



Established 1964  
Dedicated to the  
Advancement of Education  
of Assyrians



# NINEVEH

FIRST/SECOND QUARTER 1994

VOLUME 17 NO. 1 & 2



Calligraphie Assyrienne - Alphabet Assyrien

*by Issa Benyamin*

CULTURAL — EDUCATIONAL — SOCIAL

# NINEVEH

FIRST/SECOND QUARTER 1994

VOLUME 17 NO. 1 & 2

Julius N. Shabbas ..... Editor

Joel J. Elias ..... Ass't. Editor

## POLICY

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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## ADDRESS LETTERS TO

THE EDITOR

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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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## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Julius:

I thank you for the copies of the last *Nineveh* you sent me, and for returning to me, safely and promptly as usual, the photos of *Dayi* Murassa and of the wedding of Avia Ewan's son. That is the kind of organization, care and consideration the staff of *all* Assyrian publications should learn to practice!

This issue of *Nineveh* was beautiful! But then, *Nineveh* always is! It usually contains a variety of absorbing material!

Uncle Para enjoyed the surprise nostalgia story about his late mother, and I'd like to brag that several other people have expressed to me in person their appreciation of the feature. And I don't think they were kidding me!

Uncle Para and I were two readers who also appreciated the story on Gibrail "Zamara" Sayad! And we both, along with spouses, also enjoyed recently a cozy visit with him and his lovable wife, Kathy. The vintage classical singer certainly deserves the accolade, as well as the pride and devotion of his doting wife and their big family! Gibrail not only had a great voice but, as you can see from his 1935 Valentino-like picture, he was also a handsome guy! Song and music lovers can verify this for themselves, as I did, by purchasing the audio-cassette retaping of his vintage songs, now on sale at Assyrian Eastern markets.

Solomon's article on the Levies' last hurrah was quite interesting and seemed to be well documented, and the story of Professor Lilli Tamraz by Madlaine Moradkhan should serve as an inspiration to dedicated Assyrian women. Even the article (with poem) of my 1940s C2 Habbaniya neighbor, *Raabi* Lucy, surrounded, in the picture, by her two dozen pretty pupils, was a delight to see and read, not to mention the various other features in Assyrian by well-known Assyrian writers and poets, such as Youel A. Baaba, Essa Benyamin, Menashi Amera, *Raabi* Nimrod Simono, Tobia Giwargis, *Raabi* Regina Mikhael, *Raabi* David Ilyan and several others.

And last, but certainly not least, my congratulations to you (and to Joel Elias) on the surprise recognition award you received for your long and dedicated work for the Assyrian Foundation of America and, especially, for *Nineveh* Magazine! I don't have to say that you have been doing a great job and that you deserve the honor! The many appreciative letters you've been receiving from your readers attest to that!

*Nineveh* is now fit to be called QAP (Queen of Assyrian Periodicals), not only because of its quiet dignity and external elegance and royal bearing, but especially for its objective, unbiased, well-edited quality general literature appealing to a majority of discerning readers and capable contrib-

utors. And this, basically, has been conceived and molded not only by your literary and editorial competence and your loyalty and dedication to the magazine, but also by your honesty and sincerity, and your sensitivity, care and consideration to both your contributors and your subscribers alike, qualities that are rare in some Assyrian editors — or leaders for that matter! This opinion is of course based on my personal and professional relationship with you, vis-a-vis some other editors and leaders.

I have enjoyed working closely with you for the last five years, and I only hope, God — and my "bum" heart! — willing, that our relationship will extend into many more fruitful years!

Greetings to you, and best wishes for your and *Nineveh*'s continued success!

Mikhael K. Pius  
Modesto, California

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Thank you very much for your note together with the receipt of *Nineveh* Magazine. I have informed my cousin, Flora Ghajarian in Iran, about the mail problems in Iran and I am sure she will let me know if there are any problems.

As my son, Bernard Betsin, has seen *Nineveh* in our home, he has been very anxious to receive it. Enclosed is a check for \$50 as a donation for the subscription to *Nineveh*. We really appreciate the very hard work you have been doing for Assyrians. May God bless your efforts always. Thank you again.

Nina J. Betseen  
No. Hollywood, CA

Dear Julius:

I am enclosing a check for \$100 as a contribution to our needy Assyrians of Northern Iraq (Bet-Nahrain). Another check for \$100 as follows: \$25 for renewal of *Nineveh* subscription for my brother John in Germany; \$20 subscription for my nephew Albert Youel, Chicago; \$20 subscription for Patricia Lynch, Modesto; and \$35 contribution to our needy Assyrians in Northern Iraq. Best regards.

Fred Chalita  
Turlock, CA

Dear Julius:

Enclosed is my check for \$20 to cover the renewal of my subscription to your *Nineveh* Magazine. Thank you so much for all your efforts to put out such an informative and valuable magazine. I enjoy reading it a lot. Keep up the good work.

Jane Goliath Phelps  
(nee Antar)

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Congratulations on your fine publication! I have only recently come across *Nineveh*. It is a splendid publication, and full of invaluable information for anyone interested in the history of the Assyrian people and their church.

I have been interested in the history of Assyrian Christianity for several years, and am presently studying for a research degree at Oxford University in England.

My subject is the history of the Assyrian Church of the East in the 14th to 16th centuries. This is a little-documented and little-known period, and one of the approaches I am using is a detailed study of the settlement patterns of Assyrian Christians in the Ottoman Empire and Persia in the 19th century and the early years of the 20th century, before they were tragically disturbed in the first World War.

I am sure that many of your older readers would be able to supply me with valuable information. If they or their family came from an Assyrian village in Turkey, Iraq, Syria or Iran, I would be very grateful if they could help me in my research. I am particularly interested in the following details: What was the name of the village? What district was it in? How many Christians lived there? Did it have a church? If so, to which saint was it dedicated? Which diocese did the village belong to? What was the name of the local priest or bishop? Are there any traditions or historical events associated with the village's Christian history?

Although I am primarily interested in the pre-1914 period, reminiscences from the 1920s, 1930s, or later will also be very welcome.

May I please ask your readers to take the trouble to write to me at the address below if they have any information of this kind. I promise to reply to all letters received, and will of course acknowledge them when I submit my thesis in due course.

I hope eventually to be able to publish a detailed map and gazette of the history of Assyrian Christian settlement in Mesopotamia and Kurdistan, a work which is long overdue, and which may help to do justice to the remarkable historical achievements of the Assyrian church and people.

Dr. D. J. Wilmshurst  
45 Coverley Road  
Headington  
Oxford OX3 7EY, England

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Enclosed is a check for \$25.00 to cover my 1994 subscription to your *Nineveh* magazine. Congratulations for the excellent work you are performing. I wish you continued success.

Susie E. Sayad  
Shreveport, LA

Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a check for \$75 to be applied as follows: \$30 for *Nineveh* Magazine and \$45 for the needy Assyrians. We always have and continue to enjoy receiving *Nineveh*. Best wishes.

Donald Lazar  
San Carlos, CA

Dear Editor:

Please find enclosed a bank cheque in the amount of US \$25 being my subscription for 1994. We appreciate your efforts and keep up the good work. Kind regards.

Alfred T. David  
Wakeley, Australia

Dear Editor:

I want to take this opportunity to thank you for this excellent publication. My family and I look forward to reading every issue. I would like to request that you include Esha Michael of Modesto as a subscriber to *Nineveh* Magazine. I am enclosing a small donation to cover his subscription.

Thank you again for providing us with a publication that keeps us abreast with our current events and a glimpse at our past.

Edna Alexander  
Yorba Linda, CA

Dear Julius:

Enclosed please find a small contribution for *Nineveh* Magazine (\$30) and the needy Assyrians (\$70).

I wish to take this opportunity to congratulate the Assyrian Foundation of America for the good work you are going. *Nineveh* Magazine is a magnificent publication which has improved considerably. God bless you all to continue this good work. Best regards.

William K. Kanon  
Modesto, CA

Dear Editor:

We enjoy reading your *Nineveh* Magazine very much. I am enclosing a check for \$50 for my yearly subscription and also to ask you to subscribe my cousin, Flora Ghajarian of Tehran, Iran. She came to visit us and was very anxious to receive *Nineveh*. Hopefully I shall send some more money in support of your wonderful magazine. In closing, I extend season's greetings to all of your membership and pray that the grace of God will render your future projects successful. Thank you.

Nina J. Betseen  
No. Hollywood, CA

Dear Julius and Joel:

Congratulations for a job well done. You certainly deserve the honors bestowed upon you. Thank you for publishing my daughter's (Judy) article on Mrs. Anwar Sadat, and Ramsina's write-up about her dad and mom on their 50th anniversary. Among my close friends in this region I am happy to have Mikhael Pius and Gibrail Sayad. I am working hard to computerize my "Pearls From Paradise," four times the size of "Thoughts To Live By." Also this: Daily my body tells me, "I've had it. Can't go on much longer. So prepare to move out." Best regards.

Abram George  
Modesto, CA

Dear Editor:

I am enclosing a check in the amount of \$40, part as a renewal for my subscription to *Nineveh* and the balance to Aprim Harooni, Tehran, Iran. Aprim was one of my best students in Iran in the study of the Assyrian language and is very much interested in receiving *Nineveh* Magazine. Thank you very much for your great effort for this work. God bless you.

Serafieh (Sima) Yousefi  
No. Hollywood, CA

Dear Sir:

I am enclosing a check for \$45 to renew my subscription as well as my aunt's, Mary John, of London, England. Meanwhile, I extend my thanks to everyone who helps in the publishing of this very informative and best Assyrian magazine, *Nineveh*.

Welltom Khoshabian  
San Jose, CA

Dear Julius:

Hoping all is well with you and the family. Enclosed is a check for \$50 as a donation for the beautiful *Nineveh* magazine.

Just a small note in memory of Dayi Murassa Pius (article written by Mikhael K. Pius in the last issue): Many Moons Ago Dayi was the midwife for my mother when I was born. Great lady and a wonderful mother.

Francis Shawil David  
Modesto, CA

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

Greetings from Fairfield, Australia. Enclosed is a cheque for my subscription to *Nineveh* Magazine for 1994.

God bless you and all *Nineveh* Magazine staff for such an excellent publication.

Youash G. Tamras  
Fairfield, Australia

Dear Mr. Shabbas:

I am so very grateful to you for sending me your magnificent magazine *Nineveh*. I am 86 years old and spend most of my time at home alone. I look forward to receiving your magazine because reading it makes my days go faster and with more fun. This magazine keeps me informed about many of my old friends and what is happening in their life and also it keeps me in tune with current events and the younger generation.

I convey to you my personal greetings. You and the staff of *Nineveh* must be commended for presenting us with such an informative magazine. Enclosed is my subscription and a small donation. Keep up the good work and God bless you and your staff.

Henry (Ando) George  
Turlock, CA

Dear Julius:

Enclosed is a check for the amount of \$35 as a contribution for *Nineveh* Magazine for 1994, and also a contribution for the Assyrian Foundation.

Looking forward to receiving the next issue which we really enjoy reading. Thank you and God bless.

Aram Youkhana  
Chicago, IL

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading *Nineveh* Magazine because I think it is the best Assyrian magazine around the world and full of interesting Assyrian information. Please find enclosed payment for my subscription. Thank you.

Ashoor Shamoun  
Ontario, Canada

Dear Editor:

I would like to thank you for your efforts on behalf of all Assyrians through your publication, *Nineveh*. Please include me in your mailing list and accept my small gift of \$50.

Anita Alexander  
Yorba Linda, CA

Dear Julius:

Enclosed please find a check to cover the renewal of *Nineveh* Magazine (\$20) plus a small contribution for needy Assyrians (\$50). Keep up the good work and God bless you all.

Shimshon L. Essa  
Modesto, CA

Dear Julius:

I am writing to congratulate you on the editing and production of an outstanding cultural icon: *Nineveh* magazine. This quarterly periodical, with its abundance of articles, stories, poems and photos, in both Assyrian and English, serves to fill a gaping cultural need of the Assyrian diaspora here and abroad. One of the nice things about it is that it is a cohesive force bringing into perspective the truth about our nation's glorious past, dispelling the clouds of disinformation and untruth that have been cast over our nation by the stratified and biased minds of so-called historians (foreign nationals with no umbilical bind to Beit Nahrain) whose open hostility towards our nation have distorted their writings and have for a long time been their shameless stock-in-trade.

The writers contributing their work in the pages of your magazine are helping to dispel the myths and untruths concerning our nation that have long covered the eyes of mankind; they are making it possible for the reader to come to the knowledge and realization that Assyria was indeed a united and unifying force of the times. They are bringing to light long-buried facts that our ancient forebears were a nation not of conquest-minded warlords but of artisans and homemakers, of students and intellectuals, law givers and linguists, of scientists and inventors, sculptors and artists, of builders and architects, healers, seers, astrologists, mathematicians and astronomers. We were an innovative and productive nation, peacefully propagating our share of the good and the noble for mankind in that distant milieu which was the dawn of civilization.

Julius, let *Nineveh* magazine continue to be a beacon for all bright minds of our dear Assyrian nation. *Nineveh* is to be nurtured. It is a treasure trove of historical and literary gems. You are doing extremely commendable work as the editor at the helm. I look forward to see in your future issues more and more articles, stories, poems, and photos written about Assyrians and Assyria.

Enwiya David De Malik  
Modesto, CA

Dear Julius:

I'm one of your childhood playmates of the Marata Lines at Hinaidi, Iraq. I think you will remember me — Aprim Goora (Ed. Goora = older or big); at Habbaniya I was called *Dosta* (Ed. friend). Aprim Soora (Ed. younger, little) is in Australia. At Marata Lines I remember we used to play many games and to name a few: *gumbulyate* (Ed. marbles), *mazraita* (Ed. spin top), *pattu-pattu* (Ed. hide and seek), *Khorie-Khorie man barukh* (Ed. my friend, my friend who is behind you), and many other games.

I have been in the U.S. eighteen months now. I had no idea that *Nineveh* magazine existed until my nephew, Easha Abraham handed me some ten back

dated issues. *Nineveh* is truly a wonderful magazine. I devoured every line and every word of these issues like a ravenous wolf. I felt I was on a big picnic surrounded by old comrades and acquaintances from everywhere who I had not seen nor heard of for decades. The *Reader's Digest* used to be my favorite magazine but now it is *Nineveh*.

I enjoyed very much the articles by Mikhael (Minashi) K. Pius and Basilius (Wiska) K. Pius, and admire their great sense of humor. Even when Mikhael writes in earnest one would still find a touch of humor in his sentences. I also greatly appreciate the articles by Youel A. Baaba and others dealing with Assyrian history. I was much distressed by the harrowing tales told by Iliya Vartanov about the unfortunate Assyrians who were so unjustly exiled to Siberia by Josef Stalin and about their terrible plight there. May the Almighty God have no mercy upon the soul of Josef.

I would now briefly like to relate an incident concerning Mikhael K. Pius and myself that occurred some 60 years ago at Marata Lines, Hinaidi. Mikhael had some exceptionally pretty marbles that were called Orosdi-Bak marbles. Mikhael was an easy prey for me as I was older and bigger than he. We played *chookka-shibir* (Ed. marble game) and I won his pretty marbles. He started crying and saying "halloo gumbulyatee" (Ed. "Give me my marbles"). To quiet him, I slapped one of his small ears with force, but he was adamant. He began pelting me with stones while continuously shouting "halloo gumbulyatee." In the end I was compelled to give him back his pretty marbles to avoid trouble as his house was within sight and earshot. Since then and up till about 1980, I have known Mikhael K. Pius quite well. Mikhael is a gentleman, a very good-natured guy, and from a good and well-known family. I now sincerely wish to apologize to old Mikhael for having slapped him 60 years ago.

In conclusion, I would like to congratulate you and all the staff of *Nineveh* for the excellent job you are doing. I enclose a check for one year subscription, starting from the last issue.

Aprim K. Abraham  
North Hollywood, CA

#### Editor's Note:

1. *I was pleased to hear from Aprim Goora, reflecting an age and time that is long gone. Long gone, perhaps, in real life, but brought vividly back to life through such tid-bits of information but mainly through the writings of Mikhael K. Pius that appear within the pages of Nineveh magazine — memories that date to the early years of 1930 and provide insight on life in Hinaidi and Habbaniya.*
2. *Aprim is the maternal uncle of Blandina and Easha of Blandina's Deli and Market in Benicia, CA.*



Dear Editor:

Enclosed is a check for \$20.00 for my subscription for 1994. *Nineveh* is really a national treasure. Your efforts and your staff bring great pride and pleasure to all Assyrians. Keep up the good work. God bless you.

S. Shabaz  
Washington, D.C.

## LETTERS TO THE ASSYRIAN FOUNDATION

I wish to thank you for the scholarship you recently awarded me. I am deeply touched by your kindness and generosity.

You would be interested in knowing that I recently earned my MA degree in International Relations from the University of Chicago. The topic of the thesis, *The Origins and Development of Assyrian Nationalism*, will be further developed and eventually published sometime in the near future.

Robert DeKelaita  
Chicago, IL

Your decision to support me with my education has truly made a significant impact in my educational progress. I sincerely thank you for the financial assistance which you have offered me.

Organizations like the Assyrian Foundation of America make me proud to be Assyrian. I pray that your support for education will never stop. Education is the key to success and I thank you for bringing me one step closer to obtaining this key. I wish you well and may God be with you in all of your endeavors.

Wilbert Odisho  
San Luis Obispo, CA

Mere words cannot express my thanks to you and your committee for the assistance award you sent me. It certainly will pay for all my books this semester for which I am most grateful. I am at Oberlin College in Oberlin, Ohio and today was my first day back at school. It turned out to be a wonderful day for me, for this month of January I have been assigned to a doctor with whom I will be the entire month, all day, watching his work as a gynecologist. It was quite a thrilling experience for me. I am not yet in medical school but for some fortunate turn of events they decided to put me on this doctor's schedule and everything is just fine.

Believe me when I say, at some future date I hope to return this sum of money when I start collecting a salary.

Thank you very much and the best of greetings for the New Year.

Ramen Dehghan-Paz  
Chicago, IL

Last year the Assyrian Foundation gave financial assistance to a number of students. Notes and letters of appreciation for the support were received from:

Milita Aleihemooshabad, Northridge, CA  
Ilbra Aleihemooshabad, Northridge, CA  
Victoria Khofri, San Francisco, CA  
Jilbert Washten, Turlock, CA  
Ninos Isaac, Santa Barbara, CA

## ASSYRIAN MEDICAL ASSISTANCE PROJECT

In 1992 the San Jose Chapter of the Assyrian Aid Society of America assigned a team of doctors and professionals to establish the Assyrian Medical Assistance Project to look into the purchase of a Mobile Medical Unit for the Assyrians of Northern Iraq. In the aftermath of the Gulf War it was essential to meet the medical needs of thousands of Assyrians who were living in squalid conditions, children and older people dying due to lack of medicine and malnutrition.

At a meeting held on September 19, 1993, Dr. Alexander Malik, M.D., a major in the U.S. Army, advised against the purchase of a Mobile Medical Unit. He felt that because of the sensitive nature of the equipment it would be very difficult to maintain it in operational condition during extensive traveling on dirt roads in the mountainous region. Instead, he proposed the purchase of a large quantity of medicinal kits that contain a generous supply of injection needles and medicines that are urgently needed. There are about forty Assyrian doctors and medical technicians operating within the protected zone above the 36th parallel in the north of Iraq. The idea was supported by Dr. Peter Kiryakos, D.D.S. and others who attended the meeting and the decision was made to take this course of action.

On Feb. 15, 1994 the Assyrian Medical Assistance Project (A.M.A.P.) gave a progress report to a joint meeting of the Assyrian Aid Society of San Jose and the Assyrian-American Association of San Jose, with Bishop Mar Bawai and Rev. Samuel Dinkha in attendance. In this meeting a check for \$36,000 was given by the Assyrian Aid Society, which they raised, to the chairman of the A.M.A.P., Dr. Alexander Malik. With this money they were able to purchase five tons of medical supplies with a retail value of \$360,000. The shipment of these supplies by the Qandil Project of Stockholm, Sweden, was delivered to the Assyrian Democratic Movement in Dohuk, Northern Iraq, in April, 1994. This was confirmed in a telex from Qandil to Dr. Alexander Malik.

