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Journal Entry #3  
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Throughout the month of November, I've been struggling to contact my mentor and speak about or plan for community service ideas which really stressed me out. I would like to put my all into every activity I take part in, but I cannot force myself to help someone where my help is not needed. So I was speaking to TaMika Terry, a Social Worker, on what my backup plan should be and I was deciding to speak to students (8th graders most likely) about the importance of coupling, mental health, and how to safely do it.

With all the stress that I've been trying to maintain with when it comes to school, work, and family situations, it came time to write our About Me's for our Capstone project. When conversing with my other peers most that I spoke with knew what they were talking about, but I struggled a little bit which was embarrassing on my part that I had issues with writing something about myself. When I see a similar question that may state "how do you identify yourself, what do you want to do for the rest of your life" I always try to say the right answer that pleases others instead of staying true to myself and what I stand for. So when I got this opportunity to write my story I took it and ran with it. Before the school year started my mother, my aunt, and I sat down and spoke on potential Capstone ideas and my main one was to work with Ebony Horsewomen and help children in my community understand the importance of dealing with mental health, with giving them a possible way which is equestrian therapy. Which led to my family members asking me "why?" and honestly I didn't have an answer which made me very frustrated with myself that I couldn't answer a question that seemed very simple to answer but I knew this is what I wanted to do for my project. For the past three months I looked back on the trauma that I endured as a child that I never really gotten to properly grieve about when that's the death of my father due to a car accident at the age of 5, the sudden death of my grandmother at 12, the death of my god sister due to suicide at 13. I knew I was going through pain and led me to not asking for help when I needed it the most. Luckily I have family and friends that care about me that will go to the moon and back for me, but I know there's many kids in my community that went through similar traumatic experiences and don't know how to grieve safely, or have a way of grieving if it's not the safest way. I understand that I can't help every single person I come across but I always try to give the people that surround me the proper resources that they need. I would love to help everyone I come in contact with but if I can help one student, that will be the best feeling and tell them to spread the positivity elsewhere to others that need it.