A Letter From My Blood to Me

Dear Casey,

I've been with you since the very beginning.

Long before you knew my name.

Long before anyone measured my levels, counted my cells, or spoke about me in numbers.

I was already there.

Quietly carrying life through you.

Every heartbeat.

Every breath.

Every step.

Every tear.

Every laugh.

Every ordinary Tuesday you barely noticed.

I never asked you to think about me.

Honestly, I preferred it that way.

Because when everything is working as it should, no one notices blood.

They simply live.

I carried oxygen to your muscles when you pushed yourself too hard.

I carried warmth to your hands on cold mornings.

A Letter From My Blood to Me

I rushed to every bruise, every scrape, every surgery, every place that needed healing.

I carried nourishment to every corner of your body.

Hour after hour.

Day after day.

Year after year.

Without applause.

Without recognition.

Not because I expected either one.

But because that’s what I was created to do.

Then, one day…

I needed your attention.

Not because I wanted to frighten you.

Because I could no longer keep doing my job alone.

I was trying to tell you something.

Not with words…

but with exhaustion.

With dizziness.

With weakness.

With a body that kept whispering,

“Please notice.”

A Letter From My Blood to Me

I know you didn’t ignore me on purpose.

You’ve spent so much of your life enduring pain that you’ve become remarkably good at carrying it.

You’ve learned to keep going.

To push through.

To tell yourself,

“I’ll rest later.”

“I’ll deal with it tomorrow.”

“It’s probably nothing.”

You weren’t trying to neglect me.

You were trying to survive.

But even the strongest among us sometimes mistake endurance for wellness.

When you finally came to the hospital, someone looked at the numbers that described me.

They saw what neither of us could see from the inside.

I had given more than I had left to give.

Even then…

I wasn’t angry.

I wasn’t disappointed.

I wasn’t keeping score.

A Letter From My Blood to Me

I was simply tired.

And deeply grateful that help had arrived.

Do you know what I remember most?

Not the transfusions.

Not the IVs.

Not the machines.

I remember the moment someone stepped in to help carry what I could no longer carry alone.

Sometimes even blood needs help.

And there is no shame in that.

There never has been.

Casey…

There is something I've wanted to tell you for a very long time.

Please stop apologizing for needing care.

Needing help does not mean you've failed.

Resting does not mean you've quit.

Receiving does not erase all the years you've spent giving.

It simply means you've become human enough to let someone hold you for a little while.

Thank you…

for listening.

A Letter From My Blood to Me

Thank you for staying.

Thank you for choosing to let others help when I couldn’t do it all by myself anymore.

And if I could ask one thing of you now, it would be this:

When your body whispers…

listen before it has to cry out.

Treat yourself with the same tenderness you’ve spent a lifetime offering everyone else.

I have never expected perfection from you.

Only partnership.

We’ve always been on the same side.

Always.

With enduring love,

Your Blood