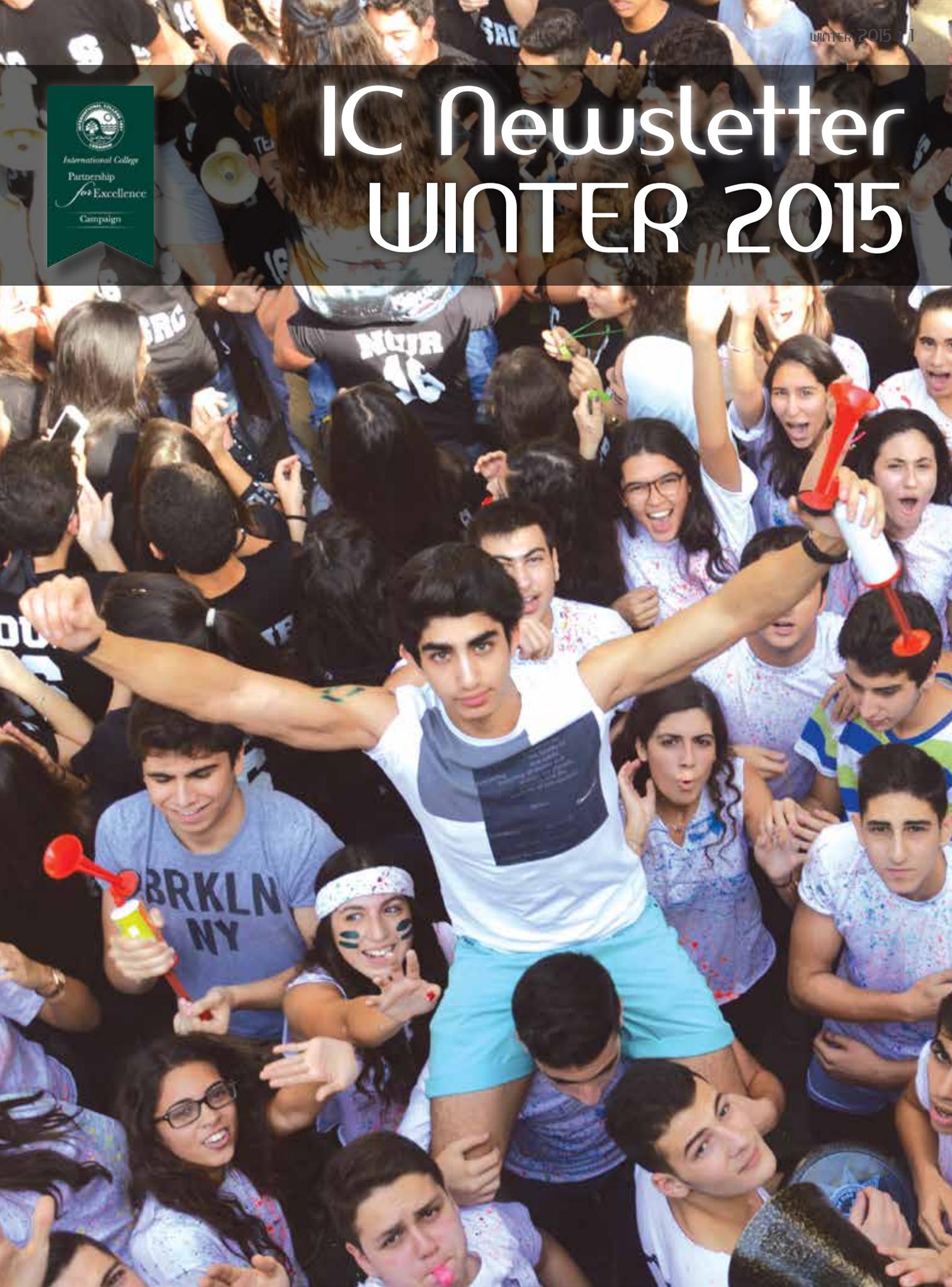


IC Newsletter WINTER 2015



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Note from the Editor

Once again, thank you all for the wonderful support that you have and are still showing IC. Our mission has become your mission: to produce capable ethical leaders – especially now during these turbulent times.

As we are in the process of building a new Middle and Preschool in addition to renovating facilities in Ain Aar, we count on your support now more than ever.

In this issue, we boast about many of our alumni including AUB's new president, Dr. Fadlo Khuri. (Yes he is our very own IC alumnus!).

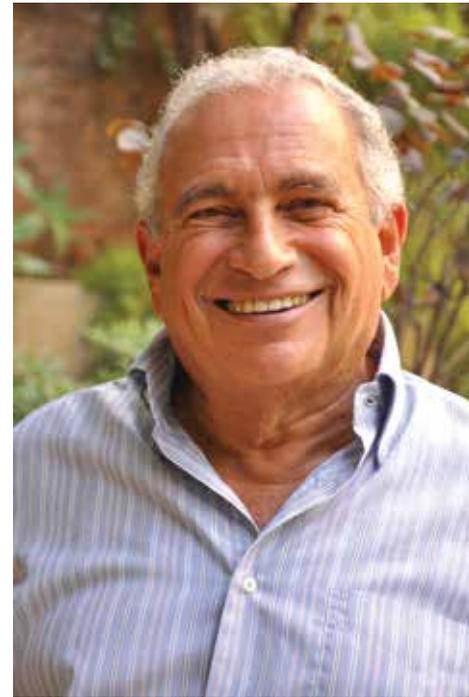
Read on about the touching story about a doctor and his patients and two alumnae who are going to painstaking efforts to save Beirut's last stretch of coastline: the Dalieh. Find out how IC is playing a role, not matter how small, in trying to help out in the country's garbage crisis.

We also continue with our now very popular series: The Adventures of Alexander MacLachlan. Enjoy our IC Winter Newsletter Issue. And on behalf of IC, thank you for all your support.

Best regards,



Moufid Beydoun '64
*Vice President
Alumni & Development*



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For comments or suggestions, email us at rhaddad@ic.edu.lb

The Adventures of Alexander MacLachlan:

Smyrna (Part XII)

Alexander MacLachlan



Greek students performing Sophocles

On November 10, 1912, guests at a dinner party in number 11, Downing Street were deep in conversation about Turkish affairs. The host, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and future UK Prime minister, David Lloyd George, was revealing his strong passion for Greece. His words were music to the ears of London's Greek consul, John Stavridi. The Balkan war was well underway and, for more than a month now, Greece and her allies had been at war with Turkey, with the Greek army defeating the Turks in several major bat-

les. "May the Turk be sent out of Europe and sent to [expletive] where he came from," Lloyd George toasted with his guests. Stavridi quickly sent word to Greece's Premier, Eleftherios Venizelos, who immediately came to London to meet with Lloyd George. In the Chancellor, Venizelos found the perfect champion and ally. The "Megali idea" came into effect: A greater Greece which would be forcibly formed by including large portions of Asia Minor. It was a partnership which would eventually lead to the destruction of Smyrna....

Protestant Minister Rev. Alexander MacLachlan was still reveling in the successful inauguration of the new IC campus in Paradise when, barely six weeks later, tensions began increasing between Turkish and Greek students. MacLachlan kept a wary eye on them. Each student body had their own respective Literary Society. Fearing that the meetings may turn into political arenas, MacLachlan assigned a professor to attend all meetings.

At the beginning, all seemed well. The Greek Literary Society announced that "Homerus" will be discussed during their Monday meetings at 4:15 pm and urged

all Greek students to join the club. For their part, the Armenian Literary Society announced that they will be discussing "Ararat".

Shortly after, MacLachlan found out that the students of the Greek Literary Society were collecting money to go towards purchasing a destroyer for the Greek Navy.

It was a difficult spot to be in. If he shut down their Society, he will be perceived as anti-Greek. But if he let it continue, he will be labeled as anti-Turk. After some deliberation, he announced at the next morning Chapel prayers that all literary societies will be shut down. He cited his reason: in these turbulent times, students may prefer to discuss politics in these meetings when they should be concentrating on their studies.

The Greek students had a fit. The very same evening they presented MacLachlan with a written ultimatum signed by 125 Greek students: reinstate the Literary Societies or they will march out of the school. They demanded that MacLachlan renounce his decision in Chapel the following morning.

"There, of course," he wrote in his 1937 memoirs, *Potpourri of Sidelights and Shadows from Turkey*, "could be no question as to our attitude towards such a demand."

MacLachlan seemed unperturbed the next morning as he conducted the usual morning services. At the end of prayers, the Minister dismissed all the students except the Greek ones. After a few minutes, he dismissed the Greek preparatory boys. Remaining were the college age students (secondary school). These were the ones who were behind the trouble and who had signed the ultimatum.

