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.”