



OUTSIDE
OUR
WINDOW

By a Registered Play
Therapist

This book
belongs to:

the children and families
impacted by ICE

you are not alone.



Inside my house,
there's people I love,
and who love me.

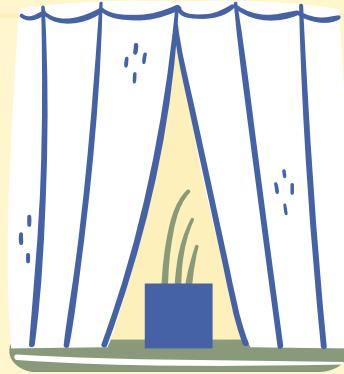


We sing songs my uncle taught us,
and cook foods that my great-great
grandmother loved.



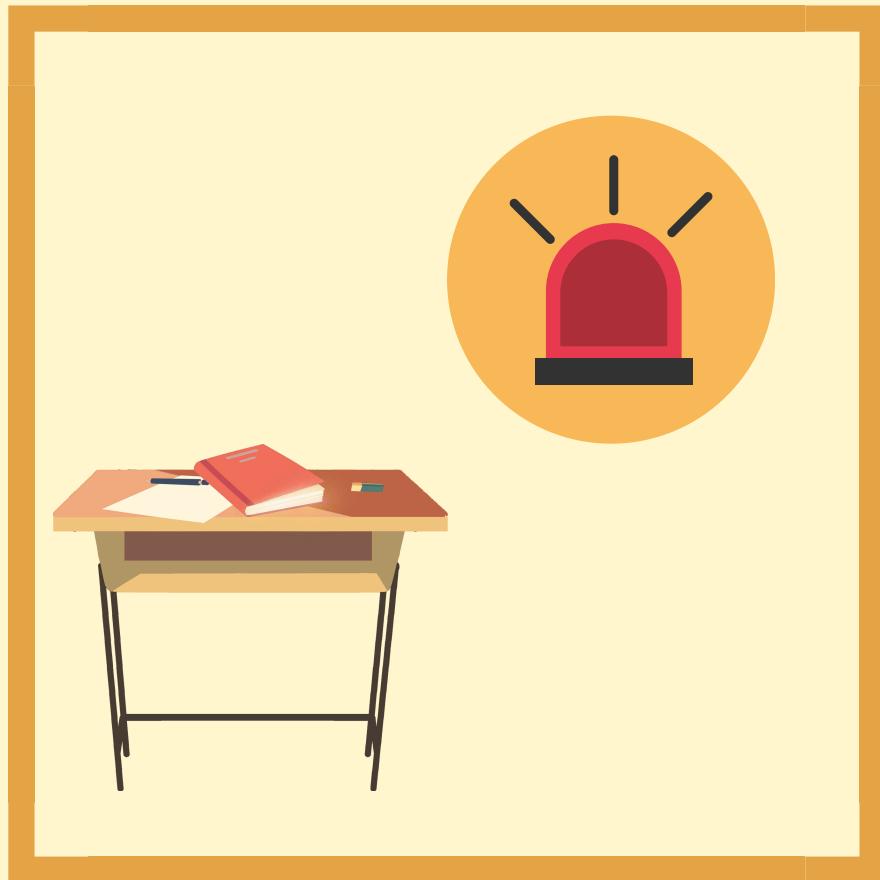


Together is where we belong.

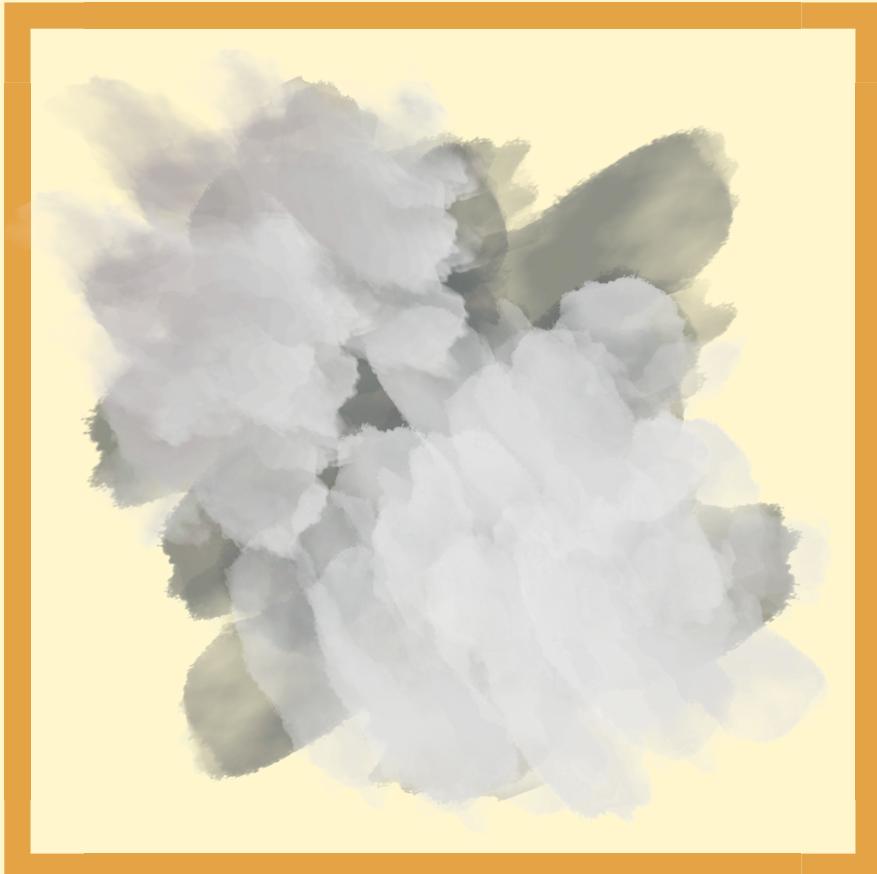




But outside our window, scary things are happening. My friends stopped coming to school. I hear whistles, sirens, and people yelling.



