



# IC Newsletter SPRING 2015



IC Cafeteria:  
HACCP Certified!

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# Note from the Editor

Let me start by thanking all of you once again for your generosity. Your belief in IC's mission makes us even more determined to continue our fundraising efforts for our Partnership for Excellence Campaign.

The best part of our Campaign is meeting all of you at various reunions. It never fails to amaze me how the IC spirit somehow

connects all of us. Young and older alumni immediately get along. Indeed, these reunions are also very worthwhile networking opportunities as I have seen many new business ventures emerge!

As for IC projects, the excavations for our Ras Beirut Middle School and Pre-school are well underway and plans have been finalized for the Ain Aar Master Plan.

This issue is dedicated to Sara Khatib '10, a young alumna who passed away earlier this year. Her lively spirit, during her IC days and after, will forever be remembered.

I am pleased to announce that our Ras Beirut cafeteria is now HACCP certified. This means we have the seal of international approval that we are following all food safety procedures. The same procedures are also being followed in Ain Aar.

From our lovely hillside campus, we bring you two little heartwarming articles: The Christmas Giving Tree and Smile.

Read on to find out how the eloquent IC Trustee Emeritus, Raymond Audi, manages to excel in the best of two worlds.

There is good news for Ras Beirutis who have been fretting about the future of the area's beloved Rose House: IC alumnus, Hisham Jaroudi '61, has bought it and will be renovating it in an effort to bring it back to its former glory!

And for those who are following our historical feature (and apparently, there is a big following!), we bring you part ten of our Alexander MacLachlan series.

Enjoy our IC Spring Newsletter Issue. And once again, thank you for all your support.

Best regards,



**Moufid Beydoun '64**  
**Vice President**  
**Alumni & Development**



### EDITORIAL TEAM:

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We will be celebrating the:

**20th** Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of **1995**  
on **July 21st** 2015 at **8pm** at the Ras Beirut Campus.

**25th** Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of **1990**  
on **July 27th** 2015 at **8pm** at the Ras Beirut Campus.

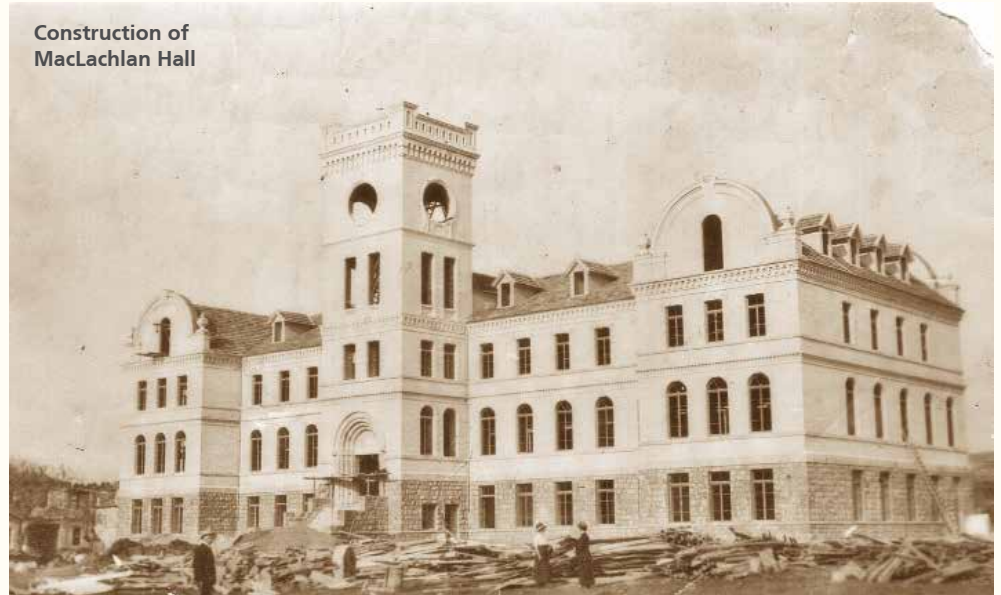
**50th** Graduation Anniversary for the graduates of **1965**  
on **June 10th** 2015 at **8pm** at the Ras Beirut Campus.

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

# The Adventures of Alexander MacLachlan:



*Protestant Minister Reverend Alexander MacLachlan was well on his way to achieving his dream: a new state-of-the-art campus for IC. He had the needed capital, he located the land and even managed to secure the Imperial Firman – permission to shut down the old school and build a new one. Now, there was only one thing left to do: build it.*



If Reverend Alexander MacLachlan took on more than he could chew, he didn't let on. The land in Paradise, just a mile and a half away from the city, was in a lovely valley watered by the Meles River, the home it is said of Homer.

MacLachlan himself designed the campus: three main buildings, a few auxiliary ones and enough space to establish a farm and large playing fields.

But in his zest in planning out his vision, he underestimated the construction costs. His budget of \$175,000 (mostly a donation from the Kennedys) would obviously not go very far. In the beginning, he hired a Greek architecture firm to supervise the operations but soon dismissed them after they committed some major errors. Finally, he decided that he would save a considerable amount if he supervised the construction himself.

In the early summer days of 1912, the excavations began.

Every cent had to be counted for: thirty cents a day for the laborers and one dollar a day for the foremen and the master workers. He hired an "efficient Albanian" to do the hiring and firing and put his own son in charge of timekeeping. As luck would have it, a ship coming from Norway landed in Smyrna just as construction was about to begin. MacLachlan went straight to the ship's owner and immediately bought the entire ship load at little over one half the retail price including the scaffolding

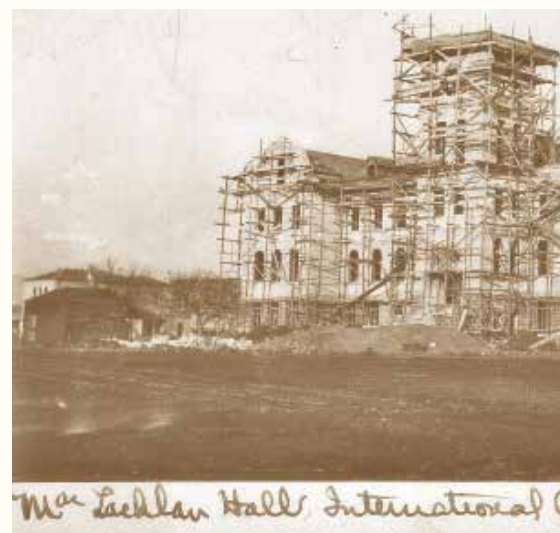
poles and timbers.

He still had to find more ways to cut costs. He suddenly hit upon a great idea: why not open his own quarry right next to the campus?

He offered the neighboring landowner four cents for every cubic meter squared quarried.

"The stone came out in easily worked layers and the many hundreds of cubic meters of choice quality building stone were all provided at an almost nominal cost," he wrote in his 1937 diary *Potpourri of Sidelights and Shadows from Turkey*."

