

Death of a Loved One

Reads For Paeds



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Dear Reader,

Thank you for choosing our book to read – we are grateful to be able to share this with you.

No matter your age, losing a loved one is a difficult thing to deal with. As writers of this book, it is important that we acknowledge that everyone's way of handling grief is different. Learning to live with the loss of a loved one is a process that might take any amount of time, and the way people portray themselves throughout their grief is incredibly diverse. Grief is complex. It has infinite forms and manifests itself differently in each individual. Of the many different possibilities, this book is just one portrayal of the grieving process.

To our young readers who have lost a loved one recently: You should know that the way you process and deal with your emotions is valid and natural. Death is a part of life, and the grief that follows is normal as well. If you are struggling with a loved one who has died, we hope that this book brings you some peace.

Sincerely,

Reads For Paeds

My person died last week.

My person died last week, and today,
we went to their funeral.




When my person was alive, they made me happy. We laughed, and we would have so much fun.

However, there were moments when my person made me sad. Maybe even angry. But I still miss them.



Sometimes, I feel normal. Sometimes, it feels like nothing happened and that my person is still here. But sometimes, I feel sad. I remember that my person is gone, and I no longer feel normal.



An illustration of a young child with short black hair, wearing a white long-sleeved shirt, blue pants, and red shoes. The child is standing in a grassy field, holding a string attached to a yellow kite with pink ribbons. The kite is partially visible on the left side of the frame. In the background, there is a large, dark, textured shape on the left and a green tree with brown branches on the right. The sky is a mix of light and dark blue with white streaks, suggesting a bright, slightly overcast day.

My person and I used to go to the park and fly kites together. My kite was big and yellow with little pink ribbons tied to it's tail. I really liked flying kites with them.

Today during recess, I got to fly kites with my friends. It was not the same. I wish my person was here. I wish I could fly kites with them again.

I miss my person.



There is a fair in town this week. It has a rubber duck game, a ferris wheel that lights up at night, and clowns in silly costumes making balloon animals.

I always wanted to go to the fair, and my person said they would take me.

But now they are gone.

They said they would take me, but now they never will.

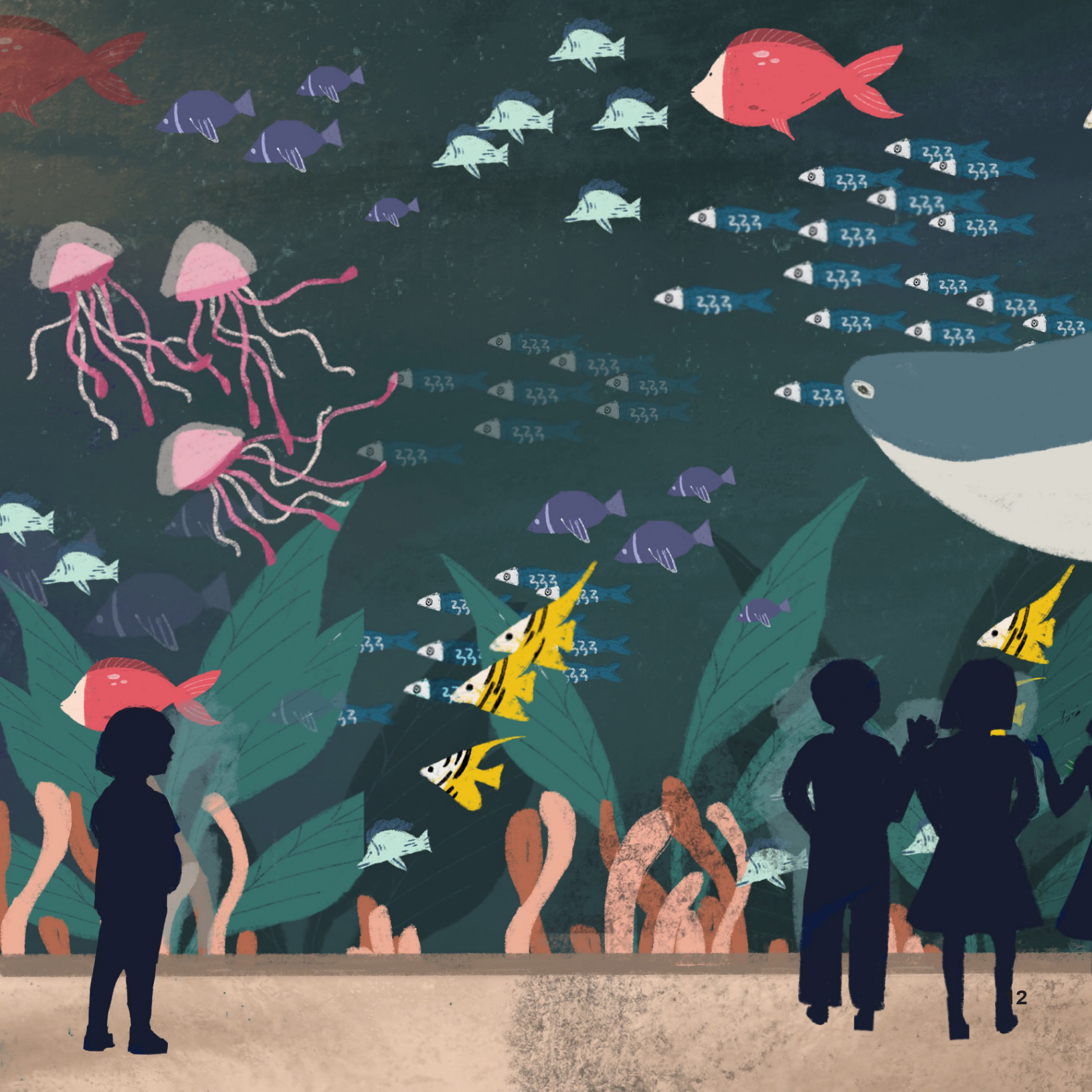
I am angry.



