A Letter From My Lungs to Me

For the ordinary things we hope to have breath for.

Dear Casey,

We miss the days when you could forget about us.

When you could walk into another room and arrive thinking about whatever you went there to find.

Of course, remembering what you went there to find was someone else's department.

We have always had our hands full here.

Figuratively speaking.

There were so many years when our work disappeared into the middle of your life. You were busy talking, making plans, getting through a difficult afternoon. We were there for the sentence you could barely finish because you were already laughing.

We have always been fond of those sentences.

The ones that fall apart halfway through, while someone across from you begins laughing too, and the whole conversation becomes temporarily useless.

What a lovely use of us.

We have helped give your voice to so many things.

Someone’s name.

A question you finally found the courage to ask.

An ordinary hello that you had no way of knowing would become important.

We were there for the words you rehearsed and the ones that escaped before you could reconsider.

A few of those were excellent.

We stand by them.

Lately, though, we know how much attention breathing can ask of you.

A small distance can feel long. A conversation can need a pause. Something you wanted to do can become a negotiation before you have even begun.

And there is the frustration of it.

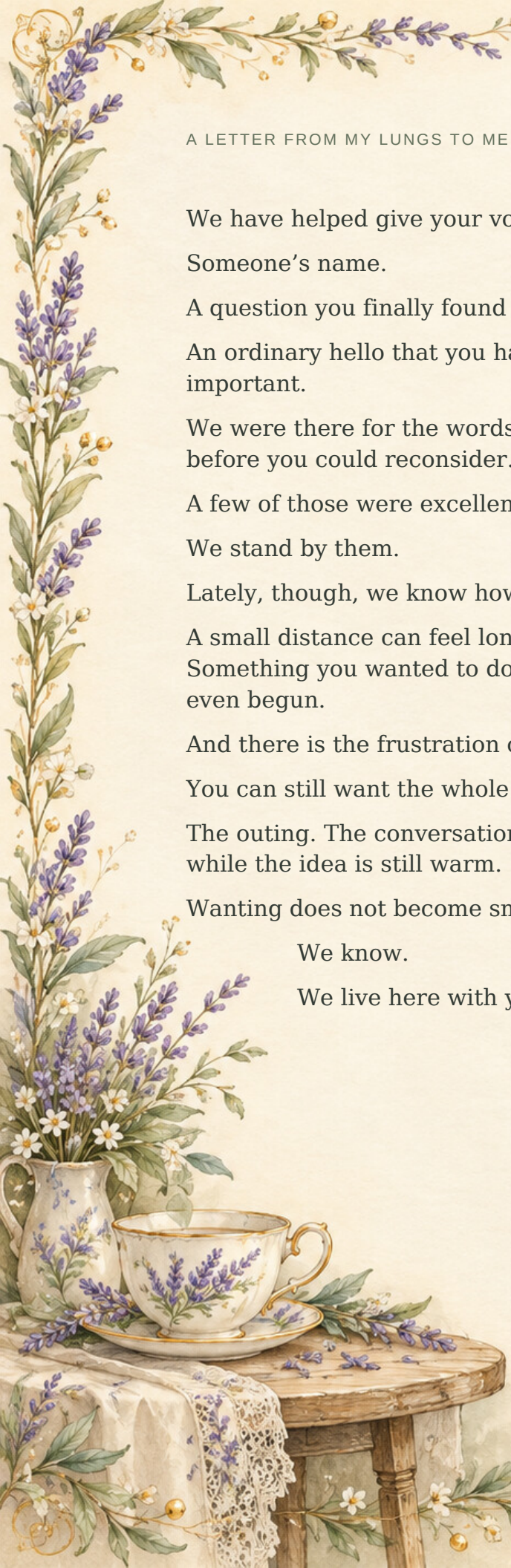
You can still want the whole afternoon.

The outing. The conversation. The chance to finish what you started while the idea is still warm.

Wanting does not become smaller simply because doing becomes harder.

We know.

We live here with you.



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We know how quickly a pause can fill with thoughts about everything you used to manage, everything still waiting, everyone you worry you are inconveniencing.

We wish you could have the pause itself.

A place to sit.

Time to gather yourself.

Company that can wait comfortably while you finish your sentence.

You deserve to have people hear the rest of it.

There is so much more you want to say.

And Casey, you are allowed to be frustrated with us.

You can miss the ease you once had. You can be tired of appointments, questions, and having to consider your body before making what ought to be a simple plan.

