



Established 1961

*Dedicated to the  
Advancement of Education  
of Assyrians*



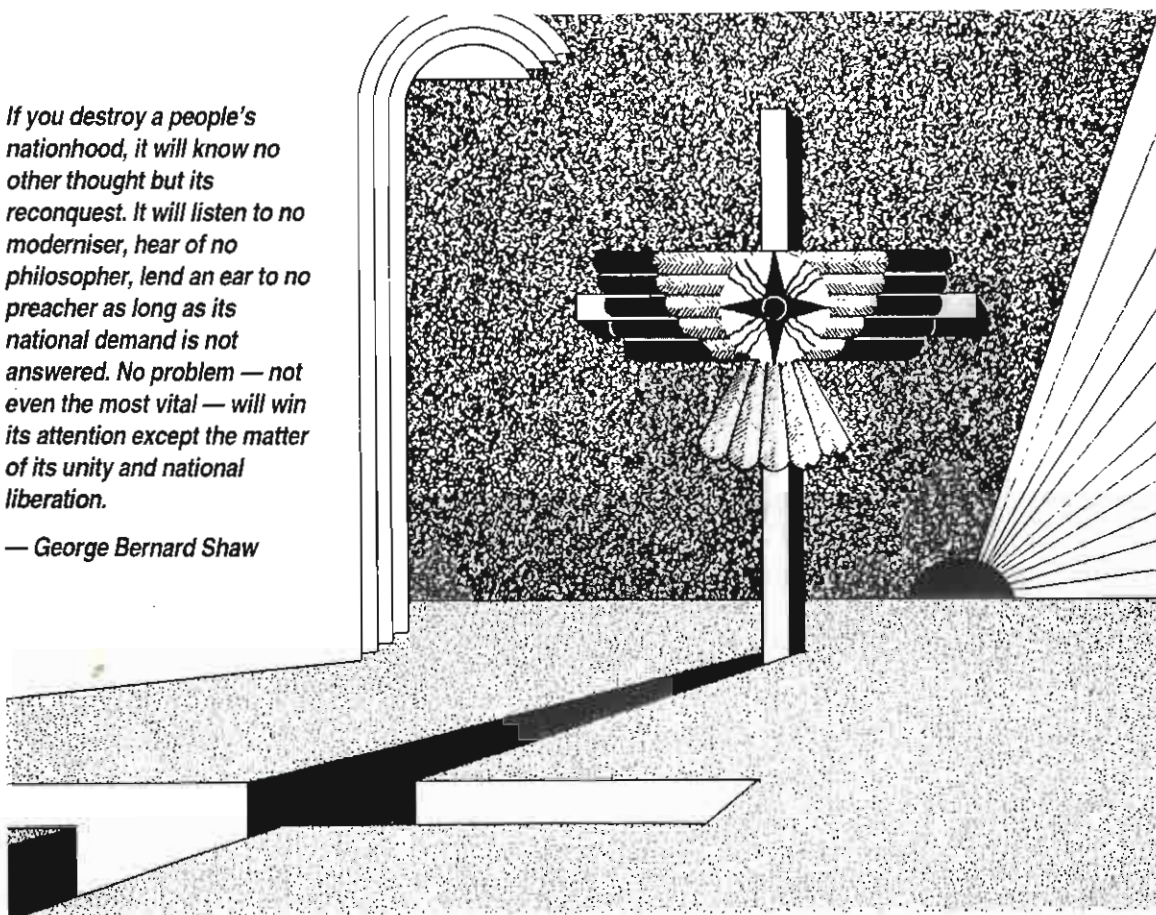
# NINEVEH

THIRD QUARTER 2000

VOLUME 23 NO. 3

*If you destroy a people's  
nationhood, it will know no  
other thought but its  
reconquest. It will listen to no  
moderniser, hear of no  
philosopher, lend an ear to no  
preacher as long as its  
national demand is not  
answered. No problem — not  
even the most vital — will win  
its attention except the matter  
of its unity and national  
liberation.*

— George Bernard Shaw



CULTURAL — EDUCATIONAL — SOCIAL

# NINEVEH

THIRD QUARTER 2000

VOLUME 23 NO. 3

Julius N. Shabbas ..... Editor

Joel J. Elias ..... Assistant Editor

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## Assyrian Periodicals

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# In Memory of William Daniel

by Lorraine Davis Sarmecanic

Translated from Assyrian into English by Dr. Arianne Ishaya

This program is in honor of the unforgettable memory of William Daniel. But it also coincides with the centennial of the publication of the famous play *Cyrano de Bergerac* by Edmond Rostand. There was a revival of interest in this play internationally in 1997, the year of the centennial. In Europe alone it was brought on stage in several countries simultaneously.

William Daniel, while he was still a student at the conservatory of music in Basel, Switzerland, translated this play into Assyrian in verse form in the 1930's. As far as we know this is his very first major work in the Assyrian language. So it is a timely moment to discuss this play in the context of his literary interests and accomplishments.

Let us begin with a few questions of interest:

1. What is the importance of the play *Cyrano de Bergerac* in literature on a worldwide scale?
2. What inspired the author to write this play?
3. From all the possible literary works, what prompted William Daniel to select this particular play for translation?

As to the popularity of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, there is no doubt because it has been continuously staged in international theaters up until this day. Edmond Rostand, a well-known French playwright, wrote it in the 19<sup>th</sup> century. The play was hailed as a masterpiece as soon as it was published. Since the author had not conformed to the current styles of writing like romanticism, realism, or impressionism, he was looked upon as an innovator. His play occupies a unique and outstanding place in French literary history. This work made Edmond Rostand attain international fame.

To answer the second question, it is necessary to know more about the history and the subject of this play. There actually was a person by the name of Savinien Cyrano in the history of France. He was born in 1619 in the environs of Paris, and passed away in 1655. His parents were from a small town in the north of

France by the name of De Bergerac. Savinien added the title "De Bergerac" to his name when he graduated from school. In his time, he was known as a brave soldier and a skilled swordsman. He

served in the army at Arras, France, but was eventually wounded severely and had to retire from the army. He was talented and wrote several poems, political essays, satires, and a few plays. Moliere, the famous French writer of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, used two of Savinien de Cyrano's plays by the name of *Folk Tales* and *Science Fiction Stories*. Savinien de Cyrano's book by the name of *Voyage to the Moon and the Sun* demonstrates his keen interest in science and his power of imagination. Even today his insights are valid. Upon retirement from the army, Savinien began to teach at the College du Beauvais in Paris. He is reported to have had a very long nose. His own comment on his nose was "It precedes me by 15 minutes when I go somewhere." He is also known to have remarked that a long nose is the sign of humor, modesty, kindness, generosity, individuality, and greatness in a man.

*Cyrano de Bergerac* by Edmond Rostand is modeled on the character of Savinien. It is about a hidden but sublime love, even though it is expressed in a popular form. It surpasses the boundaries of nationality and even time and space. It is so popular that it is continuously staged all around the world and still draws crowds even if it is presented in an abbreviated version. Like the historical figure, Cyrano in Rostand's play is also a man of many superior talents. He is courageous, valiant, and at all times on guard to preserve his freedom of thought and opinion, even during the occasions particularly close to the end of his life when he is reduced to abject poverty. He too has a long nose, but since he is a skilled

swordsman, nobody dares to laugh at his nose, lest he is wounded by Cyrano's sword. In the play, Cyrano falls in love with Roxanne, his cousin. But because of his nose, he does not dare to declare his love to her. When Roxanne confides that she and

## **Translator's Note:**

**The literary and educational branch of the Assyrian Association in Tehran held a special memorial in honor of the late William Daniel in December 1998 on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of his death. The main speaker was Lorraine Davis Sarmecanic, whose speech is translated here. For the first time, anywhere in the world, the Assyrians were introduced to one of the least known literary works of William Daniel, his translation of the famous French play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. The original play is written in verse form; but this did not deter William Daniel from facing the difficult challenge of translating it into Assyrian in verse form as well.**

**Lorraine's essay is a skillful comparison between the hero of Edmond Rostand, the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and the hero of William Daniel in the epic of *Kateeni Gabbara*. She weaves a rich tapestry from several sources: William Daniel's personal letters, lyrics from his songs, and passages from *Kateeni Gabbara*. The essay begins with a brief introduction of the place and importance of the play in French literature, and its worldwide appeal today. For those who might not be familiar with the play, a summary is provided, followed by the comparative analysis.**

Christian are in love and asks him to protect Christian in the battlefield, Cyrano does so for the sake of her happiness. In contrast to Cyrano, Christian is handsome but does not have any of the inner beauty and talents that abound in Cyrano. Since Christian has no literary skills he asks Cyrano to accompany him to Roxanne's place. In the evenings Cyrano, hiding in the dark under her balcony, whispers love poems that she believes are from Christian. With the help of Cyrano the two get married, but immediately afterwards Christian is sent to the battlefield by his commander De Guich who has an eye on Roxanne. Cyrano often visits Christian on the battlefield, and offers the fervent love letters he has written to his own beloved, for Christian to sign as if he had written them. Cyrano returns the letters to Roxanne. One evening Roxanne braves the journey to the battlefield and brings food to her husband and his fellow companions. There she confesses to Christian that if at the beginning she loved him for his looks, she is convinced that now she loves him solely for his soul that shines through his letters and poems. She asks forgiveness for not having truly discovered the greatness of her husband's personality sooner. At this point Christian asks Cyrano to confess the truth to Roxanne. Soon after Christian is killed while holding the last letter that Cyrano has written on his behalf.

Fifteen years later we find Roxanne in a convent, waiting for Cyrano, who visits her regularly. On that day Cyrano is delayed and all the nuns are concerned as every one of them respects and loves him deeply for his personality and friendliness. When Cyrano appears he seems very ill and weak. Roxanne who always keeps her husband's last letter close to her heart, pulls it out and asks Cyrano to read it to her. Cyrano obeys. While he is reading, Roxanne realizes that she has heard this voice from under her balcony 15 years earlier. As she watches Cyrano she realizes that he is saying the words by heart, without looking at the letter. Then it dawns on her that the person she has loved all along has been Cyrano and not Christian. It is too late then and Cyrano dies shortly after.

The hidden love of Cyrano towards his beloved parallels the theme of a song by William Daniel called *The Lilly of the Valley*. [This song was actually performed in the program.]

#### **Female Voice:**

You will find upon the tablet of my heart  
Engraved by razor and fire,  
Love that will never die out,  
Even if by chance you deny it.  
Wherever that hand chose to touch,  
The enduring memory was a broken heart.  
Oh, Nimrud, Nimrud, cruel Nimrud  
Subdue if you can, the flames of this fire.  
I've forsaken the world;

Do not cast me away from your heart  
Nimrud, Nimrud, Nimrud.

#### **Male voice:**

Mountains, tell me, where can I find my beloved?  
She chose to flee from the brutality of those in  
power.  
A crowd of evildoers sought to separate me  
from her.  
So much evil how could you pursue?  
Hills, where is my beloved, tell me,  
Do not close, I beg, the door of mercy on me.  
Where can I find that pure, beautiful flower?  
Lilly, Lilly.  
I hear echoes ringing in my ears.  
Which heartless entity chose this hour to mock  
me?  
In my flight from evil times, Mountains, I  
counted you as friends.  
Trees, have mercy on my tortured self.  
Tell me, before the sun sets again,  
Where is the path that leads to salvation?  
Victorious liberation?

Having learned of the character of Cyrano de Bergerac and the depth of his selfless love to the point of self-sacrifice for the happiness of his beloved, I will turn now to William Daniel and compare him to Cyrano De Bergerac. In doing so I find the same type of unconditional dedication towards the beloved, which for William was his *umta* (nation). The sources that make such a conclusion inevitable are the author's own works such as *Kateeni Gabbara*; *William Daniel's Creations* (musical compositions), and his letter dated October 8, 1978. Even though the drama and actions of Cyrano are rooted in cultural traditions foreign to our own, yet the play strikes a familiar note in the heart of the reader or spectator due to our common humanity. Despite his idealistic aspirations and thoughts, Cyrano is nevertheless aware of the reality of his circumstances. He is not expecting any tangible rewards for his generosity and self-denial. He is faithful to his cause unconditionally simply because of his own resolve and his own convictions. This is the ultimate point in the loftiness of human idealism. It personifies the mission and the life goal of William Daniel precisely.

William Daniel was born on the 30<sup>th</sup> of March 1903. His mother passed away when he was five years old, and at the age of 11 he lost his father also; thereby becoming deprived of parental love and care. His childhood experiences shaped his personality deeply, and influenced the goals he set forth for his future. He used to remember glimpses of his past:

"Adeena, (name of his sister) take the boy to school; he's always in the way..." Adeena drags him to school. In *Kateeni Gabbara* William Daniel devotes a passage to little children:

Let the children play and run  
Climb up and down the hills.  
Let them fall and rise again,



Let them cry for they will sing again.  
The teen years of a lad  
Are not always happy ones.  
If they lead a smooth life,  
Eat and sleep without a care,  
They will not grow in character  
To become a pillar for an *umta* (nation).

William leaves for Switzerland as a college student, to complete his training in classical music. In his letter of October 1978 he writes:

"I became aware of my identity as an Assyrian during this period of my life. I read a beautiful play *Cyrano de Bergerac*, and decided to share it with my own people. To do so, I translated it into Assyrian so that this act of translation would be a witness to my fellowship with my people."

Regarding his life in Europe and the play he writes:

"Europe gave me the necessary knowledge, and *Cyrano de Bergerac* became the medium through which I could portray what ultimate dedication is like."

At the completion of his studies William returns to Iran. In Hamadan he meets Assyrians from the mountaineer tradition. By associating with them he is introduced to their music about which he writes in his *William Daniel's Creations*: "The sound waves were like a mourning eulogy to our ancestral songs." Others had also heard those sound waves, but it was William who detected in them echoes from the ancient music. He was the one who put these waves one after another, and recreated those ancient tunes through compositions such as *The Lilly of the Valley*, which reveals the extent of his musical talent, the refinement of his feelings and inspirations, and his unparalleled good taste. I trust you will agree with the comment made by Dr. Ashur Moradkhan who states:

"His musical creations are weaved together out of the fabric of our being; they reveal our lives, our circumstances. They soothe the soul, and delight the heart."

In 1943 William organized a choral group whose songs were broadcast weekly in the Tehran radio station, and could be heard throughout the country. This program was terminated after six months due to the socio-political circumstances that prevailed at the time. Such events could have alienated William; but he had Koorikmoo's advice to her son Kateeni in mind:

Let not revenge be a goal in your life.  
This course of action will weaken  
Your arm, and bow down your head.

This event could have discouraged him from pursuing social activities for the sake of his people. In this case he could have listened to the advice of the widow whose two sons were taken captive by *Shidda* (female monster), the enemy in *Kateeni Gabbara*:

Retreat from this path Kateeni,

Great is the power of the foe.  
Let some years pass by  
Until you grow in strength.  
On your face, that of a lad,  
There is no trace of a beard yet.  
The loss would be immeasurable,  
If this valiant stature is cut down.  
Innumerable are the brave and valiant ones  
Who died on the black altar  
The altar of the cruel *Shidda*.

