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Thanks, , your critical comments and questions are much appreciated. I believe that the 2026 focus on patient navigation and care coordinators has high potential to enhance the engagement of DSMES, particularly among the primary care populations where there are logistical and psychosocial odds of limited follow-through. The presence of a navigator may contribute to patients not being in a passive state of referral but start pursuing an active plan to overcome scheduling obstacles, insurance concerns, transportation concerns, and even undergo the process of motivation. In the NP viewpoint, such assistance would enable the care team to enact DSMES as a component of diabetes care and not an optional addition.

Your argument about telehealth delivery is also valuable. Although tele-DSMES opens access to a large number of patients, there exists a actual threat of marginalizing people with limited access to internet, low digital literacy, or language barrier. I believe that to be successfully implemented it should be flexible and provide such options as hybrid, which allows doing the sessions in-person, using the telephone or community-based resources in case the video visits are not an option. Access to technology at early stage could be screened by practices as well screen referrals.

Generally, I do not view navigation and telehealth as substitutes, but I consider them to be the services that are most effective when they are tailored to individual patient needs and local resources.

In the early morning chill of April 10, 1912, the RMS Titanic rested at Southampton’s White Star Dock, a steel giant towering over the harbor like a promise. She was more than a ship; she was a symbol—of ambition, of progress, of man's confidence in his own ingenuity. To watch her prepare for departure was to witness a convergence of dreams: emigrants clutching hopes of new beginnings, wealthy elites seeking comfort and spectacle, and a crew bound by discipline and duty. The ship seemed to breathe as coal was shoveled into her furnaces, and her four towering funnels stood like sentinels overseeing the greatest voyage of their age.

Aboard her, the contrast of lives and stories was striking. In first class, passengers like John Jacob Astor and Lady Duff Gordon strolled polished decks and admired the ornate grand staircase, a masterpiece of carved oak and soft lighting that whispered luxury. Their cabins rivaled fine hotel suites, fitted with damask linens, writing desks, and private promenades. Meanwhile, deep in the bowels of the ship, families in third class unpacked what little they had: woolen blankets, tin toys, hopeful letters tucked into worn suitcases. Their quarters were simple, but far better than the cramped steerage accommodations on older ships. Titanic, they were told, treated even the poorest passengers with dignity.

When the whistle finally sounded and the ropes were cast off, the excitement rippled through the decks. Tugboats churned the harbor water as they guided the massive ship away from land, and families waved until the shoreline blurred into a smudge of color. Children pressed their faces

against railings, adults murmured blessings, and the engines began their steady rhythm—a heartbeat that seemed strong enough to last forever.

For four days, the Titanic sailed smoothly across the Atlantic, its passengers falling into the rhythm of life at sea. Days were filled with conversations, card games, gentle strolls, and the quiet solitude of watching waves roll endlessly toward the horizon. At night, the ship glowed warm against the darkness, her lights flickering like a floating city. Even the cold Atlantic winds could not diminish the sense of invincibility people felt aboard her. She was proclaimed "unsinkable"—a boast many believed without question.

But nature has a way of humbling pride.

April 14 arrived clear and cold, the sea exceptionally calm—"like glass," one seaman observed. It was the kind of stillness that felt eerie, though few took notice. Warnings of ice had been received throughout the day, delivered to the bridge by radio operators overwhelmed with personal messages from passengers. Still, Titanic pressed forward at nearly full speed. Time was money, and arriving early in New York was a point of pride for shipping lines.

As night settled, the ship sailed deeper into iceberg-prone waters. Stars glittered sharply in the sky, the moon absent, leaving the sea in deep shadow. Lookouts perched in the crow’s nest strained their eyes through the dark, wishing for binoculars they did not have—a small detail that would later feel hauntingly significant.

At 11:40 PM, the stillness shattered.

“Iceberg, right ahead!” came the cry.

The great ship swerved, but momentum is a stubborn force. The iceberg scraped along her starboard side, tearing open the hull plates like a seam ripped from a garment. At first, the jolt felt mild, barely enough to wake sleeping passengers. But below decks, seawater rushed into the forward compartments with terrifying speed, flooding spaces meant to remain airtight.

When Thomas Andrews, the ship’s designer, surveyed the damage, he understood the truth immediately: the Titanic was doomed. She could float with four compartments flooded, but not five—and five had already been breached. The impossible was now reality.

What followed was a mixture of order, confusion, bravery, and fear. The concept of "women and children first" took shape unevenly across the decks. Officers tried to maintain calm, but the truth was difficult to disguise. Lifeboats—only enough for about half on board—hung from the davits as passengers were urged to climb in. Many resisted at first, refusing to believe the ship could sink. After all, the decks still felt solid, the lights still glowed, and the band had begun playing cheerful waltzes to steady nerves.

As time passed, the bow dipped lower, and the tilt became undeniable. Panic fluttered through the crowds. The icy air stung the skin, but fear chilled deeper. Some lifeboats were launched only partially filled, a haunting waste that would cost hundreds of lives. As the ship continued to list, officers worked urgently, loading families and urging them away from the railings.

Stories of heroism emerged. Crew members like Harold Lowe returned to search for survivors; engineers stayed at their posts to maintain power as long as possible; bandleader Wallace Hartley led his musicians in hymns until the final moments. Captain Edward Smith, a veteran of the sea, disappeared into the chaos, choosing to go down with his ship. And throughout the decks, countless unnamed passengers helped others before themselves, acts of quiet courage that history rarely records.

Shortly after 2:00 AM, the ship reached her breaking point. With a thunderous groan, the Titanic split. The stern lifted high, silhouetted briefly against the cold night sky before plunging into the black Atlantic. The screams of those thrown into the freezing water carried across the sea—anguished, desperate, and painfully human—before fading into silence.

When the sun rose hours later, the Carpathia arrived to rescue the survivors scattered across lifeboats. The ocean was calm again, deceptively serene. The great ship that had promised so much lay in pieces on the ocean floor, her story preserved only in the memories of those who had lived through the unthinkable.

In the years that followed, the Titanic became more than a maritime tragedy. She became a symbol—a reflection of human ambition, the fallibility of technology, and the cost of overconfidence. Her sinking reshaped maritime laws, strengthened safety standards, and reminded the world that no innovation was beyond the reach of nature's power.

Yet beyond the regulations and investigations, the Titanic endures in the stories of its people: the hopes carried aboard, the acts of courage shown in the darkest hours, and the enduring memory of a night when the “unsinkable” was proven fragile. More than a century later, her tale still resonates, not because of the steel that failed but because of the humanity revealed in her final hours—a reminder of both our dreams and our limits.