



# MELTO

MARONITE SPIRITUAL HISTORICAL  
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\*\* IN THE BEGINNING WAS THE WORD,  
AND THE WORD WAS WITH GOD, AND THE WORD WAS GOD\*\*  
JOHN 1:1

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oh Beirut

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بيروت

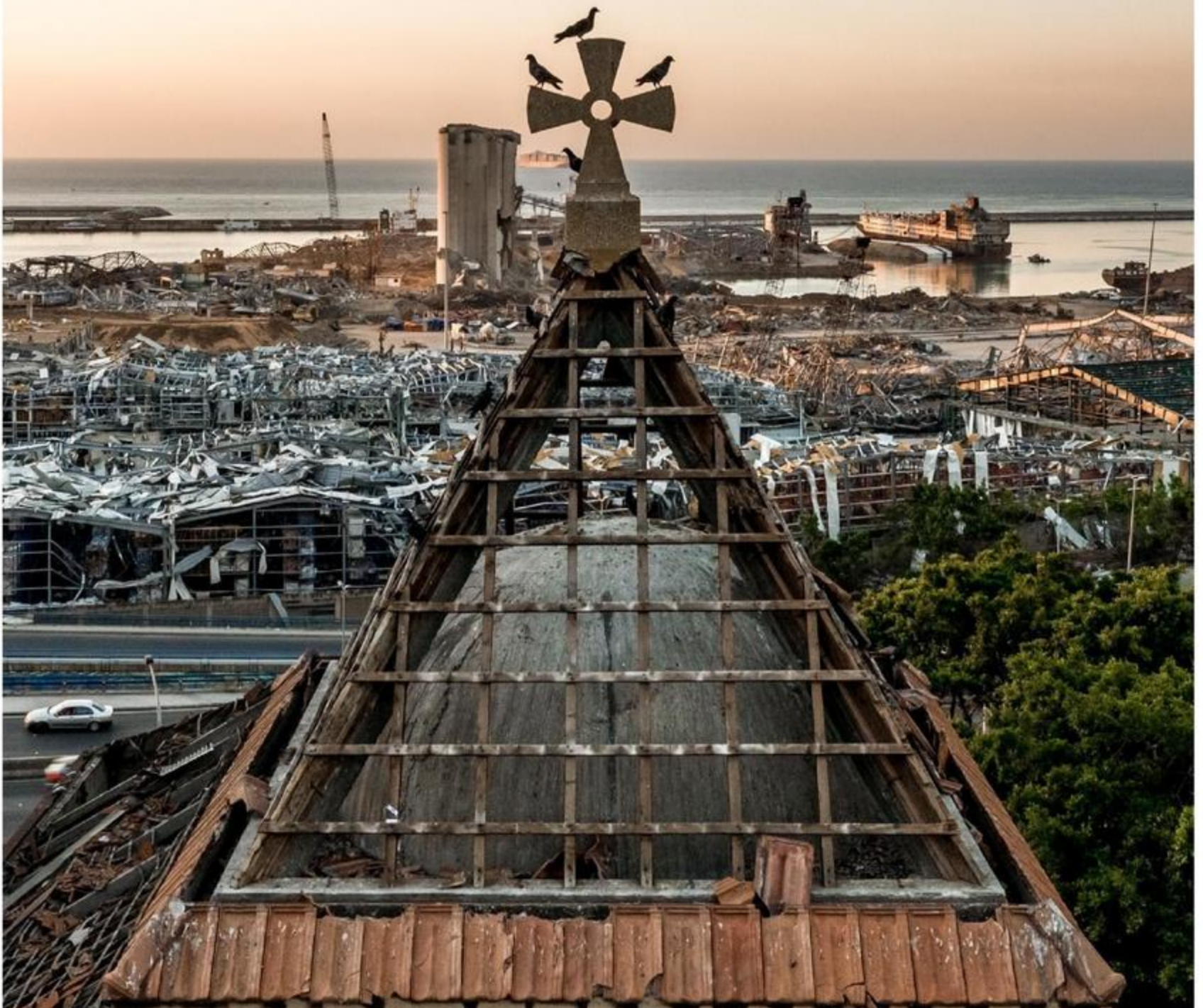


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Dear parishioners and friends,

On the afternoon of August 4th, the skyline of our beloved city, Beirut, was tainted. Our people's bodies were dismantled, limb from limb, after a most devastating explosion. Bodies on the pavements, bodies on hospital floors, bodies decapitated in crushed and blown cars, bodies humiliatingly lying in the middle of the streets, violated by tragedy. Every single body was accompanied by a phone, being rung ruthlessly by loved ones praying it wasn't their daughter, their son, their sibling, their parent, their relative, repulsively torn apart on the gravel of their homeland.

More than 200 people died and more than 6,000 were injured in the blast, and more than 300,000 displaced. The explosion was caused by more than 2,700 tonnes of ammonium nitrate stored unsafely at the city's port.