Congratulations to the Assyrians of San Jose for showing their concern for the Assyrians of Northern Iraq and following through with helpful actions.

## ISSA BENYAMIN, ASSYRIAN CALLIGRAPHIST

Several months ago Issa Benyamin received a letter, through the editor of *Nineveh*, from the poet Alain Blanc, Montelimar, France. The letter read as follows:

*Dear Master,*

*The meeting of the chairman of Association Assyriophile de France, Saint Jory, France, Mr. J. P. Sliva, allowed me to review "Nineveh" magazine, so I could see your calligraphies for the first time. Their strength and beauty moved me a lot.*

*Recently a translation of the Bible into Syriac has made me want to know your language because of its antiquity and importance within the human and Christian tradition.*

*As a calligraphist, I am just writing to you to ask if you would agree to take part in a project in which you would be very appreciated. Your participation would permit French readers to be acquainted with a new culture.*

*The magazine, "Voix d'Encre," edited by the poet Alain Blanc, Montelimar, France, must publish a collective volume whose title is "L'Esprit de la Lettre" in Christmas 1993. This art book will propose two unpublished personal works, including fifteen calligraphies from all around the world: Latin, Chinese, Arabic, Cyrillic, Greek, Hibraic and Tifinag calligraphies . . . as well as Henri Michaux's drawings.*

Consequently Issa Benyamin sent two of his 160 Assyrian calligraphic collection, which he had drawn on leather. These were printed in the "L'Esprit de la Lettre" in November 1993, among many contained in the book. A few copies were sent to Benyamin along with a letter from Alain Blanc which read as follows:

*Dear Issa Benyamin,*

*What matters for me is to thank you so much for giving me an original calligraphic work. Your work on leather is now put up on a large black-painted piece of wood . . . And yesterday was D-day, I mean the first day of our first exhibition, in the center of Lyon. Henri Renoux was there to show his beautiful and skilled handwriting, in Greek, Latin and Arabic as well.*

*Here are, as agreed, a few copies of our book "Spirit of the Letter." I really hope this book will be fine enough for your masterpieces.*

*I am filled with gratitude to you for taking part in our artistic plan for a book printed in typography.*

*Shall we do again something together?*



*Our Language is the Essence  
of Our Existence.*



*Assyrian Alphabet in Calligraphy*



## A PROGRESSIVE AND PRAGMATIC ASSYRIAN POLITICAL STRATEGY TO LEAD THE WAY

by  
Dr. Lincoln E. Malik

The last issue of Nineveh magazine (Volume 16, No. 4) carried an article titled "The Kurdish Alliance." I disagree with much that is in this article, but it touches on vital subjects that need be discussed. The time is ripe for Assyrian intellectuals to engage in comprehensive, dispassionate, reasoned, objective and constructive discussions of these topics. Such discussions can contribute toward developing a national consensus for an Assyrian strategy. This article presents some of my personal thoughts, and articulates the political program of the Assyrian Democratic Movement (Zowaa).

Discussions of Assyrian political agendas are framed by our history, our current conditions and the outlook of relations with our neighbors in Bet Nahrain. It is important that we keep a clear perspective of our history, as we chart our future. It is said that those who do not learn from history are condemned to relive it. However, we must not be mired in history to the point of being its slaves. Those who choose to live in the past do not have much to offer for the future.

No Assyrian need be reminded of the horrors and massacres we have endured as a nation. It has been taught to us while on our mother's bosoms. We shall never forget, nor should we ever forget. All our neighbors have oppressed and massacred

Assyrians at one time or another in the last two thousand years. Yet, these massacres represent only part of our history, even if it is its most painful part. We must look at history comprehensively and with purpose. Selective renditions of history may help win an argument in a coffee-shop, but are not useful for serious political deliberations.

To be relevant, the discussion must focus on the ideas and strategies offered our people in the current historical era. Abstract discussions of what might have been, or ought to be, will not deliver our people from their current national dilemma. Following is a brief survey of the most prominent propositions before our people:

### A. Assimilationism

This is the simplest and, by definition, the most deadly solution. It calls for our assimilation in the cultures around us. In Iraq, the traitor Tariq Aziz has declared himself an Arab and invites the rest of us to follow suit. In fact he is an architect of the Arabization plan offered by the Saddam dictatorship to solve "the Assyrian problem." This is nothing new, and there was a time when many Assyrians in Iraq believed in this nihilist solution. Some couched it in leftist rhetoric of internationalism. Others distorted history to claim that present-day Arabs and Assyrians are one and the same.

Zowaa preaches pride in being Assyrians, and seeks to lead our people in Iraq to maintain our unique identity and gain our

---

*Dr. Lincoln Malik is the representative of the Assyrian Democratic Movement (Zowaa) in the U.S. and Canada, and a member of the Assyrian Foundation of America.*

legitimate national rights.

## **B. Appeasement**

There are those who propose that we win our legitimate rights through appeasing those who persecute us. They claim that if we work with the dictator in Baghdad, he will bestow his blessings on us. It was not very long ago that a delegation of diaspora Assyrians went to petition the lion of Baghdad and commander of the "Mother of All Battles" to recognize us as a people and grant us the most basic of rights - equal citizenship. His answer was delivered by none other than Tariq Aziz, who declared in a mass meeting that there was no problem since "we (Assyrians) are all Arabs."

The Baathist regime in Baghdad is based on the most vicious form of Arab chauvinism. It plans to Arabize us, and failing that, it intends to root us out of our ancestral homeland. Assyrians who negotiated with Baathists in the early seventies (many of them traveled from the U.S. for that purpose) were tricked and found themselves used as pawns in the plans to Arabize our people and to liquidate us out of existence. If we are to forgive those who tried appeasement in the seventies for lack of understanding the true nature of the regime, today's appeasers have no excuse whatsoever. These people are bankrupt apologists for our enemies. Zowaa believes that appeasement is a dead end and the handicraft of sellouts and quislings.

## **C. The Military Solution**

A military solution (i.e., gaining our rights through force of arms) might arguably have been an option during WWI, were it not for the treachery of the British, and major miscalculations of our national leadership.

Zowaa is the only entity that has practiced armed struggle under Assyrian leadership, and for clear Assyrian nationalist objectives, since the massacres of Simel. Thousands of Assyrian youths are organized in military formations, irregular forces (freedom fighters) and village militia. However, this is not to propose that there is a military solution for our people. Participation in armed struggle against the dictatorship is a manifestation of our patriotic duty as Iraqis, and a defensive measure to protect our people in the north of Iraq during these troubled times.

As loyal Iraqis we love our country and will join the struggle to save it from the hated dictatorship. In this we are allied with the broad masses of the Iraqi people from the Kurdish north to the Shia Arab south. Those who wish to call our armed struggle a Kurdish alliance misrepresent the facts. When Zowaa joined the armed struggle in 1984, there were Kurds and Arabs in the north fighting the regime, even if the Kurdish forces were the most prominent. Today, Iraqis of all persuasions are engaged in the armed struggle against Saddam. This includes Kurds and Assyrians in the north, Suni Arabs in the center and Shia Arabs in the marshes of the south.

We also have a responsibility to defend our people. We know that we do not possess the numbers, or the resources to win a protracted war with others in the area. Nevertheless, we will fight to protect our people if there is a breakdown in law and order. We have to be always prepared for the worst, while we hope for the best.

## **D. Culturalism**

Culturalists believe that we need not involve ourselves with attempts to establish political

rights. They will have us believe that teaching our language and sticking together is sufficient. However, history has proven over and over again, that without political rights in our ancestral homeland, attempts at maintaining the culture are nothing short of impossible.

Lack of political rights in the homeland has meant that our people have been forced to endure discrimination, fear and humiliation. This has led to immigration, and/or assimilation. Those who do not have the stomach for the political struggle must contend with watching the homeland emptied of Assyrians.

Zowaa believes that, like all other peoples in the world, we need to maintain our roots in our ancestral homeland, and that political rights are necessary to promote an environment for our people to develop their culture and to live in peace and prosperity.

### **E. Wishful Solutions**

Wishful solutions come in various shapes and colors. Perhaps the most prevalent is the wish that the clock turn back 2,500 years, and we live in the glory that was Assyria. We don't much talk about this secret dream, but we adorn our houses with pictures and reminders of that glorious past in silent testament to this sweet but wishful dream.

A more common wishful solution is the quest to find benefactors who will grant us our rights. The benefactors change from age to age. It used to be the British or the Czar of Russia. Today it is more likely to be the United Nations or the U.S. State Department. Those who are still caught up in this form of wishful thinking, and it is sad to see that they are many, do not

recognize that national rights are never given, they have to be gained. There is not a nation on earth that has had its rights bestowed by kind benefactors.

The world is full of peoples and nations whose rights are denied illegally and unconscionably. Twenty million South Africans are only now on the road to gain the right to vote in their own homeland. Just consider the plight of Native Americans, Australian Aborigines, Tibetans, Kurds, Palestinians and many others. None of them expect to gain their rights by marching to the U.N. with petitions in hand. Zowaa has approached the U.N. and foreign governments, not to plead for our rights, but to declare that Assyrians are engaged in a just struggle for their legitimate national rights, and are worthy of support to continue their struggle.

Pacifism is yet another wishful solution. Its proponents believe it possible for us to peacefully pursue our rights within an improving political system that ensures human rights and freedom of all of Iraq's citizenry. Most Iraqis wish it were possible to rehabilitate the regime and peaceably usher in democracy. Yet, stubborn facts have produced an Iraqi and international consensus that the Baghdad regime is not capable of embracing democracy. This is a regime that has lived by the sword and will only leave at the sword.

### **F. Progressive and Pragmatic Program**

Zowaa offers a progressive and pragmatic political program for achieving our legitimate national rights. It begins with the proposition that we are one people, and our homeland is Bet Nahrain ... our inalienable human, cultural, political and administrative rights in our homeland must be recognized

constitutionally ... we condemn and reject the historical and present injustices imposed on our people, and shall struggle resolutely against them ... we are also patriotic Iraqis and shall struggle for peace, progress and democracy for our country.

We believe that all nations and peoples have the right to self-determination, and that relations between peoples must be based on mutual respect, friendship and dignity. Zowaa categorically rejects national chauvinism and all notions that demean or insult others, especially those that have shared thousands of years of history with us. Assyrians have been the victims of bigotry, intolerance and chauvinism for more than two thousand years. We cannot allow ourselves to imitate our oppressors. Our commitment is to build a better tomorrow for our people under the banner of "Democracy in Iraq, and ... Affirmation of our national existence in our homeland."

Our destiny in Bet Nahrain is intertwined with that of our neighbors. In north Iraq, our people are engaged in establishing a new and qualitatively new relationship with our Kurdish neighbors. Assyrians are represented in the Kurdistan parliament, as well as in the cabinet ... we are allowed to teach in our language ... our national holidays are recognized legally ... we are free to organize socially, culturally and politically, and laws are passed to safeguard our lands and our rights. Zowaa also has good relations with all of Iraq's national opposition, and is represented in the Iraqi National Congress, which is the umbrella organization for most of Iraq's opposition forces.

Some invoke the ugly past to question these new relationships. Zowaa believes that our future resides in building new and positive relations with our Arab, Kurdish and

Turkoman neighbors. We believe that it is in the best interests of Iraq to recognize and protect the legitimate national rights of all its peoples. Zowaa does not offer this as a mantra. It is a new vision for a nationalist revival. The road will not be easy. There will be setbacks and tensions as we proceed, but Zowaa firmly believes that Assyrians can, and must, control their own destiny.

Our people thirst for a dynamic leadership, well versed in the norms of modern times. A leadership capable of leading us to safeguard our national existence and to achieve our rights as the indigenous people of Bet Nahrain. Zowaa is that leadership for our people in Iraq. It is active in the struggle for unifying our people and ending centuries of confessionalism, tribalism and regionalism that have divided us. It is organizing our people, such as in the Union of Assyrian Students and Youth, the Women's Union, cultural centers, athletic clubs and village councils to name a few. It is helping meet our people's economic, medical and security needs. It is engaged in the political life of our country at all levels.

Our achievements shall be in direct measure to our unity, resolve, perseverance and political acumen. Those who call on us to reach beyond our means provoke us to new national disasters. Those that are too timid for the struggle are obstacles in the way of seizing golden opportunities before us. We invite all true sons of Assyria to join us in the struggle.



# Journey Through Assyria, the Land of Hardship and Hope

by Younadam Youkhana

*I was in Dere when Iraqi bombs struck our little village in 1961. All around us houses were blown apart and people injured and killed. During the onslaught, I heard one old man lamenting, "O Lord, open the earth so that I may fall in it!" Our family soon escaped to Kirkuk, where we lived as refugees, being treated like strangers in our own land. Uneasy in such an existence, I left Iraq and came to the United States to start a new life. Returning, however, was always on my mind.*

*While living in America for the past twenty-four years, I had harbored the hope that something concrete would result from the efforts of our Assyrian organizations. I honestly say, however, I had never come across any organization that captivated the support and imagination of the Assyrians as the Assyrian Democratic Movement has done. Since its creation in 1979, the ADM has endeavored, and succeeded, in becoming the representative of Assyrian aspirations in Iraq. In September of 1993, I left Chicago for a journey through Assyria to see first-hand the conditions of the Assyrians living there, and how the ADM was operating.*



*The author, third from right, with members of the Assyrian Democratic Movement at their headquarters in Derelok.*

Life in Assyria and its mountains is difficult these days. It had always been so. For a while, however, prior to the Gulf War between Iraq and the United States and its allies, the basic necessities of life were not difficult to come by. The Gulf war has changed life in Iraq drastically, taking it back to an age not many of those living would recognize. Inflation and unemployment have skyrocketed and basic necessities are unaffordable by the common man.

In the Assyrian highlands, north of the 36th parallel set by the United Nations, there is no electricity at the time of this writing. People must get by without it. The Iraqi government has shut it off at its origin in Mosul, which is still under government rule. Though it has made life difficult for people living in the affected areas (a slaughtered animal, for example, must all be eaten immediately or it will soon rot), it has also made the people more resolute and resilient. The Assyrians, led by the Assyrian Democratic Movement, are becoming in-



*Three of the ADM's guards.*

creasingly innovative, united, and better organized in response to the difficulties.

I asked one old man what he would do if Saddam Hussein attacked the liberated areas again.

"Today," he said, "we are in charge. We are enjoying our day. We are happy."

The Assyrian Democratic Movement has become a force to be reckoned with; a virtual government within the larger Kurdish government running the liberated zones of North Iraq. The Movement's strength and popularity is the result of its pervasiveness in people's daily lives; it is more than a political party. One can see that the Movement is cognizant of the needs of the Assyrians more than anyone, and it has responded to them by taking the leadership in economic, social, and cultural matters, as well as the military, administrative and ideological affairs. The Movement has procured tractors, seeds, and animals of burden to help Assyrians survive in their own villages. It has provided financial support for them to rebuild their houses and politically represented their interests and stood guard for their rights of property. The Movement dispenses medicine, feeds the poor, and financially and morally supports Assyrian students. Wherever a social, economic or military void is perceived, the Movement acts quickly to fill it. Further, it has created an organized and respected military force that is well armed and greatly respected and feared. The Assyrian Democratic Movement, it can indeed be said, has reasserted the Assyrian presence in Assyria in a way never before seen in our century.

The Assyrians living in villages have come to rally around the Movement precisely because they see what has been achieved. It was good to see that an obstacle which has haunted Assyrian nationalism for so long is finally being overcome; Chaldeans, which had for various reasons become distanced from Assyrianism, are declaring their allegiance to the Assyrian cause. And this is most proper, since the Chaldean population can claim continual existence in the Assyrian heartland since the fall of Assyria. While I was in Dohuk, over one hundred young men from the Assyrian Chaldean village of Zakho came to join the Movement. They were welcomed to the Movement with honor as they served the cause of their people. The Movement is so well known now, that even Kurdish groups have come to be envious of its attainments.



*A destroyed Assyrian church. Notice the cross atop the fallen tower. A great number of Assyrian churches have been destroyed by explosives. Some have been completely wiped away, so that only the foundation can be seen.*

While I was at the village of Derelok, over a hundred Kurds came to join the Assyrian Democratic Movement and become a part of its successes. They were told by the Movement's representative there, Mr. Bacus Aramya, that since they were not Assyrian, the matter would have to be discussed in the Movement's congress when it met in 2 years before they could be given an answer.

In village after village I visited, I came to see the love and admiration people had for the Movement. Often Assyrian villagers attempted — but were not permitted — to kiss the hands of the Movement's officials to express their affection and reverence for them. In numerous Assyrian houses, I found pictures of the Movement's officials, particularly Younadam Yousip, who is an elected official in the Parliament in North Iraq.

However heroic the Assyrian achievements in the homeland have been, more needs to be done. There are many Assyrian villages that need to be rebuilt and made habitable again. People, in particular children, need to have proper amounts of food. There is a shortage of medicine. Sources of steady income need to be channelled to our people so that some sort of industry or industries may develop and allow people to live and survive on their own and overcome their difficulties — as they have begun to do. Indeed, much is needed, but judging by the good work done by the Assyrian Democratic Movement thus far, the future may be said to be encouraging.



*Assyrian village houses are modest, but have been the cradle of a great people.*



# The Faces of Assyria

*Thousands of years have passed since Nineveh has fallen. Sixty years have passed since Assyrians were massacred in Simele in 1933, when the world declared an end to their cause. Yet the Assyrians cling on, continually asserting their existence in their homeland. They are a testament to an indestructible and immortal Assyria.*





*Faces of Assyria*

*Faces of Assyria*



*Assyrian warriors, members of the Movement, patrol fields in the Barwar region.*



*Assyrian shepherds tend to their sheep on the side of a paved road in the Dohuk area.*

*The author, standing in the center, at Fish Khabur, near the site of the battle which took place between Assyrians and Iraqi troops in 1933. The site is now home to an Assyrian Democratic Movement headquarters.*



*The author, Younadam Youkhana, stands next to the wall of his father's house in Dere, from which he escaped in 1961. The house is estimated to be over five hundred years old.*

# The Establishment and the Abandonment of Assyrian Timar

*by Solomon (Sawa) Solomon*

Some two hundred years before the start of World War I, groups of Assyrians started leaving their ancestral lands in the Hakkiari Mountains and headed north to the vicinity of Lake Van in south-east Turkey to settle. The reasons for this movement were many and among them were: overpopulation, limited natural resources at home, and the relative peace that came to the Van area with the establishment of Turkish authority. And as a result, members of the different tribes moved to the southeast area of Lake Van and established fourteen Assyrian villages. The following list contains the names of the villages of Timar, their chiefs, and the names of the churches:

Village	Village Chief	Church
Hawshesur	Malham Rasho	Mar Touma
Toan	Eyou Warda	Mar Shimon
Seel	Zia Giwargis	Mar Giwargis
Armanis	Lazar Khamo	Mart Mariam
Satibak	Nissan & Khoshab	Mar Giwargis
Kharashik	Paulos & Hawil	Mar Patrus & Paulos
Gadalawa	Khomo Hawil	Mar Quryakos
Khinno	Enwiya Dawid	Mar Sliwa
Pokhanis	Touma	Mar Odisho
Aghjacha	Deacon Moshi & Warda	Mar Tukhmano
Rushan	Salim & Enwiya	Mar Giwargis
Sara	Iwas Zado	Mar Sliwa
Kharabsorik	Khammo	Mar Sliwa

The villages of Timar, with the exception of the town of Sara, were under the leadership of Malik Youkhanna Badawi of the village of Satibak. His ancestors left Tkhuma in 1704, and ended up in Timar later on. He is the great grandfather of Mar Meles, the current Bishop of Australia, and his oldest daughter is my grandmother. Before the Great War, it was his custom to accompany the Patriarch to Van whenever Mar Shimon came up north visiting. Malik Youkhanna died during the flight from Urmia to Hamadan and was succeeded by his son Malik Marawgil, who was to become the last in the line of the Maliks of Timar. His name comes up many times before and during the 1933 crisis. He died later on in Syria leaving one son.

