

مؤسسة ناجي نعمان للثقافة بالجان
Naji Naaman's Foundation for Gratis Culture *FGC*
Fondation Naji Naaman pour la Culture Gratuite FCG

Tribute to Ms. Carmen Gavrila
(Carmen Georgeta Cortez)

Naji Naaman's literary prize
(creativity prize, 2011)

from her friend Bob Rich
in the summer of 2015



“... Soon the beach will be deserted. Only the heart will remain on the sand.
And the name. And the name is: love”.

Carmen Gavrila



Reflections and gratitude for Carmen

from her friends:

- I. *Bob Rich*
- II. *Mohamed BenHaj*
- III. *Dany Chalhoub*
- IV. *Rosemay Moira Erian*
- V. *Nadia Nadia Nour*
- VI. *Ali Mokrane*
- VII. *Ray Zeitouny*
- VIII. *Ibrahim El Ali*
- IX. *Eternel Féminin Elle*
- X. *Salpy Karamanoukian*
- XI. *Zeina El-Khoury Matar*

1. Bob Rich

Dear Carmen,

We first got in touch in the summer of 2011. It was wonderful to interact with you, from the start. Right away, we had a nice friendship, discussing a wide array of topics, including: favorite authors, favorite musicians, humor, nighttime dreams, and more.

Immediately, we started to support each other as fellow writers, providing feedback, encouragement, and good spirits in our discussions – and this mutual support would continue for four uplifting years. Your comments on my stories and poems still give me insight and inspiration to this day.

I was happy for you when you told me in August 2011 that Naji Naaman's Foundation had honored you as a prizewinner in their annual international literary competition! Later, in December 2012, you invited me to enter Naji Naaman's 2013 literary event by submitting my own poems and short stories. Soon, in May 2013, I learned that I was a prizewinner in Naji Naaman's 2013 literary event!

In August 2013, you shared your belief in salvation through love. How love heals. We also spoke in August about the novelist Gabriel Garcia Marquez – a true inspiration for each of us, our favorite author.

Later, in November, you first told me you had cancer. In December, I mailed a book to your address in Romania, with details on how to take care of yourself when you have cancer. You received the book on December 31, 2013.

In January 2014, you said you were writing stories for children. In February, you said the book I had sent you was very useful, which I was glad to hear.

In May 2014, you mailed me a book you had authored, *La mille deuxieme nuit*, written in French. You explained that your book was inspired by *The Arabian Nights/ One Thousand and One Nights*. Your book is about a woman storyteller, like Scheherazade.

La mille deuxième nuit est à la fois le conte d'une Schéhérazade moderne et la biographie spirituelle déguisée d'une jeune femme qui a fait un pari avec le destin, celui de se sauver par l'action même du récit.

Les sept histoires liées par des interludes présentent des personnages féminins à la recherche d'eux-mêmes, de l'amour et de l'union mystique avec autrui. Les interludes sont d'ailleurs adressés à un mystérieux personnage, peut-être son âme-sœur ?

La nouvelle Schéhérazade a-t-elle pu se sauver elle-même ? Ses personnages ont-ils trouvé la clé du bonheur ? Le final de ce conte singulier est ouvert, offrant la promesse d'une histoire qui va dévoiler – ou non – ce qui n'a pas encore été dit.

*Carmen Gavrilă est née en Roumanie. Licenciée ès Lettres, elle a enseigné la langue et la littérature françaises pendant vingt ans. En 2011, elle a remporté le prix de créativité au Concours International Naji Naaman, au Liban.
La mille deuxième nuit est le premier manuscrit qu'elle propose aux Editions Edilivre.*



Carmen Gavrilă

La mille deuxième nuit



Also, in May 2014, you told me that reading my poems and stories had helped you to keep growing in your knowledge of English, since you would look up words in an English dictionary as you read my writings! I would honestly like to learn French, just to be able to read your book *La mille deuxième nuit*.

In August 2014, I told you I was praying for your health. In November, we spoke more about natural remedies for cancer. Also, in November, you said that your second book is a book of poems, and you were writing a book about your recent trip to Lebanon.

In December, I could tell you still believed in God, despite your hardships.

In 2015, I continued to give you details about how to fight cancer. I told you on February 12 that I wished I could do more for you. You said I help you just by being your friend and by sharing beautiful things. Also on February 12, I revealed that you had become a muse to me, because I would frequently go to your Facebook page just to read your poetic reflections from the past week, and then I would find it easy to immediately write a poem or story of my own!

In March 2015, we talked about movies, how we both very much enjoy the black-and-white movies of Federico Fellini.

On May 26, 2015, you wrote to me four days after my birthday, saying, "Sorry for the delay, Bob! I wish you a beautiful meaningful birthday, and may all your dreams come true!" You passed away only a couple weeks after writing this warm message to me.

