

# Molly's Story

***"I'm done with crying," I told myself the day of my sister's funeral, and that was that. I just tossed back my shoulder-length hair and shrugged off my true feelings over the car accident that had killed my sister five days before. I was 11-years old.***

***Maybe, I thought, if I laughed and told enough jokes, it would keep the pain at bay, make me seem more like the other kids again. I felt so different now at school, and the last thing I needed after all that had happened was to be different. Already, the kids whispered and pointed. I just wanted to disappear.***

***Maybe if I clowned around enough, I could make my parents smile. I was desperate to hear laughter again at home.***

***But I was getting so tired of laughing all by myself. And I was scared. I knew I couldn't laugh forever. What would happen then? My thin veneer of good cheer cracked more every day.***

***Finally, a friend mentioned The Cove. He said I could relax there. He said there would be other kids feeling the same kinds of feelings, that The Cove was a place where I could feel safe. I could let down my guard. I could think of myself. Forget about protecting my parents.***

***So on a warm September Sunday, my parents and I went to The Cove. On the way out of my first meeting, clutching a card I had made for my dead sister, my mother asked if I would be interested in returning.***

***"Yeah, I'd go back," I said, cool as a cucumber.***

***I'm not alone in my feelings. It takes a lot of courage. Fortunately for me, I found that courage.***



*Providing Hope and Healing  
for Grieving Children*

For the children like Molly and their families who experience the grief and heartache of coping with the death of a significant person in their lives, The Cove provides a safe haven of understanding, hope, and support.

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