Next he turned his attention to the cement. He found out that using pozzolan (volcanic ash cement) can be used as a cheaper





# Smyrna (Part X)

substitute to cement.

He chartered a sloop (a kind of sailboat) to go to a nearby Greek island and bring a cargo full of the volcanic material. As a final touch, MacLachlan rented hydraulic presses and brought them to the campus to manufacture the needed cement bricks.

By now it was the summer of 1912.

Construction finally began on the first building: the North Gate lodge. MacLachlan put up an adjoining tent and moved his family into the two dwellings for the remainder of the summer.

But once summer was over, the Minister spent his days driving out every morning between 6 am and 7 am, returning for breakfast, taking charge of chapel exercises at 8:30am, followed by his morning classes. He then returned to Paradise at 10 am where he remained supervising the work until after sunset. "It was a very strenuous experience supervising the job in all its details," he wrote.

Racing against the clock, MacLachlan managed to accomplish an incredible feat: the campus was completed in only 15 months - just in time for the fall term. There before him stood three major fire and earthquake proof buildings, seven small auxiliary buildings, servant quarters, two gate lodges, a laundry, drying shed and a lavatory building. The completed plant also included a sewage disposal



system, a power and electric lighting plant, ten foot high surrounding walls on two sides of the campus as well as some wells and elevated water tanks.

His pride and joy seemed to be the gymnasium which at the time was the largest and best in Turkey. It appears that it was designed with the help of Dr. James Naismith, a staunch fellow Presbyterian who just so happened to also be the inventor of the game of basketball.

The President's house was dubbed "Kenarden Lodge" (apparently to associate Emma Kennedy's gift to the College with her summer home Kenarden in Maine).

A considerable amount of leveling had been done to accommodate three tennis courts near the Lodge.

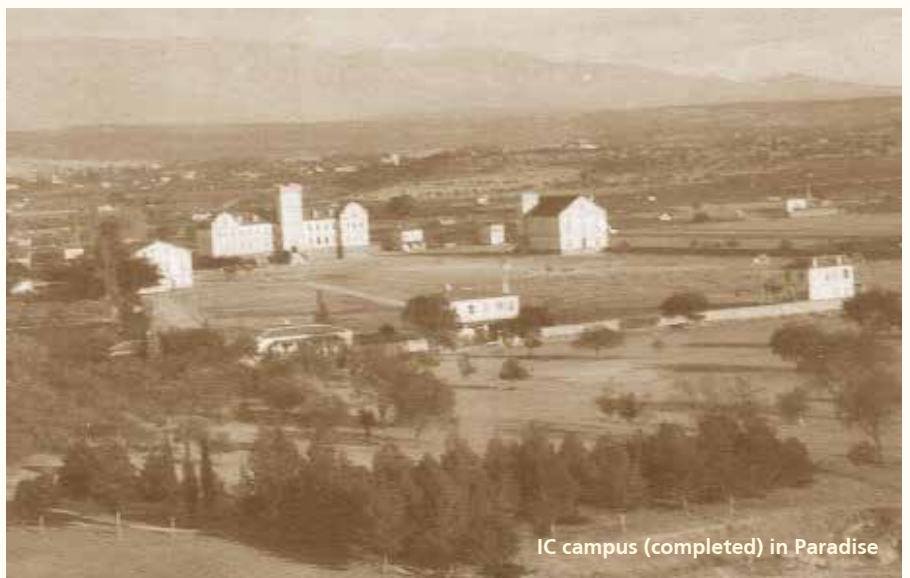
MacLachlan's penny pinching techniques worked. "Only the three major buildings and the President's house were included in

the estimated cost given to Dr. Schauffler and Mrs. Kennedy in New York," he said. "When the buildings and other costs were all paid, we were pleased to find that we had still a balance on hand of nearly fourteen thousand dollars."

It was indeed a state-of-the-art campus in every sense – and a school which will be used for many generations to come. In a sad twist of events, however, IC would only end up using the campus for 22 years. But at this splendid moment in 1912, MacLachlan was still basking in the glory of his wonderful campus in Turkey. And so he set about planning the inauguration.

*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.*



IC campus (completed) in Paradise



At the soap museum in Sidon

## The Best of Two Worlds: Raymond Audi

The photograph hangs just outside his office wall. It depicts a beautiful mansion on the once grandiose Sursock Street. The winding stairs inside, it is said, were exquisite, the architecture breathtaking.

For Raymond Audi – it is an ever present reminder of what he had done. The IC Board Member, banker and former Lebanese Minister, was talked into participating in the undoable: destroying the grand mansion.

That was in 1980. Thirty-five years later, Audi cannot forgive himself. And since that day, he has thrown himself into saving Lebanon's heritage and doing what he can to encourage the arts. Just a few years ago, pressure mounted on him yet again to destroy another beautiful villa that Audi had been using as bank headquarters – also on Sursock Street. The bank had moved to its current downtown location and the villa remained empty.

"Not again," he said. "I refused."

Instead, he renovated it and turned it into a museum for mosaics.

Few haven't heard of Audi – the debonair finance tycoon whose bank carries his family name. The numerous awards and honorable distinctions are too long to list but it suffices to know that he was

dubbed by Forbes in 2014 as one of the 100 richest and most powerful Arabs in the world.

He shrewdly managed to build up the family bank, established with his father and his brothers in 1962, to become one of the top banks in Lebanon. It has a full-fledged presence in 12 countries and boasts over 6,000 employees.

It's enough to create a rather large ego. But not Raymond Audi. The energetic father of three couldn't wait to show off his latest treasures: paintings all along the bank walls. Each floor in the contemporary and elegantly styled downtown headquarters has been dedicated to a local artist. In fact, Bank Audi is the first Lebanese bank to create a comprehensive corporate art collection, in three of the bank's buildings (Lebanon and Europe).

Audi eagerly leads the way. These 'art floors' are his pride and joy.

"I like to help the Lebanese artists sell their work," he said. "They deserve more than they are getting."

His eyes sparkle as he sprightly leads the way through the glass-fronted bank building. He never really wanted to be a banker. He had always wanted to become an architect but his father insisted



that his son join the family business. A dutiful son, he did so.

He took an avid interest in art when the family moved to Switzerland during the war. It was then he began his art collection and somehow managed to merge two unlikely worlds: finance and art. Since then, employees have found themselves plunged into a world of mosaics, sculptures and paintings as they pour over endless financial figures.

(The entire Audi collection is featured in a 153-page book, "Pièces Choies").

At the end of the war, the family moved back to Lebanon to discover their home town of Sidon – like the rest of the country – in much disarray. Audi's childhood home, in the midst of the old souk,s had been turned into a school and a squatter residence.

