

Faith

By Joseph Laguerre

Katerina opens the door, and a clean-cut Armani wearing young man walks through.

“Mom, what are you doing here?” Anthony asks.

“This is where we went on our last vacation, honey,” Katerina responds.

“He isn’t dead, mom.”

“Sit down, Anthony.”

Katerina and Anthony sit down on one of the perfectly made double beds with the striped comforters. Anthony takes off his blazer. Katerina fidgets with her diamond studded cross on her gold necklace. She looks down on at her khaki capris and then up at her son.

“The situation has changed,” says Katerina.

“What do you mean, changed?” responds Anthony.

“He had another stroke in the hospital and he’s in a coma.”

“Jesus, Mom what —”

“Anthony Michael Douglas!”

“I’m sorry.”

“Your father is in a coma and you use His name in vain.”

Anthony gets up and paces a line in the dark carpet of the room. He starts undoing his tie.

“What is it 80 degrees in here, mom? Let’s go outside.”

Anthony and Katerina walk towards the porch. As Anthony opens the door, a slight cool ocean breeze hits them. They sit at the partially shaded patio table.

“When?” Anthony asks.

“Last night, when I called you,” Katerina answers.

“C’mon mom, you said he was resting. I asked to speak to him, and you said he was asleep.”

“I know, honey. I didn’t know how to tell you. You’d just made partner at the firm. I didn’t know what to say to you. I didn’t want you to remember it like this.”

“You should’ve said something. Paula and I would’ve come straight over.”

“That’s exactly why I didn’t.”

“Who else knows?”

“Father Carmichael.”

“What did Dr. Parish say?”

“Well after he went into the whole medical mumbo jumbo, it was basically he doesn’t know if he’ll come out. He apologized and said he’d give me some time to process.”

“At no point did he say like, he’s a vegetable, nothing is going to change?”

“Goodness Anthony, do you have to say it like that?”

“Mom, you know why I have to ask like that. Dad said if anything ever happened to him where there was no hope he’d come back. End it.”

Katerina gets up abruptly, fiddling with her cross, she walks back inside and sits on the edge of the bed. Head in her hands, she cries. Anthony gets up and enters the room closing the porch door behind him. He kneels in front of his mom and gently pulls her hands from her face. He takes out a white handkerchief embroidered with the letters AMD in gold colors. Katerina takes it and wipes her tears.

“We gave this to you when you turned 10,” Katerina says.

“Dad said I was going to be a heartbreaker, so I should be well equipped when the time came,” Anthony responds.

They share a laugh as Anthony pulls up the smooth, wooden chair behind him towards his mom and sits down. Anthony unbuttons the top two buttons exposing a gold necklace.

“Mom?”

“Yes, honey?”

“If Dr. Shapiro says there’s no hope, you know what I have to do.”

“You will do no such thing!”

“But Dad told me –”

“Do you remember when you wanted to make the basketball team in high school. You knew there were upper classmen ahead of you. You were worried. Your father and I told you to work hard, pray to God, and if it was God’s will it would happen.”

“Mom...”

Katerina leans over and undoes the next button on Anthony’s shirt exposing the diamond studded cross.

“You’ve been away from home far too long, Anthony.”

Katerina gets up and picks up her black Michael Kors purse and the flimsy straw hat on the dresser.

“Let’s go see your father.”

“Alright mom, we’ll go get Paula and head there okay?”

They both walk towards the door; Anthony exits first and as Katerina exits.

“It’s in God’s hands now, honey.”

Door closes.