

Three Roses

by Angie

Contentment and love washed over Vincent deep in the night and he opened his eyes. The warm body of Catherine beside him was certainly partly responsible and he smiled.

He looked over at his chamber entrance, where Catherine's gift shone, mellow in the dark. She had found it in a second hand store and placed a small battery-powered candle inside. It glowed against the stone, astonishing in its simplicity and beauty.

"One rose is enough for the dawn," he quoted silently.

And he had two, three with Catherine's china rose. Each one brightened his life and warmed his heart.

