

One of my favorite memories is about a special man who was the “king of the building.” He was a card shark that loved a good game of crib, while munching on a rink dog that was made for him by whom ever was in the kitchen. This dog consisted of fried onions and the bun toasted to a golden brown, washing it down with a glass of coke. Being from the West Side he had eaten many “rink dogs” at the Peter Murray rink just around the corner. Then there was Bob’s Fish and Chips another West Siders’ go to and Bob made sure he had a steady supply when he found out there was a fan at Hospice. Thanks Bob!

The cute thing about “my man” is that he never wanted to put anyone out and wanted to “pay his way”. Everyday he would take a \$5 dollar bill out of his nightstand and place it in his left shirt pocket. He would pay me for his lunch that day. I would try to refuse this money and he would say he wanted to pay his share. I would take the \$5 and later that day when he was in the family dinning room, I would slip the \$5 back into his nightstand. Everyone was aware of the drill. He was a proud man and we would not let him know that his money was not good with us.

Anyone that walked into the family room while he was at the table, he would engage in playing a great crib game. We came up a Crib Trophy, and a piece of paper that had the winners of the day written on it. It was the talk of the day to see who was going to be his challenge in a game. The trophy is still here at Hospice and when we get crib players in house, we encourage them to challenge someone for the trophy.

Our crib man who loved a rink dog and a good order of fish and chips, always made us smile and will always be in our hearts.

Christina McDonald

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