

# For Always...

by Judith

Vincent lifted the tiny hand of his sleeping son and laid it carefully within his, palm to palm. Catherine had given him this incredible gift, beyond price or imagining, conceived from her unquenchable love-- and the wonder of it still snatched his breath away.

Warmth seeped into his flesh from the miniature fingers which barely covered the heel of Vincent's broad hand. Though the child remained sleeping his little fingers curled instinctively, folding tightly around his parent's thumb, as if Jacob would never let him go.

Vincent stared at the tenuous connection that could never be broken, come what may...