

couldn't find him at this year's exhibition and then I heard the sad news. I hoped he was buried where he wished.

And there's my friend Rafael, a Swiss banker. Rafael worked in the Gulf and adopted not only some of our Arabic culture, but also took some of our names for his children; Sameer, Fares, and Ameena. I hadn't heard from him for more than seventeen years, but even as life had caused us to drift apart, we treasured our friendship. Then one day I received a letter from him saying hello and hoping he could see me, so I managed to meet him and his family. Apparently he was married to an Algerian woman, the third wife in his life, had two children with her and she cared for the whole family.

Ameena, his beautiful seventeen-year-old daughter, wore the necklace I gave her the day she was born. What a beautiful family that cherished love and friendship.

I have countless other stories in Basel that cannot fit in an article but only in my memory, so I keep it to myself, and may we have another year and a coincidental meeting.