Our people are crying. A mother's scream is distinct one. Our 10,452 km<sup>2</sup> bellowed with shrieks and wails of women whose children have been ripped from their embrace. Children screeched at the sound of smashing glass and fallen roofs. The streets were filled with shards of glass. People's homes surrendered to ruin. Several hospitals were shattered. Warehouses stocked with medical supplies, demolished. The port, our main mean of importing supplies, food, product, burned to ashes. Grain, a nutrient so basic yet so necessary, has been wiped from a six-month reserve storage. Our economy will crash even further.

The medical system is in turmoil because of the overriding pressure and lack of medical supply. Civilians are racing to hospitals to donate blood in the midst of a pandemic. A good number of local people are still missing, with hopeless alerts being sent around. If a mask was not being worn for the purpose of the pandemic, they are now being worn for the fright of getting poisoned through the soiled air. Despite all the distress being lived, our people still have the will to press the palms of their hands together and call for God.

Our country is bleeding. We are encountering a disturbance greater than all of us, and we cannot do it alone. The Lebanese Maronite Order has opened the doors to its monasteries and schools to house many nationals who have lost their homes and has medicated and cared for as many as seven hundred in its hospitals. It is our duty to help our people, and we very much hope that it is yours too. The donations will go to the LMO and 'Solidarity Lebanon' in order to raise a sufficient amount of donations to aid the vulnerable residents in restoring the homes they have lost to this disaster, as well as providing medical supplies, and food distribution.

They say Beirut represents a Phoenix, its glory shines exceptionally beyond the rest. It is a city that never sleeps. It is a city that is alive with energy, love, and laughter. Its seas never show fear and its streets never submit to the ordinary. And while it is in grief and sorrow, Beirut will rise from the ashes again, just like the resilient Phoenix it always has been.

We are actively attempting to secure aid to our devastated nation, we need your help to make our efforts go even further. Your support is crucial to our efforts in reinforcing hope to our nation.

Rise oh Beirut...

Fr Fadi Kmeid  
Superior  
Our Lady of Lebanon, UK





# Dead Are My People

*Gibran Khalil Gibran*

Dead are my people, but I exist yet, lamenting them in my solitude. Dead are my friends, and in their Death my life is naught but great Disaster. The knolls of my country are submerged by tears and blood, for my people and my beloved are gone, and I am here living as I did when my people and my beloved were enjoying life and the bounty of life, and when the hills of my country were blessed and engulfed by the light of the sun.

My people died from hunger, and he who did not perish from starvation was butchered with the sword; and I am here in this distant land, roaming amongst a joyful people who sleep upon soft beds, and smile at the days while the days smile upon them.

My people died a painful and shameful death, and here am I living in plenty and in peace. This is deep tragedy ever-enacted upon the stage of my heart; few would care to witness this drama, for my people are as birds with broken wings, left behind the flock.

If I were hungry and living amid my famished people, and persecuted among my oppressed countrymen, the burden of the black days would be lighter upon my restless dreams, and the obscurity of the night would be less dark before my hollow eyes and my crying heart and my wounded soul. For he who shares with his people their sorrow and agony will feel a supreme comfort created only by suffering in sacrifice. And he will be at peace with himself when he dies innocent with his fellow innocents.

But I am not living with my hungry and persecuted people who are walking in the procession of death toward martyrdom. I am here beyond the broad seas living in the shadow of tranquility, and in the sunshine of peace. I am afar from the pitiful arena and the distressed, and cannot be proud of ought, not even of my own tears.

What can an exiled son do for his starving people, and of what value unto them is the lamentation of an absent poet?

Were I an ear of corn grown in the earth of my country, the hungry child would pluck me and remove with my kernels the hand of Death from his soul. Were I a ripe fruit in the gardens of my country, the starving women would gather me and sustain life. Were I a bird flying the sky of my country, my hungry brother would hunt me and remove with the flesh of my body the shadow of the grave from his body. But, alas! I am not an ear of corn grown in the plains, nor a ripe fruit in the valleys of Lebanon; this is my disaster, and this is my mute calamity which brings humiliation before my soul and before the phantoms of the night. This is the painful tragedy which tightens my tongue and pinions my arms and arrests me usurped of power and of will and of action. This is the curse burned upon my forehead before God and man.

And oftentimes they say unto me, "The disaster of your country is but naught to calamity of the world, and the tears and blood shed by your people are as nothing to the rivers of blood and tears pouring each day and night in the valleys and plains of the earth."

Yes, but the death of my people is a silent accusation; it is a crime conceived by the heads of the unseen serpents. It is a sceneless tragedy. And if my people had attacked the despots and oppressors and died rebels, I would have said, "Dying for freedom is nobler than living in the shadow of weak submission, for he who embraces death with the sword of Truth in his hand will eternalize with the Eternity of Truth, for Life is weaker than Death and Death is weaker than Truth."

