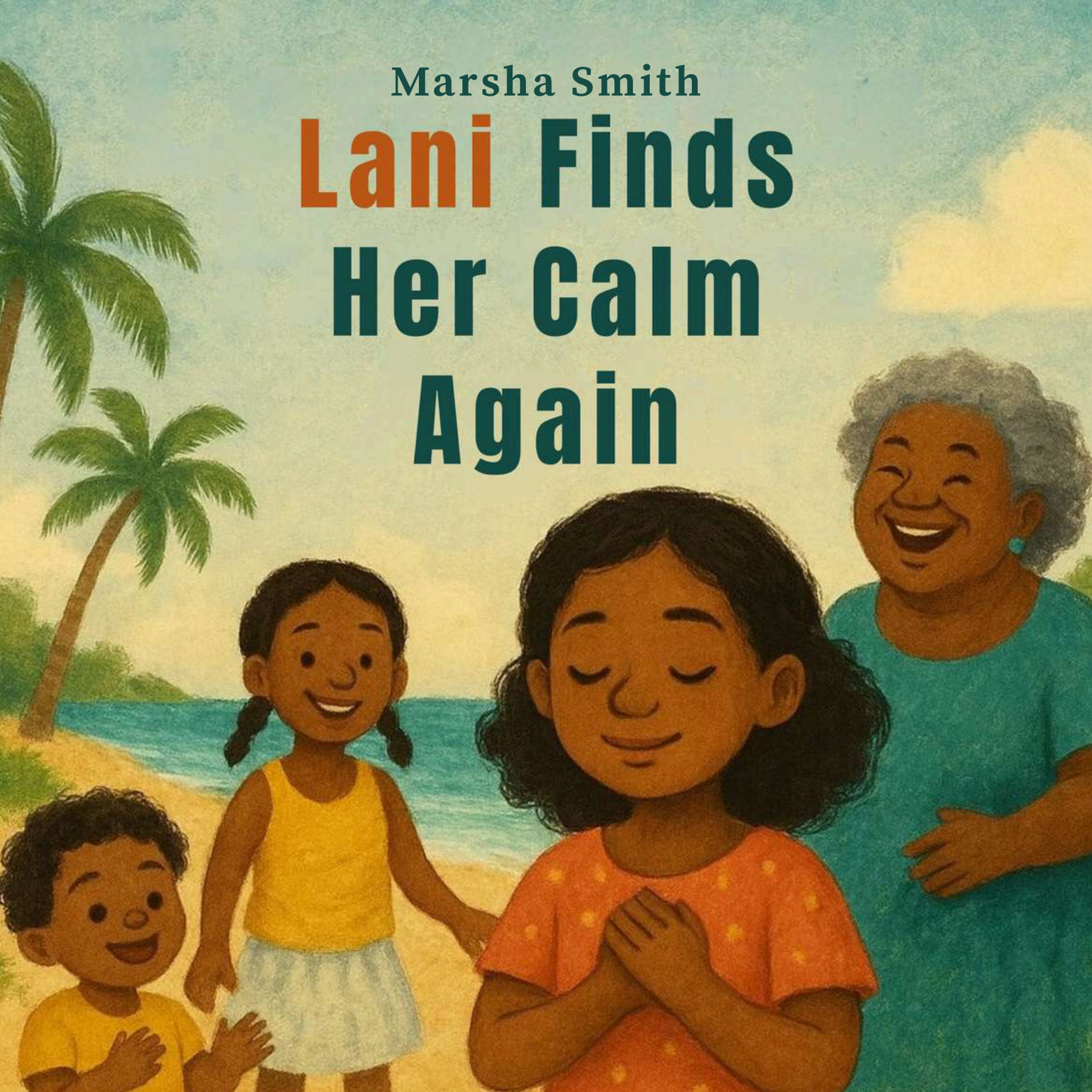
Marsha Smith

Lani Finds Her Calm Again



Lani Finds Her Calm Again

Written by

Dr. Marsha Smith

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This is a work of fiction inspired by real experiences.
Any resemblance to actual persons, living or deceased, is coincidental.

Illustrations by Dr. Marsha Smith

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First Edition

Dedication

To the children of Jamaica,

You are the heartbeat of the island, brave and bright even in the face of storms.

May you always know that your feelings matter, your voices are strong, and your resilience runs deep like the roots of our land.

Wherever life takes you, remember this truth: you are loved, you are worthy, and healing is always within reach.

Marsha Smith, PsyD, LCSW
Founder, Bahali Inc.

Bahali Press

Lani lived on a small Caribbean island where the coconut trees danced in the breeze, the sea sparkled like turquoise glass, and the air smelled of mango, salt, and sunshine.



