

To the one who finds the coin,

This penny was never worth much.

But it's the one he gave me when I said I didn't believe in luck.

He smiled and said,

"It's not about luck. It's about remembering what matters."

I kept it through storms, through silence,
through all the days that nearly broke me.
And somehow, I made it through.

Not because of the coin—
but because of what it meant.
That love leaves things behind
so it can be found again.

If it's in your hand now, it's meant for you.
Let it remind you to hold on.

To forgive.

To keep going.

You're not alone.

This coin carried me.

Now let it carry you.

Lillian M.

Spring, 1927