



secretariat news

tribute issue / september 2003



Remembering

our fallen friends and colleagues

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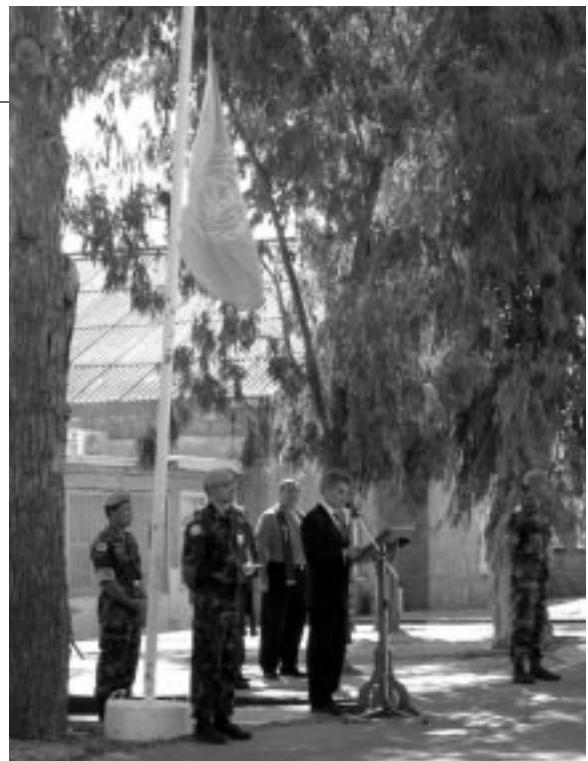
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This issue would not have been possible without

Béatrice Walker • Naho Kamikawa • Michele Zaccheo

Our thanks also goes to many people for their help, including:

Hamid Abdeljaber • Chaste Abimana • Helen Abu-Nassar • Salman Ahmed • Josiane Ambiehl • Andrea Angeli • Hédi Annabi • Kofi Annan • Basma Baghal • Clive Baldwin • Tanja Bernstein • Nick Birnback • Lesley Brough • Gazmend Bunjaku • Guy Candusso • Maricar Casal • Marina Catena • François Charlier • Negla Chawky • Jack Christofides • Rosa Convers • Marcel Crozet • Ellen Dahl • Arve Danielsen • Jocelyne Danielson • Sabrina Darnet • Christopher de Bono • Corazon dela Pena • Marcelo de Leon • Martine Deletraz • Mame Diagne • Kathryn Donovan • Elizabeth Exposto • Alan Fellows • Rosemary Fieth • Bard Frostad • Judith Gaerlan • Jane Gaffney • Christopher Gascon • Lillian Gatchalian • Nicoletta Giordano • Ghislaine Gojon • Lisa Gonzales • Clara Gouy • Michele Griffin • Kay Rala Xanana Gusmão • David Haeri • Alta Haggarty • Abbas Haidarbaigi • Dieter Hannusch • Julian Harston • Refik Hodzic • Mitchell Hsieh • Judy Hylton • Arild Isaksen • Jessica Jiji • Dushyant Joshi • Nicole Kekeh • Ruth Khalastchi • Shahnaz Kianian-Firouzgar • Maarit Kohonen • Bernard Kouchner • Corinna Kuhl • Kaz Kuroda • Sarah Landeryou • France Larrivee • Carol Livingstone • Geoffrey Lumetta • Mila Manalansan • Laila Manji • Susan Manuel • Vera Martin • J. Marzilli • Donna Marie Maxfield • Bjorg Mide • Jake Morland • Edward Mortimer • Ellen Murphy • Andrew Natsios • Khawla Nazzal • Lee O'Brien • Lynne O'Donoghue • Tina Omari • Sylvie Pantz • Adam Payne • Seeta Persaud • Carina Perelli • Michael Phelps • Nina Pinzon • Debbie Pittel • Tanya Power-Stevens • Kieran Prendergast • Elizabeth Press • Adelaida Principe • Wendy Rappeport • François Richer • Annika Savill • Ruth Sembajwe • Anne Siddall • Kevin St. Louis • Zohreh Tabatabai • Gordon Tapper • Véronique Taveau • Leslie Thatcher • Vanessa Tobin • Tor Valla • Steve Weinstein • Gordon Weiss • Stephen Whitehouse • Gwenette Whyte-Humphrey • Jody Willox • Denise Wilman • David Wimhurst • Lena Yacoumopoulou • Farid Zarif • Family of Christopher Klein-Beekman • UNFICYP • UN Humanitarian Information Centre for Iraq Team • UNHCHR Staff • Geneva Association of Correspondents • Globe Gazette • and apologies to anyone whose name we missed.



UN flags around the world at half mast following the attack. Shown above, memorial ceremony of the UN in Cyprus
UNFICYP photo

This issue pays tribute to our friends and colleagues who lost their lives on one of the darkest days in the history of the United Nations: 19 August 2003.

From around the world, members of the UN family sent pictures and shared memories, which are presented here in their own words.

This issue reflects only a fragment of our loss. Every person is a universe, too complex to convey.

— Lydia Lobenthal, Editor

MESSAGE FROM
SECRETARY-GENERAL KOFI ANNAN

*for the special issue of Secretariat News honouring victims of
the bombing of the United Nations Mission in Iraq*

3 September 2003

Dear colleagues and friends,

This is a time of almost unbearable sadness. Our United Nations family has been the victim of an attack so brutal and barbaric we are still struggling to take it in. We are reeling from the loss. We grieve for the friends and colleagues we lost, for the loved ones they left behind, for the talent and potential the world lost on that terrible day. We pray for those who were injured and for those who have endured a trauma the rest of us cannot begin to imagine.

We must learn to draw strength and purpose from this experience. We must learn to apply the lessons it has taught us. We must find ways to honour the memory of our fallen friends.

Our colleagues were working in Iraq with no other purpose than to help the people of that country build a better future. The best way to do justice to their memory would be to carry on the work they began. Obviously, the United Nations will now have to make a new assessment of the environment in which we operate in Iraq, and adapt our operations to take account of the threat that so obviously exists.

Ultimately, the only way we can do justice to the memory of our lost colleagues is to recognize that our Organization is unique in this troubled world. We work for those who have no other recourse, for those whose voices cannot be heard among the clamour of competing agendas. We use ideals as our standards. We operate under constraints that many organizations would find impossible to navigate. We are undefeated only because we have continued trying. The day will come when our colleagues will find a fitting memorial in a free, peaceful and stable Iraq.



From Around the World

More than 8,000 messages were received on the online condolence book in less than three weeks. If you wish to write a condolence message or read those left by others, go to: www.un.org/staff/condolence/inmemoriam.html. Below are some edited excerpts.

Sometimes I wake up and try to convince myself that what happened was only a nightmare, due to my emotional attachment to the Canal Hotel where I supervised maintenance for three years, and that I can just pick up the phone and call my friends at the Canal Hotel and joke with them about the stupid dream I had. But the dead silence on the line falls like thunder in my head when I realize that this is an outrageous fact. God bless the souls of the UN martyrs, and may the injured recover quickly to continue holding the UN torch high where it always should be.

– *Nidham Al-Rayes*

My thoughts and prayers are with the family members, friends and colleagues of the UN staff members who were killed in the senseless and outrageous attack. You work for a more humane world and I respect and salute you.

– *Allison Rowlands*
Australian Association of Social Workers

The UN Country Team and all the staff members of the UN organisations in Lithuania are deeply shocked and saddened by the tragic event in Baghdad. We join the UN family sending our condolences to the families of our colleagues who lost their lives. Our sympathies go to them and to our colleagues who suffered and who have been injured. We pray for their health and wish all of them a speedy recovery. This grave and wanton crime will steel our already strong resolve and commitment to further the cause of the United Nations wherever we serve.

– *Ciban Sultanoglu, UN/UNDP Lithuania*

Thinking of the families of those lost and feeling for their loss. Death is so difficult – is death while on duty any easier to bear? I hope so. Condolence and sympathy are with you in spades.

– *Alison Rooney, Strathclyde University, Scotland*

Our hearts break for the loss of your loved ones. You have been put in a place that should never have happened. The lives of the innocents who have been lost will always be in the hearts and minds of those of us that truly appreciate the work you do for us. Yours is an answer, to a calling of real desire, to assist others in their struggle for human dignity and freedom from oppression, regardless of the nation imposing that fear and power. In your grief, please do not allow anyone to coerce you into subjugating your mission, a world of peace and understanding.

– *Hector Aleem*

A frustrating, heartfelt and saddened news of the UN staff members killed in Baghdad. Our condolences to family and friends of those killed performing their duties in order to create a better, non-suffering world. If there is truly a heaven above, their souls will find nirvana.

– *Cbbaya Hang, Mekong River Commission*

My deepest sympathy to all those who gave their hearts and minds to help fellow mankind. I envy those who are in such a position to make such a difference in the world. I think of those who lost their lives each night, in respect and gratitude. I hope my life can be as productive as those who were lost on August 19th 2003. May the friends and families of those killed take care and be proud of their loved ones' past.

– *John Lavoie, Canada*

I extend my deepest and heartfelt condolences to the bereaved families and friends of all those deceased in this immense tragedy. Mr. Sergio Vieira de Mello, thank you for what you've done for East Timor people and we will not forget your smile and sympathy which you always showed.

– *Luis Lopes Cruz, UNMISSET*

I am sincerely sorry for your loss. My history class watched in horror what was happening in Iraq. I lost my dad back in March of 2003. I was really close to him and didn't know what to do or how to act. I am still recovering from his death. If you ever need anything from me or my high school then just send me an email and I will reply back as soon as possible.

– *Kelsey, US*

My deepest sorrow for this tragic episode that will taint world history. The only thing I can do is wish and work for a better development of humanity.

– *Virginia de Resende, Brazil*

To the families of the UN staff members killed in Baghdad last 19 August 2003, my condolences to all of you. I know how hard it is to lose a loved one and I consider the incident an insult to peace and development. Having served the UN as peacekeeper in East Timor, I consider the UN as my second family.

– *Capt. George M. Malones, Philippines*

My sorrow goes out to these people and their families and survivors, as well as the countless others that suffer due to these kinds of violent acts, past and present. This is why there needs to

continue to be a UN, for promotion of world peace, and resolution of conflicts – rather than escalation of conflicts. There needs to always remain a body whose mission is to show that there's a better way than violence, not merely to fight the fire with the same kind of fire. To the fallen, rest in peace, and to the remainder - stay strong, and resolute. Believe that those of you who walk in the name of peace, will obtain peace, in this world or beyond.

– *David I. Smith*

It is indeed a great loss for the world that people serving under the banner of the UN, a truly global organization working for the better of the mankind, have been killed in such a way. That world must realize that things cannot go on this way. Something must be done to bring peace in this turbulent world. May God rest in peace those souls who perished while working for world peace.

