



6/12/2026

Dear Grace Hospice Staff,

I'm not sure there's a perfect way to say thank you, but I didn't want to leave without trying.

Thank you for seeing me, not just as a diagnosis, a chart, or something to fix, but as a person. You saw me through the invisible parts of what I was dealing with, even when they didn't show up clearly on paper.

There were a lot of moments where I didn't have the words or the strength to express myself, and you still met me (and my mom) without judgment and with individual care.

Thank you for protecting my dignity, even in the small things. The way you spoke to me, explained things, and gave me time, it mattered more than you probably realized. I remember the way you talked to me, not around me, and how you gave me time to respond, even when it took longer.

My medical team was my community. I didn't just receive care, I got to know you. I heard about your kids, births, birthdays, holiday traditions, and ball games. Weddings and funerals. Your own injuries, illnesses, and surgeries. Vacations and family dynamics.

Nurses' new shoes, hairdos, and cool tattoos. I watched you do life, and I learned from those conversations more than you probably knew.

I know my care didn't always fit neatly into a plan. But you gave me something steady to hold onto, something more human than a rigid protocol, and that made a difference.

If you ever wonder whether what you do matters, it does. You did.

I hope, in some way, you know that I cared for you too.

*Dawson*

*P.S. As his mom, thank you for making space for connection, not just care. You were part of his world, and that mattered deeply. - Tami Sorrells*