

myretirementspeech.com

Hi everyone,

I'm Sam, and after 22 years here—2002 to 2024—it's time to admit that the calendar won. I'm retiring.

I showed up in 2002 as a support specialist with a headset that squeaked and a desk plant that didn't make it past week two. In 2007 I got to be a team lead and learned that "leadership" often means asking better questions and making sure the snacks don't run out.

In 2012, we rolled out the customer success playbook. We wrote it, we rewrote it, and then we discovered version control—truly a golden age. It wasn't perfect, but it helped us turn frantic Mondays into plans with names and owners, and it made us faster and kinder at the same time.

From 2016 to now, I've been lucky enough to manage the East Coast support hub. Record CSAT scores came from something very unglamorous: practical empathy, clear communication, and showing up for each other—especially on Monday mornings when the coffee machine sounds like it's giving up on life. You kept showing up anyway. That's what I'll remember most.

We even piloted the four-day on-call rotation. The math worked, the humans smiled, and my phone stopped buzzing at 2:07 a.m. quite so often. An underrated miracle.

One story that still follows me: I promised donuts for every resolved Sev-1 in a month. We closed eight. Eight. The bakery knew me by name for weeks. I learned two things—yes, incentives work, and yes, I should negotiate better.

To my crew: you survived three platform migrations and still found a way to

laugh during stand-ups. You told the truth when it was hard, and you cheered for each other at release time like it was a cup final. You turned playbooks into practice and dashboards into conversations. You made this job a joy.

I'm told retirement is about "balance." Mine will look like cycling at dawn until the city wakes up, backyard pizza experiments that sometimes require a fire extinguisher, trivia nights where I pretend not to care about the final round, and coaching youth soccer—where the life lesson is mostly "remember your shin guards" and "pass the ball once in a while."

What I wish for you is simple: endless green dashboards, short status meetings that really end when they say they will, and problems that arrive with just enough warning to be interesting, not terrifying.

I'll be around—reachable, even—unless it's nap time or the pizza oven is at 700 degrees. If you text me while I'm proofing dough, expect a response with flour fingerprints.

Thank you for trusting me, for calling me out when I needed it, and for proving that kindness and competence can sit at the same table—and ship on time. If I've done my job, you don't need me anymore. Which, I'll admit, stings a little and feels exactly right.

Take care of each other.

Keep the empathy practical, the communication clear, and the Mondays survivable.

And save me a donut—just in case the incentives still work.

This speech was created with myretirementspeech.com. Answer a few questions and generate your own personalised speech now at myretirementspeech.com

Create your own personalized speech at myretirementspeech.com