Carmen, this summer, I got invited by an exceptionally talented songwriter to work with him on a special story, for inclusion on his next album. The story is written in the style of Magic Realism, the style you and I both enjoy. The original idea for the story was created entirely by the songwriter. I worked with him to expand the story's premise a bit. Then, over a few months, I wrote out the story, while consulting with the songwriter sometimes,

along the way. I finished the first draft of the story and, since then, the songwriter and I have been working together to fine-tune it. The story – which is partially set on the Moon – opens with a quote from you, which reads:

"The Moon is an island... the island of lovers, dreamers. Island, the island of poets... We meet up there, in the dream."

-- Carmen Gavrilă



Beginning my story with a quote from you has given me inspiration, as I have written it.

Here are more of my favorite quotes from you, Carmen:

"You are far away... but if I lie down on the Earth, I hear the beat of your heart!"

"Who am I? request to your heart... who are you? my soul answers me... we are the dust of stars twinkling at dawn and at sunset the Sun... we are only songs... by the invisible flute..."

"In the whispering grass and the wind, in the scent of the starry mountains, in the song of silence, I write your name."

Carmen, I hope, by God's grace, to see you someday.

Love,

Bob

Summer 2015

And Carmen,

Here on this special tribute webpage at Naji Naaman's Foundation's website, I have collected reflections from many others who also miss you...

You who have brought smile and sweetness in the heart of all, may it be made for you a hundredfold in light and love.

She touched my heart and she knew so well how to communicate kindly and warmly with others. I loved to read her quotes, she was happy to share her inner world and dreams. I can't bring more to her work than all she joyously shared with us...

Dany



4. Rosemay Moira Erian

My beautiful, pure friend, soul sister, Carmen. My heart understands and hears you, that it is a perfect timing for you since you are free of cancer and are soaring escorted by angels into Our Father's arms. I know we will meet again one day.

I love you! Xoxoxo

Romy



5. *Nadia Nadia Nour (Lynda B M)*

Triste journée de ma vie... on s'est dit au revoir... tu m'avait dit que tu hésitais de partir. Tu avais reporté ton départ encore une journée. Tu attendais des nouvelles. Tu n'as rien reçu. Tu étais mon ange, l'ange de tous... Tu me comprenais comme ma propre personne... Tu parlais tout le temps du printemps qui viendra et que tu partiras avec... Je garderais pour toujours ton cher fils «La Mille et deuxième nuit», ton trèfle comme tu gardera ma sincère amitié et mon amour... À toi ma chérissime Carmenety «inchallah» au paradis en ce mois sacré...

Lynda B M

Sad day of my life... Said goodbye... You had to leave. You had postponed your departure one more day. You were my angel, the angel of all... You understand me like my own person... Were you talking all the time in the Spring?... I keep forever your dear *Thousand and One Nights*, you will keep my sincere friendship and love... Have you gone to heaven in this month, love?

She is still with those who love her. She is with us.

My Chérissime

I learned that word of you,

And other treasures sublimissines,

I have learned to live love,

When life does not enough.

I learned to supply the spring,

When winter is late to leave.

I have learned how to photograph in waves,

When I happen to caress the sea.

I have learned to love without counting,

When I have nothing to offer.

I have learned that the wind whispers,

When the silence strikes.

I have learned that a thousand and one second n itu coddle,

When the night is white.

I have learned to haire ladieu,

When the fate had taken

My Angel,

On behalf of Carmen Gavrilă.

Rose Oubliée Hill.

In the heart of the thousand and one nights is a rose, in the colours d 'Arc en ciel, at the perfume of love and in the name of Angel Carmen Gavrilă.

Nadia



6. Ali Mokrane

*À la mémoire de Carmen Gavrila
À la mille deuxième nuit
Ton âme s'est libérée.
De la peur, des ennuis
De nous autres tu rirais
Si tu ne nous aimais.
Et ceux qui t'admiraient
Dans leurs cœurs à jamais
Pour toi ont pleuré.
Ali*



7. Ray Zeitouny

Our relationship was built on trust and respect. When Carmen passed through difficult situations, she used to text me asking for my opinions and suggestions... She is a listening person, always open to good ideas...

The way Carmen lived the last two years of her life was beyond an ordinary human capacity... She believed in life, in nature, in angels... She had a huge love of nature, as well as to people.

Her life was a book of kindness, tenderness... She prayed a lot. She was happy for everyone's happiness... for everyone's success. As if she was the subject of that success. And as if that success was hers.

What I am sure of is that Carmen is now watching over us from the heavens. As some people believe, everyone has his own angel. But now, I am sure that we friends of Carmen have a common angel there.