The town of Sara, now Kazim Pasha, lies just 15 kilometers west of the Persian border, 70 kilometers due west of Khoi, and about the same distance

east of Van. Julamerk lies 125 kilometers south of Sara. Sara was on the edge of Timar, a large town, with a mixed population. It had a Turkish Governor, and it was the seat of Bishop Mar Eliya of the Church of the East. Sara had its own Assyrian Maliks and one of the last ones was Malik Sapar, a man of considerable influence in the area. He was the son of Malik Sawmo. He was followed by his son Malik Isa, and his nephew Malik Gullo. The latter is the father of Rab Emma Warranso of Habbaniya.

The Great Massacres that destroyed the Armenian population of eastern Turkey in 1915 also took their toll on Timar Assyrians. Great numbers of men, women and children were murdered. All the property was looted and the hard work of 200 years vanished in a matter of days. My father's uncle, Rayes Malham Rasho of Hawshesur, was murdered by local Kurds after he refused to deny the Christian Faith, along with his son Bram. His ancestors came from the village of Zerineh in Jeelo some two centuries earlier. May they rest in peace. Most of the Assyrians were able to survive by making it to the Armenian enclave in Van where Aram Pasha with 15 thousand Armenians were able to hold off Turks and Kurds until the Russian army arrived after defeating the Turks in Sari-Kamish. The Assyrians survived until the final collapse of the Russian armies in 1918. On March 20, 1918, the Timaris crossed into Persia joining the rest of the Assyrian nation. It is worth noting here that not one person was able to escape from the village of Seel due to the fact that it was surrounded by Kurdish villages with no avenue for escape. My father's mother, Merriam Deacon Enwiya, had come from Seel. She died during a flight in 1915 and was buried hastily. May she rest in peace. In Baquba, the Timar Assyrians lived in Camp No. 24 and it was there that Deacon Goriel Suleiman was made the assistant headman of Camp 24. It is further worthy of note that two villages of Timar Assyrians were established in Khabor after 1933.

While Timar is gone, the Timari Assyrians are not. They have multiplied and prospered. By the grace of God and by our unshaken faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, we have triumphed over a vicious and ignorant enemy that was obsessed with destroying us.



*This photo was taken on June 25, 1939 during a visit to Habbaniya (British Air Force Base), Iraq, of Mar Yosip Khnanisho, Metropolitan of the Assyrian Church of the East. A dinner reception was given to his honor by the people of Timar. Left to right: Bram Warda, Murad Younathan (the manager of N.A.A.F.I.), Deacon Morris Younathan (now in Modesto, CA), Hinnar Odisho (now in Sydney, Australia), His Grace Metropolitan Mar Yosip, Skharia Sappar, and others.*



*The great grandsons of Malik Youkhanna Badawi of the village of Satibak, one of the 14 villages of Timar: On the left is Mar Meles, the current Bishop of the Assyrian Church of the East in Australia; on the right is Solomon (Sawa) Solomon, the author of the article on Timar Assyrians.*



*The plaque held by Pat Michalski, Assistant to Governor for Ethnic Affairs, is from Governor Edgar of Illinois congratulating the Assyrian American community as they celebrated their 6744th New Year at the Rosemont which was attended by 1500 people. Michalski is flanked by Val Isaak (left), President of the Assyrian American National Federation, and Sargon Lewie (right, Midwest Regional Director).*



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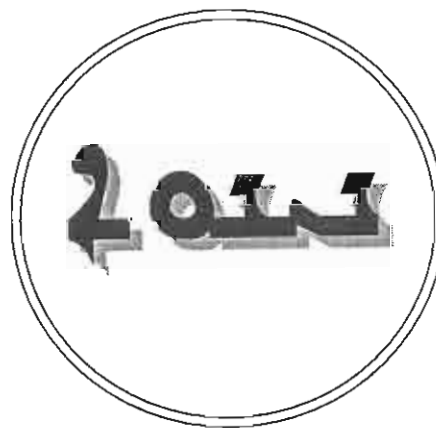
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Germaine Badal, Hayward, CA .....	125.00
Rosa Sliva, Los Angeles, CA .....	35.00
Mary Isaac, Skokie, IL .....	25.00
Henry George, Turlock, CA .....	20.00
Tony Badal, Niles, IL .....	20.00

### ***Education***

Rev. Samuel Dinkha, San Jose, CA .....	\$30.00
Solomon S. Solomon, Chicago, IL .....	20.00
Fredrick Ashouri, Danville, CA .....	20.00
Shimshon Antar, Millbrae, CA .....	65.00

### ***Needy Assyrians***

Fred Chalita, Turlock, CA .....	\$135.00
Shimshon L. Essa, Modesto, CA .....	50.00
Juliette S. Atoorzadeh, Turlock, CA .....	150.00
William K. Kanon, Modesto, CA .....	70.00
Daniel de Kelaita, San Francisco, CA .....	50.00
Donald Lazar, San Carlos, CA .....	45.00
Anonymous .....	20.00
Martin Jacob, Sonoma, CA .....	500.00
Blandina's Mediterranean Deli and .....	100.00
Market, Benicia, CA	
George Daniel, San Rafael, CA .....	25.00



# CONGRESSWOMAN HOPES FOR ASSYRIAN UNITY

*by Tay Sarguis*

Congresswoman Anna Eshoo received a good amount of support from Assyrians during her campaign for U.S. Congress, and for that she remains extremely grateful.

However, if she has one message for the Assyrians, it is that they try to do what has eluded them before: They have to unify, in order to be politically effective.

It is perhaps a message that Assyrians should heed, considering that Eshoo now works in the center of political power in the United States. And after a successful Congressional campaign, she is in a good position to understand what it takes to achieve political success.

"I think that if there's anything that Assyrians need to do, it's to pull together, to have a common agenda," Eshoo said during a recent interview in her Washington office. "Because if in fact you want to move something forward, if you're going to go to members of Congress to move that agenda, whatever it is, if people from our community speak in a hundred different voices, then how can we convince members of Congress what the most important agenda is?"

"Try to unify" is the most common advice Eshoo gives to the many Assyrian groups she meets. "I always stress that it's important that there be unity, that we leave some of the really small things by the side of the road and not lose sight of what needs to be done," she said.

However, Eshoo is far from critical of the Assyrian organizations; in fact, she said she is grateful for their existence.

"Many good things come out of the organizations," she said. "Many of them are church-centered because our people are so faith-filled, so I'm very grateful to the religious amongst us — our priests, our bishops — because they give a great deal of leadership to the community."

Lately, Eshoo said, the greatest need has been to help the Assyrians who became refugees during and after the Gulf War: "I think that the refugee issue is one of the largest of all. It should top the agenda, because our people are scattered and have suffered. They have always been victims of geography."

As a first-generation Assyrian, Eshoo, who speaks Assyrian, is quite aware of the international ties Assyrians have always had. Her parents are from Iran; her mother lived in Marseilles, France. Eshoo was born in New Britain, Connecticut. She has two children: Karen, 24, teaches philosophy in southern California, and Paul, 22, is an economics student at the University of California at Berkeley.



Prior to winning her seat in Congress, Eshoo served for 10 years on the Santa Clara County Board of Supervisors. Although it seems like quite a leap from Santa Clara to Washington, Eshoo said that her work as a supervisor prepared her well for the demands of Congress. She became very familiar with funding formulas, for example, and gained an aptitude for recognizing what will work and what won't, such as for health care programs. In all, it was extensive work. "We would joke that the only thing we weren't responsible for was foreign policy," Eshoo said.

If all of that work kept her extremely busy — Eshoo said she's had the time to see one movie in the last 10 years — her schedule has now become only more hectic, since she commutes to California weekly to stay close to her constituency in the Palo Alto area. However, she said she is not one to complain about the constant travel.

"I think that it's an enormous privilege to be here," she said. "I think, most frankly, if someone complains about those things that are part and parcel of their job . . . then they shouldn't hold onto the job. Are the schedules brutalizing and grueling? Of course. But I knew that this job was not for the faint of heart."

Eshoo said her most important and interesting committee assignments are on Science, Space and Technology — important for her Silicon Valley constituents — as well as Merchant Marine and Fisheries, where she can pursue her interest in protecting the environment. She is the chief sponsor on the House side (counterpart to Senator Barbara Boxer) on a bill that would ban drilling, incineration and dumping permanently along the entire

California coast.

Even though the number of Assyrians in her district is small — perhaps numbering only 15,000 — Eshoo described the entire Assyrian community as “extremely generous” during her campaign, helping with fundraising, publicity and other precinct work.

Eshoo believes it is important for Assyrians to become involved in the American political process, particularly the many Assyrians who have recently arrived in the United States and are new to the system.

“I think the Assyrian community is not unlike any other ethnic community. It takes more than one generation to learn,” she said. “Most ethnic groups hail from countries that are not democratic of government, and so it takes time to turn that thinking around and embrace participation and openness.

“I think that it’s important for each group to be able to identify with all of this through having their own representative there. So when the Irish were told that they need not apply for jobs in Massachusetts and in the Boston area, for them to elect Irish-Americans to local government, to their state capitol, and to the Congress of the United States, then they had someone at the table, you see. But when a group doesn’t have their own participating, it’s very difficult for them to understand or appreciate any kind of linkage [to the political system].”

Eshoo’s presence in Congress has also given her colleagues a chance to learn about Assyrians. Eshoo is the second Assyrian American ever elected to Congress; the first was Adam Benjamin, Jr. of Gary, Indiana, who served from 1977 until 1982. To start with, she sponsored Assyrian Pride and Remembrance Day, which will become part of the Congressional Record. Also, because her “last name is not Smith,” fellow representatives become curious about her background. That gives Eshoo a chance to explain the difference between Syrians and Assyrians.

It also gives her a chance to familiarize members of Congress with the plight of Assyrian refugees. Eshoo said she has “worked with the State Department on several individual cases, as well as underscoring the need for aid for Assyrians that are in camps” and those that have returned to Northern Iraq.

“Most frankly, Iraq represents, understandably, and in my view legitimately, a government and governmental leader that is not popular among Americans,” Eshoo said. “Saddam Hussein . . . has not distinguished himself at all, except to be cruel to his own people. There’s a blurring there because people that come from that part of the world are thought of as being all the same. So you have to try to untangle the legitimate views of many Americans about Saddam Hussein and the Iraqi government . . . and say that these are people that first of

all, are really not Arabs in terms of bloodlines, and that Assyrians were not viewed as being first-class citizens, ever, in Iraq.”

In the end, Eshoo said she is grateful to have the chance to help the refugees. She also enjoys interacting with Assyrian organizations, even if disagreements arise.

“All the ethnic groups, most frankly, bicker amongst one another. Italians, Hispanic-Americans, Jews — they have many splits amongst themselves, so it’s not just Assyrians. It really isn’t.”

Assyrians interested in writing to Congresswoman Eshoo’s office may direct letters to either her Washington or District offices:

1505 Longworth House Office Bldg.  
Washington, D.C. 20515-0514

698 Emerson Street  
Palo Alto, CA 94301

Keep in mind that each member of the House represents around 500,000 constituents. The first responsibility of members is to service the district residents who elected them to office. Congresswoman Eshoo’s district covers San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties and includes the cities of Palo Alto and Sunnyvale.

*Tay Sarguis wrote this article following an interview with Congresswoman Anna Eshoo. Tay graduated in 1993 from Washington College of Law of the American University in Washington, D.C. Since his graduation he has been working in the field of refugee (or asylum) law. In 1985 he graduated from the University of California, Berkeley with an AB degree in English Literature. He studied French in Paris in 1986 and was a journalist for newspapers in Manteca and Ceres (1987-88).*

## **103d CONGRESS, 1st SESSION HOUSE JOINT RESOLUTION**

**in the House of Representatives**

**Mr. Gutierrez introduced the following joint resolution; which was referred to the Committee on August 4, 1993.**

### **JOINT RESOLUTION**

Expressing the sense of Congress to establish “Assyrian Pride and Remembrance Day” to recognize the tremendous legacy of the Assyrian community and to encourage all Americans to participate in the commemoration.

Whereas the Assyrian people have a proud history around the world and in the United States, dating to the earliest moments of civilization;

Whereas the Assyrian people desire, above all else, to live in peace with their neighbors;

Whereas Americans of Assyrian heritage have contributed demonstrably to the well-being of all in the United States through hard work, sympathy for others, and maintenance of unique cultural traditions;

Whereas the history of Assyrians consists of triumphant memories as well as painful ones, including the tragic massacre at Simel;

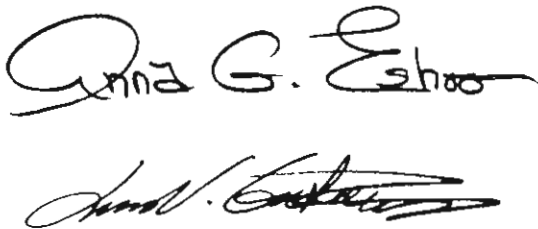
Whereas the Assyrian people have persevered in spite of such sadness, and have, indeed, thrived in a full range of endeavors undertaken as a whole and as individuals;

Whereas Assyrians have long been allies of the United States, adding vitally to victory in the First World War and to the continued struggle for peace;

Whereas the United States is a Nation that welcomes, and depends upon, people of all backgrounds, each with a story to offer others, from which America is able to craft itself into a Nation that is the envy of the world; and

Whereas all Americans, young and old, would benefit from a stronger knowledge of the Assyrian experience: Now, therefore, be it

1     *Resolved by the Senate and House of Represen-*  
2     *tatives of the United States of America in Con-*  
3     *gress assembled,* That August 7, 1993, be recog-  
4     nized nationwide as "Assyrian Pride and Re-  
5     membrance Day," an occasion for all Ameri-  
6     cans to appreciate the contributions, culture,  
7     and history of the Assyrian community. The  
8     President is authorized and requested to issue a  
9     proclamation calling upon the people of the  
10    United States to observe the day with appro-  
11    priate ceremonies and activities.



## AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT ISSUES VISAS TO ASSYRIANS

The Assyrian Australian National Federation Inc., in its Press Release of December 1, 1993, reports that on November 10, 1993, the delegates of the Federation met with the Minister for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs, Senator Nick Bolkus, and eight heads of departments. This was concerning the Assyrian refugees stranded in Greece, Turkey, Syria and Jordan, as well as a number of Assyrians from Iraq and Iran who are also stranded in Australia.

The Federation points out that the subject matter was fully discussed with the Right Honourable Paul J. Keating, the Prime Minister of Australia, eleven months ago.

The following is a summary of the outcome of the meeting with Senator Nick Bolkus and the heads of the departments:

1. The Australian government will issue 1,720 visas in 1994, mostly for Assyrian refugees in Greece, Turkey, Syria and Jordan. In 1993, 1,200 visas were issued for these refugees.
2. With respect to those Assyrians who arrived in Australia and applied for change of status before June 20, 1989, they are now accepted for permanent residency. Concerning the ones who applied after 1989, the National Executive Board of the Assyrian Australian National Federation and the Federation's immigration Standing Committee held a meeting on November 24, 1993 with the Director of New South Wales for Immigration and Ethnic Affairs. The outcome of the meeting was very successful and the results will be announced in the very near future.

*Note: 2. The Federation Immigration Standing Committee had prepared a list of all Assyrians in Australia who had applied for change of status.*

## CORRECTIONS AND CLARIFICATION

In the last issue of *Nineveh* (Fourth Quarter 1993):

- (a) In the article "The Assyrian Levies, the Final Chapter," column 2 starting with line 7 should have said "Levies were allowed to serve in the Iraqi army for three months and paid (Ed. Note: instead of "were paid") fifty dinars on discharge."
- (b) In the biography of Prof. Lilli Tamraz, column 2 on page 23, the children posing with Raabi Lilli are NOT her grandchildren. Ramina and Nahira are the niece and nephew of Madlaine Moradkhan and the children of Lorraine and Dr. Shmuel Sarmicanic.

## WEDDING BELLS RANG FOR . . .

. . . **Raymond Eshaya and Lordine Andy.** They were united in holy matrimony by Rev. Oushana Kaanon at Mar Zaia Assyrian Church of the East in Modesto, California, on Saturday afternoon, January 15, 1994, and their wedding was celebrated, in the evening, at the Civic Club of Turlock. Some 500 guests enjoyed themselves, wining and dining, and dancing to the Haroot Eskenian's music and the *kigga* songs of Robert Khanishan, a second cousin of the bride *and* the bridegroom.

The wedding was basically of and by blood relations, but it was also between two close relatives of two different nativities! The newly-weds are cousins, once removed, but the bride was born in Teheran, Iran, and the bridegroom in Baghdad, Iraq.

Raymond is the son of Florence and the late Gilbert Sammy Eshaya, a well-known former Iraqi international soccer player, and Lordine is the daughter of Gilbert's first paternal cousin, Alice (nee Aziz Eshaya) and her husband, Lenard Andy. Best man and maid of honor, Ronie Avraham Roberts and Monica William Eshaya, were family friends. Susan, the bridegroom's sister, was the bridesmaid; and the bridegroom was attended by the bride's brother, Nardin. The flower girl, Crystal Kleis, was the granddaughter of the bride's maternal aunt, Liza, and husband Davis Eshay David. The ring bearer, Sami Gilbert Eshaya, was the bridegroom's brother. The wedding reception was hosted by Davis David.

After delighting in the euphoric excitement of their wedding, the bride and the bridegroom managed to extricate themselves from the mazy company of devoted and doting relations, and flew away to Las Vegas to enjoy their honeymoon — and to puzzle out the intricate network of their relationship!

We wish the young couple a happy life together, strong enough to withstand the stress and strain of our *modern* Assyrian marriages and our "Westernized" lifestyle!

— by Mikhael K. Pius



*Bride and Bridegroom, Lordine and Raymond Eshaya.*



*Left to right: Bridesmaid Susan Gilbert Eshaya, Bridegroom and Bride, Raymond and Lordine Eshaya, and Bridegroom's mother, Florence Eshaya.*





*Left to right: Bridegroom's attendant Nardin Andy, Bride's mother Alice Andy, Bridegroom and Bride, Raymond and Lordine Andy, and Bride's father, Lenard Andy.*

## GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS EXTENDS GREETINGS . . .

To everyone gathered for the opening of the Assyrian Cultural Display at the James R. Thompson Center in Chicago, from March 28 through April 1, 1994, Governor Jim Edgar stated that: "It is truly an honor to recognize the Assyrian American community for the contributions it has made to Illinois. This exhibit, in honor of the Assyrian New Year 6744, will provide Illinoisans and visitors to Illinois

an opportunity to learn more about this community's rich cultural heritage. The acquired knowledge and awareness will benefit all citizens in many ways.

"Please accept my best wishes on this special occasion."



*Left to right: Ben Toma, Sargon David, Sargon Lewie, Gov. Edgar, John Khamis, Pishon Youkhana, Steven Odesho, and Babel Gabriel.*



# Baghdad College and Al-Hikma University Ninth Reunion

*A time to remember, recapture, renew, rejoice!*



This year the Jesuit/Baghdad Alumni Reunion will be held at:

Hyatt Regency Hotel  
San Francisco International Airport  
1333 Bay Shore Highway  
Burlingame, CA 94010

July 28-31, 1994

All activities will be held at Hyatt Regency

Make your room reservations directly with Hyatt Regency:

(415) 347-1234

## Program

Thurs. July 28	Arrival
Fri. July 29 a.m.	Speaker
p.m.	Buffet Dinner Reception
Sat. July 30 a.m.	Business Meeting & Speaker
p.m.	Banquet
Sun. July 31 a.m.	Mass, followed by Brunch

For more information, and to have your name included on the mailing list, write or call:

Brother James McDavitt, S.J.  
Jesuit Seminary & Mission Bureau  
P.O. Box 799 Back Bay Annex  
Boston, MA 02117-0799  
(617) 267-7530

It is stated that "Father Joseph MacDonnell's history of the Jesuit mission in Baghdad will be available at the reunion. There are a number of pictures interspersed among the eleven chapters which fill 340 pages. The historical data came from the New England Province archives and from literary contributions of other Jesuits and Alumni. It records and celebrates an Ignatian enterprise where men of faith, armed with little more than trust in God, overcame great obstacles to build two marvelous schools and it addressed the extraordinary close bond among the Alumni and the Jesuits."

