

Vincent's Letter

by Jodie Boyle

December 24, 1988

My Dearest Catherine,

In a few hours, the World will celebrate another Christmas Day. A joyous occasion – a time for family and friends to come together, to give thanks for the birth of a child. The children here are excited, I don't think many of them will sleep tonight. A six-foot Christmas tree waits in the Great Hall. It is very beautiful, all the decorations made with love and care.

Christmas is a beautiful, special season. This year, though, I look forward to it even more. For you will be here with me, very soon. My joy knows no bounds. Tomorrow we shall exchange gifts, sing carols and share dinner. William is cooking still; I know it will be another wonderful Christmas feast.

To have you close by tomorrow...is a dream come true. When I welcome you with an embrace, when you sit by my side in the Great Hall, should we kiss under the mistletoe...I know, Catherine, that I will cherish all of these moments.

Cherish. Yes, that is a word that also describes how I feel about you. There are many others – adore, respect, admire; but if I wrote down all these other words that you inspire in me, I would fill the pages of this journal and need another, still. So, my Dearest, for now I will write three words. Small, one syllable, yet powerful and true.

I love you.

Some day soon, I hope to find the courage to look into your eyes and speak these words.

I shall retire now; think of you sleeping safe and warm above me. I await the coming morning with anticipation and such joy. Sweet dreams to you, my Catherine. Be well.

Always...

Vincent