

A Pontifical Mission: Lebanon 1982

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Background

The following daily notes, recently discovered in a box of old files, are published by Fordham University's Institute of International Humanitarian Affairs as an Occasional Paper. They offer the contemporary observations of a physician undertaking a diplomatic journey searching for peace on behalf of Pope John Paul II, and Terence Cardinal Cooke, the Prelate in charge of the Pontifical Mission to Palestine. The invitation to head this mission derived from professional and personal contacts with both the Holy Father and His Eminence. I was accompanied by Monsignor Edward Foster of the Pontifical Mission Office, and was the guest of the Patriarch of Antioch and All the East during my stay in Lebanon.

Diary

After a hastily arranged flight from New York to Rome and the Vatican, allowing a briefing with the Pope, we flew to Cyprus, and drove from Larnaca to Limassol over the olive-treed, sheep and goat filled hills. There we boarded the "Virgin Luck," a small container ship. Our only other choice was "Foxy Lady"—both sounded like the names of racehorses but certainly neither had equine sleekness or speed. I slept on a steel deck wrapped in a sheet thinking of a John Masfield poem about a "dirty British coaster loaded with pig-lead, firewood, ironware and cheap tin trays." After fifteen hours at sea we were ordered to halt by an Israeli warship; tensions were very high with the Lebanese passengers (10) and the Syrian crew (8), all convinced some awful event was going to prevent them from reaching their homes.

The coastline of Beirut was clearly visible with huge plumes of black smoke and some fires from a recent shelling or bombing. We were held while the ship's captain provided to the Israeli warship the travel documents and origin of his passengers and crew, so that it could be then checked against the manifest filed in Cyprus, and cleared by Israeli security in Tel Aviv. Finally, after sweltering in the sun on the open deck for over two hours, we were permitted to resume our nine-knot snail's pace to our destination. Americans don't handle threats well and to be held at a dead stop, with motor off, in the windless temperature of 95°F, effected maximum intimidation—but silence was the preferred, and clearly the only politic, response. Speculation on the unusual delay focused on the simultaneous bombardment that could be seen in Beirut, but was heightened by the tracks of a submarine that could be also easily followed as it raced by our ship just beneath the water surface.

Our arrival was typically Mid-Eastern—chaos mixed with gracious concern, militarism mixed with the almost innocent respect for the foreigner, especially when the young Lebanese officer (in a bathing suit but with pistol and machine gun on the desk) discovered Monsignor Foster was a priest and I a physician, and that we officially represented the Vatican.

We had lunch at the seat of our host, the Patriarch, at his home in Birkirke in the hills above Beirut. He was accompanied by various Vicars for South (Tyre and Sidon) and North (up to Tripoli). Our reception was a reflection of their overt appreciation, love and esteem for Pope John Paul II and for Cardinal Cooke. God willing, I shall be able to reflect, in a personal way, their concerns for the Lebanese and Palestinians at this time.

Tonight I went up to the peak of the highest mountain where there is a shrine to Our Lady of Lebanon. While there a young couple were getting married to the background sounds of bombing and strafing in West Beirut. Life goes on in the midst of disaster, and includes a young couple promising to reproduce the human race while destruction of the species proceeds simultaneously.

The evening was spent with a leading Christian doctor, who spoke of the problems of delivering medical care in a society where people cannot move from block to block without fearing sniping. He contends it is this factor, rather than religious differences, that make the practice of medicine impossible—one cannot plan a surgery if uncertain, from day to day, whether the doctor, the nurses or the patient will turn up.

He was convinced that the Palestinian community has ample money but was not certain what medical care they currently received. He said he was incapable of even considering what would have to be done for this stateless group of over 500,000 people when their leaders left. He could only focus on the needs of the Lebanese, stating they have suffered more than the Palestinians, and that, ultimately, it was the responsibility of men like himself to preserve a Christian civilization in the Mid-East. It was simply not his job to address the problems that seem inevitable if a half million more people overwhelm the anarchic non-system for health that now exists. The gulf is very wide indeed.

The trip the next day to the South was a hard day's drive through a war zone, interrupted by multiple security checks, the sharing of narrow roads with lines of tanks and large scale troop movements.