In a fatherly tone of voice, MacLachlan explained that the campus was not a prison house and the gates were wide open. After a few minutes of "firm but kind" advice, he asked for a show of hands from those who intended to carry out their threat.

There was complete silence. No hand was raised.

And then, a few seconds later,



Archbishop Chrysostomos Kalafatis

one student raised his hand. Another followed. And another. Soon most of the boys had raised their hand.

MacLachlan calmly dismissed them from the campus. Some 120 students silently marched out of the campus and made their way to the city center directly to the Greek Metropolitan Archbishop's Palace.

For his part, Archbishop Chrysostomos Kalafatis, who had always enjoyed good relations with MacLachlan, apparently talked some sense into some of the boys. Before the day was over, twenty students repented and returned to campus and were immediately reinstated. The rest never did return yet many ran into MacLachlan years later and confessed their folly to him.

Meanwhile, in Smyrna, residents were continuing to enjoy the vivacity of the city's active social life. As was the norm, afternoon teas, dances and clubhouse activities continued gaily throughout the spring of 1914. Italian operettas dominated the Alhambra garden theatre. The elite Levantine families seemed unaware of the troubles around them. But as spring was ending, life in the glittering city would come to a sudden halt when thousands of refugees fleeing in panic from the Balkan wars arrived in Smyrna and were bent on revenge. Their target would ultimately become the Greek communities living in the area.

As for the kindly Archbishop Chrysostomos, he was gruesomely killed only eight years later by a lynch mob at the end of the Greco-Turkish war. He was survived by his orphaned nephew who witnessed the execution. The nephew managed to escape to Lebanon where he remained. (His grandson is Michel Eleftheriades, a well-known Greek-Lebanese artist and producer).

In 1992, Archbishop Chrysostomos was declared a martyr and a saint of the Eastern Orthodox Church and is today known as the Saint Chrysostomos the New-Hieromartyr of Smyrna.

To be continued...

Historical information based on: an interview with Dr. Howard Reed (summer 2011); Potpourri of Sidelights and Shadows from Turkey, by Alexander MacLachlan, 1937; Paradise Lost, by Giles

Milton; Between the Great Idea and Kemalism: The YMCA at Izmir in the 1920s, by Samuel David Lenser: A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts in History, Boise State University, August 2001; Campus Notes, November 1913, Vol I, No 1 International College, Smyrna Turkey

Group of IC students: tensions were increasing between Greek and Turkish students



Greek language class



The 16th President of AUB:

DR. FADLO KHURI '81

Dr. Fadlo R. Khuri '81 never thought that he would one day be a leading figure in cancer research. Neither did it occur to him that he would be the recipient of so many awards in the field.

And he certainly never imagined that he would be where he is today: The 16th President of the American University of Beirut.

It all happened because of a stranger.

As a young medical student, Khuri had planned on becoming a psychiatrist. But then he met this stranger with cancer on the first day of his 3rd year of medical school. The stranger, an affable older man, died within four weeks. Having seen firsthand the devastation of the disease, the transformed and energized young Khuri became determined to dedicate his life to improving the lives of patients.

He received his Bachelor's degree from Yale University (he attended AUB for one year from 1981-1982) and his M.D. from Columbia University.

In 1995, he became a faculty member at the University of Texas M.D. Anderson Cancer Center. In 2002, he joined the Winship Cancer Institute and later received the Roberto C. Goizueta Distinguished Chair for Cancer Research.

Until recently, he was the Deputy Director of the Winship Cancer Center, the Chairman of the Department of Hematology and Medical Oncology and the Executive Associate Dean for Research at the Emory University School of Medicine in Atlanta, GA.

His clinical expertise and research has focused on the development of novel molecular, prognostic, therapeutic, and

chemo preventive approaches to improve the standard of care for patients with lung and aerodigestive cancers.

He has led the recruitment of over 90 faculty including 60 clinical investigators to Emory University, and co-founded Winship's Cancer Drug Discovery, Development and Delivery Program. He has so far treated over 10,000 cancer patients. His published work has been cited over 15,000 times internationally.

And now the big question: what brought this doctor, who sought to find a possible cure for the devastating diseases that are lung and neck cancer, back to Beirut?

The amiable Khuri responds simply. "It's not about me at all. It is all about the patients. We built a superb team at Emory, and they are continuing with the research. If you do good things, others will carry the work forward."

Despite his heavy schedule, Khuri did manage to meet and marry Lebanese-born Lamyia Tannous, PhD. The couple have three children: Layla (Yale College, Class of 2016), Raja (Emory College, Class of 2018), and Rayya (now an 11th grader at ACS), all of whom were at the Atlanta International IB school.

Khuri had just turned down a job offer of being the Cancer Center Director and Associate Dean of the Medical School at the University of Michigan when he heard about AUB's job opening. Former AUB President Dr. Peter Dorman had announced his intention to resign in June of last year, spurring an international search for a highly qualified potential president.

Khuri couldn't help but be intrigued. He had always regarded AUB not just as an institution of higher learning but one whose influence has been unparalleled in the entire region.

"But after the war, it became the AUB *in* Beirut rather than AUB *of* Beirut and for the world," he said. "I didn't feel satisfied with this repositioning of the university. I felt it needed to be more impactful and influential than it had become."

The job appealed to him.

"I would like to re-expand the role of AUB and its influence and excellence in the region," he said. "We used to have a transformative impact in the region and we need to have that impact again. So, like lung cancer and like the areas of research that I had gone into and like my

move from MD Anderson to Emory, I know that I can make this significant and positive impact at AUB."

It was a big family decision. They were in their "comfort zone". Nice house, great school, good income, successful careers, excellent reputation, moderate traffic (most of the time!), and, well, no garbage crisis. Still, it was a chance to make a difference in their home country. (Fortunately, he has no interest in Lebanese politics). "I've always been about pushing past my comfort zone," he said. "I want to make a meaningful difference. But you can rarely make a difference when you are willing to be comfortable."

Moreover, Khuri had many fond memories of IC and thus, Ras Beirut. He comes from a long line of IC alumni and never forgot his teachers - many of whom have left a major impact on his life. "What I most liked about IC was that it immediately took away any apprehension someone might have about diversity. It gave me an absence of prejudice," he recalled. He made many lifelong friends at IC, many of whom have since returned to Beirut. He especially cited the influence of his teachers William Smathers, who encouraged him to be a more expressive writer, and

Nadi Nader, who built his confidence in and his comprehension of mathematics.

Decision made, Khuri and his wife packed and up and moved with their youngest daughter to the Marquand House - the same place which has housed AUB Presidents since 1879.

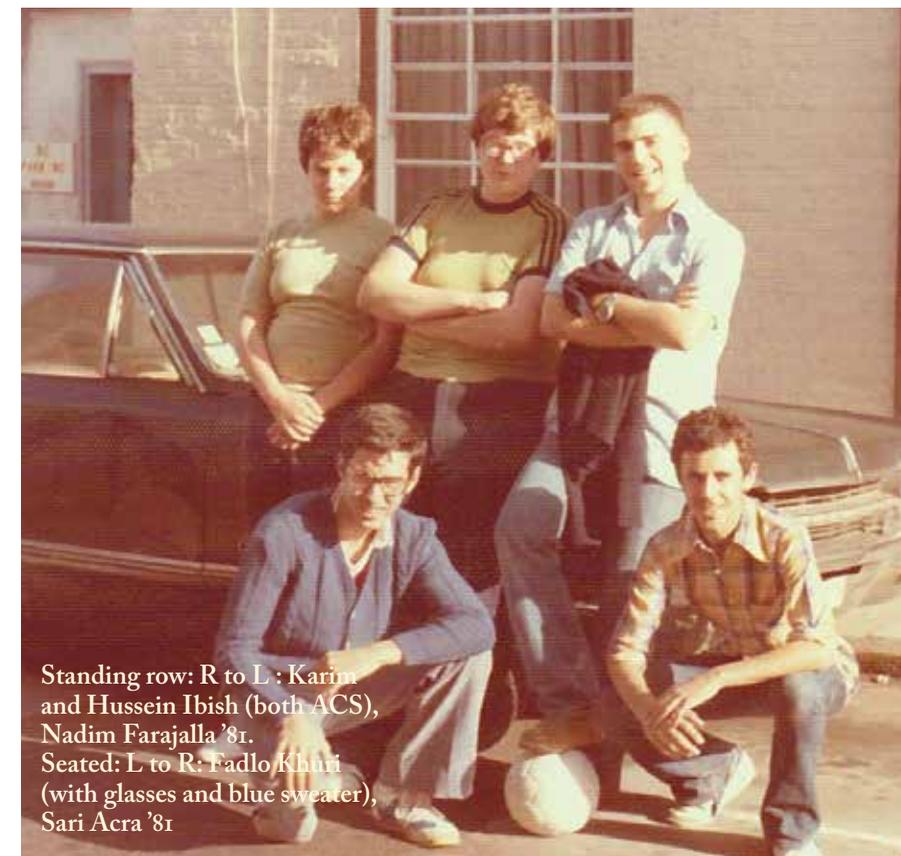
Thanks to his medical background, he promises to bring new dimensions to the university.

