

# **The Rose**

*by Judith Nolan*

Catherine hurried into the bullpen and to her desk. She stopped when she saw the single red rose on her blotter. She touched it as though it were alive, glowing with more than colour.

She smiled, knowing Vincent had helpers who moved easily in and out of the D.A.'s office. She could almost feel his hand in the stem, his soul in the bloom.

Every rose he sent was a promise. Love eternal, love undaunted.

She pressed her cheek to its petals, smiling. This was her reminder.

Each bloom whispered, '*You are cherished.*' And with that, her day became radiant.