

AN IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

by Katrina Relf

Today, Catherine, as you were leaving, you asked how it felt to hold a baby in my arms. There is but one word miraculous. It is something I have never let myself dwell upon because, for me, I know that it is just another impossible dream. And yet, in that moment, I saw in your eyes a sudden sense of longing – a hopeless longing – because we both know, that for us, it is something that can never be. I could never create another being in my likeness.

Oh, Catherine, so many times I have dreamt of sharing a life with you – a child with you – of being a man – of being human. But it is something that can never be. The hand of fate has, by some unknown authority, decreed otherwise.

I know so well that I should make you leave, let you live the life that you were born to live. So why can't I let you go? Time and time again I ask myself that question, but always the answer is the same because without you I would die. And somewhere within the depths of my being, I believe that the strength of our love will bind our hearts together for now and for all eternity and we will forever be as one.

An Excerpt from Vincent's Journal