

Epilogue

“We have both larger and smaller safety deposit boxes if this one no longer meets your needs. Extra large items are kept in the vault,” the banker explained as he led the brunette-haired woman into a private room.

“This one is fine, thank you.”

“Very good. Please take as much time as you like.”

Once the man had closed the door, she opened the box. Inside were a variety of brightly colored diaries, a velvet evening purse, and an old clock. She used the key from her bag to unlock the drawer of the clock and found a letter. The paper had yellowed but was otherwise without added crease or crumple.

With trembling hands, Cara reached for the purse and opened the clasp.

Inside she found an envelope still sweetly scented with a familiar perfume and many pages of her mother’s handwriting. Tears fell freely as she read the words written to her in love.