Every morning, she played outside with her cousin Pam and her little brother Micah. They loved skipping, chasing butterflies, and eating sweet guineps from the tree.



One afternoon, the wind grew stronger. The sky changed from bright blue to heavy gray.

Grandma said, “A big storm is coming. We will stay together and stay safe.”

Lani held Grandma’s soft, warm hand.



When the storm reached the island, the palm trees shook, and the rain made loud drumming sounds on the roof.

Lani felt her chest tighten.
Her heart beat fast.



Mama leaned close and whispered,
“It’s okay to feel scared, mi love.
We are right here.”

Lani remembered what her teacher told her at school:
“When your feelings feel too big, breathe like the waves.
Slow in... Slow out...”



Lani put her hand on her tummy.
She breathed in like she was smelling Grandma's hot cocoa tea, and out like she was blowing gentle bubbles toward the waves.

Slow in...
Slow out...

Her body felt a little softer.


Slow In...
Slow Out...

When the island woke up the next morning,
the storm was gone.
The sun peeked through the clouds.
Roosters crowed again.
But the town looked different.

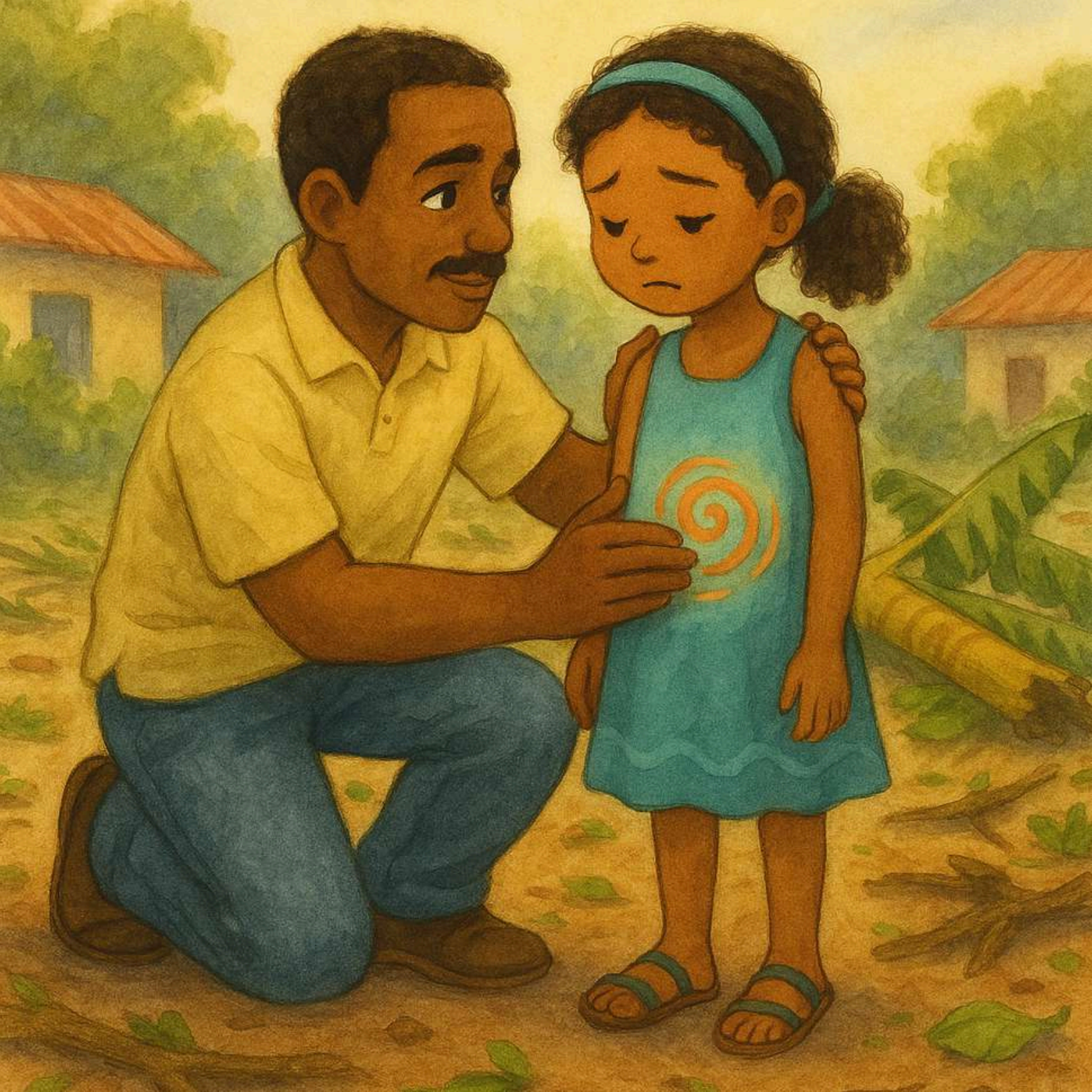
Fallen banana trees lay across the yard.
Some boats had drifted from the shore.
People stepped outside, checking
on neighbors.