My school went on a field trip to the aquarium today. All the other kids in my class brought their people with them.

I sat alone on the bus, and spent most of the trip following the teacher. When my person was still alive, they would always come with me on school trips. But now that they're gone, it feels like I don't have anyone to hang out with.

I feel weird. I feel like I don't fit in anymore.



I was sitting alone during recess, when my classmate, Lee, walked up to me.

“Hi,” Lee said.

I replied, “Hi Lee”.

“Can I sit with you?”, they asked.

“Okay.”



Lee and I sat for a while in silence.

Lee turned to me: "I heard your person died... mine did too."

I was surprised. "Really?" I asked.

Lee nodded. "Yeah, a while back."



Lee and I walked towards the field. We laid down on the grass and looked up at the sky.

“What did you and your person like to do together?” Lee asked.

“We used to fly our kites, but it makes me sad to do that now.” I replied.

Lee paused. “Well, let’s try flying kites together.”



The next day at school, Lee came up to me again.

“Y’know,” Lee started, “Even though my person died a while back, I still get angry at them sometimes.”

“Oh, me too. My person promised to take me to the fair, but we never ended up going because they died.”

It felt nice to be understood. Out of everyone I have spoken to, Lee is the only one who shared my feelings.

Lee’s eyes lit up. “Why don’t we go to the fair together? Does tonight work?”

“Okay.” I smiled.



There's going to be another field trip next week. My teacher told our class this morning. This time, we will be going to the museum.

I looked at Lee and sighed, "The other kids look at me funny because I'm the only one without a person. When we went to the aquarium, I felt super lonely."

"You're not alone. Maybe next time we can sit on the bus together?" Lee asked.

I nodded my head.



I still really miss my person. It's hard
that they're gone.

There are still days where I feel sad


... and angry

... and weird.

But today, I felt my person with me.

I think I'll be okay.



The background of the slide is a blurred photograph of a wooden fence in a field. The fence is made of vertical wooden posts and horizontal rails, and it runs across the middle of the frame. The field beyond the fence is filled with tall grass and some small plants. The overall tone of the image is soft and natural, with a slightly desaturated color palette.

The QMed Reads for Paeds project was started by the Queen's Medicine Class of 2017. Our mission is to produce engaging storybooks for children that demystify topics in pediatric health. The books are gifts from us to patients, with the hope of empowering them and their families.



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