

Saudi-American Forum



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HONEY & ONIONS: A MEMOIR OF SAUDI ARABIA IN THE SIXTIES

BY FRANCES MEADE

CHAPTER EIGHT

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The Saudi-American Forum is very pleased to present "Honey and Onions" by Frances Meade. This delightful memoir of the early days of Americans working and living in the Kingdom – in ten chapters – will be presented one chapter per week.

We hope you enjoy it and you will join in a discussion of the book.

<http://www.saudi-us-relations.org/ubbthreads/Post165>

HONEY & ONIONS: A MEMOIR OF SAUDI ARABIA IN THE SIXTIES BY FRANCES MEADE

CHAPTER EIGHT

We are in Jeddah for a few days and have stopped for a fast lunch at Taco Bell. We might be anywhere in the world eating the same burritos, but I suddenly realize that we are sitting in the Red Sea, or at least where the Red Sea used to be. Jeddah has changed its shoreline and reinvented itself and its age-old partnership with the sea. The new and spectacular skyline reflects its mirror image in the waters testifying to that flourishing marriage.

Eighteen months was the time we were to spend in Saudi Arabia, and it was almost up, and we were coming to a moment of decision. Then, in November the decision was made for us.

The kindly manager who had shepherded us on our first flight had left, and the company asked Dick to replace him. It was an offer that was hard to turn down, but the implication was clear that in accepting it we were committing ourselves to something more than we had planned on. The adventure turned out to be a long-term career, and we have never looked back.

Riyadh had become our home and our friends almost an extension of the family. Short visits to Jeddah had revealed a lifestyle quite different from that of Riyadh, and it was a psychological as well as a physical upheaval. We felt so much a part of Riyadh life that it was hard to imagine starting over again in another place.

The girls, who were in Beirut for their second year, were told that they would not be coming back to Riyadh, but they were not particularly fazed. So many of their school friends lived in Jeddah that the transition would be easier for them than for us.

The move itself appeared to present no foreseeable problem. Fortunately, the orange furniture and its fellows would remain as a legacy to the family that was coming to replace us, but we had collected a substantial load of personal belongings. and the company wives in Jeddah had put in requests for Kuwaiti chests. I had a wonderful time filling that order, buying several chests at one clip, thereby cementing my friendship with the dealer, and we used them along with tin trunks from the souk for packing.

There were no movers to help out. That was a concept whose time had not yet arrived. To move anything anywhere required a trip to the truck souq, and Dick went down to make the arrangements and set the date for one of the gaily decorated trucks to pick up our things and transport them to our future home.

The new villa had been chosen by Dick on a quick trip to Jeddah and was reported to be far nicer than our present one, having been tastefully decorated by the previous occupants in muted colors. He had bought some of their furniture as well, and I would shop for whatever else we needed when I got there.

We were caught up in a flurry of going away parties and farewells right up to the afternoon before departure when Dick invited one of the officials from the Ministry to tea. This pleasant goodbye was rudely interrupted by one of the gate commotions, which we tried to ignore until Mohammed appeared to tell us that the truck had arrived to take our things to Jeddah.

Impossible. The very cups we were drinking out of had to be packed as well as our clothes. What was this ridiculous man thinking of arriving twenty-four hours early?

We found out. He had a load of potatoes already on board, and they couldn't wait until the next day. I was equally offended at the idea that my belongings were to share a ride with the potatoes, but there seemed to be no alternative. This was when he was going to Jeddah, and we could either fall in with his plans or try to make other last minute arrangements.

I excused myself to go into the bedroom and hurl our clothes into the open trunks -- I had put off packing them until the last minute in the hope that they would be that much less wrinkled.

Mohammed packed what was left in the kitchen, and Dick remained in the living room with our bemused guest who offered no resistance as his cup and saucer disappeared but made an early exit accompanied to the gate by his host in a vain attempt to approximate local hospitality. His goodbyes were, I thought, heartfelt.

I watched as our belongings were piled haphazardly on top of the potatoes that filled the bottom half of the truck, which then lurched off toward Jeddah. That the bouncing of our trunks and Kuwaiti chests wasn't doing the potatoes any good, didn't concern me, but nothing was tied down nor was there any cover, and I wondered whether I'd be reunited with my worldly goods at the other end. Resignation was the only emotion possible.