Lani still felt a tight, twisty feeling
in her tummy.
Everything felt strange and new.

“Papa, can you stay with me?” she asked.

Papa knelt down and put his arm
around her.
“Of course. That was a big storm.
I’m right here.”



Little by little, the community began to clean up.

Auntie Marcia swept the walkway.
Uncle Wayne helped mend a roof.
Teenagers gathered coconuts from the road so no one would trip.

Lani and Pam helped pick up small sticks and leaves.
Every piece they moved made the island look a bit more like home.



As they walked toward the beach, Lani found something tangled in a sea grape bush. It was her bright, fish-shaped kite!

She thought it had been lost forever.

Papa gently freed it and handed it back.

“It’s a little bent,” he said.
“Think it can still fly?”



When the breeze came back, soft and warm and friendly, Lani ran along the beach, letting the kite rise high above the sea.

The tail fluttered in bright colors: coral, teal, and sunshine yellow.
Micah clapped. Pam squealed. Grandma laughed her big belly laugh.

Lani felt something warm growing inside her. It was hope, returning just like the sunlight after a storm.



The island still had leaves to pick up and roofs to mend. Neighbors helped each other, shared food, and offered kind words.

Storms come... but kindness stays.

Lani's tummy felt a little less twisty. Little by little, she was finding her calm again.

