



International College  
Partnership  
for Excellence  
Campaign

# IC Newsletter

# Spring 2011



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# Note from the Editor



It is with immense pleasure that I announce that one of the three elementary school buildings now has a name: the Hisham Ezzat Jaroudi building. It's thrilling to see our fundraising efforts paying off.

Let me introduce you to Mr Jaroudi: an IC graduate who left the school in 1962 but never forgot his beginnings. "Everything I learned, everything I am today, I owe to IC," he said.

The son of a simple merchant, Hisham used to work at the IC library to provide his own allowance. His parents believed in a solid education and saved every penny to send him and his siblings to the best school around.

He doesn't hide the fact that he has done well financially. But as he puts it: "What's the point of having it if you can't share it?" When I told him of our plans to construct a new elementary school building, Hisham didn't hesitate. He marched into my office and handed me his pledge. A few weeks later, he honored the pledge and handed me the first check.

Thank you Hisham. There are no words that can possibly express our gratitude. In this issue we also remember Mehio. Who can forget him? Do you still owe him money? Well, here's your chance to pay it back. Omar Sawaf '73 started a fund in Mehio's honor. Its proceeds will help us build the new school. So those of you who still owe Mehio money --- go for it!

It's been a busy year of travelling and soliciting. But it's all been worth it.

Meeting you and seeing your love for IC is very touching.

Thanks to you, our new elementary school is on the way.

**Moufid Beydoun '64**

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Moufid Beydoun '64".

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For comments or suggestions, email us at [rhaddad@ic.edu.lb](mailto:rhaddad@ic.edu.lb)

## ANNOUNCEMENT

We will be celebrating the:

50th Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of 1961 on Friday, July 15th  
 25th Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of 1986 on Thursday, July 14th  
 10th Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of 2001 on Saturday, July 16th

All reunions will take place at 8pm at IC Martin House Garden.

For tickets/information contact the office of Alumni & Development at:  
[alumni@ic.edu.lb](mailto:alumni@ic.edu.lb) Tel./fax: 961 1 367433.

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# The man behind the building

The way he put it, it made perfect sense. You can't take it with you. You can't give it all to your kids as they may "spend it all in a year". And much like Rockefeller and Sage did a century before him, Hisham Jaroudi '62 decided to simply give it back. "IC is what formed me, it's what made me, it's what taught me the principles I needed in this life," he said.

And so it is that IC is proud to announce that the first of the three up and rising new elementary school buildings is now the Hisham Izzat Jaroudi building.

The man behind the building is a 68-year old with gray hair, a wide grin and twinkling eyes. Some may know him as an architect, others have heard of him as the president of the Sporting Club in Manara (al Riyadi), some may know him as a board member in the Makassed Philanthropic Islamic Association, some may remember him as a close associate of former Prime Minister Rafik al Hariri, others may remember him as the closest friend of Saeb and Tammam Salaam, and some may simply know him as the loving father of alumni members: Tammam, Nadia and Thuraya.

At heart, he is what he always has been. "I'm from the middle class," he chuckled. In fact, he refuses to be anything else. His principles in life are simple: work hard, be ethical, take risks, be positive, depend on yourself, love your work, don't be shy, dream and no matter what you do, "don't put cash in your kids hands or they'll end up failing", he said. "Give them a solid education and let them make their own way." He has an uncanny memory for details. He remembers every teacher and every classmate.

There was English teacher, Charles Addington, who upon hearing his class complaining about the country was quick to admonish his students. "It's not the country," he said. "It's you who make it good or bad."

And there was Toufic Attaya, then



L to R: A young Hisham Jaroudi with brothers Nabil and Usama

elementary school principal, who showed the young Jaroudi and the rest of the six-year-olds a piece of candy wrapper that he saved from the day before. "I could have thrown it out in the street," he said. "But I didn't. I put it in my pocket so I can throw it in the trash."

Jaroudi even recalls his first lesson of modesty when he saw then IC president, Leslie Leavitt, stoop to pick up the trash in the playground.

And there was of course, Shafic Jeha, who "taught me all I know about my civic and moral duties towards my country," said Jaroudi. "I cannot refer to him as anything but my 'great teacher.'"

But his favorite IC recollection was when Arabic teacher, Alfred Khoury, praised his

50-page analysis.

"You are the hope of the future. On your shoulders, nations will be built," had written Khoury.

Jaroudi took the words to heart and while he didn't build nations, he certainly launched a successful career.

Jaroudi's beginning was a modest one. His father, a merchant in Foch Street, grilled his five children in ethics and conduct. He strongly believed in a solid education. He saved every lira and showed up every so often to school with a wad of cash in his pocket. Slowly and surely, he would count the pile of cash and hand it to the school.

"You're a good man," Jaroudi once heard then IC president Thomas Schuller say to the father, "a good man".

It deeply affected Jaroudi. Until this day,

he holds his father up as the example of hard work, wisdom and perseverance. Every morning, elementary school students were lined up for inspection. Attaya and his assistant, Samia Khalaf (later to become Sullivan) would check shoes and nails for cleanliness. Every child was required to carry a clean handkerchief on him. Moral lectures would follow.

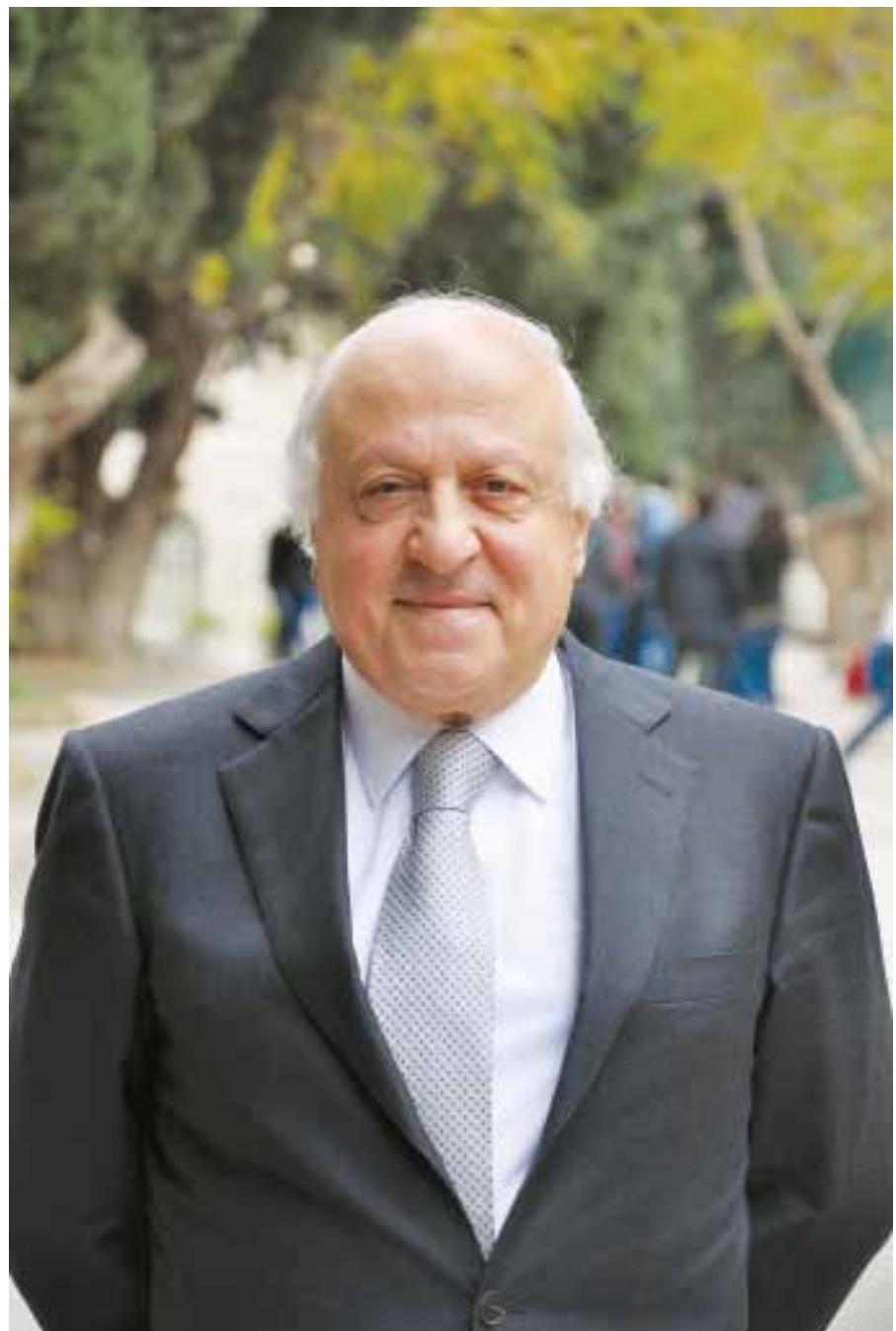
"IC taught us to be independent, to think for ourselves and not to shy away from anything," said Jaroudi. "We took risks. We went places. We were the ones who jumped off the tramway before our destinations. While students in other schools were at home glued to their textbooks (they are wearing glasses today!), we were experiencing life."

