

I remember Ira. He was 80 years young with a wonderful spirit. He was with us a long time and became an important part of our family. He always had this sheepish look and when I saw that twinkle in his eye, I knew he was up to something. He liked to be known as the “Bad Boy of Hospice.” He loved candy and chocolates and of course “going out for fresh air” which was his way of saying he wanted to go out for a cigarette.

Two years ago at our St. Patrick’s Day Party, Ira had a great celebration. He was having Bailey’s and dancing up a storm from his wheelchair. He brought so much life to Hospice and lived well until the very end, which was just a few months after this party.

We celebrate you today Ira and your indomitable spirit. Rest well.

Kim Daye  
Personal Support Worker