We can bear hearing that.

You have been asking for help. You have been paying attention. There is room in caring for yourself to say, honestly, *I wish this were easier*.

We wish it were easier, too.

If we could choose an afternoon for us, it would be wonderfully unremarkable.

You would be absorbed in something you liked.

A page taking shape.

Someone telling a story badly enough that you had to interrupt.

A cup going cold because the conversation had become more interesting than the tea.

At some point, you would notice the time and wonder where it had gone.

We would love an afternoon like that.

We would love to be involved in your life without having to be the subject of it.

Until then, we hope there can still be moments that belong to you.

A visit with enough room for pauses.

Something beautiful within reach.

A task finished in stages, with a chair pulled close.

We are very much in favor of the chair.

An excellent invention. We feel it deserves more credit.

And when someone stays beside you while you rest, perhaps you can let their company reach you. You have spent so much time considering what your needs might cost other people.

Some of them simply want to be there.

They came to see you.

The woman with the story, the opinion, the laugh waiting just behind the serious expression.

We know her well.

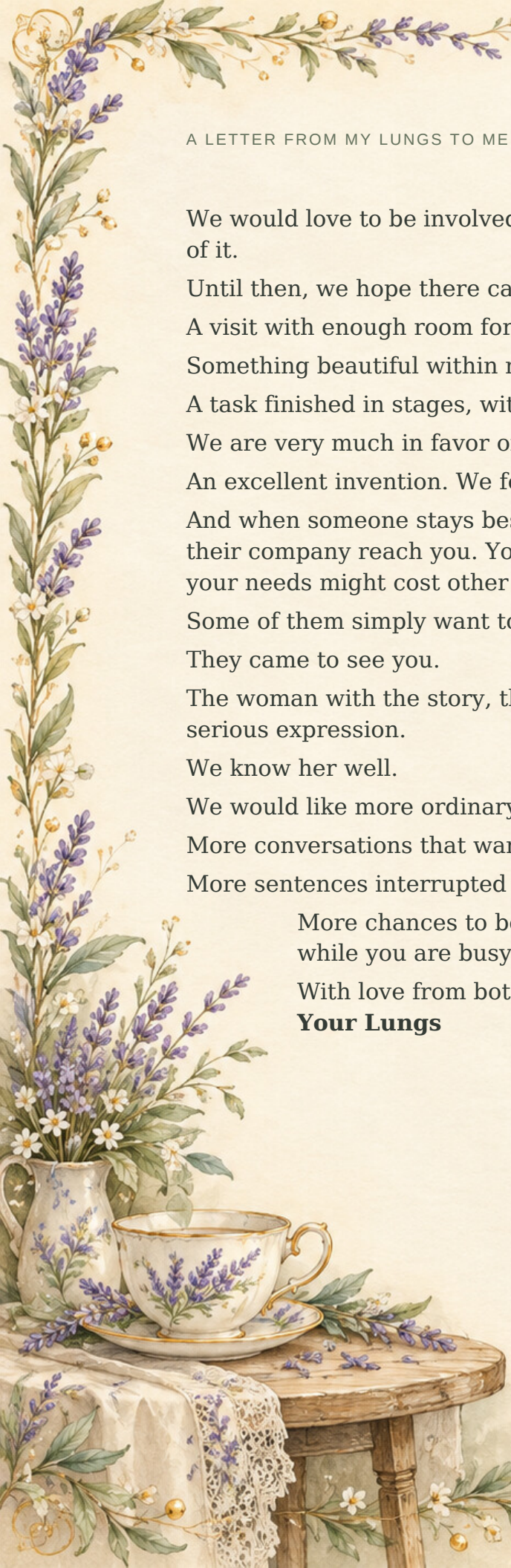
We would like more ordinary afternoons with her.

More conversations that wander.

More sentences interrupted by laughter.

More chances to be quietly at work
while you are busy being Casey.

With love from both of us,
Your Lungs



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Before You Go…

Perhaps there is an ordinary moment you miss: talking without watching your energy, walking somewhere without planning the return, becoming so absorbed in something lovely that you forget to keep track.

You are allowed to miss that ease.

What ordinary part of life would you like a little more room for?

May there be someone who waits while you finish your sentence.

May there be a comfortable place to sit and something worth staying for.

May an ordinary afternoon still have a little delight with your name on it.

With love,
Casey
Voice With a Purpose



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