Outside our window, there are
groups of people in black
masks. They make the air
white, and my neighbors cough
and rub their eyes.

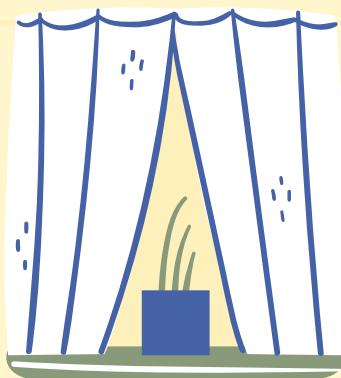




... And one of my neighbors
didn't come home last night.



Mommy scoops me up and kisses my head. She tells me that right now, there are a lot of grown up problems outside our window.



I feel scared, confused, and sad. My Mommy tells me all feelings are okay, and that she feels that way too.



She says that some people make choices to hurt other people. Mommy lets me ask questions.





“Like when Phoebe felt left out of our soccer game, and pushed Marcia down?”

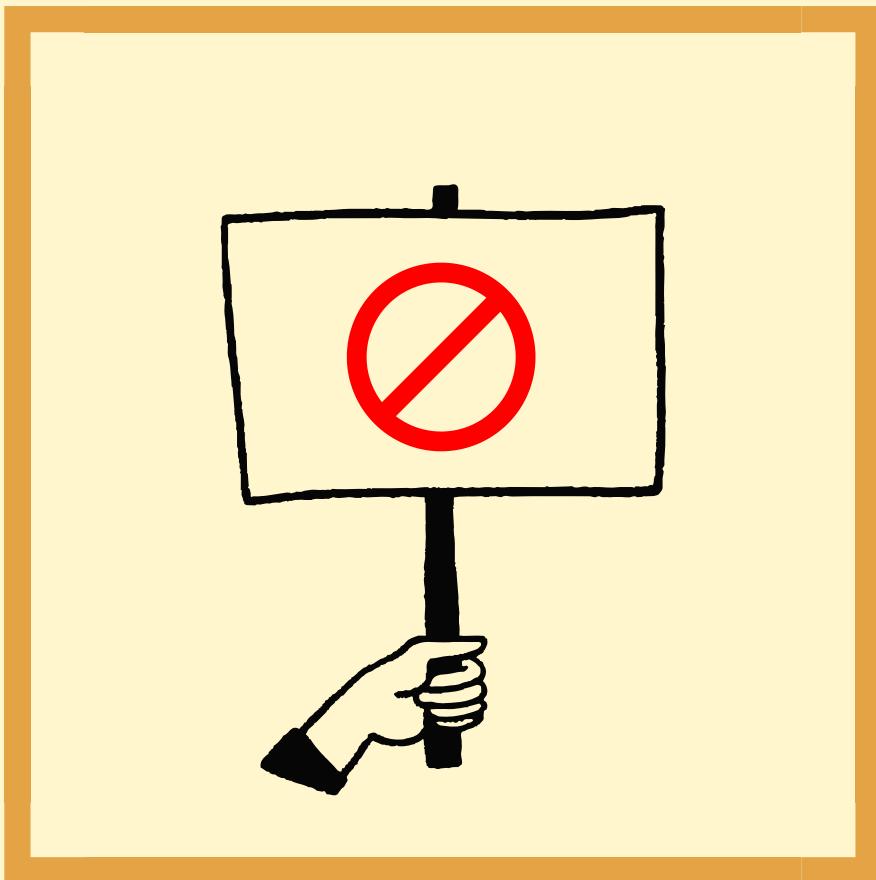




“Yes,” Mommy said. “But these are big, big hurts. It’s never okay to hurt other people. Even when a person feels mad, it’s important they make safe choices.”



Outside our window, I see people
chanting and marching. Mommy says
they're standing up for each other,
like when I helped Marcia get up on
the soccer field.



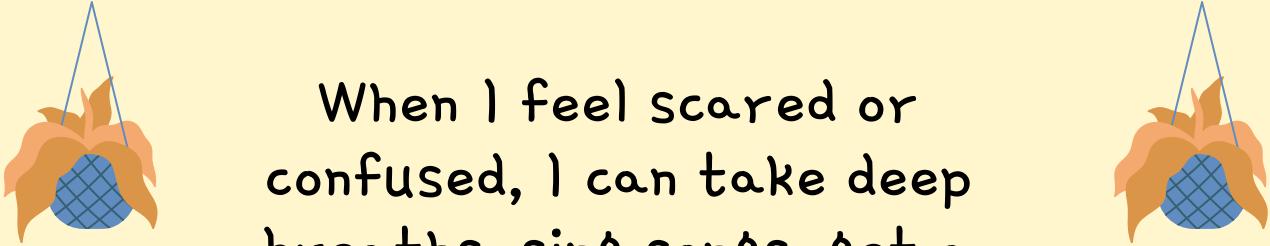


Mommy gives me a big hug, and
together we take deep breaths.



Outside our window, no one
knows what will happen next.
Grown ups have a lot of work
to do!





When I feel scared or confused, I can take deep breaths, sing songs, get a drink of cold water, or look at a book.





Inside my house, I am loved
and cared for. Here, I am
where I belong.