Once the home of affluent families, the quarter neglected and in disarray had become a poverty-stricken area for about 14,000 inhabitants. Most of them rented the houses when the owners began moving out of the old city in the 1950s and 1960s. By the end of the war, the historic city had become a maze of shabby alleyways, rundown homes and filthy, rat-infested pathways.

But Audi only saw the beauty and the possibilities. He moved the school and paid the squatters to leave. The cleaning process began. The damage was extensive but bit by bit the old walls and majestic arches began to reappear. The ground floor used to be a soap factory until the 1970s. Audi decided to transform it into a museum about the history of Lebanon's soap making. But he was in for a pleasant surprise: an entire underground of historical treasures was discovered below the building's floor line. As the old stone of the factory came back to life, Audi went a step further and began to renovate the rest of the area.

"I love it," he recalled. "I wanted to create an ambiance, so I started cleaning the streets around and buying houses."

It was an amazing step back in time. He enthusiastically envisioned the whole souk charmingly renovated and dotted with local craftsmen. And so in 2000, he established The Audi Foundation to do just that. The Foundation, however, would face several blocks disabling it to complete its mission.

Meanwhile, Audi managed to lease a debilitated ruin in the Shouf area and lovingly restored it.

"I am a real believer in the future of Lebanon," he said. "I believe we all have a role to play in our community. This is my role."

A young  
Raymond Audi in  
Sidon



Restored Soap museum in Sidon



Someone reached out to you with an anonymous act of kindness.  
Now it's your chance to do the same. Do something nice for  
someone. Leave this card behind, and keep the spirit going!

Joumana Khairallah sat at her desk at Ain Aar one morning and found one.

Lara Mansour went into her classroom and found one.

Amelie Bou Gebrail opened her locker and found one.

So did Raya Tabet.

For the rest of the day and indeed the next few days, Ain Aar's Pre-school and Lower Elementary teachers were smiling uncontrollably.

Soon, many teachers were smiling. They had also received a 'smile card.'

On the back was a personal note from a secret admirer. Their note was accompanied by another blank smile card. It was now up to them to write a meaningful note on the back of the card and 'tag' someone - drop it, unseen, at another teacher's desk.

While some teachers didn't really get into it, others did - and did so with enthusiasm.

"It was great," said Khairallah, an Elementary school teacher, "and the note was so touching. It put me in such a

good mood."

She immediately 'tagged' someone else and added a personal note. Until this day, she doesn't know who sent her the card nor is she willing to reveal who she sent a card to.

It was part of Ain Aar's Preschool and Lower Elementary school initiative in November: Kindness Week.

Somehow it didn't seem right that only students engaged in 'Kindness' activities. So, school psychologist, Sandra Manasci, suggested an activity for teachers as well - thus the creation of the 'smile' cards.

"I didn't know what it was at first," said Mansour. "But then, you do smile. And you don't stop smiling. How can you not?"

The 'smile card' (with its personal note) hangs in her classroom - a continuous reminder.

Kindness week ended in November but Lower Elementary school Director, Lina Mouchantaf, is now on high alert.

"When I feel the momentum going down, I supply another sack of smile cards," she said mischievously. "'You should see them then in the faculty lounge!'"

**Surprise your family and coworkers with your own smile cards: make copies of the card above, cut them at the perforated lines, write a personal anonymous note on the back and 'tag' someone. Then sit back and watch the reaction. Do not forget to supply a blank smile card.**





# THE CHRISTMAS GIVING TREE

Somehow it didn't seem right. The parents bought the gift. The shop keeper - most likely - wrapped the gift. The child then simply hands it over to the school which, in turn, hands it over to various orphanages at Christmas. In short, the child did very little at all.

"I just didn't see how learning was happening here," said Ain Aar Pre-school Director, Lina Mouchantaf. "There is a gift in giving. They have to be involved."

And so the Ain Aar campus faculty found themselves taking a different route. Instead of buying gifts this year, children from Preschool to Grade Three set to making Christmas ornaments themselves in their classrooms. And much like Shel Silverstein's infamous Giving Tree, they were to be hung at Ain Aar's own "Giving Tree".

Now the best part: Upper Grade students and parents would then be invited to buy the ornaments. Maybe a few would show up - and the kids would raise just enough money to buy a few gifts for the orphans. At least that was the plan.

As all projects are, it was more work for the teachers. At first, there was much skepticism.

"But then it became really fun," said teacher Nayla Serhal. "I could see the children really understanding what is it that they were doing. There was a goal and they wanted to get there."

All too soon, students and teachers found themselves caught up in the

festive season, creating more and more ornaments for their Giving Tree.

The Tree was now full. Notices were sent out to parents and Upper Grade students. Mouchantaf looked at the tree with a wary eye. Would parents really come and buy these handmade ornaments? Would older students show up? What if she didn't collect enough money?

The orphans were waiting.

"If we can get \$500 from this," she said wistfully, "we can work it out."

Ain Aar opened its doors and waited. Now, two months later, Mouchantaf still can't find the right word to describe it. "Amazing," she kept repeating. "Just amazing."

Something happened in those few days. Perhaps it was the Christmas season, perhaps it was the children's con-

tagious enthusiasm or perhaps it was the teachers' keenness.

One after the other, parents started filling out the collection box. Preschoolers broke their piggy banks.

"The Middle school kids? We couldn't stop them

from coming in and out to buy the decorations," said Mouchantaf. "The parents? They went well beyond generosity."

By the end of the few days, Ain Aar had collected a whopping amount of over 6m LL.

No one could believe it. Instead of supplying two orphanages with gifts as planned, the money was enough to buy presents and needed equipment for seven charitable institutions.

"It was a gift of love," said Jason Kesrouani, age 5, "and do you know who made them? We did."

Yes, agreed Ella Khoury, 5. "I made a nice thing for the tree and my parents bought it."

The school went a step further. They asked some of the institutions to send

them their Christmas wish list. And so it was that the Administration and Faculty went on a shopping spree. Fashionable handbags for some, accessories for others, toys, books, food coupons and water beds for an elderly home nearby.

"Everyone got what they asked for," said Mouchantaf. "And this was all due to students, teachers and parents. It was just amazing."



# IC Cafeteria: HACCP certified



After a year of reviewing every aspect of IC cafeteria's food safety procedures, the school has earned the HACCP - Hazard Analysis Critical Control Point- certificate. The certificate was awarded by A-cert (a European inspection and certification organization).

The move follows a complete renovation of the seating area and the kitchen when the old snack bar was replaced with a brand new, sleek cafeteria filled with plastic covered seats, vibrant red color, anti-sneezing shields, air conditioning, dangling lights and two mini bars: one of which overlooks the glorious

Mediterranean sea.

In an effort to earn the HACCP certificate, the routine safety procedures were reviewed over the last year. (The same procedures are currently being undertaken in IC's Ain Aar cafeteria).

"There should always be some kind of documentation to fall back on if something happens," said Talal Jundi, IC's Vice President for Finance and Chief Financial Officer. "And there is a sense of comfort to officially know that we are indeed processing food in a safe way."

