



NINEVEH

THIRD QUARTER 1989

VOLUME 12 NO. 3



جَنَابِ سَوَدِ لَ فَنَبَسَ :
 حَقًّا دَلَّ سَوَدُ لَ نَبَا دَلَّ حَقًّا سَوَدِ
 تَمِيزَ فَنَبَسَ :
 حَقًّا دَلَّ سَوَدُ لَ نَبَا دَلَّ حَقًّا سَوَدِ
 تَمِيزَ لَنَبَسَ :
 حَقًّا دَلَّ سَوَدُ لَ عَوَّلَ دَلَّ يَهْجَرُ
 تَجَلَّبَ لَهْ فَنَبَسَ :
 سَوَدُ لَ دَلَّ لَ مُعِينِ لَعَدَ تَجَلَّبَسَ
 لَهْ سَوَّلَ لَ .

تَجِدُكَ إِذَا حَلَبَ تَجِدُكَ
تَحْلِبُ . ٢ . تُعَذِّبُ دَعِشْتَهُ .

Assyrian Literary Scholar

Babajan E. Ashouri

1911-1989

NINEVEH

THIRD QUARTER 1989

VOLUME 12 NO. 3

Julius N. Shabbas Editor
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ARTICLES SUBMITTED FOR PUBLICATION WILL BE SELECTED BY THE EDITORIAL STAFF ON THE BASIS OF THEIR RELATIVE MERIT TO THE ASSYRIAN LITERATURE, HISTORY, AND CURRENT EVENTS.

OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE THOSE OF THE RESPECTIVE AUTHORS AND NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF NINEVEH.

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Assyrian Periodicals

We urge our readers to read and support the Assyrian publications. The active participation of all Assyrians is the only guarantee of the success of Assyrian periodicals.

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 of publication**

Dear Julius:

As always, I enjoyed receiving the latest *Nineveh*.

You're doing a heck of a job getting that magazine out, one issue after the other.

After reading the recent issue, I thought of writing you a letter on the subject of Ramsini's lead piece on Nationalism. Who knows, if I get a chance to sort out my thoughts, I may still do this. But in any case, I was really taken by some parts of his article. He is very obviously a man with serious concerns on his mind about "us," and I hope we read more of him.

Keep up the good work!

Francis Sarguis
Santa Barbara, CA

Dear Editor:

I enjoy your magazine very much. Keep up the good work. Please note my change of address.

Hilda Ghahramani
Winnipeg, Canada

Dear Julius:

The passing away of Rabi Yacoub Bet Yacoub — reported in your last issue of *Nineveh* — was sad news indeed! It brought sadness to my heart as it must have done, I'm sure, to the hearts of many other of his former pupils scattered all over the U.S., Canada, Europe and Australia — and, of course, those still living in Iraq.

The sorrow I felt was not only for the man himself, for he lived a full life to the very ripe old age of 92, but the sentiment was also for the passing away of a "legendary" personality of a certain Assyrian era, an era containing some bittersweet memories of events, places and faces which, though hazy now, are still recalled with nostalgic fondness.

Bet-Nahrain TV of Modesto, Calif., recently showed a program about Rabi Yacoub. The show, hosted by Ashor Malek, a Bet-Nahrain representative, was a memorial meeting in his honor held in Chicago between several of his former students, namely Shlimoon Youkhanna, Sargon Yacub Aboona, Benjamin Eshoo Yalda, Odishoo Warda, Eshaya Hormis and Alfred Daniel and their wives. It seems the group is arranging a reunion of Rabi Yacoub's former pupils and is planning to publish a memorial ad book on the event.

Like you and thousands of others, I too studied in Rabi Yacoub's Assyrian Union School, first at Kota Camp (Hinaidi) and, later, at Habbaniya, through primary and secondary schools. But much to my regret, I did not graduate because in my final year the May 1941 Iraqi-British battle at Habbaniya disrupted schooling and caused the cancellation of the final exams and graduation exercises that year. And a few months later, I left Habbaniya and started working in Mosul, whereas you and a few of my classmates graduated the following year.

Like all of us, Rabi Yacoub was not without his faults and foibles! But although small in stature, he was a giant of a man! As you mentioned in his obituary, he was a scholar, a writer, a poet, an educator and a translator and director of Shakespearean plays in Assyrian. He also introduced, under the leadership of his son, the late Rabi Ammo, the boy scout and girl guide movements in Habbaniya. But above all, he was a principal who administered a school efficiently, managed a team of a dozen teachers firmly but correctly and goaded his pupils to greater achievement for more than two decades. And, as you said, his highest reward is that the seed he sowed has borne fruit. Many Assyrian (and Armenian) men and women today are leading successful lives on the basis of the education he instilled in them.

Rabi Yacoub was also a noted orator, and his graduation exercises were the pride of his pupils and the community. His pep-talk morning speeches to the student body assembled in the school courtyard were a source of ringing inspiration in attentive ears. The man had an aura of awe about him that commanded attention, respect and admiration — and even reverence. And his disciplinary switch lashes were something! Administered on the open palms of the hands — usually during the morning pep-talks — they were effective "mementos" the culpable recipient did not easily forget! I know, for I was the recipient of two very painful ones one cold morning in 1939/40 for being "funny" with my patrol leader during a boy scout exercise outing!

Mikhael (Minashi) K. Pius
Turlock, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I would like to subscribe to *Nineveh* magazine. Enclosed is \$15.00 for the annual subscription.

Jakline Khaziran
Canoga Park, CA

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a check for \$50.00 representing subscription renewal for *Nineveh* and the balance to the Educational fund.

Thank you for your enlightening publication and your continuing success.

Donald J. Lazar
San Carlos, CA

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Kindly share your publication *Nineveh* with my brother, who is a native of your State.

Enclosed is a check to cover the cost of subscription for one year. I also enclose some material by me that you may publish in *Nineveh* if you wish.

Wishing you, as always, continued success.

Solomon S. Solomon
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for the recent *Nineveh* issue you sent me.

Enclosed is a check for \$200.00. Please reinstate my membership and put me on the circulation list for *Nineveh* magazine. Also, please apply my contribution as you deem appropriate.

Barbara joins me in wishing you and the family the best. Thank you.

Ferdinand Badal
Hayward, CA

Dear Julius:

Hope you and the family are keeping well. Last week I had an opportunity to take a glance at the latest issue of *Nineveh*, Vol. 12 No. 1 & 2, 1989, at a friend's house, and it was magnificent — wonderful job you people are doing.

I've been missing several issues of *Nineveh* which may be due to change of addresses, etc.

I am enclosing a check for \$15.00 for 1 year's subscription to *Nineveh*. Please start this with your 1st and 2nd Quarter 1989 issue on the cover of which are the pictures of two great men who passed away recently — our dear old teacher Rabi Yacoub and William Daniel. Please send this to me by mail as soon as you can; maybe with a couple of previous issues if you have any left. You can send these by mail or better still, with Willy Jacob who's coming to Chicago for the memorial function we're having for Rabi Yacoub on June 4.

Shlimoon Youkhana
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor:

I would like you to add my uncle's name, Shomshon Yousef, who lives in Iran, to your list of subscribers. Enclosed please find a check towards the subscription fee. I would really appreciate it if you send him a copy of Vol. 12 No. 1 & 2. This issue is of particular importance for the following reasons:

Firstly, this is the first time I have seen that more than half of an Assyrian magazine is dedicated to the Assyrian section. I congratulate you and Dr. Ashour for your efforts. Secondly, it contains valuable material pertaining to Rabi William Daniel.

Maryam Pirayou
San Jose, CA

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a check for the amount of \$15.00 for an annual subscription to *Nineveh*.

I look forward to receiving the next and forthcoming issues.

Rowena d'Mar Shimun
Burlingame, CA

Dear Julius:

Thank you for your recent note, and I'm pleased by being offered the opportunity to contribute literary material to *Nineveh*! Quite frankly, I have a lot of ideas and material swirling in my mind just waiting to gush out onto paper! Some of it is of the kind you mentioned, that is, life and living conditions and events in Habbaniya involving customs and traditions as we knew and lived them. The rest of it is of a more current nature.

I also have two big scrapbooks chokeful of clippings about the recent past from which I can draw as a source of information. I call them "The Clipped History of Habbaniya!" They are newspaper and magazine clippings of articles, sports reports, letters, play reviews, anecdotes, pictures, etc., mostly about Habbaniya in the early 1950's. I've had in mind for some time to use the clippings as a springboard to a quarterly Assyrian newsletter written in a vein lighter than the serious slant adopted by the majority of today's Assyrian publications. Some of you have been doing a good job of inspiring and educating, especially in regard to the Assyrian language, culture and politics. But since I do not consider myself up to that, I aspire to inform and entertain — and, hopefully, to amuse.

But because of my long working hours, I haven't been able to do much about it. Then, too, my health hasn't been quite in top shape during recent years. Despite that, however, I shall try to provide you with material for future issues of *Nineveh* that might prove of interest.

You asked me if I have now anything available for the upcoming issue. Right now I have a little story with a Habbaniya background — which I'm enclosing herewith — that I believe might prove of interest to a good segment of your readership. It is different from the material you normally publish and one hardly finds fiction in Assyrian periodicals of today. Actually, the story is an improved revision of a shorter version I had in *The Iraq Times* 30 years ago.

I have inserted an explanatory note about the story.

Mikhael (Minashi) K. Pius
Turlock, CA

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a check for \$25.00 for the annual subscription to *Nineveh* magazine. We are very anxious to have a copy of the First/Second Quarter 1989. Please mail it to us as soon as possible. We wish all the success to the Assyrians and also *Nineveh* magazine. Thank you.

Noel Yousefi
North Hollywood, CA

Dear Editor:

We thank you very much for your excellent magazine, *Nineveh*. Enclosed is a check for \$25.00 for our subscription to the magazine.

