

A Letter From My Bones to Me

For the body deserving tenderness in every season.

Dear Casey,

I have been with you for every version of your life, though I have rarely been the part you thought about first.

I was there when you were small enough to be carried, when the world seemed enormous and the days stretched out in front of you. I was there as you grew into your own way of moving through it, reaching for what you loved and learning, sometimes painfully, what you could not hold.

I have been with you through ordinary afternoons, too. The ones that did not announce themselves as important: standing in the kitchen, turning the pages of a book, shifting in a chair to get comfortable, laughing until you had to catch your breath. Most of a life happens in moments like those. I am glad I have been here for them.

I know our conversations have changed.

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There are days when you notice me because you hurt, when a movement asks more of you than it once did, or when you have to consider a chair, a distance, or the time something might take before you say yes. I know how tiring it can be to plan around a body when you would rather simply go.

I wish I could give you an easy answer for every ache. I cannot. Your body is a complicated place, and pain does not always offer a tidy explanation. You deserve people who will listen carefully, take your concerns seriously, and help you find the care you need.

What I can offer is this: I am still yours, even on the days when I feel unfamiliar.

You do not have to be grateful for pain to make peace with the body carrying it. You do not have to call every difficult change a gift. Some things are simply hard, and you are allowed to say so without turning the sentence into a lesson.

I know you remember what used to be easier. It is natural to miss the freedom of doing something without first asking what it might cost you later. You are allowed to grieve that. There is room for the woman you were and the woman you are, without asking either one to apologize for the other.

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But please do not mistake a change in pace for a lack of strength.

Strength might look like making the appointment you have been putting off. It might look like asking someone to carry the heavy bag, choosing the closer parking space, or saying, “I need to sit down,” without adding a speech about why. It might look like beginning again after a difficult night, or deciding that today’s beginning can happen from bed.

And sometimes strength has nothing to prove. Sometimes you can choose the comfortable chair simply because it is comfortable. I would like to put in a good word for cushions, while we are on the subject.

I have held you through a great many days, but I have never done it alone. You are a whole gathering of parts, and none of us needs to earn a place here by working perfectly. We belong to you when the day goes smoothly and when it takes a different shape than you hoped.

So when you make an adjustment, could we try calling it care?

When you pause, could we let it be a pause instead of a verdict? When you ask for help, could we remember that being held up by others is one of the things people are for?

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I cannot promise that a kind word will make the pain disappear. I know you deserve more than a pretty sentence when you are hurting. I hope you will keep seeking the care and support that help you live inside your days. And I hope that, alongside all the appointments and decisions, there will still be room for a book you cannot put down, a song you love, and a piece of paper made a little more beautiful with glitter.

There is still life here to be noticed, even when we have to meet it differently.

Tonight, if you can, find a position that asks a little less of you. Let the cushion do its work. Let someone else carry what they can. You need not straighten every difficult thing before you are allowed to rest.

I am here with you, Casey.

Not as proof that you must be strong, but as part of the body that deserves your tenderness.

With love,
Your Bones