The main foci were the ancient Biblical cities of Tyre and Sidon, and the utterly destroyed town of Damour. We were off at 5:30am and, tired and dirty, back in the hills of Birkirke for a five-course feast with the Patriarch by 9pm. It felt for me—dust and all—like the old days on the unpaved paths of up-country Somalia.

Sidon's experience in the last seven years has been typical of the conflicts in Lebanon: assaults by the Palestinians and Syrians on Christian communities, counter attacks by well-organized Kataeb (Christian paramilitaries), and then overwhelming air, sea and land strikes, with total conquest by the Israelis. Almost every house is damaged with huge holes in the walls from bazooka shells, already pock-marked by rifle fire, with absent roofs and collapsed walls from air bombs. White flags fly from every roof. The beaten populace has that fearful, shaken look of the frightened losers in life's never ending struggles.

There are few immediate medical needs obvious but that image is carefully controlled. Statistics on Lebanese are easily forthcoming (e.g. in Sidon there were approximately 300 killed and 2-3,000 seriously wounded), but this record does not include the Palestinian population that numbered 60,000 and is now dispersed. The Israelis, having discovered a well-stocked Palestinian hospital, redistributed all the drugs to the Lebanese, and refuse all inquiries regarding the care of the Palestinians saying only "that is their problem."

It seems to me that one assures the future continued disaster of Lebanon if one—out of revenge or neglect—abandons some 600,000 Palestinians to an evil fate; they are leaderless, vulnerable and will almost undoubtedly store up their own memories of current abuse to serve as the basis for future attacks. If one could move the Palestinians out of Lebanon—as almost everyone suggests—to their own homeland that might be a solution but, simultaneously, one then goes to the unanswerable question of "where?", and everyone concludes that only the United States can ever impose such a solution on an unwilling Israel.

The ancient town of Tyre is rubble and evidence of its existence is

rapidly vanishing as mammoth Israeli bulldozers remove square blocks of homes. A building was detonated as we waited at one end of a block filled with children cheering the excitement of an explosion, even if it meant the destruction of their town.

The impressive domination of the entire South by the Israeli forces is evident everywhere: the road signs are in Hebrew and these are not handwritten directions but printed steel signs securely posted in the ground at every intersection. Syrian dead are left to rot—with an awful stench—by the roadside as a not so subtle warning to those who might dare to oppose the military conquerors.

The despair, and fear, in the faces of the Palestinians (mostly women and children) gives a vivid focus to their plight. Most Christians we meet (including clergy and physicians) understandably stress their obligation to the Lebanese, and then quickly detail the suffering they experienced from 1975—1981, when the Palestinians silently stood by while the Syrians and radical Muslim groups destroyed their neighborhoods and randomly killed.

It may not be a very Christian attitude—a view I've tried subtly to introduce without success—but it is reality. The Israelis contend the care of the Palestinians is up to UNRWA, but immediately note how untrustworthy is that organization. It is impossible but to conclude that their clear, unequivocal intention is to leave this hapless group to suffer in official neglect. This interpretation was shared by the Church leaders we met in Sidon, Tyre, Tripoli, as well as Beirut. No one in leadership is willing to speak out.

Friday: My planned trip to West Beirut was cancelled because of the sleepless night the Patriarch had, fearing that we would be kidnapped. They have just seized an Archbishop and assassinated a young priest. Instead we drove North to Tripoli, and there met with refugee families who had fled the carnage of Beirut. There were six families in a single school room: one a young girl of ten was with her three little sisters, having fled when the parents told them to go, and that they (the parents) would come right after. No one has heard from the parents since and the child's lost look will long

remain with me as a memory of tortured Lebanon. The refugee families declared there was no available health care when they left West Beirut, primarily because people could not move in the streets.

After the usual elaborate luncheon at the local Bishop's house we returned to Beirut through stark mountains and terraced valleys, seeing the Cedars of Lebanon and the tranquil beauty of peasant villages. We were stopped repetitively by armed groups—the Syrian, Lebanese and Israeli army checkpoints as well as the machine gun toting youths of the various private forces (followers of former President Frangieh, etc., etc.).

The skyline tonight was illuminated with the heaviest and most constant bombing and shelling in recent days. One could watch missiles flying in from Israeli gunboats, and the phosphorescent blasts light up the hills. In a bizarre scene I finished my wine talking with the old Patriarch on his balcony while the flash of shells would be followed 15-20 seconds later by the thunderous sound of explosion; since I couldn't quite follow his conversation I practiced counting the seconds between the flash and the sound, becoming quite good at it.