"It's not just about 'take our courses, get the grades and go out to become good ambassadors'," he said. "I would like to see a more holistic approach to learning. One which looks at the emotional, psychological, maturation and stress issues our kids feel."

In the future pipeline are world class online learning, an expanded university for seniors program and a large recruitment of international faculty and students.

"In five years, we should be the top choice of where to send your child, whether you live in Beirut or Bangladesh," he said. "You would know that when your kids leave AUB, they will leave here as positive change agents."

The best news is yet to come: Khuri has recently been given permission to practice medicine at AUH - allowing him to apply his internationally acclaimed skills on Lebanon's cancer patients.



Standing row: R to L: Karim and Hussein Ibish (both ACS), Nadim Farajalla '81.
Seated: L to R: Fadlo Khuri (with glasses and blue sweater), Sari Acra '81



A Doctor and his 'Patient'

At some point, they stopped being doctor and patient. Not even friends. Instead, something well beyond. So close, that the patient donated funds in his doctor's name.

That is how the Dr. Ismail Khalil Auditorium at AUH came to be.

A few days after the dedication ceremony, Dr. **Ismail Khalil '64** sits modestly in his second floor office at the medical building.

"It's very humbling," he said. "It is the highest medallion of honor that can be bestowed on any professional in any field. It makes all the fatigue, the pain, the long hours in the operating room become a pleasure."

The story begins in 1992 when an ill patient walked into the office of Khalil who had just been appointed Chairman of the Department of Surgery. The man had received the worst prognosis anyone could receive: he was about to lose his life.

Khalil, however, was able to save the patient's life (the patient has asked to remain anonymous) and has been taking care of him medically since then.

Meanwhile, Khalil was making great strides in the world of vascular surgery and had become renowned for his dedication to his patients. In an effort to take vascular surgery even further in the country, he worked on establishing a laboratory at the hospital. Funds were solicited. Among the

donors was none other than his 'patient'. In June of 2012, the state-of-the-art Vascular Laboratory was dedicated perpetually in Khalil's name, to become the "Ismail M. Khalil Vascular Laboratory."

"There is no investment that would bear fruit in perpetuity like investing in the vision of academic research," he said. "We will be producing better research, medical care and expanding on institutions that can accommodate more students who will be the leaders of the future."

It was an exciting time.

And then the unthinkable happened. Khalil found himself clinging to life. In one of those horrid irreversible moments, a student accidentally struck Khalil with a needle during a surgery. The doctor contracted a viral infection which affected his liver. Khalil's prognosis was bleak. A liver transplant was his only hope. Finally, a donor was located and Khalil was flown to the US for a transplant. As he desperately clung to life, his thoughts reverted to his patients – especially his friend.

"I learned what physicians don't learn in medical school," he said. "I learned the meaning of pain, empathy, being close to losing life and regaining it. Nothing makes you understand being a healer more than being ill yourself."

And this time, it was the 'patient' who

was continuously checking up on his surgeon friend.

A year and a half later, Khalil had made a full recovery and returned to the American University of Beirut Medical Center (AUBMC) as a member of the senior administration – the Deputy Chief of Staff for Medical Services.

Shortly after, he heard the news. His 'patient' had contributed a generous sum to AUBMC and requested that the hospital's auditorium be named after Khalil.

The surgeon was stunned.

"With every step I take, I remember you," the patient told him. "You gave me the opportunity to continue living and you have been there for me



Dr. Mohamed Sayegh,
Dr. Ismail Khalil,
Dr. Fadlo Khuri

throughout the years. Now I want to leave something for people to remember you with."

On October 20, 2015, AUBMC celebrated the naming of the newly renovated, state-of-the-art SB 101 auditorium after Khalil.

As the surgeon walked up the stage to give his speech, he paused. Forty-five years ago, he was one of the first batch of students who had entered the audi-

torium. The road ahead then was still long. Many days were spent learning here. It was and remains to be a place of academic debates and medical conferences. And now, it was in his name. He was actually part of AUBMC's history.

His eyes searched the audience and locked with one pair of eyes. The 'patient' smiled up at him. Khalil smiled back.

It had been a long journey for both. But they had arrived.





Nadine Bekdache '99 and Abir Saksouk-Sasso '99 at The Dalieh

SAVING THE DALIEH



Nadine Bekdache '99 and Abir Saksouk-Sasso '99

In an effort to preserve an integral part of the Beirut coastline, a group of activists, headed by several IC alumni, have launched “The Civil Campaign to Protect Dalieh,” in order to save a part of the coastline which includes the country’s iconic Pigeon Rocks.

It is a fight against a powerful force. And IC classmates **Nadine Bekdache '99** (graphic designer and urbanist) and **Abir Saksouk-Sasso '99** (architect and urbanist) have challenged “Them.”

“We will not remain silent,” said Saksouk. “They cannot do this.”

“They” or “Them” are the now familiar players in the country. The politicians turned businessmen, the businessmen turned developers, the developers turned politicians.

“They” do it because, well, they can.

This time, developer eyes have turned towards the city’s last natural outcrop: The Dalieh.

For the past 7,000 years, it has served as a breathing space for the working-class Beirut families to swim in its natural pools and picnic in its array of flora and fauna. It is one of the last remaining patches of semi-natural vegetation that is classified as IMP (Important Plan Area) in the Lebanese marine ecosystem and is a favorite visiting spot for monk seals, dolphins, fruit bats, and many migratory birds.

In 1995, law 402 allowed land owners with a plot larger than 20,000 square meters to double their total exploitation factor and quadruple their surface exploitation if a hotel is to be built. The law was valid for five years. Then, in 2001, it was extended for



Aerial view of The Dalieh

Timos L. via Flickr

another five years. In 2014, it was conveniently prolonged again for another 19 years. Ample time to build yet more resorts for the country’s elite.

Last year, rumors spread that a renowned Dutch firm was commissioned to draw up plans for a major project stretching over 100,000 sqm - in other words, over much of The Dalieh.

It was a shock to Beirutis who assumed that the Dalieh was untouchable. As far as anyone knew, the land was owned by several families since the Ottoman days.

The Beirut shoreline has always been under some kind of protection since the Ottoman rule and again during the French

mandate with laws prohibiting development of the coast. But in the 1990s, a series of legal changes removed much of the protection, paving the way for major real estate investors to grab the land.

Unfortunately, this also meant the end of many fishermen ports. One of the last remaining is in The Dalieh.

Indeed, it was the fishermen protest which finally caught the public eye – among them Bekdache and Saksouk. In 2013, court cases were filed against the fishermen to evict them from The Dalieh. Over the course of the next two years, their huts were demolished and many were forcibly evicted.

In 2014, Beirutis woke up to a 377 meter

barbed wire fence along the cornice promenade stretching from the Mövenpick Hotel to the Pigeon Rocks. The public was shocked.

The two urbanists were equally stunned. “But this is the last coastal space for the public,” said Bekdache.

After receiving her degree from London in 2009, Bekdache was upset to see how the city had lost major public spaces, including the coast.

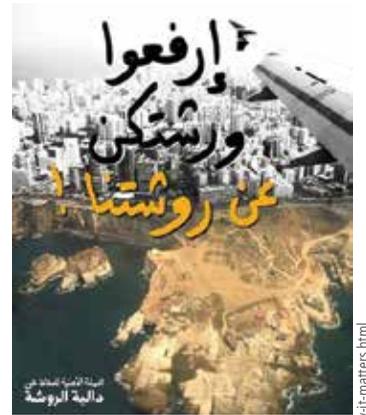
“I was amazed to see the horrible misuse of public authority,” she said, “and really shocked how developers can just order the change of decrees to suit their projects.”

And now in the face of the Dalieh threat, she and Saksouk teamed up with other activists from many professional backgrounds including lawyers, landscape architects, engineers and graphic designers across the city to try to save the area.

“We are what you call the watchdogs,” explained Bekdache adding that a common ploy is to purchase small parcels of land and then ‘fix’ the legal aspect. “In order to develop this land, developers have to change the law. Well, here we are watching carefully making sure that they do not change it.”

Another major part of the campaign is rallying public opinion including holding university talks, rallies, guided site tours and television debates.

Most importantly, they are lobbying the Ministry of Environment to categorize Dalieh as a natural protected area.