Jaroudi graduated from IC in 1962 and enrolled at AUB (he worked at the library at IC and AUB to make ends meet). But the country was going through turmoil and his father's business was hit. The family was in debt. Jaroudi dropped out of university to help out his father. One year later, all debts were paid and Jaroudi returned to university. He graduated from AUB in 1966 as an Architect Engineer. Luck was on his side. As it turned out, only four students had graduated in architecture in Lebanon that year. And those students were sought after.

It so happens that then Prime Minister Saeb Salam was looking for an architect for the Makassed Association (Salam would also later introduce him to Hariri). Jaroudi was recruited.

Jaroudi's career was officially launched. His hard work paid off and he found himself co-founding an engineering firm in Qatar, designing and building a number of villas in the Gulf. He entered the world of real estate with various projects in Europe. His ventures in Lebanon thrived and he became Hariri's real estate consultant – especially advising him when it came to creating SOLIDERE.

Jaroudi was doing very well financially. And while he was proud of his accomplishments, a nagging voice left him unsatisfied. "What is a million dollars if I don't benefit other people as well?" he pondered. His first philanthropic act was a \$25,000 donation to the Makassed Hospital in 1974. The Makassed Foundation had granted him a student loaned to study at AUB. Jaroudi felt he owed them. This was followed by various donations to charities and universities. The most recent



**"I like it that my great grandchildren will be proud to come here. Money comes and goes. But names stay forever."**

was the Hisham Jaroudi Auditorium (Nursing school, AUB) in 2010. When IC's Vice President of Alumni and Development, **Moufid Beydoun '64**, approached him for a donation towards the Partnership for Excellence Campaign to build a new elementary school, Jaroudi didn't hesitate. "I am towards the end of my career," he said, "shouldn't I at least give back to the school that started me off on this road?"

In February, Jaroudi showed up to the IC alumni office and handed in his pledge. The Hisham Izzat Jaroudi building came into being.

"I like it that my name will be there for centuries," he said smiling broadly. "I like it that my great grandchildren will be proud to come here. Money comes and goes. But names stay forever."

# Talal's Law

Never did Zeina Kassem imagine that one day she would be leading a campaign. Never did she imagine that she would be at the forefront of a battle. And never ever did she imagine that this campaign and battle was in honor and memory of her own beloved child.

Talal, 17, was on his way to school on October 19th when a speeding car hit him killing him instantly. Since that fateful day, the Kassem family has been lobbying the government to enforce laws that would protect pedestrians.

Talal's death sent shocks of waves throughout the school and community. The shock of his futile death gave way to anger. If the car was not speeding, Talal would be in class today. If radars were installed, Talal would be in class today. If speeding laws are enforced in Lebanon, Talal would be in class today.

Clad in black, a thin wisp of her former self, Zeina Kassem struggles to keep the tears at bay. The pain is overwhelming. "Yes," she said. "Talal would be with us today."

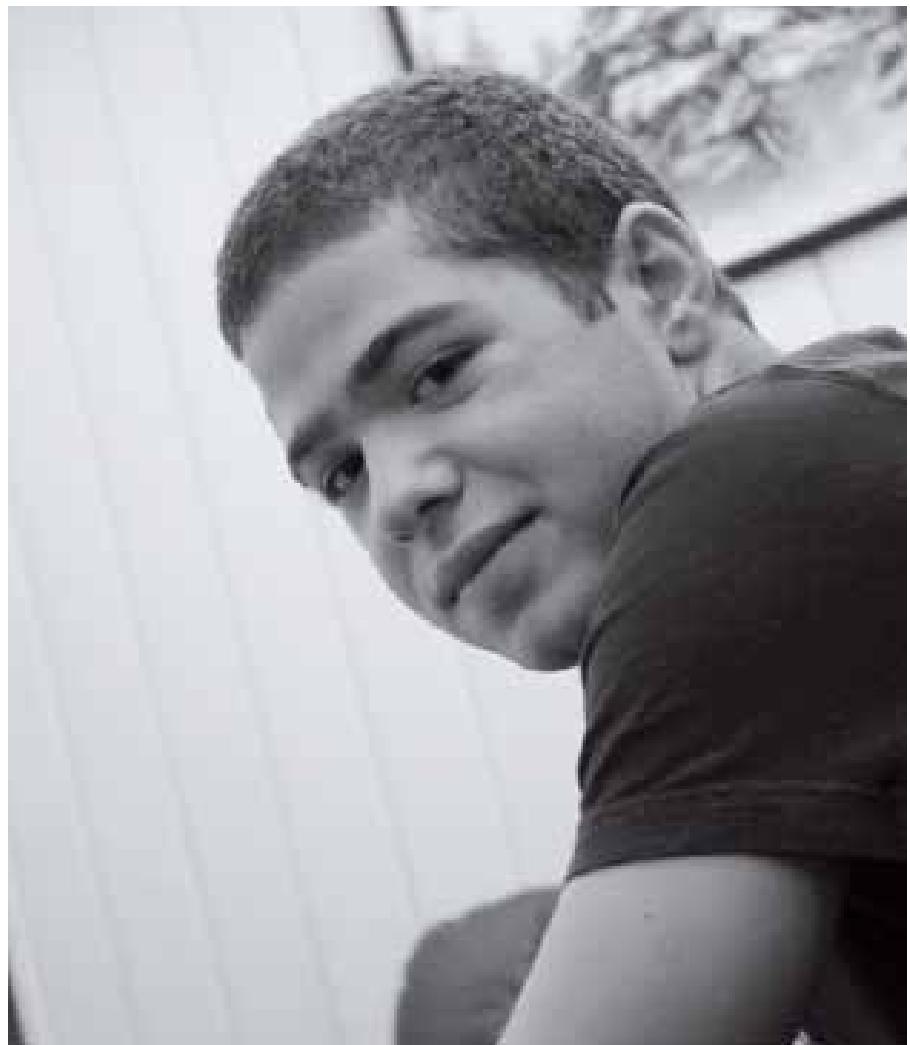
The distraught parents looked for answers. They found none. Instead, they found dozens of confused young faces, all of Talal's friends, looking at them for guidance. It was then that Kassem knew that she had a new role to play. Talal's death will not be in vain.

