

# Their Day

by Sally A. Stephenson

The lace fell through the fingers, wrinkled and nimble they had become too used to avoiding the finite objects in life which needed attention. The white cotton sat loosely on her shoulders, the collar exposed the skin which had become dry and her shoulder bone protruded in a way that was new and unsettling. Elise looked in the mirror and considered herself a fool. She felt arms slip round her waist and a chin settle on her neck.

'You're beautiful,' Cara said.

'I'm old,' Elise corrected.

'Refined,' Cara told her. 'The car is here.'

'Already?' Elise asked. 'They came quickly.'

'You've been waiting for this for over forty years and you're still not ready for today?' Cara asked.

'How can I be ready?' Elise asked. 'How can you ever be ready for a day like today, when it's been denied from you for so long?'

'You can be ready by knowing that it's the right thing,' Cara said.

'It wasn't all those years ago, back when people were sent to camps because of who they loved,' Elise said. 'How do we know that those times won't come again?'

'Because we trust that we've learned from history,' Cara answered. 'All that you went through has led to today.'

Elise considered her words and nodded. She took her daughters hand and allowed her to help her walk out to the car. Photos of her in her dress were taken, smiles were worn and butterflies felt like dragons taking on a huge battle. The church appeared, Elise saw Daisy and her breath stopped when she saw her stood in her own white dress and she knew. What would come would come, but for now, the day was theirs, the history over and the future ready for them to grasp and finally enjoy.

