenderness you describe, the peace and warmth you feel from holding the person you love close to your heart. And it's every bit as wonderful, I promise.

One day, you will know that, too, Vincent. You will. If only you believe.

Remember, there is nothing you can do, or may want to do, which could possibly make me fear you. Or make me want to turn away. Nothing. Believe it, Vincent, because it is the truest thing I have ever told you. And hold it words close in your heart. Then, nothing can ever come between us.

And when you are ready to share your dream, when you are ready to hold someone, enfold someone, closer to you than you have ever done before, when you are ready to let our two dreams finally merge and become one, I will be waiting, Vincent. I will be waiting.

Until then, take care, my dearest one. Be well.

Catherine