The next day was a bit of a fiasco and yet there is often unexpected information that emerges in the midst of delay. We met with the Government's Cabinet rank "Director of the South", a Shiite charged with reconstructing the damaged areas. For several hours he explained the critical need for America to understand that the Shiites now constitute 40% of the population, that there were many radical elements ranging from Khomeini followers to military types, and that there were few moderates (he being the obvious candidate to be recognized). At no time did he mention the devastation, or even the South. He concluded by noting his departure for the United States next month—to renew his Green Card and Visa. We then spent almost an hour with the Vatican Nuncio in his lovely home high over Beirut. He was very direct in his opinions, particularly regarding Presidential candidates and the need to broaden Christian concern to include Palestinians.

In the afternoon we toured the Lebanese Hospital—a 140 bed facility with only 35 patients since the staff can't travel and there is concern re bombing while there are patients, a fate they experienced in 1976, 1978 and 1981. There are no appreciable shortages. Doctor Ashear, an ENT surgeon active with Caritas, the Order of Malta and the Lebanese Medical Society, confirmed this basic picture but noted that, with the government in anarchy, there was no preventive medical services available. One must expect major problems as the water supply in Tyre, Sidon and West Beirut is not working, while the weather becomes warmer and piles of garbage increase. Outbreaks of typhoid and dysentery are almost a certainty. Polio is a definite threat since there have been no immunization programs in recent years. There is no program to handle the large number of physically handicapped, much less a service for the mentally traumatized. The evening ended by a fuse blowing in my suite, and the semi-dressed Patriarch struggling with the ancient electrical system while I tried to explain that a hot bath was not really important, even if I smelled a bit and my hair was very dirty; an attachment, noted to his amusement, that he was not concerned with, being bald.

Earlier our driver, George Hourri, had taken us along the “no-man's land”, a somewhat dangerous journey along sandbagged streets with railroad cars and buses turned on their sides at the corners to deflect the majority of the bullets and missiles. Square miles of apartment houses were shattered, pock-marked and completely empty. Lebanese, Israeli and local militia (Phalangist) had check points every few blocks and just yesterday George noted two bombs had exploded across the street and several people had been killed by snipers. One can only pray for those seeking peace today in this tortured land—for the destruction, hatred and hopelessness far exceeds anything I have seen in revolutionary Africa or Northern Ireland.

This Sunday will be remembered amongst many other remarkable days in my life, as one of the most unique. After a somewhat sleepless night of expectation—not really fear but concern for the unknown—I went to early Mass and had a light breakfast. We—Msgr. Foster and a Lebanese employee of CRS, George Hourry—left

for the port area dividing East and West Beirut. One must clear Phalangist military, Lebanese army and Israeli checkpoints to get into this “no-man's land”. The harbor is full of sunken freighters, burnt-out vehicles and shells of buildings.

As we slowly turned a corner of an apparently empty street, we were surrounded by a group of men with automatic rifles whose shouted threats clearly frightened our Arabic speaking driver. We were ordered out of the car and made to stand against a wall at gunpoint, with arms and legs extended. I thought, “is this how it ends?”. Gradually, I came to doubt they would kill us—although it was still unclear what they wanted. They were members of al-Mourabitoun, a fringe element of the PLO, and clearly in a rush to accomplish their goal—which turned out to be siphoning off the car's gas.

They left us with warnings not to move but, after a suitable time, we could leave. We walked down a hill, amidst small arms fire. Though the once famous hotel area—the St. Georges, Holiday Inn, the Phoenicia—is almost non-existent now, one can still recognize the old, beachfront luxury buildings. The danger of erratic firing more than matched the Israeli missiles that were pounding the neighborhood. The main roads were blocked by dirt piles and overturned vehicles so we went by back streets to the house of friends of the driver, Mr. and Mrs. Buckley, who live alone in a six-story apartment house—except for a PLO contingent in the basement.