## Editor's Note:

Many hundreds of Assyrian students have graduated from Baghdad College (High School) and Al-Hikma University. The editor of *Nineveh* is a 1946 graduate of Baghdad College. Al-Hikma University was established in 1956, six years after the editor came to the U.S. to continue his education.

## DR. EDWARD Y. ODISHO ANALYZES LANGUAGE USE OF ASSYRIANS IN IRAQ

A recent article entitled "Bilingualism and Multilingualism among Assyrians — A Case of Language Erosion and Demise" was written by Dr. Edward Y. Odisho of Chicago and appeared in a book entitled "Semitica-Serta Philologica Constantino Tsereteli Dicata," published in 1993.

Dr. Odisho presents a very interesting thesis on the historical development and evolution of our language from ancient Assyrian times to the present. The emphasis of his paper is the linguistic status of the Assyrians in Iraq from 1918 until now. Dr. Odisho is to be commended for elucidating the language development that took place in Iraq during this time among Assyrian and other Christian groups.

As part of the effort to preserve and maintain the Assyrian language he discusses two private Assyrian schools in Iraq — those of Qasha Yousip de Kaleita in Mosul (1921-1934) and Qasha Khando Yonan in Baghdad (founded in 1922). It was a great disappointment to note that no mention whatsoever was made of the school of Raabi Yacoub Bet-Yacoub in Hinaidi and Habbaniya (1934-1944) which was at least as influential as the other two, if not more. Raabi Yacoub's school went to the junior high school level and provided education to many hundreds of Assyrian students. Raabi Yacoub's administrative excellence, literary knowledge and creativity enabled the school to provide among other things community drama, such as Shakespearean plays which he had translated into Assyrian. The education at this school was at a very high and sophisticated level. We would hope that in the future such outstanding contributions would not be overlooked.

## GILYAANA'S PRESSING SECRET

by Mikhael K. Pius

### PROLOGUE:

*Early in this century the Assyrians were dislodged from their lands in Atrā<sup>1</sup> (Turkey and Iran), devastated by the trials and tribulations of the Great War, and thwarted in their struggle for resettlement by their "Christian allies" and mentors, the British, culminating in the dastardly Simmaily Massacre of defenseless villagers by the Iraqi Army in 1933. Then came their political and racial repression by Saddam's brutal security and military machinery and their uprooting in the wake of the Iraqi-Kurdish strife that followed on the heels of the violent upheaval and turmoil of the 1958 Iraqi Revolution and its coups and counter coups!*

*Between these two tumultuous eras, however, there were years of some tranquility when today's dislodged, dispersed, distressed, and disillusioned Assyrians of North Iraq enjoyed a simple but orderly village life in relative safety and peace, practicing, as well as teaching to their children, their centuries-old mode of life, national customs and Christian and family values and traditions. This is a story about one such family, in one such village, and about one such tradition . . .*

Gilyaana sat on a wooden chair among four men sitting around a small rectangular wooden table. He sat there quietly, watching and listening — and holding back a pressing secret!

He was sitting beside his uncle, Warda, and opposite him was their next-door neighbor, Zurzan. Facing Uncle Warda sat his cousin Bahram, and at the head of the table was Gilyaana's father, Hormis, sitting tall and dignified.

The men were drinking wine, eating *mazza*,<sup>2</sup> smoking, chatting and laughing. Their conversation was centered on their everyday life in their little village in North Iraq as well as about their past life in *Atra*, and about the trials and tribulations of their people's en masse flight from the Turks and Kurds immediately following the Great War, and which, although over three decades old, were still fresh in their minds.

The room was flooded with a dull orange light from a tin oil lamp burning on the wall. As Gilyaana watched and listened, a thick cloud of cigarette smoke hanging overhead smarted his eyes, and he almost felt the room rumbling and shaking with the booming voices of the men as they talked and laughed at the top of their voices.

The gathering was in celebration of the visit of Gilyaana's uncle, who lived far, far away south of their mountains in a big town where, he said, he owned a small shop. And in his honor Gilyaana's

father had sacrificed one of his lambs, and broken open his last jar of red wine for the feast they were having on the occasion.

Gilyaana watched as Uncle Warda took a sip of wine and smacked his full lips in delight! He then popped a small piece of the warm grilled lamb meat into his mouth, followed by a bit of pickled cucumber. He munched steadily, savoring the food and stifling a belch in appreciation.

Gilyaana's father looked at his brother, smiled and asked, in Assyrian: "Do you like the *mazza* of your brother's wife?"

"I am very thankful to her, my brother," Uncle Warda replied. "*Touyateh*<sup>3</sup> are very tasty and *Tour-shiyeh*<sup>4</sup> are delicious! I hope Shamaamy liked the gift my wife sent her."

"She liked it very much! We all liked it!" Gilyaana's father said, turning his head to look at the wall.

As his father gazed with adoration at the colorful machine-made carpet of Jesus' Last Supper adorning the bare mud-plastered wall of his home, Gilyaana, in turn, observed his father with a tinge of pride in his heart.

His father was dressed up in his "Sunday best": his ceremonial country dress of beige woolen trousers and a matching heavy shirt, or tunic, topped up by a dark waistcoat. Under the tunic he had a clean white shirt, and around his still-slim waist a brown sash held in place by a wide red belt with a golden

buckle. His trousers legs were decorated at the sides by hand needlework of white flower designs and there were similar handwork designs around the neck and down the front of his waistcoat. But his conical white felt hat that customarily graced his thick, black mop of hair, peppered with gray, was hanging on a nail on the wall behind him. It had a black-and-blue feather stuck rakishly in it.

Gilyaana stared at his father, as though he were in a trance! He pictured him as a king, and he thought he looked as handsome and royal as a king! He again felt the rush of pride, this time mixed with awe, and wondered if this was how a crown prince would feel towards his kingly father!

*And why should I not feel this way!* he asked himself, mentally. *Is not my father the village elder, addressed as Maalik!<sup>5</sup> And do not villagers come to seek his counsel on various matters as —* Gilyaana recalled his Bible lessons — *as King Solomon's people sought their king's wisdom?*

Gilyaana silently wished his father long life and hoped that he, too, would grow up to be like him. God forbid, but if someday it became necessary for him to take his father's place in the village, he prayed that he would be worthy of his name!

Presently Gilyaana's father picked up his glass, half-filled with last year's vintage of their home-made red wine. He raised it up to the level of his head, and toasted the love of the group before drinking. Then his strong brown face, with his large brown eyes, thick black eyebrows and bushy mustache, softened with a broad smile as he repeated his earlier greeting: "You are welcome to your brother's home and to your own village, my brother Warda! My home is your home!"

Uncle Warda's round, chubby face beamed with pleasure. "I thank you, my brother, and may God replenish your home!" he replied. "And . . . protect Gilyaana for you!" he added as an afterthought, looking and smiling at Gilyaana.

Gilyaana smiled back at his uncle, sensing a warmth in his face. He felt happy and proud to be sitting among men!

But when he watched them sipping their drinks, puffing on their cigarettes, talking and laughing out and enjoying themselves, his secret desire took hold of him once again. He had a sudden impulse to bring it out into the open, and wondered what it would be like to share his secret and actually be one of them! But on second thought, he knew it was improper and that he could not muster the courage to do it!

*But why am I afraid?* he questioned himself, mentally. *After all, I, too, am a man — or almost. Am I not now using my father's razor — even though on the sly! — to shave off the hair on my face! And is not my voice now strong and deep like my father's? And what about the hard work I do in the field and the orchard alongside my father after returning from Qaasha<sup>6</sup> Shumon's Bible class! Are not these signs that I am*

*like them!*

Despite all these thoughts to support his mental claim to equal rights as a man, Gilyaana knew he could not assert himself. And he feared that the revelation of his secret would surprise everyone — including himself!

He was sure of his father's love for him. But he also knew the limit of his father's indulgence as well as his adherence to tribal customs and family tradition! And like a typical Assyrian son, he always regarded his father with reverence, as though he were a holy man, and would never dream of displeasing him. He stood in awe of him, so much so that he sometimes felt shy even to talk to him in the presence of other men, let alone do something that might embarrass him (and himself) in front of others!

While Gilyaana's mind struggled with these thoughts, his eyes were focused on the mouths of the men as they chatted away, munched, sipped, and blew puffs of smoke into the air.

Just then he felt a hand rest upon his shoulder. He turned and looked into the beaming face of his uncle.

"Hey, *Khorie*, "<sup>7</sup> his uncle said, "you are so quiet and solemn, as if you are sitting in church! What are you thinking about! Are you not enjoying yourself! Come on, eat, talk and laugh and be merry!" So saying, he gently bent down and planted a tender kiss right on the shiny boil-scar Gilyaana had on his left cheek.

Gilyaana smiled back at his uncle and felt his face glowing with the intense emotion of being loved!

Uncle Warda was a kind and affectionate man! He was the only brother of Gilyaana's father, and Gilyaana had not seen him ever since he took his wife and went to live and work in the big town many years ago.

Younger than his father, he was no more than 40 years old. He was also shorter than his father, but had a fuller figure with a round belly. Gilyaana smiled as he recalled how Uncle Warda's round belly shook and quivered, like — like his mother's butter-churning *goida*<sup>8</sup> — every time he laughed! And Uncle Warda did laugh a lot! That, along with his cheerful pinkish round face, and with the little brown mustache under his small nose, made him funny and lovable at the same time. But the most wonderful feature of his uncle's face were his large hazel eyes! And they crinkled whenever he laughed or smiled. Uncle Warda always said that he resembled their late mother, and that his brother Hormis took after their late father.

When his uncle hugged and kissed him on his arrival the day before, he tousled his hair and said, "I once had full brown hair like yours, Gilyaana, but did not have your two beautiful strands bleached yellow by the sun!" Most of Uncle Warda's once

n hair had fallen out, leaving only a few thin  
as the humble survivors upon his shiny pinkish scalp!

*But this does not matter, Gilyaana told himself, because Uncle Warda is a handsome man who loves to chat, laugh, have a good time and make everyone happy. And I love him! And his name, Warda, is as pretty and fragrant as its namesake, the rose!*

Gilyaana used to be quite chummy with his uncle when he was a little boy. But because Gilyaana had not seen Uncle Warda for many years, he felt somewhat shy now to chat with him. Encouraged by his uncle's display of affection, however, he opened his mouth to confide in him, but losing courage, he changed his mind. Instead, he just gazed into his uncle's beautiful crinkling eyes, smiled and said nothing.

As if reading his mind, his uncle asked: "*Khorie*, do you have something to tell your uncle?"

Gilyaana flushed, smiled and shook his head.

His uncle then turned his attention from Gilyaana to his brother's cloth tobacco pouch lying on the table. "I have not smoked of my brother's tobacco for a long time," he said as he picked it up and began to roll himself a cigarette.

Disappointment and remorse enveloped Gilyaana's thoughts. He upbraided himself mentally for lacking courage and confidence in broaching the subject and asserting his wish! He knew that Uncle Warda, in particular, was a kind and thoughtful man, and would understand his need, for he remembered how he used to pamper and cuddle him when he was a little boy at the time they all lived together in the same house. He was his best friend. Often-times, upset by his mischief, his parents would scold or spank him. But Uncle Warda would come to his aid to protect and comfort him. And he would give him anything he asked for. And he was such fun to be with! Gilyaana smiled as he recalled how his uncle used to turn his crying moments into bouts of laughter by his funny shadow puppetry on the wall at night, with socks on his hands!

*Perhaps my uncle pampered me then because I was a little boy and because he had no children of his own, Gilyaana reasoned. And now that I am grown up and he has his own children, it might be different. But Uncle Warda was kind and generous with everyone, Gilyaana reassured himself, and I am sure he is still the same person. He will understand and appreciate my need. And unlike my father, he is carefree and liberal! For Uncle Warda's sake, even my father might not be displeased with me on such a happy occasion. Why, then, do I hesitate to tell?*

When Uncle Warda had rolled his cigarette, he fished out of the pocket of his city coat, hanging on the wall behind him, a pretty black-and-white cigarette holder. He carefully inserted his cigarette into it and then gripped it between his even teeth.

As he was about to light his cigarette, Uncle Warda suddenly glanced at Gilyaana and caught him watching his action with rapt attention.

"Hey, *Khorie*, do you like my cigarette holder?" he asked, smiling.

Gilyaana grinned back, sheepishly. "Yes, it is pretty!"

Smiling impishly and playfully blinking his eyes rapidly at Gilyaana, Uncle Warda bent his head towards him and whispered: "Do you like to try a cigarette?"

"Yes!" he replied in a hushed tone. "But, Uncle, I must not smoke yet. And I would be ashamed to smoke in front of you and my father!" Gilyaana smiled again, flushing.

"Oh!" his uncle exclaimed. "But you are old enough, and it is time now you tried a cigarette!"

"My father will not permit it!" Gilyaana blurted out.

"Don't worry, he will not object on this happy occasion!"

"No, Uncle, I cannot smoke!" Gilyaana protested weakly.

"Oh, come on, try one for my sake!" his uncle coaxed, grinning and playfully blinking his eyes at Gilyaana. "Do you want one of my packet cigarettes or one of your father's?"

Gilyaana cast a furtive glance at his father. He was in deep conversation with Bahram and Zurzan. He then stared at his uncle's pretty cigarette holder, not knowing what to say.

His Uncle's quick eyes noticed Gilyaana's interest. Placing his loaded cigarette holder on the table, he picked up the tobacco pouch again. "I think you would like me to roll you one," he said.

Gilyaana stared at his father again and wondered if he had done the right thing in virtually accepting his uncle's offer!

*My father disapproves of smoking by boys, because it is against our customs, Gilyaana thought. He might not permit me to smoke! If he does, for Uncle Warda's sake, I would be ashamed to smoke in his presence. And if I do smoke, then my smoking might cause him embarrassment!*

*My father is strict about his beliefs! But he is also pliable sometimes, especially when he has had a few drinks and is in a good mood. He seems to be in "high spirits" already! But is he "in the mood?"*

Gilyaana's train of thought was broken when Uncle Warda nudged him and held out the cigarette he had made for him, saying: "Take, *Khorie*, take!"

Gilyaana grinned sheepishly, glanced at his father again and hesitated.

"Do not be ashamed," Uncle Warda coaxed with a smile, blinking his crinkling eyes rapidly in fun.

Gilyaana took the cigarette timidly and stole yet another glance towards his father. His father was

now staring at him from under his black eyebrows while his fingers fondled his bushy mustache.

"My brother Warda, Gilyaana does not smoke," his father said.

Uncle Warda grinned, apparently amused at his brother's concern. "I know, my brother," he said, "but he is growing up and he will only try one cigarette tonight just for the sake of this rejoicing."

"But, my brother Warda, it is not good to teach him to smoke!" his father protested.

"Ah, my brother! Gilyaana will not learn by smoking just one cigarette," his uncle returned. "And if he does not smoke now, he will smoke next year or after a few years. He is growing into a man, and all men of our tribe smoke!"

"Not until he has reached the marrying age!" Gilyanna's father said. "He is only 15 years old, and you know smoking is harmful!"

"Ah, my brother! He is no younger than we were when we started to smoke. Do you not remember how we would 'borrow' tobacco from the pouch of our late father — God rest him in paradise — and sneak out to smoke?"

"Sneak out and smoke behind the village garbage heap?" asked Gilyaana's father. "Smoking is a bad habit and we were fools! I do not want my son to be a fool as we were! And you know well that boys — and young unmarried men — of our people don't smoke, or drink, in the presence of their elders!"

Bahram and Zurzan endorsed Hormis' view with somber nodding of their heads.

"Very well, very well, my dear brother!" exclaimed his uncle, throwing his hands up in mock defeat and smiling. "You are quite right, and you have two to support you! I have only Gilyaana with me. Are you on my side, *Khorie*?"

Gilyaana smiled guiltily, as Zurzan and Bahram cackled.

"But, my brother Hormis, this is a happy occasion, and for my sake you will please permit Gilyaana to try a few puffs," persisted his uncle. "But he will promise not to smoke again until he is fully grown up. Do you promise, *Khorie*?" he asked, blinking his eyes at Gilyaana as he struck a match.

Gilyaana looked at his father, blushed and hesitated. But when he noticed his father smiling faintly and nodding his head, he timidly stuck the cigarette in his mouth.

Gilyaana bent his head down to the flame. He felt his cheeks and ears growing hot and he knew it wasn't from the heat of the match! His uncle smiled at him, but the other three men watched him with keen interest — *like the interest my three classmates, Jangu, Gagga and Davku, show in class whenever I read my Bible lesson, hoping I would stumble and get a "lashing" from Qaasha Shumon!*, Gilyaana thought.

As Gilyaana took a couple of awkward puffs on his cigarette, Uncle Warda suddenly picked up the

pitcher of wine on the table. "I will give you a little drink, too," he said with a smile and a wink at Gilyaana, as though the two were sharing a mischievous secret.

Gilyaana eyed his father. He was watching them while he listened to Zurzan and Bahram's conversation.

"No, Uncle . . . I will not drink!" Gilyaana declined feebly.

His uncle glanced at his brother and back at Gilyaana. "Ah, *Khorie*, do not be afraid," he said. "Tonight is a special day! It is for rejoicing. Enjoy yourself! You are now trying your first cigarette. You should also drink your first wine to get used to its taste! My late father — God rest him in paradise — used to say that no man of our tribe is a man if he doesn't smoke and drink on a happy occasion. And tonight is a happy day! And this is a trial for you! But you should not smoke or drink again until the day of your marriage! Promise? But then you can smoke and drink as much as you want. But don't smoke and drink too much and become sick on your wedding night!" Uncle Warda teased, with an impish smile and a wink.

Gilyaana lowered his head and blushed.

With a mischievous smile at his brother, Uncle Warda then half-filled a glass with the sparkling red wine from the pitcher and handed it to Gilyaana. "Take, *Khorie*," he said, "and drink this for the love of all of us!"

Gilyaana looked at the glass and hesitated for a moment. He then recalled that he had helped his father in the crushing of the two huge basketfuls of the big, juicy, black grapes for the very same wine. He took the glass and looked at his father again as though seeking his consent.

Playing with his mustache, his father was staring pointedly at the glass in Gilyaana's hand. Gilyaana, in turn, eyed his glass in confusion and wondered if he should not reject the drink.

"But, brother Warda, you are not doing well!" exclaimed Gilyaana's father. "You are spoiling my son's habits! And that drink of wine will make him sick!"

"Ah, my brother, what is a little drink to a big boy?" Uncle Warda brushed aside his brother's apprehension. "A little wine is not harmful, but is good for the body!" He then blew a whiff of smoke up in the air and raised his glass. "Ah, drink up, my brethren! This is the juice of life!" he cried out jovially, like a poet.

Gilyaana's father's set face suddenly softened with a smile. "My brother Warda," he said, "it is of no use arguing with you! You never take anything seriously! You have been spoiling Gilyaana ever since he was a baby!"

"Ah, come, *Khorie*, raise it up to your head!" Uncle Warda coaxed Gilyaana, as he raised his own



glass to his mouth and took a big gulp, smacking his lips. "Ay,<sup>9</sup> may your root never dry up!" he exclaimed, staring at the glass in his hand, with an exaggerated smile on his face.

Gilyaana's father shook his head and laughed in amusement — and apparent frustration!

Gilyaana's hand shook slightly as he timidly raised his glass. *Bkhoubbokhon!*<sup>10</sup> he choked out the Assyrian common toast, putting the glass to his lips and swallowing a mouthful.

The sharp and bitter-sweet liquid burned his throat. He withdrew the glass from his lips with a shudder and lowered his head, coughing.

Uncle Warda looked on and chuckled, and the rest watched and grinned.

Aware that all the men were watching him, Gilyaana laid his burning cigarette in the ash saucer and set his wine glass on the table, squirming in his chair.

