

Bobby's Hospice became my second home on November 2, 2010 when my 95-year old Dad, Hugh McGill became a patient on the second day Bobby's Hospice opened its doors. He was treated with so much care, love, privacy and dignity and one day he said this is where Mom would want me to be. She was already in Heaven and I am sure she had connections!

When he arrived off the elevator, there was Christina and Jill waiting for him. Jill previously worked at the Villa and had cared for my Mom, so we felt right at home. Dad spent 40 great days at Bobby's Hospice and died on December 12, 2010 with me by his side. Prior to his death, we spent most evenings down in the Chapel because he felt very comfortable there. He let his tears flow and shared his feelings with me. He felt bad for leaving me, but we were both at PEACE that he had no more suffering. Dad enjoyed everyone on the clinical floor. He tormented and teased them and they laughed together.

Then the next year, I lost my cousin Mary who lived at Bobby's Hospice for 11 days. Then six years later, Mary's Mom, my Aunt Frances died at Bobby's Hospice after a 9-day stay. And, I lost my soul mate and husband of 54 years, Steve, on August 23, 2017 after just a one day stay at Bobby's Hospice— A HUGE LOSS.

Many friends and people close to our family have had loved ones at Bobby's Hospice. It is where one wants and needs to be in their last days. The staff and volunteers are exceptional and very valuable people in our community. I can't say enough about the wonderful Dr. Chris O'Brien, Medical Director at Bobby's Hospice. A BIG THANK YOU TO EVERYONE for all you do.

Hazel McGill Gaudet