"I saw Talal in all of them," she said. "And I felt – I feel – this need to protect them."

On October 24, just five days after his death, hundreds of people, wearing white and holding banners gathered near the Kassem residence in Ramlet al Baida. They traced Talal's last footsteps to the Movenpick area where the boy was run down. Hundreds of white balloons were released at the site.

The battle for road safety had begun. Current traffic laws in Lebanon are outdated and lag behind other countries. Ironically, the Ministry of Interior, Ziad Baroud, had already completely revamped the law and presented it in parliament. The law was not deemed a priority and until this day remains on the 'to do' list.

And yet, unofficial statistics by YASA (Youth Association for Social Awareness), state that at least 700 people have died



as a result of traffic accidents, and around 10,000 have been injured, since the start of 2009 alone.

Outraged IC students gathered at the Serail at Parliament Square on November 25th to urge Speaker Nabih Berri to pass the new traffic law. A petition signed by hundreds was handed in.

For a short time after Talal's death, police could be seen in many corners stopping traffic violators. Radars – that were collecting dust in storage – were pulled out and installed in certain areas. Seatbelts were placed. Red lights were respected. But it was short lived. Policemen eventually disappeared. Radars went unattended. Tickets were rarely issued. Traffic went back to its chaotic norm.

Still, Kassem perseveres. "If I can get

parliament to pass this law," she said. "It's like I did something for Talal. I think this is what Talal wants. To keep his friends safe. I think of it as TALAL's law."

Talal's killer remains in prison. He's been sentenced to nine months. "And yet," adds Kassem. "A common thief gets anywhere between seven to 12 years of hard labor."

On January 14, disaster struck again. Mohamed Dimashkieh, 22, - a friend of the Kassem family - was parked at the curb and was getting out of his car when a speeding car ran him over.

"We have to put a stop somewhere," said Kassem. "This has to stop. You just can't kill people and get away with it. Talal was going to school. That was it. He was just going to school and he was killed. This could happen to anyone."



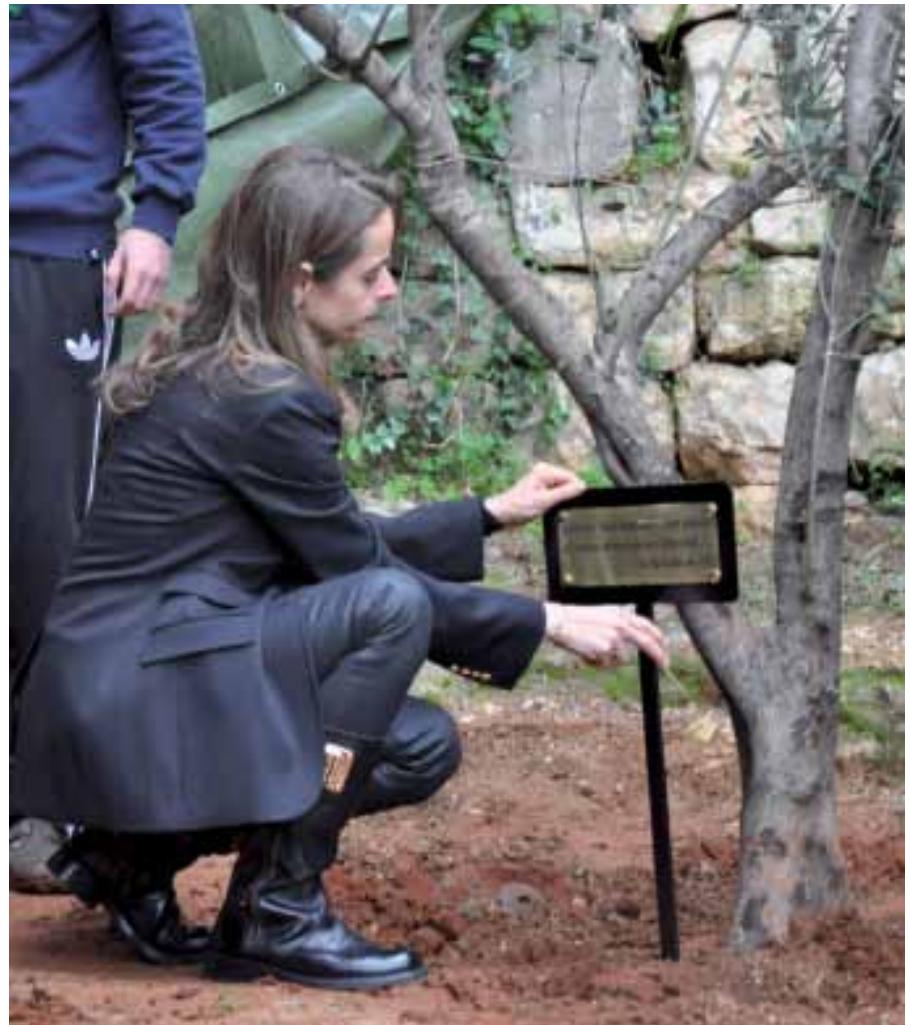
Students gather at the Serail at Parliament Square asking for Talal's law to be implemented

In memory of Talal, an olive tree was planted on campus in January. As Talal's parents, brothers and sister watched on, friends dug the earth and planted the tree. Another emotional farewell to the "legend of a rebel."

Zeina Kassem digging in a plaque in Talal's memory

## Highlights of Talal's Law

- Instilling a pedestrian law – including designating pedestrian crossing points and fining jay walkers.
- Strictly enforce all traffic laws pertaining to speeding (including motorcycle violations). Repeated violations are subjected to heavy fines/imprisonment.
- Rehabilitate all road signs.
- Formalizing driver education classes.
- Stricter penalties including appropriate imprisonment terms.





## IC student stars in award winning film

Harry Simitian, an 8th grade student at Ain Aar, was 12 when he was selected by his uncle to star in "Hinkert Zora-sune" (Fifth Column), a short Armenian film filmed in Bourj Hammoud last year. The film, written and produced by Vache Boulghourjian, is about a young boy, Hrag, and his unemployed father. Hrag leaves home with a handgun and doesn't return. His father sets off to find him. Fifth Column won First Prize at the Lebanese Film Festival in August 2010, and was officially selected by The Cannes Film Festival Cinéfondation, winning Third Prize.

**Q: Why were you chosen for this role?**

A: We're both Lebanese-Armenian boys and I adapted to the role easily. Hrag's character isn't that much different than mine so I was able to relate to him mostly because of the culture and tradition.

**Q: Did it feel strange to have camera follow you around?**

A: Not really. It was only a crew of two. My uncle did the camera work, lighting, and audio and the other person was in charge of the lighting. We were around 14 actors.

**Q: Did you enjoy acting?**

A: It was a fun experience. I really wanted to do a good job. I'm not that great in Armenian so I really had to concentrate to get my lines right. My uncle would recite the lines to me as I don't really read Armenian. I memorized them.

**Q: How long did it take to film the movie?**

A: Exactly two weeks. We did it over Easter break so I wouldn't miss any school. The toughest work day was three hours in the morning and then five in the afternoon. Then sometimes at night. I was in most of the scenes so I had to be there almost every time there was filming.