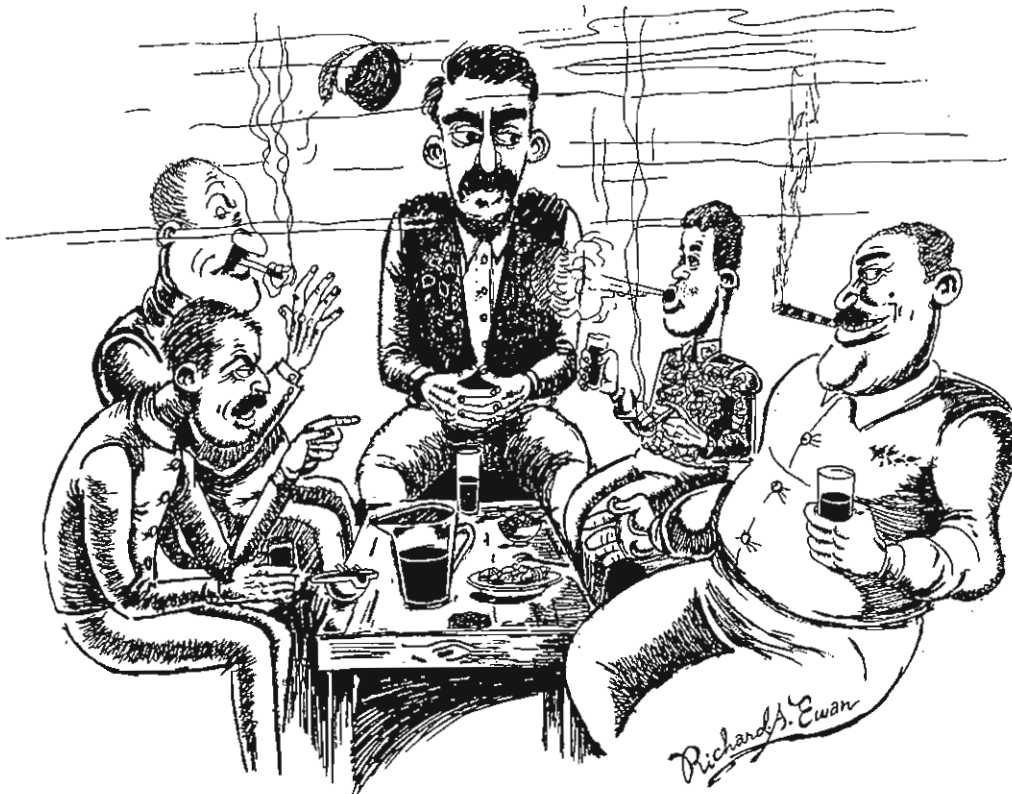
Uncle Warda gently patted him on the back, still chuckling. But his father was now looking at him from under his black eyebrows, in silence. Although there was concern in his large, brown eyes and his broad chin and square jaws were set, he had a faint smile of amusement on his face. Bahram was watching and smiling thoughtfully. But Zurzan's look was the most unsettling to Gilyaana! He was glowering into Gilyaana's eyes through his small, narrow, pale-gray eyes, with a fixed smirk on his

thick lips. Even his shiny bald head seemed to be glaring into his eyes and laughing at him, Gilyaana thought.

Gilyaana had once bloodied the nose of Zurzan's son, Jangu, in a fight, and evidently Zurzan had not forgotten it! And although Zurzan was uttering no verbal criticism, it was apparent to Gilyaana that he was now avenging himself on him by gloating over his uneasiness!

Gilyaana wished he could stick out his tongue and wrinkle his nose at Zurzan and turn the smirk on his face to a deep frown! But because he was their neighbor and an elderly guest at their house, he knew he just could not do it even if he could muster the bravado! But he did sneak one long draw on his cigarette and blow a huge puff of smoke — towards Zurzan!

Then Gilyaana felt his neck and forehead perspiring under Zurzan's intense stare, and soon his face was damp and his shirt collar felt clammy upon his neck. He longed to wipe his sweaty face with his sleeve, but he feared such action would betray his predicament. He only brushed his palm quickly over his brow and head, pretending he was only smoothing down his hair. Then he suddenly had a panicky desire to stalk out of the room! But he knew he could not do this either as long as the men's attention was on him. He feared that if he walked



Uncle Warda's round belly shook with chuckles, and the other men watched with interest as Gilyaana, squirming in his seat, with a wine glass in his unsteady hand, nervously blew out a huge puff of smoke toward Zurzan's beady eyes boring into him!



out while their eyes were still upon him, he would not "have the face" to return to their company. And yet to sit there and absorb the heat of the critical looks was an ordeal!

However, Gilyaana sat still and endured his situation for a while longer. But as soon as he noticed that the men's attention had shifted away from him, he decided to sneak out. Leaving his burning cigarette in the ash saucer and his still half-filled glass of wine on the table, he quietly pushed his chair back and shuffled out on to the veranda, whistling in a low key.

His mother was bending over the glowing *ojakhta*,<sup>11</sup> preparing dinner. As he stepped out a spicy aroma hit his face! His nostrils quivered with pleasure and his mouth watered.

"Where are you going, my son?" his mother asked as he stepped off the veranda into the orchard. "I am going to set the *soupra*<sup>12</sup> soon. I have already cooked the *dolma*,<sup>13</sup> and *kepty*<sup>14</sup> is about ready."

"Nowhere, my mother," Gilyaana replied. "I will just stand in the moonlight for a little while."

Gilyaana stepped out into the chilly autumn night. Applying his sleeve, he dried his brow and went forward to encounter more of the fresh air. A sigh of relief escaped him as the mild but nippy wind fanned his face and neck, drying them. He felt his tension draining away and a soothing relaxation surging through his body.

After a while, Gilyaana heard his mother calling his name. He braced himself and went inside to rejoin the men.

Sometime after everyone had enjoyed his mother's delicious dinner of spiced *kifty*, and grape-leaves *dolma* fortified with pickles and *lawasheh*,<sup>15</sup> Bahram and Zurzan took their leave and left for their homes, and Gilyaana entered his little room, said his prayers and went to bed. He laid awake "eavesdropping" as his parents sat up for a more intimate chat with Uncle Warda over old times.

It was almost midnight when Gilyaana finally heard his uncle say good night to his parents and enter the semi-darkness of his room. He quietly took off his shoes, socks, and upper clothes and got into the bed Gilyaana's mother had made for him on the floor alongside her son's bed.

Gilyaana kept still, pretending that he was asleep, and listened to the inaudible whispering of his uncle's prayers. And soon after, his room went into total darkness when he heard his mother blow out the oil lamp in the sitting room, after tidying up.

Gilyaana lay in the darkness reviewing the day's events, with a nagging feeling of disappointment and frustration. Although he had achieved his secret wish, his physical craving remained unsatisfied and therefore unfulfilled. To overcome the nagging feeling, he tried to fall asleep. But all he did was turn and toss and think — and stay wide awake! — while his uncle slept, breathing evenly. Gilyaana

knew the only way to have peace of mind and fall asleep was to satisfy his physical craving!

After some faint ruffling, swishing and stirring noises in his parents' adjoining room, finally a faint sound of snoring reached Gilyaana's attuned ears through their widely cracked door.

Gilyaana carefully got out of bed and put on his pants and coat lying by his bed. Quietly and slowly, he treaded his way out into their sitting room. Although the room was in pitch darkness, he was able to grope his way to the wooden rectangular table without bumping into anything. His only fear was that the objects of his seeking might be removed.

Slowly and carefully he felt the top of the table with his hand. It touched a cool object. It was the pitcher of wine! He grabbed it by the handle and raised it to his mouth, greedily swallowing several mouthfuls of the strong bitter-sweet drink. He took precaution to avoid choking on it and coughing, but some wine trickled down his chin and on to his chest. Next, his hand sought his uncle's packet of city cigarettes and the box of matches. He moved his hand this way and that on the table, but could not find them. In his impatience, he jerked his hand! It hit something and the object fell off to the ground with a thud. Just then he heard his uncle stir in his bed! Gilyaana froze in a dark silence, his heart beating fast. He waited for a few minutes in his "paralyzed" position, but heard no other sound or movement. Cautiously, his hand felt the dirt floor and found the packet of cigarettes. He took one out and stuck it in his mouth. His hand then felt out for the matches, but the only thing it touched was the ash saucer!

Gilyaana sat on the ground, weak with frustration! How could he smoke his cigarette without matches! The matches were probably in his father's and in his uncle's pockets! But how was he to get to them in the darkness without waking them?

Sick with disappointment, Gilyaana took the cigarette out of his mouth. He was about to insert it back into the packet and return to his bed when he remembered his mother's match box. He had seen it often by her *Ojakhta*! But was it there now?

Holding his breath, Gilyaana very cautiously unbolted the door, without a sound! But when he opened it, the door creaked audibly on its hinges! Gilyaana heard his uncle stir in his bed and cry out: "Who is it?" Gilyaana once again froze with fright, his heart thumping!

"It is me, Uncle!" he choked out. "I am going to the outhouse."

"Oh," his uncle said, reassured.

Gilyaana stepped out onto the moon-flooded veranda and smiled with relief when he spotted his mother's box of matches on the rim of her *ojakhta*. Sticking the cigarette in his mouth once again, he

picked up the box and struck a match.

Advancing a few paces into the orchard, out of hearing distance, he drew hard on the lighted cigarette and inhaled the smoke deeply, coughing convulsively. He repeated the new experience several times, blowing out big puffs of smoke into the air.

Presently, Gilyaana felt a strange sensation stealing into his head and stomach — a dizziness accompanied by nausea. He realized at once it was due to the smoke he had inhaled and the wine he had swallowed, and he feared he might vomit.

*Oh, no! I should not! If I vomit now, it will mean that I am still a boy and have failed to prove — at least to myself — that I am a man!*

Gilyaana stared at the glowing half-smoked cigarette in his hand with disgust. He threw it down and crushed it under his foot!

*My father was right then, he thought with remorse. A cigarette has more harm than good! Truly, it has no good at all! What good has it when I swallow smoke and then get dizzy and sick! Both smoking and drinking are in fact harmful. I should not have tested my father's judgment in the first place! My father is always right! True, he is a strict man, but he is also a wise man, otherwise why would the villagers come to him to ask for advice?*

*Uncle Warda is a good man, too, and I love him. But he is a happy man who loves fun and a good time on happy occasions, and does not want to disappoint anyone! And like eating, drinking and smoking also give him — and some other people — pleasure. But what is the pleasure for me if I inhale acrid smoke and swallow distasteful liquid only to choke on them and then suffer the discomfort of nausea and dizziness?*

But one thing puzzled Gilyaana: Since his father knew smoking and drinking were no good, why then did he himself smoke and drink? Did he, like Uncle Warda, enjoy them, or was it just a habit, or a social requirement as Uncle Warda had said? He knew his father was not a habitual smoker, but he did smoke a few cigarettes on special occasions. He also knew that he did not overdrink, because he could not remember ever seeing him drunk.

Well, he would ask his father about this one day, Gilyaana decided. Perhaps like his father, he, too, would smoke and drink on happy occasions like this when he grew up into a real man and got over the unpleasant reaction of smoking and drinking. But right now he did not like at all the funny feeling wine and cigarette had given him and he promised himself not to touch them again, at least not until he was fully grown up — or until his wedding day!

Presently, Gilyaana felt his nausea increasing! He clasped his hand under his belly and pressed as if to relieve the sensation. Instead, the queer feeling began to rise up into his thorax. Then his mouth started watering with a sour saliva. The saliva originated at the base of his jaws and spread out,

filling his mouth, till he was forced to squirt it out. He spat out several times, but his mouth kept filling again. He tried to swallow repeatedly and force the nausea down, belching and drawing air into his lungs. "*Akh, Baabie!*"<sup>16</sup> he moaned to his absent father as he stooped against his will, seized by a violent grip of the motion.

Clamping his mouth shut, Gilyaana ran to a remote part of the orchard and stooped. He retched a few times and then threw up. The violent ejection and the stomach contraction felt as though his guts were being clawed out! He went through the same painful motion two more times, coughing and groaning.

Finally relieved, Gilyaana straightened up, his head throbbing. He remembered his father saying once that cold water and fresh air were good medicines. He hastened to the brook that ran by their orchard and washed in the clear cold water that curled away in a silver sliver in the moonlight. He filled his mouth twice and gurgled. With cupped hands, he scooped and swallowed two mouthfuls and splashed handfuls of cold water on his face and neck. Rivulets of water trickled down his chest and back, making him shiver. Time and again he filled his lungs with the pure cold air and exhaled. Strangely enough, he began to feel better! The nausea gradually went away and the throbbing in his temples abated. He still felt a bit giddy, but he knew that, too, would soon disappear.

Gilyaana stood in the chilly moonlight a while longer, inhaling and exhaling and listening to the faint chirping of insects and the whisper of the mild wind playing among the rustling, falling leaves. He then turned and walked back towards the door and to his warm bed, still a little woozy but wiser for his painful experience.

### Glossary of Assyrian terms used in the story.

1. Atra: "Old Country" in the Hakkiari Mountains of Turkey and the Plain of Urmia in Iran, where Assyrian tribes and clans lived for many centuries following the fall of their empire.
2. Mazza: Hors d'oeuvres or appetizers eaten while drinking.
3. Touyateh: Small pieces of spitted meat broiled over open fire.
4. Tourshiyeh: Pickles.
5. Maalik: Village alderman or chief.
6. Qaasha: Priest.
7. Khorie: My fellow, or my pal.
8. Goida: Cured goatskin used for butter churning.
9. Ay!: An expression equivalent to "Oh!"
10. Bkhoubbokhoun!: A drinking toast, literally meaning "To your love!" but equivalent to the American "Here's to you!"
11. Ojakhta: Homemade wood or coal stove used mostly to cook a meal over it.

12. Soupra: A spread cloth upon which food is set for a meal, whether on the table or on the ground.
13. Dolma: Half-boiled grape leaves, cabbage, or chard, packed with spiced ground meat mixed with rice and garnished, when cooking, with herbs, spices, oil and lemon juice. Mixed or combination dolma is made of hollowed whole eggplants, gurbens, tomatoes and onions, basically stuffed and garnished with the same ingredients.
14. Kipty: Stew of tennisball-sized ground and spiced mutton or beef.
15. Lawasheh: Large, thin sheets of Assyrian bread that keeps for weeks, baked in large clay ovens built below ground surface.
16. Akh, Baabiel: An Assyrian moaning expression, literally meaning "Oh, my father!" and equivalent to the American "Oh, my God!"

## YOUTH

by Samuel Ullman

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind; it is not a matter of rosy cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a matter of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions; it is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity of the appetite, for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of 60 more than a boy of 20. Nobody grows old merely by a number of years. We grow old by deserting our ideals.

Years may wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, fear, self-distrust bows the heart and turns the spirit back to dust.

Whether 60 or 16, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the unfailing childlike appetite of what's next and the joy of the game of living. In the center of your heart and my heart there is a wireless station: so long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage and power from men and from the Infinite, so long are you young.

When the aeries are down, and your spirit is covered with snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are grown old, even at 20, but as long as your aeries are up, to catch waves of optimism, there is hope you may die young at 80.

### Editor's Note:

1. *The Essay was submitted by Eshaya H. Isaac, Skokie, IL.*
2. *The above short essay appeared in the Washington Post (Sept. 17, 1990) and was reprinted in Reader's Digest (January 1991). We are reprinting it here because it carries a universal message to all men and women, old and young alike, about how to live in the fullness and beauty of life. It is stated*

*that General Douglas MacArthur often quoted Ullman's "Youth" essay and kept a framed copy over his desk throughout the Pacific campaign. It is believed that the Japanese picked up the work from his Tokyo headquarters.*

*The Washington Post article points out that the essay, written more than 70 years ago, is the basis of much Japanese productivity and the foundation of many businessmen's life philosophies. Many carry creased copies in their wallets. "Anyone worth his salt in Japanese business knows and uses this essay," said one longtime Japan observer.*

*A few "years ago, several hundred top businessmen and government leaders gathered in Tokyo and Osaka to celebrate their admiration of Ullman's essay. Testimonials abounded, including one from Konosuke Matsushita, founder of the Panasonic Company, who said 'Youth' has been his motto for 20 years."*

*Samuel Ullman was born in 1840 in Germany, and came to the United States as a boy. He fought in the Civil War and settled in Birmingham, Alabama.*

## Assyrian Americans Who Served in the Armed Forces of the United States in World War II

In 1943 the Assyrian National Association of Chicago published a magazine containing pictures of Assyrian Americans, mainly from the Chicago area, who were in the Armed Forces of the United States at that time. In 1993 the American Assyrian AMVET Post No. 5 of Chicago reprinted the magazine with some additions from the Korean and Vietnam wars. This was "dedicated to perpetuating the memory of gallant Assyrian men and women who took an active part in wars to preserve Freedom, Liberty and Justice."

The AMVET Post is in the process of erecting a memorial monument at Elmwood Cemetery in Chicago to honor these veterans. They are asking Assyrians to join in this project by contributing funds (tax deductible) which may be sent to:

Assyrian Veteran Memorial Fund  
9042 N. Central  
Morton Grove, IL 60053

When America entered World War II on December 7, 1941, there were some 15 to 20 thousand Assyrians living in the Chicago area. A large number of men and women entered various branches of the Armed Forces of the U.S. Many saw combat in all theaters of operation. Some were wounded, others were killed and several were taken prisoner — including Frank Yonan, who survived the infamous Bataan Death March in the Philippines as a prisoner of the Japanese Army.

*Pictures next two pages*



Assyrian American Association Ladies Auxiliary A Unit of Red Cross - WWII.



## SPECIAL RECOGNITION



**1ST. LT. GENE BADAL**  
Silver Star



**CONG. ADAM BENJAMIN**  
West Point Graduate  
WWII & Korea



**SGT. SAUL JOSEPH**  
Silver Star



**CAPT. WILLIAM JOSEPH**  
Chicago's Most Decorated Soldier WWII



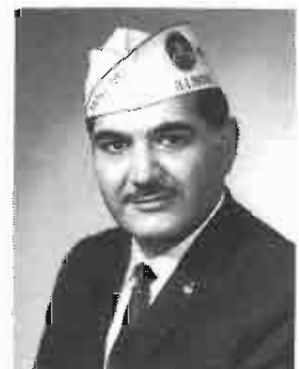
**CAPT. LAWRENCE G. KHEOROO, M.D.**  
WWII and Korean War



**1ST LT. PAUL D. NEWAY**  
Military Intelligence  
Chief Investigator  
for State of Illinois



**CAPT. JOHN NIMROD**  
State Senator  
World War II & Korea



**LINCOLN TAMRAZ**  
Amvet National Commander



**LT. COMMANDER ROBERT R. YOHANAN**  
Naval Academy  
Naval Adviser in Vietnam  
Air Medal, Bronze Star Combat



**FRANK YONAN**  
Survivor of Batan  
Death March



**MAJOR KENNETH YONAN**  
West Point Graduated  
Advisor for Vietnam Officers



**LT. COL. MARSHALL YONAN, M.D.**



**MAJOR RICHARD (TONY) YONAN**  
Pilot - Aircraft Maintenance Officer  
Served in WWII, Korea, Vietnam  
Instructor on B-25, B-24, B-29  
20 Years Service - 20 Medals



# KILLED IN ACTION



SGT. ARTHUR ABRAHAM



PVT. SAUL BABA



W.O. CHARLES ELISHA



SGT. DANIELS JACK  
MIA



LT. JAMES JACOBS



PHILLIP LAZAR



JOSEPH MICHAEL



WILLIAM MILCO



PVT. JOHN ODISHOO



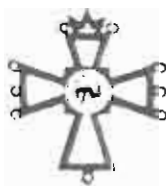
ALBERT PETERS



PVT. GERALD GARGIS

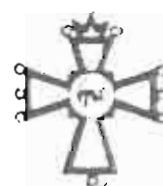


LT. ROBERT SARGIS



MAJOR KENNETH YONAN

GEORGE DAVID  
PICTURE  
UNAVAILABLE





# NOTES ON GAILANI CAMP ASSYRIANS

by Solomon (Sawa) Solomon

After the closing of the Great Refugee Camp of Baquba in 1920, a small group of Assyrians settled in the Eastern Baghdad Suburb of Gailani Camp, named after the Moslem religious leader (Sheikh Abdul Kader Gailani), and was owned by a local man named Chorbachi. These Assyrians lived in makeshift tents amid date palm trees. The streets at night were very dark and unsafe to walk through and they were posted by oil lamps at a distance of 100 feet apart. At this juncture a number of Assyrians from the Jeelu Tribe left Gailani to form the Railway Camp of West Baghdad. However as time passed, life for the remaining Assyrians started improving. Mud brick houses replaced the tents, schools and churches were established, and by the late thirties electricity arrived. The camp then became the major Assyrian center in the city.