Ninos S. Garis, Chairman
Assyriska Föreningen i Bergsjön
Gothenburg, Sweden



At the Assyrian Foundation Meeting

The Glorious Assyrians in Danger of Genocide

Part IV

by Sargis Michael

The masters of deceit distorted history, plagiarized the Assyrian literature, and branded the brave, strong, and disciplinary Assyrians as brutal imperialists. The story of Creation, the story of the Deluge, the story of Prophet Moses, as narrated in the Bible, etc., all have their counterparts in the world famous library of King Ashurbanipal (668-627 B.C.) of which about half a million clay tablets were excavated in Nineveh in the 1840's and about 25,000 are in the British Museum, still being translated and their secrets unknown to the Assyrians. For example, THE CREATION EPIC. The struggle between Cosmic Order and Chaos was to the ancient Mesopotamians (Assyrians) a fateful drama that was renewed at the turn of each new year. The epic which deals with these events was therefore the most significant expression of the religious literature of Mesopotamia. The work, consisting of seven tablets, was known in Akkadian as Enuma elis "When on high," after its opening words.¹

In 1872 George Smith, a pioneer British Assyriologist, announced to an astonished world that he had discovered among the many tablets from Ashurbanipal's library, in the British Museum, an account of the Deluge strikingly similar to that given in the Bible. It seems probable that the Hebrews had borrowed from a long and well-established Mesopotamian tradition.²

Sargon II's family claimed descent from Gilgamesh. "The climactic struggle of the protagonist (Gilgamesh) to change his eventual fate, by learning the secret of immortality from the hero of the Great Flood of long ago . . . For the first time in the history of the world a profound experience on such a heroic scale has found expression in a noble style (the Epic of Gilgamesh). The scope and sweep of the epic, and its sheer poetic power, give it a timeless appeal."¹

Sargon, the mighty king, king of Agade, am I . . .
My changling mother conceived me, in secret she bore me.

She set me in a basket of rushes, with bitumen she sealed my lid.

She cast me into the river (Euphrates) which rose not over me.

The river bore me up and carried me to Akki, the drawer of water."¹

(See *Exod. 2:3 the story of Moses*)

A recent historian says: "The Assyrians left such a forceful impression upon the world that, more than two and a half millenia after their final disappearance (as an Empire) they can still evoke emotional judgements, mainly directed against their imperialism and their (often overstated) atrocities.

How did their contemporaries see them? The greatest of the Israelite prophets, Isaiah, who lived at the peak of

Assyrian power, made a judgement upon them; but the condemnation proclaimed was neither for brutality nor for imperialism. Indeed, as regards Assyria's imperialism, he explicitly accepted this as playing a part in the divine purpose:

Ah, Assyria, the rod of my anger,
the staff of my fury!

Against a godless nation I send him,
and against the people of my wrath I command him,
To take spoil and seize plunder,
and to tread them down like the mire of the streets.

(*Isaiah 10:5-6*)³

Assyrians were disciplinary and a God fearing nation, more than any other nation, even to this day.

"So let me open my tale, for the god,
who rules in this life and the next,
sets our feet upon strange paths.

I am Tiglath Ashur, son of Sennacherib
the Glorious, Terror of Nations, and my
words ring with truth like silver coins."⁴

These glorious Assyrians were living peacefully and happy in their mountain stronghold after the fall of their Empire. Later they followed the teachings of our Lord Jesus Christ, as handed down to them by His disciples, in His language, the language of His disciples, which was the language of the Assyrians, passed down from generation to generation, to this day, through their Church, the Assyrian Church of the East.

They were living in peace with their neighbors, the Kurds. Most of the brave warring Kurdish tribes were originally Assyrians; but they were forced into Islam by the Turkish Empire which included the Kurdish mountains. The name 'Kurd' is derived from the Assyrian word 'Qurddu.' "The (Assyrian) army comprised various units. First there were the Qurddu or strong ones who might be described as the bodyguards for the monarch's personal safety . . ."⁵

The leaders of the Kurdish and the Assyrian nations living in those mountains had come together and made an agreement of honor, an alliance of the then five regions. So whenever there was a war or dispute between two of the regions or between factions in one of the regions, the leaders of the other regions would intervene and force a peaceful settlement.⁶ Later, Mar Shimun, the head of the Assyrian Church and the Assyrian Nation in those mountains, was regarded as the honorary judge throughout the country, and many a major dispute between the Kurdish Chiefs and Assyrian Chiefs was brought to his court and his decision was accepted as final. This way of honorable and peaceful coexistence between Kurds and Assyrians had been going on for centuries until the advent of religious missionaries who

sowed the seeds of animosity between the Christians and their Moslem neighbors.

To appreciate the peace and beauty of the Assyrian life in their mountain stronghold, let us hear from our great epic poet, the late William S. Daniel. "The night was a cold night of winter as it is in the Hakkari mountains. Their blackness was lighted by the whiteness of the snow that covered the mountains and valleys . . . In complete silence of the night from very, very far away was coming the sound of splashing water of an awesome river that was falling from dizzying precipices . . . If a stranger saw the awesomeness of nature as it was at that night, it would have been impossible for him to believe that in spring and summer, the skirts of those mighty mountains were to be adorned with the folks of the villages, dancing and jumping in their festivals, filling the valleys with the sound of their songs and drums, mingling the colors of their dresses with the colors of nature . . ."

In the early eighteenth century when the Assyrians and their Kurdish neighbors, in the Hakkari mountains, had only swords and shields to fight with, there roamed in a big mountain valley, a huge monster serpent, a dragon. The valley was a terror to all the country. No man or animal ever passed that way but was devoured or killed by the monster. One day a brave Kurdish chief with fifteen of his bravest men came to Chumba, Tiari Ilaite, to Mallik Kanno, the great-great grandfather of Mallik Yacoub, and told him, "Mallik, I have with me fifteen of my brave men here; you also pick fifteen of your brave men, and let us go and kill that monster dragon." Mallik Kanno, pleased with the bold idea of his Kurdish friend, called his fifteen men and they all proceeded onward to the 'Valley of Death.' As they reached the valley, the friendly brave atmosphere of the group suddenly changed into a freezing terror. None dared move any further. Mallik Kanno told his terrified followers, "You all go up into the mountain. I will meet the monster alone."

Descending into the valley alone, Mallik saw the huge monster rushing toward him, leveling down everything in its way. Its body was broader and thicker than a man's body and its raised head and breast were about one cubit higher than a man's head. The huge monster attacked, lashing its head on Mallik. Mallik, defending himself with his shield, moved with great agility this side or that. A great fight ensued. Mallik struck many a mighty blow with his sword, tearing into the monster's head and neck. On went this terrific combat for no one knows how long. At last the slashed and wounded monster's head began to drop lower and lower. This gave Mallik a better chance to strike fatal blows, tearing into the monster's head deeper and deeper, until it fell down writhing at his feet. Out came a mighty big roar from the throats of the thirty-one followers of Mallik who were hiding in the rocks and watching with amazement one of the world's greatest heroic combats. They rushed forward, surrounded Mallik and lifted him up on their shoulders. They were amazed at the hugeness of the monster.

The tip of Mallik's sword was broken and missing. Probably even now it is still lodged in the big bones of that huge monster. If this combat was fought and won in a Christian country, they would have erected a statue to our hero, Mallik Kanno and his huge dragon. It would have been still standing to this day.

In the year 1900 when present Iraq was under the heel of the Turks, no subject dared lift his head. There was a Turkish Wali (Governor) appointed to the Assyrian district of Alkosh. He was a cruel and evil man who hated the Assyrian Christians. In those days the tradition was that a visitor stay with relatives or friends; those who had no relatives or friends there would stay with the Rais, or the priest of the village. One summer day an Assyrian named Giliana Chorso came to Alkosh, on horseback, from Ashita in the Hakkari mountains. Having no one in Alkosh, he stayed with the priest. After introductions, eating and drinking etc., Giliana calmly asked the priest, "How are things with your people here?" The priest sadly replied, "My son, everything is fine, but this dirty, evil Wali has openly violated the honor of this town, forcing his sexual demands on Christian women." Giliana calmly asked, "Show me where this Wali is." The priest told one of the boys to show Giliana where the Wali was. Giliana followed the boy, with his horse, to the Markas where the Wali was sitting behind his desk, while twelve police guards were in his courtyard. Giliana, burning with revenge, rushed into the Wali's office, and pulling his dagger, grabbed the Wali and stabbed him furiously and repeatedly. When the guards saw what was happening, they were terrified and shocked and couldn't do anything. Giliana, still filled with the rage of an Assyrian Ashirat, took the Wali out, and with a rope, tied him behind his horse and dragged him throughout every street of the town for all to see.

The Wali died and was buried in Mosul. Giliana was arrested and taken to court. The judge angrily asked him, "How did you dare do this to a Turkish Wali?" Giliana boldly replied and said, "This was the only way of restoring the honor of this historic town which was here before the Turkish Empire or Walies were born."

Giliana was released and returned to Ashita safe and sound, together with his commodities. The Wali was replaced by a better man and the Assyrians in Alkosh have since that day been truly respected and honored as a decent Christian community.

Giliana used to visit Alkosh as usual and he was always most welcome. They called him "Giliana Rabban," that is, Giliana our Saviour.⁹

When A. M. Hamilton, the engineer who built the road through Kurdistan in 1928-1932, employing about a thousand Kurds, Assyrians, Arabs, etc., was in Kurdistan, he would meet with the Kurdish and Assyrian Chieftains. One day he spent an evening with Ismael Beg, "Quite the most influential man in Rawanduz" . . . Said Ismael Beg, "Why are there destitute Kurdish refugees coming from Turkey pleading for help? Why

cannot the Assyrians return to their old homes in the Hakkiari mountains if the Turks are as tolerant as they claim to be? For instance, strife is being stirred up between the Kurds and the Assyrians to try and make us kill each other. We live pretty peacefully together when we're let alone." "Do you mean that the Assyrians and Kurds could really live in the same country without destroying each other?" I queried. "That is not the popular impression. Where else have the Assyrians lived for centuries but in Kurdistan? We are much like them in many ways and we all speak Kurdish. Have you heard that a petition has been taken through Kurdistan asking all Mohammedans to declare a holy war on the Assyrians? That petition was brought by a man from Mosul. He was the agent of a political party in Baghdad."¹⁰

This noble enlightened Kurdish Chief was later murdered in a plot by a Kurd who was serving as Chief of Police in Baghdad.