– *Mohammad Ashfaqul Alam*

Our heart and our mind reach out to near and dear ones of all those who were killed/injured following the bombing of the UN office in Baghdad. All of us here at the UNDP Gujarat are shocked and feel the pain of losing members of our UN family. May God give peace to the departed souls and a speedy recovery to those injured.

– *Narendra Pal Singh, UNDP/India*

Toute ma sympathie et condoléances aux familles de ceux qui sont morts pour la Paix, la Liberté et la Justice. Thank you for your efforts and achievements, without you the world would be a land without hope.

– *Nicolas Lopez-Armand, ILO*



Photos this page and front cover: candlelight vigil in New York; UNDP/Photos.

Our Iraqi Colleagues

IHSSAN TAHA HUSEIN was an Iraqi citizen, born in Cairo. He was only 26 years old, and had a Bachelor's degree in English from Al Turath University. Ihssan had just been recruited as the driver for the office of the UN Humanitarian Coordinator for Iraq (UNOHCI) on 1 August.

EMAAD AHMED SALMAN was born in 1958 in Baghdad. He graduated from the College of Engineering in 1982 and received a Bachelor's degree in Engineering from Baghdad University. Emaad was gifted in drawing; he exhibited his art in a number of exhibitions.

After his graduation, he was called up for military service as a reserve officer. Emaad remained in the army until 1985. He was discharged from military service and appointed to the State Board of Tourism (Al Sadeer Novotel) in the maintenance section. Subsequently, he became the director of the same section. In 1992, he resigned and in 1993, he started working for the UN Special Commission (UNSCOM). In 1995, he was forced to resign by the Iraqi authorities, according to his wife. He resumed his work for the UN during 1997 as an air conditioning technician, performing maintenance work at the Canal Hotel. In December 2002, he was employed by UN Monitoring, Verification and Inspection Commission (UNMOVIC) as an electrician.

Emaad was admired by all who knew him. He used to perform his job accurately and scrupulously. He was an altruistic person and a loving father and husband. He is survived by his wife Sana Salih Salman, three daughters, Marwa, Enas, Dena, and a son, Mostaffa.

RAID SHAKER MUSTAFA AL MAHDAWI was born in 1971. He completed his primary education in 1983, middle school in 1986 and preparatory school (Industry Branch) in 1989. He was among the best in these schools. In 1989, he enrolled in the Institute of Technology (Electric branch) and graduated in 1992. In 1995, he left Iraq to work with an electrical contractor in Jordan. He returned in 1996. He enrolled in the College of Technology (Electric Branch) in 1997. He was so hardworking that he used to work in the Babel hotel on electricity maintenance in the mornings and study at the College of Technology in the evenings. In 2001, he earned his bachelor's degree in electrical engineering.

Raid was a religious man who prayed, fasted and helped the needy. He was honest in his work and appreciated by friends, neighbors and acquaintances. He was hired by UNMOVIC in December 2002 as an electrician, and worked for the UN until his death. He is survived by his father Shakir Mustafa Al-Mahdawi, his wife Rana Jaafer Abed Al-Mayaki and his two sons, Ahmad and Ali.

LEEN ASSAD AL QADI, born in 1971 in Baghdad, was an Information Assistant for the UNOHCI. Educated at Baghdad University, with a Bachelor's degree in English, Leen's earlier work experience included some two years of administrative work for the Sudanese Ambassador to Iraq. She started her UN career as a secretary in May 2001.

A colleague from the UN Humanitarian Information Centre (UNOHIC) for Iraq described her this way: "Leen was one of the best national staff that I have worked with in any country. She was bright and eager to learn; she was interested in understanding our backgrounds, and in sharing her culture with us; she took a real joy in life. She took to the UNOHIC culture of service and openness very quickly, and I felt that she showed a huge amount of promise. I am sorry that I only had the opportunity to work with her for such a brief time, but very glad that I had the opportunity to know her for that time."

DR. ALYA SOUSA, born in 1949, earned her Bachelor's degree in Middle Eastern Studies at the American University of Beirut, her Master's degree in the same field at the University of London, and her Doctorate in Iraqi history at the University of Paris-Sorbonne. She spent 20 years as a lecturer at the University of Baghdad.

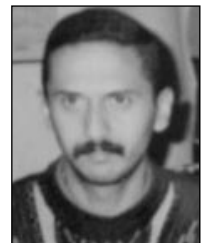
Alya joined UNIKOM as a translator/interpreter in 1991. She worked for UNMOVIC until June of this year, with a three-month mission to Western Sahara as a Registration Officer in 1999/2000. James D. Wolfensohn, President of the World Bank, said: "I met her during my recent trip there and was hugely impressed with her professionalism, commitment and passion for our work. She was an extraordinary person who would have been a member of our long-term team working in Iraq. She will be sorely missed."

MAHMOUD U TAIWI BASIM was 40 years old, and working as a Security Guard. He was married and had a three-year-old daughter named Rania.

Please Note: Information on our Iraqi colleagues was limited at the time we went to press.



Emaad Ahmed Salman



Raid Al Mahdawi



Leen Assad Al Qadi, wearing her UNOHCI t-shirt.



Dr. Alya Sousa

Reham Al-Farra



If I were asked to define the true meaning of friendship, I would say it is Reham.

Reham was a very special and unique person, as a colleague and as my friend. As her friend she was always telling me of her sorrow about the injustice in the world and expressing her sadness through her writing.

When they informed her that she was going to Iraq she was very happy because she strongly believed in humanitarian causes.

She was very proud to be part of the UN organization.

I wish more people were like her. We would be in a better world. We will all miss her dearly.

I was truly blessed to know such a person. Her spirit will never die.

– Basma Baghal

Dearest sweetest Reham.

You were beautiful, vibrant, talented, educated, kind and generous. You had your whole life in front of you and everything to live for. This is a terrible tragedy and loss. Your premature death will touch everyone who came into contact with you. We are honoured to have known you, and our hearts go out to your family and friends.

With deepest sympathy....

– Debbie Pittel
former student with Reham
at Bournemouth University

When DPI decided to launch the News Centre in Arabic, the Director of the Media Division, Salim Lone, looked at me in a meeting and said: "Hamid, we need to hire someone to launch the new page in Arabic who has excellent writing skills, journalistic background and excellent command of the internet and modern means of communication."

"Such qualities and skills might be found in three, maybe two, people, but are unlikely to be found in one," I said to myself. Reham proved me wrong. The minute I met her and invited her for a series of interviews with my superiors, she impressed us all with her knowledge, experience, and refined style in discussing issues. She gave me a big file of her writings from her years with the Jordanian daily *Al-Arab Al-Yawm* and the weekly *Sheeban*. Her writings were impressive, not only for the serious subjects they were dealing with, but also for the rich, soft and beautiful style of her work.

She had years of experience in journalism in Jordan, where she reached the level of Editor of *Sheeban*, the famous weekly newspaper which was well-read due to its courageous criticism of ill-performance by any governmental officials. She then went to London to obtain her Master's Degree in communication.

So the three conditions were found in Reham. I called her appearance while on a visit from London 'a parachute landing.' I felt she came from heaven to save the situation.

Reham started working on 1 November 2002. In a short period, she was able to master her work and develop the Arabic news centre site to the same level as the English and French web pages, which had started years earlier. Reham was loved by all her friends and colleagues. She was so quiet and serene, at peace with herself and others. She was an excellent listener and when she spoke, it was with a soft voice, carefully chosen words and convincing arguments.

When I was about to take my break from Iraq, Reham's name came to mind as a possible replacement for a short period. There were many obstacles before she was finally on her way to Baghdad. She was so excited about her first field assignment. She arrived Monday 18 August, too tired to be briefed about her assignment. She went to different offices that afternoon to finish her administrative procedures.

On the morning of 19 August, I explained to her what was expected from her to fill in as Deputy Spokesman. We went through many details. I gave her my office, my computer, my password, my keys and my blessings. I flew from Baghdad to Amman at 1:30 p.m.

After checking in the hotel in Amman, I turned on *Al-Jazeera* to see if there were any new developments. I was shocked to see that the place I just left had turned into rubble burying many of my best friends and colleagues, including Reham.

May all whom we lost rest in peace and give their families, friends and colleagues the power and courage to deal with such an enormous loss, not only to their love ones and the UN, but also to humanity at large.

– Hamid Abdeljaber



Reham Ahmad Al-Farra, 29, was a Jordanian journalist who joined the UN less than a year ago.

Reham received her Bachelor's degree in journalism from Jordan's Yarmouk University and then went on to earn a Master's degree in journalism from Bournemouth University in the United Kingdom.

From 1997 to 2002, Reham wrote a widely read column for Jordan's Amman-based *Al Arab Al Yawm* newspaper. A colleague from *Al Arab Al Yawm*, Jamil Nimri, said Reham had a "very clever, strong and critical way of writing. I was surprised when I saw her, this small, shy girl." (*Jordan Times*, 22 August.)

Her other recent journalistic work included a regular column in Amman's weekly newspaper, *Al Lewa*, and freelance assignments for the *International Reality Press* in Amman. She also worked as a Jordan correspondent for the weekly newspaper *Al Moharrer Al Seyasi*, which is based in Beirut.

She was a founding member of the Jordanian Network for Environmental Journalists and her short stories had been published in magazines.

Reham started working for the UN at the end of November 2002, when she became Associate Information Officer with the News and Media Division of the Department of Public Information. She was in Iraq on a short-term assignment.

Ranilo Buenaventura



I have so much of Rani's goodness in my heart and mind but cannot find the perfect language to express it.

He was a very private person but enormously kind and helpful. I was very blessed to be his friend.

We travelled by air from NY to Vienna/Amman, then by road for 13 hours from Amman to Baghdad for our initial mission assignment for the Oil-for-Food Programme in February of 1997. I stayed for six months and he remained in Iraq until the tragic incident happened. He was very protective of me all throughout our mission to Iraq (as was usual for him with any of his friends).

During our stay in Iraq, he would always go out of his way to help the locals in financial need, despite the instructions we were given to the contrary. He couldn't bear not to help.

He travelled home frequently and was financially in-charge of his whole family clan in the Philippines. He had lots of friends, international and local, wherever he was assigned.

Rani was soft spoken, always prim and proper, very well dressed and he had classy personal taste.

I wish I could say more. I love him. He was a true friend.

– Corazon dela Pena

I've known Rani from the moment he set foot in the UN. His first job in the UN, and for that matter, in New York, was in the former UN Disaster Relief Office (UNDRO), Liaison Office. I remember, still vividly, the first time Philippe Boule and I saw him. He looked confused, mumbling how much time it took him just to cross First Avenue from the Recruitment Office in the DC1 Building. It turns out that President Reagan was visiting Headquarters that day! Philippe hired Rani, right there and then, on my recommendation. I did not really know him but I instinctively had good feelings about him.