We were taken then by car to the American University Beirut Hospital (AUB) where we were briefed by the Dean of Medical School, the Chief of Clinical Services and the Administrator of the Hospital. As we entered the Emergency Room, Dr. Fathi Arafat, the Head of the Red Crescent Society (and the younger brother of Yasser Arafat) was there preparing to transfer a large number of wounded from St. Elias' church that had just received a direct Israeli bomb hit while Sunday services were going on. The Red Crescent Society runs a system of 25 dispensaries with 2,000 beds. Dr. Arafat claims he has enough medical supplies for three months but is short of staff. He asked us to visit his closest hospital and we walked three blocks through burnt out buildings to the Near East School of Theology

(an Armenian center) they had taken over and turned into a field hospital.

There were 150 beds full of trauma cases, at least half being amputees. Patients ranged from a girl of seven who was missing an arm to several legless boys, and many double amputees. The OR is in a converted lecture room and there is a 100-pint blood bank in the cellar. The “wards” were extremely clean; a number of Norwegian volunteers were working but the remaining staff were young Palestinians. The round in the “wards” and the meeting afterwards was at a thoroughly professional level though there were occasional comments on genocide and questions concerning what sort of people had so little humanitarian concern that they refused medical help for the injured or would not permit evacuation of amputees.

We then returned to AUB and met with the physicians in the ER, trauma floor and ICU. They have no burn unit though there are ample cases. The major need was for nurses, many of whom had fled or cannot travel to the hospital. The ICU had several Philippine nurses. We lunched with David Dodge, the President of AUB and that hour was uneventful except for some rapid machine gun fire from the lot next door and an increasing number of Israeli shells in the neighborhood.

The visit that afternoon to West Beirut was a dramatic exposure to a world of desperate men, maimed children, destroyed buildings, the smell of garbage and gunfire, the real risk of death or injury in an area where it seems hardly to matter to any but the victims. Israeli planes were flying very low over the square with loud sonic booms. The panicked crowd dove for cover in doorways. I followed their lead, and soon after a man jumped on top of me; probably good protection during a strafing, although his knees and elbows were sharp reminders of his superior position. As we lay there, during the hour long ordeal, I asked what he did for a living. He was a rare book dealer, and by the end of our time together I had purchased a small volume he had in his coat pocket, written in the Syriac alphabet. Certainly a most unusual place to buy a book, but it will have a treasured place in my library if I get home safely.

Tonight was the heaviest bombardment of the war with flares lighting the entire skyline of West Beirut and several hours of steady shelling from the sea. Witnessing the havoc already inflicted upon the civilian population I cannot sleep easily thinking of the burns and wounds and lost limbs that are being experienced as I write this note. The shelling stopped suddenly as another cease-fire went into effect at 9pm. About 9:30 a large explosion occurred about two miles away, knocking out the electricity in the area. Off to sleep.

The early reports on the results of the shelling last night indicates about 80 killed and several hundred wounded in the heaviest Israeli shelling of the war. Since the explosions stopped abruptly after an hour and a half it was obviously tied to another ceasefire or just intended to strike terror into the Palestinians. Decades from now a maimed amputee may not appreciate that psychological rationale.

Our first meeting of the day was with the President of Lebanon, Elias Sarkis, in his “palace” which had been hit by 51 shells the night before. Plate glass was all over the floors, the balcony was hanging by wire supports, and the shrapnel holes in the conference hall gave ample evidence of the danger of being in the wrong place when these explosives go off. The meeting lasted an hour—he seemed genuinely grateful we had come, deeply respectful of Cardinal Cooke whom he termed “Lebanon’s greatest friend”, and very subdued. His words were often at whisper level. I gave my last copy of my most recent book, *Famine*—inscribed, “to a man who had led his people through every other calamity but famine.”

The next meeting was with the U.S. Ambassador, Robert Dillon, in his home adjacent to the Presidential Palace, a closeness not missed by anyone. Under Secretary of State Philip Habib was there, and dominated the conversation in a contentious and argumentative fashion—maybe the result of frustration and/or of being center stage so long. He used the techniques of some negotiators by creating straw men, attributing them to another and then, in a loud voice that brooked no interference, would assert his self important conclusions.

There were a few very abrupt exchanges between Mr. Habib and myself because he either misquoted or misconstrued a statement or point I had made. I also felt he unnecessarily demeaned the American Ambassador who sat silently in his own home while Habib told how many Presidents he had advised; how many cease-fires he had set up etc. etc. Habib, and the Ambassador even more, were surprisingly open in the condemnation of Israel's action in Lebanon—including the “immorality” of the massive bombing the night before to merely prove how much fire power they possessed.