Basically, it is a system that helps food business operators look at how they handle food and instills procedures to make sure that the food produced is safe to eat.

"We are ultimately responsible for over 1,500 students, staff and employees," he continued. "We must ensure that the cafeteria is using the right methods and techniques to produce and process the food that we eat."

The review of the cafeteria's safety procedures was delegated to Fatima Mrad – the Physical Plant Executive Secretary – who was delegated to be the HACCP Team Leader.

Mrad threw herself in the task and began not only researching every aspect of food safety but enrolled in an intensive course given by Boecker, a professional food safety consultancy.

The work began. The details seemed endless. But these are the details which would ensure the food safety procedures.

There were things that few would think of: the usual wrist length gloves were replaced

**Talal Jundi '86, Fatima Mrad,  
Joseph Nohra (Abela Catering  
Manager)**



with arm length ones (protection against arm hair); overhead lights were protected with Plexiglas® shells (in case of one breaking) – in fact all glass bottles were replaced with shatter proof materials; knives could not have wooden handles (in case of splinters); refrigerators, all seventeen of them, were fitted with calibrators and strictly delegated to different types of food; and additional water filters were fitted to all water pipes connected

to the snack bar. (See box below for all safety precautions taken).

“Every safety precaution possible has been taken,” said Mrad. “Every international standard has been followed.”

Despite all the precautions, food poisoning is always a threat – even in the best of restaurants. As a precautionary measure, a sample of all food prepared is stored in the fridge for three days. “We are doing this in case someone



claims becoming ill,” said Mrad. “We can immediately pinpoint the culprit if it is indeed from the cafeteria and take corrective measures.”

An extra precautionary measure: a quality controller sent by Abela is always on hand. No stone, as they say, has been left unturned.

Finally, IC was ready for HACCP auditors who scrutinized the kitchen. IC cafeteria passed with flying colors and was awarded the certificate.

It came just in time too: the country was reeling from a food safety scandal after a 20-day Health Ministry campaign that examined over 1,000 establishments across Lebanon had found that a myriad of food establishments were carrying spoiled food and disregarding food safety protocols.

“The certificate put parents’ fear at ease,” said Jundi. “This is the best that we can do. The safety procedures we have installed cannot be found in most school and university cafeterias in Lebanon. But suggestions for improvement all very welcome.”

- **MEAT, POULTRY AND FISH:** samples sent every three months to laboratories for testing.
- **DAIRY PRODUCTS:** ISO certified
- **VEGETABLES:** disinfected and tested with disposable strips to assure the absence of bacteria. Washed with potable water.
- **END PRODUCTS (COOKED FOOD):** tested every three months
- **WATER:** Potable, UV filtered, microbiological tests every three months and chemical tests every year.
- **Surface countertops** tested for bacteria every three months.
- **AIR QUALITY:** tested annually.
- **FOOD HANDLERS:** hand swabbing tests, tuberculosis checks and stools tested every three months. Training workshops throughout the year.
- **REFRIGERATORS:** calibrated every week
- **MASTER PROBE THERMOMETER:** calibrated annually
- **Utensils and equipment** sterilized daily
- **ALL FOOD:** wrapped, labelled and dated.
- **SUPPLIERS:** ISO certified or approved by Ministry of Health
- **Dry supplies** stored in temperature and humidity controlled room
- **Refrigerated supplier vehicles**
- **Color coded cutting boards** for different food products
- **Air curtain** installed to prevent air borne articles in food
- **Replacement of all wood, glass, aluminum pots and utensils with stainless steel** (to prevent erosion and physical hazards)



## Ras Beirut Middle School Choir



## Ras Beirut Elementary School Choir



## Ain Aar Junior Choir



## A special visit

Mr. **Omar Sawaf '73** visited the campus on December 23rd, 2014.

He was accompanied by his wife Sima, children, grandchildren and other family members.

Vice President for Alumni & Development **Moufid Beydoun '64** received them warmly and led them on a tour of the campus.





# Teachers' Day Dinner



*Bristol Hotel*

*March 6th*

## RETIREES

Mrs. Samia Boulad – All College  
Mrs. Amal Charara – Middle School  
Mrs. Majida Chatila – Secondary School  
Mrs. Patricia Hamra – Secondary School  
Mrs. Nabila Hemadeh – Middle School  
Mrs. Maysoun Mohamad Ali – Secondary School  
Mrs. Paula Mufarrij – Secondary School  
Mrs. Arlette Tabet – Ain Aar Upper Elem. & Mid.  
Mr. Elie Sfeir – Business Office

## 35 YEARS OF SERVICE

Mrs. Hana Bekdache – Elementary School

## 25 YEARS OF SERVICE

Mr. Elias Abdel Jalil – Ain Aar Middle School  
Mrs. Arlette Abi Raad – Ain Aar Preschool  
Mrs. Celine Abou Rahhal – Ain Aar Lower Elementary  
Mrs. Mary- Helen Gholam – Ain Aar Middle School  
Mrs. Micheline Gholam – Ain Aar Lower Elementary

Mr. George Hanna– Middle School  
Mrs. Pascale El Hitti – Ain Aar Preschool  
Mrs. Sylvana Kadi – Elementary School  
Miss Maya Karam – Ain Aar Middle School  
Mrs. Lina Labban Chahda – Human Resources Department  
Mr. Osman Osman – Middle School  
Miss Rima Rifai – Preschool  
Mr. Hussein Said – Secondary School  
Mrs. Samar Salem – Ain Aar Preschool  
Mrs. Suha Salka – Middle School  
Mrs. Dalida Sayah – Ain Aar Infirmary

## AWARDS

Edmond Tohme Outstanding Educator Award – Paula Mufarrij  
Randa Khoury Innovation in Teaching Award – Nabila Hemadeh  
George O. Debbas Staff Awards – Hussein Farhat, Tima Mrad  
Albert Abela Distinguished Teacher Awards – Josette Eid; Micheline Gholam; Wissam Hanna; Sana Harakeh; Rand Tabbara; Elie Hayek; Lina Kaddoura; Nabih Lahoud; Huda Tarraf



## Dinners and Events

IC president, Dr. Don Bergman, Senior VP Mishka Mourani and VP Alumni & Development, **Moufid Beydoun '64** travelled to the US in February to attend the IC Board meeting. They also held or attended alumni reunions in Boston, Houston, San Mateo, Los Angeles and New York. They were joined by the latest newcomer on the IC team **Hana Zoghby '09** who is now the

Development Officer in the NY Office. It was a chance not only to rekindle old friendships and make new contacts, but an opportunity to hear about IC's Partnership for Excellence Campaign and know first-hand about the latest projects for Ras Beirut and Ain Aar campuses.

