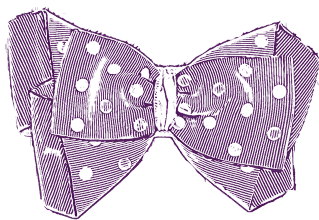


F R E H E L



*You are no longer where you were, but
you are everywhere I am.*

Victor Hugo

PRAYER FOR FREHEL

Lake Léman, July, 2025



INTRODUCTION

For you, Frehel

Your greatest strength?

Determination.

What we are most proud of?

Your courage.

What we love most about you?

Your resilience.

Your clever character,

unique and true.

What makes us laugh about you?

When you clown around.

**And also when you scold me,
with that look full of indignation.**

Your greatest qualities?

Your intelligence.

Your attentiveness.

Your generosity.

Your adaptability,

**your deep sensitivity to emotions,
to moods, to the smallest details.**

And the quality of our bond?

Unbreakable.

Eternal.

Light.

READING FOR FREHEL

So that these words may accompany you, like a warm blanket in the
silence of the elevation of your soul.

Today, in the silence that precedes the farewell of your earthly
pajamas, I lay down these words as one would lay a blanket over a
loved one, so that their heart remains warm forever.

Frehel, my companion, my confidant, my soul's guide, today your
earthly pajamas will become *polvere di stellina* (stardust), and if
you wish, but only if you wish, you may depart toward what men call
"paradise."

And I, I remain, a little defeated...

Because your pajamas do not leave empty-pawed: it takes with it a
piece of me, but it leaves me in return a light that nothing, neither
fire nor time, will ever consume.

READING FOR FREHEL

You are not my dog.
You are the one through whom love took shape.
With its rituals.
Its silent gazes.
Its unspoken expectations.
Its unconditional forgiveness.

You taught me to hear what no one hears.
To see beyond words.
To respond to subtle gestures.
To speak in silence.

There is something in your step, in your breath, that came from
elsewhere.

A glimmer of ancient wisdom,
as if you had walked this path a thousand times before,
and once again, you chose to return
to help me grow.

To love better.

To love more.

READING FOR FREHEL

They sometimes say animals don't speak.

That's not true.

They do speak to us—

we just have to be willing to listen.

You spoke to me in a way only the heart can understand.

You told me:

“Be present.”

“Don't fear the simple days.”

“Delight in the wind, the water, a piece of baguette.”

You told me:

“All that matters is lived in the moment.”

And now, as your earthly pajamas prepare to return to ash,

and you, to become a star once more,

this is not the end—

it is a transformation.

The invisible stepping in.

Love changing shape,

but never strength.

READING FOR FREHEL

Frehel, my darling love, you will never be just a memory.

You are a presence.

You will live on in every silence heavy with emotion,
in every glance toward the empty corner of the couch,
and then, toward the sky.

Because that's where I'll look for you—
the sky is always above us,
and it's always there, no matter where we are in the world.

I'll tell you a secret: the evening your earthly pajamas began to
show signs of deep fatigue, I went into Vovo Vera's room and
looked up at the sky.

I took a photo. It had been years since I last looked at the night sky.
You didn't like going out at night anymore,
so neither did I.

That night, for a brief moment, I looked at the stars...
and I told myself:

"I will never look at the stars again without thinking of Frehel,
because he is becoming one once more."

READING FOR FREHEL

You will live on in the water, in the stone, in the song of the
leaves,
in endless walks, in joyful rolls through the mud,
but also in soft brioches and croissants, in a schiumato,
in the smell of roast chicken,
in Bolognese sauce,
in mayonnaise,
in everything you loved so dearly.

YOU WILL LIVE ON, YOU ARE FREE

You will live on in me, always.
You will live in my ability to love others,
to speak for those without words,
to make connection a cause—
not a weakness.

So, if you wish to explore new horizons,
you may go, my Frehel.
You may go without fear.
You are free.
Freer than you ever were before.

And I—
I will remain standing,
rooted in the bond we wove, day after day.
A noble bond.
An eternal one.

I won't say goodbye.
I say: thank you.

And I say:
in every moment—
because you will never leave me.

MAY YOUR SOUL BE GUIDED, TOO, BY YOUR SENSITIVITY TO MUSIC.

Frehel, I want to speak to you about the music you cherished so deeply— the one that, to me, reflects the lightness and elevation of your spirit, the one we chose to accompany you.

Debussy's Arabesque No. 1 so perfectly captures your inner beauty, your taste, your sophistication, your refinement.

This music doesn't merely fill the silence— it inhabits it, it illuminates it. It doesn't call for sorrow or overwhelming grief, but instead invites peaceful listening, gentle contemplation, a deep sense of calm.

Light, yes— but so rich with emotion and memory. It mirrors your soul: layered, sensitive, and exquisitely delicate.



Each time that melody rose, I would come to watch you.

I'd see you gently close your eyes,
lie down beside your papa,
as if entering a deep, inner meditation.

