

TESTIMONIAL

Dear Monarch Hospice,

I know this letter has taken me a long time to write, But I was not ready to relive my father's final days. My name is Cindy and my father died in January of this year – a day me and my family will never forget. This letter is about my experiences with Monarch Hospice.

When my dad was sent to the hospital in December 2004, we were told of the possibility that he may never come home – he never did. After a long fight with Pancreatic Cancer, which spread all over, we could see his fight was ending. I remember the day my mother told me we had to hire a firm that could help us and help us understand what we were going through. And I can remember the first firm we spoke to – I was not impressed. See I'm the "Optimistic One" in the family and I believed he might jump out of bed and say "Let's go home!". The man we spoke to from the first Hospice Company had informed us they did not do any aggressive treatment – their job was to keep him "Comfortable". Mt first thought was "Comfortable to what? – Just die??" Unfortunately, he seemed to be our last option and the other Hospice Companies we had spoken to all said the same thing – no aggressive treatments.

The morning we planned on calling and hiring them, my mother called me with a newspaper article about a brand new Hospice in our area, with new treatment options. My first thought was, "Why even call them Mom? They're all the same." My mother called and set up a meeting with these new people and I was surprised when I walked into the conference room to meet them. They were bright and happy looking – they were not here to sell themselves to us and I had what seemed like a million questions for them. They took the time to answer all of them. Marcia and Karen were wonderful to us at that first meeting. We must have been in that room for over an hour, but what I remember most was the look of relief on my mom's face, and a smile that I had not seen in weeks. I was still the "Optimist" and they assured me that they offered everything needed to comfort my dad, as well as, providing physical therapy to help him regain his strength to every extent possible. Monarch Hospice was hired immediately!

When my dad met them for the first time – he loved them! Poor Marcia and Karen had to listen to his terrible jokes, and his crazy comments, and they still laughed. I remember him asking me when Gabriele was coming so she could rub his legs and feet for him. He was pampered and we were kept informed on a daily basis. Except for our own priest, my dad turned away everyone except for Chaplain Mark from Monarch. He enjoyed talking to him and planning his "adventure".

The end was hard for all of us, knowing my dad's wishes were to be taken off all medications and just "hope for the best". I knew the final days were coming and was so thankful that he could see and hear us, even if he couldn't respond.

The night my dad died there was a snow storm and it was nearly 1:30am. I was shocked to see Marcia there when I walked into his room. She had made a point to come out in blizzard like conditions to be with my family! And Karen traveled to near Indiana for a small memorial service for our grandparents!

To sum this up, what I'm trying to say is – Monarch was our hope at a very hopeless time for us. I know my father had the best care with all of you and my family could not have asked for more compassionate people to guide us through this time. Marcia, Karen, Gabriele and Mark, I believe you were sent to us from above to help my father and my family deal with his new journey. All we can say is THANK YOU.

Sincerely,

Cindy (a grateful daughter and her family)