

Dear Frank,

When I met you, you didn't speak any French, then you guys came back to Switzerland. We would meet once in a while every year.

In February 2015 I said yes to the Lord and then, I remember the great joy you had when receiving my phone call.

Our exchanges became more frequent, you became a brother, a spiritual one. Week in week out, I grew in your presence.

A few weeks ago, though your strength was diminishing you were still praying for my own problems. I remember our last great debate about Israel, a land you so deeply loved.

Farewell Frank, I let you go to your God whom you loved so much and in knowing that we will see each other again.

Thank you for who you were.