

A Celtic Night

by Angie

It was nearing Halloween, again, and Catherine had to decide on costumes for herself and Vincent. For him, the thrill was mingling in crowds, without fear, on this one night of the year.

Catherine rummaged through her jewelry box and her hand fell upon something soft. She regarded the triangle, a group lesson by Mary, and smiled. Celtic. Vincent already looked like an ancient god, but they would both wear triquetras too.

Halloween night, Catherine wore a wool skirt and sweater matching the triangle.

Vincent smiled as he pinned the badge to his sheepskin vest.

Arm-in-arm, they joined New Yorkers.