Removing the fence



Pics courtesy of <http://www.beirutreport.com/2015/09/how-activists-reclaimed-beirut-coast-and-why-it-matters.html>

given the activists an extra needed boost. In September, demonstrators boldly marched to Raouche and removed the offensive fence and simply walked down the Dalieh leaving a huge sign on the remains of the fence: “This is our sea.”

“Yes, it is private property but that doesn’t give anyone the right to build on it,” said Sasso. “This was the law before. These “big powers” changed it. Well, we want to change it back again.”

It’s a long fight and often quite draining.

“Sometimes you feel like you are a pebble in the sea,” said Bekdache. “And other times, you feel really good that there are people who will not remain silent anymore. Enough is enough.”

For more information about the *The Civil Campaign to Protect Dalieh* go to: <http://dalieh.org/>



IC FIGHTS BACK THE GARBAGE CRISIS



If any good came from the ongoing garbage crisis in the country, then this is it: many have begun to reuse and recycle their own waste.

IC is no exception. The school's Environmental Committee (made up of teachers, administrators, students, physical plant personnel and parents) has gone full force in finding ways to reduce IC's own garbage output.

"The garbage on the streets is so toxic and scary," said head of the Committee and Elementary School Director, Julia Kozak, "We really have to do something to reduce it."

Recycling bins have been placed in all classrooms with strict instructions for students to separate garbage. Abandoned PE outfits are collected and donated to an organization which recycles them into mattresses for the needy. Calculators left behind at the end of the school year (and there seems to be a lot) are collected and distributed to those in need. Middle school students have been assigned to tour classrooms at the end of each day and collect the abandoned plastic water bottles for recycling.

Moreover, physical plant personnel (cleaners) have been trained to dispose of waste items into the proper bins.

According to an environmental assessment by the Ministry of Environment last September, Lebanon disposed of an estimated 6,549 tons of solid waste in 2014 alone.

Since the Naameh landfill in the

southeast of the city, was shut down last July, garbage piled up on the streets of the city filling the air with an appalling stench.

The landfill was originally meant to receive only two million tons of rubbish from the capital and Mount Lebanon area for only a few years until another solution was found. But it has become home to over 15 million tons of trash.

Since then, garbage is either tucked out of sight somewhere in the country or remains on the streets – prompting many to set them to fire and thus further filling the air with toxic fumes.

The crisis sparked a protest movement led by the "You Stink" activist group, which brought thousands of people into the streets for several weeks of demonstrations. Some of the activists showed up after a torrential rainstorm in October which swept the garbage into the streets and, wearing protective suits and facemasks, sorted trash that had washed into the Beirut river.

Shocked by the situation, the Environmental Committee decided to take their work one step further: into IC homes.

IC has 2063 families. If each family recycles its own waste, "then the amount of "true" garbage will truly be reduced," said Kozak.

Moreover, Zero Waste Company (who usually picks up IC's waste for recycling) has offered to go to homes and buildings to pick the sorted waste.

"If we embrace recycling as a daily home habit," wrote Kozak, "this will make a huge difference in our garbage crisis. Together we can make an important difference to initiate an important change."

In a "from the mouth of babes" style, fifth graders have been assigned to go to classes and encourage students to push their parents into action.

"We have a challenge going" said Kozak. "The kids are going to be graphing how many parents will say yes."

According to Zero Waste statistics, from August 2012 till July 2013 alone, IC (Ras Beirut) has recycled approximately the following: 4.648 tons of paper, 0.664 tons of plastic, 0.0221 tons of aluminum and 0.3984 tons of glass.

But still more needs to be done. The biggest challenge – and the best way to help out the garbage crisis – is obviously not to produce unnecessary waste.

And so the Committee has expanded the renowned 3 R's (Reduce Reuse Recycle) into:

Respect, Rethink, Reduce, Reuse, Recycle (The 5 R's) – now being taught at the elementary school.

"Do I really need to write this down on a piece of paper? Is there another way I can send this message? Do I really need to buy this product?" explained Kozak. "These are the questions that we all need to be thinking of and not just the students. It's the best way we can help reduce the country's garbage."

Produce Less, Reuse More: Ain Aar recycles its garbage

There's a steering wheel in the art room at Ain Aar. At least it looks like one. But Samir Homsi, 8, sees a table. If only it had a wooden bottom. Cameron Harb, 8, can also see a table if only it had a glass top. As for Yasmine Majdalani, 8, she sees the table all completed but with many pretty decorations all around.

The students are part of Ain Aar's Lower Elementary school and they have taken their new mission very seriously: help decrease the country's garbage.

"You see," explains Samir, "all this garbage on the streets will make us sick. We have to help."

This explains the steering wheel in the art room. It was actually sitting in his parents' automobile shop – most likely heading towards the nearest garbage dumpster. But Samir would have none of that and instead brought it to school.

For IC Ain Aar has adopted a new motto: Produce less, reuse more

"This is a great opportunity to show the students that they can make a difference," said Lower Elementary school Director, Lina Mouchantaf. "They didn't really believe that they have an impact in solving the garbage crisis, so we are showing them that yes, they do."

Essentially, the school has declared its own war against the crisis: collect all the inedible garbage around the school (and homes) and recycle them into practical household items.

Easier said than done. Many, many discarded items have been found at the school and even in the surroundings – the odds and ends of finished and unfinished projects.

But the challenge is to churn them into new projects. For the past few weeks, students have been researching ideas for new products. Some brought in images of mirrors decorated with rolled up magazine pages, others found wooden planks and decided to paint them and decorate them with slogans. And others stumbled on a wonderful idea of turning discarded paper rollers into decorative art pieces., The ideas continue: discarded cans turned into pencil holders and desk organizers. Old Christmas ornaments reinvented into new ones. Acetate sheets (for the now outdated overhead projectors) turned into decorative

display items.

The catch, however, is that every single item used has to be a piece of waste. Nothing must be purchased.

"Absolutely nothing," confirmed art teacher, Lara Mansour. "The kids are really involved in this because they are living through the garbage crisis themselves. They feel it and they comprehend much more deeply than before."

Following last year's success with the 'Giving Christmas Tree' when students sold Christmas ornaments they made themselves and thus bringing in over \$4,000 – the

school will be holding an "auction" in December of all the new recycled items.

And as they did last year, all proceeds will go to buying needed supplies to underprivileged children and elderly.

"If all the schools do what we are doing" said Cameron, "then we can stop the garbage on the streets."

Yasmine, couldn't agree more. "IC can be the model school in Lebanon."



Yasmine Majdalani, Samir Homsi, Cameron Harb discuss with their art teacher, Lara Mansour, how to turn the steering wheel into a table.

Tala's Water Bottles: A Lesson in Determination

The small girl was obviously determined. Long after her friends had stopped bringing in bottles of wasted water, long after the whole class had moved onto a new project, Talia Nasr continued to lug in to class two big water bottles every Tuesday to the Ain Aar campus and present them to her art teacher.

Silently, Lara Mansour would take them from her and place them on the shelf. The child amazed her. The class project had fizzled out long ago. Earlier in the year, Mansour had showed her Grade 3 students a YouTube video of an artist called Belo. In an effort to raise awareness among the public about the need to save water, Belo created an image made up of 66,000 cups of colored rainwater. Since the PYP unit's focus was water and its sustainability, the students excitedly began plotting to create their very own 'water image' as a way of showing the importance of conserving water.

The idea was to collect waste water and bring it to class. Mansour and the students would later decide how to implement their project.

It all started well enough. Students enthusiastically collected leftover water around their homes and brought them to school. But soon, one after the other, they stopped. Somehow their enthusiasm got deflated.

The students lost interest.

Mansour lost interest.

Tala did not.

"I like this project," she said simply. "I want to create a picture like Bello. Why not?"

If she had noticed that the other students stopped bringing water to class, she didn't let on. If she noted that the project had fizzled out, she didn't say.

And so rain or shine, the eight-year old continued to proudly present the bottles to her art teacher. The water, she explained, came from whatever remained in her own school canteen and



those of her cousins.

Mansour watched the collection of water bottles growing and growing on her shelf. She now had 50 liters of water.

Finally, she consulted Lina Mouchantaf, the Lower Elementary School Director. Mouchantaf herself stared in amazement at the water bottles. "Well," she finally said, "one way or another, we have to finish this project."



And so it was that the Grade 3 art project came to life again. The classes went abuzz. Mansour found herself enthusiastically guiding them. Students decided to create a message "Save H₂O" and proceeded to color the water and pour it into cups à la Bello.

A few hours later, 225 cups were placed neatly in the Ain Aar playground for all to see. The project was a success.

Talia looked on proudly. Would she have eventually given up on the project? "No," she said firmly. "I would then have done the project with my friends. I wanted to do this project."

Mission accomplished, Tala went off to play with her classmates.

Mouchantaf and Mansour returned to their school duties.