In Iraq, the local government appointed a man with the title "Mukhtar" to represent a designated group of people, or area. He was sort of a village headman, so Assyrian Mukhtars started appearing in Gailani from early on.

The following is a brief account of some of these Mukhtars. The information is sketchy and may be chronologically inaccurate, because it is difficult to find documentation on the subject. Here I also wish to express my gratitude to Raabi Youab Yonan of Turlock and Doctor Sargon Odisho of greater Chicago.

- *Mukhtar Raabi Andrious Odisho of Degala:* He operated a school in the camp with his wife Raabi Almas during the early twenties. He also took on the duties of Mukhtar until 1926 when he left Baghdad for Kermanshah, Iran. He died in the United States in 1961.
- *Mukhtar Aurahim of Soporghan:* One of the early Mukhtars. To this dedicated Assyrian goes the credit of converting the Assyrian Tent City into mud brick houses. He tried to help his people freely until word was passed to Chorbachi that Aurahim was cheating him, so he was fired from his position and forced to flee to Iran.
- *Mukhtar Polus:* Not much is known about him except that he died in office and was buried by the Chaldean Priest Odisho.
- *Mukhtar Nimrod:* All that we know is that he followed Polus.
- *Mukhtar Deryawish Alexander, 1899-1974:* This man held the office for 30 years. He was the son of Doctor Yohannan. Having come from Khanaquin in 1930, he became the Mukhtar that same year and held the position until 1960, when he emigrated to San Francisco. He died there in 1974.

Because of the presence of Armenians in Gailani, the place was sometimes called camp El Arman by local Arabs, and there were at times Armenian Mukhtars, among them of recent times were Mukhtars Mishak and Abraham.

In early 1950 the new church of Mar Kardagh was consecrated thanks to a group of capable and dedicated Assyrians, among whom were Deacon Sawa Shalita, Deacon Goliat Antar, Richard Kelaita, and Mikhail Kachow. Later that same year a new priest was ordained for the church by the name of Kasha Goriel Suleiman. Rev. Goriel did not appreciate the fact that the Assyrians of Gailani Camp were paying rent for decades to Chorbachi, who would not give them the deeds to the land that their housing stood on. So he went on looking for suitable property for his congregation. After 13 special trips to the various suburbs of Baghdad, he settled on a piece of land in New Baghdad named Nuairiyah and Gayarah. The price was reasonable and the area was suitable. Thus a new Assyrian center emerged around the newly built church of Mart Maryam. Reverend Goriel died in 1966.

Today our people are still living in Gailani Camp, seven decades after the first Assyrian set foot on it. It has permanence, unlike places like Baquba, Mandan, Hinaidi, and Habbaniya. Gailani Camp will always be a major element of Assyrian collective identity.



The Official Seal of  
Mukhtar Andrious Odisho of Degala.



*In 1949, the foundation for Mar Kardagh Parish, Assyrian Church of the East, Gailani Camp, was laid by the newly elected Church Committee. Forefront laying the brick foundation is Richard Kelaita. (Submitted by Jacob Yohanan, Australia.)*

*Front row (l to r): William Aghajan, Jacob Yohanan, David Oda, Mikhail Kachow, Shmouel Shawel, Shawel Banna, Ashur Kelaita, Michael Rehana, Shamasha (Deacon) Sawa Shalita, Edward Awisha, Johnson Kelaita. Back row (l to r): Paulos Pera, Akhshirish Malik, Zalpa Khnanisho, Nimrod Oda, Eshaya Shalalo, Lilly Shawel, Jibrael Baba, unknown, Michael Shawel, lady unknown.*



*Taken in Baghdad in October 1950 at the residence of Father Goriel Suleiman on the day of his ordination as a priest for the newly built Church of Mar Kardagh in Gailani Camp. Left to right: Archdeacon Esho D'Beth Mar Sargis, Metropolitan Mar Yosip Khnanisho, Bishop Mar Zia Sargis and Father Goriel Suleiman.*

## Book Review

### AGATHA CHRISTIE The Unknown Assyrian and Baklava

by Basil K. Pius

Paragon Press, Miles City, Montana, 120 pages

*Reviewed by the Editor*

The book as a whole reflects the experiences of the author, which, he tells us, began in Baghdad in 1955 when he met Agatha Christie, the British mystery writer, during a short visit in the Coronet Bookshop the family owned and operated. Christie and her husband Max Mallowan were frequent visitors to the area, as he was directing an archaeological team in Mesopotamia. During this encounter Agatha's simple words had a divine spirit and have stayed with the author ever since. She told Pius how lucky he was attending the University and encouraged him to continue his education.

This 120 page book is a tribute and a celebration to the honor of Agatha Christie. Just as *Baklava* symbolically reminds us of the sweetness of life and a time for celebration, so, in this case, it is used to honor the Queen of mystery stories. The author says he has never been in the limelight for any heroic accomplishments, and therefore, is *Unknown*. Being an Assyrian, Pius feels that his people have been unheard and forgotten by the general public and, therefore, it is a good opportunity to explain his ethnic origin and their current struggles.

Pius was still a university student when the July 14, 1958 Revolution in Iraq took place. He dwells on some gruesome events, chaos, confusion and bloodshed all over the capitol. Due to the potentially explosive state of affairs Pius decided to leave the country. After completing his undergraduate work in English in June 1959 from the University of Baghdad, he applied and was accepted at the University of Portland, Oregon, in the English Literature graduate program in January 1960. He received his M.A. degree and went on to teach English for many years at Miles Community College in Miles City, Montana.

In the chapter of Inter-Cultural Marriage, Pius discusses the ingredients of a successful marriage and states that more is required of those from two different cultures when customs, language, and values cannot be ignored.

The book also carries recipes from the Middle East including *Baklava*, that Agatha Christie enjoyed. Basil and Babs have been married for twenty-nine years, and have five children and a granddaughter. Basil expresses his special thanks to his hospitable wife who has faith in him; and to his

children who are never hesitant to identify themselves as Assyrians. They continue to enjoy 'The Big Sky Country' of Miles City "for its fresh air, hospitable people and peace of mind."

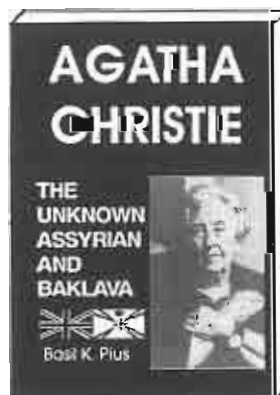
#### *Editor's Note:*

1. *The Editor has known Basil since he was a toddler. Also the Editor and his family attended Basil and Babs' (Beatrice) wedding in Oakland.*
2. *Mallowan and Agatha Christie were married in 1930, and she accompanied him on numerous excavations. During these Mesopotamian journeys she plotted several of her masterpieces of detection, such as The Orient Express and Murder in Mesopotamia. Often she served as an expedition's official photographer, and she played a direct role in the expedition's work. Mallowan was one of the great Assyrian archaeologists. In his Nimrod and Its Remains, 2 vols., Mallowan dedicates it to his wife who shared with him the joys and trials of excavating Nimrod, one of the Assyrian capitols built in 879 B.C. by Ashurnasirpal. Originally it was a small village settlement. When the capitol was completed the Assyrian King dined and wined 69,574 guests for ten days. The guests included the entire population of the town as well as foreign ambassadors. Among items on the menu were meat, poultry, fish, eggs, fruit and succulent spices, including the roasted barley cakes which are still served in the district today. Mallowan states that the Assyrian word gubibate is the same as the modern kubbeh.*

To order this book, write to:

Paragon Press  
8 North 7th Street  
Miles City, MT 59301  
Tel. and Fax (406) 232-5073

Single copy — paperback (Illus.) \$8.00 + \$1.50 S & H  
24 copies or more, \$4.00 + S & H



# New Business Update: Blandina's

by Mary Novotny

Editor and Publisher of *In and Around Magazine*

The Greater North Bay — May 1994

My taste buds are reeling! I stopped in to check on Blandina and her brother, Elliott, of *Blandina's Deli and Market*, Benicia's latest culinary neighbor, and I am beside myself. I was fortunate to experience a taste of the Mediterranean, a pre-grand opening treat.

The espresso machine was steaming, Blandina was busy in the kitchen stuffing cabbage leaves, peppers and zucchini. Elliott, looking a little less than frazzled, is trying to catch his breath before the rush of opening day. In between breaths, they are putting the finishing touches on what, I'm happy to report, will be a wonderful experience for Benicia residents, residents of the neighboring communities, and anyone looking for a great meal.

Several months ago, Blandina Dutra started work on a long thought out dream. A professional life of accounting work couldn't keep her out of the kitchen. Rave reviews at the end of delectable meals cooked at her home for friends and family drew Blandina into the catering business. Preparations for the large events became too much to handle in her residential kitchen. A restaurant with professional equipment was what she needed to do the work right. Then there was the issue of ingredients for the unique dishes, hence the deli and market. To the best of my knowledge, Blandina is the first to offer hard to find, affordable Mediterranean deli items in the Solano County area.

Hard work, as most of you know, pays off. Three weeks ago, the interior of the restaurant was bare. Today, the walls are colored adobe brick, cafe tables are waiting for you to sit and enjoy the warm atmosphere. Shelves are lined with pickled vegetables, fresh pita breads, pastas, teas, imported vinegars, Kalamata olives, dried herbs and spices, spreads, and *Lavash* (a tortilla-like bread ideal for rolled sandwiches and appetizers), just to name a few. You have to see it to believe it!

The deli case is filled with freshly prepared entrees including Elliott's specialty, fresh, and I mean fresh, *Gyros*. Decadent confections for dessert are offered from Jeanette's Confections of Napa, and fresh breads daily from Sciambra, also of Napa.

The paper has come off the windows. Blandina and Elliott and their staff will be ready to serve you. Menu items are unique, however, not intimidating by any means. Today I sampled *hummus*, a blend of garbanzo beans, garlic, and spices, sprinkled with olive oil and paprika, spread like a dip on pocket

bread. This is a great appetizer. Also prepared and served the same way, a paste of baked and peeled eggplant blended with garlic, sesame sauce and lemon. Yum yum!

Other menu items include such delights as Blandina's stuffed grape leaves, a recipe of her mother's. *Falafel*, which is a vegetarian dish of chick peas and broad beans mixed with Middle Eastern spices, and *Kafta Kabob Pita*. Elliott describes this dish as minced beef, onions and parsley stuffed in pita bread with *hummus* spread, chopped salad and *Tahini* sauce. Some of these are on my long list of favorites and I'm confident that Blandina won't disappoint me!

I am happy to announce that Blandina is also offering an extensive list of vegetarian dishes. I suggest *Tabouleh*, a minced parsley, onion, crushed wheat, tomato and lemon salad with a minty undertone. The best part is that all of the food served at Blandina's is very low in calories, prepared with very little fat, save for a dribble of olive oil here and there. If you prefer to have your meals prepared fat free, this is not a problem. Blandina has assured me that my wish will be granted. No fat and not an ounce of flavor sacrificed to the calorie Gods, just let Blandina know that you want a non-fat meal!

The first day of business was Wednesday, April 20. Blandina and Elliott plan to open from 7:00 a.m. to 7:00 p.m. Sidewalk dining is available and back patio dining is in the works. If you can't stay long enough to sit and enjoy yourself, call Blandina's for take-out orders.

I'm sure that by the time this publication hits the streets everyone in the neighborhood will have experienced the sensory pleasures I've experienced today . . . and you'll all be back for more. I know I will! Congratulations to Blandina and Elliott on a successful start. We, at the *In and Around Magazine*, wish you the very best. Good luck to you!

## Editor's Note:

1. Mary Novotny granted me permission to print this article when I met her at Blandina's Deli and Market.
2. Blandina and Elliott (Easha) are Assyrians, and children of the late Avimalk Yonan Abraham and Nageeba of London, England. Avimalk was the former President of the RAF Employees Club of Habbaniya, Iraq, and the Assyrian Society of Great Britain.

*Now Open*

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## ROMEL AND MADLAINE MORADKHAN OF FRANCE

On page 11 of the last issue of *Nineveh* we had a write-up about Romel and Madlaine expressing our congratulations to them in getting their Ph.D.'s in Computer Science. We would like to add that they got their Ph.D.'s with honors, and they accredit this to Mrs. Arswiek Davis, Madlaine's mother, whose financial assistance made it possible for them to concentrate all their efforts on their studies.

The following is a note of thanks and appreciation they submitted:



### APPRECIATION

We would like to express our deepest gratitude to our mother, Mrs. Arswiek Davis (nee Moradkhan), for having made it possible for us to live and study in Paris, by undertaking all our expenses for more than seven years. She did so at the cost of her own health, well-being and comfort. Such devotion and self-sacrifice is not common among modern parents. Thanks to her support, we were able to obtain our Ph.D.'s in Computer Science from the University of Paris in March 1993. We can hardly find the right words to express our feelings. All we can think of saying is: "Thank you, Mom!"

*Romel and Madlaine Moradkhan*

### Editor's Note:

Mrs. Arswiek Davis is the widow of the late Raabi Youel (Aghassi) Davis of Gawilan, Urmia, Iran, and the sister of Mrs. Vartooi Babayan (Los Angeles, CA), Mr. Jorney Moradkhan (Urmia, Iran), Dr. Emanuel Ramsin (Tehran, Iran), Dr. Ashur Moradkhan (San Jose, CA) and Dr. Arian Ishaya (San Jose, CA). Arswiek has two daughters, Lorraine and Madlaine. Lorraine, who is an architect, is married to Dr. Shmuel Sarmicanic. They have a daughter (Ramina) and a son (Nahira), and live in Tehran.

*Chicago Tribune, Sunday, December 5, 1993*

## Mesopotamian "ID Cards" Give Glimpse of World 4,500 Years Ago

BAGHDAD — Cylindrical seals that served ancient Mesopotamians much like modern-day identity cards are giving experts a peek at daily life 2,500 years before Christ.

"They are our only objects that are alive with people, giving us an inkling of their occupations," archeologist Lamia Gailani said of the stone seals engraved with pictures, writing or special signs.

Archeologists say the seals, whose designs include friezes of animals and plants as well as scenes drawn from daily life or mythology, are among the most prized treasures of the Iraq Museum in Baghdad.

Gailani said the seals, used in the ancient world as signatures or title deeds, were invented in Mesopotamia, the area between the Tigris and Euphrates Rivers where the earliest evidence of organized agricultural society has been unearthed.

"Eighty-five percent of all seals in the world were made here," she added.

Fifty-one seals, some made of semiprecious stone, were found at Tell Suleimeh during excavations before it was submerged by the Hamrin Dam in the mid-1980s.

Varying in length from 1 to 3 inches, experts say the seals show remarkable craftsmanship but their value extends far beyond artistic merit.

"Suleimeh seals depict for us earliest scenes of agricultural activity in those very ancient days," Gailani said.

Some are engraved with animals plowing fields, farmers harvesting crops or priests engaged in mysterious ceremonies.

One of them shows two animals dragging a plow while a person pushes it. A second person is planting seeds, a third holds an animal and a fourth rides one of the beasts.

"It is," said Gailani, "the earliest example of animal riding in the land of twin rivers [Mesopotamia]."

Almost every person of consequence in the Mesopotamia of more than 4,000 years ago had his individual seal.

Archeologists who have looked at tens of thousands of seals say no two are identical.

Most of the seals are cylindrical and would be rolled on mud or clay jars before they were fired.

The seal left an impression on the baked jars, serving as the trademark for the person who had filled the vessel with wine, wheat, barley, dates or even minerals.

*Submitted by Eshaya H. Isaac, Skokie, IL*

## DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT RELIC AT HOMS

### ST. MARY'S GIRDLE

(A report from Mr. Bishara Sarkissian)

IRAQ PETROLEUM, Vol. 3, No. 4, November 1953

Considerable interest has been aroused by the recent discovery of St. Mary's girdle beneath the main altar of the Assyrian Church of St. Mary's at Homs.

The ancient relic was discovered in a jar, with a faded parchment scroll, after a clue to its existence had been found under the cover of an old book.

The girdle was unearthed in a remarkably fine state of preservation, but the parchment was so badly decayed that it was impossible to unroll and read it. It has now been sent for examination by experts of the Syrian Department of Antiquities in the hope that the script might be made legible.

News of the discovery comes to us from Mr. Bishara Sarkissian (S.M.M.T.'s Office, Homs), who was privileged to discuss the matter with His Beatitude, the Assyrian Patriarch.

His Beatitude was examining some old books (writes our correspondent) when he came across a piece of paper describing how the girdle had been hidden when the church was renovated in 1852.

Excavations began immediately and when the stone structure of the altar had been uncovered to a depth of ten inches, a hewn stone mortar, covered by a slab inscribed in the Assyrian language, was located in a crevice. The inscription revealed that the church was originally built in A.D. 59 and rebuilt or renovated on several occasions afterwards. A corroded copper lid was discovered beneath the slab and when this had been removed a crumbling old jar was found in the hollow of the mortar.

The jar fell to pieces when it was taken out and St. Mary's girdle was revealed.

The girdle is believed to have been taken to India on a missionary voyage by St. Thomas who received it at the Assumption of St. Mary. According to legend, it was buried with him in India, but was later sent, with other relics, to Asia Minor where it was hidden in the Church of Ruha (Urfa, Edessa).

During civil persecutions and religious wars, the girdle was taken to Homs and concealed in the Assyrian Church where it has now been found.

*Submitted by Kasper "K" Saffer, Worcester, MA*



## SAN JOSE "ATOUR" ASSOCIATION PURCHASES HOME

The Assyrian American Association of San Jose ("Atour") announced the purchase of a home (BETA) on 2½ acres of land at 20000 Almaden Road, San Jose, California. In February 1994, the offices of the Association were moved to the new location. All the activities of the Association — classes, committee meetings, board meetings, etc. — will be held at the new BETA. The telephone numbers are (408) 927-9100 (office) and (408) 927-8100 (answering machine).

The Association recently announced the formation of an Art Committee whose activities will include Assyrian folklore, dance, costumes, drawing and painting, drama, music and sculpture. Mr. Jan Toma is the chairperson of the Art Committee. One of its activities will be the creation and organization of an "Assyrian Choir for San Jose" under the direction of the talented musician and conductor, Rabi Nebu Issabay.

# IN MEMORIAM

## *Mirza George Zakaria*



Some 350 people attended a mass followed by a luncheon on Sunday, March 6, 1994 at Saint Thomas Assyrian Catholic Parish in Turlock, California, in memory of Mirza George Zakaria, who died of cancer in Sydney, Australia, on March 1. His eldest daughter, Joan, with her husband, John Benjamin, made the memorial offerings, and his eldest granddaughter, Jennifer Benjamin, read out a brief sketch of his life.

Mirza was the eldest of eight children of the late Asyat and Gewargis ("Geevu") Skharia. Surviving him now in Baghdad are his brothers Iskhaq, Baaba, Orahim, Youil, and Benyamin, and a number of nephews and nieces. His younger, unmarried only sister, Almas, preceded him in death by four months, also of cancer, in Baghdad, and their youngest brother, Johnny, was lost in action in the Iraq-Iran War of the 1980s.

Mirza is also survived by his own family: wife Avigil (from Hamadan) whom he married in 1946, and sons John, Johnson and James Zakaria, of Sydney, and granddaughter Betty Zakaria, of Melbourne; and by daughter Joan Benjamin and her three children of Turlock.

Mirza was born in Gailani Camp in Baghdad, where he also grew up to adulthood and received his early education at the Assyrian Evangelical Church Schools of *qaasha* Elisha Oshana and *Qaasha* Khando Yonan during the 1930s. He later expanded his education through correspondence courses from England, receiving a diploma in Accountancy.

Mirza worked for the British Army in Baghdad during the 1940s and then joined the Khanaquin Oil Company. In 1954, however, he left the company and returned to Baghdad. There he worked for a local firm, Siemon Gharibian & Company, as chief accountant until 1968, when he relocated to Iran with his family. In Teheran, he was employed by Page Telecommunications Company for four years,

and in 1972 he and his family moved again, this time immigrating to Sydney, Australia, where he worked and lived with his family until his death.