If my nation had partaken in the war of all nations and had died in



the field of battle, I would say that the raging tempest had broken with its might the green branches; and strong death under the canopy of the tempest is nobler than slow perishment in the arms of senility. But there was no rescue from the closing jaws. My people dropped and wept with the crying angels.

If an earthquake had torn my country asunder and the earth had engulfed my people into its bosom, I would have said, "A great and mysterious law has been moved by the will of divine force, and it would be pure madness if we frail mortals endeavoured to probe its deep secrets." But my people did not die as rebels; they were not killed in the field of battle; nor did the earthquake shatter my country and subdue them. Death was their only rescuer, and starvation their only spoils.

My people died on the cross. They died while their hands stretched toward the East and West, while the remnants of their eyes stared at the blackness of the firmament. They died silently, for humanity had closed its ears to their cry. They died because they did not befriend their enemy. They died because they loved their neighbours. They died because they placed trust in all humanity. They died because they did not oppress the oppressors. They died because they were the crushed flowers, and not the crushing feet. They died because they were peace makers. They perished from hunger in a land rich with milk and honey.

They died because monsters of hell arose and destroyed all that their fields grew, and devoured the last provisions in their bins. They died because the vipers and sons of vipers spat out poison into the space where the Holy Cedars and the roses and the jasmine breathe their fragrance.

My people and your people, my Lebanese brother, are dead. What can be done for those who are dying? Our lamentations will not satisfy their hunger, and our tears will not quench their thirst; what can we do to save them between the iron paws of hunger? My brother, the kindness which compels you to give a part of your life to any human who is in the shadow of losing his life is the only virtue which makes you worthy of the light of day and the peace of the night. Remember, my brother, that the coin which you drop into the withered hand stretching toward you is the only golden chain that binds your rich heart to the loving heart of God.....





Man in search of existence, c. 1920, Kahlil Gibran, Wash drawing.

## مات أهلي

جبران خليل جبران

مات أهلي وأنا قيد الحياة أندب أهلي في وحدتي وانفرادي.  
مات أحبائي وقد أصبحت حياتي بعدهم بعض مصابي بهم.  
مات أهلي وأحبائي، وغمرت الدموع، والدماء هضبات بلادي، وأنا ههنا  
أعيش مثلما كنت عائسًا عندما كان أهلي وأحبائي جالسين على مَنْكَبِي  
الحياة وهضبات بلادي مغمورة بنور الشمس.  
مات أهلي جائعين، ومن لم يمت منهم جوعًا قضى بحد السيف، وأنا  
في هذه البلاد القصية أسير بين قوم فرحين مغبوطين يتناولون المأكَل  
الشهية، والمشارب الطيبة وينامون على الأسيِّرة الناعمة ويضحكون للأيام  
والأيام تضحك لهم.

مات أهلي أذل ميتة، وأنا ههنا أعيش في رَغَدٍ وسلام. وهذه المأساة  
المستتبة على مسرح نفسي.

لو كنت جائعًا بين أهلي الجائعين مضطهدًا بين قومي المضطهدين،  
لكانت الأيام أخف وطأة على صدري، والليالي أقل سوادًا أمام عيني، لأن  
من يشارك أهله بالأسى والشدة يشعر بتلك التعزية العلية التي يولدها  
الاستشهاد، بل يفتخر بنفسه لأنه يموت بريئًا مع الأبرياء.

ولكنني لست مع قومي الجائعين، المضطهدين، السائرين في موكب  
الموت نحو مجد الاستشهاد، بل أنا ههنا وراء البحار السبعة أعيش في  
ظل الطمأنينة وخمول السلامة. أنا ههنا بعيد عن النكبة والمنكوبين ولا  
أستطيع أن أفتخر بشيء حتى ولا بدموعي.

وماذا عسى يقدر المنفي البعيد أن يفعل لأهله الجائعين؟

ليت شعري، ماذا ينفع نذب الشاعر ونواحه؟

لو كنت سنبلًا من القمح نابته في تربة بلادي لكان الطفل الجائع  
يلتقطني ويزيل بحباتي يد الموت عن نفسه.

لو كنت ثمرة يانعة في بساتين بلادي لكانت المرأة الجائعة تتناولني  
وتقضمني طعامًا.

لو كنت طائرًا في فضاء بلادي لكان الرجل الجائع يصطادني ويزيل  
بجسدي ظل القبر عن جسده.

ولكن، وأخر قلباه، لست بسنبلًا من القمح في السهول ولا بثمرة يانعة في  
أودية لبنان. وهذه هي نكبتني. هذه نكبتني الصامتة التي تجعلني حقيرًا  
أمام نفسي، وأمام أشباح الليل.

هذه هي المأساة الموجهة التي تعقد لساني وتكبل يدي ثم توقفني بلا  
عزم، ولا إرادة، ولا عمل.

