

My reflections on Frank
By
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My Buddy

Frank was a tall, handsome guy displaying confidence with every step

As he became an elder his step was slow but a steady walk for sure.

He wore impeccable tailored suits and of course electrifying ties

Forever kind, telling jokes without batting an eye.

We came from different worlds.

He residing in the deep south

And I living in high North

But it didn't make a difference with us.

We bonded together with a genuine love and respect toward each other.

He certainly was a delight to be around.

At our favorite Black Molly restaurant with friends, we all became spell bound his sharing stories of his famous and historical family.

We recognized that we were sitting with an illustrious person whose family had been part of founding of American history..

He lived in an era where prejudice and racial strife prevailed.

But Frank was strong in defense of justice for all, kindness, and care.

While enjoying his favorite shrimp dish

We chuckled at the new dress code with a a smile

Like attending a wedding in flipflops, shorts and no tie.

Our younger friends did not understand our humor.

But coming from the same era, we understood the changes in society.

The library was his second home,

Where he volunteered weekly.

And he eagerly used the time to review the latest books, preferably on history and always shared heroic stories not generally yet known by the general public.

He sometimes called me at night to discuss the

the highlights of the evening news.

We were great friends

Lastly, he loved planning buildings with exceptional skill

To become an architect few could fulfill.

BE assured Anita, you have been an extremely loving and understanding partner, and always by Franks side. You constantly gave him care and remarkable support especially when he suddenly became ill and in pain.

To Hop and the rest of his family:

His sudden journey was not expected but it did happen!

His parting has left a void in all of our lives,

but the Lord felt it was time for him to go.

We must remember all of the joy he brought to all of us. He led a full life and will always be remembered especially at this church he loved so well.

I leave you with his sense of humor he shared with us at a recent Aging Angels meeting. It goes like this, saying the joke with a straight face, and twinkle in his eye.. Why was a burger thrown out of the army..... He could not pass mustard.

That was my buddy!

Amen

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