

Bill Pelc; Fathers Day.

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This time last year, I was in an abusive home containing myself, two other minors, and my father and stepmom. Over the summer, my friend Jessica Pelc invited me to her house and I met her mother (Sarah) and her sister Rachel. Her father, Bill, was deployed in Afghanistan at this time. I ended up telling her my story, and - long story short - they adopted me. Bill came back from his deployment and I began settling in with my "new family".

As time went on with the Pelc's, I was having issues, mainly with trust and anxiety. I was on edge and had a short temper, as I got closer to the family I realized Bill's childhood was similar to mine, so we related and we began talking more and more on how our pasts were alike. Although it did quell a bit of my anxiety I was still pretty emotionally unstable due to the trama, though I was still making steady progress. As my progress peaked, I heard some rough news about my old house. I began to get stressed, I started having nightmares again, and all my progress crumbled.

I was sleep deprived and my patience was on a tightrope. Which brings me to Mr. Victor Susol, my English teacher. Having him first period wasn't good, I was exhausted, and I lashed out in his class. I was purposely misbehaving just to get a reaction. Mr. Susol emailed Bill, trying to find a solution.

After school, the email was brought up, and I was punished; afterwards I went upstairs tripping over myself trying to control these raging emotions. My thoughts were whipping around my head like bullets. Then there was a knock on my door. The imaginary bullets of emotions dropped and I took a deep breath. It was Bill, asking to come in. He came in, sat on my bed, and talked to me like an adult, which I respect. And we talked; we talked on this deep level, and he said, "No matter what happens, you will always have a room in this house."

After hearing these words I was overwhelmed with a sense of security, and the imaginary bullets stopped firing. That night I slept the best I had in weeks, and I apologized to Mr. Susol and all issues were resolved. This is how Bill Pelc helped me deal with stress and find peace.

Happy Fathers Day Mooska!

