

The Candle

by Judith Nolan

In her love's chamber, Catherine passed Vincent a match. Their fingers brushed, and the candle's flame leapt to life. One by one, they lit more until the chamber glowed golden. Shadows receded, warmth bloomed, and silence deepened into something sacred. The cheery brazier filled the chamber with warmth.

"For hope," she whispered. "For always..."

"Always..." Vincent gazed at her, awe softening every line of his face. "For love," he added.

"Yes..." Catherine nodded. "We have much to be grateful for already."

Side by side, they stood in a circle of light, knowing their bond was the brightest flame of all.