يقولون لي: ما نكبة بلادك سوى جزء من نكبة العالم، وما الدموع والدماء  
التي أهرقت في بلادك سوى قطرات من نهر الدماء والدموع المتدفق ليلاً  
ونهارًا في أودية الأرض وسهولها.

نعم، ولكن نكبة بلادي نكبة خرساء، نكبة بلادي جريمة حبلت بها رؤوس  
الأفاعي والثعابين، نكبة بلادي مأساة بغير أناشيد ولا مشاهد.

لو ثار قومي على حكاهم الطغاة وماتوا جميعًا متمردين لقلت إن  
الموت في سبيل الحرية لأشرف من الحياة في ظلال الاستسلام. ومن

يعتنق الأبدية، والسيف في يده كان خالدًا بخلود الحق.

لو اشتركت أمتي بحرب الأمم وانقرضت عن بكرة أبيها في ساحة القتال  
لقلت هي العاصفة الهوجاء تهضر بعزمها الأغصان الخضراء واليابسة

معًا، وإن الموت تحت أغصان العواصف لأشرف منه بين ذراعي  
الشيخوخة.

ولو زلزلت الأرض زلزالها وقلبت ظهر بلادي صدرًا، وغمر التراب أهلي  
وأحبائي لقلت هي النواميس الخفية تتحرك بمشيئة قوة فوق قوى  
البشر، فمن الجهالة أن نحاول إدراك أسرارها وخفاياها.

ولكن لم يمت أهلي متمردين، ولا هلكوا محاربين، ولا زعزع الزلزال  
بلادهم فانقرضوا مستسلمين.

مات أهلي على الصليب.

ماتوا وأكفهم ممدودة نحو الشرق والغرب وعيونهم محدقة الى سواد  
الفضاء.

ماتوا صامتين، لأن آذان البشرية قد أُغْلِقَتْ دون صراخهم.

ماتوا لأنهم لم يحبوا أعدائهم كالجبناء، ولم يكرهوا محبيهم كالجاحدين.

ماتوا لأنهم لم يكونوا مجرمين.

ماتوا لأنهم لم يظلموا الظالمين.

ماتوا لأنهم كانوا مسالمين.

ماتوا جوعًا في الأرض التي تُدِرُّ لبنًا وعسلًا.

ماتوا لأن الثعبان الجهنمي قد التهم كل ما في حقولهم من المواشي وما  
في أهرانهم من الأقوات.

ماتوا لأن الأفاعي أبناء الأفاعي قد نثثوا السموم في الفضاء الذي كانت  
تملؤه أنفاس الأرز وعطور الورود والياسمين.

مات أهلي وأهلكم أيها اللبنانيون، فماذا نستطيع أن نفعل لمن لم يمت  
منهم؟

إن نواحن لا يسد رمقهم، ودموعنا لا تروي غليلهم، إذن ماذا نفعل

لننقذهم من الجوع والشدة؟

هل نبقى مرتابين، مترددين، متكاسلين، مشغولين عن المأساة العظمى  
بتوافه الحياة وصغائرها؟

إن العاطفة التي تجعلك يا أخي تعطي شيئًا من حياتك لمن يكاد أن  
يفقد حياته هي هي الأمر الوحيد الذي يجعلك حريًا بنور النهار وهدوء  
الليل.

وإن الدرهم الذي تضعه في اليد الفارغة الممدودة إليك هو هو الحلقة  
الذهبية التي تصل ما فيك من البشرية بما فوق البشرية.



## Monastery of Saint Anthony the Great Beirut



In 1725, the Lebanese Maronite Order bought a house in Beirut to assure a presence of the monks in the city, and serve the Maronite believers.

In 1882, when Mubarak Salameh was Father General (1891-1895), the Lebanese Maronite Order bought from Mr. Elias Mhaweh a building situated near Saint Joseph's University of the Jesuit Fathers. This building was transformed into a residence for the student monks who were to follow courses at the aforementioned university.

Later on, in 1846, when an educational renaissance was thriving in the area, the Order then decided to send some of its most brilliant students to the seminary of the Jesuit Fathers at Ghazir, where they received their diplomas of higher studies. This fact enabled them to make an effective contribution to the renaissance.

During the course of the First World War (1914-1918), the Jesuit Fathers took refuge in the monastery and remained there for the duration of hostilities, following the closure of their university by the Ottoman authorities. Similarly, some of their foreign students attended the Order's school at the Monastery of Our Lady of Succour in Byblos.

Between 1929 and 1938, The Order purchased a property near the school and on it completed the building.

The school was transformed into a canonically founded monastery in 1940, and then was twice the permanent Mother House of the Lebanese Maronite Order, that is to say from 1939 to 1944 and from 1950 to 1986.

In 1977, the monastery was restored and renovated, taking on its present form.

