



Rest contented in Lebanese soil... O great from Lebanon.

Lebanon wore a black shroud, and his church bells tolled. Beit Mery is grieved unto death... Albert Moukhaiber is no more.

He died and with him a glorious page of Lebanon's modern history, rich with all the tokens of national dignity, honor and high morality, is turned.

Half a century of political militancy, from Member of Parliament to Minister, he was a model of virtue and objectivity, an example in liberality and generosity, a trail blazer in Lebanese political valiancy.

His political endeavor did not turn him away from his social endeavor. Parallel to his concern for the nation's predicament was his concern for his neighbors' predicaments, devoting himself wholeheartedly to their service... His medical clinic was at everyone's disposal: free treatment for the ailing and free help to any citizen in difficulty without seeking anything in return.

In his long political life, we never heard that he ran after personal interest instead of public interest, or after personal profit instead of public gain; throughout his life, he remained upright, honest and clean as the snow on Mount Sannine.

Politics did not blemish him as it did other politicians, but on the contrary, it lifted him to a summit of morality.

Power did not debauch him, nor did money... Cyclones did not floor him, nor did the petrodollarized desert winds that scorched Lebanon from side to side impress him... He affronted them like a giant, and soared above them, to his last breath.

Dr. Albert Moukhaiber passed away with a pang in his heart:

He passed away before seeing Lebanon free, independent and sovereign;

He passed away before seeing Lebanon without foreigners, immigrants and aliens;

He passed away before witnessing the liberation of Lebanon's holy land from the squalor of occupation.

In these noble attitudes and admirable qualities, Albert Moukhaiber sums up Lebanon in his person: he has become a homeland in a person, and a person the size of a homeland.

Albert Moukhaiber remained faithful to his Lebanese principles at a time when fidelity has become a rare commodity;

He remained loyal to his mission at a time when loyalty is all but unknown;

Stalwart in his political attitudes, at a time when political attitudes have lost all consistency;

Stubborn in his strife against wrong and in speaking the truth at a time when the truth is hushed and wrong is paramount;

Valiant in opposing occupation at a time when cowardice is prevalent;

Firm in his superior principles at a time when failure and surrender are supreme;

Frank in speaking his mind, refusing to beat about the bush at a time when falsehood, charlatanism and political adultery are common practice;

Proud and haughty at a time when only baseness, pettiness and triteness count.

He was truly a bird soaring alone aloft; an oak tree defying age; a proud cedar that only to God will it bend its head.

Dr. Albert Moukhaiber, as you rest in peace in a Lebanese mound, know that we, and with us all the free and upright Lebanese, mourn you... We grieve your gallantry, your generosity, your courage and your kind heart...

Dr. Albert Moukhaiber, as you rest in peace in a Lebanese mound, know that your mission remains a trust with every noble man and a torch that lights the way to liberation and victory...

Rest contented in Lebanese soil... O great from Lebanon.

The Commander of The Guardians of the Cedars
Etienne Sacre (Abu Arz).
April 15, 2002.