

From Detroit, MI – Loving Grandparents

My grandparents, Bob and Ruth Roosevelt, both passed away years ago within nine months of each other. Words cannot begin to describe the way I felt. My grandparents were amazing. They raised me, and everything that was wonderful and good in my life came from them.

Grandpa was the first to go on hospice, then Grandma. The people we dealt with at hospice showed so much love and compassion. They cried when we cried, and every single person went above and beyond the call of duty. When Grandma died all of the workers lined up to show respect and honor to her. Some of them even came to the funeral. She had touched so many lives while she was there.

In my book, all hospice workers are angels. Things have gotten a lot better since that terrible year. It still hurts, but it has gotten better. I now work for hospice in Michigan, and I love it. Hospice is wonderful. It makes the unbearable situations bearable once again.

- April Marie Moden, hospice care worker
Detroit, MI