The termination of the Assyrian radio program helped William to better understand the obstacles that lay in the path of community work and the power of adversity due to ignorance and lack of national awareness. He realized that with his talent and accomplishments in the field of classical music he could return to Europe and become a well-known violinist and make a name for himself among other nations. But like Kateeni, he had resolved ever since his youth to remain faithful to his cause. He expresses this resolve in Kateeni's words in response to the widow:

Do not fear mother  
Do not look at my age  
Could be I'm not a famous brave  
But it has never happened  
That in the face of a challenge,  
Kateeni to step back.  
Listen to this promise,  
Which I make in the memory of my dead father.  
The last day of *Shidda* is at hand.  
Before the sun sets,  
Before the moon rises,  
Her death she'll meet by this hand.  
By the truth of my soul,  
By the light of this day,  
I give you a sacred promise  
Before the God of night,  
Sets up his tent,  
The enemy will lose its head.  
No longer will it pass,  
That *Shidda* seeps blood.  
Wipe the tears off your eyes.  
Before the sun sets,  
Before the moon rises,  
You'll embrace your sons in your arms.  
Our men and maidens  
She has stolen from us,  
Their lives are entombed,  
In mountain cliffs.  
If Shamiram could hear,  
She would bitterly weep for her children,  
Captive in their own land.  
Rage is swelling in my chest,  
It enflames my body.  
It burns me like a fire ablaze.  
If I do not put an end to *Shidda*,  
Then it's best to lie down and die  
As I would not be,  
The son of Gilgamesh, the Ninevite.

William does not return to Europe; instead, with even greater steadfastness he doubles his efforts towards his goal. He searches for and finds a mountaineer Assyrian by the name of Sleeveo. He asks him to recount the folktale of Kateeni. The tale of Kateeni, as recounted by Sleeveo, is a patchwork of disconnected rhymes and inconsequential events. When William inquires regarding the missing parts of the epic, Sleeveo answers: "My friend William, more than this I do not know."

Only William could take the shreds of an old tale, passed on by word of mouth in homes during the evening hours in front of a fire pit, and weave it into an epic tale which portrays the history of our people with all its tragedies and sorrows, the rise and fall of its national fortunes, and its hopes for the future.

This epic is not only rich in rhythmic variation of its verses, but the verses are also replete with stunning imagery and similes. The allegorical passages make this epic tale a milestone in the Assyrian literature. To analyze the various aspects of this epic requires a lengthier discourse. If we decide to engage in such an effort at one time, then as William says in Kateeni's words: "The tongue would wear off and there wouldn't be enough paper." Instead we will only compare two points between Kateeni and Cyrano.

The same way that Edmond Rostand has been able to create such a fascinating saga from the life history of one individual in French history, William Daniel has also used the life experiences of his own father to showcase the type of civic dedication seen in Kateeni, who each one of us must emulate. He has dedicated his epic to the memory of his father, Dr. David Daniel, the physician whose name has gone into the history books for the services he rendered to his people in the worst period of their history during World War I. The dedication page by William Daniel reads:

"To the unforgettable memory of Dr. David Daniel I dedicate this great epic poem of *Kateeni Gabbara*. He who at the start of WWI, as if inspired by the soul of Kateeni, worked and sacrificed all to redeem his people in those days of infinite suffering. In memory of he who rescued Goytapa (a large Assyrian village close to the town of Urmia) from Kurdish siege. In memory of he who donated his precious carpets to be spread in all the corners of the American Mission yard in order to shelter destitute refugees from the cold and damp earth of the winter of 1914. He who gave from his own pocket to replenish the dwindling funds of the mission. He who did not think he had done enough until he laid down his own life, which was his ultimate possession, on the line for his people. He took charge of hundreds of sick people suffering from diphtheria and other

contagious diseases. He too caught the cruel disease from his patients and passed away Easter morning of 1914. Is there greater sacrifice than this?"

The second point in our comparison is on the type of love and dedication found in the two works. On that question Arianne Moradkhan Ishaya makes the following comparison:

"Cyrano's beloved is a woman, to whom Cyrano remains dedicated unilaterally until his last breath. But this is a dedication to one person; thus Cyrano's life goals are individualistic. But William Daniel has created a saga where the beloved is a nation that was great at one time, and now is homeless and in distress. So Kateeni's life goals are humanistic, and nationalistic. They extend beyond the individual and focus on loftier issues of social redress and human rights."

As he himself admits, William follows in the footsteps of his father, and is inspired by Kateeni Gabbara. He ceaselessly seeks the glorification of his people by way of developing and recording their intellectual, social, and literary achievements. In his musical publication *William Daniel's Creations*, he writes:

"If we are the offspring of the Assyrians of old who, with their achievements in arts and sciences, shed light on the dark state of their neighboring nations; if we have the right to call ourselves their descendants whose artifacts enrich top world museums, then why, why are we limping and staying behind all others as if crushed by a heavy burden? The germs of which malady have blinded us? Is it the method we have chosen in our social endeavors that takes us astray? Could it be that the method is wrought with pitfalls? What sort of pitfalls? Do we have the courage to find and face those pitfalls? Do we have the stamina to remove them from our path? Finally, let's ask ourselves: Do we have faith or trust in our heritage?" (p. 87).

On the dedication page of the same work we read:

"I dedicate this publication to the altar of the glory of a nation that was. Many tears have been shed for its present predicament. The foremost yearning and hope is to return to an age of understanding, educational attainment, and intellectual revitalization. This hope is my only consolation." (p. 7)

Having passed most of his lonely existence in meditation upon intellectual and social concerns, and while still his fervent love and idol after God was his nation, William Daniel passed away on March 18, 1988 at 7:30 in the evening. His dedication to his people reminds me of the following verses that he wrote in one of his songs, *Tears of the Beloved*:

Why are your eyes brimful of tears, tell me.  
Did I not promise you, open then, my heart and

look  
 If you do not find there your own image,  
 Condemn me in public for my unfaithfulness.  
 Let me suffer the punishment I deserve, my  
 beloved.  
 Did I not swear to you there is no one but you?  
 If I am tested by fire, maybe you'll believe  
 That my idol beside God, is you.  
 Give me the true word, even if it costs life  
 More welcome to me that fire, than a life of  
 bitterness.

Have pity on my tortured soul, with sorrow is  
 replete my love  
 Say a kind word to soothe my heart.  
 Let me inhale like the morning breeze,  
 The dewdrop from your eyes; lean your head on  
 my heart  
 Welcome is death then, my beloved, know that  
 My idol beside God, is you.

[This song was performed during the program.  
 Soprano: L. Davis Sarmecanic; Piano: Emil Malik.]

[www.aanf.org](http://www.aanf.org)

## ***Assyrian American National Federation, Inc.***

### **Office of the President**

#### **ASSYRIAN USA MESSAGE FOR YEAR 2000**

#### **ASSYRIAN CALENDAR YEAR 6750**

**April, 2000**

#### **To All Concerned;**

The Assyrian-American National Federation (AANF) presents the following appeals before concerned parties with the hope that they will be given serious consideration.

1. We call for the complete unification of the Assyrian church branches. All the members of the Assyrian Ecclesiastical Denominations must coalesce for the benefit of the Assyrian people across the globe.

Assyrians were among the first nations to embrace Christianity. They belonged to the Church of the East and remained united as a people and church until the ecclesiastical division which followed the Council of Ephesus in 381 A. D., and the Council of Chalcedon in 451 A.D. These divisions ruptured the national foundation of the Assyrian people. Unification will undoubtedly restore the church's strength, which will result in national solidarity-- and it will be members of this solidarity that will fearlessly declare the right to exist and preserve/express national identity.

2. We call upon all the Assyrian political parties and organizations to cooperate and establish an Assyrian World Fund that will sponsor and support the Assyrian cause.
3. We call upon all the political Assyrian organizations to open communications with the Middle Eastern governments, to politically present the Assyrian question.
4. We call upon the Arab League as well as the Middle Eastern/Muslim governments to officially discuss the Assyrian question and pass resolutions by which the Assyrians are secured in a part of Northern Mesopotamia.
5. We call upon President Clinton to remove the

economic embargo placed on the innocent Iraqi citizenry (which includes the Assyrian segment of that country's population). We also call upon all the nations of the world to support the Iraqi people who have received the brunt of the misery and suffering caused by the sanctions since 1991.

6. We call upon our fellow Americans who are of Assyrian origin to acquaint their representatives in Congress and the Senate with the Assyrian cause.

The Assyrian-American National Federation was established on August 8, 1933 in response to the persecution of the Assyrians in the Middle East. Since its inception, the AANF has been struggling to attain inalienable human rights long denied the Assyrian people, hence, the items expounded above.

Assyrians are the indigenous people of Mesopotamia (present day Iraq, Southeastern Turkey, and Northeastern Syria). Their history spans over 6,700 years. After the fall of their empire in 612 B.C., the disintegration of their final political rule in Harran around 606 B.C., and the fall of Babylon in 538 B.C., the Assyrians lived in semi-independent states such as Adiabene and Edessa. Presently they are scattered across the globe and their land is inhabited by Muslims in general and Arabs in particular. The presence of the Arabs in Mesopotamia dates back to the emergence of Islam, i.e., the last fifteen centuries. Arabs/Muslims have to absorb the reality that Assyrians are the indigenous people of Mesopotamia and Assyrians must cope with the fact that Arabs/Muslims govern the region that is their place of origin. Assyrians must also get passed the hurt resulting from centuries of persecution and establish productive communication with the Arabs/Muslims in order to work towards achieving their goals. The recognition of an Assyrian zone in Northern Mesopotamia (ancient Assyria), by the Arabs and their Muslim neighbors, will demonstrate the sincerity of Arab/Muslim support of and

compatibility with democracy.

We strongly believe that the Arab and neighboring Muslim nations are aware of the fact that the Assyrians do not constitute a threat to them. The Assyrians anxiously look forward to seeing peace prevail throughout the entire Middle East, especially between the Arab nations and Israel on the grounds of Land for Peace.

Islamic understanding of the Assyrian question will secure the possibility of co-existence between the Christian-Assyrians and Muslims on the basis of ethnic and religious tolerance. We therefore hope that the concerned Islamic nations will follow the step that Iranian President, Ayatollah Mohammed Khatimi took when he attended the recent Assyrian Universal Alliance Conference in Tehran, where he recognized the ethnic rights of Assyrians in Iran and the neighboring countries.

With regard to the U.N. embargo on Iraq, we strongly believe that our American government will reconsider the future of the millions of innocent children, women and elders who are suffering from the sanctions. No human being regardless of ethnicity or religion, should experience such hardship. An American initiative to remove the embargo will restore the confidence of the Iraqi people in American democratic values—which are sorely needed in that region of the world in order to stratify the inalienable rights of every individual. The sanctions have missed their target and we anticipate that the world nations will exert effort to remove the embargo, which has lasted so long and affected the citizens of Iraq.

The Assyrian American National Federation will utilize its resources to introduce the Assyrian cause to the European Parliament and Council. We are grateful to certain European countries for their positive position with respect to the Assyrian "situation" and hope that they will continue in their active support of the Assyrian people (who fought on the allied side during both World Wars). European archives have recorded the grievances, massacres and humiliation the Assyrians underwent following the victory of the Allied Powers, who simply ignored the small nation that fought by their side during the wars and left the Assyrians stateless in their ancestral homeland.

The Assyrian-American National Federation would like to express its support for initiatives to establish peace between the nations and countries of the world. On the occasion of the beginning of the millennium, we hope that the United Nations will discuss the subject of ethnic minorities which are not represented internationally and pass resolutions to preserve their existence.

We pray that the year 2000 will be the beginning of peace and harmony for the entire planet.

**Sargon Lewie**  
**President**

## **Assyrian American Society of Las Vegas**

The Assyrian American Society of Las Vegas produced their first Newsletter June 2000, and is the first Assyrian publication in the State of Nevada. The Society is registered in Nevada and with the Internal Revenue Service as a non-profit, charitable and educational corporation. It was formed to serve their community, especially help Assyrians in need, assist newcomers to their community, promote friendship, unity, peace and democratic values, to preserve Assyrian culture, language, identity, and history. They are a nonpartisan, nonpolitical organization with no affiliation with any religious organization or church.

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The Newsletter contains brief information on:

- Assyrian Martyr Day observed on the 7th of August.
- History of the rise and fall of the Assyrian Empire, their accomplishments and contributions to the world.
- The story of the city of Edessa and how the Assyrian nation embraced Christianity.
- How the Iran-Iraq War, the Gulf War, and the economic embargo on Iraq have caused refugee crisis of innocent Assyrian families who had no role or interest in these wars; shortages of food, medicine and other necessities of life.
- Call on Assyrian children in the region who need financial and other assistance
- A section relates to the activities of the members.
- The Society's policy on how the contributions they receive would be used for needy Assyrians and education nationally and internationally.



# **BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN GILBERT BROWNE OF THE LEVIES**

**By Solomon (Sawa) Solomon**

One of the finest British officers to serve with the Assyrian Levies in Iraq was Brigadier-General John Gilbert Browne who became the Second Commander of the Levies succeeding Colonel H. T. Dobbin (1878-1946) in 1926. Having witnessed the courage and the loyalty of the Assyrians serving under him, Browne tried in vain to help settle the Assyrians in some "Christian" country following the 1933 events while he was employed by the League of Nations for the very specific purpose.

J. Gilbert Browne was born on July 26, 1878, to Leonard Browne and his wife of Hoburne, Hants, England. He studied at Wellington, Sandhurst, and Oxford. He enlisted in the army and saw action during the Boer War. Later on he served in Nigeria and India before entering staff college in 1912. During the First World War he held staff appointments in France, Gallipoli, and Palestine and was decorated six times. Following occupation duty in Germany, he was posted to Iraq to serve with the Levies.

In October 1922, the Levies were moved from Army to Royal Air Force control. The Headquarters relocated from Baghdad to Mosul. The Levy Force Commander took his orders from the Air Officer Commander, who in turn answered to the Air Ministry. Air Vice-Marshal Sir John Salmond became the first air officer commanding in Iraq. He was to reach the rank of Marshall of the R.A.F. During those first years, Lieut.-Colonel Browne would command the Levies whenever Colonel-Commandant Dobbin was absent. The twenties were years of constant action against rebellious Kurds and Browne was in the thick of it. On April 29, 1926, Colonel Dobbin returned to England and Brigadier Browne took command of the Levies. The biggest headache for the British in those days was a certain Sheikh Mahmud of Sulaimaniya, who had declared himself 'King of Kurdistan'; Sheikh Mahmud led numerous rebellions throughout the twenties but were all crushed by the combined forces of the Assyrian Levies and the Royal Air Force.

In 1928 Browne was awarded the C.B.E. medal, and on October 29, of the same year, the Levy H.Q. moved to Hinaidi after a six-year stay in Mosul. In November, Brigadier Browne was sent to Sulaimaniya to face yet another armed incursion by Sheikh Mahmud, and once again the combined force of the R.A.F., the Levies and units of the Iraqi Army stopped the Kurds. In 1932, Browne sent the Assyrians to take up guard duties in Shaiba-Margil in the south. In 1933, Browne retired with the rank of Brigadier General. He then went into employment with the League of Nations to try to settle the Assyrians. He was a tireless upholder of Assyrian



rights. He was to serve with the League until 1935.

In February-April 1934, General Browne and Mr. Johnson, the Secretary General of the World Refugee Office, were sent to Brazil to investigate the possibility of settling the Assyrians there. It is reported that this plan was abandoned after the Brazilian Parliament adopted a new law restricting immigration, and there were other problems too. Again in November 1934, Browne accompanied Dr. Gigoli, a member of the Royal Colonial Institute of Agriculture in Florence, Italy, to British Guiana to investigate the possibility of settling the Assyrians there. However, it became clear to them that the Assyrians could not be settled "in sufficiently large scale."

