

Recitation D

True Love

One busy morning, at around 8:30 a.m., an old gentleman in his 80s arrived to have his wounded thumb checked. He said that he was in a hurry because he had another appointment at 9:00 a.m.

I decided to check his wound immediately. I took his blood pressure and asked him to sit down. When I looked at his thumb, it was nearly healed, so I only needed to change his bandage.

While I was doing this, we began to talk. I asked him if he had another doctor's appointment that morning, since he seemed to be in such a hurry. The old gentleman told me no. He said he needed to get to the nursing home to eat breakfast with his wife. I asked about her health. He told me she had been there for a while and that she had Alzheimer's disease.

I asked if his wife would be upset if he was a little late. He told me that she didn't even know who he was, and that she had not recognized him for five years. I was surprised and asked, "Do you still go every morning, even though she doesn't know who you are?"

He smiled as he gently patted my hand and said, "She doesn't know me, but I still know who she is." I had to hold back tears as he left. I thought, "That is the kind of love I want in my life."

True love is neither physical nor romantic. True love is accepting all that is, has been, will be, and will not be. The old gentleman did not visit his wife because she remembered him. He visited her because he remembered her.

That morning, I learned something I will never forget. True love is not about being remembered. It is about remembering. And sometimes, it is simply showing up every morning at 9:00 a.m.

(314 words)