**Q: Were your parents supportive?**

A: Most of the film had my family in it in some way or the other. My aunt plays the piano. There's an old clip of my mom dancing and Vache used some of my great uncle's old films. So really, the whole family did what they could. They also helped find the actors. All the actors were paid at the end. I've never been paid before. My hobby is photography so I had enough to

buy a professional camera (I have my own photography blog).

**Q: How was Cannes?**

A: It was fun but it's not how it seems on television. The red carpet isn't that long and it's not very glamorous. But if you are really serious about acting or filmmaking, it's a second home for artists where they can discuss ideas. I learned a lot from them.

**Q: How did you know if people at Cannes liked your film?**

A: People just walk out in the middle! In some films, a third of the audience left. I was worried. But when it came to our film, only one or two people walked out. So I knew that people really liked it.

**Q: Do you think you'll pursue acting as a profession?**

A: This character was easy for me to do. I don't know if I can do others. It was a great experience but I want to study architecture or engineering. And then I will integrate art into that.

# The Science Venturers

At first glance, it's difficult to figure out who is teaching whom. It's equally difficult at the second glance. But a third glance establishes the parties: the sixth graders are guiding the fifth grade students in their science experiments.

Surrounded by giggling fifth grade girls, Georgie Haddad, 11, checks that the girls are filling the tubes properly.

"Just a few milliliters more," he tells them after carefully checking the measurements. Inadvertently, some water spills and he bursts out laughing with 'his' students. But he suddenly remembers his position, sobers up and rushes to get cleaning wipes.

"Let's start again," he says sternly. And the girls start again.

The fifth grade students are guests at the Middle School lab. Their 'teachers' are members of the Science Venture Club founded by Lab Technician, Mahassen Chanouha .

A year ago, trained and prompted by Chanouha - who wanted to find a way to instill a love of science in the early years - the Science Venturers decided to invite younger students to the Middle School lab and teach them how to conduct some experiments based on the PYP (Primary Years Program) current theme.

Their first guests were 5-year-olds from KGII and Grande Section students who, over the course of a few sessions, concluded that oil and water just don't mix. Judging by the mothers who saw their kitchens turned into 'speriment labs' later on at home, the project was a hit.

The next guests were elementary school 5th graders and CM2 students. The Science Venturers have so far led them in an experiment dealing with electric energy and presented a power point on environment, air pollution, oil spills, solar energy, biofuel, etc. This week they are experimenting to measure the volume of a liquid.

"This is not just about mixing substances and knowing how to experiment," said Chanouha. "This is about developing competency and manipulative skills. It's understanding what you are reading, what you are going to predict. It's about coming

out with a good hypothesis and testing it". Word has spread at the Middle School and now the Science Venture club, which began with a modest three members, has now blossomed to twelve.

Looking on attentively, Mohamed Mneimeh, 12, observed his group filling cylinders with the liquids. For some reason, the measurements noted for the soap solution were off.

"This is the second class that I see this happening. It must be the soap," he concluded as he shook his head at his protégées who raised their hands to interrupt the teacher. "Questions later," he admonished.

Chanouha herself is thrilled to see the students show interest. "I can see their interest in science increasing," she said. "They have

a new sense of motivation, a new level of maturity and there's a lot of teamwork." The fifth graders themselves feeling "more scientific" as Nay Hashem, 10, put it, "I like coming to a real lab."

That's exactly what Nancy Kibbi, their homeroom teacher, is aiming for as her fifth grade students near graduation from elementary school. "This familiarity with the lab and the materials will ease their starting Middle School next year," she said.

Unfortunately, time ran out a bit too quickly and the fifth graders get ready to leave. But the duties of the Science Venturers are far from done: they must prepare for the coming of another fifth grade and prepare brand new experiments.

As Mneimeh put it, "I just love it!"



# Mehio

Nabil Dabbous '80 was already an AUB student when he heard that Mehio – IC and AUB's unofficial shopkeeper – was about to be ousted from his traditional place just outside the school gate.

Dabbous and his friends quickly signed a petition requesting AUB officials to allow Mehio to stay.

The students won. An incredulous Mehio arrived home that night and told his family about the day's event.

"He couldn't believe it," said Youssef Itani,

Mehio's youngest son. "He was not a talkative man but his eyes said it all."

And yes, it seems IC's infamous Mehio had a wife and children. Five children actually. All boys: Ibrahim, Mohamed, Marwan, Adnan and Youssef. He also had a name: Mehioddine Ibrahim Itani, born in 1924. He and his family occupied a one room flat in Sanayeh.

Mostly uneducated, Mehio had nevertheless a flare for business. How he ended up at IC no one really knows for sure. What is known, however, is that Mehio started out pushing about a modest cart around Ras Beirut selling all kinds of confectionaries. At some point, he made his way down to AUB's main entrance (back then



**By the 1960's Mehio had clearly become an icon of IC. Nothing deterred him from showing up in the early morning hours.**

it was still a public road) and obviously found a niche for a ready market. That was back in the 1950's.

Mehio was here to stay.

He soon expanded his items on his cart and offered students and staff cakes, newspapers and cigarettes (Surgeon General warning didn't appear until the mid-60's and still meant little then). He never really seemed to run out of cigarettes.

Dabbous recalls watching him packing up

in the evenings. Mehio would put away all his supplies except for about 20 packs of cigarettes. These he would stuff into his pockets. "Just watch," he would tell Dabbous. As if on cue, AUB students would suddenly emerge from their dorms and run after him to buy one last cigarette pack.

By the 1960's Mehio had clearly become an icon of IC. Nothing deterred him from showing up in the early morning hours and staying well after classes were finished.

No student was ever refused an item – Mehio simply jotted his/her name down in a little notebook. Neither did he forget a loan as he called each and every student on their IOUs. “His whole business was built up on these loans,” recalled Itani.

In fact, students even flocked to Mehio for personal loans. “Mehio provided soft loans to go watch the latest 007 movie showing at the Edisson cinema nearby and to get popcorn with maybe a Pepsi or a Mirinda,” recalled Kamal Abu Haidar ‘79.

Like all others, Abu Haidar’s name was religiously inserted in his little notebook.

The infamous notebooks remained with the family until 2008 when the family home was hit by a small rocket during May conflict in 2008.

“These notebooks were heirlooms to us,” said Itani. “I hated to see them burn.” Most students honored their IOU’s. A Libyan student even sent in his money after graduating and returning to his home country. “This is why my father agreed to IOUs because of such people,” said Itani.

Anybody who was anybody could be found at Mehio’s. It was THE place to ‘hang out’.

“I remember Mr Chukri Husni, our English philosophy teacher, used to follow us to Mehio after starting his class and discovering our absence, to convince us to leave Mehio alone and come to class,” recalled Dabbous who at times skipped classes and manned the kiosk as Mehio delivered newspapers at AUB.

Mehio never missed a day – not even Sundays. Not during illnesses, not during rainstorms. Not even during the ferocious battles of the 16-year civil war.

At home, Mehio, was a quiet man. He rose at 4am and made his way to the printing presses and bakeries to collect the newspapers and fresh pastries. He rarely showed up at home before nightfall. And then, he was too tired to interact with his family.

“It’s true he never had time for us,” said Youssef. “His life consisted of mostly IC and AUB.” But, he added, his boys held no resentment against him. Not only was Mehio responsible for his own five



children, he also had to provide for his widowed sister-in-law’s five offsprings. Every night and without fail he would seat himself on the floor, open his notebooks and check the day’s accounts and IOUs. Unfailingly, his eyes would nod and he would lay his head on the cigarette pack next to him.

Nevertheless, he provided for 10 children – some of whom made it to university (paid for by Mehio).

