

In 1991, as I was breastfeeding Iddo, who was 6 weeks old, and reading stories to Noa, who was 20 months old, I learned that Frank had cancer and was going to have an operation. Before we had received the prognosis, I pleaded with God to spare my husband, so that our children could grow up with their father.

He answered my prayer!

Today, I say “goodbye” to my Love after 30 happy years – very happy years – of marriage. Frank loved me like no one else, and the same was true for me.

I want to thank God, our heavenly Father, who gave me such an attentive, generous and loving husband.

Our paths separate, but in eternity with Jesus Christ we will find each other again, along with all those who have gone before us.