

Proud Stories...



I came home one day a few years ago from my volunteer shift at Hospice House. My husband asked me how my shift went that day. I said that I played 'Sorry' all morning. He replied, "yes, you must say that a lot." I replied, "no, no, I played the game 'Sorry' all morning with a little girl whose young mother was dying of breast cancer." By playing with the little girl, the father could have some quiet, private moments with his wife. This was a small thing but helped me realize how a little thing, like playing a game with a child, could be so helpful and meaningful to a family in need as well as to me.

I have been a Visiting Nurses Association volunteer for 12 years and these little special moments are what keep me coming back.

Anne Dchs

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