The monks who followed in charge busied themselves with completing both the monastery and the church, on which work started on June 4, 1960, and with printing activity which for a time contributed to the cultural work of the Order through various publications and editions.

The war in Lebanon between 1975 and 1990 put an end to these projects. But today, after the return of public security, the Order has taken up again its spiritual mission exercised through its pastoral action, particularly since the monastery chapel was designated as a parish church on December 1, 1986, and through the Ecclesia Centre founded by the Order to provide the monasteries, parish churches and clergy with the sacred vessels, priestly vestments and liturgical objects they require.

The monastery and church, today, have been affected by the explosion of Beirut on August 4th 2020 and renovations are taking place to repair the damages.





## FR WISSAM KHOURY OLM

GENERAL DIRECTOR OF NOTRE DAME DES SECOURS UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL



*Father Wissam Khoury since 2001. Doctorate in Law, Theology degree from USEK, HR Director in Notre Dame Des Secours, Economics Affairs Director, General Director in 2016, renewed in 2019, professor in Law in USEK.*

The hospital was founded in Byblos in 1977. Before it was a General Practise that was founded in 1934. And then the Lebanese Maronite Order believed that the whole region from Beirut to the north border of Lebanon needed a hospital. It cost the order a lot of money and the monastery of Our Lady of Secours sold a lot of its lands, as well as the participation of the entire order, to set up the buildings where the hospital currently is. The opening of the hospital was on the feast of Mary in September '77. At this point there were only the major specialities that were medically available. The hospital also specialises in Parkinson's disease and has the only specialists regarding this in all of Lebanon and the Middle East. It is now the biggest hospital north of Beirut. There are many hospitals in Beirut, but from Beirut to the north of Lebanon, NDS University Hospital is primary to everybody, until the borders of Akkar. In the hospital, there are more than 26 departments, 250 doctors, 790 employees which are nurses, technicians and administrators, and 135 interns and residents. There have been many changes in the recent years to the hospital but there are many needs left. Our current problem is that the revolution began in October last year, followed by currency fluctuation and then COVID-19. These were and are particular difficulties that we encounter regularly because we are missing a lot of things and the currencies are not sustained, so everything is more expensive, dues with the government are in the Lebanese Lira, which has no value now. In hospital sectors,

the US Dollar has risen about 600% and maintenance contracts are dealt with in US Dollars, and this has made us suffer a lot. In the hospital we are taking Lebanese Lira and less dollars because we understand the struggle of the people and we must stand by them. The poorer demographic in Lebanon used to be 22% and now it has reached 50-55%, and the majority of them are in these areas around the hospital.

*How have you been dealing with COVID-19?*

In regard to COVID-19, we are the first hospital in Lebanon that opened a department especially for the virus. We had to reopen it recently because the cases began rising again, we also opened a bio-safety laboratory, and a drive through specifically for COVID-19, and all sorts of mandatory testing. We done that all ourselves, we had no help from anyone, we did it for the people. We also have Intensive Care Units specifically for COVID-19. The cases from before had decreased sufficiently, but as they started to rise again, we had to open the ward. Rafic Al Hariri Hospital in Beirut was the host for all of the Coronavirus cases across Lebanon, and the government was supporting it immensely so that no other hospitals would have to go into complications of opening special wards for these causes. But hospitals such as these were struggling because cases before would reach 20-35 per day, now they have risen to 600 a day, so we had to take patients to ease the pressure off of them.

There were 14 members of staff that were infected with Coronavirus, nurses and doctors. We, of course, took care of them, and this is what helped us to proceed quickly with the required measures in order to help the rest of the people. The big hospitals in Beirut that were taking in Coronavirus patients can no longer admit any cases and that is why we are under much pressure in this period of time. The hospitals that had the ability to function in Beirut are now slowly deteriorating and we are receiving many more people than we anticipated. Most of the patients that are in Beirut hospitals are being transferred to us, especially in Oncology and now, Coronavirus patients and children that need chemotherapy. We are trying to not malfunction in other departments just because we have the COVID-19 ward now and many patients in it. We invested greatly in this ward to make sure that it is segregated from the rest of the hospital, the entrance is separate, as well as the ICU, even the morgue. No part of that ward comes in contact with the other so that it does not affect the standard patients of existing departments.

*Did the economic crisis in Lebanon affect the numbers of doctors available? Did any of them leave?*

Since august 4th, 5 of our most important and accomplished doctors have left us. There is great danger in this because most of them have citizenships from other countries, so it is very easy for them to leave. We are preparing mentally and practically for a migration of many doctors all across Lebanon and for



the quality of the way medicine will be practised. There is a huge worry because the salaries given are in Lebanese Lira and that in itself has lost value, so there is a great risk in losing all these professionals because of the economic crisis especially when there is no one supporting institutions like ours. We will not last very long. Supplies can only be bought in Lira and the maintenance in the hospital for machinery costs us about \$3,200,000 every year, and they can only be paid in US Dollar.