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9. Abridged from the story in *Assyrian Observer*, No. 25, Oct. 1986, pp. 17-18.
10. *Road Through Kurdistan*, by A. M. Hamilton, pp. 239, 230.



Assyrian in Hakkiari Mountains

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SHORT STORY

Pota The Soccer Poodle

by Mikhael K. Pius

Pota was a poodle. He had a snow-white shaggy coat and a pink dot for a nose. He could stand up, walk, dance, clap and somersault and do a few other tricks. He was the amusement of the little neighborhood in the Civil Cantonment of Habbaniya, Iraq, and the center of attention of the Nimrod family. But most of all, he loved to romp and play ball with Sargon, the 19-year-old only child of the ageing Nimrods.

Pota was raised from a tiny pup by his young master with the loving care of a mother. He was bathed, trimmed and exercised regularly, fed choice morsels of food and generally loved, fondled and pampered. Pota thrived lustily in this atmosphere and grew up into a bouncing, charming and strong and healthy family pet.

In the evenings, Pota often enjoyed the playful intimacy of a romp with his master. He would bark joyously and jump up into his arms and the two would play about happily upon the carpet. At his master's bidding, he would then stand up on his hind legs, clap, dance and do somersaults, while the Nimrod family roared with laughter. In those days, there was no television and very few people had even a radio. So Pota was the family's evening entertainment. His reward was always a lump or two of sugar which he had come to devour and enjoy with the relish of a colt.

Pota's master was a sportsman, and his favorite game was soccer. He was a very popular local player, and Pota had acquired his master's love for the game. His master sometimes took him to local soccer matches and left him in the care of close friends. So while his master played soccer on the field, Pota ran around, barked and frisked joyfully at the sidelines. He amused some of the spectators, but at the expense of his caretakers, who had a heck of a time restraining the rascal from actually "taking part" in the ongoing match!

But Pota's favorite game was the "match" he insisted on playing against his master with a tennis ball in the late afternoons. And his loving master never denied him the pleasure even when he was tucked out after a hard match at the local pitch.

Pota would fetch the ball out for his master. Time and time again Sargon would kick it off and Pota would be after it like a flash! He would snatch it up and bring it back and drop it at his master's feet again. Sometimes, his master would throw the ball up in the air and Pota would leap up like a coiled spring and grab it in his mouth in mid air. Sargon would then dribble about while Pota "tackled" him by running around him in circles and yelping in delight.

One late afternoon Sargon did not show up as usual for their ball game. So Pota brought out the tennis ball and waited for him. He waited and waited, but his master did not turn up. While he waited, the crimson sun went down and the dying afternoon changed to evening and finally twilight turned into darkness, and Pota still waited. But he waited in vain, for his master could not keep their date. Sargon had bumped his head violently against a goal post in a goal melee and had died of brain damage at the local hospital that night!

But Pota did not know it! Nor did he know it when he followed his master's grief-stricken parents into the community's crowded church the next afternoon and spotted his master in an open wooden coffin set on the floor by the altar. Instead, he barked in sheer joy and raced to the coffin, only to suddenly stop short of licking the lifeless face. He sniffed cautiously and gazed in puzzlement for a moment, and then slowly retreated backward, whimpering. As someone scooped him up and carried him outside, a crescendo of weeping and wailing inside the church drowned out Pota's plaintive yelps.

Later, still bothered and bewildered, Pota trotted along among the mourners, unattended and unheeded, barking intermittently as the red-draped casket was carried shoulder-high in a chanting procession the one mile to the local cemetery and buried. Pota wanted to stay by the mound of fresh soil, but he was carried back home and shut up in the house with his master's heart-broken parents.

On the following afternoon, Pota was absent from the house. The mournful father looked for him in the house but could not find him. He went out and searched around the house, calling his name, but there was no response. He then ambled around the neighborhood enquiring, but no one had seen the dog. The forlorn man stood for a long while, lost in thought. Then he slowly walked away from the house.

After a 15-minute stroll, the old man arrived at the cemetery. He paused and gazed at the new grave for a long moment. Suddenly, he started coughing and then his stooped shoulders shook with hard sobs as he wept bitterly. On the fresh mound of soil lay a tennis ball and close by looking up, scratching the ground and whining plaintively was a snow-white poodle!

Pota had kept his ball-playing date with his master!

Note: The preceding story is part fiction and part fact. It was inspired by a poodle owned by a popular Assyrian soccer player of Habbaniya, Iraq, during the early 1950's. I saw the dog and watched its antics on two occasions. I also obtained information on it during an interview I had with the football player for an article I wrote and published about him in the now-defunct *The Iraq Times*. The characterizations of both the poodle and the player are factual, but the story line is fictitious.

The characters were the once-famous Ammo Baba and his well-trained poodle.

M. K. Pius



Left to right: Wilma Geevargis, George Geevargis, Meriam (Manne), Violet Shabbas. Manne is George's cousin from Moscow, U.S.S.R. She was the guest of Wilma and George of San Francisco. She also visited Zina Givergis and Valia Ciaccio, the other relatives residing in the Los Angeles area.



Manne and George Geevargis



Left to right: Wilma Geevargis, Violet Shabbas, Manne and Julius N. Shabbas.



Left to right: Rabi Marona Arsanis (Moscow, U.S.S.R.), George Geevargis, Journalist Iliya Vartanov (Leningrad, U.S.S.R.), Julius N. Shabbas. Rabi Marona and Iliya were recent visitors to the San Francisco Bay Area, after attending the 4th Assyrian National Congress which was held on April 12-16, 1989 in Chicago.



Knowledge: The Light of Mind

by Abram George

Yes, KNOWLEDGE is the light of mind, and a mind that's void of KNOWLEDGE is enveloped in the utter darkness of ignorance.

Ignorance! What is ignorance? "Ignorance is the night of mind," says Confucius, "but a night without moon or star." And here are only a few of the many great men of history who concur with Confucius as to the ill effect of ignorance upon our human life:

Plato:

"The root of misfortune — ignorance."

Diogenes:

"The only evil — ignorance."

Shakespeare:

"The common curse of mankind — ignorance."

P. Wylie:

"Ignorance is oblivion."

R. Browning:

"Ignorance is sin."

H. W. Brooks:

"Ignorance is the womb of monsters."

As human beings, we're dwellers of two worlds: the physical and the spiritual. In order that we function in these two separate realms, we must have light. For our outer world we have our sun, and for our inner world we have our knowledge. Daily our sun is there for us. But as for our knowledge, we must search for it most diligently. Where do we go in prospecting for it? In education! Is education that important to and in our human life? It is indeed! For the answer let's go to:

H. Mann:

A human being is not in any proper sense a human being till he is educated.

J. Adams:

Education makes a greater difference between man and man than nature has made between man and brute.

Aristotle:

Educated men are as much superior to uneducated as the living are to the dead.

Chinese proverb:

By nature all men are alike but by education widely different.

J. Addison:

Without education what is man? A splendid slave, a reasoning savage.

If education is so important, and if education is the prime source of "The Light of Mind," then of all the peoples of our world, we Americans are most fortunate. How is that? Says W. P. Faunce:

We have in America the largest public school system, the most expensive college buildings, the most extensive curriculum . . .

Yes, from coast to coast in our country we have

elementary and high schools, and colleges and universities. Yes, we do! But this one thing: According to J. T. Adams there are two branches of education. One helps us in making a living and other, how to live. In other words, there's more to the broad term education than the mere making of a living for the body. There's also the making of a living for the soul. Just exactly what does this mean? Here's what Daniel Webster tells us:

. . . The feelings are to be disciplined; passions to be restrained; true and worthy motives to be inspired; and pure morality to be inculcated.

Now Rousseau:

I care not whether my pupil is intended for army, the church or the law. Before his parents choose a calling for him, nature called him to be a MAN. When he leaves me, he will be neither a magistrate, a soldier, nor a priest; he will be a MAN.

And Einstein:

It is essential that the student acquire an understanding of and a lively feeling for values. He must acquire a vivid sense of the beautiful and of the morally good, otherwise he, with his specialized knowledge, more closely resembles a well-trained dog than a harmoniously developed person.

Again I say, we have everywhere in our land institutions of learning. The instruction that's made available to our students, however, is practical, technical and scientific. It's designed to help our young men and women to earn their bread and butter, and the more ambitious among them to add to their bread and butter, caviar and champagne. Rich, indeed, is the curriculum that imparts knowledge and skills to those who want to serve society in the fields of accounting, finance, engineering, dentistry, law, nursing, medicine, etc. All that is wonderful! But this kind of instruction does not meet the standard that's propounded by Webster, Rousseau and Einstein. Our sons and daughters come out of our schools rich in the education of mind, but empty of the education of heart, and wealthy in the transient things of mammon, but paupers in the Eternal Things of Heart. It's for this reason that H. E. Fosdick has drawn the following dark picture of our sad situation:

We settle things by majority votes, and the psychological effect of doing this is to create the impression that a majority is right. Of course, on any fine issue, majority is sure to be wrong. Think of taking a majority vote on the best music. Jazz would always win over Chopin. Or on the best novel. Many cheap scribblers would win over Tolstoy. And any day a prizefight will get a bigger crowd, larger gate receipts and wider news publicity than any new revelation of goodness, of truth or beauty could hope to achieve in a century . . .

And this from the mind of E. Hubbard:

America will never be a civilized country until we expend more money for books than we do for chewing gum.

Once again I say education is the medium whereby we can convert degeneration into regeneration, immorality into morality, and retreat into advance. The education

that I have in mind, however, is a well-balanced and fully rounded education; a life-expanding and horizon-broadening education; an education that's rich at core with those branches of academic learning that deal with human thought and human emotions: Art, literature, languages, religions, philosophies, cultures, histories, etc. It's this kind of instruction that Webster and Rousseau and Einstein are talking about. Yes, it's this enriched-with-humanities education that lights a dark mind just as a lamp lights a dark room. And only in the LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE that's found in such an education will our sons and daughters be able to:

Meet and know themselves, and find the meaning and purpose of their personal lives.