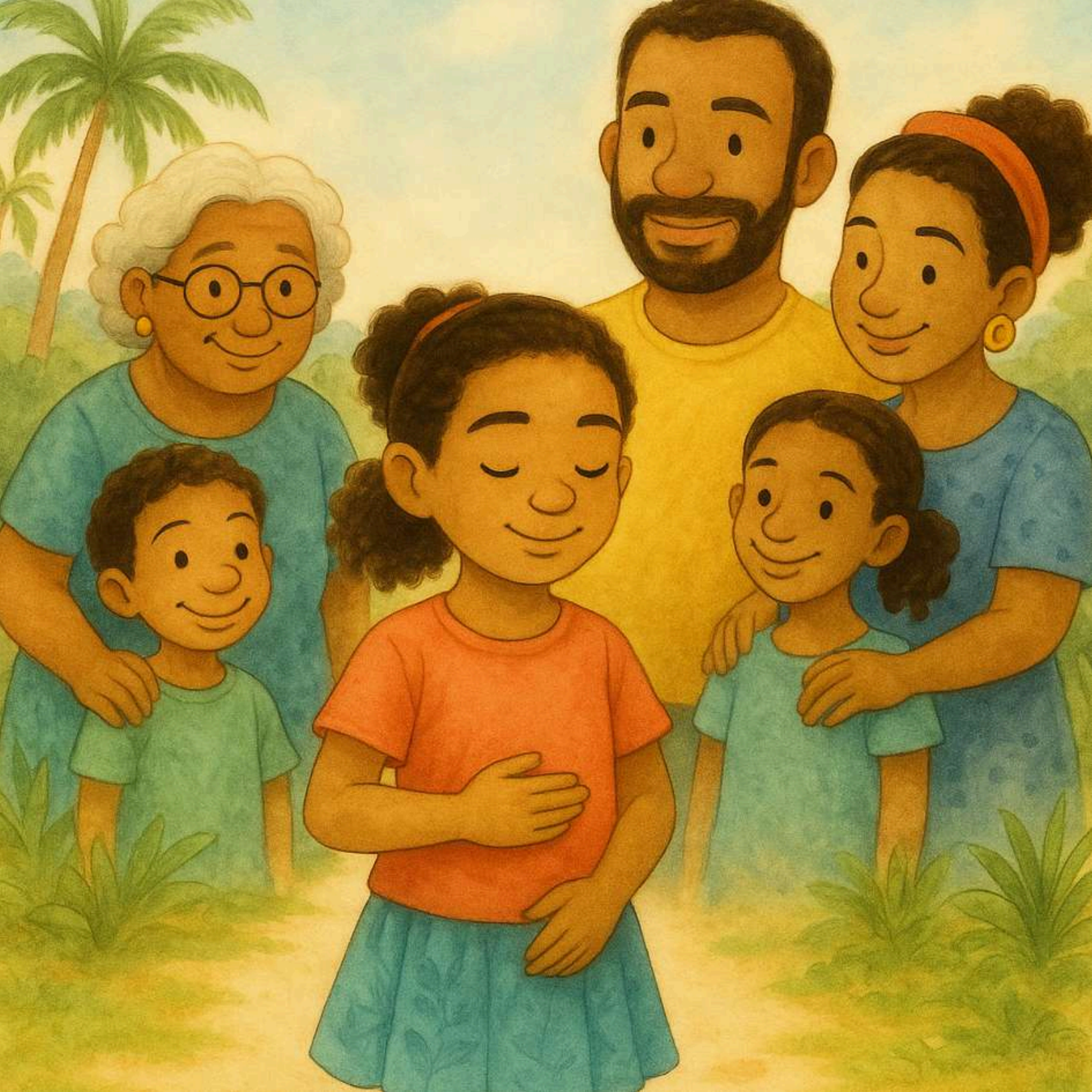


Now, whenever her feelings felt too big,
Lani remembered:

I can breathe like the waves.
I can ask someone I trust to stay with me.

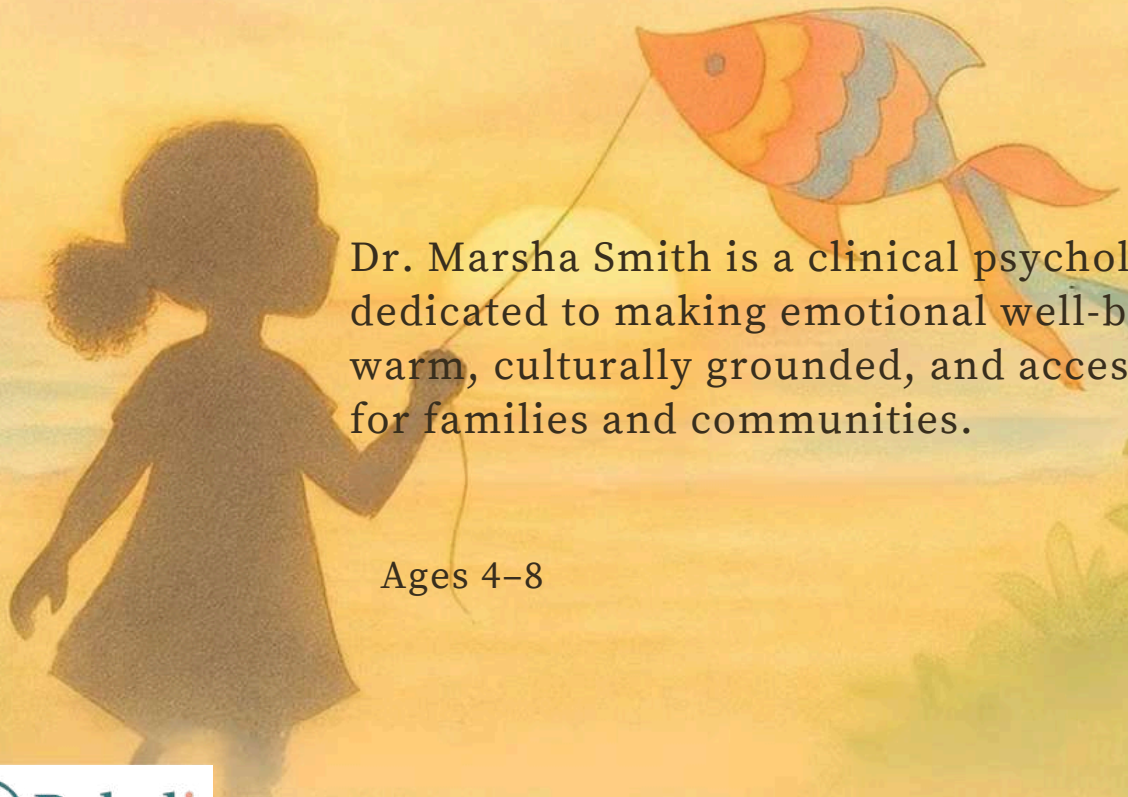
Slow in... Slow out...

The End



When a powerful hurricane sweeps across the island, young Lani learns that calm can return with family, love, and slow, gentle breaths.

A warm Caribbean story about courage, connection, and finding your center again.



Dr. Marsha Smith is a clinical psychologist dedicated to making emotional well-being warm, culturally grounded, and accessible for families and communities.

Ages 4–8

Bahali
because every mind deserves peace