Your hospital is 30km away from Beirut, did you feel the explosion?

The entirety of Lebanon felt the explosion. We are 30km away from Beirut and we never expected the grandness of the explosion. When we heard of it, we prepared ourselves straight away, but we never expected it to be this big. We got in touch with staff teams which, depending on the severity of the event, you call the most suitable. We called all three as getting in contact with other hospitals, we discovered that what was coming our way was massive. From nurses, to residents, to doctors, anyone who was able to come down to the hospital to help. There were at least 100 employees more helping than the usual who work in the departments. We had to open both emergency rooms, for the adults and the children, an entire floor dedicated to the blast, teams were dispersed around the floor, we transformed rooms into small operation rooms to be able to give attention to all patients. From 7pm to 1:30am we had about a little over 200 patients treated from the explosion. No one was in danger anymore; patients were stable, and the entire management team

was there helping on the floor too.

What types of injuries did you receive?

The types of injuries we received in the first wave were people who were able to come themselves, so their injuries were not life-threatening, most of them were injured by shattered glass, but we would have to pull out 50 shards of glass from just one body. And this procedure is sensitive because it requires cleaning the cut and closing it up otherwise, they can get infected. We had major injuries that we carried up to the operation rooms, legs split open, stomachs split open, heads split open, some injuries were difficult because we wouldn't know where the blood was coming from until we properly cleaned their wounds. In the second wave, other hospitals would call us and tell us they have injured patients, or previous patients that they need to transfer to us. This is on the same night. And it carried on, the second, third, fourth day until today, we still have patients, because some of them went to hospitals before ours and their treatments were very quick and not proper, so we had to reopen wounds to properly clean and do the procedures right so that they are safe and well. This is why people chose to come to us, because we were making sure that they were getting the right treatments. We did have patients that stayed in the ICU for a while and their parents took time to find them, some were not conscious for a while. We only know that the people who were searching for their relatives that night found them that night, unless the people they lost were very near the explosion and are under the rubble and have been lost since.





Did anyone pass away in the hospital?

We received a patient, a girl, that was already deceased by the time she got to us. The Lebanese Red Cross did not manage to transport people to us, they were very much under pressure, most of our patients came in their cars with their families. Cars were parked in front of our hospital all the way to the main road.

Did people visit other hospitals before getting to your hospital?

Most people were passing by hospitals to get medical attention, but they were so full, some of our patients passed by many hospitals before they got to ours. Other hospitals that were a little outside Beirut did not have the capacity to fit many people. They prioritized the life-threatening cases before others, and they had to compare cases to see who would be able to hold on longer in order to treat the other. Some patients didn't bother to pass by Beirut hospitals as they knew they would be full, and they are the people that arrived to us in the first wave.

Did you charge money for anyone's treatments?

In no way that night could we take money from anyone, especially in a tragedy like that. Yes, there were forms to be filled out and records because the ministry of health requires data, but even those that had insurance, we never took any details from them. At the time we couldn't even think about it, and this is not the way we deal with these matters. The face of our hospital says a lot about us, imagine receiving a patient that has just fled from an explosion, experiencing a tragedy and in pain, and you ask them for money. In that moment, you can

only think about your fellow human being.

The Minister of Health has recently visited our hospital and has nothing but good today about us and our service to our patients. The minister was very impressed and grateful because of the numbers of cancer patients that we take in. We are very generous with our patients in regard to medication, we provide them with what is needed because we know the value of their lives and we are willing to do the impossible to make sure they live a long and healthy life.

What kind of impact do you think the port of Beirut will have on the importation of medication?

We are still living in an economic crisis. The US Dollar issue has prevented us from obtaining medication gravely, and now the port of Beirut will be another obstacle. We were trying as much as we can to make do by trying to buy dollars from the black market and so on, although the government is still supplying medication, but I'm referring to the more expensive medication. This issue was from before and we were running out of it, especially with companies that refused to hand us medication if we did not pay on time, but the issue with the port of Beirut is that if there are no rapid solutions, we are going to be left extremely struggling.

What we are doing as the Lebanese Maronite Order is not something to be hidden, on all levels. From hospitals, to universities, to the solidarity we are showing to our people. We will be opening a dispensary of our hospital in Beirut, in the form of a General Practise and we will send some of our staff there so they can help people who cannot follow up with their doctors.





# AID TO BEIRUT

DECEASED 135+  
WOUNDED 5000+  
MISSING 100+  
HOMELESS 300,000+

## THE LEBANESE MARONITE ORDER CHARITABLE TRUST

IS COLLECTING DONATIONS IN AID OF THE BEIRUT EXPLOSION.