A further complication arose when we discovered for the first time that Mohammed was an illegal resident and could not fly with us to Jeddah since he had no documents. He had been despondent ever since we announced that we were moving, and we put it down to his reluctance to leave his friends. It seems we had made a lot of assumptions when we hired Mohammed, and now we were confronted by the realities. The immediate problem could be solved by sending him on the company plane with Woof, but we had to do something to legalize his presence in the kingdom once we got him to Jeddah. It was a tribute to the people in our office there that this was accomplished without having to send him out of the country first, but at the time we were exhausted by the complications he had presented us with.

It is fair to say that the farewells from the airport crowd and the subsequent flight to Jeddah washed right over me. After the confusions of the past twenty-four hours, any feeling of nostalgia ran a poor last to the relief of being on our way.

Jeddah was the big city to us. It was the center of commerce for the kingdom, and all the foreign embassies and most of the foreign companies were located there. In contrast to the strictly Saudi look of Riyadh, its streets teemed with people of many nationalities, who had been casually absorbed over centuries of trade with the outside world, and the atmosphere was cosmopolitan.

There were housing compounds, organizations and clubs, international airlines -- none of which existed in Riyadh. And above all, there was the sea and all the activities that centered around it.

In reality, Jeddah was a small city too with unpaved streets, electricity and water in short supply and very few telephones. But, its tradition of trade and its history as the port for the pilgrimage to Makkah lent stature to its image.

Jeddah accepted foreign ways and customs as an offshoot of its commerce and paid little attention to the increasing numbers of western residents. The Hejaz had seen it all long before we arrived, from the Turks to the sailing ships to the western diplomats who had established their legations in the forties and even earlier. And, every year, the world arrived in the form of pilgrims coming from all over the globe to perform the *haj*. There just wasn't very much that could disturb Jeddah's equilibrium. It embraced change, and the magnificent multi-storied coral block buildings of the old town were being razed to make way for the new even then.

So, here we were and in some ways, it was like moving to a different country. Certainly, the climate was nothing like Riyadh's. The dry desert air that we had thrived on for years in Arizona before we ever came to Saudi Arabia was replaced by semi-tropical humidity. It had shocked me when I got off the plane from Beirut, and I had the same reaction whenever I came to Jeddah on a visit. This time, it was November, and the weather was at its best with cooler temperatures

and just enough sea dampness in the air to give a moist texture to the skin.

This time too, I had my first taste of what it was like to be the manager's wife. Everybody turned out at the airport to meet and greet, and we were swept off very grandly in a brand new car -- for the first time, one with air conditioning.

The new villa in Sharafia was just as nice as Dick had said it was, lucky for him. It was one of four, each with its own wall that sat in lonely splendor a couple of blocks off the Medina Road. Jeddah's axis centered on the airport and branched off in the opposing directions of Makkah and Medina. The company office compound and the housing compound were both located on the Makkah Road, and there was a great deal of speculation as to why we chose to live on the other side of town. The answer was simple; the year before, we had spent several weeks in the compound and had not enjoyed a single undisturbed meal. This was not a reason we shared with the rest of the employees, but we never tried compound living again.

The villa had a pretty garden on one side and a spacious porch overlooking it. We now had our bedrooms on the second floor, which were reached by a very nice marble staircase, and Mohammed had his quarters in a separate building. We missed the music system in the Riyadh villa, but that was all we missed.

Here, we had pale blue wall-to-wall carpeting and pale gray walls. The dining room furniture was black lacquer with silk upholstery and upstairs in our bedroom was a king-size American bed with a quilted silk spread. The age of elegance was upon us. I ended up painting the walls white, and with white furniture for the living room, I basked in the pleasure of a relatively colorless existence.

With our new home came a new cast of characters. For the first time, we had next-door neighbors, who were foreigners too, an attractive couple from Alabama with two young children and a telephone. We knew we had moved to the right neighborhood as soon as they came over to welcome us and extend the use of that magical instrument. I have never appreciated an offer of hospitality quite so much as that one. The fact is that we very rarely took advantage of it, but just knowing it was available was comforting. They became our best friends for many reasons having nothing to do with the telephone, and our relationship has endured over the years, in Riyadh as well as Jeddah.

