Letting Go

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My knee hurts as we walk, but it’s so nice to be outdoors. You’ve grown, for the rest of our lives you’ll be taller than me. Every life’s like composing a song. Even if the melody’s familiar, it’s never just the same—each refrain with its own mistakes or mistimed notes. Then you say, so casually, that you felt you had to let go of wanting to be perfect in order to start making friends. Those flaws that let us be human. I met two parents in emergency, their daughter so close to your age. She had never learned to eat or talk or walk, all the taken-for-granted things. And what did they keep saying? How her whole life, all she had ever done was teach them what it means to love.