
Trish Shepard's Story

After 15 years of fighting cancer, my Dad became ill again in January of 2016. He always said if he got seriously ill he did not want to die in the hospital. He was very adamant about that so the only gift I could give him was to do my very best to get him into Bobby's Hospice.

My Dad went downhill quite quickly, and ended up on the Palliative Care Unit at the hospital and I knew he was unhappy. We kept trying and finally the call came through they were moving Dad to Bobby's. I cried happy tears. I could not make him well, but I could fulfill this one last wish for him. He was my very best friend and as their only child and I could go to my Dad for anything and would do anything in my power to make him happy.

Once there, he settled right in. The staff was beyond amazing, so caring, always checking in with him, and us. We knew he was getting the best care possible. The meals they served were home-made and delicious. They kept him clean, comfortable and content. They were also so wonderful to us as well. They recognized our pain and what we were living through. They were thoughtful kind and so loving. We became part of the Hospice family.

In April of 2016, my Dad slipped away peacefully at Bobby's Hospice. I know he had the very best care, I know he was treated with kindness and respect right up to the very end, and I know that he passed where he wanted to be.

There are really no words for how thankful I am for everyone at Bobby's Hospice. Losing my Dad shattered my heart and I am far from "over it". I do take comfort in the fact that he was taken care of so lovingly and with such compassion by the special team that makes Bobby's Hospice such an amazing place. I thank each and every one of you from the bottom of my heart.

Sincerely,
Trish Shepard-Fleming Pink