In 1988, it was business as usual for Mehio when he felt stabbing pains in his back. At the hospital he was diagnosed with cancer and succumbed to the disease in less than a month.

It was the end of an era.

As for Youssef, he finds himself the center of much attention once it is revealed that his father is none other than Mehio. “Major CEOs want to meet me,” he said smiling. “I am very proud to be known as Mehio’s son.”



Mehio with his family

**In 2010, IC alumnus Omar Sawaf ‘73 started a fund in Mehio’s honor. Proceeds from the Mehio Fund will go towards the Partnership for Excellence Campaign to help build the new elementary school and renovate the campus. A special memorial will be named in Mehio’s honor.**

**For more information please contact the Alumni Office.  
(alumni@ic.edu.lb; tel: 961 1 367433)**

# Festive season!

## Elementary school choir (Ras Beirut)



## Secondary School Choir



## Ain Air Choir



**Little Cherubs  
(Ras Beirut)**

## Ain Aar's Green Mission

Under the slogan "Our Mission is to Keep Lebanon Green, We Believe it is Possible", the Ain Aar Parents Committee, headed by Ghada Abella, organized for the second consecutive year a tree planting project dubbed: Mission Green 2. Elementary and Middle School students planted a total of 350 trees in different areas around Metn.



## IC students sing at The festival of Choirs in Oman



Under the theme of "a world of my devising", 21 students from Ain Aar and Ras Beirut campuses participated in February in the Festival of Choirs held at the American International School of Muscat. This year's conductor was Dr Fowler Calisto who specialized in "voice matching" techniques (timbers of voices are matched). The students were accompanied by music teachers Randa Sabbah and Arlette Akl. Each group – from Ain Aar and Ras Beirut – also performed music pieces of their own.

## Math Week

Math Week was held for the second consecutive year at the Elementary School in February. Parents came to class and participated in a regular math class. The idea was to show parents how their children are learning math with critical thinking skills, hands on problem solving, collaborative learning, and inquiry.



## Classical Music Concert

The classical concert has become one of the most cherished traditions at IC. Many talented students participated in this event. "We are trying to diversify the styles of playing by having duets, quartet and quintet with guitar ensembles and Orff instrumentals ensembles," said music teacher Tatiana Bondarovich.

A new feature this year was a faculty choir who sang the finale accompanied by students and bands club advisor, Mr. Marwan Harajli, in singing Bessame Mucho.





## First building, First payment

Hisham Jaroudi '62 handing his first payment of his pledge for the Hisham Ezzat Jaroudi building (see p. 4)

L to R: Imad Taher '58, Moufid Beydoun '64, Walid Daouk '77, Hisham Jaroudi '62, John Johnson, Talal Shair '83



## SMLC (Pepsi) comes to IC

Mr Walid Assaf, Chairman of Société Moderne Libanaise pour le Commerce (SMLC- Pepsi) and Mr Bassem Al Ali, General Manager, Executive Assistant and General Manager, present IC President, John Johnson, a check for \$25,000 for the annual fund scholarships

L to R: Ghandi Fala, Bassem Al Ali, John Johnson, Walid Assaf, Moufid Beydoun '64





Dr. Ray Irani '50 handing Moufid Beydoun '64 a cheque for IC's Partnership for Excellence Campaign at his Los Angeles office

## Dinners and Events

IC president John Johnson, Senior VP Mishka Mourani and VP Alumni & Development, **Moufid Beydoun '64** hit the road again this February and made their way to Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York and Florida. Receptions and dinners were held for alumni and friends. It was a chance to reunite and remember IC days.

Mr Beydoun's first stop was at Dr Ray Irani's office in Los Angeles where Dr Irani handed him a check for IC's Partnership for Excellence Campaign. Mr Beydoun also met with Mr Mohamed Ahmar '80 to go over the final touches of the dinner held on February 5th in collaboration with the House of Lebanon. The next stop was San Francisco where a dinner for alumni and friends was held at the Tannourine restaurant on February 8th where 36 IC alumni reunited. In Houston, Mr Beydoun met with Mr **Omar Sawaf '73** who was the initiator of the Mehio Fund.

A Board meeting was held in New York and was followed later on by a reception hosted by Lebanese Ambassador to the UN Dr. **Nawaf Salam '71** on February 17th.

In Florida, Dr **Alex Bazjian '60** and his wife, Marianne, hosted a dinner attended by many IC alumni and friends. It's been years since an IC representative met with South Florida alumni! Everybody was thrilled.



Alumni dinner in Los Angeles on February 5th at the Beverly Hills Country Club. The House of Lebanon, Lebanese American Medical Association and IC joined together to host this fundraising dinner. Over 165 alumni and friends attended.



Dr Irani '50 congratulating Senior Vice President, Mishka Mourani, on her book BALCONIES: A Mediterranean Memoir.

## Los Angeles

Group picture of IC alumni at the House of Lebanon dinner.



Director of Development Peter Gerard,  
Virginie Anavy, Ralph Anavy '58.

Dinner at Tannourine Restaurant on  
February 8th. IC president, John Johnson  
delivered a speech and gave out prizes to  
alumni.

L to R: Yahia Beydoun '00, Elena  
Panayoti, Mohammad Shami '80, Senior  
VP Mishka Mourani, President John  
Johnson, Will El Kadi '97, Wael Barakat  
'03, Rabih Saliba '03



## San Francisco

Wes Jriage '71,  
Mireille Jriage,  
Elizabeth Tabet  
at Tannourine  
restaurant.





L to R: Yara Saab '03, Anthony Jones, Samir Chamaa '58, Samir Sidani '67, Hani Beyhoum '76 listening to Bill Turner's speech about IC during the reception.



## New York

IC president John Johnson, Ambassador Nawaf Salam '71, Senior Vice President Mishka Mourani, Chairman Bill Turner at a reception at the Salam residence on February 17th.



Chairman William Turner and Trustee Azmi Mikati with a group of attendees at the reception.



L to R: Omar Marchi '84, Dr Wael Tamim '86, Dr Alex Bezjian '60, Dr Mohamad Ramadan '72, Dr Ziad Khatib '80 at a dinner hosted by Dr Alex Bezjian for the South Florida alumni.

## Florida



Dinner hosted by Dr Alex Bezjian '60  
in Florida



## Q&A with Hadi Tabbal

Hadi Tabbal '01, completed his Masters in Fine Arts in acting from The Actors Studio Program at New School University in NY. He's appeared in several acting jobs in commercials and films. In 2008, he moved back to Beirut where he is teaching drama at Notre Dame University. During last summer, he ran a four month theatre workshop at the Madina Theatre.

**Q: When did you discover your love for the theatre?**

A: I did a lot of theatre at IC, a lot of plays at IC. I was in all the musicals. I knew then that this was what I wanted to do in my life.

**Q: You were an A student here at IC and the recipient for the Penrose award and the IC spirit Award. Was what the reaction of your parents and friends when you told them that you wanted to pursue theatre as a career?**

A: My parents were fully supportive and had no problems with it. But my friends kept saying that I am throwing away my future because I could be anything and make a lot of money. But what I wanted was to be an actor and nothing else. Finally, I decided to study business at AUB. But I stayed very active in theatre. I received the Penrose award at AUB but still wanted to study theatre in graduate school. I got accepted at Actors Studio in New York and received a Fulbright scholarship. So I travelled.

**Q: And how did that go?**

A: Fantastic. It's wonderful to be part of a professional theatre world. It's been great to meet huge gurus in theatre and film, to be exposed to actual work, exposure to different cultures. You

really build yourself.

