

CATHERINE:

There is a God. And he is made of time. There is a devil, and he's made of time. There are angels, miracles, and sins, and they're all made of hours. On the shore of the lake with my friends that last time. I watched the kids play and thought of my boy and girl. I watched the husbands and wives and thought of the man I loved. I walked to the water. I walked in. I stood there. Small waves and grace all around. Faith at the edge of the world. And I think, lucky me, that I still believe in it all. After all of this. And then a gift. A million clocks stopped in the city. Watches closed their eyes. Their hands folded. Their faces slept. The earth stopped turning. And time stood still for just a minute, just for us. The moon came out. The stars came out. Time was kind, after all. And I knew I was blessed to have held so much of it in my hands. In the quiet, in the water, I could see my face. Next to mine, the faces of everyone I love. The faces of my friends. And so many more. All looking back at me. For that moment, while time turned its face, we were all there. And we were shining.