Rani more than exceeded our expectations. He turned out to be one of the most hardworking people I have ever worked with (and I have worked with many). Philippe, Marianne Buschman, Rani and I worked very well together in the Liaison Office. We were a good team. He was very well liked by our colleagues in Geneva, especially those who travelled to New York on mission.

And, on a personal level, not only was Rani a valued colleague, he also became a friend whom I respected and dearly loved. And I have yet to meet someone as generous and thoughtful as Rani. My children are saddened by his passing. They remember him with fondness.

One of the more endearing qualities about Rani was the way he always supported his family, both emotionally and financially. I know that he made enormous sacrifices for the betterment of his family's life in the Philippines.

When he first went to Amman with Philippe and Kaz during the first Gulf war, I prayed for his safety. He came back with a feeling of satisfaction and pride over the contribution he made to the mission. Over the years, while he was stationed in Baghdad, I never stopped caring for him and prayed that he would be safe. I guess in today's world, prayers are not enough.

I may never get over the anger and shock of knowing that lives of innocent civilians such as Rani – people who are doing important work for humanity – could be taken so violently.

– Mila Manalansan

I knew Rani for more than a decade in the UN. We became friends in the hallway and in the photocopying rooms. Later we joined the newly formed DHA (Department of Humanitarian Affairs) together in 1992. Ronnie and I shared a desk where we were secretaries to all the officers at the same time doing manual registry. It was fun working with him, especially during the late hours of the night and even on the weekends. We went home together, as we lived near each other. He went to Iraq in January 1997 and lived there until the tragic incident of 19 August 2003. Most of his time was spent in the North (Erbil), with the UN Office of Humanitarian Coordination for Iraq (UNOHCI).

Rani was a very special friend and a devoted son. He worked hard for his family. He had eight brothers and sisters, and a mother whom he cared for and dearly loved. He was so generous, thoughtful and supportive of his family. He was the kind of son that every mother and father would dream of. He devoted his life to supporting his family.

Rani will be missed by all those who were close to him. He was a special friend that I treasured and will always remember. Memories that we shared will always linger in my heart.

—*Judith Gaerlan*

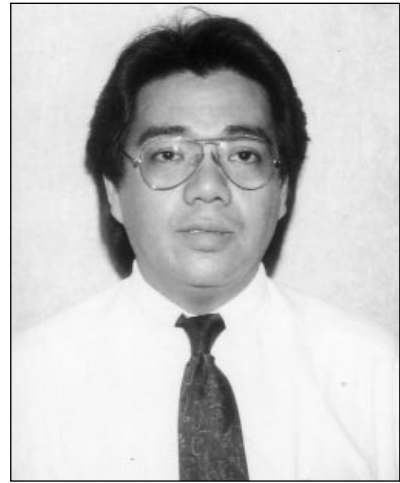
Rani and I go back many years to when we were working in the UNDRO, predecessor to DHA and the Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs (OCHA). In those days, Rani was in the NY office whereas I was in the Geneva office. From that distance, I only knew that Rani was someone I could always count on to handle administrative support matters in the NY office.

Then, in the fall of 1990, during the first Gulf crisis, we were both deployed to Amman. There, I got to really appreciate Rani, as we had to deal with emergency situations and work long hours non-stop.

Come to think of it, I think Rani was one of the best administrative assistant colleagues I have ever worked with in my 21 years of service in the UN and the World Bank. I recall well that he used to carry this bag which had all kinds of office supplies. He was really an office-on-the-go, efficient, well organized and an excellent partner. The work and personal relationship continued after I moved to NY and we stayed in touch when he moved to Iraq.

He could be one of those unsung heroes of the UN. But to me, he is not unsung. He is a shining example of the people behind some of the more well-known names. I will miss him greatly.

—*Kaz Kuroda*



Ranilo Buenaventura, 47, was born and raised in Malolos, Philippines, the fifth of nine children. He worked as a clerk while earning a business degree at the Philippine College of Commerce (now Polytechnic University of the Philippines).

In 1979 he left the Philippines to work at Bechtel Co. in Saudi Arabia. He worked there for the next 10 years.

Rani's United Nations service began in 1989, when he joined the Secretariat's Disaster Relief Organization, based at UN Headquarters in New York.

He subsequently began working with the Department for Humanitarian Affairs (DHA), which later became the Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs (OCHA).

Rani was seconded by OCHA to the Oil-for-Food Programme for Iraq. He went to Iraq in 1997 and was deployed to Erbil.

Most recently, Rani was working in Baghdad, for the office of the UN Humanitarian Coordinator for Iraq.

A bachelor, Rani provided tuition for eight of his nieces and nephews this past year – two in high school, three in elementary school and three in pre-school.

Rani's family described him as a quiet man to reporters Carmela Reyes and Irene C. Perez, who wrote about him in the Philippine paper *The Nation* on 5 September. "He didn't talk a lot," said his sister Melinda, "he was very simple."

Rick Hooper



Rick Hooper was not indifferent. Nor was he complacent.

To the contrary, he cared deeply and passionately about the issues on the UN's plate. In particular, he dedicated most of his waking hours to thinking through such issues as peace in the Middle East (which consumed much of his adult life), the future of Iraq (his most recent obsession, on which we both worked together), and the role of the UN to promote a more peaceful and sane world.

Rick, the ultimate political junkie, took great pains to point out to his colleagues the confines of the UN's room for manoeuvre in various situations. He considered it essential to put forward policy advice that was workable. At the same time, this deep pragmatist was also a remarkably idealistic and principled person, above all else. He refused to accept that a UN official should be any other way.

I think the combination of his sense of responsibility, professionalism, pragmatism and integrity explained why, it must be said, it was impossible to have a short conversation with Rick, ever. You could start with a simple question, like, "will you get a chance to respond to my e-mail?" Before you knew it, Rick was ranting (very lucidly and convincingly) about the state of the world, about what needed to be done to improve the UN's recruitment system, and everything in between. He expected a great deal from this Organization, and even more from himself. As I will remember Rick, he was trying to raise the bar, always.

I much admired Rick for his amazing intellect, deeply respected his moral clarity, marvelled at his analytical abilities, trusted unquestioningly his discretion and judgement, and, most of all, was grateful to him for his friendship.

One of the reasons I am proud to be a staff member of the United Nations is because people like Rick Hooper work for it.

My daughter is too young right now to understand why her Daddy is so very sad these days. But, when she is older, I will explain to her that I had the great privilege of working so very closely with Rick Hooper. I will recount to her with pride that I had the opportunity to serve in Baghdad, with Sergio, and Nadia, and Jean-Selim, and Fiona – though sadly for not nearly long enough.

And, I will tell her, without any doubts, that I am the better for it.

– *Salman Ahmed*

For me, one of the very few consolations of Rick's death in the brutal attack in Baghdad on 19 August – an attack not just on UN personnel, but on everything we stand for – is that I had had the chance a couple of weeks before to tell him how highly I valued him. By chance, the Department of Political Affairs had declared a stand-down on 25 July so that we could catch up on the backlog of our staff performance appraisals. As part of this, I had a formal interview with Rick, in which I told him that he was one of the very few truly outstanding people I had worked with in a career spanning nearly 40 years. I told him that he was exceptional in the rare mix of qualities he brought to his work: very strong analytical qualities, excellent judgement, insistence on always viewing individual events and decisions in a broad strategic concept, meticulousness in dealing with the cumbersome UN bureaucracy that we all know and love(!), tremendous work rate, great integrity and devotion to the cause of peace.

Not that Rick was without flaws. His relentless drive for perfection meant that he accumulated a backlog of work of lesser priority. I could never persuade him to play what I call "percentage tennis" – letting work of lesser importance pass across his desk so long as it was of acceptable quality. No, for Rick, everything had to meet his own standards. If this meant, as it did, extraordinarily long hours in the office and working hard over the weekend too, this was a price he was ready to pay.

Rick could be abrasive especially when faced with work that did not meet his exacting standards or where he felt that colleagues had not made the necessary effort. He was fairly direct in expressing his views on such occasions. He was rigorous and unsentimental when it came to appointments and promotions. (Since our shared objective was to bring fresh blood into the department, I do not regard this as a fault.)

But I could also see how much of his day was spent listening to people who needed help or had grievances. Everyone who passed through his open door received a full and careful hearing. I have been touched by the condolences my

colleagues and I have received from so many people who wrote to say how much trouble Rick took to try to help them.

I haven't mentioned Rick's personality and character. He was driven primarily by a passionate sense of fairness, which is why he joined the UN in the first place. He kept his private life in a separate compartment, and although we met a dozen times a day and even travelled together I do not know a huge amount about his hobbies and how he used his leisure time. But he read widely and the books he gave me were carefully chosen.

Rick was a passionate Arabist. His last real holiday was spent in Yemen, which he greatly enjoyed. He spoke Syrian Arabic to the Syrians, Egyptian Arabic to the Egyptians and Gazan Arabic to the Palestinians – all perfectly.

I miss Rick terribly, every day. But the full extent of his loss is only just beginning to dawn on me. As a wise friend of mine once told me in another context, "the present is for dealing with what is immediate and necessary. Although there is real grief, it will not be permitted time until much later, when everything else has been done."

Rick didn't want to die. He had a lot to live for. But he very much wanted to be in Baghdad; and he died doing what he wanted to do – work unflinchingly for peace.

– *Sir Kieran Prendergast*

Most people were struck by Rick's brilliance. And he was certainly brilliant. The most incisive mind I have ever come across and, according to those in a position to judge, astonishingly fluent in colloquial and classical Arabic. Not to mention incredible political judgement, a deep knowledge of the complex politics of the Middle East and an equally impressive knowledge of the possibly more complicated, byzantine and logic defying rules and regulations of the UN.

That three of the most brilliant people in the UN – Terje Larsen, Kieran Prendergast and, recently, Sergio Vieira de Mello – spotted Rick's talents and persuaded him to work with them is testament enough to what he had to offer. Although he only gave us two years and was taken so abruptly, Rick left an indelible mark on DPA – both on what we do and how we do it. I cannot imagine how we will fill the hole.

But what stays with me most is Rick's kindness. He touched so many people's lives and there are countless young UN staff who have lost a mentor. Including myself. I have been touched and humbled by how many people have contacted me since his death to explain what an important role he played in their lives and careers. I should have been more flattered than I was by the time he took with me over the years; long conversations deep into the night with the lights of Manhattan twinkling out our office windows. I often arrived home hours later than I had said I would because I stopped by to say goodbye to Rick and ended up in a deep and lengthy conversation about Iraq or Colombia or DPA or my career goals or the state of the world or American foreign policy or anything you can imagine.

It will be a long time before I can leave the office at night without a lump in my throat, wishing for more of those precious conversations. I can still hear Rick say "really?" in that mischievous voice as we shared some interesting piece of



Richard Hooper was born in California and spent his childhood in Idaho. He graduated from Stevenson College in 1985. He spent a semester at Birzeit University on the West Bank, and Nimes, France.