Learn to think for themselves, and to form sound judgments and illumined viewpoints.

Labor for the spiritual as they do for the physical goods of life.

Develop themselves into good, honest, compassionate, understanding, moral, global and tolerant human beings.

Learn that life is worth living only when it's lived rightly and invested rightly, and when it's lived in peace and joy with themselves, with their families, and with their neighbors.

Master the art of self-government and self-discipline, and the science of self-development and self-cultivation.

Learn this priceless lesson: Only that life is a successful life that's lived with faith and hope, with gladness and gratefulness, and with optimism and enthusiasm.

Prepare and equip themselves for the Great Game of Life, and train and arm themselves for the endless battle of environment.

Elevate themselves to the Higher, the Transcendental Dimension of Existence.

Edwin Markham complains:

Why build these glorious cities if man unbuilted goes?

How do we build MAN out of man? Only through a well-balanced, top-quality education, I say.

Says Woodrow Wilson:

America was established not to create wealth but to realize a vision, to realize an ideal . . .

How can we realize that vision, that ideal? Through a well-balanced, top-quality education, I say.

Jesus asks:

If a child asks his father for a loaf of bread, will he be given a stone instead? If he asks for fish, will he be given a poisonous snake?

Only when we give our offspring a well-balanced, top-quality education will we be giving them bread and fish instead of stones and snakes.

And finally this: Only when we embody THE TEN COMMANDMENTS and THE GOLDEN RULE in the content of the KNOWLEDGE drawn from our American education will we be able to realize our AMERICAN DREAM of rising from rags to riches and

from earth to Heaven. And only when we anchor our KNOWLEDGE to MORAL PURPOSES, and only when we utilize our KNOWLEDGE in ETHICAL PERFECTING of mankind, will we be able to save our America, and by saving our America, we'll be able to save the world.

Congratulations to the following 1989 graduates, all of whom received scholarships from the Assyrian Foundation of America while attending college:

Maryam Ivanoff Esho, M.D.: Graduated from the Medical College of Wisconsin. Presently in residency in pediatrics at Loyola University Hospital in Chicago. In a letter announcing her graduation Maryam thanked us for supporting her and said she hopes to be of help to the Foundation in the future.

Robert Karoukian, M.D.: Graduated from Chicago Medical School, Chicago, Ill. Presently in residency (first year Internal Medicine, last three years in Anesthesiology) at Kaiser Hospital in San Francisco. Robert is the son of Arshak and Tamara Karoukian of San Francisco.

Ashoorbell Moradkhan: Graduated from the University of California, Berkeley, in Business Administration/Account Financing. Ashoorbell is the son of Ashour and Ramona Moradkhan of San Jose, Calif.; and the nephew of Foundation member, Martin Jacob.

Walter Odisho: Graduated from California State University, Fresno, Calif. in Industrial Technology/Manufacturing Engineering. Walter is the nephew of Foundation member John Samo.

Elizabeth Mickaily: Graduated from the University of California, San Diego, with a master's degree in Chemical Engineering. Elizabeth is the daughter of Albert and Sophia Mickaily of San Francisco; and the niece of Foundation member Eshaya D'Mar Shimun.,

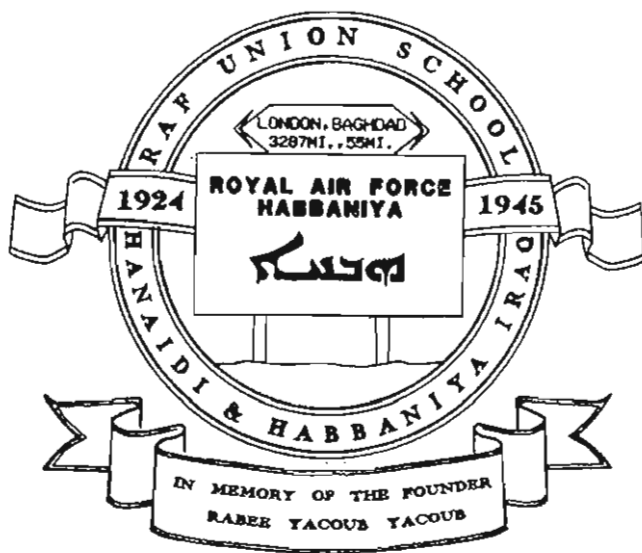
Rev. George Shahbaz: Graduated from the American Baptist Seminary of the West, Berkeley, California, with a Master of Divinity. Rev. George is the pastor of St. John's Assyrian Presbyterian Church in Turlock, CA.



HERE AND THERE

CHICAGO

Some former students of the Assyrian Union School in Hinaidi and Habbaniya who now reside in the Chicago area held a remembrance gathering on June 4, 1989, in Mar Gewargis Church Hall, Chicago, in memory of Rabi Yacoub Bet Yacoub who passed away in Daly City, CA, on Christmas Day, 1988. About two hundred people — students, teachers and friends — attended this gathering where there were talks and poems recited in his honor. Rabi Yacoub was a renowned Assyrian scholar, poet, writer, distinguished dramatist and a dedicated servant of his Assyrian people. His children and other members of his family from California attended this gathering. Pictures of Rabi Yacoub's school and students in Iraq appear throughout this issue.



The organizing committee (left to right, seated), Eshaya Isaac, Benyamin Yalda, Odisho Warda; (standing), Alfred Daniel, Shlimoon Youkhana, Sargon Aboona.



Teachers at Habbaniya

DETROIT

The Assyrian Church of the East purchased a building for the congregation of Detroit. Named Mart Mariam (St. Mary) parish, the dedication ceremonies were held on Sunday, May 7, 1989, and attended by Bishops Mar Narsai, Mar Aprim and Mar Bawai, and numerous Assyrians.

CHICAGO

The 4th Assyrian National Congress was held on April 12-16, 1989, in Chicago. Delegates from many countries, representing Assyrian political parties, national organizations, associations, clubs and renowned Assyrians, were in attendance, including Rabi Maruna Arsanis (Moscow, U.S.S.R.) and journalist Ilyia Vartanov (Leningrad, U.S.S.R.)

CHICAGO

The Assyrian Church of the East, headquartered in Chicago, purchased seven acres of land for a new church, Mart Mariam, and a school for the training of priests. This will be the third parish in the Chicago area.

LOS ANGELES

St. Aprim Assyrian Orthodox Church of Los Angeles will build a new church costing approximately 3.2 million dollars. More than one million dollars has already been pledged by parishioners, including \$850,000 in one night at a dinner. The new church will serve about 1,000 families in the area.

NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CA

The Assyrian American Association of Southern California held a meeting on January 15, 1989, at their Assyrian Center in memory of the late William Daniel. The event, which was called "William Daniel's Night," paid tribute to Mr. Daniel's distinguished literary achievements, especially his masterpiece, the epic poem "Kateeny the Great." The story of Kateeny the Great had been passed down orally from one narrator to another over a period of many centuries by the Assyrians of the Hakkiari mountains. It is in the tradition of the great ancient Assyrian Gilgamesh Epic and a worthy successor to it. Mr. Daniel immortalized this epic story in three volumes of 7,000 verses. The principal speaker for the evening was Mr. Givergiss Aghassi who paid tribute to William Daniel's accomplishments as an author, poet and musician.

CHICAGO

In the June 14, 1989 issue of the Chicago Tribune a full page was devoted to sailboat racing on the Great Lakes. The article paid prominent tribute to the accomplishments of Lindy Thomas, an Assyrian of the Chicago area. He is a sailboat designer and racer who holds the North American Championship in Tartan 10's. In 1988 Mr. Thomas participated in the famous Chicago to Mackinac sailboat race for the 18th time. "We decided we wanted a bigger boat, with more room," recalls Thomas, 60. "We were ready for something bigger, better and faster." Thomas, president of Thomas Marine, Inc., an Arlington Heights firm, and his wife Geri, sailed their 33-foot Tartan-10 named Goblin to the North American Championship as well as the Chicago title of Boat of the Year in 1988.

For this year Thomas has designed a one-design boat, the T-35s. Half a dozen of these are now competing in the busy summer racing schedule in Chicago. Thomas has commissioned a Chicago firm of naval architects to design a new racer-cruiser. The T stands for Thomas.



"In their day, the Assyrians were the shepherd-dogs of civilization. The great majority of their wars were wars of civilization, either to bring within the range of cultural influences savage tribes or to hold back these savage tribes from destroying the thin line of civilization in the Fertile Crescent."

A. T. Olmstead

Did You Know That?

Submitted by Soloman S. Soloman

— The first Assyrian to be given a commission in the Levies was Malik Daniel D'Malik Ismail of upper Tiari. He was awarded his rank in Agra, Iraq, in June 1921.

— Many members of an Assyrian family by the name of Bakhtishu became the personal physicians to Arab Abbasid Caliphs in Baghdad.

— Even though the Assyrians are sometimes called Nestorians the truth of the matter is that the Patriarch Nestorius was neither Assyrian nor could he speak the language.

— During the Assyrian retreat from Urmi to Hamadan in 1918 about half the nation perished from hunger, sickness, or exposure, or were killed.

— At its prime, there were thirty Metropolitan Sees in the Church of the East, with the See in the present city of Beijing, China, being the furthest one in the East.

— Under the presidency of Patriarch Mar Giwargis I a great synod of the Church of the East was held in Arabia in 676 A.D.

IN GRATITUDE

I wish to take this opportunity to express my appreciation to Jacob Yonadam of Brampton, Ontario, Canada, for sponsoring and supporting for a period of three months my brother, Pior Sargoni, and his family of six. Jacob Yonadam employed my brother in his Texaco gas station and also helped him in the purchase of a condominium. Thank you, Jacob.

John Sargoni
San Francisco, Calif.