### IC Alumni Dinner in Boston

Dinner hosted by **Dr. Dania Ali Ahmad Mansour '87** and Moussa Mansour at their residence.



Moufid Beydoun '64,  
Dania Mansour '87



Maria Koussa '08, Ahmad Zameli, Moufid Beydoun '64, Farah Machlab '06, Hala Boustani '11, Hana Zoghby '09, Aya Hamadeh '09, Christine Saliba '09, Karma Salem '06





Moussa Mansour, Dr. Don Bergman, Jake Ludes



Nour Arkadan '08, Assil Hoballah '10, Mishka Mourani, Christine Saliba'09, Aya Hamadeh '09, Moufid Beydoun '64, Adil Younes'04,







Sima and Omar Sawaf '73 with guests



Omar Sawaf '73 with guests

## IC Alumni Dinner in Houston

Vice President for Alumni & Development **Moufid Beydoun '64** visited Houston February 9th and attended an IC Alumni dinner hosted by Omar and Sima Sawaf at Carrabba's Italian Grill.



Houston Dinner



Left side: Khaldoun Drooby '76, Iman Drooby  
Right side: Mirna Karam, Tarek Ghandour '78



## IC Alumni Dinner in San Mateo

Dinner at Tannourine restaurant



Jibran Jahshan '82, Moufid Beydoun '64



Betsy Dalloy, Rabih Saliba '03, Rafic Farra '08



Cindy Mogannam '96, Jiries Mogannam, Ralph Anavy '58, Nadia Muafi, Tarek Muafi '86

## IC Alumni Dinner in Los Angeles

Dinner at **Mohamed Ahmar '80** and  
**Hania Ahmar '92** at their residence.

Mishka Mourani,  
Sawsan Rafidi,  
Ian Reed







Karim Kano '74, Mohamed Ahmar '80, Hania Ahmar '92



Los Angeles dinner

## IC Alumni Dinner in New York

Dinner hosted by **Marwan Marshi**  
'79 at Al Bustan restaurant.



Dr. Don Bergman, Dr. Rashid Baddoura '66, Roula Baddoura



Chairman of the Board, William Turner, speaking at the dinner



Rima Alamedine '83, Ziad Alamedine '79, Marwan Marshe '79,  
Maha Alami '89, Reina Arakji '96



NY dinner



First IC, then AUB (business major) and finally, an MA in Fashion Communication from Paris, not to mention winning the 2010 World Championship title in Kung FU – goes a long way to distinguishing her.

"Most of the people auditioning around me have been training professionally since childhood," she said. "But they don't have the multi diversity aspect that I offer."

Awad has already been asked to perform at The Cutting Room – the NY music club which gave many of today's stars their start. In February, she performed at the IC Alumni dinner in New York.

"I have no regrets," she said. "Maybe I will make it and maybe I will not. I have already gained so much with all the exposure, the networking and the open mindedness I have encountered. I want to give this a try. This is my path."

## Just Follow a Dream

Most people dream about leaving their jobs. Some even fantasize about taking the actual steps. But very few actually do it.

At the risk of coining a cliché, **Raya Awad '07** is following her dream.

One day, she had a solid foot in a promising career ladder at Paris' Elie Saab. And the next, she was training at the prestigious Broadway Dance Center in New York and auditioning for Les Misérables and The Phantom of the Opera.

"Well," she said simply, "if I don't do it now, I will never do it."

And, yes, it all began at IC. She fell in love with the stage and participated in all the performing arts' shows. She moved on from IC as all graduates do but couldn't seem to shake off the gnawing ache for the stage.

Finally, she heeded its call.

It's a tough world and a highly competitive one. Between auditions, Awad goes through a grueling daily eight-hour dance training schedule at the Center. She is the first Lebanese to have attended the school.

A farfetched dream? Not so. She has already been spotted by talent scouts

at the school for her singing abilities. Awad was taken aside and asked about her goals.

"Professional dancer", she answered. "And professional singer," she was told.

Since then, Awad – who never took singing lessons before – found herself taking voice classes and fine tuning her skills.

"I am now categorizing myself as an independent artist who sings alternative rock genre," she said.

Her own record label is to come in the future but at the moment she is concentrating on landing a Broadway role – no small feat. New York City is teeming with thousands of Broadway wannabes vying to make it in the theatrical world.

The trick for Awad is to carve her own identity, which marks her different than the others.

"It's not so much about talent but about how to differentiate yourself," she explained. "In my case, I am what you call an academic artist."







Erik, John, Carina, Sofie,  
Rula Haddad '84

## The Georgetown Cannonball

Everyone dreams of getting their 15 minutes of fame, but it was the last way **Rula Haddad Norregaard '84** expected to get it. But for a while in January, she and her family were the center of much attention not only in their hometown of Washington DC but all the way into Europe as well.

It all started innocently enough. After 18 years of living in their historic Georgetown residence, the Norregaards – Rula and her husband, John – decided that it was high time to use their fireplace. But first the chimney sweepers had to be called in. That was in early December.

As the workers began clearing the mucky chimney flue, a loud thud vibrated throughout the house. The family ran to see the source of the noise and stopped short in amazement.

It was a cannonball. An actual cannonball from the American civil war (1861- 1865). The couple and three teenage children, Carina, Sofie and Erik, were enthralled. As far as they knew, their home had been used as a girls' boarding school in the 1800's. So what was a cannonball doing in their chimney?

No matter. It was a great find. The family fingered it eagerly. The children showed it off to their friends. Finally, John used it as a paperweight in his home office.

Visitors were quickly taken to see, touch

and feel it. Guests at their Christmas party were equally given the chance to admire it.

"Isn't it great," the family would explain, "that a piece of US history just fell into our living room?"

Christmas came and went. The family travelled on a holiday and came back to admire their now treasured cannonball.

Then, it just so happened that a physicist friend visited their home and, of course, the proud family showed off their latest acquisition. The friend took an immediate interest - but far from a historic one.

He and the couple's eldest child, Carina, who aspires to be a physicist herself, sat down to calculate the weight and mass of the cannonball.

The conclusion: the cannonball was hollow and the pin was still intact - a sign of live ammunition. Apparently, gun powder can seep through the metal over the years making the cannonball potentially explosive.

Could a cannonball really explode after more 150 years? Rula didn't think much of it until she called her mother in Beirut. With much amusement she launched into the story of the cannonball. The mother, being a naturally concerned mother, was alarmed.

"What do you mean you have a cannonball in your home?" she berated her daughter. "Call someone to take it away!"





The mother made her daughter promise that she would.

Being a dutiful daughter and wanting to appease her dear mater, Rula called the police and started preparing dinner. All three children had midterms the next day. She wanted to make it a special dinner.

The sirens came first. Knocks on the door next. A few seconds later, the Norregaards and their neighbors found themselves outside in the freezing cold. The evacuations continued all along the street as the area was cordoned off. The police called the paramedics. Ambulances were followed by fire trucks. The fire trucks were followed by a bomb squad. And the bomb squad came with its very own K-9 unit.