Rick received a Fulbright Scholarship to study at the University of Damascus. He also studied at the Center for American Studies Abroad at the American University in Cairo. He received a Master's degree in Arab studies from Georgetown University.

In addition to speaking fluent Arabic, he had a working knowledge of French, German, Norwegian and Czech.

His UN career included serving as special assistant to Terje Roed-Larsen, the UN's special coordinator of the Middle East peace negotiations between the Palestinian Authority and Israel. At the time of his death, he was Senior Advisor in the office of the UN's Under-Secretary-General for Political Affairs in New York.

He is survived by his parents, brother and sister and his grandmother.

Rick, who was in Baghdad on a temporary assignment, was 40 years old at the time of his death.

news or gossip. I can overhear him shouting in Arabic down the phone as I sit in my office, half-concentrating on the latest cables and half wishing I could understand what he's saying. I can still see us sitting together at the recent DPA retreat, passing notes and plotting. In fact, perhaps my fondest, most lasting memory will be from that retreat. I grabbed Rick during one coffee break to tell him some important personal news that affected my immediate career plans. Although he was in the middle of a million things – Liberia, Iraq, DPA management issues – he readily crept away with me to a quiet corner and gave me his undivided attention for as long as it took. Throughout the summer, he never forgot this issue and asked me often how things were, what he could do. I will miss him so much as I deal with it but without him.

He was the most human and caring and gentle person; all you could wish for in a colleague and a friend. Brilliance is important but humanity is much more so. And Rick had that to spare.

– *Michele Griffin*

Reza Hosseini



Reza in Kuwait City
Photo by Deiter Hannusch

“Frankly speaking, it’s raining like hell down here.” This line was coined by Reza, and used countless times by the rest of us, in IOM [International Organization for Migration] Dili. And you knew that no matter how massive the downpour in Suai, reporting from his sub-office in the Cova Lima district, Reza surely had a smile on his face. His beaming smile was catching, addictive. His face was alight with cheerfulness, with his exuberant *joie de vivre*. Reza Hosseini was a fine colleague, dedicated and loyal. He became a friend, a good friend, one who will be missed by many of us.

As the emergency mission began folding in East Timor and colleagues started going in separate ways, many of us hoped that we would have a chance to work together again, or at least keep in touch. The world is a small place and getting smaller all the time, so I was not surprised, a few months back, when I happened to be in Geneva and heading to the WHO cafeteria, to hear Reza’s voice resounding in the hall, calling my name. Turning around, I was treated to that unforgettable smile. I ache to think that will never happen again.

I cherish the memories of Reza though I look at his picture with disbelief and a sense of void. Can this be? A candle burns on my mantle, to fill the night, and though the candle will burn out, his radiant smile will not fade in my thoughts.

– Christopher Gascon

I was lucky enough to work with Reza on my first ever job with the United Nations in West and East Timor. In fact, I heard about him long before I met him, but once I did I was lucky enough to become one of his many, many friends all of whom feel desperate having lost a companion so loyal and supportive.

My fondest memories of Reza are of hot and humid evenings in Dili, East Timor relaxing after another long day organising the return of refugees to their homes. We seldom talked about work, but instead Reza fascinated me with magical stories of his life in Iran. I cannot help but think of Reza when I eat a good pistachio, lose yet another game of backgammon, or see someone elegantly smoking a cigarette with a holder. He was great fun!

Reza was a professional, but before that he was a family man who found long missions away from his children, Sayed Yazdan and Yasman, pure torture. He was never happier than when about to board a plane from Timor to Iran for holidays with his family.

Unlike many proud men in the world, Seyed Reza Hosseini was a man whose pride was fully justified.

– Jake Morland

It's difficult to find the right words to describe Reza, who was my darling best friend in West Timor and Baghdad.

Reza's two wishes were to return to UNHCR [UN High Commission for Refugees], and to settle his family in the US. In our dull moments in Baghdad, we often spoke about his children and how he wished they would soon be in the US. I always laughed at him each time he spoke about settling in the US, which I myself would never dream of!

His love for life was just amazing. He loved good things and good fun, and we always said, "what the hell, life is too short."

Reza loved to cook, and he did it very well, but could never accept that I could cook better!!

He was my "light" in Baghdad when things seemed to get darker somewhere in my life...He was always there for me. When things got tough sometimes between us, he would always say to me, "Come give me a hug."

I surely miss him, and for all his dear friends, Reza will always remain alive in our hearts. I will always be there for his wife and children.

– *Adelaida Principe*

In 1993, Reza Hosseini gave up a comfortable home and good job prospects in the United States to work in a cold and barren location in the northwest corner of Iran.

His job, with UNHCR, was to help Afghan refugees in Iran return to their country.

"I visited him there and it was really a difficult place to live – harsh weather and in the middle of nowhere," said Zia Hosseini, Reza's brother. "But he loved it there, and he loved working for the UN.

"He wanted to help people," Zia said. "For a long time he wanted to work for an international company but he said 'there is no international company in the world that helps people who really need help, like the United Nations.'"

Reza went on to spend the next 10 years working for UNHCR and the IOM. Some of his sympathy for refugees might have come from Reza's own experience of living far from home.

In 1984, Reza left his hometown of Mashhad, Iran, and travelled 5,000 miles to Lincoln, Nebraska in the US. There he joined Zia, who was studying at the University of Nebraska. Reza earned a degree there in business administration and spent the next six years working in the US.

Despite the cultural differences and his own status as a member of a minority group, Reza made many friends in Lincoln and thought of the town as his second home. One of these friends was Tam Allan, a lawyer who worked with Reza shortly after he graduated.

"Reza was an amazing individual, he would just come into the room and all attention would be turned on him," Allan said. "People of every background were drawn to him."

According to Allan, the small minority population of Lincoln often looked to Reza for help and advice. And whether it was a problem with immigration or language difficulties, Reza was always ready to lend a hand.

"He really helped people assimilate here, and that's probably why he was so good at his work with refugees," Allan said. "He had an air of confidence, that there were no problems that couldn't be overcome. And that confidence was contagious."

– *Geoffrey Lumetta*



Reza Hosseini was born in 1960 in Mashad, Iran, a city famous for the Holy Shrine of the Imam Reza, Eighth Shiite Saint.

As a young man in high school, Reza specialized in natural sciences. He later earned his Bachelor's degree in business administration at the University of Nebraska in 1988.

Reza moved from the private sector to the UN in 1993, when he became a Senior Repatriation Assistant for the UN High Commissioner for Refugees in Iran.

In 1999, he was part of the team that launched UNHCR's repatriation programme in West Timor. This involved registering up to 4,000 refugees per day, as well as the process of 'extracting' refugees who were being held by members of the militia.

Early in 2000, Reza became head of the sub-office of the International Organization for Migration (IOM) in East Timor. His work focused in part on demobilizing former combatants, as well as on coordinating the movement of refugees and internally displaced persons.

In September of 2001, he became Chief of Operations for the IOM in Dili, East Timor.

He joined the team of the UN Humanitarian Coordinator in Iraq as a Humanitarian Affairs Officer in April.

Reza is survived by his wife Zahra Shakeri, his eight-year-old son Seyed Yazdan, and his five-year-old daughter Yasman.

Reza's parents told me they had asked him why he wanted to go to Baghdad. They said, "If you want the sand and rocks, come back to Iran." He told them: "I will never forget how wonderful the celebrations were in Timor, and I want to be able to help do the same thing in Iraq."

– *Zuzu Tabatabai*

Jean-Selim Kanaan



Although Jean-Selim and I worked together for a year in Bernard Kouchner's cabinet, we spent little time together, but from the moment he sauntered into my office in Pristina in November 1999 to welcome me to the office of the Secretary-General's Special Representative, he has been dear to me. Perhaps it was his lively, mischievous, schoolboy demeanour which evoked a certain vulnerability and made me feel protective towards him. Whenever our paths crossed, I could see by his cheeky smile that I was either going to get a bear hug or that my hair would be ruffled!!

I saw him for the last time in France a few days before the terrorist attack. He was cradling Mattia-Selim, his three-week old son. He talked of the mission. Said he did not wish to return to Baghdad. But there were only six weeks to go before he returned home for good to be with Laura and his baby son. I suddenly sensed that vulnerability once again.

Taking my leave, I stroked his cheek, not wanting to awaken Mattia-Selim who was sleeping peacefully in his arms.

His first day back in the office after paternity leave was 19 August.

What a terrible waste of an exceptional human being.

– Vera Martin

Written by Jean-Selim about 11 September 2001

It is 8 p.m. on Wednesday 13 September 2001 in New York. Almost 60 hours after the apocalypse. Because it truly was an apocalypse. New York will never be like it was before, never. The attacks of yesterday morning left a city in a state of shock. The streets are empty, passers-by are distraught, we look at each other, but there is nothing in our eyes. Neither fear nor sorrow nor distress nor sadness nor anger, there is nothing. Only a lack of understanding and confusion.

I am not American, I am not a New Yorker, but what happened here touches us all in our humanity, in our dignity. I still cannot believe it, everything is surreal. It should be a Hollywood super-production but no, this is reality [...] Entombed with the buildings are thousands of lives, people like you and me, employees, managers, young, old, men, women, parents, brothers and sisters. It is indescribable, unutterable [...] The simple thought that thousands of people, who died in atrocious condition, are buried a few blocks away from my home shakes me deep inside. What is happening to the world? What is this insanity without boundaries and without limits?

– Jean-Selim Kanaan
printed in Libération
(excerpted / unofficial translation)

He was my colleague Minister of Sports while I was Minister of Justice trying to build up some kind of justice system for Kosovo. During the first months of my stay in Pristina I had no spare time...Mondays were like Saturdays and Sundays like Wednesdays.

In spring 2000, I heard that Bernard Kouchner was jogging from time to time in the hills of Grmja, up above Pristina. Since I remembered I was a rather good jogger and for sure needed to escape and get some "fresh" air, I joined his group of joggers, made up of Kouchner, Eric and Jean-Selim.

We had so much fun together. It became a sort of a ritual. I remember that at the time Jean-Selim had gained weight. Also I guess he did not enjoy running that much. And we were smoking at the time. I was running ahead with Kouchner, and a bodyguard who was practically under his feet. Far away we could hear Jean-Selim, shouting at Bernard and demanding a Kro (for Kronenbourg, one of our French beers).

Later, during the summer, Jean-Selim's fitness and style had improved and we could breathe, sweat and laugh together. He would imitate my funny way of finishing words by the sound "shhh"; he, of course, being the only one on earth who had ever noticed this defect!

He will remain in my heart forever.