At the Assyrian Foundation Meeting



At the Assyrian Foundation Meeting



CONGRATULATIONS

Mary Hermes, daughter of Jonathan and Victoria Hermes of Hercules, Calif., graduated in June, 1989, from John F. Kennedy University with a Masters degree in Business Administration (MBA). Prior to that she attended San Francisco State University, and graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in Biochemistry. She plans to combine these two disciplines in her work. Mary is the sister of Sargon Hermes, a Foundation member.



Janice Shabbas Huwe: Graduated from Brown University (Providence, Rhode Island) in Neural Sciences. Janice is the daughter of Semiramis and Darrell Huwe of Athens, Ohio; and the niece of Foundation member, Mariana Shabbas.

Dina W. Jacob: Passed her California State Examination for Pharmacists. Dina is the daughter of William Jacob and the late Shamiram; and the niece of Foundation member, Sami Neesan.

Sharifa Shabbas, daughter of Baba and Audrey Shabbas of Berkeley, Calif., graduated in June 1989, from Berkeley High School. Sharifa will be attending San Diego State University majoring in Environmental Studies. Sharifa is the niece of the Nineveh editor.



Letters of Thanks Sent to the Assyrian Foundation of America

I would like to thank you for the Award given to our young violinist, David Yonan, in Berlin. Please relate my sincere thanks to the board of directors of the Assyrian Foundation of America. It will be my great pleasure to present the award to David.

Vladimir S. Tuman

I apologize for not being able to write and give you thanks in the due time, but your Foundation was in my heart this time as I have been praying and seeking God's will for our people in the land of Turkey.

I thank you very much from the bottom of my heart for your love and concern to the needy Assyrians in Turkey and for your wonderful help in the right time. And thank you very much for your generous gifts for my visiting to your Foundation and for the gift toward my Theological studies. I will be graduating in my third degree in Theology. This time is my second Master, "Master of Divinity." It will take place on the campus grounds, 2606 Dwight Way, at 3:00 p.m. in the afternoon. It will be a wonderful commencement for me if you kindly attend.

In this letter I include the four receipts of the money that was sent and also three mail receipts.

Thank you very much and God bless you till we meet again.

Rev. George Shahbaz



At the Assyrian Foundation Meeting

Appreciation

Archdeacon Nenos Michael, priest of the Assyrian Church of the East, Mar Narsai Parish, San Francisco, was the guest speaker at the Assyrian Foundation meeting in April. His topic was "Traditions and Rites of the Assyrian Church of the East." He spoke about the liturgy of the Church of the East which was established by the apostles Mar Addai and Mar Mari. Mar Addai is the name by which Assyrians refer to Saint Thaddeus, one of the seventy apostles, who was sent to Edessa by the twelve disciples in fulfillment of the promise of Christ written to King Abgar of Edessa. Mar Mari was also of the seventy.

Archdeacon Michael, in his presentation, followed the ritual of the liturgy explaining each section and discussing its significance and symbolism. Archdeacon Michael is very knowledgeable on this subject and his talk was highly informative and received with great interest by the audience.



Mr. Givergiss Aghassi, a well known Assyrian scholar and author, was the guest speaker at the Assyrian Foundation meeting in June 1989. The topic was "The Role of Assyrian Women in Society." Givergiss has written and published seven books. In addition, under publication are two other books in Assyrian and English relating to Assyrian customs and rites.

Mr. Aghassi started with the role of Assyrian women during the pre-Christian era in government, religious and civic matters, with one prominent woman, Queen Semiramis, achieving the highest position in the Assyrian Empire. During the Christian era thousands of women, as well as men and children, were martyred for their faith. Several thousands were persecuted and massacred during the last two hundred years not only because they were Christians but for the reason that they were Assyrians. In the present era many Assyrian women have achieved very high levels of education and have entered professional careers. We applaud Mr. Aghassi for his research on this subject and presenting it to us in such an informative manner.



THE ASSYRIANS OF TIMAR & SARA

by Solomon S. Solomon

During the last two hundred years before the advent of the great war in 1914, many Assyrian families started to trickle down from the mountains of Hakkari, leaving their villages in tribal lands to start a new life in the plains below, at the vicinity of Lake Van, in Eastern Turkey; the reason for this movement was economic, especially that the Turkish government had wrested control from Kurdish Aghas and made land more available.

By 1914 one could count not less than eleven Assyrian villages in Timar under the leadership of Malik Youkhana of the village of Satibak. His family which came from the noble house of Badawi, had arrived in Timar in 1704 from Tkhuma.

Another leader in the area was Malik Sapar of Sara. This was the main town on the Persian border directly east of Van. It had a large Assyrian population, and was the bishopric See of Mar Eliya of the Church of the East. There was considerable intermarriage between the people of Timar and

Sara, to a degree that the two terms had become synonymous.

The Timar Assyrians suffered greatly during the Armenian massacres of 1915, and were only saved by reaching the safety of the Armenian lines in the city of Van; within weeks the Russian troops relieved the siege of Van after defeating the Turks in Sari-Kamish.

It was not till the final collapse of the Russian armies, and the final occupation of Van by Turkish troops, that the Timar Assyrians were forced to retreat east across the Persian frontier and reach the safety of the main body of Assyrian tribes in Salamas in 1918.

The present Bishop of Australia, his Grace Mar Yousip Melles, is a great grandson of Malik Youkhana of Satibak.

The following are the names of the eleven Assyrian villages of Timar:

Satibak, Kharashik, Gadalawa, Khinnoo, Armianis, Akhjacha, Seel, Hawshe-sur, Toan, Rushan, Pukhanis.

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At the Assyrian Foundation Picnic

Archaeologists Find Fabulous Assyrian Tomb

NICOSIA, Cyprus — Archaeologists have unearthed the gold-stuffed tomb of two women in what appears to be the richest discovery ever made at ancient Nimrud in northern Iraq.

The 2,700-year-old tomb in the palace of King Ashurnasirpal II contained more than 55 pounds of gold jewelry including diadems, necklaces, earrings, belts and anklets, the English-language Baghdad Observer reported Friday.

The official Iraqi News Agency, monitored in Cyprus, carried details of the newspaper report.

Nimrud, a sprawling site 250 miles north of Baghdad, was a major city of the Assyrian empire that extended from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean in the first millennium B.C.

Ashurnasirpal II was a brilliant military leader who built the vast palace at Nimrud in the 9th century B.C.

Scores of Iraqi and foreign archaeological teams have dug at Nimrud in a century-and-a-half of excavations since British explorer Henry Layard uncovered huge stone sculptures and inscriptions there in the 1840s.

The explorers included British archaeologist Max Mallowan, the husband of author Agatha Christie, who excavated close to the newly found tomb between 1949 and 1958.

Muzahem Mahmoud, the Iraqi archaeologist who made the new discovery, said an inscribed stone tablet found in the 32-by-14-foot burial chamber identified one of the women as Yabaya of the Assyrian royal court, the newspaper reported.

The inscription in wedge-shaped cuneiform script also placed a curse on anyone who opened the tomb.

"If anyone lays his hands on my tomb, or opens my grave, or steals my jewelry, I pray to the gods of the nether world that his soul shall roam in the scorching sun after death . . . Let the ghost of insomnia take hold of him for ever and ever," it said.

The other woman was identified only as a much younger person named Taliya, the newspaper said.

Yabaya's possessions included gold needles, a bronze mirror with its enamel handle encrusted with precious stones, and tiny tongs for applying kohl, a dark eye makeup, the paper said.

Editor's Note: The above appeared in Oakland Tribune May 28, 1989.



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Gold-filled Coffin Discovered in Iraq

BAGHDAD, Iraq — A stone coffin filled with gold jewelry was unearthed by archaeologists in the ancient Assyrian city of Nimrud, the official Iraqi News Agency reported Saturday.

It was the second discovery of a gold-laden burial in Nimrud this year.

The agency quoted Muadad Saeed, Iraq's director of antiquities, as saying the find included "hundreds of gold ornaments and pieces of jewelry."

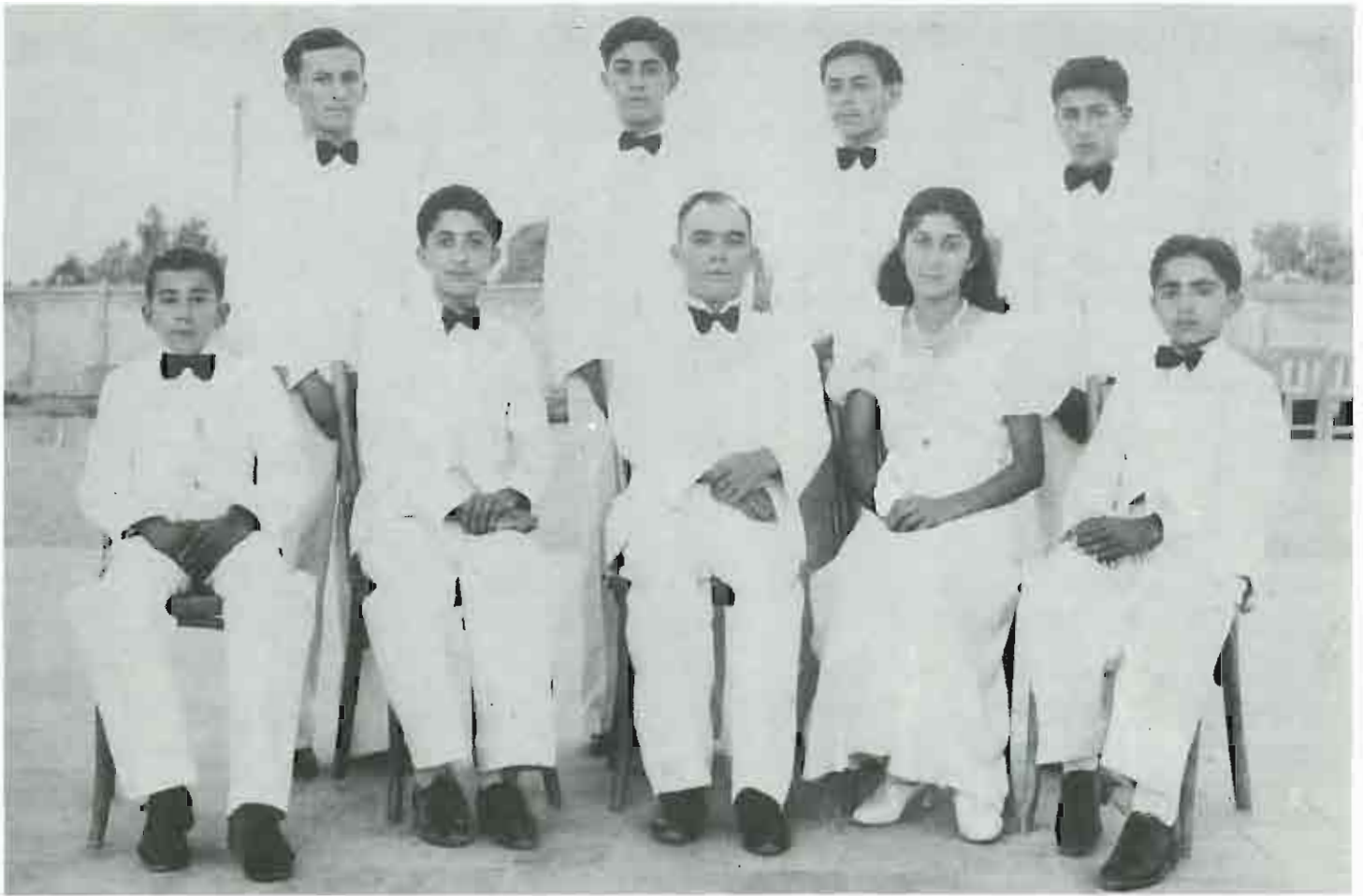
He said they were believed to belong to Queen Ninli Shomi Marmani, the wife of King Ashurnasirpal II, who ruled from 884-858 B.C.