Director and teacher had learned a remarkable lesson.

BRINGING THE CARDS BACK

It seems that despite Facebook, greeting cards are still appreciated. At a time when greeting card companies are on their way to becoming extinct, one IC alumna decided to bring the industry – at least in Beirut – back to life.

It all started quite modestly for Lydia Matta '07, a pharmaceutical marketing assistant. Knowing her love for art, her mother bought her a magazine about greeting cards when still a student at AUB. Intrigued, she tried her hand at it, and pretty soon her dorm room was filled with greeting cards – some even hanging from a cord strung across her room.

Passersbys couldn't help but stop and look. One student offered to buy a card. And then another and then another. All too soon, Matta found herself working fervently after her studies to keep up with the demand of cards – especially around the holiday seasons.

"There is beauty in handwritten notes," she said. "And you cannot find this personal touch in any social media. The good news is people are realizing this."

The 25-year old admits that she herself didn't write cards and, much like the rest of her generation, used social media.

The demand for her handmade cards continued, even after she graduated. She found herself ordering a special die cutting and embossing machine from London.

Facebook and word of mouth helped to bring in even more customers. Cards are



sold from anywhere between LL 5,000 to LL 10,000. A few shops are now even carrying them.

"I never thought that I would reach this stage," said Matta. "I didn't think people still



want to write cards. But I am surprised myself by how much people miss them."

A postal study in the US showed that greetings cards fell 24 percent between 2002 and 2010. Traditional greeting card companies like Hallmark have turned towards creating card apps and have partnered with card services like Shutterfly. While no such statistics are available in Lebanon, one can only assume that this is worldwide trend.

"When people see the cards and the work that was done on them," said Matta, "they see the difference of sending a note on a handmade card than over Facebook. It means more. And that's what it is all about at the end."

For more information on the 'handmade with love cards', please visit www.facebook.com/lydiamcards





**GRADUATION
2015**



**Rula Ghani, First Lady of Afghanistan,
Commencement speech, June 8 2015**

There are several advantages for having grown in Lebanon and believe me they are huge. You have grown in a society open to the world. You have grown in a society where several cultures and traditions coexist. You have grown in a society addicted to knowledge and where the sharing of knowledge is fluid and matter-of fact. You have grown in a society that has mastered the art of triumphant survival in the face of fatal blows and challenges. Lebanon is still a country where different communities coexist and interact daily. Your own experience tells you that multiple identities can rally together around a shared goal. You have seen that it is possible to enjoy diversity. You know how enriching it can be to experience different traditions and different cultures.

Look at myself: French educated, yet a graduate of AUB, a Maronite with a Greek orthodox mother, schooled by Roman Catholic nuns, originally from a village where a good number of families are protestant, married for forty years to a Sunni husband, and holding three different nationalities. Follow my example. Celebrate your different identities, embrace them all, and refuse to be pigeonholed into one or the other. Because choosing one identity against all the others is tantamount to declaring war against all the others. It is choosing violence against peace.





Goodbye Ain Aar, Hello Ras Beirut

Ain Aar bade farewell to its Troisième/Grade 9 students last June by throwing a day of fun activities for them that they are not likely to forget.

Most notably, a soccer match between students and teachers and a water fight.

It was a bittersweet moment for the students. "We've been here together since the beginning," explained Fouad Zoghbi. "Everyone knows everyone here." It is, they admit, difficult to leave Ain Aar, which is well known for its 'cosy' atmosphere. "We're all family here," said Jaymee Chedrawi

As for Aya Ghoraeib, the event was a stark reminder that "time has gone by so fast."



Student Class Representative Elections



A final farewell to Mrs. Josette Gabayen



No Invisible Kids

For the opening of school plenary session for faculty in September, he chose not to talk about the latest trends in education, technology, or school policies. In his second year as IC president, Dr. Don Bergman –known by students as “Dr. B”- shared his own specific message to the gathered administrators, teachers and staff. He talked about students. “A strong academic foundation is an important ingredient in the recipe for success,” he said. “But success is defined in many ways and is as diverse as the students we teach. Throughout my career in education, I have concluded that what most parents desire most for their children, more than what university they attend, their grade point average, or what career they pursue, is for their children to be happy, self confident adults.”

Bergman’s comments included the importance of balance between important academic achievement, pursuit of personal interests and talents, and time with family. He called on teachers to look for and reach out to the “invisible” children that are present in every school, including IC. Invisible children, those who are often successful academically, never present a behavior problem, but who are isolated socially. They are often alone at break and lunchtime, don’t interact with others easily, appear to lack self-confidence, and are not part of any social group. In other words, “invisible.” Bergman shared that teachers, having contact with their students on a daily basis, have the opportunity to ensure that every child knows they are worthy, valued, and indeed “visible.”

Kids before content

“Acknowledging that not every student will be good in math, chemistry, or French is the same as acknowledging that not every student will be a good leader, role model, artist, musician, public speaker, or athlete,” continued Bergman. “Given the traditional emphasis placed on math and science, we must also ask ourselves: is there room at IC for students whose interests, talents and dreams, are not in the traditional academic content areas? Do we place equal value on those whose

strengths are creativity, entrepreneurship, and service to others? University is typically a time when specialized knowledge and subject matter content reign supreme. At the elementary, middle and secondary level, however, where schools play an important role in a child’s education, our priority must be children first, content second. In other words, “kids come before content.”

Plenary session



French Baccalaureat:

100% passed
87% with honors (*mentions Très Bien, Bien, Assez Bien*)

Lebanese Baccalaureate:

100% passed
 86% with an average above 12 and **52% with distinction** جيد جدا & honors جيد
 Three students were among the top 10 performers in Beirut: May Abiad, who ranked *first*; Roula Itani who ranked *fourth*; and Marwan Jaleddine who ranked *seventh*.
 May Abiad ranked *third* in Lebanon.

Lebanese Brevet – both Ain Aar and Ras Beirut:

100% passed
70% honors

International Baccalaureate:

95% passed
 2 have retests in one subject in November

New Parents Receptions

IC President Dr Don Bergman, Senior VP Mishka Mourani, VP for Alumni & Development **Moufid Beydoun '64** and school Directors welcomed Ain Aar parents on the 6th of October and new Ras Beirut parents on the 7th of October. Bergman announced that the new Ain Aar football field will be finished in March 2016 (excavations for the football field are currently under way) and also introduced the President of Flansburgh Architects, David Croteau, who gave a brief

presentation about Ain Aar building projects. Beydoun assured parents that the new projects are solely financed by donations and not through tuitions. IC continues to depend on contributors to move on with its building projects. For her part, Mourani talked about IC’s state-of-the-art education, and emphasized the high performance of students and the ongoing training of teachers.