– Sylvie Pantz

One of Jean-Selim's hidden talents was to imitate colleagues. He did this one imitation of a friend who he met in Kosovo that was so funny I always asked for more. At one of the numerous dinners we had together at Nadia's apartment, I think he must have done the imitation ten times and we kept laughing like it was the first time. This scene was totally irresistible and when it comes back to me, even today when tears subside, I cannot help laughing and it makes me forget for a split second that the entertainer will be entertaining his guardian angels instead.

– François Charlier

In post-war Pristina, we spent one of many evenings without electricity in the company of Oliver Stone, the American film director, who had dropped in for a lightning-fast visit to Kosovo, because he wanted to make a movie about the conflicted world of international civil servants.

We were a bit intimidated by that filmmaking wizard, who kept pressing us, trying to understand what motivates seemingly normal people to work for the UN in some of the most dangerous places in the world, rebuilding bridges, roads, and schools in countries we don't – and never will – belong to.

Stone asked Jean-Selim "Why do you keep staying in these war zones?"

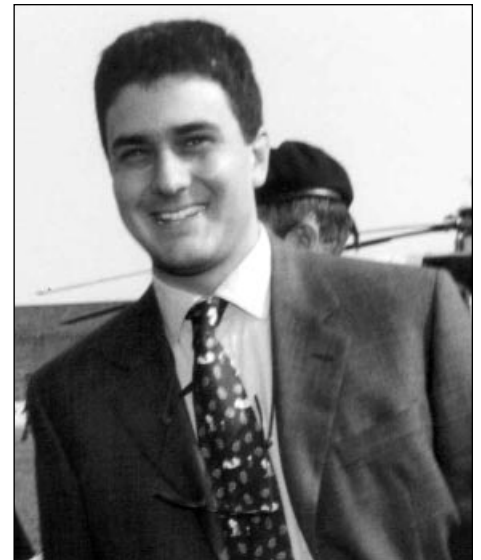
Jean-Selim told him: "In a peacekeeping mission, where we all live together, where we can't wash, we can't go out, where we eat rubbery pizza for months on end – you get to know people for what they really are. When you return to 'normal' life, there are no unpleasant surprises, no disappointments."

In November 2002, once Jean-Selim had come back from Kosovo, his book *My War Against Indifference* was published in France. In it he told of his experiences in peace-keeping in Bosnia. He was critical of the UN and the problems it had in adapting to new geo-political challenges, but he also full-heartedly asserted its capacity and competence in peace-keeping, based on its daily experiences in 'construction sites' such as Kosovo, Congo, Afghanistan. And like Iraq, where the UN is once again finding itself in the position of having to give lessons in peace-making.

– Marina Catena, first in *La Stampa* 22 August
(excerpted in unofficial translation)

I considered Jean-Selim Kanaan as a son. A young man of the world, of three nationalities and a single devotion. A mix of youth and grandeur. European Parliament, Harvard, Bosnia, Kosovo: everywhere a volunteer and always in the worst places, he told the story of his disappointments and his hopes in a recent book. He had just married Laura, she also, another rash veteran of Kosovo, who single-handedly administered one of the most difficult and dangerous municipalities. Their son, Mati-Selim, is exactly three weeks old. There is much this little boy must be told, how good and kind his father was.

– Bernard Kouchner in *Le Monde*, 21 August
translated by Leslie Thatcher



Jean-Selim Kanaan was truly an international; born to an Egyptian father and a French mother and raised in Rome.

For several years, he worked with non-governmental organizations and the European Parliament in disaster relief, emergency logistics and conflict prevention, serving in countries in Africa and Eastern Europe.

From 1994 to 1996, he studied at Harvard University, earning his Master's degree in Public Policy.

Jean-Selim worked around the world with a number of non-governmental organizations in the field of humanitarian relief before starting his career with the UN. His first UN assignment was with the Office for Project Services (UNOPS) as Assistant Programme Coordinator in 1997, working in Sarajevo. He was subsequently appointed Deputy Programme Coordinator in Zagreb.

In November 1999, Jean-Selim took a mission assignment for one year with the UN Mission in Kosovo (UNMIK), serving as Special Advisor on Reconstruction, part of the team of the Secretary-General's Special Representative.

Following the Kosovo mission, Jean-Selim was Field Mission Advisor at UN Headquarters in New York.

Last year, his book was published, *Ma guerre contre l'indifference*, or *My War Against Indifference* (Robert Laffont, 2002).

In January 2003, Jean-Selim and his new wife, Laura Dolci, moved to Geneva. They had first met while both were working for the UN in Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Jean-Selim was in Baghdad on a temporary assignment; he had gone to Iraq in June.

His son, Mattia-Selim, was three weeks old when Jean-Selim died at the age of 33.

Christopher Klein-Beekman



Dear Chris.

Why have people to do this? It's outrageous, this unprovoked and senseless attack. You dedicated your life to help the people who needed it the most, mothers and children, even in such dangerous and difficult times.

We hope that these terrorists who committed this despicable act will be found and brought to justice. We are with Mom and Dad, and hoping we find the peace to help them in this difficult time. Miss you so much!!

– Your family in The Netherlands:

*Berry, Yvonne, Kevin, Naomi, Dick, Annemiek,
Max, Dini, Marco, Jaqueline, Bob, Lars, Kirsten,
Ellie, Gerrit, Gerda, Robert, Christiaan,
Mark, Rob, Marro, Ivo, Pim, Inge, Jannine, Bas*

The sad news about Chris has shocked us deeply and we still cannot believe something like this could ever happen. He joined our team in October 2000 and was one of the staff who made an impact on children's lives in Kosovo through his hard work and devotion. He was a respected colleague and a very communicative and a caring person. Chris was a friend who was always available for giving advice and help on all the issues affecting us. We all feel very lucky to have known him and we are glad that, at least for a short time, he was a part of our lives.

We pray and will always remember him.

– UNICEF Kosovo Staff

We had the pleasure of working together with Chris within the area of water supply to southern Iraq earlier this year. Chris became the focal point in the whole operation, not only because of his formal responsibilities with UNICEF, but also because of his personality and management style.

In the first phase after the war we entered Iraq together every day from Kuwait, and we will never forget the daily summary sessions with Chris at the office. Chris had a unique ability to support and strengthen us when we felt that the stress was overwhelming, and he had a genuine interest in the well-being of all his staff. Although he had a heavy burden of responsibility and a lot of pressure on his shoulders, he would never lose sight of his colleagues.

Chris also played a major role in the establishment of a partner cooperation agreement between UNICEF and Norwegian Church Aid later in the summer. He was a person who tried to avoid unnecessary bureaucracy and push good project ideas through the UNICEF system. In this process we grew to appreciate his dedication, his ability to communicate and resolve problems, his efficiency and his pleasant personality. All of us who worked with Chris grew to respect him as a courageous young man of great personal integrity.

His tragic death during the attack on the United Nations Headquarters in Baghdad is a great loss to all of us, but his legacy - and that of his colleagues who died with him - will live on as a testimony to their courage, compassion and commitment to bringing dignity to the lives of countless people across the world.

– On behalf of Norwegian Church Aid:

*Arve Danielsen, Tor Valla, Bård Frostad,
Arild Isaksen, Bjørg Mide, Ellen Dabl*

The people of Iraq and the entire humanitarian community have suffered an enormous loss today. Chris was an energetic, incredibly talented young man who made a huge impact in Iraq in a difficult time. He was a highly respected colleague and friend, and he cared passionately about children. His loss is deeply mourned by all of us. It is a terrible, terrible tragedy.

– Carol Bellamy

It is with desperate sadness, deep regret and shock that I learned today the passing away of our dear friend and colleague Chris during the bombing attack in Canal Hotel. May God rest his soul in eternal peace and provide comfort to the bereaved family and all his colleagues, in Baghdad and around the world, who have known Chris and worked with him at this difficult time.

Some people touch life one moment and disappear the next. Among those people was Chris. The love he left behind is the substance our memories are made of. May God help all of us find comfort in remembering our gentle colleague and friend Chris.

I am devastated. Please accept and transmit to his family and to all the colleagues in Iraq my sincere condolences and my deepest sympathies. My thoughts are with you.

– M.D.

Working directly with USAID in Iraq representing UNICEF was Chris Klein-Beekman. Just that morning, Chris had shared with our mission staff his excitement about the progress we are making in education and other areas. He was a good friend of USAID and fine example of a UN officer.

Our prayers are with all his friends and family.

– Andrew S. Natsios, USAID



Left:
Chris in a midnight meeting on 15 May, in the tent where he and other UNICEF male staff were staying in the first months after the war.
UNICEF/HQ03-0337/
Shehzad Noorani
Above right:
Chris leaving Kosovo.



Son of John and Betsy Klein-Beekman, Chris, 31, was born and raised on Vancouver Island in British Columbia, Canada. He attended the University of Victoria where he obtained his Bachelor's degree with honours in Sociology in 1993. He continued his studies at the University of Amsterdam, where he earned his Master's degree with honours in International Relations in 1994.

After his studies, Chris joined the Department of Humanitarian Affairs at the UN in Geneva in 1995. He subsequently joined UNICEF in 1997 under the Junior Professional Officer programme through UNICEF Canada and the Canadian International Development Agency to work with UNICEF overseas.

He was posted to Addis Ababa, Ethiopia where he held the posts of Assistant Programme Officer (January 1997) and Monitoring and Evaluation Officer (February 1999). This was also where he met his wife, Nina Kebede.

In October 2000, Chris was transferred to Pristina, Kosovo, initially as Monitoring and Evaluation Officer and later as Project Officer, Monitoring and Evaluation. He spent more than a year there, helping children in transition.

In May 2002 he was promoted to Programme Coordinator in Baghdad, Iraq, where he served as the deputy of the extensive UNICEF operation that helped protect the lives of millions of children. He oversaw major projects focused on water and sanitation, health, education and child protection, and was Officer-in-Charge of UNICEF's entire Iraq programme at the time of his death.

UNICEF maintained a separate office in Baghdad a few miles from the main UN facility, but UNICEF staff regularly visited the UN building that was attacked.

Chris is survived by his wife and his mother.

Martha Teas

Martha came to Larnaca, Cyprus, in early May to be part of a Humanitarian Information Center (HIC) team for the UN mission in Iraq. Upon arrival, Martha learned she had been appointed Project Manager, chosen as the one who would shape an international collection of over 15 technically skilled individuals into a cohesive team. Though at times Martha would doubt the wisdom of this decision, the UN had made the right choice.

Her team members loved her. In a notebook passed from hand to hand, to commemorate Martha's work for the HIC, Aseed Shareef writes, "when I joined HIC, I felt that I am in my family and you are the mother of the family, supporting me, pushing me forward." "You were the peace-maker," writes Shawn Messick, "always seeking to build the greater whole." "You symbolized how the UN should be –honest and well-intentioned," writes Tony from Operations. Martha was the person people inside and outside of the HIC turned to for "a quick chat, to gossip, or to talk about home. She tried to make an abnormal place seem normal," wrote Maura Lynch. "I will miss your laugh," writes Bernd Eckhardt, "your outbursts when you sat at your desk reading aloud the funny news on your e-mail."

