

The ring

After months of slowly becoming good friends, it still took all Boris's courage to ask me to marry him. He gave me the silver signet ring from his little finger for our engagement.

It belonged to his father and is at least 200 years old. It has the sign of St. George and the Dragon.

Some women are lucky. They find their happiness while they are young. They go to church all pink and fresh with the young chap they love and are married in white before a church altar with lilies for purity and orange blossom for luck, and only their own chosen friends to watch.

It was never that way with me. But I am grateful that in the last chapter my husband is a man also of middle years who has known his sorrows, and I am glad that loneliness has not made me do anything foolish.

This will be my first wedding in a church, and I do not think that more than a dozen people will watch it.

But if the wrong sort of on-lookers are there we shall just postpone it again.

But I am not afraid. Not now anyway. If you love me wish us both luck for Monday. And if you do not love me leave us alone please, to love each other.

Well, there it is. I had my times of happiness with Monty Banks, and I think I shall have them with Boris.

Monty was like the energetic afternoon of life, and Boris is like the quiet time just before dusk.

Boris is a man to grow old with, I think, and poor dear little Monty was always so afraid of growing old.