

Dear Mr. Campbell,

My name is Don

I wanted to share with you why my wife and I were in tears last night, at your Lititz location, following our meal. But first, I would like to give you a brief background. I hope that you have the time to read it.

Since my wife and I bit into our first steaks when you first opened in Lancaster, PA decades ago, your restaurants have been our #1 choice of places to dine.

When your location was still in Lancaster, I was reading my placemat which listed all of your Hoss's locations. One location that particularly caught my eye was the Bedford Hoss's, because it also listed a lodging that was called (something like) "Hoss's Inn and Suites."

To make a long story short, I decided to take my wife there (Bedford) for one of our wedding anniversaries (this was many years ago). We absolutely loved the Inn, and had two meals at the restaurant while we stayed there for a long weekend. But our weekend didn't end there. While we were staying there that same weekend, we explored Bedford and Historic Bedford Village. Next we went for a drive to enjoy the dozens of covered bridges in the area, then drove to Gravity Hill at New Paris. From there we drove to historic Johnstown and Pittsburgh. I wore my Hoss's hat the entire weekend. To say that we had a great time would be a huge understatement. *We had the time of our lives, an anniversary getaway that we will cherish forever.* I cannot count the number of times we have since returned to Bedford, Johnstown and Pittsburgh with family and friends.

Now, back to last night. It was a Thursday night, and we have gone there virtually every Thursday night since the Lititz location offered ham pot pie as their featured soup. We have to have more than one cup of this soup each visit, because it is so indescribably delicious! And while all of the servers there are excellent, we have befriended the server Tiffany.

At the end of our meal, Tiffany brought us our check in the black folder. But next, she said, "This one's on us." We had no idea what was happening. Tiffany opened the check folder, which contained *no check, but rather what appeared to be white paper stapled together.* (My first thought was that the ham pot pie was being discontinued, which, of course would have crushed us.) Tiffany said, "I have no idea who this came from." My wife, Barb, opened the paper and started reading it. In less than ten seconds she put the paper down on the table, and, with tears in her eyes said, "I can't do this." I had no idea what had upset her, and I began to read the paper. The letter quickly brought me to tears as well, and I couldn't finish reading it, either. The Tiffany smiled warmly and said something to the effect of "We had a meeting this morning, and we decided to thank you this way for what you are doing." Barb and I actually had trouble speaking to her through our tears. Then, the manager (I can't quite recall her name, Kristi?) joined us at the table and expressed her gratitude, on behalf of your company, for the happiness that Barb and I bring to other guests.

I am including a copy of the letter that Tiffany brought to us.

What we have done, and continue to do each Thursday, is a way of our gratitude for your extraordinary restaurant, staff, and menu, especially the ham pot pie. We are always so happy while we're there, and have found a way to share our happiness with others. We have absolutely no desire to be "repaid" for what we do, and told Tiffany that we wanted to pay for our meal, because our reward is the experiences we enjoy with each Thursday night visit.

In closing, Barb and I want to personally thank you for fantastic restaurants, your wonderful servers, for the incredible food that meets our every expectation, and especially for the unexpected and shocking surprise that we received last night. It will never be forgotten.

May you and Hoss's live long and prosper!

Gratefully,

*Don & Barb*