In his youth, Mirza was an active sportsman. He was one of the earliest teenaged soccer players of Gailani Camp. Fraidoun Abraham Is'hak, a veteran Assyrian sportsman, was one of Mirza's earliest classmates and teammates during 1934-37.

"We called our team 'The Tigers'" — reminisced on the phone from Calgary, Canada, the 72-year-old Fraidoun — "and played against the Armenian and other local youth teams of our area. We also went down to Hinaidi to play against Assyrian junior teams in Kota Camp and Levy Lines."

"Among our soccer teammates were William Samson (the late Ammo Samson's eldest brother), Avshalim Roovil (now in Baghdad), Babajan Yonan (the watchmaker in Turlock), William Darmo, and William Peelo," recalled Fraidoun. "And some of our classmates were Shimshon Kasso, Yosip Essa, Polous Rehana David, and the former tennis champion, Eramya Eshaya, all deceased!"

Mirza also played soccer in the early forties for the Assyrian Sports Team of Gailani Camp, a forerunner of the current Assyrian Sports Club of Baghdad.

But the fondest memories about Mirza are that he was a dedicated and loving husband and father, a good family provider, and a pleasant company to be with. Always chatty and cheerful, Mirza had a glowing ruddy complexion radiating health, humor and laughter!

— by Mikhael K. Pius

## *George Ewan Farhad*



George Farhad, son of Ewan Farhad of Karajaloo and Shulamet Salmasly of Salamas, passed away on April 6, 1994, at the age of 51, in Houston, Texas while on a business trip. He was born on December 21, 1943 in Habbaniya, Iraq and attended the R.A.F. Union School during his formative years. When the family moved to Baghdad, George studied at and

graduated from the University of Baghdad as an Electrical Engineer. He then worked as a computer programmer for the Baghdad Utility Company until 1973 when he left for London, England to continue his education.

While still in London in 1974 he met and married Nahrein David, daughter of Abraham and Anna David, and soon thereafter emigrated to the U.S. and settled in San Francisco. For the next three years George worked as a programmer for various companies including Loomis Armored Car.

In 1977 he founded Mark Information Systems, Inc. in Burlingame, CA. He worked very hard at this business venture developing computer program systems for various industries. At the helm of this enterprise and with a creative capacity George transformed it into a very successful business employing many personnel. His able wife, Nahrein, took charge of the management of the office. During this time George also attended evening classes at San Jose State University to get his Masters degree in Computer Science.

George is survived by his wife, Nahrein; their son, Mark; two sisters: Janet and Adlin; and four brothers: Yosip, Benjamin, Edmond and Edwin, of Dora, Iraq. His family loved him with deepest devotion and respect and he will be remembered by relatives and friends for his pleasant and cheerful nature. He will also be missed by many business associates who communicated with the company on a daily basis, and co-workers in the office to whom he was an inspiration.

The funeral service was held on April 9, 1944 in San Francisco and officiated by Archdeacon Nenos Michael and Rev. Samuel Dinkha of the Assyrian Church of the East.

## AN OLYMPIC DREAM

*While the entire world has its sights set on the World Soccer Cup to be held this summer in the United States, the Assyrian community is looking forward with anticipation to its own special event in July, namely "The Assyrian Olympics."*

*Yes, for the first time ever in the United States or anywhere else, for that matter, the Assyrians of Chicago are organizing this special event, hosted by the Assyrian Athletic Club, to be held from June 30th through July 4th, 1994. Assyrian Athletes from all over the world as well as the United States have been invited to participate. The games played are the typical Summer Olympic Games that include Basketball, Boxing, Soccer, Swimming, Table Tennis, Tennis, Track & Field, Volleyball, Weightlifting and Wrestling. Sports facilities and accommodations have been reserved and much planning is underway to ensure our guests feel welcome upon arrival and depart with lasting memories.*

*We are hopeful that this international competition among Assyrian youth will create opportunities for them to develop and improve their level of athletic ability, strive for excellence and increase unity and harmony among them. Furthermore, by providing an environment of competition, friendship and fellowship, we strive to ignite a dream in the hearts and minds of every Assyrian athlete to some day participate in the World Olympics.*

*Needless to say, a project of this magnitude takes effort and organization. Towards this end, the organizing committee is working diligently to ensure that everything flows smoothly. Of our Assyrian community, we ask for their participation and support to make this dream a reality.*

Vivian Michael

**Assyrian Olympic Organization**

P.O. Box 4224, Des Plaines, IL 60016, U.S.A.

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هي لاهوتية د. مكرم، عبادة .

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حَمْدَهٗ قَدَمِ قَدَمِ حَمْدِ كَوْنِ دَا

تمت بحمد الله

تَعْلِيمُ الْعِلْمِ وَالْعَمَلِ  
مُعَالِمُ الْمَعَالِمِ .

[illegible]

دُنَا حَاسِمِيَّةٌ جِلْمَةٌ دَهْلِيَّةٌ حَفْدِيَّةٌ  
جَدِيَّةٌ زَهْدِيَّةٌ دَدِيَّةٌ دَلِيَّةٌ دَلِيَّةٌ

فَكَانَ دَعْوَاهُ عِلْمًا.

1918

מִשְׁפָּחַת מֵי שֶׁהָיוּ בְּעוֹלָם הָאֱלֹהִים

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

— — — — —

. ००१

— — — — —

جس کے ہاں وہ سب سے زیادہ اہم ہے۔

تَابِعْ هَذَا مَقْصِدًا مِنْ مَقْصِدَاتِهِ .

[illegible]

(مَقْدُون) . كَاتِبٌ ، خَطَّابٌ (خَطْبَةٌ)

دندم جلد دكليهست. ۱۰۱ ۱۰۲ ۱۰۳ ۱۰۴ ۱۰۵ ۱۰۶ ۱۰۷ ۱۰۸ ۱۰۹ ۱۱۰ ۱۱۱ ۱۱۲ ۱۱۳ ۱۱۴ ۱۱۵ ۱۱۶ ۱۱۷ ۱۱۸ ۱۱۹ ۱۲۰ ۱۲۱ ۱۲۲ ۱۲۳ ۱۲۴ ۱۲۵ ۱۲۶ ۱۲۷ ۱۲۸ ۱۲۹ ۱۳۰ ۱۳۱ ۱۳۲ ۱۳۳ ۱۳۴ ۱۳۵ ۱۳۶ ۱۳۷ ۱۳۸ ۱۳۹ ۱۴۰ ۱۴۱ ۱۴۲ ۱۴۳ ۱۴۴ ۱۴۵ ۱۴۶ ۱۴۷ ۱۴۸ ۱۴۹ ۱۵۰ ۱۵۱ ۱۵۲ ۱۵۳ ۱۵۴ ۱۵۵ ۱۵۶ ۱۵۷ ۱۵۸ ۱۵۹ ۱۶۰ ۱۶۱ ۱۶۲ ۱۶۳ ۱۶۴ ۱۶۵ ۱۶۶ ۱۶۷ ۱۶۸ ۱۶۹ ۱۷۰ ۱۷۱ ۱۷۲ ۱۷۳ ۱۷۴ ۱۷۵ ۱۷۶ ۱۷۷ ۱۷۸ ۱۷۹ ۱۸۰ ۱۸۱ ۱۸۲ ۱۸۳ ۱۸۴ ۱۸۵ ۱۸۶ ۱۸۷ ۱۸۸ ۱۸۹ ۱۹۰ ۱۹۱ ۱۹۲ ۱۹۳ ۱۹۴ ۱۹۵ ۱۹۶ ۱۹۷ ۱۹۸ ۱۹۹ ۲۰۰ ۲۰۱ ۲۰۲ ۲۰۳ ۲۰۴ ۲۰۵ ۲۰۶ ۲۰۷ ۲۰۸ ۲۰۹ ۲۱۰ ۲۱۱ ۲۱۲ ۲۱۳ ۲۱۴ ۲۱۵ ۲۱۶ ۲۱۷ ۲۱۸ ۲۱۹ ۲۲۰ ۲۲۱ ۲۲۲ ۲۲۳ ۲۲۴ ۲۲۵ ۲۲۶ ۲۲۷ ۲۲۸ ۲۲۹ ۲۳۰ ۲۳۱ ۲۳۲ ۲۳۳ ۲۳۴ ۲۳۵ ۲۳۶ ۲۳۷ ۲۳۸ ۲۳۹ ۲۴۰ ۲۴۱ ۲۴۲ ۲۴۳ ۲۴۴ ۲۴۵ ۲۴۶ ۲۴۷ ۲۴۸ ۲۴۹ ۲۵۰ ۲۵۱ ۲۵۲ ۲۵۳ ۲۵۴ ۲۵۵ ۲۵۶ ۲۵۷ ۲۵۸ ۲۵۹ ۲۶۰ ۲۶۱ ۲۶۲ ۲۶۳ ۲۶۴ ۲۶۵ ۲۶۶ ۲۶۷ ۲۶۸ ۲۶۹ ۲۷۰ ۲۷۱ ۲۷۲ ۲۷۳ ۲۷۴ ۲۷۵ ۲۷۶ ۲۷۷ ۲۷۸ ۲۷۹ ۲۸۰ ۲۸۱ ۲۸۲ ۲۸۳ ۲۸۴ ۲۸۵ ۲۸۶ ۲۸۷ ۲۸۸ ۲۸۹ ۲۹۰ ۲۹۱ ۲۹۲ ۲۹۳ ۲۹۴ ۲۹۵ ۲۹۶ ۲۹۷ ۲۹۸ ۲۹۹ ۳۰۰ ۳۰۱ ۳۰۲ ۳۰۳ ۳۰۴ ۳۰۵ ۳۰۶ ۳۰۷ ۳۰۸ ۳۰۹ ۳۱۰ ۳۱۱ ۳۱۲ ۳۱۳ ۳۱۴ ۳۱۵ ۳۱۶ ۳۱۷ ۳۱۸ ۳۱۹ ۳۲۰ ۳۲۱ ۳۲۲ ۳۲۳ ۳۲۴ ۳۲۵ ۳۲۶ ۳۲۷ ۳۲۸ ۳۲۹ ۳۳۰ ۳۳۱ ۳۳۲ ۳۳۳ ۳۳۴ ۳۳۵ ۳۳۶ ۳۳۷ ۳۳۸ ۳۳۹ ۳۴۰ ۳۴۱ ۳۴۲ ۳۴۳ ۳۴۴ ۳۴۵ ۳۴۶ ۳۴۷ ۳۴۸ ۳۴۹ ۳۵۰ ۳۵۱ ۳۵۲ ۳۵۳ ۳۵۴ ۳۵۵ ۳۵۶ ۳۵۷ ۳۵۸ ۳۵۹ ۳۶۰ ۳۶۱ ۳۶۲ ۳۶۳ ۳۶۴ ۳۶۵ ۳۶۶ ۳۶۷ ۳۶۸ ۳۶۹ ۳۷۰ ۳۷۱ ۳۷۲ ۳۷۳ ۳۷۴ ۳۷۵ ۳۷۶ ۳۷۷ ۳۷۸ ۳۷۹ ۳۸۰ ۳۸۱ ۳۸۲ ۳۸۳ ۳۸۴ ۳۸۵ ۳۸۶ ۳۸۷ ۳۸۸ ۳۸۹ ۳۹۰ ۳۹۱ ۳۹۲ ۳۹۳ ۳۹۴ ۳۹۵ ۳۹۶ ۳۹۷ ۳۹۸ ۳۹۹ ۴۰۰ ۴۰۱ ۴۰۲ ۴۰۳ ۴۰۴ ۴۰۵ ۴۰۶ ۴۰۷ ۴۰۸ ۴۰۹ ۴۱۰ ۴۱۱ ۴۱۲ ۴۱۳ ۴۱۴ ۴۱۵ ۴۱۶ ۴۱۷ ۴۱۸ ۴۱۹ ۴۲۰ ۴۲۱ ۴۲۲ ۴۲۳ ۴۲۴ ۴۲۵ ۴۲۶ ۴۲۷ ۴۲۸ ۴۲۹ ۴۳۰ ۴۳۱ ۴۳۲ ۴۳۳ ۴۳۴ ۴۳۵ ۴۳۶ ۴۳۷ ۴۳۸ ۴۳۹ ۴۴۰ ۴۴۱ ۴۴۲ ۴۴۳ ۴۴۴ ۴۴۵ ۴۴۶ ۴۴۷ ۴۴۸ ۴۴۹ ۴۵۰ ۴۵۱ ۴۵۲ ۴۵۳ ۴۵۴ ۴۵۵ ۴۵۶ ۴۵۷ ۴۵۸ ۴۵۹ ۴۶۰ ۴۶۱ ۴۶۲ ۴۶۳ ۴۶۴ ۴۶۵ ۴۶۶ ۴۶۷ ۴۶۸ ۴۶۹ ۴۷۰ ۴۷۱ ۴۷۲ ۴۷۳ ۴۷۴ ۴۷۵ ۴۷۶ ۴۷۷ ۴۷۸ ۴۷۹ ۴۸۰ ۴۸۱ ۴۸۲ ۴۸۳ ۴۸۴ ۴۸۵ ۴۸۶ ۴۸۷ ۴۸۸ ۴۸۹ ۴۹۰ ۴۹۱ ۴۹۲ ۴۹۳ ۴۹۴ ۴۹۵ ۴۹۶ ۴۹۷ ۴۹۸ ۴۹۹ ۵۰۰ ۵۰۱ ۵۰۲ ۵۰۳ ۵۰۴ ۵۰۵ ۵۰۶ ۵۰۷ ۵۰۸ ۵۰۹ ۵۱۰ ۵۱۱ ۵۱۲ ۵۱۳ ۵۱۴ ۵۱۵ ۵۱۶ ۵۱۷ ۵۱۸ ۵۱۹ ۵۲۰ ۵۲۱ ۵۲۲ ۵۲۳ ۵۲۴ ۵۲۵ ۵۲۶ ۵۲۷ ۵۲۸ ۵۲۹ ۵۳۰ ۵۳۱ ۵۳۲ ۵۳۳ ۵۳۴ ۵۳۵ ۵۳۶ ۵۳۷ ۵۳۸ ۵۳۹ ۵۴۰ ۵۴۱ ۵۴۲ ۵۴۳ ۵۴۴ ۵۴۵ ۵۴۶ ۵۴۷ ۵۴۸ ۵۴۹ ۵۵۰ ۵۵۱ ۵۵۲ ۵۵۳ ۵۵۴ ۵۵۵ ۵۵۶ ۵۵۷ ۵۵۸ ۵۵۹ ۵۶۰ ۵۶۱ ۵۶۲ ۵۶۳ ۵۶۴ ۵۶۵ ۵۶۶ ۵۶۷ ۵۶۸ ۵۶۹ ۵۷۰ ۵۷۱ ۵۷۲ ۵۷۳ ۵۷۴ ۵۷۵ ۵۷۶ ۵۷۷ ۵۷۸ ۵۷۹ ۵۸۰ ۵۸۱ ۵۸۲ ۵۸۳ ۵۸۴ ۵۸۵ ۵۸۶ ۵۸۷ ۵۸۸ ۵۸۹ ۵۹۰ ۵۹۱ ۵۹۲ ۵۹۳ ۵۹۴ ۵۹۵ ۵۹۶ ۵۹۷ ۵۹۸ ۵۹۹ ۶۰۰ ۶۰۱ ۶۰۲ ۶۰۳ ۶۰۴ ۶۰۵ ۶۰۶ ۶۰۷ ۶۰۸ ۶۰۹ ۶۱۰ ۶۱۱ ۶۱۲ ۶۱۳ ۶۱۴ ۶۱۵ ۶۱۶ ۶۱۷ ۶۱۸ ۶۱۹ ۶۲۰ ۶۲۱ ۶۲۲ ۶۲۳ ۶۲۴ ۶۲۵ ۶۲۶ ۶۲۷ ۶۲۸ ۶۲۹ ۶۳۰ ۶۳۱ ۶۳۲ ۶۳۳ ۶۳۴ ۶۳۵ ۶۳۶ ۶۳۷ ۶۳۸ ۶۳۹ ۶۴۰ ۶۴۱ ۶۴۲ ۶۴۳ ۶۴۴ ۶۴۵ ۶۴۶ ۶۴۷ ۶۴۸ ۶۴۹ ۶۵۰ ۶۵۱ ۶۵۲ ۶۵۳ ۶۵۴ ۶۵۵ ۶۵۶ ۶۵۷ ۶۵۸ ۶۵۹ ۶۶۰ ۶۶۱ ۶۶۲ ۶۶۳ ۶۶۴ ۶۶۵ ۶۶۶ ۶۶۷ ۶۶۸ ۶۶۹ ۶۷۰ ۶۷۱ ۶۷۲ ۶۷۳ ۶۷۴ ۶۷۵ ۶۷۶ ۶۷۷ ۶۷۸ ۶۷۹ ۶۸۰ ۶۸۱ ۶۸۲ ۶۸۳ ۶

لا مَن حَبَّكَ مَعَهُ اِبْلَهُتْ  
لَسَّ دَؤْمُكُم، حَمَّ مَؤْتِ كَؤْ

فَكَيْفَ إِذَا دُخِلَ الْمُؤْمِنُونَ وَالْمُؤْمِنَاتُ فِي أَجْنَادِ الْفَرَجِ الْمَعْلُومِ ؟

700      701      702      703      704      705      706      707      708      709      710      711      712      713      714      715      716      717      718      719      720      721      722      723      724      725      726      727      728      729      730      731      732      733      734      735      736      737      738      739      740      741      742      743      744      745      746      747      748      749      750      751      752      753      754      755      756      757      758      759      760      761      762      763      764      765      766      767      768      769      770      771      772      773      774      775      776      777      778      779      780      781      782      783      784      785      786      787      788      789      790      791      792      793      794      795      796      797      798      799      800      801      802      803      804      805      806      807      808      809      810      811      812      813      814      815      816      817      818      819      820      821      822      823      824      825      826      827      828      829      830      831      832      833      834      835      836      837      838      839      840      841      842      843      844      845      846      847      848      849      850      851      852      853      854      855      856      857      858      859      860      861      862      863      864      865      866      867      868      869      870      871      872      873      874      875      876      877      878      879      880      881      882      883      884      885      886      887      888      889      890      891      892      893      894      895      896      897      898      899      900      901      902      903      904      905      906      907      908      909      910      911      912      913      914      915      916      917      918      919      920      921      922      923      924      925      926      927      928      929      930      931      932      933      934      935      936      937      938      939      940      941      942      943      944      945      946      947      948      949      950      951      952      953      954      955      956      957      958      959      960      961      962      963      964      965      966      967      968      969      970      971      972      973      974      975      976      977      978      979      980      981      982      983      984      985      986      987      988      989      990      991      992      993      994      995      996      997      998      999      1000      1001      1002      1003      1004      1005      1006      1007      1008      1009      1010      1011      1012      1013      1014      1015      1016      1017      1018      1019      1020      1021      1022      1023      1024      1025      1026      1027      1028      1029      1030      1031      1032      1033      1034      1035      1036      1037      1038      1039      1040      1041      1042      1043      1044      1045      1046      1047      1048      1049      1050      1051      1052      1053      1054      1055      1056      1057      1058      1059      1060      1061      1062      1063      1064      1065      1066      1067      1068      1069      1070      1071      1072      1073      1074      1075      1076      1077      1078      1079      1080      1081      1082      1083      1084      1085      1086      1087      1088      1089      1090      1091      1092      1093      1094      1095      1096      1097      1098      1099      1100      1101      1102      1103      1104      1105      1106      1107      1108      1109      1110      1111      1112      1113      1114      1115      1116      1117      1118      1119      1120      1121      1122      1123      1124      1125      1126      1127      1128      1129      1130      1131      1132      1133      1134      1135      1136      1137      1138      1139      1140      1141      1142      1143      1144      1145      1146      1147      1148      1149      1150      1151      1152      1153      1154      1155      1156      1157      1158      1159      1160      1161      1162      1163      1164      1165      1166      1167      1168      1169      1170      1171      1172      1173      1174      1175      1176      1177      1178      1179      1180      1181      1182      1183      1184      1185      1186      1187      1188      1189      1190      1191      1192      1193      1194      1195      1196      1197      1198      1199      1200      1201      1202      1203      1204      1205      1206      1207      1208      1209      1210      1211      1212      1213      1214      1215      1216      1217      1218      1219      1220      1221      1222      1223      1224      1225      1226      1227      1228      1229      1230      1231      1232      1233      1234      1235      1236      1237      1238      1239      1240      1241      1242      1243      1244      1245      1246      1247      1248      1249      1250      1251      1252      1253      1254      1255      1256      1257      1258      1259      1260      1261      1262      1263      1264      1265      1266      1267      1268      1269      1270      1271      1272      1273      1274      1275      1276      1277      1278      1279      1280      1281      1282      1283      1284      1285      1286      1287      1288      1289      1290      1291      1292      1293      1294      1295      1296      1297      1298      1299      1300      1301      1302      1303      1304      1305      1306      1307      1308      1309      1310      1311      1312      1313      1314      1315      1316      1317      1318      1319      1320      1321      1322      1323      1324      1325      1326      13

[illegible]

דְּבִישׁ וְשֶׁמֶן וְדִמְיוֹת דְּמִשְׁתֵּהוּ . כִּי חֲדָה  
שֶׁמֶן וְשֶׁמֶן וְדִמְיוֹת דְּמִשְׁתֵּהוּ . כִּי חֲדָה

[illegible]

أَمَّا دُونُكَ فَلَمْ يَكُنْ لِيْ سِوَاكَ

(تَمَامُ) (تَمَامُ) (تَمَامُ) (تَمَامُ) (تَمَامُ)

\* \* \* \* \*

مجلسه پنجم

۱۰۴۱ دت تهمین دت مستقیم دت  
 مکتبہ دت دت دت دت دت

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
سُبْحَانَكَ اللَّهُمَّ وَبِحَمْدِكَ

\* \* \* \* \*







١٥٠  
 ١٥١  
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 ١٥٨  
 ١٥٩  
 ١٦٠

تِلْكَ اَنْتَ سَلَمَةٌ جَدَّةٌ يَهْدِيكَ دِيَارَ دِيَارَ  
 مَدِينَةٍ تِلْكَ تِلْكَ اَنْتَ مَدِينَةٍ دِهْلِيَّةٍ مَدِينَةٍ دِيَارَ  
 مَدِينَةٍ دِيَارَ مَدِينَةٍ دِيَارَ مَدِينَةٍ دِيَارَ  
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مكتبة (شركة) في بيروت  
التي تأسست في سنة ١٩٨٥ م.  
للبعثات (للإبحار) في البحر.  
تأسست في سنة ١٩٨٥ م.  
في سنة ٢٥ م. في سنة ١٩٨٥ م.