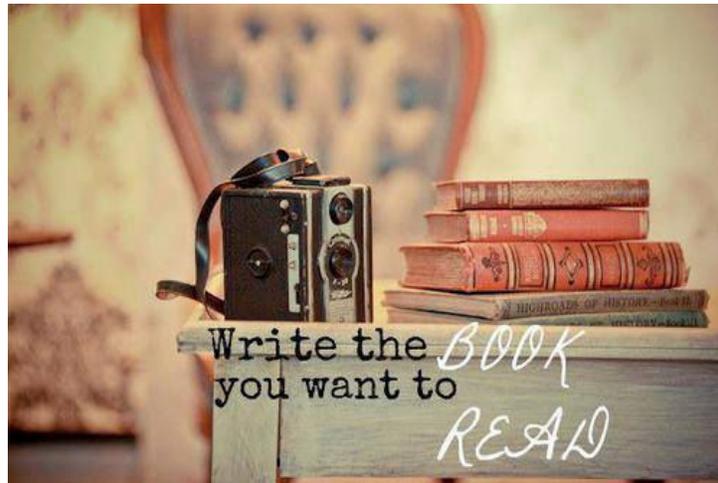
Ray



8. Ibrahim El Ali

*Carmen, il ya des jours-fruits comme ce jour-abricot qui sourit
Carmen, voilà qu'est arrivée ta mille deuxièmes nuits
Comme un ange venu de loin tu rejoins les cantiques
Dans ce pays où coulent le miel et ton verbe aquatique
Cette vallée en fleurs au parfum de l'abondance
Où les branches des arbres touchent ta lune ...
Au delà de Istros, le fleuve sacré derrière les dunes
Voici que résonnent-les cloches de ta dernière danse
Parfum sauvage,
Âme d'amour tu fus égarée sur terre
Avec ton cœur en boule d'or couvrant la poussière du monde
Parfum suave,
Âme délicate qui voyageait comme une onde
Traversant les océans avec ta voix mystère des mystères
J'étais le rocher quand tu étais la houle de la mer...
Écume blanche qui caresse les doux rivages
Dévoilant les châteaux de perles et de coquillages
Sable d'Or ton absence nous restera amer
A présent tu rejoins le nectar des Dieux
Fleur invisible, dans cette roue magique
Cercle de lumière bleue nous unit dans nos adieux
Dans ta maison des oiseaux blancs fantastiques
Amen Ibrahim@hommage à une amie poète disparue
Carmen Gavrilă j'ai utilisé ses mots pour composer cet Adieu...*

Ibrahim



9. Eternel Féminin Elle

Par un bel après-midi d'été, je la rencontrai dans un restaurant à Badaro. J'étais accompagnée de ma meilleure amie. En attendant son arrivée, je me sentais ivre et ne tenais pas en place. Rencontrer l'auteure de la «Mille et une deuxième nuit» n'était pas une simple occasion. Soudain, nous la vîmes. Sous son chapeau en paille, une taille diaphane descendait l'escalier, foulant à peine les marches, de son gracieux pas. Elle s'avança vers nous, arborant un sourire timide. "Eternel Féminin, enfin, je te rencontre..." Autour d'un *nespresso*, sa voix douce et suave relata l'histoire de sa vie et de ses souffrances... son sourire plissait ses yeux... elle était aussi transparente et pure que l'eau de roche... Je la raccompagnai à la pension, en nous promettant de nous revoir... mais... tout fut brisé un an plus tard... De ton là-haut, sois une Etoile, ma chère Carmen...

E.F.E.

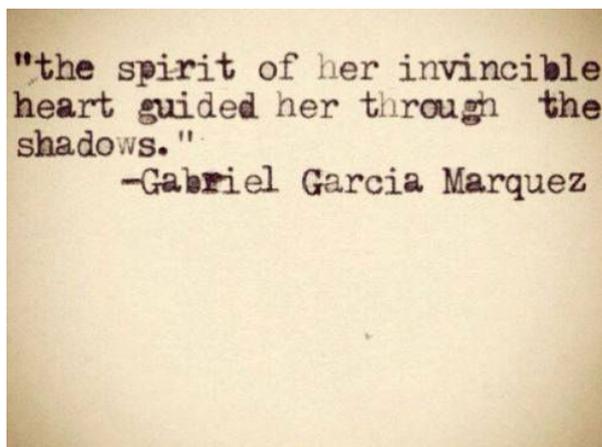
30 juillet 2015



10. Salpy Karamanoukian

She was an angel on earth, always present through her positive comments, an educated person who knew a lot about myths and heroes... She came to visit Lebanon and I met her in person... Soft voice, soft heart. Though she was not feeling well, she insisted on visiting places and meeting her friends... She was full of hope, stronger than many of us in many ways.

Salpy



11. Zeina El-Khoury Matar

Dear Carmen,
You have touched many of us with your delicate soul ...
I remember your posts, poetry, and comments,
What we exchanged was beyond words ...
To me, you were the candle in the wind
A Tinker Bell of the untold stories ...
Our chats in box were one of the most comforting times
 when we opened up about our illness ...
I still hear the softness of your voice in the background of my mind
 when you called me in Beirut and we were suppose to meet ...
Carmen, you were the first one that responded and commented
 when you felt pain and sensitivity in my posts or poems,
 and many times we went chatting in box for exchange of comfort ...
 and we both were healed somehow ...
Anyway, Carmen, you're an Angel flying up above, may you RIP, sweet soul,
You'll always be remembered ... ❤️

Carmen Gavriła
(Carmen Georgeta Cortez)

