

JAWDAT HAYDAR

It is with deep regret we advise the death of Jawdat Haydar on the 4th December 2006, aged 101.

Jawdat Haydar who served in the Tripoli and Beirut offices for many years also had a fascinating life outside the oil industry particularly in the world of poetry when he was honoured with medals which included the Croix de Grand Officier from France and a commendation from Pope John XXIII for his humanitarian and poetic achievements. Jawdat was also instrumental in organising the symbolic return of the Lebanese poet Khalil Moutran's statue to Baalbek and the international festival to mark its return.

To his six children we send our deepest sympathy and sincere condolences.

Old Age

My years waxed old and my shoulders began
To sway like a sparrow hawk in the air
That's the natural destiny of man
Who wears out in the waste of Time un'ware

When youthful I ne'er thought of sen'lity
But now being deprived of my Spring years
Walking in the Fall I feel within me
The echo of doubt the burden of fears

Old age but the dimming glory of youth
The reflection of sad eyes that view back
The delight of the past, the dreams, the truth
Of a life lived left behind on the track

Hence both age and youth were e'er never sure
To stand long against nature and endure

Jawdat Haydar