Editor's Note: The above appeared in San Francisco Examiner Chronicle Sunday, Aug. 6, 1989.

A Daughter — Jennifer was born on July 16, 1989 to Eva and Hamlet Yonan of Hercules, Calif. Hamlet is the son of Foundation member, Juliet Yonan. Congratulations.



Teachers and Students, Habbaniya, Iraq, 1943



Graduation, Class of 1940



Graduation, Class of 1941



Graduation, Class of 1942



Graduation, Class of 1943



*Organizing Committee and Teachers, Assyrian and Armenian Union School,
Hinaidi, Iraq, August 7, 1927*

IN MEMORIAM

The Assyrian Foundation extends its profound sorrow and deepest sympathy to the families of the following:

Babajan E. Ashouri

Babajan Ashouri, a renowned Assyrian writer and poet, passed away on April 23, 1989, at the age of 77. Born on November 10, 1911 in Mushawa, Urmia, Iran, to Isaac and Asmar, Babajan received his education at the American Missionary School in Urmia, Iran. In 1929 he married the late Shooshan in Mushawa. They resided in Ahwaz, Iran, for 28 years, then Tehran, Iran, until 1978 when they immigrated to the United States. They settled in Turlock for a few years, then moved to Pleasanton to be near their children.

Babajan Ashouri was one of the most learned and literary Assyrians of his time. He was the author of two books in Assyrian, and had written and lectured extensively on a number of subjects. He was a prolific writer, known widely throughout the world including the Assyrians in the Soviet Union. On a tour of the Soviet Union in June 1987, together with the Editor and others, he was elated to hear his poems read by some Assyrian Soviet citizens during a performance given to the tour group in Arzni (Assyrian village), Soviet Armenia. He would speak to them, as well as Assyrians living in other regions of the Soviet Union, on human rights, better life, owning a radio station, etc. He longed to see Assyrians as a nation settled in one area rather than scattered throughout the world. On many occasions he would say that we Assyrians are also humans, a small nation among the nations of this universe, that we have a right to own a piece of this earth where we would all live together, teach our language to the young and the old, print books, reinvigorate our customs and traditions. We are not less or lower than many peoples who have already gotten their self-rule.

Throughout his life, Babajan was intensely proud of his Assyrian origin and ancestry, and was an ardent Assyrian nationalist. In his poetry and writings and speeches he expressed in the most beautiful and moving ways his feelings and passions about his beloved nation. We at the Assyrian Foundation of America were fortunate and honored to have him speak to us on many occasions since he came to the United States, and always felt deeply moved by the experience.

Mr. Ashouri was very proud of his home village to the extent that he would add "of Mushawa" to his name. He had been planning to visit his place of birth, as well as Tehran, where he was intending to explore the possibility of printing two books for which he had already compiled the material.

A memorial service, officiated by Rev. Shmoel Eshaq, was held at the Assyrian Evangelical Church in Turlock. Babajan is survived by a son, Fredrick (Danville, CA);

two daughters: Florence Yonan (Pleasanton, CA) and Flora Kingsbury (Clayton, CA); five grandchildren; and a sister, Sapoura (Mushawa, Urmia, Iran).

With the passing of Babajan Ashouri the Assyrian people have lost an irreplaceable figure who had the greatest talent for expressing the feelings we have for our nation. You would not only feel stimulated by a discussion with him, but he always made you feel comfortable especially by his delightful sense of humor. He was highly respected and dearly loved by his family and many friends. A particularly touching moment of the memorial service occurred when his grandchildren expressed their deep love and affection for their grandfather. The good memories of him will stay forever in our hearts. We have truly lost a devoted Assyrian.



Julius N. Shabbas with Babajan Ashouri

John Eashu

John Eashu, 85, of Turlock, Calif., passed away on May 22, 1989, and was buried in Turlock's Memorial Park following funeral services at St. John's Assyrian Presbyterian Church.

The deceased is survived by his wife, Margaret, and by his only child, Lois Perry, and her two children of Sebastapol, Calif.; his older sister Panna Youkhanna of San Francisco; and by two younger brothers, Bob Shaw of Modesto and Jerry Eashu of Portland, Ore.

John was born in the village of Garajalu, Iran, in 1903, to Eshaia Eashu and his wife Nana, daughter of Vartan. When John was only two years old, his father emigrated to America, hoping his family could rejoin him shortly after. But things did not quite work out as expected. It took 15 years before he could bring his family over!

While John's father worked hard in New York to provide for his family back in Iran, his wife struggled alone to take care of her three children as well as to cope with the turmoil, the untold hardships, the desperation and eventual mass exodus to Baquba, Iraq, that the First World War brought upon the Assyrians of Turkey and Iran.

When the family did finally manage to reach New York in 1920, John was 17. At this time, he had learned to read and write his mother tongue and had gained a general elementary education. So, while he worked to earn a living he also studied and obtained his high school diploma. And in 1936 John met and married Naomi Youkhanna, which union produced their only child Lois. Three years later, the family moved from New York to San Francisco, where John experienced the joy of watching his daughter grow up and get married and, in 1962, the sorrow at the death of his wife. But John continued to live and work in San Francisco as a carpenter specializing in cabinet-making until his retirement in 1968.

Before he retired, however, John made a trip to Teheran during the 1967 Coronation of the late Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlavi of Iran. There he met and married his

present wife, Margaret, widow of the late Nimroud Alexander. A year later, Margaret rejoined her husband in Turlock where the couple settled in their house which John had himself built 20 years earlier.

John was a dedicated family man. He was deeply religious and read the Bible often. During his retirement years, he confined himself mostly to his home, doing various chores, indulging in his hobbies and tending to his home orchard, from which he usually harvested a sizeable crop of fine grapes. He also did free carpentry and maintenance work for Assyrian churches and taught the Assyrian language at the Assyrian Evangelical Church, Mar Addai Church of the East, and at Turlock Adult School.

One of his hobbies was oil painting. He has painted a number of portraits, among them those of the late General Agha Petros and of Margaret, the Assyrian revolutionary fighter of Kurdistan.

John also wrote poetry and toiled for many years to create a wire-mesh and plaster statue of a half-size replica of the colossal winged bull of Assyria. The sculpture is six feet tall and weighs 800 pounds. It is set in a sheltered spot in his home backyard. John and his creation were the subject of an illustrated article in the Modesto Bee some nine years ago.

Editor's Note: The above was submitted by Mikhael K. Pius.



John Eashu with his sculpture

Mar Paulis Shikho

Mar Paulis Shikho, Patriarch of the Chaldean Catholic Church, passed away in Baghdad, Iraq, on April 14, 1989. Born in 1906 in Alqosh, Iraq, he studied in the Patriarchal Seminary in Mosul (1921-1930), and was ordained to the priesthood in 1930. In 1939 he received his Ph.D. degree from Rome. Mar Paulis then returned to Mosul and was assigned to administer the Patriarchal Seminary. He did that until 1947 when he was consecrated Bishop to the Diocese of Aqra and Zebar. In 1957 he served in the Diocese of Aleppo in Syria. Upon the death of Patriarch Yousif Ghanima, Mar Paulis was elected as the successor, and became Patriarch of the Chaldean Church on December 14, 1958.

During his Patriarchate, many new churches and schools were established in Baghdad. Also a number of monasteries remodelled.

At the funeral service held in Baghdad, His Grace Mar Gewargis Sliwa, Metropolitan of Baghdad, represented His Holiness Mar Dinkha, Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East.

On May 15, 1989, a church synod was convened and elected Mar Rafael Bidawid as the new Patriarch.



Florence Daniel Shlemon

Florence Shlemon passed away on February 17, 1989, in Chicago, Illinois. She was born in Sherabat, Urmia, Iran, on October 12, 1912, to Yoel Daniel and Ester Shmuel Khoshaba. At age 8 Florence attended a school which was administered by the Board of American Presbyterian Missions in Urmia.

In 1930 she graduated from high school, and taught in the same mission school for two years. She also taught needlework for one year in a public school.

In 1934 Florence was engaged to Koorish Shlemon, who was residing in Baghdad, Iraq, at that time. That same year, accompanied by Koorish's brother, she went to Baghdad and was married to Koorish by the late Rev. Khendo Yonan, in the Presbyterian Church. A son and three daughters were born into the family.

