

Chapter 1

My Seamless Care Journey

- part 1 of 3 -

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I spent over 40 years working as a hotel chef specialising in french cuisine. Busy kitchens, long hours and the joy of serving others. Nothing quite prepared me for what came after I was diagnosed with Metastatic Prostate Cancer. When I was discharged from TTSH in December 2021, I was referred to Dover Park Hospice's Home Care service. The doctors told me I had about a year.

At that point in my life, I was mostly on my own. I was living alone, while my siblings were all overseas. My godson did what he could, but most days, it was just me. I was getting weaker, losing weight, feeling exhausted, struggling with swollen legs and constant pain. Some days, just moving around the house felt like a risk. I was afraid of falling. More than that, I was afraid of fading away quietly, without anyone really seeing me.

From the first visit by Dover Park Hospice's Home Care team, they treated me with kindness and respect. They did not just see my illness, they saw ME. They listened. They took the time to understand what mattered to me. They helped manage my pain, but more than that, they preserved my dignity.

Dover Park Hospice gave me more than care. They gave me peace of mind, they honoured my life, my story, and who I was. And for that, I am truly grateful.



Mr Johnny

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After a few months of being cared for at home, Dover Park Hospice's Home Care team suggested I join their Day Care programme. They could tell I was not just struggling with my health. I was struggling with loneliness. I missed having people around, missed feeling like I was part of something bigger than my illness.

When I first stepped into Day Care in February 2022, I was not sure what to expect. Almost immediately, I felt a quiet warmth. The scene was not that of a hospital, it was that of a community. People remembered my name; they sat down to chat and really listened to me. Laughter and stories filled the room. For the first time in a long while, I did not feel like just a patient. I felt like myself again.

My days slowly began to fill with light and warmth. I sang my favourite Hokkien, Cantonese and Mandarin songs at karaoke, letting the memories and melodies carry me. I moved my body during group exercises, which helped me stay steady on my feet. I played mahjong. I even got to "travel" with virtual reality goggles—imagine that! I cooked pots of beef stew for staff and friends at Day Care, just like I used to at the hotel. I made it a point to welcome every new person who came through the doors, just like how I was so welcomed. During our weekly Lim Kopi sessions, I would buy extra snacks such as fried Bee Hoon and Nasi Lemak for everyone, because it felt so good to share again; it felt so good to belong again.

Behind the scenes, the care team looked after every detail. My social worker helped arrange medical transport, so I could come in safely. They coordinated my regular blood transfusions at TTSH, so that I could keep showing up, week after week. More than that, they saw me as the man I have always been: the one who still has stories to tell, meals to cook, friendships to nurture, songs to sing, and a life to live.

At Day Care, I was not just marking time, I was living. I was seen. I belonged.



"They knew that it was time to move into the Inpatient ward. I did not feel like I was being handed over – I felt held."

In June 2025, things changed again. I could feel my body slowing down. I felt dizzy. My legs were weaker, and even with all the support I had, simple things became harder. I was more unsteady, more drained, and more aware that I needed closer care. I was afraid to be at home.

The team at Dover Park Hospice noticed before I said a word. They knew that it was time to move into the inpatient ward. I did not feel like I was being handed over—I felt held. I felt like I had been gently carried, and placed in a warm bed, and they never let me go.

In the ward, I continued to receive the medical care I needed. Blood transfusions, medications, all handled with the same kindness and attentiveness I have come to know. But what mattered most was that I could still continue to visit my friends at Day Care.

My social workers checked in regularly, helping me plan for the future, even now. They arranged for a helper so that I might go back home one day, maybe even return to Day Care if I am strong enough. They believed that I still had more life to live. And that belief matters.

I am 91 years old - almost three years more than the doctors first expected. Everyone talks to me like I am still here, fully. And I am. Still here. Still me.

From Home Care to Day Care to now Inpatient Care, my journey with Dover Park Hospice has never been about just surviving. It has been about living with dignity, with purpose, and with the quiet comfort of knowing I matter. Still seen, still heard, still honoured.



Mr Johnny Chong is a patient of Dover Park Hospice Home Care, Day Care and Inpatient Care

