

A LOVE LETTER TO THE UNSEEN ONES

Dear you — the quiet force holding the world together,

I see you.

Not in the way a supervisor checks a box,
but in the way the earth feels rain after a long dry season.

I see you arriving early, staying late,
carrying the stories no one else can bear to hear,
the heartbreaks you can't name because you're too busy
making sure someone else makes it through the day.

You are the pulse beneath the paperwork,
the heartbeat of every “progress note,”
the one who sits in the silence when words can't reach.

While others measure outcomes,
you measure breaths —
the ones you help someone take again.

They call it “direct care” as if it were a task.
But what you do is alchemy.
You turn chaos into calm,
fear into safety,
a moment of despair into a small reason to stay.

And I know —
the system doesn't see you.
It takes your light, your laughter, your lunch breaks,
and then asks for more.
It tells you to “be resilient”
when what you need is to be held.

Still, you keep showing up.
You keep weaving care through the cracks,
building dignity from dust.
You remind broken places what healing sounds like.

You are not replaceable.
You are not invisible.
You're what happens when love refuses to give up.

So this letter is for you —
the unseen ones,
the steady ones,
the ones who love so fiercely it hurts.

May you remember what the system forgets:
that your calm presence alone is healing,
your work is sacred,
and you deserve the same care you give away so freely.

With reverence,
and endless gratitude,
for every small miracle you create
just by showing up.

— *Interwoven*

I

Hi Kate -

I'm thinking about a couple things here

1. Handwriting this or
2. typing on an old typewriter (I think this is my favorite)

Had the random thought of mailing to people but maybe too much

Hope you are well today!