In a statement made by Mr. Johnson after the failure of the efforts to settle the Assyrian Nation outside Iraq, Johnson mentions that he spent four months with General Browne in 1934, during which time Browne spoke very highly of the Assyrians. In 1935, the General went home and entered Civil Defense becoming in 1939 Chief Warden in Christ Church. He also served in the Home Guard.

Brigadier-General John Gilbert Browne was a man of great ability, energy and versatility; but also he was a man of great charm and approachable by all ranks. He died on Feb. 12, 1968, at the age of 90 and with his death the Assyrians lost a friend who defended their interests within the British community. Later he became historian to the Levies.

## ***Proceeding of the Society Dominions & Colonies Section***

**Tuesday, 1st December, 1936**

**Sir Ronald H. A. Storrs, K.C.M.G., C.B.E., in the Chair**

**The Chairman**, in introducing the speaker, said:—It is a privilege and pleasure for me to preside this evening at a meeting of the Royal Society of Arts to hear our distinguished lecturer, Brigadier-General Browne—a man who has rendered great service to the Assyrian people. He speaks with authority, having been chosen by his Commander-in-Chief to command the Assyrian Levies for eight years (1925-1933) in Iraq, and again chosen by the League of Nations on two separate occasions to go out and investigate the possibility of settling the Assyrians first in Brazil and later in British Guiana.

May I then deal for a few moments with an earlier period of Assyrian history. In very ancient times there were kings in Asia. From their number there arose a mighty man of war, the Assyrian Ninus. He founded a vast empire over which he ruled and which covered the whole of Asia Minor to the Mediterranean, the Black and Caspian Seas, Southern Russia, modern Iran and Arabia. He then built a magnificent capital for himself, to which he gave his own name, Ninus, “even the city of Nineveh.” The Assyrians created in this dawn of history a noble art, as the great friezes in the British Museum testify, which once covered the whole of the walls of the throne-room in the palace of Sennacherib.

Another great Assyrian king was Asshurbanipal (668-626 B.C.), the greatest commander of his age, the original of Byron's tragedy, *Sardanapalus*. His prayer to the goddess Istar of Arbela (Milton's “Ashtaroth—Heaven's Queen and Mother both”), his and his father's special patroness, is so fine that I must read you a few words of it:—

“In the month of Ab (July), in the festival of the great Queen Ishtar, I was staying at Arbela, the city the delight of her heart, to be present at her high worship. There they brought me news of the invasion of the Elamite, who was coming against the will of the gods.

“I prayed to the great Ishtar. I approached her presence, I bowed down at her feet, I besought her divinity to come and to save me. Thus: ‘O goddess of Arbela, I am Asshurbanipal, king of Asshur, the creature of thy hands, chosen by thee and thy father Asshur to restore the temples of Assyria and to adorn the holy cities of Accad. I have sought to honour thee, and I have gone to worship thee. O thou queen of queens, goddess of war, lady of battles, Queen of the gods, who in

the presence of Asshur thy father speakest always in my favour, causing the hearts of Asshur and Marduk to love me. O thou archer of the gods, come like a fire in the midst of the battle, destroy him and crush him with a fiery bolt from heaven!’ “Ishtar heard my prayer. ‘Fear not!’ she replied, and caused my heart to rejoice. ‘At the lifting up of thy hands, thine eyes shall be satisfied with the judgment. I will grant thee favour. I will protect thee! And I will march with thee at the time of the feast of Nebo. Meanwhile eat food, drink wine, make music, and glorify my divinity, until I shall come and this vision shall be fulfilled. Thy heart's desire shall be accomplished. Thy face shall not grow pale with fear. Thy feet shall not be arrested: thou shalt not even scratch thy skin in the battle.”

I have been assured that, despite all the vicissitudes, battle, murder, and exile from the lands of their fathers and their sacred dead, the Assyrians have still preserved in safe keeping until better days many of their most valuable ancient manuscripts and sacred writings.

I will now call upon General Browne to address us.

### **The Assyrians**

**By Brigadier-General J. G. Browne  
C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O.**

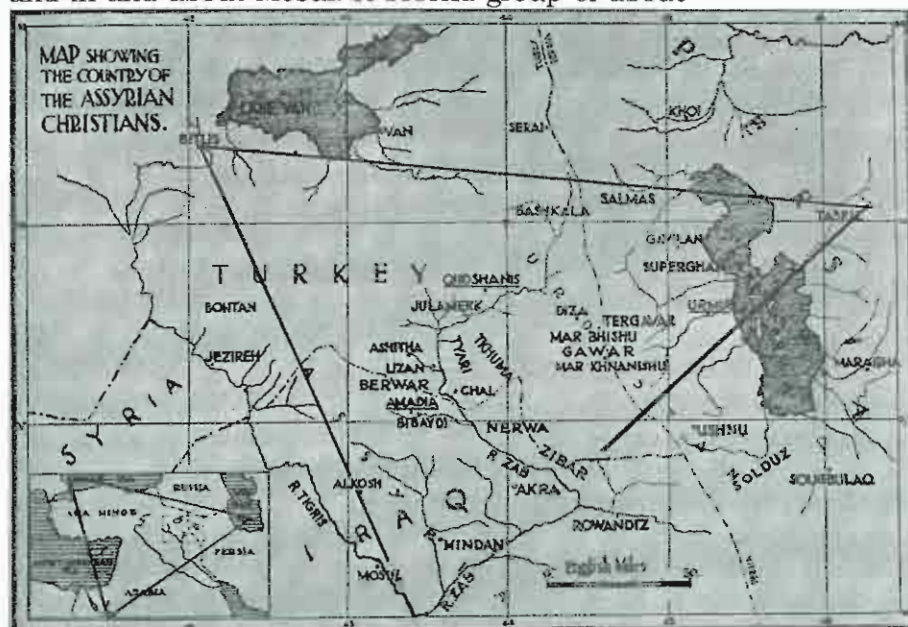
**(formerly in command of the Iraq Levies).**

I feel it a great privilege and honour to come here to the house of the Royal Society of Arts to address such a distinguished audience. I know you have great sympathy for this unfortunate Assyrian people, and I know that you wish to see justice done to them for the way in which they have held to us so loyally during all these years, in spite of all that they have gone through. When I first agreed to give this lecture, I hoped to be able to tell you to-day that their settlement was well on the way to being carried out, but I am sorry to say that the last attempt—the Ghab Valley scheme—has fallen through, and we are back now very much where we started, with these people in practically the same position as they were when they came under our charge.

I should first like to show you on the map the position that these people occupy.



They live in the northern part of Iraq, and at the present time are divided into three groups. One lot is scattered in northern Iraq, in their own villages and in and about Mosul. A second group of about



The country of the Assyrians. The triangle in the large map indicates roughly the area occupied by the Assyrians at the outbreak of the great war. The triangle in the inset map indicates diagrammatically the extent of the ancient Assyrian empire.

8,500 has been shifted to a point in Syria on the way to the Ghab Valley, and is very much in need of our help; and a third lot is still with the Iraq Levies—about 400 men, with their women and children.

I want to give you some idea of what these people are like. When one nation asks other nations for help, one very often thinks that they must be a broken-down, rather weak-kneed people to be requiring such aid, but as far as the Assyrians are concerned you must get that idea out of your minds altogether. The Assyrian is quite a different kind of person; if he were not, he would never have come through the frightful experiences which he has suffered. The Assyrians are a fierce, determined little nation, and it is because of these characteristics that they have stood so many persecutions and attacks, and we know that they will fight to the death for their families and their religion. In spite of all that, they are the most easy people to deal with as soldiers. They have a discipline among them, even the women and children, and six families of Kurds who were with us in barracks at Bagdad gave us more trouble than the whole of the Assyrians put together.

You heard just now what the Chairman was saying about the ancient Assyrians. I think there is also in these present-day Assyrians a latent intelligence, and I will give you an example. When we were at Mosul it was proposed by my P.M.O. to put all these people through the St. John's Ambulance course for first-aid. We put 106 through it, and there was not one single failure. Moreover, some of them went on to get the Medallion and the Label, which are higher degrees of that course. One of the doctors told me

afterwards that when he tried to catch them out, he was pulled up himself at once and told where he was wrong.

Are they the ancient Assyrians or not? We cannot answer that question absolutely. The Assyrians themselves say this: "We know we were a great people in the past." Their language is extraordinarily similar to that of the ancient Assyrians, except, of course, that the latter wrote from left to right and the present Assyrians write from right to left, which is rather curious. Their dress is practically the same—the conical cap looks similar to that represented on the old carvings. The old names of Sargon and Nimrud are very common among the Assyrians, and I have come across Sennacherib, or Sennacheri as it is called. Then there is their appearance. Many of them you might imagine to have stepped straight down from the old carvings. Finally, I believe Herodotus mentions the very rapid manner in which the old Assyrian infantry attacked. These people to-day, also, are the quickest over the hills that I have ever come across.

Now I should like to go quickly through their ancient history. They claim that it begins with their conversion by St. Thomas Thaddaeus in about 70 A.D., and from that time they became the most ardent missionaries. That brought them up against the old Persian Empire of the Sassanids, and they endured the most frightful persecution.

When the Arabs broke out under Mahommed and went into Mesopotamia, the Assyrians joined them and helped them to defeat the Persians. Although the Arabs ruled by the sword, they were quite amenable to people carrying on their own religion under them, and a *firmin*, or written

over the border, made his way across to Russia and eventually came to London. He probably arrived at King's Cross, where he was told to look out for people with curious hats to guide him, and he spoke to every guard, porter and policeman he came across. Finally he got to Chicago where he blacked boots and mixed cocktails, and after making a bit of money he returned to his native land just in time to join his people in the Great War.

Turkey did not come in at the beginning of the war, but about the end of October, 1914. The Assyrians remained perfectly quiet for some time after that. I have been told that they had a very good Wali at Julamerk and that if he had remained there it is quite possible that the Assyrians would not have joined in at all. The Wali was sent away, however, and another man came in his place. At the same time the Russians got in touch with the Assyrians to persuade them to join the Allies. The Wali became frightened and attacked some Assyrians belonging to an outlying area called Albaq. This showed the Assyrians what to expect and they summoned their Grand Council, which they apparently held on important occasions. At this Council they sit in horse-shoe fashion, with the Mar Shimun at the head; on his right sits the first Metropolitan and the second on his left. The third Metropolitan was in India, but one other Bishop attended, sitting on the left of the second Metropolitan. After them sat the *Ashiret* tribes in order, Jilu, right; Lower Tiari, left; Upper Tiari, right; Diz, left; Baz, right and Tkhuma left, and finally the *Rayat* or subject tribes in front.

The Council deliberated as to what they should do, and decided for war; but as soon as that had happened, the Assyrians found themselves deserted by the Russians, and were left to face the

Turks alone. They were able to beat off the attacks in the summer, but the hills in Kurdistan on which they were fighting cannot be lived in during the winter and they had to go down to their villages. The Patriarch went off on a reconnaissance to Urmia and decided to try to get the rest of the Assyrians through to that place. He made his way back to his people, and taking them with him burst right through the surrounding Turks and Kurds and got to Urmia, where he held on for three years. At first he had with him several battalions of Russians, but then the Russian revolution took place, and the Assyrians were left alone. For some time they held on, for the Turks were being heavily dealt with by ourselves in Mesopotamia, and then they began to get in touch with us. The first of the British really to make contact with them was an airman who landed at Urmia. He found out that what they wanted was arms and munitions, and it was arranged to send a convoy up to meet them.

But in the meantime the Patriarch, Mar Benyamin Shimun, was advised to try to make an agreement with a Kurd, named Ismail Agha, or Simko. The Kurds are a pretty bad lot generally, and Simko was well up to standard in this respect, and what he did was considered even by the Kurds to be a nasty business. The Patriarch went to meet him. He had an escort, as far as we know, but he left it behind on approaching Simko's village and drove on with one of his churchmen and his brother David for the interview. Simko received the Patriarch politely, but as they came out of his house a number of Kurds on a roof-top opposite opened fire and the Patriarch fell dead. The other churchman was also killed, but David seems to have been saved by an Armenian, who dragged him inside his house.

The Assyrians did not sit down under this; they got up a force to try to capture Simko, but could not catch him. Simko had expected that by the murder he would ingratiate himself with the Persians, but they did not want him, and in the end his deed did not flourish at all. The Turks wanted to hang him for something else, and the Assyrians wanted to shoot him for the murder and burnt his village, and from 1918 to 1930 he lived as a refugee.

In 1928 he suddenly arrived in Iraq and camped at a village called Sidika. I heard of his arrival there, and in view of what he had done, I knew that some of my levies would soon go off and kill him. So I managed to see David and explained the position to him. What Simko deserved was very plain, I admitted, but by coming in over the border he had become the guest of King Feisal and therefore, I told him, ought not to be touched. The Assyrians accordingly promised



**Assyrians Living in the Village Of Dohuk.**



permission, for the Assyrians to carry out their own religious observances was granted by Mahommed. This *firmin* was in existence right up to 1847, when it was unfortunately destroyed. Under Arab rule the Assyrians prospered fairly well, and continued their missionary work. They spread their religion as far as China, and there are records of it in the province of Sinkiang and in Kashgar. It also spread to India, where there is still an Assyrian Metropolitan or Archbishop, with a community of some 15,000 people.

This state of affairs went on until the Mongol invasion struck Europe and Asia in the thirteenth century. These invasions were carried out under Chinghiz Khan, Hulagu and Tamerlaine, who slaughtered the people and absolutely ruined the country of Mesopotamia. They broke down, among other things, the canal system, which is so vital in a flat country of that kind. The canals run above the level of the country, and when the system was broken up the country was turned into a salt desert. Viewed from an aeroplane the land looks like a skeleton. Long lines run out into the desert with heaps of rubble at the end which once were flourishing villages. The population, which used to be about 10 to 12 millions, was reduced to just over one million; which gives you some idea of the destruction carried out by the Mongols in that part of the world. Tamerlaine, being a Moslem, then persecuted the Christians, and the last remnants of the Assyrians were driven up to the northern part of Iraq, to Hakkari where they were until the Great War.

Finally, as the Mongol invaders went back to their own country, the Turks who had revived after their defeat at Angora, came down under the Sultan Selim through Mesopotamia, cleared out the Caliph (which title Sultan Selim thereupon assumed), and from that date the country was under the Turks. The Assyrians formed a little *millet* or tribe in the hills and a certain number of them returned to the plains.

I will now tell you something about the Assyrian system of government. It is a church government. Their head is the Patriarch, or to give him his full title, His Beatitude the Mar Shimun, Catholikos Patriarch of the East. Under him come three Metropolitans, two in Iraq and one in India, and then bishops, archdeacons, etc., down to ordinary priests. As the Patriarch may not marry, the position of Patriarch descends from uncle to nephew.

Besides this they have tribal divisions, falling into two main groups. The *Ashiret* or free tribes lived in the mountains, on both sides of the Greater Zab River, the Patriarch living in the north of this country near Julamerk. These tribes preserved their tribal system and lived practically independent of the rule of the Turks, dealing with the Turks only through their Patriarch. The Turks

did not go into their country at all. The people on the plains, however, and those scattered among the lower hills, were not quite so well situated. They are called the *Rayat*, by which is meant the Assyrians subject to the Turks, the Kurds or the Persians. The six free tribes are called the Upper Tiari, the Lower Tiari, Tkhuma, Baz, Diz and Jilu, and the Assyrians are often referred to by one of these tribal names, e.g., as the "Tiaris" by the people of Iraq, and as the "Jilus" by our people, because the Jilus were the first to meet the British troops on the retreat from Urmia, to which I will refer later.

