

It was a Saturday. We were gathered as a family at home for a meal. As we were seated on the patio, my father suddenly had a pain attack. On a scale of 1 to 10, he estimated it to be at 9. My mum did all in her power to help him. She gave him the medication prescribed for pain, but those took effect only 45 minutes later. I remember my sister and my brother-in-law were distressed, and so was I. We asked our friends to pray, as we could do nothing else. My mum sat on the bed beside my father and started to pray as well. My dad was screaming out in pain. I was watching him, lying in his medical bed, a wet towel on his forehead. I could only see the tip of his nose. The small bit I saw of his face indicated how excruciating it was. Frank was repeating in a loop: Thank you Lord for our friends that are praying for us!

**Who in such a situation does not focus on his or her fate, but instead thanks God for his or her friends?**

My father Frank was such a person!

Fifteen years ago, as he was diagnosed with a polyneuropathy, he was rejected by doctors and professors. They could not find a reason to this kind of illness, and so they concluded it had to be something psychological.

The church we were attending at the time asked for healing through prayer, but as nothing was happening, they said it had to do with Frank's lack of faith! My mum, my sister and myself also started casting doubt on Frank's faith. He was left alone in his struggle!

My father started to lose what he possessed:

- His job
- His social life
- His ability to concentrate
- His strength
- The confidence of others
- His ability to travel
- His manliness
- His place as head of the family and as husband and I could go on...

But despite all this, my father, Frank, remained a man of principles and a man of faith. He started searching for answers and comfort in the only place he knew, the Bible.

His surrender to God became an example to many, starting with us, his family.

By his grace, God also strengthened us in our faith and helped us to understand, to love and not to reject Frank. He took on the role of a father figure for many children, and for adults as well.

Notwithstanding his commitment, the weakness took more and more hold of Frank. On top of his polyneuropathy came arrhythmia, then prostate cancer, which in turn became metastized.

My father became a powerless man. All he could accomplish, yet even consider was impossible!

He spoke only of one thing, God's love.

Who was this God? What was this love?

Why would God allow, or even let illness take a hold of Frank, somebody He dearly loved?  
For Daddy, this was simple enough!

God loves us, yet from the start we decided to reject Him. We are sinners. Illness is part of this world, but not part of God.

Having accepted his illnesses, Frank found his refuge in Jesus-Christ, whom he loved, cherished and kept on worshiping, as he had done his entire life.  
Christ is the only way to God. Daddy had understood it and was not ashamed to be a witness, so that those he loved would be saved!