

# My Worst Day Ever

By Tre'Quan

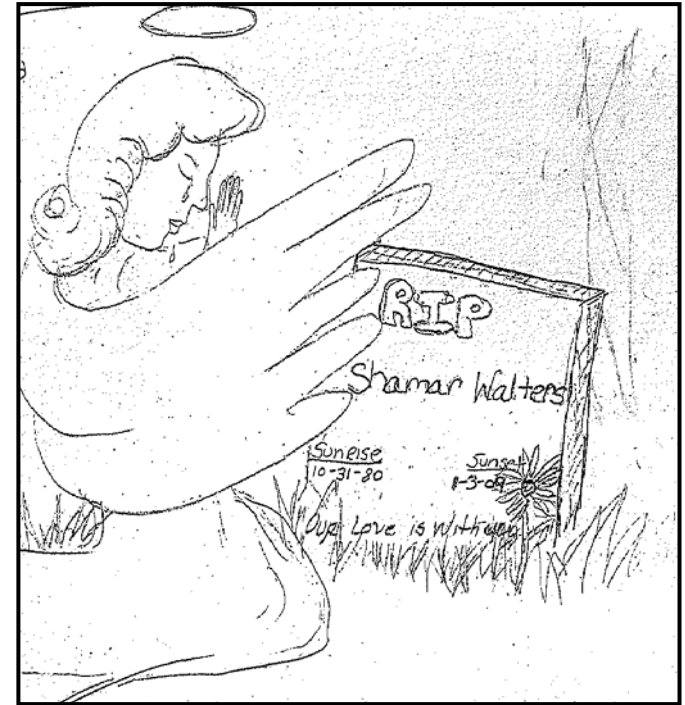
My name is Tre'Quan and my father died when I was 10 years old. When he died it was hard from me to understand. The day started by riding in the funeral car. Everybody was very sad including me. It was so hard for me that day. It was raining and cold. The world was different after that day.

When we got there my mom was already there. The casket was black. The suit my dad was wearing was black, with a red tie. I didn't want to go up to the casket but I had to tell him I love him. The preacher prayed for me and my sisters.

After the ceremony we all got in the car and went to the cemetery. When we got to the cemetery, we all told him we love him. When they lowered him in the grave I started crying harder.

After the funeral we had a big dinner. We had chicken, mashed potatoes, rice and ham. But my mom was still crying so I went up to her room and tried to make her stop crying. After dinner we all sat around his bed and prayed for him. Me and my sisters wrote a poem called *too soon my daddy*.

That is why it was my worst day ever.



*Too soon my daddy, you had to go  
We search our hearts but we don't know*

Our Outreach Program allows Peter's Place to provide support and advocacy to grieving children in their own schools. Through games and creative art activities, our in-school groups help children to help themselves and each other by sharing their feelings and experiences. The program extends our reach to children who are typically not able to get to our center due to a variety of socioeconomic barriers. By partnering with area schools, 75 students participated in the Peter's Place in-school program during the 2009-2010 school year. Here's what one social worker said of the program:

"I cannot say enough about the impact Peter's Place has had on our school. Most of our children have experienced a death in their family, many due to violent acts. It is rare that these children receive any type of counseling after such an event. In most cases the death is never discussed, leaving the children to grieve completely alone. Peter's Place allowed them to grieve and showed them that grieving is normal and healthy."

This story was written by 5<sup>th</sup> grader Tre'Quan, who participated in a Peter's Place group at his school in Chester, PA. As is common in many grieving families, Tre'Quan and his mother had never talked openly about the death of his father for fear of making each other feel worse. She reported that since Tre'Quan began attending the group, their relationship has grown and they are now able to talk about their loss regularly. Tre'Quan and his mother both graciously agreed to allow us to share this story that he wrote for a class assignment.

