

Mom:

“You can be longing.

You can be stillness.

You can be soft, or fierce, or neither.”

Dad:

“You are allowed to change.”

“You are allowed to stay the same.”

“You are allowed to want, or not want, or not know.”

Sydney:

“You can be unsure.”

“You can be joy.”

“You can be someone who doesn’t owe anyone any answer.”

Father James:

“You were taught there were only two doors. Open or closed.

But you are a corridor. A window. A shifting sky.”

Lily:

“You can be someone who once thought they were one thing.

And now... is something else entirely.”