A more eccentric addition to our lives was the gardener, a gray-eyed Palestinian of gigantic proportions. He dwarfed the bicycle he rode to work. And, after he added all of his gardening implements and a few shrubs and seedling flats to the load, he appeared to be levitating down the street on a bed of greenery. He was the strongest man I have ever known and thought nothing of hoisting himself and all his paraphernalia over the eight-foot wall if no one answered the gate quickly enough.

The garden looked very nice, but it was his garden not ours. Any suggestion as to change met with a blank stare from those gray eyes that effectively dismissed such heresy. We shared his services with several friends, one of whom was herself a dedicated gardener, and their gardens were replicas of ours. There were certain flowers Yusuf approved of and many that he did not.

The placement of bushes or trees conformed to his notion of landscaping or there were no bushes and trees. I had the distinct feeling that we existed only to provide Yusuf with an outlet for his horticultural fantasies.

I finally asked my gardening friend, a lady of strong convictions, how she got along with him. She confessed that she didn't and that he was a daily irritation.

"Well," I asked, "why don't you fire him?"

"I do," she replied, "but he won't go. He keeps coming back over the wall and I've just given up."

So did I. Yusuf got along with Mohammed and was coolly polite to Woof, so what difference did it really make that my only function was to pay him? I was learning something about graceful acceptance of the inevitable.

We discovered at the beginning that we shared the villa with an undetermined number of geckoes. These small lizards are harmless, of course, and have a reputation as voracious consumers of unpleasant insects. They lived in the recesses for the sliding doors to the dining room and emerged in the daytime to wander about the walls and sun themselves on windowsills. At night, they went home behind the sliding doors and discussed the day's activities in little chirps. None of these activities, however, involved the destruction of harmful insects despite their reputation. I watched one of them lounging on the living room wall as a spider strolled by within easy reach of a flick of the tongue. There was not so much as a half-hearted try; they simply ignored one another.

Once again, it seemed easier to accept the fact that we were harboring a singularly non-aggressive species of gecko and forget it. Dick suggested that if they got very big, we could put collars on them and give them names, but it never came to that.

Despite the wild life, housekeeping in Jeddah was much easier than it had been in Riyadh. A port city, by definition, has access to greater amounts and varieties of imported foods, and there were many more shops that dealt in these items. It was no longer necessary to go to the souk for fresh produce since there were any number of nearby stalls where it could be bought.

Lebanese Joe's in Baghdadia was the market of choice as Raji's had been of necessity in Riyadh, and his stock was both more plentiful and varied. Our dinner table reflected the difference, particularly with the addition of fresh fish from the Red Sea.

Everything in Jeddah centered around the sea. Each Friday, there was a mass migration to the beach at the Creek, a sizeable inlet of the Red Sea, and the compound of rather makeshift cabins that was the headquarters for weekend recreation. Scuba diving had not yet arrived, but everybody snorkeled, and the sailors among us tacked about in Sunfish, which were little more than surf boards with sails. The more adventurous went on along the coast to the open sea to explore the reef where the water was crystal clear and provided a matchless view of undersea life.

Even for the neophyte, and I was certainly one of those, the magic of the reef dispelled any sense of apprehension, and one could spend hours in mask and flippers suspended in a mystic world of color and motion. To peer down through the pristine water at the great bottom fish circling slowly sixty to eighty feet below was too unreal to be frightening.

The reef was home to marvelously colored corals and other delicate creatures that looked like underwater flowers. Huge clams and tiny fish made unlikely bedfellows, but contrasts in size, texture and color are characteristic of reef existence. The number and variety of the fish were fantastic, and there is no more exciting experience than to find yourself at the center of a school of thousands of minute silver bodies and feel the shock waves of their passage. There were wonders to be found even in the Creek. I remember a luminous moment when I saw the sand below me shiver and a huge ray shook itself free and flew away through the water on slowly undulating wings.

Some of our Filipino employees were skillful spear fishermen and would often set up a fire on the sand and concoct a great fish stew. The ingredients were a colorful assortment of reef fish and the end result was delicious.

Those lazy afternoons at the beach invariably concluded with a harrowing return to the city at sunset. The Medina Road was a normal two-way street the rest of the week, but by late afternoon on Friday, cars were six abreast racing along the road and both shoulders. Any unfortunate who happened to be traveling in the opposite direction could pull over and wait or try a cross-country route. The homeward bound roared along at breakneck speed with much weaving, switching of lanes and blowing of horns.