"It was a bad day in Larnaca," writes Danina, "when I met Martha over a beer. I was feeling sad and undervalued. But Martha was full of support for a girl she had just met. And from there, it grew. She shared with me her frustrations and her happiness, over a coffee and a cigarette, and I grew to love and appreciate her."

After a short orientation in Larnaca, Martha's assignment took her to Baghdad, where she shared a room in the Canal Hotel with Shawn Boeser. Shawn writes, "we shared everything on this mission: We shared our vices, our life stories, our ideal world philosophies, our loves and our losses. We shared our excitement, enthusiasm, and fears about being the first HIC team into Baghdad." At a party in the tent city built inside the Canal compound, Martha and Shawn were dubbed "the HIC chicks" and the name stuck. Martha was a strong woman leading the largest and most successful HIC the UN had ever deployed.

To build team cohesion and to plan their next steps, Martha planned a HIC retreat at the Dead Sea in Jordan. For three days, 17 team members schemed about our humanitarian mission; for three hours, we soaked, mud-packed, floated. The photo of our team on that retreat captures our spirit and camaraderie, energized by Martha's leadership and support.

For the rest of June and July, Martha returned to Baghdad. Her team members were now spread out across Iraq – to the north in Erbil and Mosul, to the south in Basrah, in Baghdad—and outside Iraq, in Amman. Energized by the retreat, Martha's HIC team entered a new phase of work, hiring more local staff, and dreaming of a time when the HIC's



Portrait of Martha taken in Jordan, June 2003

work would be turned over to the Iraqi people. When Martha left for two weeks at home in August, her team was functioning as a coordinated unit, entering the final phase of the mission. Martha returned to her duty station in Baghdad less than a week before the bombing.

Every member of Martha's team knows where they were when they heard the news. Whether we were in New York or Amman, Mosul or Basrah, Erbil or Baghdad, the sounds and images of the bomb shattered our very lives. Some of us are hospitalized in Amman. Some of us are being flown home to families and friends. Some of us are left to carry on the vision that Martha helped to build.

We have gathered twice to honor Martha and the others we have lost: Leen, and Is'aam. In Amman, in Soodad and Ina'am's hospital room, we lit candles, and spoke of our grief. In a forested hillside on the outskirts of Amman, we gathered to read poetry, pass cigars, and share a bottle of single malt scotch for Martha. The healing comes slowly.

"Hardworking, honest, down-to-earth, and full of integrity," as Jaap has written, Martha leaves behind many people who cared for her, and whose lives have been deeply touched by her. Our thoughts are with Jamie, and with all her family and friends at home.

– by the UN Humanitarian Information Centre Team in Iraq

Martha's work for the United Nations took her to Thailand, Cambodia, Bolivia, Bangladesh, China, Laos, Pakistan, Afghanistan and finally Iraq. Her efforts to help those living in hunger and despair touched millions while she was alive,

and we know she would be comforted if her death and her memory can continue to make the world a better place.

We agree with Martha's belief that the UN exists for the highest good of all countries. On her behalf, we ask that you learn about the UN's good works and support their efforts to promote democracy, resolve conflict, free the oppressed and feed the hungry.

Here in the United States, we have a responsibility and duty to educate ourselves about our country's foreign policies and to learn how we as a nation support the UN programs that help rebuild countries which have been devastated by war. This is not only part of our duty as Americans who have so much and enjoy so many rights. More importantly, it's part of our duty as human beings. We must reach out to others and offer a beacon of hope for the future.

When we learned that Martha had been taken from us, all we could feel at first was an unspeakable loss. But as we grieve and try to heal, we want to celebrate the fact that she did so much good. We know the world is a better place because of Martha, and we want her life to be remembered and her work to be continued. She did her part. Now we need to do ours.

– *Statement from the Family of Martha Teas Meiklejohn*
Robbie Meiklejohn-Burt, sister-in-law
Jamie Meiklejohn, husband

The first thing you noticed about Martha was her enthusiasm for development work, her professionalism and her innate goodness. She passionately believed that the world could be made better. Martha was also incredibly funny, smart, unwaveringly loyal, determinedly realistic and not the least bit pretentious.

Martha was one of the most intellectually honest people you could hope to know. She worked with data and mapping in development organizations, and she wasn't afraid to tell the UN when the data said their programs might not be helping the people who really needed it. She never pretended a situation was different to please a superior.

Much of Martha's work in Cambodia was with the World Food Programme, where she started some of the first work anywhere in the world to map vulnerable populations. She loved escaping from her third floor office and her computers at WFP and going out into the countryside on food distribution or survey trips.

The key to Martha: she truly wanted to help people, but she wasn't soppy about it. She was always realistic, but never cynical.

Martha's consultancy in Baghdad for the UN should have been over by Tuesday and she should have been back relaxing on her porch in the Rockies, but ten days ago she had agreed to stay for one more month. She wanted to make sure everything was absolutely correct before she left.

"It is doing all the things [I] believe in," Martha wrote to me earlier this week. She said Baghdad was tough and she was slightly burnt out, but she was doing work that she believed was incredibly necessary, getting the right information to the right people so the right decisions could be made and the lives of ordinary people could be made better.

Martha was the best sort of friend a person could have, the

friend you giggled with so hard that both of you would end up gasping with laughter as tears ran down your cheeks, the one you always thought you'd grow old with. I will miss her terribly.

– *Carol Livingstone, first in Cambodia Daily 25 August*
(excerpted)

Martha was shy, but ironically it was exactly this honest, sincere, midwest American shyness that made her a giant in the eyes of the many people she worked with around the world. Martha was the embodiment of what the world's peoples like and respect most about the United States. How ironic and tragic that her life would come to an end in a violent protest aimed at the contrary. I can say in all confidence and honesty that Martha Teas Meiklejohn would have been the first to try to understand and sympathize with the anger that would lead someone to commit such a brutal and senseless act. If only to honor her memory, we must try to push our own anger aside and do the same. It is difficult.

Martha was adventurous, but she was not careless. To the contrary, she was one of the United Nations' most respected specialists in vulnerability and risk assessment. It is in this capacity that I had the pleasure to serve with her. She knew what she was doing, and I am sure she often fretted over the risks she took. However, she also knew the critical importance of her work in getting humanitarian assistance to those who needed it most, and her compassion for the plight of others often outweighed any concern for personal risk. Like UN Special Representative Sergio Vieira de Mello, with whom she served and ultimately died, Martha Teas Meiklejohn was the very best the United Nations has to offer.

– *J. Marzilli*
from the online condolence book at
www.globegazette.com / Globe Gazette of Mason City Iowa

Martha Teas, 47, was the Manager of the UN's Humanitarian Information Center in Iraq, part of the Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs (OCHA).

Born in Iowa, in the US, Martha earned her degree from the University of Colorado in Denver in the field of Regional Planning and then worked as a planner for city and county governments.

In 1989, Martha and her then-fiancee, Jamie Meiklejohn, moved to Thailand. They married there, on St. Valentine's Day, in 1991. Martha managed art and printing programmes for Cambodian refugee children with the International Rescue Committee.

In 1992, the couple moved to Cambodia, where Martha worked for the UN's World Food Programme, directing geographic information systems.

Martha worked for the UN around the world for more than 10 years, contributing her expertise in humanitarian relief, data and mapping to the work of a number of UN system bodies including the World Food Programme, UN Department of Social and Economic Affairs, UN Office for Project Services, the World Bank and the UN Development Programme, and the Office for the Coordination of Humanitarian Affairs. Last December, Martha and her husband moved back to Colorado, to their home in the mountains and their dog.

Sergio Vieira de Mello



In the Department of Peacekeeping Operations, Sergio will be remembered as the ultimate peace-keeper. He served in most of the major peacekeeping operations: Cambodia, Lebanon, Bosnia, Kosovo, East Timor and in many other challenging situations. He was part of every battle for peace, for justice and for human dignity. He wanted to be part of the action, in the field, where he could make a difference and feel the impact of his work. He made us all look good and he had become the symbol of all the ideals that the United Nations stands for.

Yet, he never ceased to be a simple man. He will be remembered just as much for his charm, his natural elegance, his disarming smile, his charisma, his sense of humor, his frequent urge to share a joke with his colleagues in the middle of a tense or boring meeting, and his unique ability to interact in the same candid manner with people at all levels, from Heads of State to his most junior colleagues.

Sergio, a part of us died with you, but you will always live in what is left of us.

– *Your friend,*
Hedi Annabi

Almost one month on and the shock and sadness, with which I received the news of the tragic death of Sergio Vieira de Mello, are still strongly felt by each and every Timorese.

We are aware that the physical loss of an extraordinary figure such as Sergio generated a feeling that went beyond borders, nationalities and countries. The work which Sérgio carried out over the decades throughout his diplomatic career, for peace, human dignity and human rights, is a legacy for all peoples.

Sergio was not only the UN Transitional Administrator in East Timor, but a very close personal friend. In Timor-Leste, Sergio opened his mind and heart to the Timorese and our transitional process. He realised from the very beginning, with a profound sense of understanding, that his work and efforts would be meaningless unless he involved all in the process. He listened to the Timorese and learned about the background and idiosyncrasies of our history and our process. He endeared himself to our people and felt our deep suffering, always displaying his kindness, sensitivity and generosity of spirit. He was a remarkable individual, who lived in Timor-Leste, with Timor-Leste, and became an ‘Amigo-Irmão’ (Friend-Brother), whose acts and smiles are forever engraved in the pages of our history.

We will always remember Sergio, by his unwavering commitment, courage, intelligence, kindness and passion, which he dedicated to the Timorese and to our process as well as to the most noble mission of any human being: to secure the dignity of citizens and to build Peace.

We are honoured to have had Sergio with us, if only for a short time and deeply mourn his loss.

Our nation will never forget this unique and extraordinary friend.

– *Kay Rala Xanana Gusmão, President, Timor-Leste*

It is with great sorrow that we, the staff of the Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights, mourn the tragic loss of our dear High Commissioner, Mr. Sergio Vieira de Mello, who was killed in Baghdad on 19 August 2003.

As High Commissioner for Human Rights since 12 September 2002, Mr. Vieira de Mello led the Office with great conviction and a clear vision of human rights for all.

Sergio – as he was known by the staff who so respected and admired him – had a unique combination of skills, courage, wit, graciousness and dedication. He served the humanitarian cause relentlessly for more than thirty years.

We are all firmly committed to follow his example, to pursue his human rights agenda and bring it within the reach of all peoples. He will always be with us.

