WILLIAM R. POLK

August 22, 2003

Mrs. Amr Fouad
59 Drayton Gardens
London SW10 9RU

My dear Nahed,

As I am sure you know, our hearts go out to you.

Following the shock, a miasma of sadness descended on us both.

In addition to our great affection for Nadia - and for you both - the circumstances of Nadia's death touched me also in quite a different way. Many years ago, my brother was also within a few days of leaving his assignment in Greece to return to America where he was to become the chief CBS correspondent in Washington, when he too was murdered. It seemed so ironic as well as so tragic that both of these wonderful people were on their way out to safety when they were struck down. I guess the death of any loved person triggers memories. Mine were therefore twofold. Of my brother and of Nadia.

My memories of Nadia were delightful. She was such a positive and vigorous person. I remember a visit to her at her office in the UN. She charged into the room, then suddenly completely relaxed. We chatted for a few minutes in complete calm. Then, as though some inner alarm clock sounded, she was up and we were away, up to see Kofi Annan. She again was calmly in charge, and again, after the appropriate time, the alarm went off and we were quickly back in her office. She had that presence, calm but authorative, that is sometimes ascribed to commanding generals. But away from her office, particularly here, I saw a different Nadia, reflective, thoughtful, concerned, often worried - as we all are - about the sweep of events, but full of all the virtues of positive thinking, determination and wisdom so desperately needed and in such desperately short supply everywhere today.

We loved her and will miss her. Through her memory, let us again affirm our love and friendship.

Bill + Elizabeth