Shivering, evacuated neighbors huddled outside looking longingly at their warm homes and giving sidelong glances to the Norregaards. The Norregaard children looked accusingly at their mother. The books were inside the house. Exams were tomorrow.

"Well, you see," said Rula explaining meekly, "I promised my mother in Beirut that I would call."

Meanwhile, the bomb squad refused to touch the cannonball because they had never handled one before. So they called in the military.

The commotion soon attracted the media. News trucks filled the area. The Norregaards



The house used to be a girls' boarding school in the 1800s. So how did the cannonball get in the chimney?

The famous cannonball which dropped from the Norregaard chimney

and their home became the center of attention. "The Georgetown Cannonball" went live in the US. A twitter account was even launched keeping all abreast of the latest development.

Finally, the military transferred the cannonball to a metal tube and into a military truck. The yellow barricade tapes were taken down. The evacuees were allowed back into their homes.

Two days later, the family found themselves in the news again. The cannonball was indeed full of gun powder, and was detonated at a Virginia military fort.

As for the Norregaards, they were finally able to build a fire in their chimney. But few in the DC district will likely forget – or indeed figure out - the mystery of the Georgetown Cannonball.



## Sara Khatib: Pain is Inevitable, Suffering is Optional



Sara: third  
from the left



The Khatib family:  
Rolla, Sara, Najla, Adib



There once was a girl called **Sara Khatib '10**. She was beautiful. She was smart. She was loving. She was funny.

But on September 5th, Sara moved on to the next world. This one was just too limiting for her strong, lively spirit where she found herself fighting relentless tumors and trying to ward off the intense pain that racked her young body.

Despite the pain, she smiled, she joked, she danced. And she studied. The fourth year pharmaceutical student at LAU was a straight A student – just as she was at IC.

But this is not an article about cancer and its effects. Nor is it a sob story about a promising young woman whose life was tragically cut short.

This is a story about human courage facing its biggest enemy. It's about a spirit who not only refused to give up but challenged its enemy head on and with twinkling eyes.

For when life gets you down, as it sometimes does, just think of Sara...

In 1992, Rolla Khatib received the news which renders a mother's heart cold: her four-month-old baby, Sara, had cancer and would not make it. But Sara did – and remained cancer free for the next 18 years.

Despite a partial hearing loss (complications from the cancer treatment), Sara thrived at IC.

Soon enough, Sara became one of IC's stars: ranking first and making it on to the yearly honor list. She took part in all school activities. Mostly, she loved dancing on stage.

It was during her first year of Secondary School, that she felt a sudden pain in

her right elbow. An x-ray showed a benign tumor which was quickly removed. Another benign tumor was removed during her second year at LAU.

Last year, the pain returned. But this time the prognosis was different: it was malignant.

Not one to be defeated by bad news, she took up the challenge. Let's treat it.

Doctors did. Chemotherapy left her physically and mentally exhausted. Still, she would put on her favorite song, "Happy" by Pharrell Williams, and surprise family and friends with her own little dance routine.

Nothing was going to get her down.

But then came news: the cancer was not responding to any treatment. Sara's arm would have to be amputated.

It was enough to be defeated. But not Sara. She was determined to win this war. But this was her biggest challenge yet. "Cut it off then," she finally said. "If this is what is causing me the pain, just cut it off."

Doctors did. Upon awakening, Sara took a long look at the stump which remained. Agnes. She called it Agnes. And Agnes it became.

It was very clear that Agnes was not going to get in the way. Sara resisted getting help in her daily tasks. She was proud of Agnes and refused to hide her under jackets.

"I am not a victim," she said repeatedly and would add jokingly: "I am still Sara, but with less hair and one less arm."

Despite her family's protests, Sara insisted on returning to LAU dorms in Jbel - exactly a week after the amputation.

She had upcoming exams.

Her missing arm became a source of her own jokes. "Hey," she would tell a bewildered passerby who accidentally bumped into her, "you took my arm!" Friends rallied around her. Her humorous spirit was catching. Her zest for life was contagious.

For one month, Sara was happy. She and Agnes got along well. They had accepted each other. Agnes was a reminder that she was cancer free.

But at the end of that month, her parents got the most shocking news of all: the cancer had not only come back but had metastasized to almost every part of Sara's body including her internal organs.

They were told what no parents should ever hear: their child could not be saved.

The world went blank for Rolla Khatib. For years, she was the driving force behind Sara. She was her cheerleader, her mentor and her friend.

How could Khatib tell her daughter that she was dying?

She didn't. With a stiff upper chin, she sent Sara off to enjoy a one week vacation with her older sister, Najla, in Paris.

"But how can I go?" asked Sara. "I am in so much pain."

"How many hours in the day are there Sara?" replied Khatib.

"Twenty-four," said Sara.

"How many hours are you in acute pain?" asked her mother.

"Two," answered Sara.

"Well then, that leaves you with twenty-two hours," her mom replied. "Go and enjoy Paris!"

Upon her return, Sara hit the books. She wanted to keep her grade A average. For, despite the chemotherapy, the pain and the continuous drugs, she continued to receive yearly awards for her high grades.

Khatib knew she had to tell her daughter but still couldn't. The family had planned a cruise together. Only Khatib, her husband, Adib, and her brother, Ahmad, knew that this would be the family's last holiday together.

Back in Beirut, the pain intensified. Even morphine could do little to alleviate it. Khatib finally told her daughter.

The news knocked her off her feet. But not for long. Her family watched in amazement as she somehow managed to summon the strength and face her enemy yet once again. And so she smiled. And so she danced. She started a bucket list – things to do before she passed away and checked them off one by one (seeing Coldplay live, getting Stewie, travelling to Greece, etc)

She still had one wish: to tell the world that cancer and an amputation would not define her.



She got that chance during the Tedx talk at LAU in August. Over 300 people showed up to hear her speak. But as she was about to go on stage, the pain began to intensify. If she took the necessary drugs, she will not be able to focus on her talk. But if she didn't, she will convulse in pain in front of hundreds.

It was Khatib who made the decision. "No drugs," she said. "Go and talk Sara. You can handle the pain. This is your moment."

Very eloquently, she delivered her now renowned speech: Four Lessons While Battling Cancer (which has now received more than 76,000 thousands hits on YouTube).

"I choose not to be Sara Khatib, the cancer patient and amputee," she said with an unfaltering voice, "but continue being Sara Khatib, the fourth year pharmacy student, who is clumsy, loves Nutella, and just happens to have cancer and a missing arm."

If the pain started, she didn't let on. She continued with a pleasant, measured tone.

"I am in pain every day. Everyone is. Everyone has a problem or an obstacle which causes them pain. This is a fact of life. Suffering, however, is something you can control. You always have the option

to smile despite your pain and enjoy every second of your life."