While both Koorish and Florence were members of the Assyrian Evangelical Church, Florence participated in the League of Mothers of that church, helping different charities and serving the Assyrian commun-

ity. Florence's kind heart and gentle and cheerful nature endeared her to those she met. She was respected and loved dearly by her family. Monica Sargon (a granddaughter), says that "never an unkind thought translated into harsh words came from her, only actions of love, since love is what she was filled with."

In 1973 the family immigrated to the United States and settled in Chicago. A memorial service, officiated by Rev. Alfred S. Ibrahim, was held on February 20, 1989 at the Assyrian Evangelical Church, Chicago, Illinois. Florence is survived by her husband, Rabi Koorish Shlemon (Chicago, Ill.); a son, Edwin Shlemon (Chicago, Ill.); three daughters: Adaina Babilla (Morton Grove, Ill.), Adrina Sargon (Danville, CA) and Anita Ludwig (Chicago, Ill.); four granddaughters and two grandsons; four sisters: Dolly Malik (Chicago, Ill.), Joan and Caroline (Modesto, CA) and Paula (Tehran, Iran).

At the memorial service Monica Sargon read a poem in which she said:

You are in my thoughts and my memories and you are in my heart filling it with your never-ending love. You must be at peace now, resting in Heaven with God.

The many beautiful memories of her will be cherished by all her family and many friends.



Samir Zaia Orah

Samir Zaia Orah, son of Zaia and Alice Orah, age 19, was killed in a car accident on July 23, 1989, in Iraq. The tragic accident happened while he was returning to army duty after having spent a leave with his parents in Baghdad. He was riding in a car with several other soldiers when it overturned, causing his death and that of others in the car. He was the nephew of Foundation member Orah P. Orah. Samir is survived by both parents and two sisters, Souham and Souhir. How tragic it is to lose someone whose life was just beginning. May God give comfort to his family and friends.

Eliene Moushipour Ovro

Eliene Ovro passed away on May 10, 1989, at the age of 44 following an eleven month battle against a severe illness. She was born in Kermanshah, Iran, on May 22, 1944, to Youkhana and Samrida Moushipour. Eliene graduated from high school in Kermanshah in 1962, at which time the family moved to Tehran. For the next four years she taught in a private school while pursuing further education in the Teachers College of Tehran. She graduated in 1966 and began a career as a teacher in the public school system of Tehran. Being resourceful and capable she also worked at the Tehran Clinic Hospital.

On a visit to the United States with her mother Eliene met Ninof Ovro and they were married in Turlock, California in November 1978. They then took up residence in the Los Angeles area where a son, Christopher, was born into the family.

Though Eliene passed away at a young age she left much to remember her by. To her parents she brought great joy and happiness. She was compassionate and self-giving. After her father passed away she rose to fill the needs of her mother, brother and sister to shield them from the pain of their loss. She was a loving wife and caring mother and her home was a place of warm hospitality for relatives and friends.

A memorial service, officiated by Rev. Piro Badal was held on May 13, 1989 at The Assyrian Church of the East in Turlock, Calif. Besides her husband and son, Eliene is also survived by her mother Samrida (Modesto, CA); brother Edison (Modesto, CA); two sisters — Emma Malik (Berkeley, CA) and Edna Paulus (W. Germany). Her father preceded her in death. Her loss is deeply mourned by her family, relatives and many friends. The many pleasant memories of her will be cherished by all.



Eliene with her husband

Joe Sargis

Joe Sargis, 62, an award-winning editor and writer at United Press International for 38 years, died Wednesday after a two-year battle with cancer.

Mr. Sargis attended New York University and began his career with United Press in 1951 as a copy boy in UP's New York City national sports headquarters.

He moved up to editing, writing and coverage of a wide range of sports events, from championship boxing at Madison Square Garden to the World Series.

In 1963, Mr. Sargis followed the New York Giants and the Brooklyn Dodgers westward and set up operations first as a newsman and later as the West Coast sports editor in San Francisco. The Giants settled in San Francisco and the Dodgers went to Los Angeles in 1957.

"He was one of the most conscientious, persevering journalists I've ever met," said Murray Olderman, longtime syndicated sports columnist for Newspaper Enterprise Association. "Joe had a sincere love of his craft."

During a 20-year period, Mr. Sargis covered almost every major sporting event on the West Coast from the historic U.S.-Soviet Track and Field meet at Stanford Stadium to the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles.

It was his golf coverage that perhaps won him widest acclaim, and he was selected Northern California Golf Writer of the Year in 1986.

In 1983, Mr. Sargis shifted to news as an editor and reporter. In his last five years with United Press International, he covered many of the major stories in Northern California and the West.

"He possessed qualities that are absolute musts in the newsroom," said Pacific Division editor Jacques Clafin. "He was feisty, irreverent. He was also fast, thorough and extremely knowledgeable about the region."

A native of New Britain, Conn., he is survived by his wife, Sandy, of Menlo Park; a son Paul; a daughter Julie; and his mother, Shirley Sargis of New Britain.

A memorial service was held at the Menlo Park Presbyterian Church, Menlo Park.

Mr. Sargis was related to Foundation members Voltaire and Sargon Warda of Millbrae, Calif.

Editor's Note: The above appeared in San Francisco Chronicle June 23, 1989.

***"May we be the Messenger
And symbol of Assyrian Memory
And a Vessel of Continuity
And the creatures lending meaning
To the Soul of Assyria."***

David B. Perley, J.S.D.

Murassa Adams

Murassa Adams passed away on May 23, 1989, at the age of 78 after a long illness. She was born in Urmia, Iran, on January 1, 1911, to Ismael (of the village of Bazloove) and Laili (of the village of Gugtapa). She came to Baghdad, Iraq, in the late thirties and settled there. In 1946 Murassa married Joseph Adams. In 1969 the family immigrated to the United States and settled in Tucson, Arizona. Four months prior to her death she lost her brother, Amijan, and his wife in Baghdad. She was unaware of this loss.

Murassa was a faithful member of her Church. Besides being a kind-hearted person, her gentle and delightful nature gained her the admiration of those she met. Murassa is survived by her husband of 43 years, Joseph Adams; daughter Miriam Schaus; brother-in-laws Benjamin and Youel; all of Tucson, Arizona. Her many pleasant memories will long be cherished by her family who respected and loved her dearly, as well as many friends who knew her.



At the Assyrian Foundation Meeting

Foundation picnic





At the Assyrian Foundation Meeting

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مَبْدَأُ هُوَ

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حَفْذُ

حَقًّا	تَحِيَّاتٍ	وَبَلَدًا	مِنَ
حَدًّا	قَلْبٍ	يَلْتَمِ	دَعْدَدَهُ
يَلْتَمِ	هَذِيبَتِ	يَحْتَدُّ	مِنَ
نَعْمَةً	سِتْرًا	فَلَمَّا	مِنَ

2

ذخعت	عجود	تقيد	في	اسف
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ضحية	لطف	قيد	قيد	قيد
معد	كس	قيد	قيد	قيد

3

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At the Assyrian Foundation Picnic



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 بِخَبْرٍ كَلَمَ بِالْفَقْدِ اَعْبَدُ ١٥٠ هِجْرًا
 ١٥٠ هِجْرًا بِخَبْرٍ كَلَمَ بِالْفَقْدِ اَعْبَدُ ١٥٠ هِجْرًا
 دِيْنِي دِيْنِي اَعْبَدُ ١٥٠ هِجْرًا

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عَمَلُهُ دَوْدُ خَلَا جَسَدُهُ فِي مَهْمَا
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وَقَدْ رَفَعْنَا فِيهَا إِلَهُ قَدِيرًا
وَهُوَ الْغَلِيظُ الْمُجِيرُ
وَوَضَعْنَا الْقُرْآنَ فِيهَا ذِكْرًا
لِّتُنذِرَ بِهِ وَمَا تَكُنْ مِنَ الْمُنذَرِينَ

[illegible]

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فَسَمِعَ جَاءَ لَمَحَ جَدَّ فُجْزَا : لَمَحَ جَدَّ فُجْزَا :
فَوَهَّابًا مَوْسَدًا جَاءَ فُجْزَا : فَجْزَا : فَجْزَا :
فَوَهَّابًا مَوْسَدًا جَاءَ فُجْزَا : فَجْزَا : فَجْزَا :
فَوَهَّابًا مَوْسَدًا جَاءَ فُجْزَا : فَجْزَا : فَجْزَا :

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 ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ :
 ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ :
 ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ : ١٠٠٠ :

اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا :
 اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا :
 اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا :
 اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا : اَتَقَرُّكُمْ جَمْعًا :

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دَدَد دَدَدَد دَدَدَد دَدَدَد
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مَدَد	دَعَا	يَعْنِي	قَدَّ
كَمْ	بَدَأَ	كَلَّمَ	يَسْتَقْدِمُ
فَعَلِ	كَلَّمَ	دَعَا	يَعْنِي
يَعْنِي	دَعَا	يَعْنِي	كَمْ
يَعْنِي	دَعَا	يَعْنِي	كَمْ

هتدمه، بذا، مېځي همدې همدېله
 مومو ځا ځيښي، بېځي بلې ځيښي
 ځا سولې ځيښي، ځيښي بلې ځا ځيښي
 ځيښي ځيښي ځيښي ځيښي ځيښي *

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وَمَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	ۛ	وَمَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	وَمَذْمُوحٌ
مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ
مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ
مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ
مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ	ۛ	مَذْمُوحٌ

[illegible]

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لِحَمَلِهِمْ وَلِيَّةً عَلَيْهِمْ ذَكَرَ فِيهِمْ
 تَحْمِلُهُمْ وَلِيَّةً عَلَيْهِمْ ذَكَرَ فِيهِمْ
 وَلِيَّةً عَلَيْهِمْ ذَكَرَ فِيهِمْ

جِدْ فَذُكِّرْ ۚ وَهِيَ
 مِنَ الْكَلِمَاتِ الَّتِي
 لَهَا عِلَلٌ فِي حِلْمِ حَبِيبِ
 قُلٍّ وَحَبِيبِ بَعْدَ فَلْيَسْ.