In 1847 the Assyrians were living in the way I have told you, when the Bedr Khan Beg massacre occurred. This was carried out by the Wali of Mosul, who was possibly acting with orders from Constantinople. Probably, also, he had become frightened of the strength of the Assyrians. When the massacre got to the ears of our Minister at Constantinople, he informed the British Government, with the result that the massacre was stopped by our representation. It was in this way that we first got in touch with the Assyrians, and because Queen Victoria was reigning at the time they venerate her name.



**An Assyrian Village, Bagiri, North of Dohuk, in the North of Iraq.**

About 1890 the Archbishop of Canterbury's Mission was formed, and it sent out people not to convert the Assyrians, but to help them in their schools, by educational and medical work and the like. That mission will most certainly be kept up when we get these people a country of their own again. Some American missions also got in touch with the Assyrians, and it was through them that quite a number of the Assyrians went to America.

To give you an idea of what the people will do when they are determined, I will tell you the story of one of my officers, Ishu Yonan, who went to America in 1904. He knew no language except his own. In appearance he was something like Bairnsfather's "Ole Bill," but he was one of the best men we had for rounding up Kurds. Ishu got



me that they would not harm him, and they kept their word. Subsequently Simko went back to Persia, and was killed by the Persians at Ushnu, under circumstances which met the case.

To return now to what happened to the Assyrians after the murder of their Patriarch. As soon as the fighting men had gone off to meet the British convoy of munitions coming up, the Turks, who had been watching, attacked and broke the Assyrian lines, and there occurred a ghastly retreat. No provision had been made for this, and the whole force of 60,000 men, women and children, with their animals and without provisions, went down the road with a vague idea of getting to where the British were. Having made no provision for food, they seized it from the villagers on their way, who retaliated by attacking the stragglers of the force. Dysentery, typhus and other diseases also broke out. Colonel McCarthy relates that the most pathetic scenes were to be witnessed in the mornings, when many of the Assyrians lay dead and dying, and others were unable to carry on with the march. It was a ghastly sight. Then the Persians, Turks and Kurds swooped down on the stragglers and looted and murdered them. Of the 60,000 who started the march, 20,000 were lost on the way. The rest reached the British lines at Hamadan (in Persia), and a big camp was formed at Bakubah, where they were safe for the time being. Plous, the brother of the murdered Patriarch, was elected to his place, but always being a sick man he was worn out by the long journey, and died in the camp. The Assyrians elected Eshai, his nephew, the present Patriarch, in his place. Eshai was then a boy of 16, and was later sent to St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, for training.

The Great War came to an end with these people in the Bakubah camp, and the obvious thing was to send them back to their own country, which was empty. An attempt was made to do this under a leader of theirs called Agha Petros. He was not an organiser, however, although he was a fighting man, and the attempt was a complete failure. A number of men did try to make their way from Urmia over the mountains, but it was very late in the year and they had to give it up. Other parties who were trying to get back came up against the Kurds who had attacked them in the past. Fighting broke out, and the Assyrians got their own back with a certain sheikh who had attacked them in 1914. This upset the whole country, and they had to be brought back again to settle down near Mosul. From there they began to trickle back rather quietly into their own country, and there was an idea that in time we should find a *fait accompli*, and that these people would be back in their own country without further assistance.

In the meantime, however, the Cairo Conference had taken place, and it was decided to form the

Iraq Levy force. We found that the Assyrians were extremely good in the field and amenable to discipline; we induced many of them to enlist and from them we formed three battalions of infantry, a pack battery, ambulance, etc. The Assyrian units were, in fact, the backbone of the Levy force, although we had Turks, Kurds and other races as well.

In 1924, also, when we thought the Assyrians were pushing back into their country, an unfortunate incident happened. The Wali of Julamerk decided to make a visit to the area where they were settling. A scrap took place between his escort and some Assyrians, and the Wali was reported to have been killed. However, he wrote a letter three days after his "death" saying that there was no intention on anyone's part of having a fight and that the whole affair was a mistake. But the Turks sent down a force and drove out the Assyrians, and that brought the matter under the eyes of the League of Nations. The question was formally submitted to them, and the League first of all proceeded to draw a line between Turkey and ourselves. The line which was drawn was the Brussels line, which left the old Assyrian area inside Turkey. This was pointed out, and it was hoped that the Commission which was going out to confirm the line would decide that Hakkari should be included in the state of Iraq, but unfortunately it did not.

It is generally admitted now that that was a blunder. It left Iraq and ourselves with the problem of finding some other place in which these people could settle, while it left their original country inside Turkey still empty. All kinds of unsuccessful attempts were made during the years 1925-1932, but one thing the Assyrians said emphatically, that when the British went they could not be left scattered about in small communities among the Kurds. When our decision to hand over the mandate became known, the Assyrians made a very desperate effort to bring their case before the League. They called a "political mutiny," and the Assyrian officers in the Levy said that they would resign their commissions and that all their men would leave. If they had done that we should have had an additional mass of these people up in the north, with their future undecided, and nobody would have known what to do or what would happen. Finally, however, it was decided that the Mar Shimun should go to the League himself and put the case before it. As you know, the mandate came to an end with the Assyrian settlement question still unsettled, although an Assyrian settlement officer was sent out to deal with the matter and began his work in 1933.

Meanwhile, a former Levy officer named Jacob [Yakub] Ismail, and another called Loko Shlimun, got together a small body of between 400 and 500 men, and, after several meetings with British and



**Señor Lopez Olivan, of The League of Nations Commission, Interviewing Assyrians.**

Iraqi officials, marched off into Syria. We do not know what their intention was, but it certainly was not war. After staying in Syria for a time, while negotiations between France, Iraq and ourselves went on, they started to march back. But the Iraq army had been drawn up along the Tigris, and the two bodies of men came face to face. Neither had friendly feelings, and it is very easy, when two lots of armed men who do not like each other are brought together, for a rifle to go off. That is what happened on this occasion, and although no one knows who fired first, a fight began and a rather indecisive scrap resulted, after which the Assyrians went back into Syria.

Then came the shooting of the Assyrian prisoners by Bekr Sidqi and the massacre of Simel. After that, of course, it was quite impossible for the Assyrians to stay in Iraq, and it was decided to endeavour to find them a home somewhere else. The first place where an attempt was made was Brazil, and that would have suited extraordinarily well. I went across there with a mission, and we decided that the country would be suitable from all points of view. Unfortunately, however, the Brazilians turned the scheme down for reasons of their own. Next we tried British Guiana, and the only thing I can say about that scheme is that although at first sight it looked all right, British Guiana is not a country into which you can just dump a community and expect them to carry on. It would first of all have been necessary to make an experiment with a small number of people over a period, and that was why we turned down British Guiana. There was also a suggestion of putting them in a corner of the Niger, but we did not think that that would suit them, and so an attempt was next made to settle them in the Ghab Valley in Syria. That scheme has also recently collapsed, through political circumstances in that country.



**Assyrians in Native Costume at the Khabur River Settlement.**

The situation now is that we have got 8,500 people sitting waiting on the banks of the Khabur River, and we have got others in the Levies and in Northern Iraq. You cannot blame the Assyrians for being dissatisfied with what has occurred, and it is up to us, I think, to do what we can for them. One thing we of the Assyrian Settlement National Appeal are determined to do. We passed a resolution to say that we are going to see this matter through somehow. What scheme the League will produce for us to carry out I cannot say, but we are going to see it through if we can, and we can only hope for some sort of successful conclusion to the deliberations of the League.

## **Discussion**

**The Chairman** said:—I will now call upon Captain Gracey to show us a few lantern-slides, and his cinema pictures taken in Baghdad, Mosul and Syria last year during his investigation of the Assyrian question, when he accompanied the League of Nations Commission under the presidency of Senor Lopez Olivan.

Captain Gracey knows his subject. He lived in Turkey and the lands of the Assyrians from 1904 until the Great War, and from 1915 to 1921 he was in the Caucasus and Persia as relief worker and Staff Intelligence Officer. Later he became British Commissioner to the Armenian Republic at Erivan. He has championed the Assyrian cause at home and at the League of Nations, and he was in Iraq at the time of the Assyrian massacre by the Turks north of Mosul. This was before the settlement of the Turco-Iraq boundary question in 1925, and Captain Gracey's report on the situation was of great assistance to the Assyrians. He is now Organising Secretary of the Assyrian Settlement

National Appeal, which is under the presidency of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and the chairmanship of Mr. Amery, and of which I have the honour to be vice-chairman. On behalf of my Committee, I should like to take this opportunity of heartily thanking the Council of the Royal Society of Arts for organising this meeting for us.

I call upon Captain Gracey to give us in a few words the present situation of the Assyrians and to show us his pictures.

**Captain G. F. Gracey, D.S.O.** (Organising Secretary, Assyrian Settlement National Appeal), said:—General Browne has given you a comprehensive lay-out of the Assyrian problem. Therefore I will not encroach upon your time, but before I show my pictures will just add a few words which will give you an idea of the present position of the Assyrians.

You are aware that, owing to the decision of the French to surrender the mandate of Syria, the Ghab scheme has had to be abandoned. The Assyrian settlement on the Khabur in the north-east corner of Syria, where 8,500 are settled, is at a standstill, owing to the fact that the terms of the new French Treaty with the Syrian Nationalists have not yet been made public, nor has the Treaty been ratified by the Syrian Parliament. In Iraq the situation is tense, and fraught with danger for the Assyrians. The recent revolt and change of government by Bekr Sidqi, who now dominates the Arab Government and was the leader of the Arabs against the Assyrians at Simel in 1933, when many Assyrians were massacred, can only fill the Assyrian people with further anxiety. The new Prime Minister, Hikmat Suleiman, was Minister of the Interior when the Simel incident occurred. He not only connived at this massacre, but was undiplomatic enough (to use a mild phrase) to advise the British Minister to observe non-interference lest a more fearful thing should happen.

The League of Nations and the British Government are making every effort to find a solution for this problem, which we believe stains the good name not only of our own Government but also of the League of Nations. We have been given hope that some practical proposals will be made early in the New Year. Meanwhile, hope deferred maketh the heart sick, and the Assyrians on the Khabur and in Iraq are suffering continual hardships, and an appeal to our generosity has been made recently in the Press by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury in order to help to tide these people through the winter.

A good many people think that those of us who champion the cause of the Assyrians are a little unusual, because we are enthusiastic in our efforts to obtain justice for them; but what we do want is to give a fair deal not only to the Assyrians but also to the Arabs and to our own people; at the same

time we are anxious that justice should be meted out to those who are responsible for the present intolerable position of the Assyrians in Iraq and Syria. Our failure hitherto to do these things has endangered our good name in the Near East, and no longer is our word to be accepted as it was in the past—say in pre-war days. Then an Englishman's word was his bond, then our prestige stood high. To-day it is otherwise, and I think that when we look at the subject we are dealing with to-night we shall find that we have not done rightly nor acted justly with the Assyrians.

It has often been asked what power the Mar Shimun had in pre-war days in Turkey. The Patriarch of the Assyrian Church was leader of his people in other than religious matters. About the end of the eighteenth century the position became hereditary, passing from one brother to another or from uncle to nephew, and the holders of the office took upon them, on their accession, the title of Mar Shimun (Lord Simon). They were feudal lords as well as anointed Patriarchs. It was they who collected taxes from their people for the Turkish Government, and when necessary they led their clans in battle, as Mar Shimun did during the war when he commanded his tribes in Russia in support of the Allied cause.

*(A film and lantern slides were then shown and explained.)*

**Brig.-General Sir Percy Sykes, K.C.I.E., C.B., C.M.G.**, said: There are two points in support of the Assyrian cause which I should like to stress. The first is that in 1921, at the time of the revolt in Iraq, our G.O.C., General Haldane, in his report, said that the Assyrian help had saved the British army from disaster. I would add that Sir Arnold Wilson, the Acting High Commissioner, put the matter equally strongly. I thus feel that our honour is involved.

The second point that has not been stressed is in connexion with the League of Nations' mission. Its commissioners knew nothing about these areas nor the mentality of Orientals, and said to the Turks, "The British want the Hakkari country included in Iraq. What about it?" The Turks replied that if the Assyrians went back there, they would be treated like every one else. They went back, and had to leave in order to avoid having their throats cut. The commissioners made a second blunder. They insisted that the Assyrians should be placed in a homogeneous settlement and under the Mar Shimun, very much as it was in the old Turkish days. They had no right to require that, and when arrangements were made (for settling the Assyrians on the land) the young bloods relying on this decision, would not accept them.

I should like to ask two questions. Has the lecturer any news as to where the League of

Nations means to settle the Assyrians, and whether the 8,500 Assyrians who have been settled on the Khabur will be allowed to stay there?

**Captain Gracey** answered:—With regard to the first question, we do not know of any specific spot. They say they are trying all parts of the world.

With regard to the 8,500 now settled on the Khabur, until we know something of the Treaty that has been made between the French mandatory power and the Syrian Nationalists we cannot tell what will happen, but I understand that the Syrian Nationalists are not anxious to have the Assyrians in that area at all.

**A Member of the Audience** asked:—Has any approach been made to the Dominions or Colonies, and if so, with what result?

**Captain Gracey** replied:—I hardly think there is a British Dominion or Colony that has not been approached on the question, but the Dominions are quite free, and have the deciding vote as to whether they will or will not accept the Assyrians, and up to the present we have had no sign of willingness on their part to take them.

**Lieut.-Colonel C. R. Barke, C.B.E., T.D.,** said:—I served with the Assyrian Levies for 13 years, and should like to emphasise what Sir Percy Sykes said about our responsibilities towards the Assyrians. I remember the Levies being raised in 1921. At that time Great Britain had accepted the mandate for Iraq by which action she made herself responsible for the frontiers of Iraq until such time as the Iraq army should be able to carry out that duty. The Assyrian Levies were raised in order to release the British and Indian troops then occupying Mosul and the Northern Frontier, so that they might be sent home. In 1921 1,000 Assyrians were recruited, and by 1923 the strength was 3,500. They were used mainly in Kurdistan to preserve order and as a protection against the Turks. The Assyrians themselves were not keen on coming into the Levies at the time, and the greatest persuasion had to be brought to bear on them. The Assyrians saw that by joining the Levy force it would make it impossible for them to live side by side with the Kurds afterwards, and they did not want to join for that reason. It has, indeed, made it impossible for them to live with the Kurds, and when we relinquished the mandate without making future provision for the Assyrians we incurred great responsibilities and a slur on our name which cannot be removed until we have seen to the future of these people.

**The Chairman** said:—It is my pleasure and privilege to propose a vote of thanks for the brilliantly contrasted lectures of our two speakers. They seemed to be complementary to each other to a remarkable degree, and I think the cause they have pleaded has been most eloquently, even touchingly, pleaded.

I don't know what struck you as the most tragic

of all the tragic things we have heard this evening, but I think it was an expression of Captain Gracey's, when showing his lantern slides. He said that the only people who he could say had been extremely kind to the Assyrians were the Yezidies, the devil worshippers. It is not the people they have fought for who have helped them, not the civilised countries but the worshippers of the devil who gave them assistance. We are standing by at the agony of an ancient and noble nation which has rendered us assistance when we needed it pretty badly and could get it from no one else.

I should like also on behalf of my Council to thank the Council of the Royal Society of Arts for being so good as to arrange this meeting on behalf of the Assyrians.