She received two standing ovations. It was a speech that few could ever forget.

Two weeks later, Sara was rushed to the hospital. Still smiling, she managed to move to the beat of the music and make funny faces.

Two hours later, Sara's body died, leaving behind an everlasting legacy.

Knowing Sara, her spirit is still laughing. And dancing.

In honor of Sara's wish, her family is establishing Fast Forward - The Sara Khatib Cancer and Amputee Association for the Youth.

"We are not only honoring her wish of starting the association but also living by her attitude," said Khatib, "refusing to turn our immense pain into suffering but instead channeling it into something positive, into an association that will help all young people like Sara to continue laughing and dancing."

*For more information, please contact:  
Rolla Khatib 03248978*

*To watch Sara's full TEDx aspiring speech go to: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wcMnmCH6Gjg>*



Pictures of the Ardati family.  
Descendants visited their  
ancestral home and left a small  
souvenir on the wall

The Khazens were known for  
their lavish parties. Margo  
Khazen cutting the cake



## The Rose House: A New Beginning

*Nadia Jaroudi Raad '93 looks lovingly at the house her family had just purchased. As an architect and avid art lover, she has so many plans for it. "We could turn a part of it into a cultural center," she said. The garden, now in dire disarray, could host many outdoor family gatherings. She had already brought her two children, Tamara and Ziad – both at IC – to see it and they loved it. Yes, it can serve as home and culture center. Sometimes they can hold concerts here. And there on the beautiful terrace, once restored, they can sip coffee as the family looks on beyond to the sparkling Mediterranean sea..... And the Rose House comes to life again.*

The ghosts haunt almost every corner. Breathing ghosts. So many of them wandering in the hallways, in the rooms and even out in the once splendid garden. Not everyone can see them. But they are there. Hunters heading away from the walls of Beirut. Mohamed Ardati, the house's original owner, moving into the two floors he just built above his hunting lodge. Artists working away with amazing precision. General Charles de Gaulle, a one-time visitor to the villa, walking by. Barely, but yet distinctly, audible are the beautiful sounds of laughter and the clinking of champagne glasses at the lavish parties which filled the house while sixties and seventies music blared from downstairs.

But then, the terrifying sounds of rockets whizz by. Reigning above it all is the most majestic sight of all – the formidable silhouette of a woman: Margo el Khazen. It is she who singlehandedly protects the house. No squatters dare approach. No invading army is allowed inside.

For as long as Ras Beiruties can remember, the Rose House – La Maison Rose – has perched upon the hilltop overlooking the Palm tree-lined Corniche esplanade. Just

behind it, is the black and white striped iconic lighthouse (the Manara). Built as a hunting lodge in 1700's, the villa's owner added two more floors in 1888. For some reason, he painted it pink. And thus it remained. No one thought of changing it.

Years passed, the Ardati family moved out and leased it to a string of tenants including British Doctor Arthur Dray (who started the AUB School of Dentistry) and the American abstract painter John Ferren – a close friend of Pablo Picasso and the pioneer of American abstract art.

In 1965, the El Khazen family moved





in with their children. They would remain there for the next 50 years.

Their lavish entertaining in the art and antique filled home was the talk of the town. Their son, Sami – a renowned interior designer and artist – was given the downstairs floor and transformed the former hunting lodge into a dazzling abode where he entertained many friends and fellow artists during Lebanon's golden era of the 1960s and 1970s. His home was featured in the Architectural Digest at the time. But when Sami died in the 1980s, the downstairs floor was left to ruin.

The war ended and developers invaded. Hundreds of old historical houses were demolished. The outcry of heritage activists was ignored. Sadly, Lebanese law doesn't protect old houses. It is largely up to the owners to do so. But without any government incentives and financial assistance to renovate these houses, most owners could not do and opted either to sell or demolish.

One after the other, old historical houses succumbed. But the main prize was the Rose House.

The Ras Beirut community eyed it protectively. It had become a landmark. Despite the surrounding tall buildings, it continued to stand out.

Meanwhile, a young architect stu-



Nadia Jaroudi '93

dent at AUB had not only noticed the Rose House throughout his days at IC, but had fallen in love with it. Barely able to make ends meet, his dream of one day owning the villa, remained just that: a dream.

The years passed and in a 'rags to riches' story, the student – Hisham Jaroudi '61 – persistently tracked down the heirs of the property. Bit by bit, he managed to acquire it.

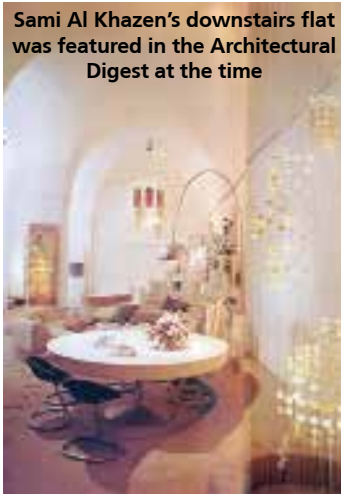
But Jaroudi was a property developer himself. The Ras Beirut community cringed.

The Rose House today



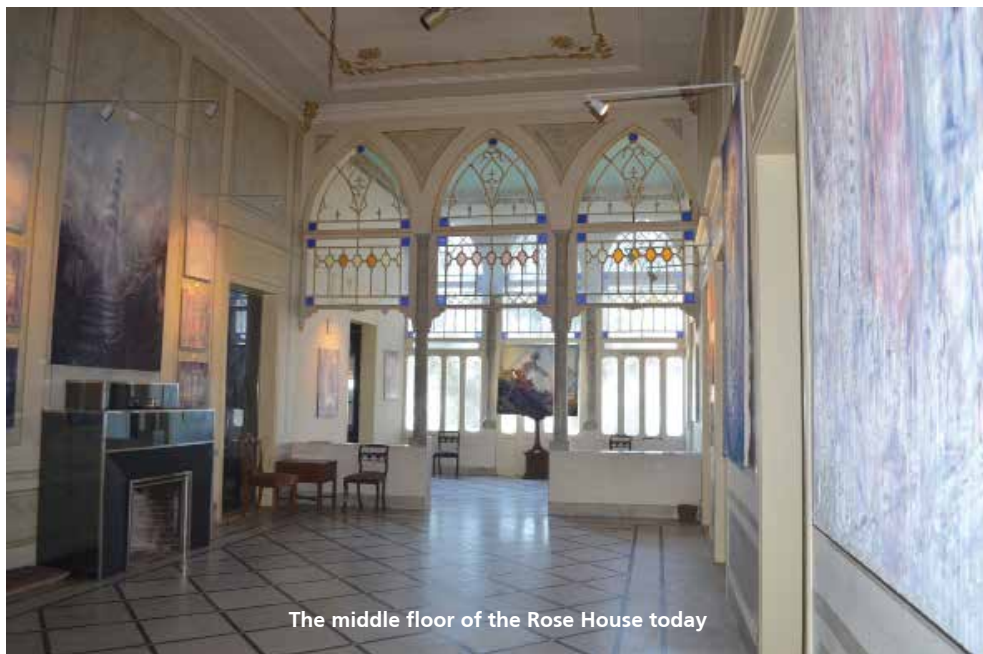


**Sami Al Khazen's downstairs flat was featured in the Architectural Digest at the time**



**The downstairs flat today**

**Tom Young painting the Rose House**



**The middle floor of the Rose House today**

Rumors flew.