حَبْدٌ : حَبْدٌ حَبْدٌ

ج۱، ج۲، ج۳، ج۴ : ج۵

فَقَالُوا: دُتُّوا وَمُؤْمِنَاتُهُنَّ بِأَفْعَالِنَّ



Assyrian Foundation Picnic



At the Assyrian Foundation Meeting

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

בְּחֵבֶל לֶחֶם תִּשְׁכַּח דְּבִישָׁא בְּמִדַּת דְּלִישָׁא חֲמִידָא.

—

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא תִּשְׁכַּח דְּבִישָׁא: חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא: חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא: חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא.

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא.

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חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא: חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא: חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא.

—

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא

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חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

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חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא

—

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

1 - חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

2 - חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

3 - חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

4 - חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:

5 - חֲמִידָא לִישָׁא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא חֲמִידָא:



Casbah Restaurant
North African Cuisine

1920 San Pablo Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94702
Phone: (415) 540-0784

حَقٌّ : مَعْدَلٌ : وَدَّعَ مَهْمُومًا دَلَّ : لَوْ لَوْ مَعْدَلٌ :
 وَلَوْ لَوْ لَوْ لَوْ - مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : وَلَوْ لَوْ لَوْ :
 يَجْعَلُ مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :

مَعْدَلٌ لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :

وَدَّعَ مَعْدَلٌ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :

لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 لَوْ لَوْ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :

وَدَّعَ مَعْدَلٌ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :

وَدَّعَ مَعْدَلٌ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :
 مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ : مَعْدَلٌ دَلَّ :

١٤- نَمِذُّ حَبَّ حَبَّةٍ لِقَوْمٍ وَضَعُوا حَبَّ نَمِذُّ :
 نَسِجَ لَبَّ لَب سَوَّيَ دَقْلِيمَ مَلَّ تَبَّ ٢٥٧٢ نَمِذُّ.

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تَمِذُّ حَبَّ قَدَّ دَحْجَدَّ ١٤ تَبَّ - يَهْجَلُ بِمَ ٢٥٧٢ :
 هَلَّيَبَ دَلَّيَبَ لَب تَبَّ - قَلَّيَبَ لَعَبَ مَسْبَدَّ ٢٥٧٢ هَلَّيَبَ :
 هَلَّيَبَ لَعَبَ ٢٥٧٢ دَحْجَدَّ دَحْجَبَ لَعَبَ مَسْبَدَّ :
 مَلَّ لَجَّ وَجَلَّ مَسْبَدَّ دَحْجَبَ لَعَبَ مَسْبَدَّ ٢٥٧٢.

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حَبَّ هَبَّ ٢٥٧٢ : مَلَّ تَهْقَدَّ هَلَّيَبَ مَسْبَدَّ :
 تَهْقَدَّ مَلَّ دَحْجَبَ مَلَّ ٢٥٧٢ وَجَلَّ لَب مَسْبَدَّ :
 تَهْقَدَّ مَلَّ تَبَّ ٢٥٧٢ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ :
 مَسْبَدَّ دَحْجَبَ لَب حَبَّ مَلَّ مَلَّ حَبَّ حَبَّ :

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حَبَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ : مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ :
 تَهْقَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ : قَلَّيَبَ لَعَبَ مَسْبَدَّ :
 لَبَّ حَبَّ لَبَّ حَبَّ دَلَّيَبَ لَبَّ حَبَّ :
 حَبَّ حَبَّ لَبَّ حَبَّ لَبَّ حَبَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ.

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مَسْبَدَّ لَبَّ حَبَّ مَسْبَدَّ : مَسْبَدَّ :
 مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ : مَسْبَدَّ :
 مَسْبَدَّ - مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ :
 مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ.

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حَبَّ مَسْبَدَّ لَبَّ حَبَّ مَسْبَدَّ :
 دَلَّيَبَ مَسْبَدَّ لَبَّ حَبَّ مَسْبَدَّ :
 هَلَّيَبَ دَلَّيَبَ مَسْبَدَّ :
 مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ لَبَّ حَبَّ : مَسْبَدَّ مَسْبَدَّ.

من ذنب حبيب لعمري

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[illegible]

3 - מִן הַיָּמִים הַהֵם הָיוּ מִשְׁתַּחֲוִיִּים לְדָוִד בְּכָל יוֹם וְלֵילָה .
 כָּל מֶלֶךְ יִשְׂרָאֵל מִן הַיָּמִים הַהֵם הִשְׁתַּחֲוָה לְדָוִד
 בְּיוֹם הַיּוֹם . וְכָל מֶלֶךְ אֲרָם וְכָל מֶלֶךְ
 חֵם וְכָל מֶלֶךְ כְּנָעַן וְכָל מֶלֶךְ חֵם
 וְכָל מֶלֶךְ חֵם וְכָל מֶלֶךְ חֵם .

[illegible][illegible]

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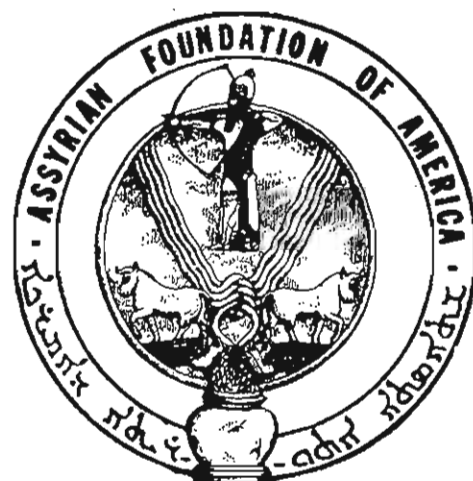


ܐܠܗ ܬܡܢ ܕܡܡܢܝܢ ܡܡܢܝܢ ܡܡܢܝܢ
 26.2.87

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At the Assyrian Foundation picnic



DEDICATED TO THE
 ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION
 OF ASSYRIANS



7 **בעדן דעם שטענדיגן קאמיטעט**
דעם 1985 יאר



8 **לוי דאס בעדן דעם שטענדיגן קאמיטעט**
דעם 1985 יאר



9 **דעם שטענדיגן קאמיטעט**
24.2.1985 יאר



4 1981 **התזמורת הסימפונית הישראלית**



5 **התזמורת הסימפונית הישראלית**
1984 **התזמורת הסימפונית הישראלית**



6 **התזמורת הסימפונית הישראלית**
22.6.84 **התזמורת הסימפונית הישראלית**

תשי"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב

(2. 37)

9 - ד'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב

ל'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב

10 - א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב

תש"ב.

11 - א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב

תש"ב.

12 - א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב

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1. א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב



2. א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב



3. א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב, א'ב תש"ב

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

لَبَّيْكَ يَا جِبْرِيْلُ بِمَا سَأَلْتَنِي
فَإِنَّهُ خَلَقَ لَكَ قَدَمًا

يُحِبُّ لِحَبَّتِهِ عَلَيْهِ أَجْرُهُ
يُحِبُّ لِحَبَّتِهِ عَلَيْهِ أَجْرُهُ
يُحِبُّ لِحَبَّتِهِ عَلَيْهِ أَجْرُهُ

لَا حُجُودَ لَكَ حَيْثُ تَشَاءُ
 سُبْحَانَكَ مَا يَكُونُ لَكَ
 أَنْ يَكُونَ لَكَ لَدُنْكَ
 حُجُودٌ

نَحْنُ لَكَ قَلِيلٌ لِيَوْمٍ لَا تُحِيطُ
بِعِزَّتِهِمْ فَذُكِّرْ!

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"דב יעזרד סעסעס פון עולם"

לעבן יד תל עולם, עולם יד תל עולם.
 י. סעסעס עולם עולם יד, לעסעסעס חלב דב.
 (22. 22 סעסעס (יעזרד))
 חלבסעס יעזרד עולם חלב עולם דעסעס יעזרד
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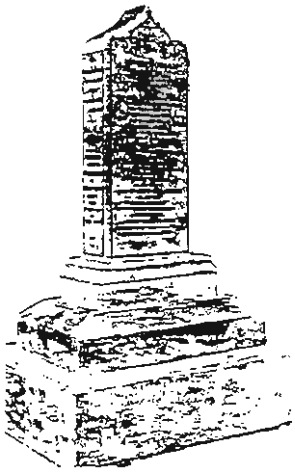
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(NEMROD SIMONO SAINT VINCENT) עולםסעסעס
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MEMORIAL ERECTED TO CHRISTIAN
ASSYRIANS WHO DIED AS REFUGEES AT
SAQLA

They Shed Their Blood On The Altar of Martyrdom For The Assyrian Nation



ܬܡܪܢܐ ܢܡܪܢܐ ܝܗܝܠܐ : ܕܕܠ ܫܡܡܢܐ
 ܝܗܝܠܐ : ܕܕܠ ܕܢܝܕ ܝܗܝܠܐ : ܫܕܕܠ
 ܢܫܝܠ ܝܗܝܠܐ : ܢܝܠܐ ܬܡܪܢܐ ܝܗܝܠܐ .
 ܕܢܝܠܐ : ܬܡܪܢܐ ܕܡܡܝܢܐ

ܢܝܠܐ ܬܡܪܢܐ ܝܗܝܠܐ : ܫܕܠ ܬܡܪܢܐ ܝܗܝܠܐ
 ܕܢܝܠܐ : ܫܡܝܢܐ ܬܡܪܢܐ ܝܗܝܠܐ !
 ܕܢܝܠܐ : ܬܡܪܢܐ ܕܡܡܝܢܐ



ܣܠܐܡܐ



ܬܝܒܐ ܝܥܢܘܕܐ ܡܝܥܢܐ ܒܐ ܦܝܩܬܐ

Nemrod Simono Saint Vincent
Assyrian Writer — Educator — Orator

ܐܡܝܪܝܐ ܕܐܡܪܝܐ - ܡܠܐܕܝܬܐ - ܡܠܐܕܝܬܐ