

Father

by Michaela Buzsaki Struchova

"Father, am I disturbing you?"

"No, Vincent, do come in, please."

"Are you feeling cold, Father?"

"No, why are you asking this?"

"I see you are... admiring the sweater Catherine gave you last year."

"Oh, that... I was just..."

"Preparing to go skiing?"

"I've always admired your sense of humour, Vincent. No, more like thinking about what to do with it."

"I believe Catherine said it suits you rather well."

"Yes, she did... I am just a bit concerned about..."

"The style?"

"That is one way to put it. Why are you smiling, Vincent?"

"Because I think it does suit you rather well."

"Do you truly think so?"

"*In jest, there is truth.*" (1)

"Mock me as you wish."

"I would never be disrespectful to you, Father."

"I know that, Vincent. I may be old, but I am not a stranger to a good joke yet."

"As you prove to me every day."

"Vincent?"

"Yes, Father?"

"Why do you think Catherine gave the sweater to me? Why not to Winslow or someone else?"

"I think you should look for the answer to that question within your heart."

"You know, I must admit, I was not very keen on the sweater when I had seen it at first, but..."

"But then you had found the answer to your question within your heart."

"Well, yes...."

“May I know what the answer is?”

“I think you do already.”

“Yes, I think I do... Why are you smiling, Father?”

“Because I like the sweater.”

“I thought you would.”

“Why are *you* smiling, Vincent?”

“Because I think it is not just the sweater that you like.”

“What I think is that you are far too smart for me by now. And I’m not talking only about chess.”

“I had a great teacher.”

“I dare say you had.”

“Father?”

“Vincent?”

“Catherine will join us for dinner on Sunday.”

“But she never stays for dinner on Sundays because she works the next day...”

“She’s making an exception this time.”

“All right, of course. As always, I will be happy to see her.”

“Thank you, Father. She will love seeing you as well.”

“Vincent.... Isn’t it Father’s Day this Sunday?”

“Yes, Father, it is....”

(1) William Shakespeare: *King Lear*