**Q: You are now a successful actor and a drama teacher. Do you sometimes think back to your IC days?**

A: I am what I am because of IC. The older I grow, the more I teach and the more I study, the more I realize that what matters is the school. By the time you get to university, it's too late - not in terms of knowledge but in terms of personality. The school is the place where you learn about your ambitions, competitiveness, values, and work ethics. I owe IC a lot. Even now, when I teach my courses, I see the difference in those who are IC graduates and those who are not.

**Q: What was your most challenging accomplishment?**

A: In 2008, I bought the rights for an Off Broadway play, "Boy's Life." It was an amazing challenge. I did everything myself from acting, directing, producing, budgeting, marketing, stage management, overseeing the production management, sound and light. I only had nine actors a crew of four people and we were doing the work of 25.

The play ran for two nights and it was a huge success. I got excellent reviews among theatre professionals in NY. I felt extremely exhausted after that but had a deep sense of satisfaction.

**Q: What are your plans for the future?**

A: I hope to start up a professional theatre group. In time, I hope that people here start seeing theatre as a profession and not as a hobby or activity. It's a very fulfilling and exciting world.

# IC stories

## Year 1993:

During a Social Studies test with Mr. Samara (God bless his soul) during Bac.I, a huge student was sitting on his opened book during an exam. When the teacher wasn't looking in his direction, the student lifted himself up a bit, read some text and copied it onto his test papers.

A fellow "ideal" student blinked with his eyes to Mr. Samara pointing at the huge student (who was sitting at the end of the row on the book and covering it perfectly).

Seemingly unaware, Mr. Samara walked went to the huge student and seemed to 'stick' to him inspecting him in a very funny way. The student then asked Mr. Samara why he is acting so strange. Mr Samara replied: "salem tak". He then instructs the student to lift himself up and change seats with someone sitting in front. That was when the cheating student turned red, green and blue. The book was quickly retrieved by Mr Samaha while all the students burst out laughing.

## Year 1993:

During a chemistry test for all Bac.I sections, some naughty students were able to swipe the exam from the administration while it was being photocopied.

Those students who didn't know what happened, went into class as scheduled to take the exam. But those who knew of the copy, stayed behind and asked permission to take the exam in an hour's time with another section. Once alone, they quickly got the best chemistry student to solve the exam questions on the black board, while students copied them on the IC double sheets.

After 15 minutes into the exam time, some students - who couldn't remember the solution which was written few minutes ago on the black board - got out the double sheet which was full on all 4 sides and put it on the table in front them and continued "taking" the exam. That was when Mrs. Attal noticed that a student of a well-known average status was doing very well indeed. "Esmalla shoo shatter, did you write all of that in 15 minutes?" she said. The student replied: "ooh yes. I studied very well".

The teacher quickly summed up what was happening. "Ok", she said "Give me that double sheet, and in the remaining 1.5 hour, just write half of that".

The student turned red and green and Mrs. Attal cancelled that whole exam.

Submitted by Shadi Ahmadieh '94



## IC stories

I graduated from IC Elementary School in 1945 and from the Prep in 1949.

After my Sc. D. from MIT, my career was spent at AUB as professor, Chairman of the Nutrition and Food Sciences Dept., and as Acting Dean of the Faculty of Agricultural and Food Sciences. I retired in 2009 and at present I share an office at AUB.

My days at IC were of the most exciting and happy days. While I enjoyed reading about the great Mehio era, of whom my son Izzat Tannous (IC 1984) may have been a loser or a gainer, I feel an urge to tell you about the Hatab era of our time. Mr. Hatab stood at the entrance of IC for many years selling "Fraisico"; a ball of crushed ice which he pours on a paper coming from an algebra quiz or a history notebook which the students gave him. Then the fun intriguing part comes for us when we have to select a syrup to add on top of the ice. He had several colored bottles, containing orange, green, or yellow liquid, not realizing exactly



Courtesy of Dr Raja Tannous '49

where these flavors came from. We loved it. Of course the little ink coming from the quiz papers added to the exquisite flavor.

It may be timely, but a little late because of the loss of our dear teacher, the late Mr. Shafik Jeha, who passed away recently, and appears, in the enclosed picture taken sometime in 1945 (see page 30). Several classmates may enjoy reading this, but not our loved teacher, whom we shall miss always.

**Dr. Raja Izzat Tannous '49**



## Sincere apologies,

Ziad Yamout '57 has four children (not three as noted in the previous newsletter): Sani, Sawsan, Karim and Salah who is a General Manager in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia.

Sincere and awkward apologies to the Torossian family. As it turns out, Joseph Torossian '55 is still alive and well. The picture below sent in by Nabil Najjar '54 shows the two men (Torossian is on the piano) in Vienna rehearsing Schubert's "Winterreise", to be performed on 7th August 2020 at the concert hall of the Wiener Konzertverein. (A Joseph Torossian did pass away – as stated in the winter newsletter – but he was not an IC alumnus). IC newsletter wishes Torossian and Najjar the best of luck at their recital!

# Rooted Deep in IC Soil

Some time ago, during the World War I year of 1916, an American foreigner, window-shopping in the back street of what is now the Beirut Municipality Building, known then as the Glassware Souk or (سوق الفزار) went into a shop and was welcomed by a ten-year-old boy. The American shopper struck up a conversation with the young boy and was impressed by his outspokenness and eloquence. Upon asking the owner of the shop, the boy's father, which school he sent his son to, the American learned that it was one of the local "Sheikh" schools to which the Muslim community of Ras Beirut used to send their sons. The shopper advised the shop owner to send his son to the then-preparatory school of the Syrian Protestant College. The shop owner went by that advice, and that is how my father, Salaheddin Omar Yamout, joined the Preparatory School of the American Syrian College. I do not know what exactly the name of the school was then. It was definitely not the International College, now better known as IC. A couple of years back, I was fortunate to obtain my father's transcript from IC (Fig. 1 below). No heading for the name of the school appears.

Name: Salah-ed-Din Yamout		1922
Subject	Grade	II Grade III Grade IF IIIF IIIF
Bible		
Arabic	72 73 65 70 75 64 56 75 61 60 72 70 77 75 74 61 82 65 69	
Reading	72 75 65 71 71 70 60 60 71 72 75 73	-
Math.	79 85 78 84 71 78 48 74 72 61 78 70 71 74 71 70 67 82 61 70	
Science	69 85 62 86 72 75 60 63 90 70 70 80 89 59 78 20 79 71 77 80 76	
Geog.	53 67 19 68 63 75 71 71	
Phys. Geog.		
French		64 50 57 57
Turkish	64 50 57 46	
History		
Ethics		84 77 80 81
English	65 79 74 70 57 71 55 49 77 80 81 74 50 80 85 80 71 62 81 72	

Salaheddin Yamout Transcript Between 1919 & 1923

The interesting thing about this transcript are my father's grades. Highest in ethics and lowest in Turkish and French. It reveals his character as a highly ethical Arab Nationalist, a family trait. Also interesting is the nomenclature for the progression of class grades. It starts from II Grade, III Grade, IF, IIIF to IIIIF. I guess the F stands for "Freshman," contrary to the present meaning of Freshman as the first year of university.

My father would tell me that during those days, the principal knew the names of all the students. He used to reminisce about his association with his teacher, Farid Medawar. (One of his daughters later became Mrs. Thomas Schuler.) Mr. Medawar was my father's ideal teacher, and in addition to teaching, he used to organize a theatrical group at the school and instruct students in

the fundamentals of acting.