DONATIONS WILL PROVIDE SHELTER FOR THE HOMELESS, FOOD, AND MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

### FOR DONATIONS

ACCOUNT NAME: THE LEBANESE MARONITE ORDER CHARITABLE TRUST

BANK OF BEIRUT UK LTD: 66 CANNON STREET, LONDON, EC4N 6AE

SORT CODE: 60-83-75

ACCOUNT NO.: 12023802

PURPOSE: AID TO BEIRUT



PLEASE SCAN THE QR CODE IN ORDER TO ACCESS OUR FACEBOOK DONATIONS PAGE.

*Scan me*





# ALL IN ONE PROPERTIES

*Every Job is a Challenge*

*Established 1989*

## REDECORATIONS



\* 24/7 Emergency Line

## RENOVATIONS



\* Residential Sales & Lettings

## FLOORING & ROOFING



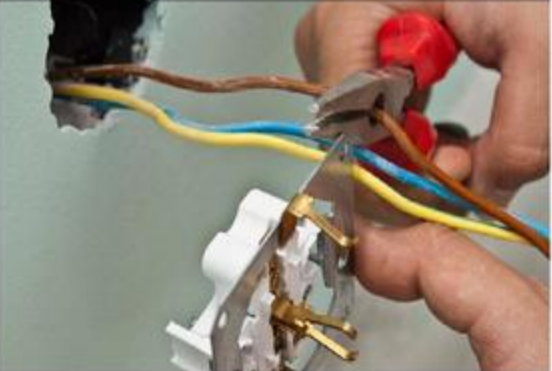
\* Property Management

## BOILER INSTALLATIONS



\* Commercial Sales & Lettings

## ELECTRICAL RE-WIRING



## FENCING

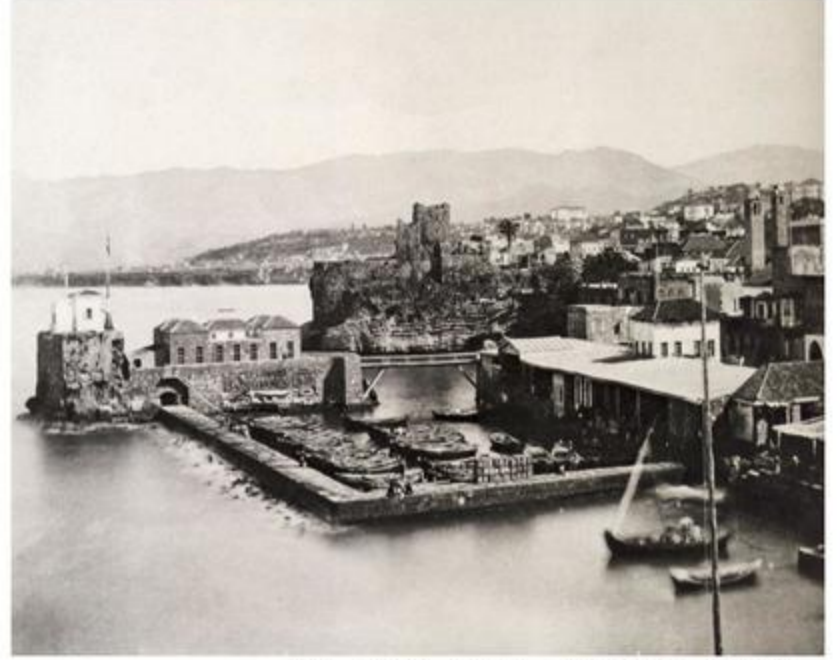


25 Cromwell Court, Ealing Road, Wembley, Middlesex, HA0 1JT  
E: [info@allinonelimited.co.uk](mailto:info@allinonelimited.co.uk) T: 020 3397 9011



# بيروت عاصمة لبنان 1920

By Chebli M.



جريدة البرق، عدد ١٠٩٩، السبت ٢ تشرين الأول ١٩٢٠

إلهك الفينيقي بالآلهة في متعدد الهياكل ومتفرق المعابد. حتى إذا طلعت ديانا الهتك القديمة، القمر المنير، تتهادى على قنن لبنان كأنها تيدها أريكة لجمالها، في الليلة الطلقة وقد صفا الأديم وهدأت جلبة أسواقك يختلط صوت المؤذن مع رنين نواقيسك ويمتزج جمال متبادل يذهب صدى نغماته مع الشذا المتضوع من مثمرات حدائقك، في لا نهاية زرقة السماء. هل تذكرين ماضيك يا بيروت. خرائبك باحت بذلك الماضي، وحجارتك القديمة تكلمت عنك يا لاذقية كنعان. هل تذكرين يوم كانت سفنك ترتاد البحار وتجوب شواطئ العالم المعروف؟ من رملك أخذوا أول صحائف الزجاج وفي أرضك عرفوا الأرجوان والقرمز صبغ أثواب الملوك أنت منحتهم لهم فهلاً ذكرت مجد فينيقيا القديم وسعيت إليه. رأوك سعيدة منبسطة على أقدام الجبل السامق الذرى منطرحة على سواحل البحر القديم الذي سقت مياهه أعظم المدنيات القديمة التي نبتت على أصولها مدنيات اليوم، رأوك سعيدة كغادة حسنا. أعجب الكل بها فقال الرومان أن اسمك هو جوليا السعيدة لأنك فتانة، حسد سكانك عليك وقد لا تحسدين عليهم اليوم. وكنت للبنان لأنك منه وفيه، أنت فلذة من جبله: أردت أن لا تكوني إلا له وأراد فخر الدين الثاني أن تكوني عاصمة بلادك، فكان ما أراد وكان ما أردت. غير أن الدهر وثاب على الفرص: فلما رآك الجزار متعلقة بلبنان وليس ما يفصلك عنه سوى الظلم، عمد إلى الظلم، ولكن لم يعد الحق إلى نصابه حتى عدت إلى لبنان. تمتعي بيومك يا بيروت فالماضي قد كان والمستقبل لله. أنت اليوم عاصمة لبنان الكبير.