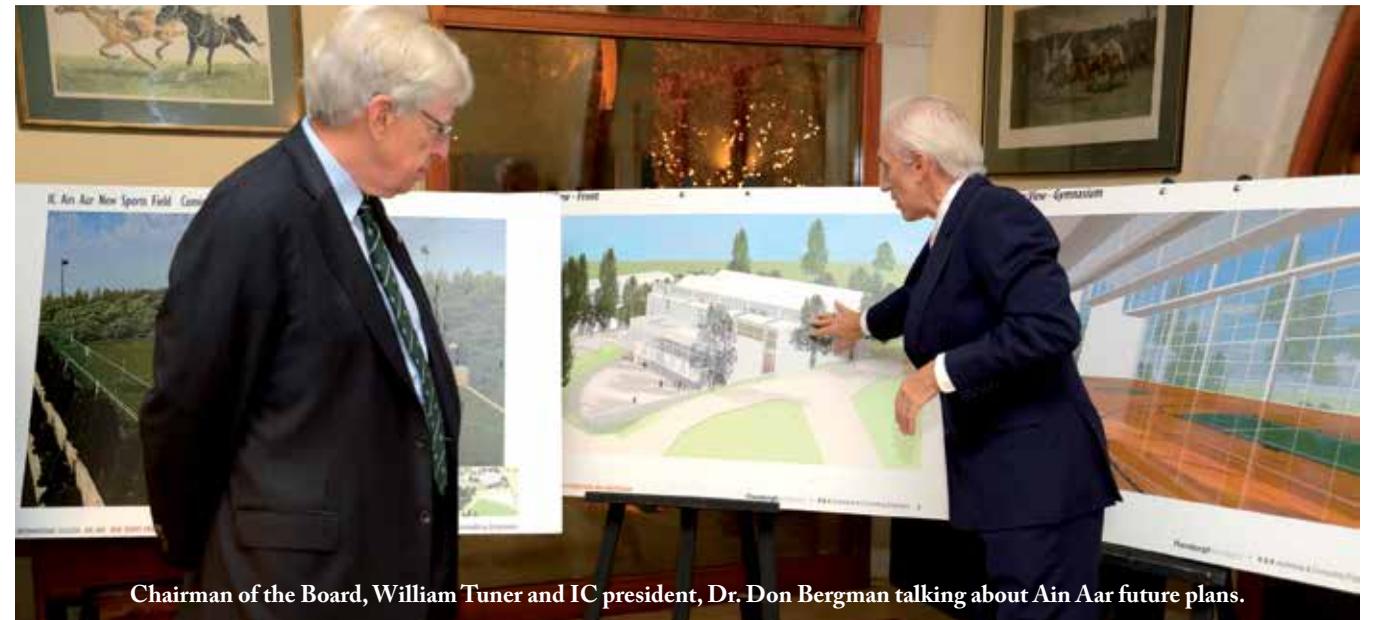


Ain Aar



Ras Beirut

“At IC we are proud of our students as they learn how to face challenges with competence and confidence. We applaud their achievements, which include their results on every external examination they take in the very different curricular tracks they follow,” said IC’s Senior Vice President, Mishka Mourani. “As one student put it,” continued Mourani. “These are awesome results. They are. We have students who work hard, play hard, and have an “awesome” combination of confidence, skills, belonging and motivation that support their success. That combination would not have been possible were it not for the efforts of each one of our teachers—at every level - who put their students’ wellbeing and productive, safe learning at the heart of what they do. We applaud these leaders of the heart and mind: the teachers of IC.”



Chairman of the Board, William Tuner and IC president, Dr. Don Bergman talking about Ain Aar future plans.



Ghazi Harb, Hana Zoghby, Diala Harb, Hala Zoghby, Salah Zoghby

Barbeque at the Zoghby Residence

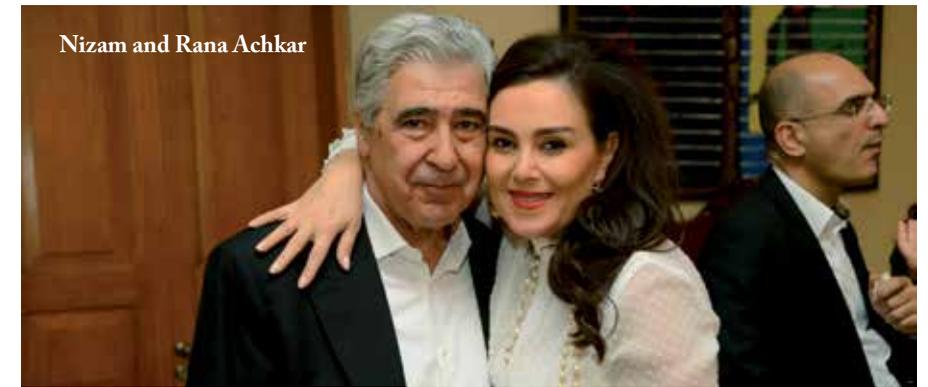
Ain Aar parents got together on September 19th and over a barbeque lunch hosted by Salah and Hala Zoghby, listened to IC President Dr. Don Bergman and the Vice President for Alumni & Development, Moufid **Beydoun '64**, talk about the on-going and future plans for the Ain Aar campus. Attended by more than 90 parents, the barbeque was organized by IC's NY-based Development Officer (and the hosts' daughter), **Hana Zoghby '09** in the family's beautiful garden.



Dr. Don Bergman talks about Ain Aar's future projects

Dinner at the Achkar Residence

Board members and many Ain Aar parents got together on November 9th over a dinner hosted by Nizam and Rana Achkar at the Achkar Residence.



Nizam and Rana Achkar



Dinners and Events



Alumni dinner in Kuwait hosted by Anwar al Mulla '63

In November, over fifty five alumni and friends attended a dinner hosted by IC Board of Trustees member **Anwar Al Mulla '63** at the Sheraton in Kuwait. The event was attended by IC President Dr. Don Bergman, Senior Vice President Mishka Mourani and VP for Alumni & Development **Moufid Beydoun '64**.

The next day, the IC delegation were invited by Mr. Al Mulla to visit The Center for Child Evaluation & Teaching (CCET), a cutting edge institution and facility that serves as a research and teaching center for learning disabilities. The Center was established by Mr. Al Mulla and the IC team were privileged to meet the Chairman of the Board, former Minister Dr. Abdullah Al-Sharhan. The center is run by highly qualified staff who are devoted to the mission of CCET. "It was a privilege to visit the Center and meet the children whose needs are being so ably catered to by the educators of CCET. The enthusiasm and dedication of the Director, Mrs. Faten Al-Bader and the Assistant Director Dr. Abir Abdullah Al-Sharhan were inspiring, as were the smiles on the children's faces!"

*Mishka Mojabber Mourani
Senior Vice President*



Dr. Don Bergman, Dr Jihad Mekkawi, Anwar Al Mulla '63, Mona Mekkawi, Dr. Riyad Tarazi '72



Left row: Fadi Abdul Hadi, Acil Abdul Hadi, Nadine Souhail '95
Right row: Moufid Beydoun '64, Rima Shahrour '90, Reem Tarazi



Anwar Al Mulla meets the children at the Center.



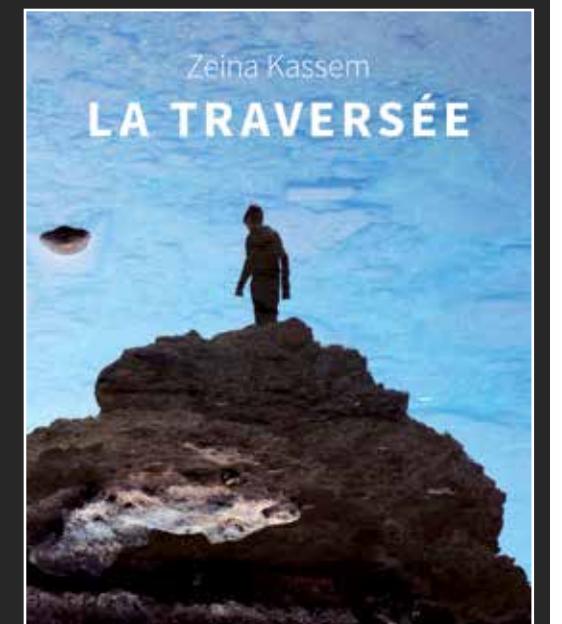
The Center for Child Evaluation & Teaching (CCET) in Kuwait.

Zeina Kassem Signs La Traversée, in Arabic and French

Five years after the tragic death of her son, IC mom Zeina Kassem published a book "the Traversée" which describes her experience after 17-year-old Talal was run over by a reckless driver as he was coming to school.

The proceeds of the book will go to support the rescue training programs sponsored by Roads for Life – an NGO established by Kassem - for ER physicians, nursing staff and EMS workers.

One of the aims of Road for Life is to improve the chances of saving victims during the "golden hour" of trauma following an accident.



Updates

'39

Farid Sami Haddad has recently released two books: the "Authentic Complete Healthy Lebanese Cooking, the Diet of Tomorrow" which includes the history of food ingredients from 2000 BC, the medical effects of food items and a list of medical conditions that can be relieved by specific food items. The second book is made up of 601 recipes.

'58

Ziad Yamout sent in the following pictures:



Left is a photograph taken for students of the High School graduating class [BAC I] of 1957 with the English teacher Richard Yorkey. A highly talented popular teach who specialized in teaching English Language and English literature to foreign students. Names are indicated for each.

Right it is picture for the fifth secondary class taken the year 1956. In the picture are the following Ali Ghaleb Al-Assad, Iskandar Ghantous, Khaldoun Haidar, Usama Talih, Nadim Maasry, Ziad Yamout, Crossy Zakarian, Riadh Shahin, Issam Jebara, Mohamad Kheir Turk, Mohamad Fakhouri, Hisham Sinno, Jihad Hamdan, Mohamad Kabbani, Samir Beydoun Khalil Tayyara



Left is a photograph from the records of my father, Salaheddin Yamout who was then an IC student. It was taken in 1925 during a football game of IC vs. some other team, with the IC students cheering their team. My father was the cheer leader, shown in the picture with tarboosh in front of the crowd.

Right is a picture of the Junior High class, taken in 1924. My father is the one seated in the front row second from right. In the photograph are his classmates and lifetime friends Ahmad Kawwaf from Latakia Syria who later became an IC math teacher, Mohammad Shbaklo who became a chemistry teacher in Makassed schools, Abdel Wahhabi Rifai who became Chief

of the Chamber of Industry and Comers during the 1950s, Philip Mutran, Aziz Sadegh, Joseph Sourati and others

'71

Fouad and May Makhzoumi sent in a photo with their children and grandchildren - three of whom go to IC - 5th generation.