One of my father's reminiscences involved a young boy's prank in class. It happened during one of the daytime recesses, after the teacher and students had vacated the classroom in Bliss Hall. One of the students, who belonged to the prominent Salam family and was a brother of the late Saeb Salam, arranged with a shepherd whose sheep were grazing on campus to have his animals herded into the classroom. So imagine the reaction of the teacher when he came back to the class, opened the door to get in, and rather than find students sitting in their seats waiting for him, he was swarmed with a flock of sheep rushing to get out. One thing that strikes me about this story, though, is the presence of a shepherd with his sheep on campus. Shows how much the campus was an open place at that time. None of the security issues that plague our times.

My father loved and knew by heart and used to sing to his last days the song "Stop for the Hours Are Flying." In those days, as in ours, it used to end with "Ever live our AUB," revealing the affiliation of IC with AUB.

I have here with me, shown below, a picture of my father as a 15-year-old boy scout holding his patrol flag (dated 1921).



Salaheddin Yamout Boy Scout 1921

My father graduated in 1924 from class FIV. His grades for this class do not show in the transcript above. Below is a photo of the graduating class for that year. My father is first row second from right.



**Graduating Class 1924**

Notice how the students were all well attired ... suits, neckties, and bowties. You have to remember these are students of what now is equivalent to Bac 1. Notice this class FIV is referred to as (استعدادي الاعداد قسم الرابع الصغير).

My father later joined AUB and graduated with a BA in 1930. To be able to support his studies at AUB, he went to the village of Karak in Jordan and taught in a Bedouin school for one year, mostly among the Al-Majali tribe. He had to dress as a Bedouin, as shown below, to be accepted by the Bedouin community.



**Salaheddin Yamout, Teacher at Bedouin School in Karak, Jordan. Circa 1927**

Here is a funny story my father recounted to me that happened during his teaching year at Karak. (Reveals what happened at that time for somebody who tried to apply what he learned at IC to a remote school inside Arabia). My father wanted to organize a group of boys into a school choir to sing the Arabic national songs of that time. He auditioned his students one by one for the quality of their voices and picked those who qualified. The morning of the second day there was a lot of commotion outside around his residence. Bedouins on horses were circulating his residence in the way we see Red Indians circulate a caravan in Western movies. They were calling for "he whose name is Salah" to come out. As it turned out, my father had failed to pick the son of the tribal chief to join the choir. This was considered a big insult to the whole tribe. The only retribution was for the son of the tribal chief to join, a viable way out of this quagmire.

ity of their voices and picked those who qualified. The morning of the second day there was a lot of commotion outside around his residence. Bedouins on horses were circulating his residence in the way we see Red Indians circulate a caravan in Western movies. They were calling for "he whose name is Salah" to come out. As it turned out, my father had failed to pick the son of the tribal chief to join the choir. This was considered a big insult to the whole tribe. The only retribution was for the son of the tribal chief to join, a viable way out of this quagmire.

After graduating from AUB, my father taught at IC sometime in the thirties. I do not have the date. Following the track of his beloved teacher and mentor Farid Mudawar, he again organized theatrical groups of students for extracurricular activities. The photo below shows him with other members of the faculty. Among his colleagues who should be in this picture (but I cannot identify them) were Shafic Jeha, Musa Suleiman, Atef Karam, Faiz Assaad, Ahmad Qawwaf, Alexandre Wuthier, and Emile Najjar. All were there except Ahmad Qawwaf when I joined IC in 1952. Four of them taught me. My father is front row second from left.



**Members of the Faculty IC -- Circa 1935**

After graduating from AUB with a BA in 1930 and joining the IC faculty in the thirties, my father married, lost his wife five years later, worked with IPC, came back to AUB for two years as a student and obtained a BScCE in engineering, then traveled to Saudi Arabia, came back to Lebanon and worked with the Ministry of Public Works as an Engineering Inspector, and passed away in 1968 at the age of 62.

It was my father who initiated me into IC, which I joined in 1952 to graduate BacII in 1958. The French teacher Monsieur Alexandre Wuthier, whom I suspect to be the tall man in the middle of the picture above, taught my father and 35 years later myself. He would always comment to me, "Yamout, your fazer was better zan you."

Eventually, I myself was able to initiate three of my four children, Sani, Sawsan and Karim, into IC. To continue the chain, Mr. Nadi Nader, who taught me math for both Bac classes also taught my son Sani.

We are now three generations of IC and the fourth is on its way Inshallah, all thanks to the chance delving of that American foreigner, probably a teacher, at my grandfather's glassware shop a hundred years back.

I have dwelled mainly on my father's association with IC, not much on mine. My classmate Issam Jabara had sent in his reminiscences of our days at IC (in an earlier issue). While there are many individuals around to reminisce on my period and that of my children, there are not so many to reflect on the era of the generations before.

# Letters to the editor

Greetings,

After seeing the photo of the 50th Class Reunion of 1959 published in the IC Winter Newsletter, I thought it would be great if the attached photo is published in the upcoming Newsletter. It's the Elementary School graduating class of 1953. The picture was taken after we had spent around 4 to 6 years together and then most of us spent another 4 to 6 years until our graduation in 1959. As for me, I graduated from Illinois Institute of Technology, Chicago majoring in Engineering Management. I worked for 40 years with various engineering and manufacturing companies in the United States, Lebanon, Greece, Egypt and UAE. I retired in 2001 and now enjoy life in Tucson, Arizona. My e-mail is basman41@comcast.net.»

All the best,  
Basil Mansur '59



## L to R:

**Front Row:** Hatem Husseini, Nabil Kailani, Abdel Rahim Koleilat, Walid Unsi, Elie Sarrouh, Salim Khidr, Khalil Hakim, Sammy Ma'moun, Nabil Jaroudi.

**Second Row:** Nadim Bikhazi, Salim Ghalayini, Bishr Faris, Basil Mansur, Walid Jarroudi, Faysal Jafar, Khalil Elias, George Estefan, Mohamed El-Dana.

**Third Row:** Saleh Arakji, Marwan Hamadeh, Suhail Sarriedin, Joseph Thabit, Mohamed Ballouz, Farid Tannous, Nabil Kutteh, Toni Khuri, John Baldo, Faowzi Qammand, Ramzi Bikhazi, Salam Rayis.

Our heartfelt condolences go out to Hagop Bessos and his family for the loss of our beloved professor (BB) as we jokingly nicknamed him.

Mr. Bessos a man of science, taught me biology in 3rd secondary sometimes in the sixties, of course I won't mention when, lest everyone knows how old we are now. Once in our weekly lab session, he bends over to show me how to use the microscope and smelled cigarettes on my breath. He immediately and with a stern voice he said: "Abuhamad, you have been smoking" and this is unacceptable, neither for your age nor for your health.

In our next lesson he announced that for our lab session we are to meet in front of the Khoury Hospital building on Abdel Aziz street. Of course the whole class went there only to find out that he had booked a room with a 16mm projector where we had to watch a 30 minutes film on the removal of a lung from a smoking patient diagnosed with cancer. Sparring everyone the graphic details of how the operation went, at the end of the movie we were all asked to throw our cigarette packs in a trash bin in the corner of the room. Needless to mention, none of us dared even showing Mr. Bessos who smoke and who did not, however I did and made sure that he saw me.

Hagop, it only goes to show us ALL that the serious, stern, tough man of science recognizing way back when that cigarettes KILL, was all the man of mankind, that took the time and made the effort to educate us all not biology but a whole lot more about LIFE. In other words he simply CARED.

