

Trinity

A Haydn & Speaker Mystery

Epilogue



Over two months had passed when, at 1:30 p.m. on August 1, 2000, Connie Haydn and Shrug Speaker met in the law office of John Jameson. They gathered at Mr. Jameson's invitation. After the somewhat stiff greetings—this guy never loosens up, thought Connie—Jameson explained to his curious guests that, in accordance with the instructions of the late Mr. Wilkinson, he was delivering a letter to both of them. The precise instructions, he added, given to him on the day Connie had first visited Mr. Wilkinson in the hospital, were that he should deliver the letter on August 1, but only if the investigation he was paying them to undertake had been completed. Otherwise, Jameson explained, the letter was to be destroyed. Since both Connie and Shrug had assured him the investigation was indeed over, he would give them the letter. And then, without asking the outcome of the investigation, Jameson handed a sealed business envelope across his desk to Connie.

Connie stared at it only a moment. Then he opened it slowly and pulled out a single sheet of paper. He read its four hand-written words and silently passed it to Shrug. They both understood Latin.

Justitia fiat ruat coelum.

Mr. Jameson inquired if the letter obliged him to do anything. They assured him it didn't. Then, after thanking him for his time, they left.

“Let justice be done though the heavens fall. From the very beginning this whole affair was about justice.” Connie spat the words out the moment they reached the street. “And now that bastard, with his sick sense of justice, has gotten away with everything he planned and laughs at us from beyond the grave.”

“He may have escaped human justice,” said Shrug, “but he can't evade God's.”

Connie stopped and stared at Shrug. “I'm sorry, friend, but to my mind the fact that the wicked go unpunished in this world is the most resounding argument against God's existence.”

“You've got it backwards, friend.” smiled Shrug. “The fact that the wicked go unpunished in this world is the strongest possible argument for the existence of God.”

With that exchange the two members of the Second-Best Club walked off together into the heat of a typical central Ohio August day.