

A Dream Comes True

Each stroll through this garden may evoke a sweet memory of the past, images of long walks in the park, a visit to the shore or the days spent in a family garden.

Whatever the reflection, the intent of this place is the same – to create an environment for peaceful thoughts and respite from the burden of coping with end of life issues.

The McLeod Hospice Sensory Garden was a dream that began when Eleanor Becker, the mother of Dr. Carolyn Reynolds, was a patient at the McLeod Hospice House. Mrs. Becker had once acknowledged that she longed to spend her final days enjoying the world of nature that had meant so much to her.

Dr. Reynolds soon realized that, while the areas around the Hospice House provided her with that solitude and beauty, they did not allow her mom to fully experience the many sensory delights of nature.

After her mother's death, Dr. Reynolds and her family, wishing to fulfill this vision, enlisted the support of the McLeod Health Foundation to make their mother's desire a reality for others to enjoy.

A generous gift to jumpstart the project from Dr. Reynolds' family allowed work on the garden to begin in the fall of 2008. And, the outpouring of support from friends of McLeod Hospice was overwhelming, helping to meet the remainder of the project cost through the funds raised. The garden was opened to families and guests by the spring of 2009.

"This garden was not built with concrete, brick, wood and dirt. This garden was built with memories," explained Dale Locklair, the garden's designer, during the dedication ceremony. "It is living, it is dying, and it is being reborn. And, I suspect it will bear witness to many prayers and special moments from our patients and family members."

Often the power of giving provides others with the possibility to make even dreams come true.



Butterflies were released during the McLeod Hospice Garden dedication by Dr. Carolyn Reynolds (left) and her family.



"This garden was not built with concrete, brick, wood and dirt. This garden was built with memories."

– Dale Locklair