"Though we lost our son Rami but his memory lives through his kids, through the yearly leadership award and scholarship at IC, knowing young generation will follow his lead, and be inspired by his life journey by reading his book. The CEO journey. <http://ceos-journey.com/>," they write.



'75

Reem Rashash-Shaaban is now Director of English Language Programs at Phoenicia University, Sarafand, Lebanon. Phoenicia University opened this fall semester and Reem has been busy designing curricula and running the programs. She is also still pursuing her career in photography and art. She had her first art exhibit "Going, Going, Gone at the Artwork Shop in Beirut. The theme of her exhibit was GOING, GOING, GONE?"

"Architecture is what gives each city its flavor and Beirut is no exception. Old houses reflect the history, culture and tradition of our ancestors," she writes. "Unfortunately, most of these treasures are being torn down and replaced by urban monstrosities."

Using photographs she has taken, Reem has created mixed media artworks enabling us to journey through time and relive the beauty of Beirut before it is gone.

Hassan Ramadan is currently the Professor & Chairman Department of Otolaryngology Head & Neck Surgery at West Virginia University in Morgantown WV. He has been married for 30 years and has two children: Jad, 27 and Rayya, 22. "I still remember my teachers, the campus and Rockefeller Hall," he writes.

'80

Dr. Nazir Hawi works at Department of Computer Science at Notre Dame University and sent the following link to a report prepared by MTV about one of his most recent pub-

Updates

lications about digital addiction where he coined a new term "E-Discipline"

www.youtube.com/watch?v=lnngwMHePo8#action=share "It would be beneficial to all parents to view this report," he said. "I would be glad to answer all related enquiries."

'89

Diana Kaissy is a mother of two boys: Ahmad Rifai (class of 2015), and Jad Rifai (class of 2017). She currently work for the international secretariat of the global campaign of Publish what You Pay (transparency and accountability in extractive industries). She is the cross regional coordinator for the Middle East and North Africa as well as Asia Pacific. "IC has been that one great institution that has equipped me with so much knowledge and built my character in such an amazing way that I find nothing is impossible to achieve in life!", she writes.

'97

Hasan Baydoun, MD has recently relocated back to Lebanon. He graduated from the AUB with a BS in Biology, and an MD. He completed his Orthopedic training at the University of Illinois - Chicago and subspecialty in Sports Medicine and Shoulder Surgery at Harvard University. Prior to his return, he was in practice in Pittsburgh, PA. He will be joining faculty at the American University of Beirut Faculty of Medicine, and practicing at the Medical Center, beginning December 1. He is accompanied by his wife, Farrah.

'02

Nader Houélla changed his job from being a Project Manager at Lebanon Opportunities to being the Consultant to the President of Makassed Association for Media and Communication (April 2015)

Dima Tabraoui attended AUB and obtained a B.A in Fine Arts in Graphic Design and graduated in 2006. She worked for two years at J. Walter Thompson Kuwait where she applied "my creative powers and focus," she writes. "My main aim was to feel independent and abundant which I met. I then quickly rode a Love Train that has been taking me at the speed of light with no way to stop or go back. Found myself on a paradise island in the United States called Siesta Key where I experienced a total rebirth. I let go of my ingrained beliefs, all I'd learned and been up until that day, strengthened my relationship with Source and my Divine Self. Read volumes of mystical enlightenment gifted from a lineage of mystics and practiced chi-kung, tai-chi, yoga, pilates, changed my diet and experimented with fasting, homeopathy, meditation, as I healed myself from conditioning. Worked at a health food store for a couple years after I became a Permanent Resident before moving to another island called Hilton Head where I currently am writing from. Here I got certified as a Vinyasa Yoga teacher as well as got certificates in Light Work

(DNA upgrades, Christ Activation, Prosperity Attunements, EFT tapping techniques, Spiritual Healing including Device Removals and Awakening Sessions, Crystal work, Essential Oils...). I feel very honored and grateful to have withstood the tests of time as I witnessed resistance projected on me as a result of my massive expansion and learned how to forgive internally as means to keep moving forward in order for me to accomplish my soul mission which is to assist humanity in breaking free from fears and conditioning to reclaiming our full power as Divine Sovereign Beings and Co-Create a World we Honor in the Highest."

'05

Sabine Bachian Petrossian is working in Paris for the CNN advertising sales department and is responsible for the Swiss market (Luxury, Financial and Swiss consumer products). She has previously worked for CNN in the Singapore and London offices. She has been nominated to be included in trade website M&M Global's competition to find 30 rising stars in international media. She graduated from Northeastern University in Boston in 2009 with a Bachelor in Communication Studies and Business Administration.

Mirna Hamady is currently Creative Director at Kashida, a product design firm creating bespoke furniture and home deco based on 3D Arabic calligraphy. She is the co-founder of Kashida, alongside her husband Elie Abou Jamra. Mirna is now based between Dubai and Beirut, coordinating between Kashida's new office in Dubai Design District as well as its original office in Beirut.

'06

Marya Beydoun welcomed to the world baby Jida Turk on the 15th September 2015 (husband: Ramez Turk)



'10

Gide Sleiman Haidar just graduated and ranked second as an architect in July from the Lebanese University and went straight to Zurich to continue her education in Masters of Urban Design in one of the top universities in the world: ETH - Swiss federal institute of technology. "I believe IC gave me high standards and helped me pursue my dreams by giving me a great educational background," she said. "I just wish I could go back to the crazy fun times we used to have back then, what I liked was the close relationship between professors and students; and how our school was the first to always have innovative educational system compared to others."

Letters to the editor

The end of the Earth!

In the afternoon of one of those days in the academic year 1961/1962 after the classes most of the boarding students were resting from the tiring study hours. Some were looking out from the windows toward ACS (the American Community School) hoping to have a lucky glance at the girls in the playground of the school. Some hard workers have already started preparing their homework for the next day and of course some were already playing outside. Mr James Sullivan was in his office presumably with his pipe in the mouth reviewing his papers...Sage Hall was dead quiet All of a sudden, the building burst with noise and, my room being next to the staircase, I could hear the steps of many people running down the staircase screaming in chaos. I jumped out from the door to see a stream of students rushing down the staircase with fear... Someone shouted: hey, Run... Run... it is the end of the world... It was just announced on the radio that a very large satellite is approaching the earth and will collide with it and both will vanish! I did not have time to think... I rushed down the stairs with the frightened "herd" to the main gate where everybody gathered and looked with wide open eyes horrified with deadly fear up to the sky waiting for the disaster how we will be crushed by the falling satellite. All this happened in a few long minutes when I heard someone shouting "hey don't worry this was a play on the radio". Apparently what happened was: the student opened his radio and heard someone shouting "a large satellite is approaching the earth to collide with it and both will perish". He thought this was the radio news!!

George Naim '62

A something of my younger days at IC

I had a wonderful time at IC, both as student and teacher. As a student I spent eight years as a boarder in both Thomson Hall and Sage Hall, the former now the center of academic, financial, and medical activities. The latter, Sage Hall, now for the Middle School. I used to have the room with the balcony on the second floor of Sage Hall. I still boast of this privilege -a private room with a balcony. As for Thomson Hall, I now really like the ingenious idea of the Infirmary in it placed right next to the Bursar's office, for is it not conducive to be going to the infirmary after a short visit with the Bursar. Now as a student what did I learn from IC? As a boarder I came to meet fellow boarders from almost everywhere and our relationship at the time was fortunately blind to those things that are now slowing down the process of togetherness in the world. We never cared to look for anything except kindness, understanding, and loyalty. No wonder my paintings are mainly a blending of visions creating a significant impact of uninterrupted harmony. What levity do I remember as a student? We were in class with Mr. Georges Basraoui, the biology

teacher, may he rest in peace. There were girls with us as IC had ventured to go coed. And Mr. Basraoui asked a girl to come up to the board and draw the reproductive organ of a female. The girl looked down shyly and Basraoui said do it please and do not copy. Another. I was once caught smoking and drinking scotch at the basement of Sage Hall, where the shower rooms were. The head supervisor, Dr. Fouad Haddad, may he rest in peace, caught me red handed and told me to come see him in his office. He said he was sending a letter to my father about this grave misdemeanor. I begged him in vain not to. Then luckily he opened the closet next to him in search of something. What do I see inside the closet? A bottle of whiskey, and supervisors were not allowed to drink on the premises. He sharply looked at me and asked: what do you see? I hurriedly said a bottle of Pepsi. He told me to return to my room. The letter was never sent. When I graduated from AUB I thought of joining IC as a teacher of English and happily stayed there for 21 years. Now as a teacher. We were reading Keats's Ode on a Grecian Urn. One of the lines read: Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter. I gave the students a test on what they thought of those lines. One of my students submitted his paper repeating the same line with only "melodies" changed to "words", and nothing else. So? Since I am limited to verbal space I cannot go on. So, a bientot



Adonis Tobme '59

A funny and clever story.