\* \* \* \* \*

هَمَّ قَدْ بَحَثَ حَقَّيْكَ مَ . حَلِيفُكَ ،  
 حَلِيفُكَ ، حَلِيفُكَ .

تَحْلَمُ سَوَّابَ حَلِيفَتِكَ لَيْلِي ، هَمَّ  
 حَقَّيْكَ وَهَلِي ، هَمَّ حَلَّتْ لَيْلُ قُدْرَتِكَ  
 دِيكَ لَيْلُ لَيْلِي ، هَمَّ مَدِيحَتِكَ دَلِيلُ  
 تَحْلَمُ حَقَّيْكَ دَحْلَمُكَ .

30 دَوْمِیْ عَمْدُوبْ سَدَّ جَمْدِ وَخَدَّیْ دِ  
وَلَدَّیْ سَدَّ اَمْدُوبْ دَعْمِیْ کَلَمَیْ . حَجَّیْ  
اَوَقْ سَدَّیْ جَدَّیْ دَمْدَمِیْ مَلَمَیْ ، دَمْدَمِیْ دَلَمَیْ  
لَبْ سَدَّیْ مَوْدَمِیْ دَلَمَیْ دَمْدَمِیْ .  
خَدَّیْ کَلَمَیْ اَمْبَلَمِیْ (اَمْبَلَمِیْ) ، اَمْبَلَمِیْ سَدَّیْ  
مَلَمِیْ دَمْدَمِیْ ، اَمْبَلَمِیْ دَمْدَمِیْ لَمْبَلَمِیْ  
سَدَّیْ . دَمْبَلَمِیْ (اَمْبَلَمِیْ) سَدَّیْ مَلَمِیْ سَدَّیْ

54





**مَعْلَمٌ وَهَدْيٌ وَفِيهِ مَوَاقِفُ**

**تَمْجِدُ : بِعَيْنِهِ**

اِنَّهٗ دَعَا اِلٰهَ دُوْنِہٖ لَا سُلٰتَہٗ عَلَیْہِ فَاٰتٰہُ مَا یَشَآءُ ۚ وَکَذٰلٰکَ یُخٰذِلُ الَّذِیْنَ لَا یَعْلَمُوْنَ ۙ  
 اِنَّہٗ یَدْعُوْا اِلٰہَ اٰلِہِہٖمُ الَّذِیْنَ لَا یَضُرُّہُمْ شَیْءٌ ۚ وَہُمْ یَکْفُرُوْنَ ۙ  
 اِنَّہٗ سَمِعَ قَوْلَہُمْ (سَمِعَہُمْ) وَہِیْکَ ۚ وَکَذٰلِکَ یُحٰوِلُ لِعٰتِلَہٗمْ یٰۤاٰیُّہَا الَّذِیْنَ لَا یَعْلَمُوْنَ ۙ  
 اِنَّہٗ یَدْعُوْا (وَعَمَّ) وَکَمٰلَہٗ (مَوَکَّلَہٗ) لَا یَضُرُّہُمْ شَیْءٌ ۚ

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[illegible][illegible]

لَا يَرْجُو إِلَّا رَحْمَةً مِّنَ رَبِّهِ ۚ إِنَّكَ بِأَعْيُنِنَا ۖ وَسَبِّحْ بِحَمْدِ رَبِّكَ حِينَ تَقُومُ ۖ وَمِنْ شَآءِ اللَّيْلِ فَسَبِّحْهُ وَإِدْبَارَ النُّجُومِ ۝

## "مكة"

حَدَّثَنَا : أَبُو هُرَيْرَةَ رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ

بِهَ لَكَ حَسْبُ رَدُّكَ كَمْ صَبَدُّ هَلْ هَكَ؟

சென்னை நகரில் உள்ள பழைய கட்டிடம்

مَدِينَةُ دِهْلَوِي قَبْلَ — ١٧٨٢

جَدَّةٌ دَمَجْدَمٌ حَذَّ لَحْصَمُهُ حَبْكٌ؟

فَدَعَتْ دَابَّكَ دَابَّكَ، وَفِي حَبَابَةٍ

**حَدَّثَنَا مُحَمَّدُ بْنُ مَعْمَرٍ قَالَ سَمِعْتُ دَاوُدَ بْنَ كَثِيرٍ يَقُولُ**

مَنْبِ تَعْمُدِ لَقَلَّ اَنْ يَكُنْ دَسِيسًا مُخَلِّيًا

مِنْ مَوَدَّةٍ لَّفَتْهَ قَدْ دَخَلْتَ حَقًّا؟

لَا تَحْزَنْ عَلَيْهِمْ وَلَا تَكُ فِيهِمْ مَكِينًا

١٠. تِلْكَ مُجِيبَةُ وَجْهِهِ. لَعَلَّكَ ؟

كَمْ دُونَ دَوْلَةٍ مَكَرٍ مِنْ تَلَقٍّ وَتَلَقٍّ

מִי־לִי חַמּוּסִים? דְּמִי־לִי חֶמְדָּה?

قَمَّيْنِ دَحِيْفَم مَمَّيْنِ فَلَاحِيْم مَمَّيْنِ مَخْذُوم مَمَّيْنِ

مَنْ يَدْعُوهُ فَهُوَ خَاصٌّ بِكَ؟

لَمُتَّعْتُهُمْ فِيهَا مِائَتَ نَفْسٍ مِّنْ قَبْلِكَ فَصَبْرًا وَّعَظِيمًا

كَمْ مَجْرٍ دَامُوا مَعَهُ تِلْكَ كَيْفَ حَيَاتُكَ

مُتَذَوِّهٍ ۝ تَذَوِّعٍ ۝ حَذْوٍ ۝ فَوَلِّ

٥٦٠ مَلِكُ الدَّوْلَةِ الْفَارُوقُ

အိမ်ထောင်ရေး အခွင့်အရေး အခွင့်အရေး အခွင့်အရေး

لَقَدْ جَاءَكُمْ رَسُولٌ مِّنْ أَنفُسِكُمْ يَتْلُو صُحُفًا مُّطَهَّرَةً

مَا مَنَعَكَ دَمْعًا لَكَ يَتِيهِ هَامُوتُكَ

فَمِنْهُمْ مَنْ جَاءَكَ لِيُتَوَكَّلَ عَلَيْكَ فَاِذَا فَرَغْتَ فَانْكَبْتُ لَئِنْ كُنْتُ تُبَدِّلُ مَا فَرَغْتَ لَفِ جَدِيدٍ

**සෞඛ්‍ය සේවා දෙපාර්තමේන්තුව**

لَا تَقْعُوبُ عَلَيْهِمْ فِي حَرْبِهِمْ هَكَذَا

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

که دقت در معاینه حاصل شود و این است که

\* \* \* \* \*





مِنْ حَبِيبٍ ذِي كَلَمٍ دَلِيلٍ

الحمد : دُحِبَ دُحُوبٌ

[illegible][illegible]

١٥١ فَبِمَا كُنْتُمْ سِبْغًا لِلْعَالَمِينَ لَكُمْ دِينُكُمْ وَلَهُ دِينُ الْكَافِرِينَ أُولَئِكَ هُمُ الْمُفْسِدُونَ  
 ١٥٢ وَلَقَدْ جَاءَكُمْ رَسُولٌ مِنْ أَنْفُسِكُمْ عَزِيزٌ عَلَيْهِ مَا يَفْكُمُ الْفُكُورُ  
 ١٥٣ حَقُّهُ عَلَيْهِ الْإِسْلَامُ فَذَرِكُنَا لِمَا يَفْكُمُ الْفُكُورُ  
 ١٥٤ أُولَئِكَ هُمُ الْمُفْسِدُونَ

[illegible]

- 1 - بِمَنْ جَدُّكَ وَجَدْتَهُ : هَكَذَا هُوَ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : مِمَّ وَجَدْتَهُ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ دَوَّجَهُ : جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : كَمْ لَمْ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : مَا كَانَ جَدُّكَ .
- 2 - أَيْ جَدُّكَ بِمَنْ جَدُّكَ : جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : مِمَّ وَجَدْتَهُ هَكَذَا .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : أَيْ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ .
- 3 - جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : كَمْ لَمْ جَدُّكَ .  
 جَدُّكَ جَدُّكَ : كَمْ لَمْ جَدُّكَ .

دودخست ۰۰۰ . آب جودجی دودخست است که از آب و دودخست است .  
 فحوم جودجی دودخست است که از آب و دودخست است .

8 - مذہب دہلی

[illegible]

9 - مَفِي دَحْفِ مَدْمَن

[illegible]

10 - خُذْ مِنْ حَتْفِ الْبَدَنِ

اِنَّ اِيَّاهُ يَرْجِعُ الْاَشْيَاءَ لِيُخْبِرَكُمْ بِمَا كُنْتُمْ تَعْمَلُونَ .  
 اِنَّ اِيَّاهُ يَرْجِعُ الْاَشْيَاءَ لِيُخْبِرَكُمْ بِمَا كُنْتُمْ تَعْمَلُونَ .  
 اِنَّ اِيَّاهُ يَرْجِعُ الْاَشْيَاءَ لِيُخْبِرَكُمْ بِمَا كُنْتُمْ تَعْمَلُونَ .  
 اِنَّ اِيَّاهُ يَرْجِعُ الْاَشْيَاءَ لِيُخْبِرَكُمْ بِمَا كُنْتُمْ تَعْمَلُونَ .

11 - مذموم دعوت

[illegible]

12 - مِفْطَحُ دَلَالَةِ

۱۰۱. مُذَمِّنٌ لِّمَا كَانُوا يَفْعَلُونَ ۖ فَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۲. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۳. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۴. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۵. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۶. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۷. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۸. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۰۹. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ  
 ۱۱۰. وَكَذَّبُوا بِآيَاتِنَا ۚ إِنَّهُمْ كَافِرُونَ ۚ





ܩܕܝܫܐ ܕܡܠܝܬ ܩܪܝܬܐ ܐܝܬܝܬ ܫܡܝܢ ܡܢ ܬܡܐ. (ܡ) : ܬܡܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ (ܠ)  
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 (ܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ)

ܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ : ܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ .  
 ܕܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ : ܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ ܕܡܠܝܬܐ .  
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(سجده) ۵۰ ذل ذھبی

تَبْدِ : بِه تَبْدِ اِيه ذابم

[illegible]

”لَا جُنْدَ لَنَا مَعَهُ إِلَّا نَحْنُ وَبَنَاتُنَا الَّذِي لَمْ يَرْحُبْ لَنَا بِمَنْزِلٍ إِلَّا رَحْمَتُ اللَّهِ عَلَيْهِمْ أُولَٰئِكَ أَصْحَابُ الْأُحُدِ .  
 وَأَلْقَىٰ عِيسَى ابْنُ مَرْيَمَ الْكِتَابَ وَتَوَلَّىٰ وَخَمَلَ عَلَيْنَا السَّلَاطَ وَأُولَٰئِكَ هُمُ الْمُفْلِكُونَ .“

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

إِنِّي أَنبَأُكُمْ وَبِطَعْنَتِي أَهْمُتُكُمْ: أَيُّ مَنَ حَقِيقَةِ الْحَقِيقَةِ: ١. مَعْقُودًا عَلَى ذِيهِ





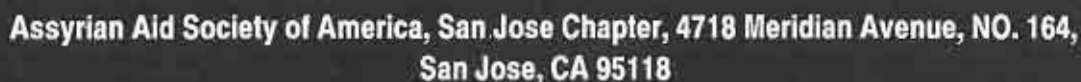


מִחֲבֹנֵי הַדָּם בְּחַיֵּי הַחַיִּים

تذکرہ : مولوی عبدالحق، دہلی

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**الحمد لله الملك الوهاب**

يَا هَلْكَ حَقِّ كَوْنٍ دَعَا تَمَى إِلَهُهُ قَدْ جَاءَ بِجَبَّتِ مَصْرُفِيَّةً لَهَا زَمْزَمًا ،  
بَجَتْ فَتَمَّ يَوْمَ أَيْمٍ وَصَحْبَتِهِ فَرْدُهُ قَبْلَ مَا فِي بَعْثِهِ تَمَى نَدْمَتِهِ  
وَأَنَّهُ قَوْلُهُ .

[illegible]

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تَمَّ : كَيْفًا تَمَّ

كَلَامُ مَدِينَةٍ حَلِيقَةٍ لَمَدِينَةِ  
 قَبْلَةٍ مَدِينَةٍ مَدِينَةٍ لَمَدِينَةٍ  
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[illegible]

جَعَلْنَا لَكَ ذَاكَ وَمِنْ  
 مَنَاجِلَ لَكَ نَتْلُوهُ  
 عَلَيْكَ بِالْحَقِّ : لَقَدْ  
 كُنَّا لَكَ دُونَهُ مُبْدِي

لَعَنَ حَلَّاءٌ قَوْمَهُ

مِمَّ سَدَّ مَقْلًا، هُوَ سَدٌّ يَحْتَمِلُ جِهًا وَخَفَاةً مِمَّا مِمَّ سَدٌّ سَوِيًّا كَمَا بَدَأَ. أَيْ سَدٌّ كَمَا  
 إِهْمَعَدَّ بَدَأَ خَفَاةً مِمَّا سَدٌّ كَمَا بَدَأَ سَلْبًا هُوَ سَدٌّ يَحْتَمِلُ جِهًا وَخَفَاةً مِمَّا  
 كَمَا بَدَأَ هُوَ سَدٌّ كَمَا بَدَأَ، أَيْ سَدٌّ مِمَّا مِمَّ سَدٌّ سَوِيًّا كَمَا بَدَأَ. أَيْ سَدٌّ كَمَا  
 كَمَا بَدَأَ. سَجَبَةً دَايِمَةً هُوَ سَدٌّ مِمَّا مِمَّ سَدٌّ سَوِيًّا كَمَا بَدَأَ. أَيْ سَدٌّ كَمَا  
 كَمَا بَدَأَ هُوَ سَدٌّ كَمَا بَدَأَ. أَيْ سَدٌّ مِمَّا مِمَّ سَدٌّ سَوِيًّا كَمَا بَدَأَ. أَيْ سَدٌّ كَمَا

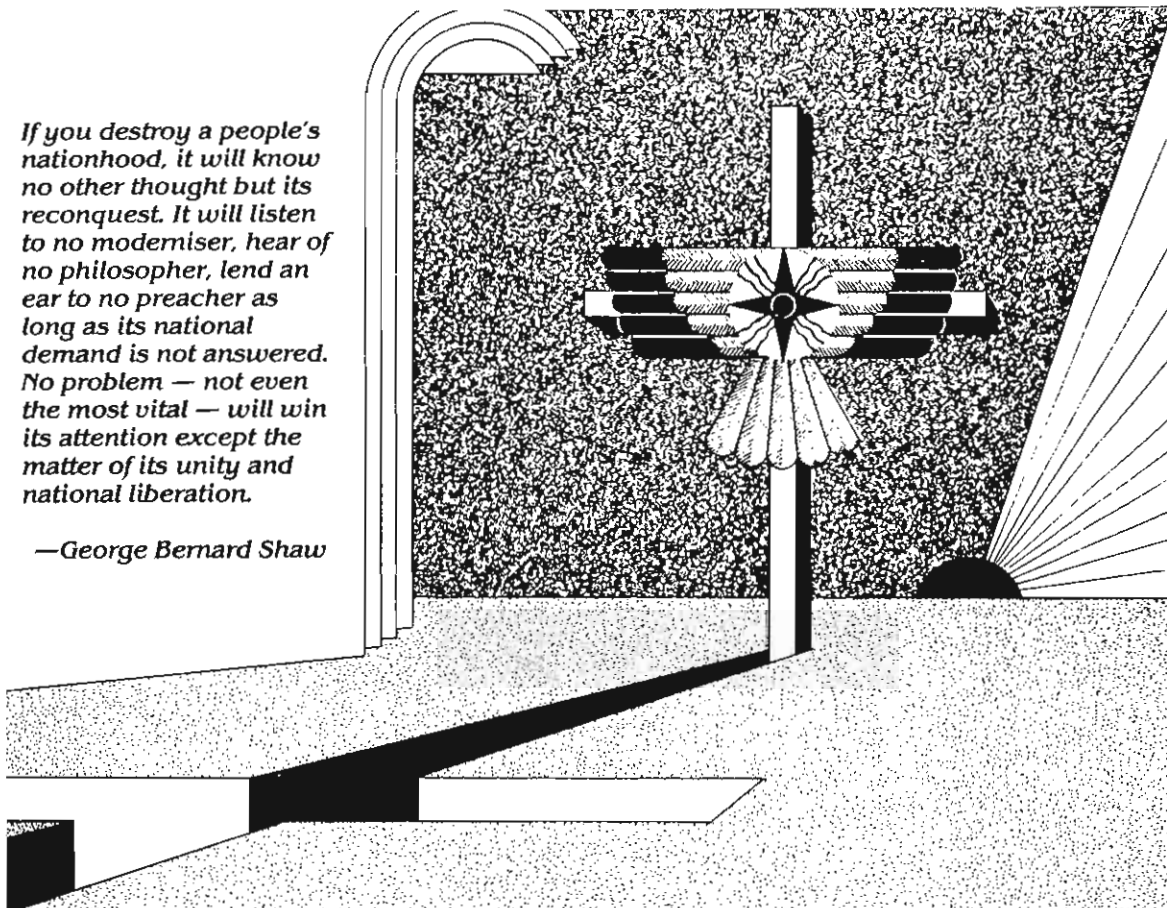


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—George Bernard Shaw



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