Aside from the Creek activities, Jeddah social life centered around the embassies. The American Embassy, now the Consulate, was then far out of town, delightfully situated on the edge of the sea, and the usual approach was on an angle cross-country from the Medina Road since Palestine Road was only a dirt track and took longer. Its compound included the Dunes Club with a nine-hole golf course and several tennis courts. Swimming in the salt-water pool was reserved for the embassy personnel, but dances and parties were often held there.

The British held forth in a beautiful old building downtown on the lagoon. It was typical of the old colonial embassies, three stories built around a central courtyard with verandas on each floor. It had to have been the British who came up with the hot weather formal attire for men known as Red Sea Dress. This consisted of a short-sleeved open-necked white shirt, worn with tuxedo pants and a cummerbund, putting men for the first time on a comfort level equal to female evening dress.

Most entertaining, formal and informal, took place outdoors. Given the unpredictability of the air conditioning, it was better to plan for the discomfort of a humid night than risk the nightmare of ending up indoors without any cooling. That's just what happened at the Italian Embassy on a relatively cool night when the power failed, the lights went out, and everybody ended up outdoors anyway. However, the Austrians had better luck, and we spent a memorable New Year's Eve of waltzes under a glittering chandelier that kept right on glittering through the evening.

There were plays and concerts, all amateur and all very well done. Diplomatic receptions in celebration of national holidays were colorful and glamorous to me, the recent arrival from the hinterland. What I had enjoyed in microcosm among our small group in Riyadh was now available on a much larger scale, and at first, I found it very exciting to be living in an embassy town.

Two years later, Dick and I found ourselves sitting on a staircase at a very crowded reception with four other people whom we knew quite well. Nobody was saying anything, we were just sitting until someone remarked that this was the fifth evening in a row that we had all seen each other, and it was no wonder we had nothing left to say. I would never have imagined that I could have too much of a good thing, but it was true. We began to count the nights we stayed home as golden and accepted fewer invitations.

All of this came to an abrupt halt with the June war of 1967. Here was some excitement I hadn't planned on and certainly didn't welcome.

The first inkling we had that war had broken out was a telephone call to Dick from the airline. That morning he had put an injured employee aboard a plane to go to the American University Hospital in Beirut, and now they were calling to inform him that the plane had been turned back because of hostilities.

As the morning went on, the radio reports were erratic and contradictory, and there was a general sense of confusion. We heard accounts of imminent evacuation of foreigners from the various countries involved, but there was no conclusive information on what was happening.

I went to the office compound and stayed to see what was developing. It was becoming clear that events were moving swiftly and that the Arab countries had joined forces.

The mood among the employees was ambivalent. There had been reports, later proved to be false, that American fighters were flying cover for the Israelis, and many of the Palestinians at the office were in a difficult position, wondering whether in fact they were technically at war with the company and its American management and if so how to react. Emotions were very close to the surface, but Dick met with them and convinced them that the situation was so ambiguous that the only constructive approach was to carry on with the work and hang together.

Our immediate concern was the girls who were in school in Beirut which was now inaccessible. Unable to get the embassy on the telephone, we drove out there to try and find out what was happening. There was no word from Beirut, but they promised to let us know as soon as they heard anything. This was the best we could do, but it was a long night of worry and second thoughts about having been so nonchalant about bringing my children to this part of the world. This wasn't adventure; this was a very chilling reality.

The radio broadcasts had become more coherent and by morning it was clear that a major battle was being fought and, what concerned us even more, that the evacuation of Americans was under way from several countries where civil unrest and actions against Americans were reported. We found that we had a Saudi military guard on our gate and another one at the office

compound.

We went next door to telephone the embassy and were told that an evacuation was now in progress in Beirut and the boarding students at ACS had already been flown out. However, their destination was not known. The normal safe haven for the Middle East was Athens, but a recent series of incidents in a couple of African countries had resulted in an unexpected influx of refugees into Athens, and some of the Beirut evacuees were headed for Rome. No one, however, knew exactly who had gone where.

There was no question that I had to find them, but most airlines had suspended their flights, and I was beginning to feel desperate. Finally, the office found a Pakistani Airline plane that was scheduled to make a stop in Jeddah the following day on its way to Nairobi, and they were able to book me on it. I would then get the first flight out of Nairobi that went anywhere in Europe and proceed from there.

