

Journey by Journal

by Angie

I wait. At last I see light. A pen descends and begins to write. A date: September 25, 1987. Then four words '*Last night I found Catherine*'. I share his wonderment.

He writes in me, often, over the next years. I share with him the joys, sorrows, despair, anger, fear, and love. I ache with wanting to comfort him, share his thoughts, but must wait for events to unfold so he can record them.

Then, for weeks, he writes little. I know he searches, until one night, he sighs sadly.

He writes those words again: '*Last night I found Catherine*'.