– *The Staff of UNHCHR*

Sergio would have appreciated the joke. All of a sudden, he has become a “martyr,” a “hero,” a “humanitarian crusader”...an icon. The problem is that we haven’t gained a saint: we are losing a person. I don’t want to participate in the second death of Sergio through the canonization of his public persona, so let me tell you about my Sergio, the friend I am mourning.

Sergio faced many of the problems, joys, fears, and agonizing “little deaths” we all face. He was madly in love; he was thinking about his postponed vacations in Rio de Janeiro; he loved chocolate; he questioned himself and...yes, he sweated in the heat of the summer.

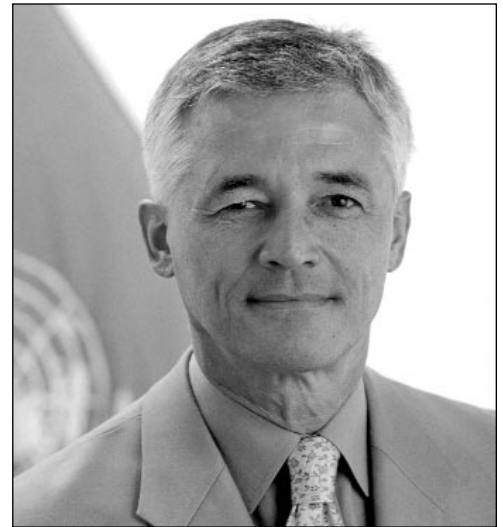
Sergio was a fun-loving, warm, devilishly sexy man, a smooth rascal few people could say no to when he turned on the charm. And the scoundrel knew it, and enjoyed doing it to you with a mischievous grin and a spark in his eyes. He would tease and cajole, make you laugh, appeal to your values, use every trick, until you gave in and surrendered gladly, just because it was Sergio, and he cared, and you cared that he cared so much. And what he cared about tended to be something so intimately linked with “the job”, the business of enforcing the key principles of the UN Charter, that you felt that it was great to let yourself be enticed into yet another risky adventure that would end well because Sergio was involved.

There was a tenderness to Sergio, a “big kid” side to his personality that the eulogies to the UN martyr silence. He really cared about people as people, not as positions, post numbers and types of contract. Every time I met him, no matter how pressing the business or how stressful the circumstance, he would make time to inquire about my family, myself, my people and really listen to the answer. And of course, that would usually be followed by an urgent and insistent “Tell me the fofoca” (gossip in Portuguese).

And would he joke, about everything and everybody! While in Baghdad, Sergio sent a memo to his bodyguards stating how offended he was because they had donned suits to receive Wolfensohn, [President of the World Bank] while they only wore the most informal of attires around him. And he laughed to tears when the full close protection detail showed up with solemn faces, dressed in three-piece suits, to escort him. The teasing and practical jokes between Sergio and his bodyguards; Sergio and Jonathan, his special assistant, are legendary and would fill several volumes. Sergio had made an art out of irreverence and created the space around him to let it flow from all quarters.

All of us who worked with him loved him dearly... so dearly that he was surrounded by volunteers in any enterprise he undertook. He was vibrant, and kind, and caring, with a great sense of humour and a heart in the right place. That’s why he would have been incensed to discover that while we enshrine him as the UN martyr, we haven’t yet taken the time to plaster the hall with the names, photographs and stories of our other comrades killed in action.

– *Carina Perelli*



Born in Rio de Janeiro in 1948, Sergio Vieira de Mello joined the UN in 1969 while studying philosophy and humanities in Paris at the University of Panthéon-Sorbonne.

Sergio spent the majority of his career working for the UN High Commissioner for Refugees in Geneva, and served in humanitarian and peacekeeping operations in Bangladesh, Sudan, Cyprus, Mozambique, and Peru.

In 1981, he was appointed Senior Political Adviser to UN forces in Lebanon. From 1983 to 1991, he occupied several important functions at UNHCR's Headquarters: Chef de Cabinet of the High Commissioner; Director, Regional Bureau for Asia and Oceania; and Director, Division of External Relations.

From 1991 to 1996, he served as Special Envoy of the High Commissioner for Cambodia, Director of Repatriation for the UN Transitional Authority in Cambodia (UNTAC); Head of Civil Affairs of the UN Protection Force (UNPROFOR); and UN Regional Humanitarian Coordinator for the Great Lakes Region of Africa. In 1996, Sergio was appointed UN Assistant High Commissioner for Refugees, before being posted to New York in January 1998 as Under-Secretary-General for Humanitarian Affairs and Emergency Relief Coordinator. He briefly held the position of Special Representative of the Secretary-General in Kosovo and then served as UN Transitional Administrator in East Timor.

In September 2002, he was appointed UN High Commissioner for Human Rights. In May of 2003, Sergio was asked by the UN Secretary-General to take a four month leave of absence from his position as High Commissioner to serve in Iraq as his Special Representative.

His track record of success was extraordinary, whether developing a refugee protection and resettlement strategy for Vietnamese refugees, overseeing the repatriation of 300,000 Cambodian refugees from Thailand, setting up a UN civil administration in Kosovo, or managing the political transition in East Timor. He was a man of great intelligence and good judgment, famous for his charm and his dedication to the UN.

Fiona Watson



It is a tribute to Fiona that she packed so much into the life she had: high academic achiever, skilful flute player, outstanding professional in some of the most complex and challenging missions, curious tourist in South-East Asia. But the greatest tribute to Fiona is that she will be remembered by so many of every type and station in life in many parts of the world. Fiona had a way of putting people at ease with her warmth and a disarming smile. She was considerate, sympathetic, humorous, and always had time somehow to spend in small acts of kindness. Always and everywhere absolutely herself, she was neither selfish nor self-centred, yet she seemed always to do everything that she wanted to do and never to do anything that she did not want.

Fiona was an ideal companion at the movie that nobody else wanted to see (I'd really like to know how many times she'd seen 'My Big Fat Greek Wedding') or at the Sunday brunch in dark French bistros on 51st Street. She had to have the latest Harry Potter book, and no effort was spared to get it to her wherever she was. She had a wide and first-hand knowledge of world politics, but she also knew when Chanel released Chance. Her sense of humor was sharp and unpredictable; the mysterious RW she thanked in her thesis was actually Red Wine.

I walked the streets of her native Pittenweem, Scotland, with the overwhelming feeling of loss. Something more should have come from one so strong and gifted; and in a way it did, for very few inspired more love and admiration, truer or deeper confidence or friendship. Fee, the sound of your laughter and the charm of your wonderful personality and companionship is something which we who knew you will treasure throughout our lives.

– Elizabeth Press

I was so pleased one day earlier in the year when Fiona came and told me that she felt that she had used enough of her energy on Kosovo and was looking for a new challenge and wondered whether we needed help on Iraq. Pleased because we did need help, and pleased because it was Fiona, an old and trusted friend and colleague.

Hédi Annabi, Assistant Secretary-General for Peacekeeping Operations, needed no encouragement. He already knew the quality of Fiona's work and her ability to get the job done. No sooner had she arrived than she became a key member of the group assembled by Rafeuddin Ahmed, the Secretary-General's Special Adviser on Iraq, and was working late into the evening helping to produce the excellent preparatory work that was done for the Secretary-General, which finally led to the appointment of Sergio Vieira de Mello.

So on to the next project. To Baghdad itself and the frenetic series of meetings and discussions which led to Sergio's return to the Security Council with the plans for a new UN Mission. Fiona was to leave Baghdad with Sergio at the end of September and return to work with Mary Eliza Kimball as Desk Officer for Iraq in DPKO.

Fiona impressed all of us with her high standards, her enthusiasm, her energy and her constant good humour. She could be found all over the Secretariat briefing at all levels with precision and a lively eye for the most important details.

Fiona was a woman in a hurry to experience as much as she could, to give as much of herself as she could, and to "make a difference."

Well, she did. She brought so much to so many of us and we know now, tragically, why she was in such a hurry. We miss her so much.

– Julian Harston

At a concert dedicated to Fiona:

Fiona had wanted to be at this concert and had discussed it with me while she was in New York the week before her death. As a friend and colleague she had an enormous capacity for encouragement and took evident pleasure in her friends' diverse interests and passions. Neither of us imagined she would be here in this capacity but given her innate sense of self-mockery and fun, she would have appreciated even this, the bitterest of ironies. None of her colleagues can imagine a world in which she will never again appear in the doorway at close of business with her cheery enquiry: "Coming for a drink then?". To lose a person of her intelligence, dedication, good will and good sense is a tragedy for the United Nations, her friends and family and also for Iraq. If you find tonight's music engaging, vivacious and lovely, how much more would you have found these qualities in Fiona herself.

– Alan Fellows

Fiona Watson became a colleague and friend to many of us during her time in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Kosovo, New York and Iraq. While admiring and respecting her professional drive and commitment, it would be difficult to ignore the warmth and compassion she exuded at the same time – not least being her penchant for a good giggle every now and again. Fiona combined rare qualities of spirit, determination, intelligence and dedication. She touched the lives of many. Fiona will be sorely missed by friends and colleagues alike.

– UN friends and colleagues

When I first arrived in the Organization for Cooperation and Security in Europe (OSCE) mission as a reporting officer, without a clue as to what to do, I was immediately given the advice “go and see Fiona, she is one of the few people who knows what she is doing.” So I nervously walked down to see this famous person, was beckoned into her office, to find her in the process of giving someone a severe telling off over the telephone. Very nervously, I waited my turn, but when she put the phone down she turned to me with a big smile, and said “Don’t worry, I’m only like that with my friends,” followed by “You’re the new human rights reporting officer? I’m sure we’re going to get on very well.” And she was right, we did get on very well, well enough for me to get the occasional telling off (but only occasional). The advice was also right, Fiona stood out in that she put her intelligence to work, to work out what she and the rest of us should be doing, and was one of the few “doers,” seeming to get more achieved than most of the rest of us put together. Given her position at the centre of policy-making in both the OSCE mission (responsible for the elections, the media, human rights and the legal system) and then in the UN, the government itself, her impact on Kosovo was immense and will be lasting.

When those of us working on human rights had a difficult issue that we knew some of the “political” people would prefer should be hushed up, we knew we could explain it to Fiona. I remember one particularly sensitive report we had done about kidnapping and torture by members of Kosovo Liberation Army. We knew we would have problems releasing this report for political reasons at that time (no one wanted to admit what was going on). However, I went to see Fiona, who said almost immediately, “what is happening is wrong and we need to say so,” and she took the report away, and instead of toning it down, made it stronger, and made sure it was cleared and released, despite the embarrassment that some in the mission felt when it was released (and also got herself into trouble over it). However, the release of this report helped lead to action being taken against those who were kidnapping and torturing.

And she was also a good friend. Again, when many were complaining about conditions, the people and the like, Fiona was always a rock of stability, but also always a source of laughter. She had a very rare ability to even laugh at the frustration of being one of those who gets things done in an environment of bureaucracy and paper pushing. In difficult conditions, Fiona was one of the true gems – someone who worked hard, but with a purpose, and knew how to enjoy herself.