Since evacuation of Americans from Jeddah seemed probable and knowing that standard procedure was to limit each person to one twenty-pound suitcase and no pets of any kind, we decided that I would take Woof along to Nairobi and ship her from there to my unsuspecting sister in the States. In retrospect, it sounds like an absurd plan of action, and if I had ever been to Nairobi I would probably not have tried it, but I was too ignorant to know that and the alternative was to do nothing. So, I went, wondering if I would ever see Saudi Arabia again.

The Nairobi stop was hectic and frustrating with very little assistance from airline or official personnel, but after several hours of endless negotiations and a very spooky midnight hike to a distant cargo terminal to reclaim the dog, I departed on a flight to Rome and Woof on one to New York. I had managed to get a phone call through to my sister who had no idea that anything was going on in the Middle East because she'd been holed up in the hospital where my father was undergoing emergency surgery, but would dispatch my brother-in-law to the airport to pick up the dog. I arrived in Rome at five o'clock in the morning, called the embassy to see what I could find out and was told to call back when they opened at eight. I was too inexperienced to know enough to demand to talk to the duty officer; I didn't know there was such a person, so I sat in the airport until then. I was not alone, though, a friend from Beirut turned up with his dog instead of a twenty-pound suitcase -- obviously, rules were made to be broken and I didn't know that either -- but he only knew where he had been sent and could give me no information on other evacuation flights that had preceded his.

With my eight o'clock phone call, I struck gold. The children were on the list of evacuees in Rome and could be found at, of all the places I wouldn't have guessed, the Sporting Hotel. The overtones escaped me at the time, anxious as I was to grab a taxi and rescue my loved ones.

Said loved ones were not in. I was told by one of their friends that Susie was off visiting a nearby racehorse stable, and Patty had gone to see the Pope. Everyone but me, it seemed, was having a very good time. To make this whole sequence of events even less palatable, I couldn't get a room. The hotel was bursting at the seams with evacuees and, I might add, making a very good thing of it financially, and there was no room at this particular inn for an exhausted mother.

The lobby was throbbing with teenagers, and I sat with my feet up on my suitcase, wondering

what in the world had possessed me to embark on what was obviously the most unnecessary rescue mission in history.

And, that is where they found me, as each one arrived, did a double take and said, "Motherrr, what are you *doing* here?" If they didn't know, I couldn't explain. I told them to take me to their room, which I would share for the night. They were doubtful as to whether I would like it. I told them I didn't care what kind of room it was, I would be pleased with it. The kind of room it was, however, turned out to be very small, with four occupants and wall-to-wall cots. There was literally no floor space and the cots served as stepping stones from one side of the room to the other. I didn't care. I fell into a cot and took a nap while the girls went out to warn their absent roommates that the strange woman in the room was their mother.

Their tales of the past few days, a series of vignettes of a mob marching on the school and being dispersed by the intrepid Red Berets, the Beirut emergency squad; of being told to pack a suitcase in the middle of the night; of assembling in the darkness to go to the airport; and the grand finale of takeoff from Beirut at four o'clock in the morning were sufficiently dramatic to make me glad I had come after all. They thought of it as a splendid adventure and have been dining out on the story ever since.

I had noticed a man sitting at a makeshift desk in the corner of the lobby but found out only when I inquired about ongoing airline reservations that he was the Rome manager for TWA. To the everlasting credit of that airline, he sat there writing tickets to the States for all the American students, none of whom had any means of paying for them. He told me calmly that TWA would bill their parents later. It was a unique example of an airline operating on trust when many were exploiting the situation for their own advantage, and I've had a warm feeling for TWA ever since.

We left for the States the following day and spent the summer in Arizona with frequent letters from Dick. The tensions in Jeddah had eased soon after my departure, King Faisal had personally guaranteed the safety of Americans, and Saudi Arabia was the only Arab country from which there was no mandatory evacuation.

Unfortunately, the Beirut school could not assure us that it would re-open for the next school year, so both girls elected to go to boarding school in the States, and I returned to Jeddah alone in the fall.

It was easy to drop back into the pattern of meetings of the American Women of Jeddah, bridge games and coffee mornings, but I was all coffeed out. I had been substituting at PCS, and I finally started teaching again full time in the brand new building to which it had moved from an assortment of villas in the old TWA compound.