"I heard them too," said his daughter, Nadia Jaroudi. "No way. We are definitely not demolishing this house."

The Rose House had become the family's dream years ago. "My father was always pointing out the Rose House to us children," she said. "Hopefully, this house will stand the test of time, I will make sure of this, and so will my family. It will be protected as long as we are here, renovating it, looking after it and making sure it's properly maintained."

But nothing had prepared her for the ruined state of the interior. Except for the middle floor, which is still habitable, the rest is literally falling apart – obviously having taken the brunt of many missiles. Fortunately, the fundamental structure is solid. Engineers are currently trying to figure out the best way to renovate it back to its former glory.

Sighs of relief were practically audible in the Ras Beirut community. But the story doesn't end there.

Last April, a British artist, Tom Young, was walking down the Corniche and noted the Rose House. It was love at first sight. He knocked at the back door and was greeted by Fayza El Khazen – Margo Khazen's daughter who still lived at the house. (Margo had died a few years earlier). Would she mind if he set up a studio in the house?

Over the next five months, Young painted in the house as Fayza was packing to leave. But the ghosts got to Young. One especially intrigued him: Sami Al Khazen.

"I felt that there was another artist here," said Young. "A lot of my work is in response to him. The exhibition is a continuation of the artistic life that always happened here."

Slowly but surely the rich history of the Rose

House began to unravel. The artist turned historian and held an art exhibition in the house.

Hisham Jaroudi welcomed the idea. "The exhibition will be an opportunity to open the house to the public for the first time, and introduce a lot of its history, beauty and charm to the visitors," he said.

By doing so and for the first time, hundreds of visitors showed up during the two-month exhibition held in December and January, not only to admire the paintings but to finally enter the renowned Rose House.

In tribute to Khazen, a room was dedicated to the paintings while another displayed the photographs of the Ardati family.

Young was immediately inundated with emails – each offering a little more history of the house. Visitors far exceeded his expectation. But it wasn't only the art lovers and the curious who came to the Rose House. One day, two women arrived. "Our grandmother is an Ardati and she was born here," they said.

One of the women, Soula Soubra, a granddaughter of Ardati, left a token behind: a handwritten Arabic poem on one of the walls of the house. In tribute to the Rose House where "generations I have embraced and together built memories, some of them deserted me and some stayed on by me. But here I am still grand and here I will stay until my demise like all my siblings before me. I am the house, the Rose House, the Manara house."

Nadia Jaroudi looks lovingly again around the house. She sees the ghosts now as well.

"We didn't just buy a house," she said quietly. "We bought history. This house will live on."

*News of the Rose House can be found on Facebook*



# In memory of Dr. Saeb Jaroudi '47, Former Minister and IC Trustee

In spring 1964 my wife Mona and I were in Paris. Walking down the Champs-Elysees, Mona saw Leila and Saeb who were newly married. Saeb was a well-known economist by then.

As of 1972 he was the chairman of the Arab Fund. Due to his confident and calm personality he convinced King Faisal of Saudi Arabia to support its formation. He explored the needs of Arab countries such as food sufficiency and where best to utilize long-term development funds. Whenever I visited Kuwait, he was always welcoming to exchange views on future prospects of Arab economies.

Before the Arab Fund, Saeb as Minister in Lebanon took on many initiatives to improve the functioning of the Ministries. In consequence of his integrity, knowledge and experience, the staff improved their performance and handled requests with speed and efficiency.

Saeb remained in spite of all his achievements, a quiet intellectual who would argue his case in a low and pleasant voice. He maintained a compact figure and radiated inner strength.

was an economic advisor with the UN and I was a diplomat at our Mission there.

What struck me in Saeb were his lovable personality, integrity and honesty. He was an open and warm person with many friends who spoke of him with respect and admiration. Although he was serious, he nevertheless had a great sense of humour. He was loyal to his friends and spared no effort to help those who requested his support.

When we came back to Lebanon, we both joined a small group of prominent Lebanese who were striving to bring peace and stability to the country. He was so passionate on these subjects because he had Lebanon at heart. Equally Saeb valued so much his wife and children. I am sure they are so proud of him.

I can say without hesitation that Lebanon has lost one of its finest and prominent sons. He will always be remembered by all his many friends.



**Dr. Marwan Iskandar '54**

**Ambassador Khalil Makkawi '50**

In remembering Saeb Jaroudi, a longtime friend and colleague, the first thought that comes to mind is his gentlemanly behavior, an attribute that his many distinguished professional accomplishments in Lebanon and the Arab World never diminished. Indeed he never let his professional successes lessen his sense of fair play or promote arrogance. He possessed what to me was a great and appealing quality that not many people possess: a sense of humor at the personal level combined with strict professionalism at business meetings.

Whether in our occasional walks on the Corniche, or in meetings over a cup of coffee, or at AUB, our conversation inevitably turned to national issues and concerns. To me, he represented a class of Lebanese intellectuals whose conviction that we should all work together to promote the building of an enlightened and truly democratic Lebanon never wavered despite the tragedies that afflicted our country.

Saeb is no longer with us, but his good memory will always remain.

**Dr. Samir Makdisi '49**

If I want to describe my friend Saeb Jaroudi I would say, that he was a professional par excellence with high human values. I met him for the first time in New York when he

Dr. Jaroudi served IC for several decades, with his well known kindness and modesty, efficiency and love, defending its cause, that of its Administration, and always with principal aim in the interest of its family of students, their well being, and improved education, for which he cared the most. IC has lost a dedicated friend, the Board a trusted Member, the Lebanon and the Arab World an erudite leader who fought with selflessness in their interest.

My letter to his widow, Leila Salam, conveys my sadness at the loss of a dear friend.

**Elie Antoine Sehnaoui '56**

For full details on Dr. Jaroudi, you can visit:  
[en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saeb\\_N.\\_Jaroudi](http://en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Saeb_N._Jaroudi)



We regret to inform you that **Tawfic El Jarrah '47** passed away in January 2014. IC staff and faculty send their deepest condolences to the El Jarrah family.

In Memoriam

# INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE

## ANNUAL FUND

So far, by the end of February 2015,  
we were able to raise **\$524,380**.

We count on your generosity  
to exceed our goal of \$1,000,000

### For your contributions

Contact [alumni@ic.edu.lb](mailto:alumni@ic.edu.lb)

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