قالوا عنها الدرّة في تاج الملك، وقالوا عنها رأس البلاد المفكر ومدينة العلم والجمال وما أكثر ما قالوا عنك يا بيروت. مدينة العلم والمال والجمال، عريقة في المجد التالذ، أنت ابنة فينيقيا وعروس لبنان. أنت صلة التعارف بين الشرق والغرب: في ثغرك تقف بواخر العالم حاملة إليك محصولات الغرب ونتائج تمدنه، تحف الصناعة الحديثة معروضة في أسواقك، تجار الداخلية يؤمونك ويجوسون شوارعك، الفيحاء والشهباء تقربتا إليك فحمل إليهما التجار سلعك وبضائعك وجاءك بمحصولات الشرق من داخلية سوريا: فالبحر والبر اجتمعا على وصلك. رأيت البحر متسعا منفسحا بعظمته فاندفعت لسانا في عرض البحر تتطلبين العظمة في سهول مياهه. ورأيت لبنان وأنت فلذة من جبله طودا سامقا عزيزا فكنت منه مكان الذراع من الجسم ترتبطين به بسهول الساحل الفسيحة الممرعة. أنت مدينة العلم يا بيروت، أنت دماغ الشرق المفكر، اتسعت باحات معاهدك العلمية فضاقت عن عقول الشبيبة المتسابقة إلى ورود العلوم من مناهل مدارسك، فيك نوادي الأدب زاهرة، فيك أعظم معاهد الشرق العلمية وغدا عندما يكتبون تاريخ الشرق الحديث يذكرون فيه فضلك لأن فيك أعذب مناهل العلم وأينع ثمرات الأدب. أنت صلة التعارف بين الشرق والغرب: من عن مناير مدارسك يبوح رجال الغرب لأحداث الشرق بسر التقدم والنجاح. شاع الفجور في شوارعك فأعدت عهد أعياد فينيقيا ونسيت أن تجدي كل مجدها. هكذا عبت غوانيك أدونيس وكانت له ضحايا. هكذا تخزمت شبانك حمى الفساد فكانوا ضحايا بشرية لمولوخ إلهك. أنت مدينة الأديان فكأنك مثال لهذا الشرق. أبدلت بعل مرقد





### HILARIOUS HUMOR

#### AFRAID OF THE DARK

A little boy was afraid of the dark. One night his mother told him to go out to the back porch and bring her the broom. The little boy turned to his mother and said, "Mama, I don't want to go out there. It's dark."

The mother smiled reassuringly at her son. "You don't have to be afraid of the dark," she explained. "Jesus is out there. He'll look after you and protect you."

The little boy looked at his mother real hard and asked, "Are you sure he's out there?" "Yes, I'm sure. He is everywhere, and he is always ready to help you when you need him," she said.

The little boy thought about that for a minute and then went to the back door and cracked it a little. Peering out into the darkness, he called, "Jesus? If you're out there, would you please hand me the broom?"

### CROSSWORDS

Find the solution word described by each numbered across or down clue and then write it into the corresponding squares in the grid.

1		2		3			
4							
5						6	
	7						

**Across**

- 1. Trip to see wild animals in their natural homes (6)
- 4. Leave behind (7)
- 5. A difficult task; something that worries you (7)
- 7. Someone who shoots bows and arrows (6)

**Down**

- 1. Large expanse of water between countries (3)
- 2. Taste (7)
- 3. Name of one of Santa's reindeers (7)
- 6. Spoil something (3)

### SUDOKU

Every SUDOKU has a unique solution that the player have to reach logically.

Enter the numbers into the blank spaces so that each column, row and 3x3 box contains numbers from 1 to 9 without repeats.

				6	5			
9	3	4		8	1	5		
				9			7	1
7		9	6	4	3	1		
			9		8			
		1	5	2	7	8		3
3	9			5				
		8	1	3		4	5	9
			8	7				