The following summer, the girls were back in the kingdom for vacation accompanied by the son of old Arizona friends. For them, it was a summer of beach going and parties interspersed with part-time jobs at the office and capped by a drive back to Riyadh through Qassim. We traveled the same route that Dick and I had followed overland the previous year but this time in an air conditioned car on the new highway.

Much had changed besides the road. In this short period, the government had provided electricity and running water to the villages, and new construction was rampant. Our old friend, the Emir of Ar Raas, had a new villa as did many of the townspeople, and prosperity was visible. We made the trip in two days, stopping overnight at one of the camps by choice, instead of the week that it had taken us the year before. I think it was that trip that gave me my first inkling of the extraordinary changes that were coming to Saudi Arabia. Shortly after the children went back to school, we moved from the house in Sharafia to a newly built villa across the road from the American embassy. Our wonderful next door neighbors had left the kingdom -- we would be reunited some years later -- and the friend with whom we shared Yusuf's services had moved to Riyadh, thereby escaping him once and for all, a sufficient reason, I thought, to make the move. We were very quiet about our plans, even Mohammed was not told the exact location of the new villa, and I envisioned myself saying goodbye to Yusuf as I departed for a new life and garden, leaving him with no forwarding address. Surely anybody with an ounce of imagination can foresee the failure of that scheme.

I arrived one morning to see how the painting was progressing at the new house and found Yusuf hard at work. He had a short handled hoe in one hand, a bunch of plants in the other and was proceeding down a sandy strip where I had planned to put a hedge of hibiscus. Bent double, he swung the hoe high and with one powerful stroke excavated a deep hole, jammed a plant into it and kicked the dirt over it as he moved on to the next. A garden, Yusuf's garden, was springing up as I stood there. Goodbye hibiscus hedge; hello all the old familiar greenery. Little did we know just how familiar it would be.

As we sat at breakfast a few mornings after the move, I looked out the window and noticed a tree that I could have sworn had not been there the day before. It was a full grown tree and brought back memories of the view from the dining room window in the old villa. It gradually dawned on me that it *was* the view from the old dining room window. There was the tree I had looked at every morning for over a year.

I confronted Yusuf later in the day, and he readily agreed that he had indeed uprooted and transported the tree on his bicycle, a sight that must have stopped traffic on the Medina Road.

"But Yusuf, the owners of the house, what will they say?"

A look of contempt from those gray eyes. "You think I let them see me?"

He went back to the cultivation of the small banana plantation that he had deemed appropriate for our new home. I didn't mention it again.

The move had many advantages, not the least of which was the neighboring embassy. We played golf at the Dunes Club, and the girls took tennis lessons when they were home on vacation, all without the necessity of a driver, and Dick and I often enjoyed an after-dinner walk under the trees in the compound on cool evenings. Those were the innocent days when there were no security problems, and the embassy grounds were open to the casual stroller.

We had friends among the embassy families, and with Dick spending more and more time in Riyadh as the company projects multiplied and meetings with the Ministry multiplied as well, I was never really alone.

The sea was a block away, and we sometimes drove home up the beach after a party downtown. Camels roamed the beach freely, and an occasional one would wander up our street and browse on whatever foliage might be growing over our wall. It was rather an idyllic setting, and we enjoyed what was to be a relatively short time there.

Our Jeddah stint was coming to an end. The company's work would be more easily accomplished in Riyadh, and it was decided to move the headquarters there, leaving a small logistics division in Jeddah to supply the camps. Any reluctance I might have felt at leaving Jeddah and my teaching job was canceled out by the exciting prospect of my new position as principal of RICS.

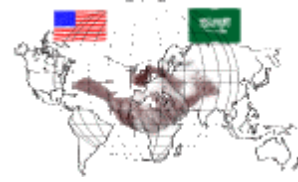
Jeddah was interesting, and our life there was a happy one, yet it always seemed to me to be an interim. I never felt a real sense of belonging; I lived there but was never really at home as I had been in Riyadh. Perhaps, the departure of the children to the States had something to do with it, I don't know. I hated the climate and have always preferred the desert to the sea, so I was delighted to be going back to Riyadh and looked forward to the move.

About the Author

Frances Meade is an American who has lived in Saudi Arabia since 1965. Born in New York, she and her family moved to Arizona in the '50s and still call it home. She has a degree from Mount Holyoke College and has written and edited educational texts as well as a monthly magazine column.

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