

MORE CANINE CHRONICLES
By Richard Lieberman and Quincy

Every Wednesday, my poodle Quincy and I spend the day visiting 8-10 hospice or transitions patients. Quincy always provides comfort and care, and I provide the conversation.

At one facility, I was sitting in the cafe talking with my oldest patient.

- She said to me "do you know how old I am?"
- I said "no, how old are you?"
- She said "I'm 84."
- I said "no, you're older than that."
- She replied, "I'm 94."
- I said "no you're older than that."
- She said "how old am I?"
- I said "you're 103," which was her correct age.
- She looked at me incredulously, and asked "how old are you?"
- I said "I'm 71."
- She immediately replied "well you're no spring chicken."

One of our patients, Amy, used to have a dog named Jocko and she always told me about him. Amy's caregiver asked me to walk her down the long hallway so she could get some exercise. Amy, Quincy and I frequently walked together down the hallway, and as we walked Amy always asked the staff and residents, "How do you like my dog?" She always got positive answers!

In one facility, a nurse's station had this prominently displayed:

A Nurse's Prayer....

Let me dedicate my life today,
in the care of those who come my way.
Let me touch each one with healing hands
and the gentle art for which I stand.
When the day is done, let me rest in peace,
if I've helped just one....

Amen.

That poem touched me. I hope that every Wednesday, just one patient is helped and comforted by the visit from Quincy and me. Soon after our second or third visit to any facility, everyone recognizes Quincy and says "Hi Quincy." Nobody says hello to me, and nobody seems to know my name, but everyone sure knows Quincy.