The vote of thanks was carried unanimously and the meeting then terminated.

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### ***President Theodore Roosevelt Shares His Nobel Peace Prize***

**by Rev. Dr. Fereidoun Es-Haq**

In my recent research about the Assyrians in the First World War I came across an astounding document which I think should be shared with all Assyrians. In 1905 war between Russia and Japan broke out. The American President Theodore Roosevelt took the initiative and invited diplomats on both sides to his home in Oyster Bay. After much negotiation the two countries reached an agreement and the accord was signed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; thus it is called the "Treaty of Portsmouth". The following is a quote from Theodore Roosevelt Association Publication:

"President Roosevelt was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1906 for his work in the negotiations that led to the Treaty of Portsmouth ending the Russo-Japanese war in 1905. This made him the first American to win a Nobel prize in any category. The Prize consisted of:

- A large Medal
- A Diploma in a fancy case
- A cash reward

President Roosevelt collected his prize money in 1910 since he did not feel right to accept the prize while he was in office. The money was held by a commission created by Congress. He did not feel that he should get the money himself, therefore he made arrangements to use it for "An Industrial Peace Foundation" in the United States; but the idea never materialized. Roosevelt then asked Congress to authorize the return of the money which was \$36,734.79 but by 1918 the Fund with interest was \$45,482.83. On August 22, 1918 Roosevelt wrote to the House Representative James Ambrose Gulliver (a Democrat from Massachusetts) giving a full accounting of the distribution of the Fund.



The money was distributed to many war relief organizations / associations as well as individuals working with refugees and others. What is of utmost interest for the Assyrian nation is that President Roosevelt donated \$ 1000.00 of his prize money (which was worth far more in today's value) to Mr. Paul Shimmon (an Assyrian) to be used for relief work among Armenians and Assyrians.

Let me quote directly from President Roosevelt's letter to Rep. Gallivan:

"To Paul Shimmon for use among the Armenian and Assyrian Christians \$1000.00. I send this through Mr. Shimmon because so far as I know he has never sought to excuse or justify what I regard as our inexcusable dereliction in duty in having failed to declare war on Turkey, and therefore in having failed to play a manly part in the effort permanently to remedy the hideous wrongs of the subjects of the Turk in the only really effective way, by destroying Turkish rule."

It is noteworthy that a former president of the United States of America, as early as 1918, admitted to the crimes committed against the Armenian and Assyrian people and that a part of the very first Nobel Prize won by an American was utilized toward welfare of our murdered, devastated and uprooted nations.

## ***Farewell to Farida B. Adam***

**by Yatron K. Audisho  
Amman, Jordan**

When I thought of writing about *Raabi* Farida Benyamin Adam I faced the difficult task of selecting the words or expressions to define her because so many words had been written about her in *Nineveh* magazine and other Assyrian publications, all commending and appreciating her innumerable noble deeds to our Assyrian community in Amman, Jordan.

On April 26, 2000, the beloved Farida Adam departed Jordan for Canada, her new homeland, and that is the reason why I am writing about her. In Arabic, the name Farida means a unique female person or thing. In fact, she is truly unique. As a teacher she was loved and respected and even venerated by those who knew her. She is a fine upstanding and public-spirited person, well versed in her mother tongue and conversant with Christian faith. She is talented and never shows any vanity, unsparing in her efforts to help. She made those who were unsure of themselves to be confident, a mother who greeted our children with her warmth. Her uppermost aim was to keep our youngsters from falling into trouble. On many occasions, Farida declared her views about the Assyrian young immigrants who are prone to go astray, and confirmed ardently that they must acquire the love of their mother tongue.

It is quite obvious that she had enlightened most our youngsters, as well as the older people who had attended her classes, with Christian faith, and enriched them with the treasures of our beautiful language and history. She carried out the task and managed her classes and other social activities superbly despite the unstable and unfamiliar surroundings. I can rightly say that if the bare essentials had been made available to her, and the environment she worked in was stable, she would have accomplished far more. Farida did her work modestly and gladly with an unselfish motive of service, and used the gift and the grace bestowed to her by God to make others happy. By her upright and exemplary conduct, by her helpfulness and readiness to give council and aid to those who need it, by her generosity to the poor and by her practical faith shown by her works, she exerted a profound influence on all with whom she came into contact.

Farida was greatly encouraged and given a great deal of confidence by the Assyrian Foundation of America through Julius N. Shabbas, Editor of *Nineveh* magazine, who took great interest in her activities and assisted her by arranging donations from the Assyrian Foundation and other kind contributors [such as Bet Eil Assyrian Church of San Jose through Dr. Rev. Fereidoun Es-Haq, and Mikhael K. Pius in memory of his nephew Benjamin B. Pius]. Farida declared her great appreciation on several occasions, and distributed all funds fairly to those most needy and sick people, keeping a small amount to maintain her classes. She was also encouraged by the clergy of the Assyrian Church, particularly by his Grace Mar Emmanuel, Bishop of Canada, and his Beatitude Mar Giwargis Slivo, Metropolitan of Iraq and Russia, who gave her an award for her outstanding humanitarian work.

Following Easter Sunday services, a large number of people crowded around Farida to say good-bye. There, the pleasure was mingled with regret and tears of sorrow with those of Joy, let alone the warmest embracing and kissing. And on



the eve of her departure her simple small apartment was packed with well-wishers, most of whom were her students. Then, at a late hour after midnight, a good number of them accompanied her to the airport. Farida will remain in our minds and hearts, and pray to our Lord to prolong her life and bless her with His abundant grace to keep on serving our people wherever she will be.



# Treasures from the Royal Tombs of Ur in Mesopotamia

By Julius N. Shabbas

Sir Leonard Woolley, an outstanding archaeologist, was the first to discover the celebrated Royal Cemetery at Ur on the western bank of the Euphrates River in Sumeria, in what is now southern Iraq. Ur had been a cultural and religious center of the Sumerian people. This discovery was made within a few weeks of starting to dig in 1922. In them he found valuable archaeological treasures. Woolley left them intact for the next four years due to: lack of skilled workers to treat the fragile contents of the graves with extreme delicacy and ingenuity which they called for; and little was known of Mesopotamian archaeology. He states that "the more rich the cemetery promised to be, the more necessary was it to leave it alone until external evidence had given us a more or less definite chronology."

By 1926, when Woolley was about forty-five years old, he started to excavate the Sumerian graves that dated between 2700 and 2500 BC. By this time his knowledge of excavating technique had improved, and together with his best-known archaeological assistant, Sir Max Mallowan, was able to treat the fragile contents of the graves with care. And he had skilled workmen under a very competent foreman. Woolley conducted these excavations at Ur for the Trustees of the British Museum and the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania. Through the year 1934 he cleared no less than 2000 graves of common people and 16 Royal graves.

The Royal graves contained the remains of dozens of men and women who had been sacrificed and buried with the royalty or a high ranking person. Amid the human skeletons were large collections of treasures of unparalleled beauty and craftsmanship, not only of the royalty, king, the queen and other royalty, but also of all the attendants. In one tomb chamber lay a number of soldiers of the guard, wearing copper helmets and with spears in their bony hand. At the other end of the chamber lay nine



Human sacrifice buried with the master.

(later identified as Pu-abi as this name was inscribed on her lapis lazuli cylinder seal) who died between 2600 and 2500 BC contained a golden cup near her head, a mass of gold, silver, and semiprecious-stone ornaments, elaborate gold headdress. It also contained five soldiers, ten court ladies and a beautifully decorated chariot, pulled by two wild asses. The ladies were found lying in two parallel rows. At the end of these rows was a man's skeleton — that of the court harpist. His arm bones were still lying across his broken instrument, which was ornamented with a calf's head in lapis lazuli and gold.

A-kalam-dug, a king of Ur, whose name appeared on a cylinder seal, was accompanied to the grave by 40 attendants. Here were found two beautiful ceremonial daggers, one with lapis lazuli handle and granulated gold ornament. The other tomb contained the remains of another king whose name, Mes-kalam-dug, was inscribed on a gold lamp. He was the owner of the renowned golden 'wig-helmet'.

Woolley states that "when a royal person died, he or she was accompanied to the grave by all the members of the court: the king had at least three people with him in his chamber and sixty-two in the death-pit; the queen was content with some twenty-five in all." Thus he theorizes that A-kalam-dug, Mes-kalam-dug, Shub-Ad (now read as Pu-abi) and the other anonymous kings and queens of the Royal Tombs were not only monarchs but were gods or represented gods on earth, and therefore, entitled to take their court officials, servants, and women with them into another life. The attendants were drugged to a painless death — a form of human sacrifice. Some scholars connect the rites with the myth of Tammuz who dies and rises again as an expression of the annual vegetation cycle; others relate them to a fertility cult and the renewal of the seasons;



Reconstructed figure of a queen and her golden ornaments.

ladies of the court, still wearing the elaborate golden headdresses for the funeral ceremony. Two heavy ox-driven carts stood by the entrance that contained the drivers' bones, and at the bullocks' heads were the bones of the grooms that led the animals.

The tomb of queen Shub-Ad

while others hold them to be foundation sacrifices on a large scale. Each of these theories is reasonable but they remain unconfirmed.

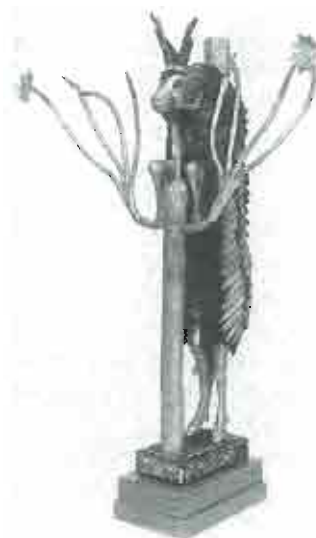
Other treasures found in the chambers were items such as gold bowls, gold pieces of various kinds, silver pieces, lapis lazuli, carnelian, clay jars for food, silver tables for offerings, silver lamps, musical instruments, gaming boards, tools and weapons in precious metals, gold and silver heads of lions and bulls, and silver lionesses' heads, headdresses of the ladies of the court overlaid by the gold and silver harps and lyres, and many more. All these, and other finds from the Royal Tombs at Ur, are now among the most prized possessions of the British Museum, the Iraqi Museum, and the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology in Philadelphia; and *Treasures From the Royal Tombs of Ur* is occasionally a compact traveling exhibition of 150 of the best objects from the University's collection at Sackler Gallery, Washington, D.C.

Sir Leonard Woolley wrote most of the ten massive volumes that report on the Ur excavation. He never worked on the site again. He died in 1960 after a long and distinguished career of excavation elsewhere in the Near East. He married Katherine Keeling in 1927. She first visited Ur as an unpaid volunteer in 1925, and helped Woolley in many aspects of the excavations. Sir Max Mallowan, another distinguished archaeologist, who helped Woolley at Ur, also did extensive work in Assyria and other sites in the Mesopotamian plain, though in present Syrian territory, and became head of the British School of Archaeology of Iraq. He wrote extensively on his excavations. He married Agatha Christie who visited the Ur excavation. Known as detective novelist, she is thought to have used the personalities at the dig as a basis for her *Murder in Mesopotamia*. During Mallowan's excavations in Assyria and Syria she participated as restorer and photographer.



• Head of a lioness in silver

• Reconstructed figure of a court lady wearing an elaborate headdress and jewelry



Ram with Tree of Life.



A harp with the bearded bull's head.



A gaming board.



**Michael Drake**, son of Dale and Ingrid Drake of Hercules, CA, graduated in June 2000 from Salesian High School, Richmond, and is now attending Solano Junior College in Suisun, CA. Michael is the grandson of Foundation members Sami and Lily Neesan.



# And the Scroll Opened....

## The Seventh Scroll: About Flowers - A Book of Ancient Wisdom

by George M. Lamsa

And when the silence of the early dawn was broken by the calling of partridges, and the fires of shepherds began to be seen on the mountainside, another scroll opened, and its contents were about flowers. And the holy man opened his mouth and read:

"Flowers are the earth's desires conceived during the cold winter months and born in the springtime to adorn mother earth with glory and majesty.

"Verily, I say unto you, the colorful array of fragrant flowers is the earth's thank offering to God for the returning of the sun rays which have adorned it with beauty and glory.

"Just as you express yourselves with beauty, music, and prayers, so the earth arrays itself with flowers and speaks with colors. Yea, it greets the sun god with a warm smile and fills the air with sweet perfume so that all creatures may share its joy. For every flower that the earth brings forth to sing praises, the sun sends myriads of warm rays.

"Oh, how beautiful and comely are the flowers in desert places and how sweet is the sound of waterfalls in a dry land. Flowers grace the altars and shrines and decorate the tables of princes and nobles. They silently come and silently go. They give everything but take nothing and they make no claims.

"Flowers are the incarnated sun; their beautiful colors are the light of God manifested in nature. Therefore, the flowers' only desire is to grace the altar of God who has clothed them with beauty and majesty, and to share their fragrance with all of God's creatures.

"Oh, how sweet is the sound of your music and how soothing is the touch of your feet, O bee! For when you gently alight on the colorful carpet which the flowers have spread for the silent touch of your feet, you quicken life in it and scatter its seed over the earth."

### The Eighth Scroll: About Wealth

Now when the eastern sky became bright like

silver, heralding the break of day, another scroll opened, and its contents were about wealth. And the man of God opened his mouth and read:

"Wealth is the gift of the God of Life entrusted to those who know how to guard it and how to distribute it to His children. As a tree is mindful of

all the branches and leaves thereof, so the God of Life is mindful of all His creations.

"In truth, I say unto you, wealth is like the air, light, and water. You can use it and keep it for a while, but you have no control over it. For wealth is like changing winds and shifting sands; lo, today it is here, tomorrow there. Its course is mysterious, it changes hands. Today it is your guest and tomorrow it belongs to another one. Aye, not even kings have control over it.

"Wealth is like a prolific river—it must flow. It is like an ocean ready for all who are courageous to sail upon its turbulent waves. Only the wise navigators and the brave merchants have been able to possess it and keep it temporarily. Wealth flees like a bird that escapes the snare of the fowler.

"The source of wealth is in the sun, air, and the rain. Yea, wealth is like a stream flowing on dry land. It must have channels in order to irrigate the soil. Wealth is like a crown which is studded and adorned with precious jewels; it graces the head of the king, but also it brings honor and glory to the whole state. The crown belongs to the state, and the power of the ruler is derived from the people. Yea, many are contestants for the crown, but only a few are privileged to wear it. Many are the seekers of the wealth, but only few can find it and hold it for a time.

"In truth, wealth is like a desert well belonging to the prince of the tribe, but its water is drunk by all

members of the tribe, and shared with strangers and weary travelers. For mother nature is mindful of all and provides for all.