Both diplomats expressed concern for the eventual fate of the hundreds of thousands of Palestinians, noting that unless they are granted a homeland it is inevitable that armed struggle will continue. One of the urgent needs is for the various Christian communities to reach out a hand of friendship and reassurance to the Palestinians but neither diplomat saw evidence of this happening. In fact, they specifically asked a local Bishop with our group to speak to the Patriarch re the urgent need for this.

The next visit with the Greek Melkite Patriarch, Hakim Maximus V, reinforced some of these problems. He stated that he had asked for a meeting of all the Patriarchs to issue a joint statement for peace but the Maronite leader (our host) didn't like to meet or issue statements together with Patriarchs who were less prominent than himself—an odd concern in war.

The day ended with a worsening of the diarrhea I had been experiencing, and I was grateful for bed. One couldn't help reflect—in the midst of all this destruction—how fortunate we had been throughout the past week. Just after we passed a bridge outside Tyre a mortar struck a vehicle with children and killed three, wounding many. Sniper bullets were a constant occurrence—one could hear their whine in a neighboring lot during lunch, their crackle as one drove along, and see the fresh evidence everywhere. We escaped this as well as the random—or “lost” to use a quaint phrase employed here—bombs and shells that fell on non-military areas (such as within a mile or so of the Patriarch's villa).

One day we drove over a bridge in Beirut and, when returning a few hours later, there were the twisted wreckage of cars from a stray mortar; a few hours after we visited the Sisters in the Lebanese Hospital they were struck by bombs; had we gone to the Presidential palace a few hours earlier I would not be writing now. Death might have come so easily during my experiences in West Beirut. No one might even know since they apparently just let the bodies rot, be food for rats, until they throw them in the sea. All in all, it was a journey of love, and expressed concern to a people in desperate trouble, offered solace and a modicum of medical help, and we left with our lives.

The trip back to Cyprus by boat was another sea experience I enjoyed but probably wouldn't repeat by choice. We were to be at the dock at 7:30am; we finally departed at 10:30am after the local para-military cleared our passports and bags; then we were detained at sea by the Israelis, hit an unexpected summer storm that tossed us around for 7-8 hours, leaving one half the passengers seasick and vomiting. One lost young Austrian woman was winding her way back to parents, leaving her husband and two children dead in the rubble of a Palestinian camp. Everyone had a story, and a prayer that the sorrow and tears of Lebanon might cease.

Official Meetings in Lebanon

1. Government of Lebanon
President of Lebanese Republic
Prime Minister
Foreign Minister
Cabinet-Director of the South for Government of Lebanon
2. Religious Leaders
Patriarch of Antioch and all the East
Patriarch of Tyre and the Holy Land
Patriarch of Sidon
Bishop of Tripoli
Vatican Nuncio
Representative of Order of Malta
Melkite Bishops of Tyre and Sidon
Greek Melkite Patriarch
Representative of Catholic Relief Services
Sisters at Lebanese Hospital
3. United States Government
The American Ambassador
President Reagan's Special Envoys
4. Academia
President of American University of Beirut
Dean of the AUB Medical School
Secretary of the Lebanese Medical Society
Director, Hospital of Our Lady of Help, Byblos
Director, The Lebanese Hospital
Head of the Palestinian Red Crescent Society
5. United Nations
Regional Director UNHCR
Country Director UNRWA
Country Director UNICEF

Afterword

I briefed the Holy Father in Rome, Cardinal Cooke in New York, and, at my wife Kate's insistence, wrote an op-ed article for the New York Times ("Beirut's Smell of Death", 7/24/1982). She told me: "if you don't have the courage to express what you've described to me; you'll be as bad as the rest of the denying cowards." There was nothing subtle about certain views of this strong and moral woman.

The good will gained by transmitting the personal concerns of Pope John Paul II and Cardinal Cooke was, at best, transient. The danger of sudden setbacks was ever present and never far from my mind, even while pursuing a mission of peace with religious overtones.

Several weeks after interviewing Dr. Dodge in his office at AUB he was kidnapped and held hostage in Tehran for over a year. Less than two months after my departure from Beirut the almost predictable attacks on the Sabra and Shatila refugee camps housing thousands of Palestinian occurred. And within a year the bombing of a US Marine barracks in Beirut prompted America's withdrawal of military, humanitarian and diplomatic personnel from the area. The French and Italian forces also left. Many decades later the search for an Israeli-Palestinian peace accord seems more distant than ever, and Lebanon remains caught in continuing power struggles within the region.

