



Parents' Corner I

Me: "I Love You"

Peter: "I Love You More, Mom"

Never in a million years did I ever imagine that they would be the last words I would hear my 13 year old son speak. Love shared between a healthy, happy,

vibrant young man and his Mom before going to bed for the night. When I awoke the next morning, my life would be forever changed. A tragic accident left my son dead and me frozen in grief and riddled with confusion. HOW? WHEN? WHAT? NO! NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! The only thing that I could be sure of was that God had called my son Home. He had a Heavenly plan for my son that must have been much bigger than my plan. As I paced the floor in shock, I had no idea what to do or where to turn. Little did I know that I would not have to figure it all out on my own for I got a call that would save me.

Someone from the Center for Infant and Child Loss reached out to me at my darkest moment and gave me hope by offering me a listening ear and resources to start me down the road of healing. At that very moment I made

the choice to use those resources and live like my son, Peter, would want me to.

Last week was my son's birthday (he would have turned 14) and we had a beautiful celebration of his life. We chose to emphasize every day of Peter's short life instead of dwelling on what we have lost. Friends and family celebrated and released sky lanterns in memory of Peter. The day was topped off by a call from the Center for Infant and Child loss checking in on me and my family, recognizing Peter's birthday, and asking what they could do to support me.

I am still early in my journey but I will continue to choose HOPE and JOY. I will forever speak my son's name, share cherished memories, and listen to stories shared by his friends and family. It is not an easy journey by far HOWEVER it is possible for me to find that hope and joy when I continue to honor my son's life.

Submitted by Peter's Mother, Cassandra Graziano