"Therefore, let your wealth flow like swift currents

*North of the ancient city of Nineveh, Assyria, lies the ancient Assyrian town of Mar Bishoo and its colossal and historic cathedral containing seven chapels for worship built by King Khoshap in the 4th century A.D. This cathedral was a great Assyrian literary center where manuscripts and scrolls were written, old books copied, and young men educated for priesthood in the Assyrian Church of the East. On the southern side of the cathedral lies the grave of Raban (Monk) Gamla, a holy man of the Assyrian Church, who devoted his life to the study of the word of God, and to prayer and meditation.*

*On top of one of the highest mountains, a few miles from Mar Bishoo, is Korra-Jenny, an ancient shrine built of stone, probably one of the oldest remaining relics of the pre-Christian era. Between Mar Bishoo and Korra-Jenny is a large Sacred Stone where pilgrims stop, after visiting Korra-Jenny, to consult the sacred oracle. For centuries, year after year, men and women have knelt and prayed before this sacred oracle, offering their prayers and making wishes.*

*One evening, the man of God, who for centuries before had spent many lonely years of his life in the mountains fasting and praying, appeared in a vision before the miracle stone with a bundle of ancient, sealed scrolls in his arms. He unfolded them, spoke to the people and imparted some of the secrets of life which he had learned from the ancient scrolls in his cave of solitude.*

of a river in the springtime and let your love for humanity fill the air like the sweet fragrance of a Persian garden of roses in summertime. For the river that pours out its water abundantly flows even in the dry months of summer.

"There is a limit to the seas, but there is no limit to human aspirations, and no boundaries to human greed and desire for more wealth. Yea, what mind can conceive, the eye cannot see; and

what the eye can see, the hand cannot grasp. To try to possess wealth and to stop its flow is like one trying to harness the wind and reduce the speed of light and control the heat of the sun.

"Wealth is the concrete rays of the sun that the god of nature has stored in substances ready to provide sustenance for God's creations; and the same winds that collect it in one place, scatter it to the far-off corners of the earth."

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A clip from the local history of Habbaniya... Part 16.

Biography

## ***Qaasha* Goriel Koda was a Modern, Active, Pastor in Former Habbaniya**

By Mikhael K. Pius

The former Royal Air Force Station of Habbaniya, Iraq, had five local Christian denominations, but only three church buildings. A long, plain, arch-roofed structure, built close to R.A.F. Union School building, along with the Cantonment houses, in 1935-36, was divided into two parts by an inside wall. The longer front half was allotted to the large Assyrian Church of the East community and was named *Mar Gewargis*. The smaller half was shared, with two separate altars, as house of worship by the much smaller Assyrian and Armenian congregations of the Orthodox Church. And a second building on the corner behind the A-Type block of houses by the Levy Camp fence and facing the street running along the first Line of C1-Type blocks, belonged to the second largest congregation, the Assyrian Catholics. There was also a sprinkling of Presbyterian Assyrians, but they did not have a church; they held their prayer sessions in a small room close to the C.C. (Civil Cantonment) Superintendent's house or in members' homes. These churches were located in C.C., but there was another tiny chapel of the Assyrian Church of the East outside the local camps, adjoining the local Christian cemetery.

Actually, the Assyrian Catholics did not have a church building during the first ten years. But in arrangement with the headmaster, *Raabi* Yacoub Bet-Yacoub, and with C.C. Superintendent's permission, Sunday mass and evening services were held at the large school kindergarten hall.

In the first three years a priest, *Khour* Yosip Kaadu, would commute the 55 miles from Baghdad one or two weekends each month to perform Mass and other needed services, such as marriage, baptism, etc. In 1940, however, a 32-year-old native of Alkosh, *Qaasha* Goriel Koda, Ph.D., was assigned by the Patriarchate in Baghdad as a resident priest for the Habbaniya parish. He took up residence in a B-Type house and continued the church services under the prevailing arrangement. But two years after the R.A.F. Union School was taken over by the Iraqi Ministry of Education in

mid-1944, *Qaasha* Goriel launched a fund-raising campaign. With the donations contributed by parishioners and other sources, and with some voluntary labor, a sizable church, with a courtyard, was finally constructed in 1947 at a cost of Iraqi Dinars 1,400 (about \$4,000.00), and was named Saint Mary Queen of Peace. The church had a membership of some 300 families, about half of them in C.C. and half in Levy Camp. *Qaasha* Goriel served as their pastor for a total of 17 years, believed to be the longest tenure of any priest during the R.A.F. era of Habbaniya.

After St. Mary Queen of Peace Church was built, *Qaasha* Goriel would teach catechism regularly every other year to 50-60 boys and girls and give them First Holy Communion. And in December 1955, he celebrated the eighth anniversary of his church in an organized and well-attended service. Among the guests were local dignitaries, ten high ranking Iraqi officers (eight of them Moslem) and 80 British Catholic parishioners of RAF's St. Mary's Catholic Church, headed by their pastor, Squadron Leader Rev. Monagham, who delivered a homily following a resounding sermon delivered by *Qaasha* Goriel himself in Assyrian and Arabic.

The parish began to shrink following the takeover of the Habbaniya air base by the Iraqi Government in 1955. *Qaasha* Goriel was transferred in 1957 to a parish in Detroit, Michigan, and was succeeded by a new priest, *Qaasha* Mikhael Ganni.

In 1960 *Qaasha* Goriel was recalled to Iraq to serve at *Mar Yousif* Church in Karradah al-Sharqiya, Baghdad, and in 1966 he was consecrated a bishop and appointed to the diocese of Zakho. Two years later, he was transferred to head the Kirkuk diocese, where he served for ten years. He had a hearing problem and although only 70 years old in 1978, he was retired to the Patriarchate Home in Baghdad, having served the church as an active priest for 45 years. He passed away at the Home on March 24, 1992, at the age of 84, and was laid to rest in his native Alkosh in a funeral attended by many Church and local dignitaries.

*Gaasha* Goriel Koda was born in Alkosh in 1908. His early education included lessons in Assyrian, given by his maternal aunt to him and to her son, the late *Gaasha* Yousif Babana. And when he was 14 years old he entered *Mar Youkhanna Khabiya* Chaldean Seminary in Mosul. A bright student, after six years of study he was chosen by the Church and sent to Rome for higher studies. He returned from Rome in 1933 with a Ph.D. degree and was ordained a priest in Mosul. He taught theology for several years in the seminary he had studied, and was its director for one year before he was assigned in 1940 to the parish of Habbaniya.

*Gaasha* Goriel was a linguist, having studied Latin, Italian, and French, in addition to being

proficient in Arabic, Assyrian, and English languages. He was bright, eloquent, energetic, and a well-organized pastor, and by virtue of his assertive personality, excellent Arabic and good command of English, he was one of the very few local leaders in Habbaniya who were able to communicate well with both the Iraqi and the R.A.F. authorities concerning community problems. A trim and visible figure in his black priestly garments and French conical hat, he talked and moved fast and would not hesitate to ask for a nip of whisky—mixed with hot water—when visiting parish families he was familiar with. He was somewhat a step ahead of his time, and was often referred to, privately, as the “Hurricane Priest.”



1942 Photo - First Holy Communion. Second row seated: In the center is *Gaasha* Goriel Koda, Ph.D. (Parish priest). To his right are: Raabi Iskhaq Dawid Sa'or; Mr. Jack Ingram (C.C. Superintendent); Minania (Mrs) Ingram; Mariam Youkhanna “Bicyclchi”; Nimrod Binyamin; Shamasha (Deacon) Youna. To his left are: 3rd person J. Jacob (Raabi Yacoub Bet-Yacoub, Headmaster R.A.F. Union School); Raabi Maral Parhad; Raabi Verjin Patros.

## Avnet/Kerner Taps Neesan Senior Vice-President

By Charles Lyons



**Paul Neesan** has been named senior vice-president of production and development at Jon Avnet and Jordan Kerner's Disney-based the Avnet/Kerner Co.

Neesan last worked for Universal-based Mostow/Lieberman Productions, where he supervised such projects as “Mexicali”, written and directed by Roger Avery and headed

for production Oct. 1 via Destination Films. He also supervised Jonathan Mostow's remake of “Seconds” for Paramount. “Paul will be an important addition to the producing side of Avnet/Kerner,” Kerner said. “This is critical in the finding and producing

of ‘tentpole’ films for Disney as well as (other films) anywhere on a budget.”

Added Avnet: “Anybody who survived working at Universal and for Hal Lieberman will be a welcome addition to our company. We welcome Paul and hope his jump shot stays steady.”

Neesan said he was “honored to have been chosen to work with producers of Jordan's and Jon's stature. My learning curve is going to skyrocket under their guidance.”

Neesan began his career in 1994 at Davis Entertainment, where he co-produced the Denzel Washington and Meg Ryan starrer “Courage Under Fire,” helmed by Ed Zwick. At Davis, he also helped develop “Dr. Doolittle,” starring Eddie Murphy.

From 1995-97, Neesan worked under then-Universal prexy Lieberman as vice-president of production. During that time, he supervised production on “Dante's Peak” starring Pierce Brosnan.

### Editor's Note:

Paul Neesan is the son of Assyrian Foundation members Sami and Lily Neesan of Hercules, CA.



# A Rainbow Through Thousands Of Years

Julietta Bet-Kaplan  
Rustavi, Republic of Georgia

When the Assyrian king Sennacherib decided to create his own navy to fight the recalcitrant king of the Chaldeans, in the same year one of the doctors at the Assyrian court, Sargon by name, was standing on the bank of the Tigris, watching captive Phoenicians at work. They were launching a just-built warship, the bow of which as well as the stern were decorated with the head of a horse.

After the hot weather of Nineveh, Sargon felt refreshed by the cool air of the river. He was thinking about the forthcoming trip to a neighboring kingdom. Lately, he had often been abroad to cure local rulers when they were taken ill. This way the king continued to build his presence in foreign lands producing an indelible impression on his allies with the expertise of his doctors.

It had rained not long ago and now a rainbow was brightly sparkling in the sky as far as the eye could see. According to the popular old belief, the rainbow was commonly identified with a necklace of lapis lazuli stones which the goddess Ishtar stretched across the sky as a reminder of the awful days of the great Deluge. The book in which this legend was written was always with Sargon during his long journeys. He knew many lines from it by heart. The book was not made of clay, but from some wooden tablets covered with a thin layer of beeswax on which cuneiform script could be impressed. It could be opened easily in the shape of a screen and was handy in use. Arzina had given it to him as a present.

Sargon began moving slowly along the embankment. Arzina... The daughter of a master potter, Arzina was one of his happy patients whom he had cured from a very terrible disease. In the following years he hadn't always managed to cure his patients as he had before. But then he was young and somehow self-confident. Although he was taught in medicine and magic he believed in the strength of the patient and in drugs rather than in exorcism. He tried to diagnose the illness in a patient and to save his life, though he did not always succeed.

Deep in thought, he came to the central square of the city and stopped. From here he could see a marvellous view of high white walls of the temple with many tiered towers decorated with bays and protrusions. Everything glittered with blue lazuli. A wide straight street cobbled in the middle led from the city gate to the temple. There were new flower beds in the city square and were pleasing to the eye. Sargon lost himself in admiration of the palace built on a man-made terrace. Big and marvellous, created with consummate mastery, it soared above the city

and could be seen from everywhere. Close to it, a group of men was trying to take something from a large carriage. Judging by their various dresses and hair styles (some of them had short tunics with long fringes attached to the waist, others had embroidered turbans), they were captive soldiers. They were mounting a grand statue of a Deity, the guardian of the capital of Assyria. The crowds of local citizens, not used to such a sight, looked at the bearded human face, and the large wings of a stone bull resting on its side. Some young girls with short colored scarfs over their heads came passing by. One of them was laughing very loudly as she was telling her friends some funny thing and this laughter again reminded Sargon of Arzina and the day of their last meeting.

*A thought from the Epic of Gilgamesh came to him:*

"Gilgamesh, there's a secret thing I'll tell you,  
And the mystery of a flower you'll know,  
And if you pluck it,  
Then your hands will hold the Flower of Youth,  
To make you young again."

Smiling, Sargon was strolling along the street. Arzina shall be cured. It wasn't long ago when the girl, with swollen joints and burning with fever, just couldn't get up from her bed. Now she was already able to come downstairs and enjoy the smell of the flowers in the gardens. Though father and mother had helped her, could they have even dreamt about this until recently? A vendor with ripe, sweet dates blocked his way in a narrow lane. "Buy my dates, doctor!", he said. Sargon didn't like dates but being filled with joy, he allowed the vendor to fill half of his bag. Yes, he is a doctor, it is shown even on his clothes, and his bag is also used for medical herbs. He is young and healthy and Arzina was not the first patient whom he managed to help.

Sargon got out of the maze of narrow streets where the potters lived and started his way along another street. It was said that the king ordered all Nineveh streets to be made straight and wide, and forbade diminishing their width during the construction of new ones. It was strictly forbidden, even under the pain of death. When Nineveh, having already 2000 years of history, was named the capital of Assyria it became more and more beautiful and rich. The old streets were being reconstructed and the canals were being put in order and trees were being planted. Sargon saw the streets with palm trees and pomegranates. Some years ago there were none of such here. Houses of one and two storeys had flat roofs and young doctors liked to settle here. Their profession was

not profitable at all, as it didn't give them a better position in society. Sargon had already passed that stage of a beginner and now he was getting ready for a higher qualification test. He could become a court doctor only with "experience in knowledge". He possessed all major qualities — education, physical perfection and noble origin. And what is more, he was an extraordinarily industrious and hard working young man. He would gather and mix herbs with fat, honey and vinegar according to the recipes in order to get remedies to cure bad coughs and indigestion. He would prepare various ointments, drops and suppositories. With the help of the medical tablets, he was eager to learn all symptoms of illnesses and the methods to cure them. His father had a good medical library, with many clay tablets with texts in cuneiform resting on his shelves. But Sargon wanted to have his own library, and to have his own ideas in the books. "If a man suffers from an illness he will be well due to my method of treatment. And he will recover", Sargon thought.

Deep in thought he nearly collided with a woman who suddenly appeared at the gateway. "Be off! I have no time for you." He rejected her hand that she was stretching to him and crossed the street. It was getting dark but it wasn't dangerous to walk in Nineveh till late at night. It was forbidden to draw a sword within the city limits. This prohibitory law was guarded by the Deity. Taking one of the streets leading to his house, Sargon suddenly changed his mind and went back. A good palm wine was being served in the neighboring pub. "Well, it's no sin to drink today", he thought.

Late at night, being a little unsteady on his feet he got home. A fresh wind was blowing, the sounds of drums were coming from the yards, and the city was enjoying its rest. "Well, I'll first cure Arzina and then propose to her," he said to himself and smiled. The palm wine he was treated with in the pub seemed to be too strong for him, as he dared to have such thoughts.

Coiled up deeply in the cushions, Arzina lay on a mat on the floor. She was repeating the exorcism against her toothache. Again she was shivering with fever, her joints ached and she was sick at heart. Wet ringlets of her hair stuck to her hot forehead. And again this damned tooth! The sun's rays couldn't enter into the room, as there were no windows in it and the row of brick walls kept the room cool. But it seemed to the girl that she'd been held on a low fire. Just yesterday everybody was happy when she managed to pick a peach from the tree, and now again her fingers didn't obey her.

"And where is that doctor?" She thought. What was the use of that bitter medicine she had been drinking for a whole month.

Father appeared on the doorstep, he stood still for a while, then he nodded and left. Perhaps he would go to the temple to pray. Since her illness he

had been visiting the temple frequently, dropping some silver coins into the box at the entrance. He had been bringing the magicians with him who could banish the evil spirits. But even they were not able to help her.

The mother entered the room. She helped Arzina to get up from the mat and lie in bed. She sprinkled some cold mint water on the walls and on the tile floor. Then she brought a clay dish with cold *bushala* (a kind of soup made of yogurt, chard herbs and some rice). She took her seat on a little chair. "You must eat, daughter" — she said, and helped her with some spoonfuls of food; but the poor girl was about to burst into tears as she swallowed it. "Who needs a cripple like me!", thought the girl. Mother rubbed Arzina's hands gently and carefully massaged her fingers until the girl fell asleep. A little later she was awakened by a strong fragrance in the room. In the darkness she saw an old man in a long garment and pointed beard.