Sincerely,

Ramsey Abuhamad '71



# Philosophy Class 1941-1942

**1st row-standing left to right:** Rafik Hineidi, Robert Karam, Roger Saadeh, Jean Choueiri, Salim Batlouni, Mustapha Merehbi, Abdel Azizi Haffar, Pierre Sawaya, Akef Baramda, Ali Raad, Joseph Skaff.

**2nd row-standing left to right:** Sermet Passim, Rafik Haddad, Pierre Malichin, Emile Sabbagha.

**Front row sitting left to right:** Wafik Alayli, Victor Farhat, Abdel Razzak Haffar, Philosophy teacher Ariel Doubine and his son Jean Pierre Doubine, Masmoud Darwish, Edward Tayyah.

**Sitting on the floor left to right:** Soubhi Baramda, Hussein Talhouk, Ahmad Ajjan.

## Pictures from the past



Courtesy of Jean-Claude Sacy '62



Courtesy of Jean-Claude Sacy '62

## Pictures from the past



Courtesy of Jean-Claude Sacy '62

## معلمي شفيق جحا - لن ننساك

قصتي مع «معلمي» كانت قديمة، منذ بداية تربيتي. وتعلمت في الـ IC (الابتدائية) وأنا ابن السادسة من العمر.  
درسنا في كتابه «التربية الوطنية والأخلاق» أحد كتبه المميزة والذي أله «معلمي» مع زميله جورج شهلا وصحيحي محمصاني رحمهم الله جميعاً.  
كان في الحقيقة والواقع معلم للتربية والأخلاق، علّمنا حب الوطن قبل تعليمنا التاريخ والجغرافيا.

**قال الشاعر:**

أعددت شعباً طيب الأعراق  
الأم مدرسة إذا أعددتها  
فكيف بنا بـ«أم» و«أب» في رجل واحد. مربٌ صالح، ومعلم أمين نعم هو «معلمي» شفيق  
جحا.

مدرسة في «رجل» آمن بهجتمعه وبوطنه وتلامذته فكان الكاتب والمؤلف والمدرس والاستاذ والمراقب، كله في سبيل تنشئة وطنية، أعطاها من عقله وضميره وروحه سنوات عمره.  
ماذا أقول في رجل كان حتى في أيامه الأخيرة يمثل عنفوان المربى والأب «المعلم». رحل شفيق جحا ورحلت مكتبه، مكتبة رأس بيروت، لكن ذكراه باقية واسمها سيبقى نبراساً منيراً لتلامذته وما أكثرها في أرجاء لبنان والعالم العربي.  
«معلمي»

ستبقى للتاريخ مرجعاً للتربية والأخلاق داعياً ومربياً.

وقد صدق قول الشاعر:  
كاد المعلم أن يكون رسولاً  
قم للمعلم وفيه التجلا

تلמידك هشام جارودي



Courtesy of Dr Raja Tannous 49

Shafic Geha with students



We regret to inform you that George Tabbal, IC teacher of Natural Science from 1934 until 1978, passed away in February. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the Tabbal family.



## Farewell to a dear teacher

On Saturday morning, December 11, 2010, Miss Nadia Osseyran, a friend, a colleague, and a wonderful art teacher at I.C. for the past 32 years, passed away.

Miss Nadia was a gentle, quiet soul who loved the sea, the sun, the children she taught, her colleagues, and of course her “priceless” art work. She displayed nothing but sincere love and kindness to all.

A few years ago, Miss Nadia revealed hidden and unknown secrets about just how talented she really was when she visited a grade four class. During the question and answer period, Miss Nadia told the children that she had already completed

more than a 17 000 paintings on glass. I feel privileged to have a few of these painted items, items I will treasure forever, items that will bring Miss Nadia to mind whenever I look at them or whenever I use them.

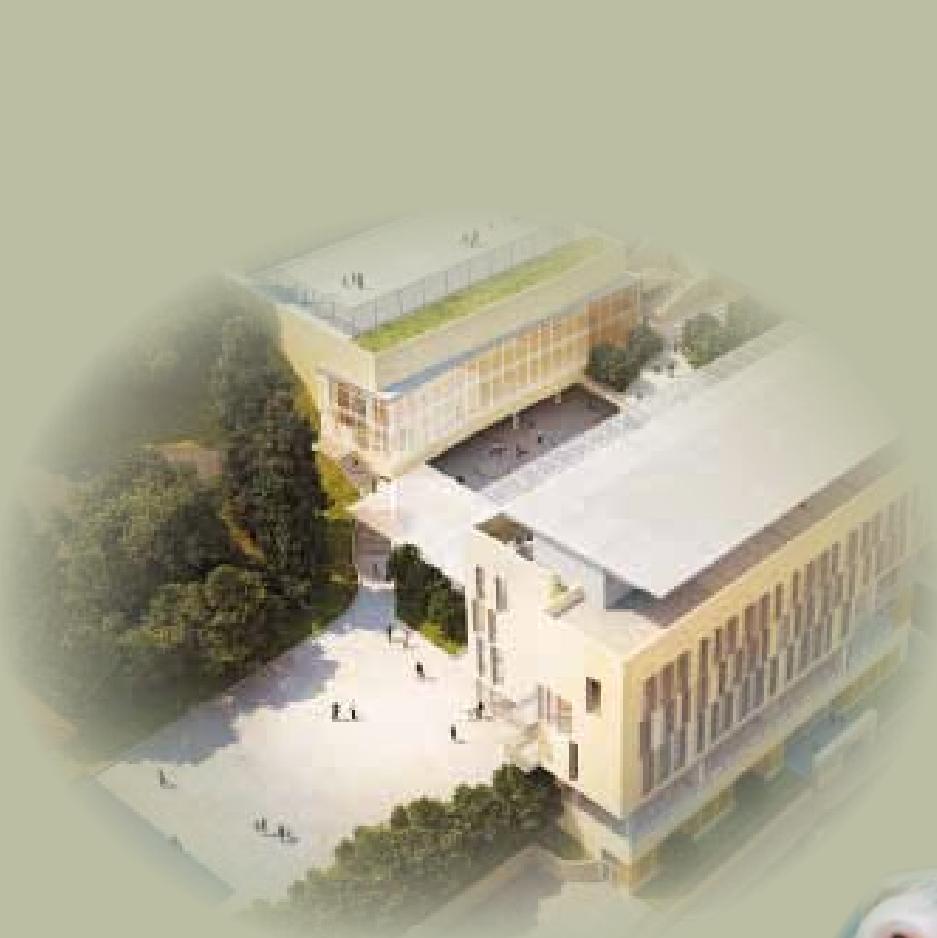
Miss Nadia was always humble and unassuming, always ready to give, never expectant of receiving. Her joy was “giving” and she gave endlessly to her students – never a free moment to be had as students flocked to her classroom to spend their free time with a teacher they loved and one who inspired them. She shared a sense of calm and respect with her colleagues and she gave a sense of honesty and politeness to all those who

touched her life. Miss Nadia’s shyness left her somewhat of a mystery to most, but once approached, she revealed the wealth of what she had to offer, a woman who possessed all of the qualities of a truly “fine” human being. Her caring and gentle nature in itself was a remarkable gift that touched each and every one of us!

Miss Nadia, we will miss you, but we will never forget you. During our times of sadness, we will remember the bright light, the outstanding artistic talent, and of course, the genuine love and “beauty of life”, that you shared with each and every one of us.

*Julia Kozak, Elementary School Director*





# Build

and they will learn



PARTNERSHIP FOR EXCELLENCE

# GIVE



#### INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

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