You seemed to float—carried by the notes,
wrapped in a peace that lived within you,
a peace you shared so generously with those who loved you. Such a
precious gift.

The Arabesque is made of air and light.
It dances with grace,
it draws through time the timeless presence of a unique being.

You, Frehel— you didn't simply pass through life,
you touched it,
you lit it up with your beauty.

And even if I will no longer see you in your earthly pajamas,
I know this is not an end.
It is a transformation—a passage.

May this music accompany your soul,
if it wishes to rise to the sky.

PASSING
ORATION FOR
FREHEL

"May your soul be guided, when the time
comes,
by the light of love,
toward the gentle plains of the unseen.
And may my love follow you,
without ever holding you back.
We are united forever,
in a form that nothing can break."

OPENING

We are gathered in love,
in the invisible presence of those who watch over us,
in this sacred silence where souls rise.

I breathe deeply.
I feel my feet rooted to the Earth.

I connect to Life,
I connect to you, Frehel.

THE STORY OF THE BOND

It all began on the day of my wedding.
As I was joining my life with Stefano's,
life itself was quietly giving us a secret gift:
it was joining you to us.

I always used to tell the story of our meeting as if it had been my
idea, *my plan*— so naïvely!

At the time, you came into our home the way one welcomes a
mission. I—*we*—were meant to accompany you for a short while,
because you were destined to become a guide dog for the blind.

We were a foster family.

The story was supposed to be brief.
But what no one had planned for
was that you, Frehel, had already made your choice.

And now, looking at our photos,
it's so clear—
in your eyes, from that very first day—
you knew.

You were home.

THE STORY OF THE BOND

You gently changed the meaning of the word "temporary."
And that planned transition became our life.

Our commitment was official that day,
but it was you who taught us what it means to love forever.

That day, we said "yes" to each other.

And, without even realizing it,
we also said "yes" to you.

WORDS FOR THE PASSING

Frehel, my son,
you who shared my life,
you who opened my heart,
you who helped me grow in love,
I give you thanks.

You came to this Earth to live a mission.
You came not to fulfill a written destiny,
but to write your own—together, ours.

We did not adopt you.
It was you who chose us.
And you changed our world, simply by being here.

WORDS FOR THE PASSING

Today, on the seventh day of your passage,
I offer you these words as a bridge of light.

I honor your journey.

I bless your passage.

I release your soul from all earthly ties.

“If you feel ready, I will accompany you toward peace, toward
gentleness, toward pure joy.

You may go where your spirit will be free.
Where just, radiant, and faithful beings gather.

In that space of freedom, you will find your animal friends, members
of our great family, and they will be the ones to show you the path
that remains to be traveled.”

WORDS FOR THE PASSING

Frehel, you will forever remain engraved within us,
but we no longer hold you back.

We love you.

We bless you.

And we let you rise, if you wish to.

Thank you for every morning you opened my days with a joyful
awakening to serve you your breakfast. You were always so
enthusiastic...

Thank you for every walk where the world seemed wider because
you crossed it by my side.

Thank you for the shared silences, for your gentle presence, for your
wisdom.

Thank you, my love, for your ever attentive and intentional gaze,
without judgment, without expectation.

Thank you, Frehel, for your unconditional welcome, even in my
most vulnerable moments.

WORDS FOR THE PASSING

Thank you for guiding me when I couldn't see the way.

For being the witness to my inner seasons, my life companion,
my anchor.

Thank you for your tenderness,
your steadfastness,
your loyalty.

Thank you for being there, every day,
just there.

I will never find the words to describe the good you have done in
me and for me.

Frehel, I am proud of you,
and I ask your forgiveness for all the times I fell short of all you
gave me.

And knowing that you will always be there for me—
that is the greatest gift the universe has ever given me.

CLOSURE

And now, in the breath of this moment,
may peace surround you,
may the light welcome you,
and may love never leave you.

If you wish, you may go, my love.

And may the stars know your name.

One day, my godmother recited to us:

“This is the great grace of it all: forming a good team of three, made with love.”

Yes, I said a team of three, because Frehel is an irreplaceable part of what was lived yesterday, what is lived today, and all the tomorrows to come.

Mixing the three, we have the representation of this family: strong, sensitive, and pure.

Alexander Graham Bell once said:

“Never walk on the beaten path, for it only leads where others have gone.”

Frehel is an explorer. Just follow him.

Frehel, I have absolute trust in you. You know exactly what to do.

F R E H E L

LUTETIA XIV.X.MMX – LACUS LEMANUS XVI.VII.MMXXV

*Bunnie, Bunnie-Bu, Billy, Biphidus,
Frittell(o), Binismaghi, Lillie, Tilly, Lelly,
Cilly, Cillyciung, Koitadin, Maria-Jannuzzi,
Patato, Potato-Cip, Cip, Karri, Signora,
Santarello, Santaroupoulus, Arabaste, Mazal
Tov, Monsieur, Principino, Parigino, Nu
scugnizzo, Kirido, Foffo, Chou d'amour,
Chouchou, Mon bébé d'amour.*

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