"It's Ashipu, the charmer and doctor", she guessed. There was a censer near his knees and a jar for libations near his feet. Spurts of smoke, coming from the incense, were making wonderful figures in the air. The charmer, shaking the bracelets on his hands, was asking the gods — Shamash and Adad — about Arzina, whether she would recover from her illness or not. With her eyes half closed Arzina was looking at the amulets on his robe. Those were magic emblems of the gods. A disc with four rays was the symbol of Shamash, the sun-god, and the lightning with three points was the symbol of Adad, the storm-god. The scent of the incense was slowly spreading throughout the room. The toothache had stopped. Ashipu came close to the girl's bed. He examined her eyes, took her pulse, and saw the color of her skin. Then he asked her to tell him how the illness started and how it was progressing. Then he examined the drugs which were on the tables, some of which he tasted, and the ointments she used. He went out into the yard. The sky was cloudy, a strong wind was blowing. Everything was against her recovery. Arzina's father, who had been impatiently waiting for the end of the procedures, stepped toward him and said:

"Will she recover, sir?" "Her condition is more dangerous than I thought. We must bathe her", he answered. On entering the room, he asked her to wash her feet and face, sprinkled her body with scented water, and tied some woolen ropes over her joints.

"Liberate her body from illness and mourning. Pure water give her strength", Ashipu begged the gods. The girl tolerated this until the end, and with the last words of the incantation she fell on her bed. "She can take the same drugs as before", said the charmer, and added that the next day he would come to see her again.

The funeral procession was moving slowly to the

cemetery. Several men in long rough clothes were carrying the body wrapped in a white shroud. The mourners were crying and lamenting. The relatives were tearing their clothes, the music was very somber. At last they approached the tomb made from bricks and clay. The body was slowly put on the mat, soaked with pitch. The pillow was put under her head. All the necessary things, food and clothes, decorations and jewelry, cosmetics and rouge, had been put on the tomb earlier. "Oh Arzina, my dear little girl!", said a woman with scratches on her face and with her head covered with ashes, as she fell on the dead body.

"This is wrong, she is alive!" Sargon wanted to cry, and just at this moment he woke up. He looked around, then got up from his bed. Why is it so stuffy here? He was sleeping in the garden. His bed was filled with dry leaves and fruits. He could hardly breathe. Sargon ambled to the swimming pool and dived into the warm water. The wind, the fiery wind from the southwest was the cause of his nightmare. Perhaps it is better to move into the basement to sleep. This wind will last for a long time. How is she? Such a heat is fatal for her heart, but she never leaves the house, and it's rather cool in their place. In the evening, when the heat subsides, I'll go and see her, he thought.

Pushing the little entrance door, Sargon made his way through the narrow corridor into the yard. "They are waiting for you on the terrace," said the servant. Sargon was surprised, for before that day he had always been allowed to see Arzina immediately. At the table filled with fruits and drinks, Arzina's father and Ashipu were sitting. They stood up and greeted him, then sat down. The servant placed a plate and a glass in front of Sargon.

"Isn't that charming?", Ashipu asked Sargon, pointing to the little clay ornament hanging above the door. It was a dog's body with a scorpion's tail and human head; it was an amulet which protected the family against the southwest winds. Sargon calmly ate a fig and waited for the explanations.

"The girl has gotten worse", said Ashipu, feeling ill at ease, "and I was asked to help her. Together we'll manage her illness faster. The medicines you gave her were supposed to help her, but they didn't, and the sudden change of weather is the main cause of her getting worse. Now we must use a much stronger remedy", he went on.

"I must see the girl", said Sargon, and stood up. The master potter called his wife. Arzina was lying in her bed with her face to the wall. She didn't respond to Sargon's greetings. "Look here, daughter, speak to the doctor, please", her mother asked her. "Leave me alone mother, I can't bear it any longer." "Whoever doesn't break ice, won't drink cold water. The doctor came to help you", said her mother and moved the chair close to her

bed.

Puffy, swollen face, dark eyes barely open, edema... Sargon didn't expect this. Ashipu is right. We have to give her some diuretic medicine and more effective cardiac drops. In spite of the course of his treatment, the girl had gotten worse. She lay in the dark room not caring about anything. Her parents were in despair. "Can't you help us? Just do something", they begged.

Ashipu decided to repeat the whole ceremony of exorcism once more, but Sargon spoke up. "This will only make the patient suffer more. It's necessary to find some other ways of treatment." What are other ways? They did what they could. "The patient will not recover" was written in the special book. Now the exorcism was the only way out. "The evil pain leave Arzina's body, all the diseases leave Arzina's body". Ashipu walked around the girl's bed whispering these magic formulas. He gave the girl a kind of medicine before he started, so she was almost in a dreamlike state. The charmer made a fire on the floor, threw some grass into the flame. It became bright and almost smokeless. He began to throw some wool into the fire. "Let all the sufferings, the illness, the curse, the sin which are in my body, be torn to pieces and burned", reached the girl's ears. She knew that the only way to survive was through this exorcism and that's why she bore with patience everything that Ashipu did. And he who was sincerely willing to help the girl called the kind spirits to come to her rescue.

All that day long Sargon's mind couldn't find peace, as he was very much disturbed. Finally he decided to seek the counsel of his teacher and mentor, Raabi Oushana, who was one of the doctors who accompanied the Assyrian army during its marches. He had kept his courage and strength though he was very old. He wore his hair long, his beard was curled and cut to the latest fashion. He had golden rings with pendants on his ears. He remembered the Great Sharrukin, the father of the present king when he conquered the Chaldeans and became the king of the Babylonians. He was with Sennacherib when he defeated the Egyptian army and captured the sons of Pharaoh. He was at the siege of Jerusalem and was saved by a miracle when plague spread among the Assyrian army.

"You have treated the effect, but not the cause," uttered Dr. Oushana. "And the cause may be very simple, inflamed throat, decayed tooth. Did you pay attention to that? Go and look once more", he advised Sargon after he had listened to him.

Early the next morning Sargon was at Arzina's. "I need a lamp and a small spoon", he told her mother. "I have to look at her throat and teeth." Then he touched gently her teeth and found the bad one. Here it is! It was rotted. He tied it with the silk thread, poured seven drops of a special tooth

medicine on it, knowing that under that effect the tooth would fall out by itself. Then she had to rinse her throat until the inflammation subsides. He gave orders to feed the girl raisins, dried apricots and to give her plenty of fig juice in milk. "You'll see, she will get better!", Sargon promised.

A surprise was waiting for Sargon at home. His sister was getting married. Matchmakers had already visited them. Everything was arranged.

"Arzina, is she ever going to have a wedding?" He became sad again.

The critical period passed. Day by day the girl got better. Sargon rejoiced. Everything might have ended badly if he hadn't taken the bad tooth out. But Arzina and her parents didn't think like him. They thought that it was Ashipu who had cured their daughter. He had asked for much silver for his job. But her father wasn't going to offend Sargon. In addition to the promised money, he was making a big vase for him. It was to be made from the best clay and Arzina wanted to paint it herself. The symbol of the god of Health, two snakes entwined round the baton, would be the picture on it, she thought.

Thunderstorms were rolling over Nineveh. Adad the Thunderer was riding his chariot, shooting fiery arrows from the sky.

Women who used to spend most of the time up on the roof washing and talking came down. Arzina was on the terrace. She wore a white tunic decorated with two turquoise lines below her knees. She was trying to arrange her curly hair, but in vain. She only managed to tie it in the back with a scarf. Mother was putting some liquids and food in the corners of the room. They were meant for the gods to protect the house from evil spirits.

Arzina saw Sargon enter the house. It was his last visit to her. She didn't need his treatment anymore. He brought some medicine that she had to take at regular times of the year to prevent recurrence of the illness. Arzina showed him her presents. Sargon liked the vase very much. But the book... It was a rare book of uncommon beauty. He pulled the leather straps, which joined the ends of the wooden tablets and read the title: "He who saw everything." The book was about Gilgamesh. He thanked her for the presents and started on his way home. Her parents came out to see him off. There were big puddles in the yard as it had been raining all night. A big copper bowl placed on the fire was full of water. At that moment a rainbow lit up the puddles and the copper bowl.

Jumping in the yard, Arzina was clapping her hands. Her mother shouted to her: "A girl mustn't behave like that. There's a man here." Sargon smiled. Good girl! She was eager to run and jump. He bid them farewell.

**Translated by Alla Bet-Sahrad and Maka Saladze  
Tbilisi, Republic of Georgia**

## IN MEMORIAM

**Paulus Khofri**  
**Musician, Artist, Poet**



Paulus Khofri 76, son of the late Jibrael and Victoria Khofri, entered eternal rest on May 5, 2000 in Tehran, Iran, and was laid to rest in the Assyrian cemetery there. A memorial service was held at Mar Gewargis Assyrian Church of the East in Ceres, California on May 21, 2000 and presided over by Kasha (Priest) Oshana Kanon assisted by deacons. Archdeacon Nenos

Michael also participated. The Church was packed with relatives, friends and admirers. The service was followed by a memorial luncheon at Bet-Nahrain Organization hall in Ceres where eulogies and tributes were offered by several admirers in a special program arranged for the occasion. His brother, Assurhaddon Khofri, played some of Paulus' compositions on the piano accompanied by a Church choir group, and a flute trio.

Paulus was born in Baghdad, Iraq, on August 7, 1923, the oldest of four brothers and one sister, and raised in a devoted Christian home. The family ended up in Iraq during the Assyrian forced exodus from Urmia, Iran, in 1918 to escape the ravages of war. When Paulus was five years of age, the family returned to Iran and settled in Kermanshah. After graduating from high school he was employed by the British Bank of Iran. During this period he would visit his relatives in Hamadan, and it was here that he met and married Genny in 1944. They were blessed with two daughters, Towanita and Manganita. Genny passed away in 1990.

Paulus started his musical career while in the employ of the British Bank. He organized a four piece band that would perform in the garden of Hotel Beseton in Kermanshah during the summertime, and he also organized a student choir group which sang in the churches. After the closure of the British Bank, Paulus was employed by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Abadan in 1950.

Paulus' real music career began when he decided to become a composer. He then resumed studying music seriously, and eventually acquired his musical education. Receiving intense training in Composition, Harmony and Counterpoint, he received his Diploma in Composition and Harmony from the United States School of Music in



Washington, D.C. and in New York, in May 1964. Paulus' love and passion for his people led him to give concerts to raise funds for the building of an Assyrian school and social hall in Abadan. He also gave exhibitions of his oil and water color paintings, with the proceeds going to finance the school building.

In 1965 Paulus was transferred to the National Iranian Oil Company's main office in Tehran. His studies never ceased as he was determined to reach higher levels in music. He studied music intensely, and laws governing music prescribed by the most famous scholars like Paul Hindemith of Yale University, Arnold Schonberg, and Walter Piston, Professor of Music Emeritus, Harvard University. In light of his formal education in music, and his knowledge, he was able to compose, train and tutor students of music. He then took on the monumental task of expanding his musical compositions and compiling them, a very tedious and time consuming task. This involved styling, drawing stave lines, writing thousands of notes, etc.

Paulus Khofri's music compositions consist of three classifications - Vocal, Instrumental and Orchestral Music. (For description of composed music refer to Nineveh magazine, Fourth Quarter 1998). His music is not meant for dancing but intended for listening. Thus, whatever reaches one's ears reflects all tides of life this Assyrian nation has undergone in the past, present and will experience in the future. The music seeks to retain firmly that spirit. Either sung by men or women, praising God, or humming by a farmer when tilling his field; the joy of a young man whistling, expecting to meet his love; the beating of the drum and the song of the life in religious festivals (*Shara*); the blaring of the brass instruments in anger, the wailing of the oboe in sorrow, the intimate chatter of the string instruments; all tell and paint vivid pictures of life in waves of sound.

Paulus is survived by his wife Elvina (Tehran, Iran); two daughters: Towanita Le Fevre (husband Ronald) of San Rafael, CA, and Marganita Vogt-Khofri (husband Edward) of Benglen, Switzerland; two brothers: Sankhiro Khofri (wife Shamiran) of San Rafael, CA, and Assurhaddon Khofri (wife Marlin) of Turlock, CA; and three grandchildren. Paulus will be remembered not only for his accomplishments as a music composer, artist and poet, but also for his love and dedication to his family and the Assyrian people. His pleasant memories will not only be cherished by his family who loved him deeply, but also by all who knew him. May God grant him His eternal love and rest in peace.

**-Eulogy by Belles Yelda. Most of the biographical information was written by Marganita Vogt-Khofri in her father's biography which appeared in Nineveh magazine, Fourth Quarter 1998.**

## Shamasha Raabi Patros Toma Begzadeh



"The arts of *Shamasha* (Deacon) Patros did not come only from his high education, but also from his participation in, and contribution to, the various ecclesiastical, literary, nationalist and, mostly, artistic activities.. He became known through the publication of his writings and the display of his dramatic arts on various stages... and through the offering of his expressions and opinions... He was a

special source-spring in both literary and clerical work...a trail-blazer of labor for the generation that comes after him."

This was the core of the 40th-Day eulogy voiced by *Shamasha* Youlyous Givargis, the host, at Mar Toma Catholic Church hall on Sunday, April 30, 2000, following a mass offered and celebrated by Fr. Kamal Warda Bedawid and a number of the church deacons in memory of the late *Shamasha Raabi Patros Toma Begzadeh* of Turlock.

The eulogy was followed by a life sketch of the deceased, narrated by Sargon Mikhael Youkhanna of the Civic Club, accompanied by some personal sentiments. Sentiments, condolences, and memories of his works and deeds were also expressed by other speakers including reading out a few specimen stanzas of the deceased's poetry.

The memorial was concluded by Fr. Kamal who quoted from the holy book of consecration of deacons concerning serving God with an immaculate heart and a good conscience. During his service as a deacon, Fr. Kamal said that *Shamasha* Patros fulfilled his vows well.

*Shamasha Raabi Patros Begzadeh* who died of cancer on March 21, 2000 in San Diego, California, was laid to rest there where his nephew, Ramiel Begzadeh had taken him for advance treatment. He is survived by his wife Almas and his brother Yosip in Turlock; brother Polous and sister Shushan, both in Argentina; and seven nephews and nieces.

*Shamasha* Patros, was born June 7, 1929, in Kermanshah, to Toma Begzadeh and Elishwa Esho, both natives of Salamas, Urmia, Iran. In 1933, his family moved from Kermanshah to Salamas, settling in the village of Patawar. Due to lack of a proper school, in 1935 Patros was sent to a French Catholic mission school in Urmia, where he was a resident student, while his family relocated to Tehran. Patros rejoined his family 12 years later after completing his schooling where he learned five languages, Assyrian, French, English,



## **Shamasha (deacon) Morris Younathan**

Latin and Persian. To fortify his French, he took an intensive course in the St. Louis School in Tehran. After that he went to work for the French Embassy.

In 1955, Patros took for his bride Almas, daughter of Shaul Mirza and Asiat Benyamin, of Googtapa. Four years earlier he was consecrated a deacon by Mar Zaia Havil Bet-Zaia, Metropolitan of the Chaldean Catholic Church for Urmia and Salamas. He served the Church with dedication for 28 years in Iran and 21 years in the United States, his last three years in Mar Toma Church in Turlock.

