

DARKNESS AND LIGHT

by Katrina Relf

“It was love”.

Catherine, they were the most beautiful words that I had ever heard, and I still cannot bring myself to believe that they were spoken to me. It was a moment – a brief moment in time – that I will never forget.

Only a few short hours ago I thought that I would never see you again. I was afraid – as we lay trapped in the stark blackness of that cave – that this would be our tomb. I lied to Father – telling him that very soon Winslow and the others would break through, would find a way to rescue us, but, in my heart I knew that it would be impossible for them to reach us in time – before the darkness and lack of air had claimed us.

Father was bleeding – he was badly hurt – although he refused to admit it. We spoke of many things – of how he first met Margaret, of how much he loved her, and I felt – perhaps for the first time – that he accepted our love. It was a sad time – a fearsome time – and yet, somehow beautiful.

I was suddenly aware of your presence – your nearness, and of your fear, although, at the time, I had no perception of how you could have known, nor what miracle had brought you to us. Only now do I perceive that our bond, our connection, is stronger, deeper, than I ever imagined.

Father and I had no idea that you had found Mouse – albeit accidentally – and that he had brought one of his ‘gizmos’ in an effort to break through solid rock. An effort that would have been in vain had you not sacrificed your pride, your integrity – and begged for Elliot’s help. Help that he was willing to give, and for which I will be eternally grateful.

Oh, Catherine, I have no words to thank you – to thank Mouse – everyone – for all the love, the courage and the strength it took to free us. It was a time – a memory – that will always stay with me – never to be forgotten.

But there is a treasure above all else, and one that is mine alone to keep – the words that were spoken as we stood at the Threshold. Words that are forever burned deep within my memory, and, even now, are echoing within my heart.

But, Catherine, as I sit here alone in the stillness of my Chamber, I wonder if I will ever have the courage, the strength, to reveal to you the depth of my feelings – to tell you how much I love you. Maybe one day, when the time is right, when we have passed through our fears –

but not yet. There are still too many doors to be opened – too many dreams to be discovered.

Today will be a day I will always remember – always treasure. A day filled with fear and hope, sadness and joy – and a happiness I never dreamt could be mine.

Catherine – my love – my life.

An Excerpt from Vincent's Journal