In the 1950's, we used to go to IC either by tramway or walking. One day, a tramway was coming from the Manara end. When the driver saw students coming out of classes, he made a brief stop, and quickly left the station, and kept going to avoid the student rush and jam. One of our classmates, followed the tram and kept running until he reached it, got in it and pulled down the "singeh" (a rod by which the tramway gets electrical power supply from the outside network). The tramway was immobilized and we rushed on the driver and made sure that he paid dearly for his wrong doing.

Elias Mazejy '53

Letters to the editor

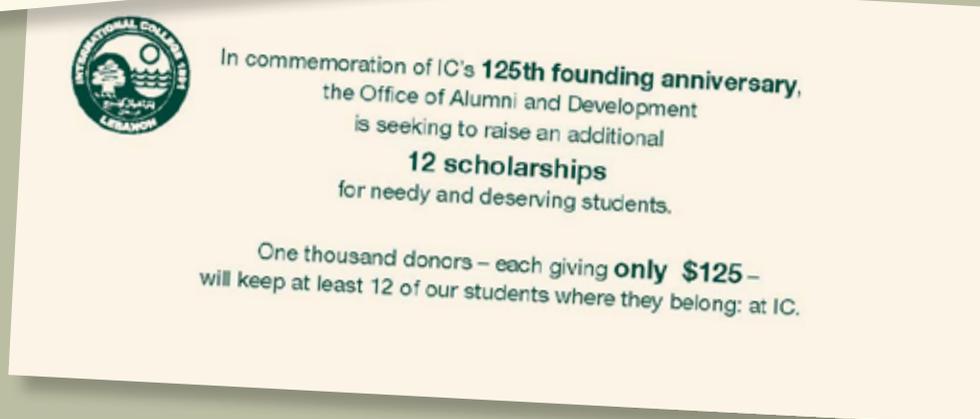
One Weekend 41 Years Later:

We agreed to meet in the airport in Atlanta. I had already rented a car. They had not, so I offered them a ride. Both planes, mine and theirs, landed a few minutes earlier than scheduled. He called me, I could not pick. He texted that both of them were waiting for me at the bottom of the escalator that leads to the baggage area. I texted back that I was on my way but will be delayed by a pit stop demanded by a call of nature. Beer is always good, but on a plane it requires a more than desired number of trips to the "you know where". As The escalator carried me down, I saw four feet turned in my direction. Carried further down I saw four legs in trousers. I assumed that these were the appendages of my classmates, and indeed as my vision climbed up their bodies I arrived to their familiar faces, his and hers. When I tried to explain to them about my visual progression up their physical contour from foot to head, they too were telling me the same story. They too watched my feet become legs, then a belly of "wajaha", a chin that now is double decked, and last, a face familiar that carries a nose of respectable proportions. "Hah"... I thought, we, I and them think alike, and why not! He and I were two of the "14ner" - the aboriginals, the natives - if you want - and she joined us the first year the school allowed girls in, that qualifies her to be an aboriginal of the female type. All three of us spent years at the same desks, in the same corridors of the halls of The Rockefeller or those of The Bliss, or on the balconies of that blissful place, may it rest in peace, the Meshref Campus. Years and years, those formative ones when the brain is a sponge and the heart is filled with the passion of youth and the enthusiasm of idealism. Heck man ... we were sculptured by the same artists of teaching, we had the same grooming, we were fed the same educational diet by teachers, we were schooled by the same traditions of The Prep, The IC as it had become known, by those that passed through those halls the many, many, many years before us. A life style, a vocabulary, a mannerism, an attitude, a way of perception of a world ... all that we had imbibed from the same carafe ... the wine of an IC education. So, you see, it was no surprise that we thought in ways that were similar ... not identical, just similar. And in the same spirit the salutations were performed ... in that IC spirit, I mean that polite, delicate and refined way. "Keefik wleeh...?"... "Mneeha ... why are you late ya watee?!?"... Not to be stingy on details, the repose came: "I had to pee ... you have a problem with that?" A conversation carried in a manner that would have made a "Jumhour" student cringe with its lack of the "je ne sais quoi...!"

Dr. Akram Talhouk '74

For the rest of the Dr. Akram Talhouk article go to <http://www.icalumni.org/>





Save the Date

In commemoration of IC's **125th** founding anniversary, the Office of Alumni and development is organizing a Gala Dinner on **May 24th 2016** in Beirut. More details will follow.

In commemoration of IC's **125th** founding anniversary, the Office of Alumni and development is organizing a Gala Dinner on **March 12th 2016** in Dubai. More details will follow.

RIP Josette Gabayen

C'est avec une profonde douleur que le département de Français de l'Ecole Secondaire a appris la disparition de l'un de ses éminents professeurs, notre très regrettée collègue et amie, Mme Josette Gabayen.

Au cours de sa longue carrière à l'IC, Josette Gabayen a enseigné le Français dans des classes et des programmes différents, au collège comme au lycée. Ces dernières années, elle était chargée des programmes libanais et français au Secondaire, travaillant sans relâche pour préparer ses élèves aux épreuves officielles, s'inquiétant de leurs performances et de leurs résultats, suivant anxieusement leur parcours. Exigeante mais enthousiaste, toujours professionnelle et toujours généreuse, c'était une femme d'une sensibilité extrême et d'une extrême discrétion, toujours là pour rendre service, arrondir les angles, ménager les susceptibilités, faire plaisir. Nous nous souviendrons toujours de son entrée quotidienne dans la salle des professeurs, choisissant un coin comme pour ne gêner personne. A peine assise, elle tirait une feuille de son sac, puis son crayon feutre pour écrire, annoter, corriger ; et dès que la cloche sonnait, elle se pressait de rejoindre ses élèves de cette démarche qui lui



était propre, pesante, fatiguée, qui cachait mal cette souffrance qui la minait depuis quelques temps déjà, serrant les dents pour traverser le hall et monter les escaliers menant à ses classes. Car Josette se faisait plaisir dans une profession qui était sa vocation. Elle était pétrie de cette Afrique, terre d'exil et d'asile qui l'a vue naître et qu'elle évoquait avec une tendresse pleine de nostalgie, une Afrique qui forme à l'endurance, au sacrifice, à la patience, qui lui a appris à rêver des jours meilleurs, une Afrique qui lui avait inculqué la joie de vivre et la fantaisie, le sens critique et le franc parler, l'abnégation, l'honnêteté, la bonté.

Aujourd'hui, Josette n'est plus. Elle laisse un vide béant au sein du département désemparé. Puisse sa belle âme reposer en paix !

We regret to inform you that Leila Kaed Bey, IC librarian for 33 years passed away in April 2014. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Kaed Bey family.

We regret to inform you that **Guy Behart '47** passed away in September 2015. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Behart family

I am sorry to deliver the bad news about my husband **Issa Kawar '70** who gave us his final breaths ending his battle with cancer on November 11, 2015. Issa was always so proud to be part of IC. I just received this tribute in memory of Issa from one of his classmates at the IC, I would like to share part of this with you.

Alex Baramki one of the many best friends of Issa wrote this in his memory.

Dear May, Nayef, Basil, Leen and Luma, By now you know that your grief over the loss of Issa, a beloved and most loving husband and father, is shared by hundreds of people to whom Issa offered the most loyal and generous of friendships. The only way I can think of to condole with you, and to try offer a small measure of consolation, is to recall a few choice memories of this truly exceptional man.

Issa first entered my life when his family moved to Beirut in the early 1960s and enrolled him at International College (IC). He did not at the time know anyone at the school, and I among others tended to be patronizing to this newcomer. The family happened to rent an apartment across the

hall from ours, so I of course specially felt that I should take this shy and blushing boy under my wing. Then I caught a nasty cold and stayed away from school for a day. Who do you think was the only classmate who came calling that same afternoon, to delight me with reporting on what had taken place in class, and to dismay my lazy self by dutifully relaying homework assignments? Tallish and slim, in jeans held up by a plastic grey belt, a pale red shirt, and thick light brown hair combed backwards, a blushing Issa, with his ever-ready and winning smile, delivered his news and wishes for a speedy recovery. This proud, thoughtful, and generous lad had gently turned the tables on me and himself assumed the role of benefactor and giving friend.

Issa's adjustment to Beirut and IC life was quick and spectacular. In addition to academic excellence it was most evident in the scouting troop to which we both belonged Beirut Alrabza, where his charisma, intelligence, sense of commitment, high principles, iron will, and his innate love of helping others soon made him troop leader. I had long since left the scouts, but when Chief Issa asked me to return, I could not refuse.

May Kawar

Happy Holidays!



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