



Jane Hunder

When my nearly 99 years young Dad arrived from Connecticut he was excited that, after many years, he had finally made the decision to move to Sarasota to be close to my husband, Jim, and me. I had last seen Dad a few months earlier at a family wedding, and although looking rather thin, this vibrant man who still volunteered at a local hospital two days a week, was still dancing and enjoying life. However, upon his arrival, I noticed that he was confused and, I am sure, even a bit scared. Coming to a new place at this stage of life....well you can only imagine what apprehension he must have had.

We had furnished a small apartment for him as that was the type of living arrangement he was used to. His second night in residence he had an episode, and that's when his world began spinning out of control. It seems as though he had taken a fall before his arrival in Sarasota and hit his head. Although cleared for travel, I knew there was "something going on." After a visit to our personal physician, Dad was admitted to Doctors' Hospital, and then released, at my request, to Pines.

I will never forget that day. It was a quiet Sunday afternoon. Dad arrived at Pines where I greeted him with a smile and encouraging words, and he was wheeled to his room. My Dad, a true patriot who had served in both WWII and Korea, was admitted on 9/11 to Pines and was entrusting his care to me. Quite the role reversal.

During Dad's time at Pines, I saw the kindest, most compassionate care provided by all the staff. Dad never wanted for anything—even hugs—when I wasn't there. Dad's physician couldn't have been kinder or gentler. His caring nature, along with that of our "Pines Family," had such a profound impact on me and my family. After sixteen days, Dad quietly passed away, in his "home"—Pines of Sarasota.

As a fundraiser for Pines Foundation many years ago, and as a current Pines of Sarasota board member, I have always believed in Pines and its mission to provide quality, compassionate care for our seniors, even after they have outlived their resources. But being there with Dad allowed me to see the dedication of the staff first-hand. And they didn't even know I was on the Board! That's just how they treat every resident and family.

Having lived Pines' mission as a daughter only makes my commitment bigger, better and stronger.