



BROADBENT

♦ SELECTIONS ♦

terroir

Serge Hochar

We bid an exceptionally sad farewell to Serge Hochar of Chateau Musar in Lebanon...
Winemaker / Soul Shaker / Son of God / Dancing King / Master Blaster in the History of Wine.

Born on November 20th, 1939, Passed off This Mortal Coil on December 31st, 2014. Son of Gaston Hochar, who founded Chateau Musar in 1930. Brother of Ronald Hochar, first a bottle washer, and then the commercial and logistics director of Chateau Musar, beginning in 1962. Husband of Tania, A most gracious lady who played *Alice* to Serge's *Ralph Kramden* (And funnily enough, to Serge's amazement, she was allergic to wine!) Father of Gaston (the Managing Director), Marc (The Commercial Director) and Karine (The Sparkle in His Eye). Grandfather to seven sprites, who all were able to touch and feel real greatness.

Simply put, the world of wine had never before seen a Serge Hochar (and I am going back

to Noah and his boat filled with vinous wonders.) Born into a family whose roots extend back 800 years in Lebanon (They came originally from France as Templar Knights to purge the Holy Land of infidels), Serge became history manifest, fully understanding/exhibiting/expounding the glories and wonders of his land. Lebanon, and its Bekaa Valley were a wonder to Serge, and he reveled in the energy of the people and the bounty of the terroir. Why his father, Gaston, started the winery in 1930, Serge never understood. But in 1959, after studying engineering, Serge joined the winery as an aspiring winemaker. It would take about 20 years and the unlearning of techniques taught by Emile Peynaud at the University of Bordeaux before Serge fully realized the wine he wanted to craft. For such a man of the world and a partaker of all its joys, he

was also a man of God and Felt that wine was God's gift to us. And that, through wine, we could sense God's humanity.

God must truly be a crazy cat because Serge created wines that arrested your senses and were sometimes completely insensible. But boy, those wines had vim and vigor and a life force that touched your heart, your mind, your toes and your soul.

Serge would not want us to dwell on his passing as the absence of life was of completely no interest to him.

He would demand that we continue to live life and to relish all its vagaries.

And to taste wine! Yes, we must taste wine so that our hearts can be filled with joy, even though they are presently heavy with the passing of our friend.

**SERGE HOCHAR, WE RAISE
A GLASS OF WINE TO YOU.**