Despite these failures something drives those of us onwards who have the privilege of sharing in the dreams and aspirations of the oppressed. Hopefully the hands of help and love can provide some assistance to those still bearing the scars of war.

Karshuni Manuscript

This volume, an 18th-century collection of religious writings, was purchased during a bombing attack in West Beirut. The Karshuni technique was introduced in the 7th century, and utilized primarily by Christian sects wishing to present their beliefs in an alphabet (Arabic) that had not yet been fully developed. They therefore disseminated these writings utilizing the Syriac alphabet. The present manuscript is a liturgical text for the Maronite community in Lebanon, and provides an account of the Eucharist at the Last Supper, and prayers including the Rosary. There are also sections quoting Quranic verses in Arabic. Several elegant line drawings illuminate the manuscript (next page).



Acknowledgments

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About the IIHA and CIHC

The Institute of International Humanitarian Affairs (IIHA) at Fordham University prepares current and future aid workers with the knowledge and skills needed to respond effectively in times of humanitarian crises and disaster. Courses are offered on a global scale; we now have over 3,000 International Diploma in Humanitarian assistance (IDHA) alumni from over 140 nations. Two post graduate Master Degree programs are available, and our undergraduate Major and Minor in Humanitarian Studies are among the most popular courses at the university. The Center for International Humanitarian Cooperation (CIHC) is a public charity that supports the work of the Institute, including publications that address both the basic issues and the emerging challenges of relief work following natural disasters and conflicts.

IIHA Book Series

(Books marked with an asterisk are available in translation. All books available at www.fordhampress.com)

Preventive Diplomacy: Stopping Wars Before They Start, 1996, 2000*

Basics of International Humanitarian Missions, 2003*

Emergency Relief Operations, 2003*

Traditions, Values, and Humanitarian Action, 2003*

Human Security for All: A Tribute to Sérgio Vieira de Mello, 2004

Technology for Humanitarian Action, 2004

To Bear Witness: A Journey of Healing and Solidarity, 2005*

Tropical Medicine: A Clinical Text, 7th edition, 2006

The Pulse of Humanitarian Assistance, 2007

Even in Chaos: Education in Times of Emergency, 2010

Sudan at the Brink: Self-Determination and National Unity, F.D. Deng 2010 (Foreword)

Tropical Medicine: A Clinical Text, 8th edition (Jubilee Edition), 2011*

More with Less: Disasters in an Era of Diminishing Resources, 2012

History and Hope: The International Humanitarian Reader, 2013

To Bear Witness: A Journey of Healing and Solidarity, 2nd expanded edition, 2013*

The Open Door: Art and Foreign Policy at the RCSI, 2014

An Unfinished Tapestry, 2015

A Dream for Dublin, 2016

Milestones in Humanitarian Action, 2017

Medicine Tropicale, 2019

IIHA Occasional Papers

Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., Abdulrahim Abby Farah, Abdirazak Haji Hussein, and David Shinn,

The Future of Somalia: Stateless and Tragic, 2004

Mark Malloch Brown, *International Diploma in Humanitarian Assistance*, 2004

Francis Deng, *Sudan: From Genocidal Wars to Frontiers of Peace and Unity*, 2004

Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., *A Bud of Thought that Wants to be a Rose* 2006

Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., *The University and Humanitarian Action*, 2008

Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., *Romance and Reality in Humanitarian Action*, 2008

Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., *Gaza: Destruction and Hope*, 2009

Daithi O'Ceallaigh, *The Tale Towards a Treaty—A Ban on Cluster Munitions*, 2010

Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., *Maharishi University Convocation*, 2016

Professor Richard A. Falk, *The Spiritual Sources of Legal Creativity*, 2017

Kevin M. Cahill, M.D., *Missionary Influences: A Personal Tale*, 2018



There's No-one to Help Them
The Disasters of War, Francisco Goya.
Etching from the collection of the Hispanic
Society of America, New York.

On the front cover:
Terence Cardinal Cooke is providing a
final briefing to Dr. Cahill on the eve of his
departure to Lebanon, 1982

Cover and booklet design: Mauro Sarri



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