Fiona’s life was far too short, but in that time she had an impact on the lives of thousands.

– Clive Baldwin



Fiona Watson was born in Edinburgh, United Kingdom, on 14 April 1968, and grew up in the small town of Pittenweem, in Scotland.

She attended St. Leonard’s Sixth Form College in St. Andrews, one of Scotland’s leading independent schools, and went on to study at Heriot-Watt University in Edinburgh, where she earned a Bachelor’s degree in Interpreting and Translating in 1991. A year later, she obtained a Master’s degree in International Relations from Cambridge University.

Fiona commenced her career in 1992 with the British House of Commons Library, conducting research and providing briefings on political, defence, security and economic issues related to the Balkans. In that capacity, she also wrote House of Commons Research Papers on regional, international and security subjects, and was named a Senior Analyst during that period.

She moved to the former Yugoslavia in 1997, serving in several political reporting positions with the European Community Monitoring Mission (ECMM) reviewing political trends in FRY, Albania, and Croatia. At the close of her two-year ECMM tenure, Fiona was serving as the Deputy Head of the ECMM Political Division.

Fiona was also an OSCE elections supervisor in Bosnia and Herzegovina for the post-conflict 1996 national and 1997 municipal balloting.

Transferring from ECMM and building on her prior experience in Bosnia and Herzegovina, Fiona joined the OSCE pillar of the UN Mission in Kosovo in 1999, specializing in political reporting and UN liaison.

A talented Political Affairs Officer with strong analytical skills and humanitarian convictions, Fiona then formally joined UN peacekeeping efforts in Kosovo in 2000.

Fiona left the Balkan region in 2001 to assume a UN Headquarters Political Affairs Officer position in New York, continuing to provide keen political analysis and operational support for Kosovo’s recovery.

Eager for challenge and always courageous in her dedication to peacekeeping, Fiona began working on Iraq issues in the spring of 2003, seconded to the Office of the Secretary-General’s Special Adviser for Iraq, based in New York. She took up her assignment with the UN in Baghdad with the Office of Secretary-General’s Special Representative Sergio Vieira de Mello just a few months later.

Nadia Younes



Nadia and I were like sisters. We started working at the UN together, we've been friends for 30 years. She even looked like me. When I was pregnant, people would say "Hi Nadia," and then they would see her a little while later and ask, "Did you have the baby?!" A friend said "I'll never forget you two coming down the corridor, cracking jokes, and I would think 'uh-oh, here come the Bobsy twins.'"

We had major disagreements, we fought philosophically, we competed for the same jobs. There were times when I was so furious I wouldn't talk to her, but Nadia would say, "Come on, Zu!" We managed to stay friends through all that, which I think is unusual. I never thought one day I would grow old without her. I was going to buy a house near hers in the south of France. We were going to retire together and do something fun.

To remember Nadia is to remember her laugh. She would throw her head back and laugh, with that husky voice. She was always laughing. She said "You don't have to be serious just because something is important."

Whenever she walked into the room, there was electricity, everything became more fun. She always had these stories that made people laugh, and she would retell them, and each time they became more and more grand, and more and more funny. She never let the truth get in the way of a good story.

Nadia was a chain-smoking, hard-drinking, hard-laughing person who wouldn't put up with pompous, bureaucratic people. She loved putting pins in the vain bureaucrats, the toadies. She would do it quite elegantly: put a pin in them and the air would go out of them and they would never know what hit them.

She didn't become friends with everybody, but she was always straightforward and normal with people. That's why the people who worked with her loved her. She never let her ego get in the way of her humanity. There was no hypocrisy; she treated people as equals. My son said, "I adored Auntie Nadia; she was the only one who always treated me like an adult, regardless of my age."

Everybody knows she was straightforward. When you got angry or upset she would say "Get a grip." She was the most irreverent, un-'PC' person and yet she was very political. She made fun of what she was doing, she was blasé when she talked about it, but she passionately believed in the UN. She was never politically ambitious, but at a certain point, I think she realized it was important to be counted in the UN. She used to go out late and roll into the office sometime the next morning. But around the time she became a P-4 or a P-5, I think she felt she couldn't just sit by the wayside, she felt she had to make a difference.

She was very happy during that last year in Geneva. She had been working very hard in Kosovo and as Chief of Protocol in New York, and suddenly she came to this place which was the antithesis of Nadia. She started living in a different way, maybe it was a matter of maturity, but she liked going walking in the mountains.

Nadia had the most beautiful liquid black eyes in the world. She was always elegantly put together. I never saw her in jeans,

for example, she would wear white pants instead. She was small, but she had a presence. It was both her character and her look. You never forgot her once you met her.

She and Jean-Selim had a very special relationship. He admired Nadia, he would have gone to the end of the world for her, and in a sense he did. He went to Iraq because Nadia asked him to. She was a kind of mentor to him. I think she felt he was like a very close brother. They laughed at the same jokes, they thought a lot alike. When you see photos of them, they're always laughing, even in Kosovo. There was the comradery of people working for the same cause. Jean-Selim and Nadia knew all the UN's problems, but they adored it, in spite of it all. They really did care about the UN. They gave their life for it.

I think the UN is a lesser institution without these people. We will have to work hard to create a young cadre like them. Some of the most passionate believers in the UN have gone. And for me, I have lost my best friend.

– Zuzu Tabatabai

As a tribute to Nadia and her famous laughter, I want to share a moment out of the dozens I had the chance to live with her. From heaven, she would despise me if I used too sad a tone. So Nadia my boss, my friend, my second mother, once again leaves me no choice than to do it her way.

In Kosovo back in the year 2000, Mitrovica was experiencing one of its worst riots. The press officer in charge of that region was on leave and Nadia asked me if I would go there. Every five minutes, I had to respond to a routine radio check while I was driving towards the town. On top of that, Nadia was calling me on the same radio every two minutes. My biggest hazard became to prevent a car accident while constantly leaning down to pick up the heavy motorola handset. I had to tell Nadia that it was not a big deal after all, that I could handle the situation and moreover that she was not my mother. Therefore, she should not worry that much. But in fact, she was scared for me and was caring like a mother would do.

– François Charlier

With one arm slung behind her chair as she presided over meetings of DPI's Media Division, Nadia cut an intimidating picture. Her very body language dared participants to interest her, enlighten her, catch up with her. There was no room for the usual round-the-table reports which allow the speaker to wax eloquent about their latest success but offer little for others besides a moment to mentally prepare their own speech. Nadia wanted results, wanted excellence, demanded effectiveness.

She'll of course be remembered for that famously husky voice and the sharp figure she cut – how many UN officials can boast both style and substance? I see Nadia clad in a black and white wool suit, jacket and skirt cropped, fat buttons and jewelry that added up just right.

In fact style was part of her substance – she knew the impact of image and used it in the UN's service. Once, when I was writing a speech for her on children in armed conflict, she advised with a smile, "make it a real tear-jerker." Far from being a cynical comment on the subject, the instruction was aimed at sounding a loud alarm. She had what we could use more of and will suffer in its absence – savvy.

I'll confess to being a bit awed by her. I'll even confess to having given her a gift which I realized shortly after was completely inappropriate – but I liked her so much, with those sparkling eyes and impish smile that showed the warm heart behind the sharp exterior. It was a copy of *The Women's Awakening in Egypt*, Beth Baron's study of the emergence of a generation of female writers in the country. I might as well have presented Kofi Annan with a copy of *Basic Facts About the UN* – Nadia was already an awakened Egyptian woman, well aware of her own history. But she accepted it graciously.

As devastated as we all are at her murder, she will remain a role model in our hearts, but she's the one who broke the mould. For that, Nadia, deepest thanks.

– Jessica Jiji

I first got to know Nadia in the summer of 1999 when she was my boss and the director of public information for UNMIK in Kosovo. We kept in touch since then and I last saw her on Saturday, 16 August. She looked tired. The Iraq mission, she told me, was extremely difficult.

Because Nadia seemed such a tough, sophisticated and elite woman, her support for staff members seemed all the more precious. One man in Kosovo said he'd "walk through glass" for Nadia. It was amazing how so many people who worked for her – and so many did – felt they owned a little piece of her because their relationship to her felt somehow unique. I'm thinking of the Kosovo driver who after her death sent around a Puccini aria they used to listen to while driving through Pristina, a hell-hole at the time. She protected her staff, almost instinctively. She protected the UN without hesitating to express, internally only, her occasional frustrations. She tried to keep Special Representative Kouchner's impulses in line with headquarters' sensibilities. While they became dear friends, her political role also increased and I think she had a political intuition that was leading her out of the protocol/public information world into more substantive roles.

Nadia would roar into our offices, flinging swathes of designer wraps around her, with a warm, deep-throated *bon mot* individu-



Nadia Younes was born in Cairo in 1946. She earned a Bachelor's degree in English Literature from Cairo University, and a Master's degree in Political Science and International Relations from New York University.

Nadia joined the Secretariat at age 24, working in the Office of General Services. In 1974, she began working with the Department of Public Information, initially as a press officer in both the English and French sections.

She became Deputy Spokesman for the Secretary-General in 1988, and served in this capacity until January 1993, when she was appointed Director of the UN Information Centre in Rome. She later moved back to New York to become Director of DPI's Media Division.

In 1998, Nadia was appointed Chief of Protocol and her tenure in this position included the Millennium Summit – the largest gathering of heads of State and Government ever.

From July 1999 to January 2001, Nadia joined the UN mission in Kosovo as Chief of Information and Communications for the Secretary-General's Special Representative.

She returned to her post as Chief of Protocol, based in New York, and then moved to the World Health Organization (WHO) where she was Executive Director in charge of External Relations and Governing Bodies.

Nadia was seconded from WHO to the Iraq mission, where she was Chief of Staff for the Special Representative of the Secretary-General.

ally crafted for whomever was around. She had gravitas, wit and humour. She grew more beautiful as the mission went on, as I believed she discovered parts of herself there in Kosovo that enabled her to flourish. From working here, I know she had many previous incarnations and many, many friends. We all miss her.

– Susan Manuel





In Memoriam

19 August 2003

Saad Hermuz Abona

Reham Al-Farra

Raid Shaker Mustafa Al Mahdawi

Omar Kahtan Mohamed Al Orfali

Leen Assad Al Qadi

Mahmoud u Taiwi Basim

Ranilo Buenaventura

Gillian Clark

Arthur Helton

Richard Hooper

Reza Hosseini

Jean-Selim Kanaan

Christopher Klein-Beekman

Ihssan Taha Hussein

Manuel Martin

Khidir Saleem Sahir

Emaad Ahmed Salman

Alya Sousa

Martha Teas

Sergio Vieira de Mello

Fiona Watson

Nadia Younes

More than a hundred other people were injured, many are still in critical condition.