While in Tehran, along with his mission as a deacon, Petros set up and directed a choir for Mart Mariam Catholic Church, and became also a community teacher. For many years he taught his mother tongue to Assyrian young people, arranged concerts and dramas—most of which he wrote, directed and produced himself—wrote poems, stories and other literary work. And these spare-time activities he fulfilled faithfully while working full time for the French Embassy, which he served for 30 years, helping also many Assyrians in various ways—whether it was a job, translation assistance, or any other need. He was presented with various certificates and awards for his loyalty and dedication, among them from French President Charles DeGaulle, and his Foreign and Interior Ministers.

Ever since his immigration to this country in 1979, he was always busy writing, as well as helping out in Assyrian social and religious affairs, 18 years in Los Angeles area, and his last three years in Turlock, where he served the Civic Club in the field of media—writing and radio broadcasting—and also appearing on Bet-Nahrain's TV literary programs.

Sargon Youkhanna affirmed personally that Shamasha Raabi Patros had, during his lifetime, written 500 short stories and 300 plays, as well as many poems, and songs, mostly nationalist. One hundred and twenty one of his plays were staged, 114 in Tehran and seven in Los Angeles.

In 1998, a 140-page book of Shamasha Patros' work was arranged and compiled by Sargon Mikhael Youkhanna. It consisted of his life sketch, poems, essays, stories, etc., and copies of his testimonials as well as pictures from some of the dramas he authored and staged. One hundred and fifty copies were printed and paid for by Turlock's Civic Club. Of these, 120 copies were handed out to various libraries, churches and organizations in different Assyrian communities everywhere.

—Submitted by Mikhael K Pius



Shamasha Morris ("Maras") Younathan passed away peacefully in Memorial Hospital in Modesto on May 2, 2000, after a short illness. He was 93. After Raaza d'Qourbana Qaddisha (Mass of Holy Eucharist) celebrated two days later by Rev. Kando Kando at Modesto's Mar Zaia Assyrian Church of the East, he was laid to rest at Turlock Memorial

Park, followed by a memorial luncheon. Archdeacon Ninos Michael of San Francisco and Reverends Oshana Kanon, Jamiel Warda, and Eshay Yosip of Stanislaus County parishes also participated in the funeral.

During the service, Rev. Kando delivered a brief sketch of Shamasha's life, and among the condolence messages received by the bereaved family, he read out one each from Mar Meelis Zaia, Bishop of Australia and New Zealand, and from Mar Aprim Khamis, Bishop of the Diocese of Western United States.

Shamasha, popularly known as Maras, was born in the village of Temor (Sarrah) in Turkey, on July 1, 1907 to Shamasha Younathan and his wife Khizimeh. His family fled to Mesopotamia (Iraq) in 1918 when Assyrian tribes were first evicted from Turkey in 1915, and then three years later, along with Armenian and Assyrian residents of the area, from Urmia, Persia, ending up in Baquba refugee camps.

During the two-year sojourn in the Baquba refugee camps, it is believed Shamasha was among 150 children (mostly Bne-Sarra) taught Assyrian and English languages by the late Raabi Yacoub Bet-Yacoub, and after that he was a student for a few years of either Qaasha Yosip Kelaita in Mosul or of Raabi Yacoub in Hinaiidi before he entered Dr. Calvin Staudt's American High School in Baghdad and graduated in 1935.

In Habbaniya, in 1941 he took for his bride a Bne-Mata, (resident of his home village), a very young woman named Sarrah, daughter of Eyou Badal and Enniyar Enviya. And in 1961 he was consecrated a deacon in Baghdad by the late Mar Sargis Esho in Mar Zaia Assyrian Church of the East. Shamasha served on the committee of that church for many years and helped in charitable work.

Shamasha Maras worked for many years in Iraq; in Hinaiidi, Habbaniya and Baghdad, his last job being a superintendent for the Iraqi Oil Company. He immigrated, with his family, to this country in 1977.

In 1990, at the "young" age of 83, he had the zest and ambition to take courses and graduate from

Modesto Junior College with an Associate of Arts degree. This was his crowning achievement.

*Shamasha* Maras is survived by his wife Sarra Younathan of Modesto; three sons: Emanuel (in Los Angeles), Rowil (Modesto), and George (Arizona); three daughters: Elizabeth Younathan (Modesto), Mariam Ibrahim (San Ramon), Marlene Malik (Arizona), and Nahrain Kasha (Indiana); eight grandchildren; one great-grandson; seventeen nephews and nieces.

—Submitted by Mikhael K Pius

### Rachel Yohanan



Rachel Yohanan passed away on November 29, 1999 in Turlock, CA at the age of 90. She was born in 1909 in the village of Chamakiye, Urmia, Iran to Paulus Sargis and Insup. The funeral service was held at Mar Addai parish of the Assyrian Church of the East and officiated by Qaasha (priest) Jamil Warda. She was laid to

rest at Turlock Memorial Park, followed by a memorial luncheon where she was eulogized by family and friends.

In 1918 Rachel and her family were part of the mass exodus of Assyrians from Urmia to escape the ravages of war. They ended up in Baghdad, Iraq after a two year stay in Baquba refugee camp. In 1924 she met and married Avimalk Yohanan, and in 1927 they emigrated to the United States and settled in Chicago until 1950 when they relocated to San Francisco, CA. Here she and her husband (who was ordained *Shamasha* -Deacon- in 1958 by the late Mar Eshai Shimun XXIII Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East) became very active in Mar Narsai parish.

In 1982 Rachel and her husband moved to Turlock and continued to be active in the Assyrian Church. Over the years they were very generous in their donations to the Church. Rachel is survived by her sister-in-law, Lucy Khoshib in Skokie, IL; three nephews: Paulus (and family) in Skokie, Malcolm (and family) in Baghdad, Iraq, and Ronald (and family) in Kirkuk, Iraq; a niece, Nancy (and family) in Chicago. She is also survived by her husband's two nephews: Fred Chalita of Turlock, and John Chalita of Germany; and a niece Lucy of Chicago; and their families.

Rachel was a gentle, kind-hearted person, well loved by all those who knew her. May God grant her His eternal love and rest in peace.

—Submitted by Fred Chalita

### Rev. Baba Jacob



Pastor Baba (Robert) Jacob, 82, passed to eternal life on February 25, 2000, at Finch York General Hospital in Toronto, Canada. The funeral service was held at Kipling Baptist Church, with Pastor John Kaydan officiating and four other Evangelical pastors from Toronto as well as Rev.

Yousif Sarmas of St. Mary's Assyrian Church of the East attending.

Following interment at Beechwood Toronto Cemetery, a memorial lunch was served at the Assyrian Society of Canada for a large number of mourners. Youel Jacob Serkis eulogized his departed brother and delivered a moving talk on his life.

The late Baba is survived by his wife of 54 years, Alina Jacob; a daughter, Florence Isaac (husband Filham); a brother Youel Jacob Serkis "Abu Roney" (wife Mabel and children); his sister Lily Hawa (husband Johnson); nephews and niece: Joe, Ben and Emily Aslan, and by many other relatives. (Rev. Baba and Alina lost their son Lawrence in a tragic accident in Canada in 1981.)

The late Rev. Baba Jacob was born on October 3, 1918 in Baquba, Iraqi, to Yaco Yaco of Zumelan and Heleni Gewargis of Dizza both of Urmia, Iran. This was soon after the multitudes of Assyrian refugees from Urmia, had poured into Baquba Refugee Camps in Mesopotamia, provided by the occupying British Forces. Baba began his elementary schooling in 1925 in the Assyrian Presbyterian School in Baghdad and went on to graduate in 1938 from high school, with honors, from the American School for Boys. After graduation, he started working for the British Airways office in Baghdad and later was transferred to its office in Tehran, Iran. In 1946 he married Alina, daughter of Daryawish Elias (of Shinabad, Iran), returned to Baghdad, and was employed by the Eastern Bank for a while when he had a divine call. The Assyrian Presbyterian Church in Baghdad needed a pastor, and so he was sent by the Church to study theology in the Near East College in Beirut, Lebanon. He returned three years later as an ordained pastor and served his Church in Baghdad for some years. He then received a scholarship from the Texas Christian University, and in 1963, accompanied by his family, left for the U.S. After obtaining an MA in theology, he emigrated to Canada, where he earned another degree in philosophy from the University of Toronto. He then established a Presbyterian Church for the Assyrians in Toronto. During the



years, the late Baba preached the word of God and was also able to help many Assyrian refugees of the Middle East to emigrate to Canada. May his soul rest in peace.

-Submitted by Youel Jacob Serkis

### **Raabi Yonan Oraham Odisho**



*Raabi* Yonan, 74, son of the late *Rab-Emma* Oraham Odisho and Toly Odisho, entered eternal life on June 30, 2000, at Evanston Hospital in Evanston, Illinois, after a short illness.

The funeral, conducted by Archdeacon Aprim DeBaz, assisted by Revs. Shlemon Heseqial, Khoshaba Bouza, Gewargis Toma, and David

Royel and a number of deacons, was held at Mar Gewargis Cathedral in Chicago on July 3rd. Following interment at Montrose Cemetery, a memorial lunch was served at the Assyrian Eden's Banquet Hall for 400 mourners assembled to honor the memory of a very lovable person, who was eulogized by Youel Jacob Serkis from Canada, Odisho Warda from Wisconsin and his brother-in-law, Nathan Michael.

The late *Raabi* Yonan is survived by his loving wife Marina; his sisters: Najiba Hanna (husband Hikmat), and Janet Michael (husband Nathan and their three sons), and by many other relatives.

Yonan was born in Baghdad, Iraq, on March 15, 1926. He received his early schooling in Latin Padre Pierre School and in Tahira School in Baghdad and his high school education in the Jesuits' Baghdad College as a boarder. Following his graduation, he returned home to Habbaniya and taught in *Raabi* Yacoub's R.A.F. Union School for one year. After the school was taken over by the Iraqi Ministry of Education in mid-1944, he relocated with his family to Baghdad and was employed as a bank clerk by the British Bank of the Middle East, gradually working his way to a section manager. And after nationalization of some businesses following the 1958 Iraqi Revolution, this bank was merged with the Government's Rafidain Bank and Yonan was promoted to the position of a senior manager overseeing all the Rafidain Banks' telegram and telex transactions at home and abroad. His long and loyal service to Rafidain Bank earned him merit awards, and his position enabled him to become friends with many government officials, through whom he managed to help many Assyrians with government-related problems as well as in placing them in employment.

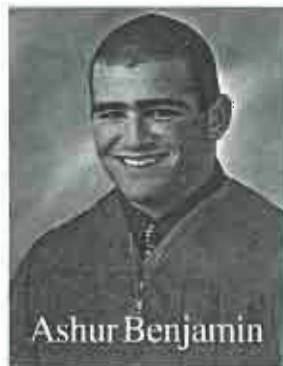
*Raabi* Yonan had a short but engaging athletic

life in his youth. He was, especially, a good soccer and table tennis player. When the Assyrian Sports Club of Baghdad was established on Abu Nuwas Street, in the summer of 1955, Yonan was appointed the auditor on its executive committee. He was an active member of the club and was among its founding members.

In 1966, Yonan met and married Marina, daughter of the late Yonathan Mikhail and *Raabi* Rijina Mikhail. After the couple lived together in Baghdad for 27 years, they immigrated to this country in 1993 and settled in Skokie, Illinois.

I knew *Raabi* Yonan personally for more than 50 years. He was one of my teachers in 1943-1944 and when he married my sister-in-law Marina in 1966 we became relatives, which relationship grew into intimate friendship after he and Marina moved and settled close to us in Metropolitan Chicago seven years ago. Yonan was a gentle, quiet but cheerful person, a loving and dedicated husband and a dear friend. He will be deeply missed, not only by his family members but also by all those who knew him. May his soul rest in peace.

-Submitted by Benjamin Yalda



**Ashur Benjamin**, the eldest son of Michael and Khanna Benjamin of Orangevale, CA graduated from Jesuit High School in Carmichael, CA in June 2000, and plans to continue his education at Saint Mary's College.

### **NINEVEH**

Irene Dilak, Turlock, CA .....	\$ 20
Philip Jacob, Turlock, CA .....	20
Jane Antar Phelps, Fairfax, VA .....	40
Zomaya S. Solomon, Columbia, MD .....	20
Yulius Z. Yadegar, San Jose, CA .....	20
Sari Georges, Chicago, IL .....	20
Patricia A. Niedfelt, Orange, CA .....	20
Toma Yousif, Skokie, IL .....	20
Yooshia K. Poloss, Hollywood, CA .....	20
(for the Orah Family, AR)	
Jack J. Mishel, Las Vegas, NV .....	20
Andrew Soro, Atherton, CA .....	25
Theodore Yonan, Glenview, IL .....	20
Doreen Elias, Stockton, CA .....	25
Albert Jacob, Houston, TX .....	20
Awigail Daryawish, Greystanes, Australia .....	60
Lazare J. Kianoun, Los Angeles, CA .....	20
Margaret Sarkissian, Turlock, CA .....	100
(in memory of Isaac Sarkissian)	















כ

۵۶ بَیِّنَاتٌ لِّقَوْمٍ عٰقِلٍ ۝۵۷

مذہب کے متعلق : ہم دیکھ لیتے ہیں : جگہ بہ جگہ

خِذْمِي خِلْمِي : كَمْ مِنْ سَوْتٍ : اِسْمَاتٍ

ہمدرد گت ۲۰۲۰ء؛ حبیب بیگ؛ حقیت۔

4

**گاہیکہ گاہ : مہمہ کی تکیہ : حقیقت**

هَكَذَا تَجِبُهَا كَمَا فِي نَبِيٍّ مُمَجَّدَةٍ : ذَلِكَ لَكُمَا

يَا أَيُّهَا الْفَلَسْطِينِيُّ : اذْهَبْ مِنْ دِيَارِكَ ؛ حَتَّى تَجِدَ

هـ مَـذْمُومٌ يَحْمَدُ ؛ لَدُنْكَ ذَمٌّ ؛ لَهُ مَعْدَمٌ .

3

مَنْ لَمْ يَسْعَ : دَجَفَدَ : دَانَ : بَمَ : لَمْ يَدَّ

عَبَّاسُ بْنُ عَبْدِ الْمُطَّلِبِ : ٥٥٨ : ٥٦٦ : ٥٧٤ : ٥٨٢ : ٥٩٠ : ٥٩٨ : ٦٠٦ : ٦١٤ : ٦٢٢ : ٦٣٠ : ٦٣٨ : ٦٤٦ : ٦٥٤ : ٦٦٢ : ٦٧٠ : ٦٧٨ : ٦٨٦ : ٦٩٤ : ٧٠٢ : ٧١٠ : ٧١٨ : ٧٢٦ : ٧٣٤ : ٧٤٢ : ٧٥٠ : ٧٥٨ : ٧٦٦ : ٧٧٤ : ٧٨٢ : ٧٩٠ : ٧٩٨ : ٨٠٦ : ٨١٤ : ٨٢٢ : ٨٣٠ : ٨٣٨ : ٨٤٦ : ٨٥٤ : ٨٦٢ : ٨٧٠ : ٨٧٨ : ٨٨٦ : ٨٩٤ : ٩٠٢ : ٩١٠ : ٩١٨ : ٩٢٦ : ٩٣٤ : ٩٤٢ : ٩٥٠ : ٩٥٨ : ٩٦٦ : ٩٧٤ : ٩٨٢ : ٩٩٠ : ٩٩٨ : ١٠٠٦ : ١٠١٤ : ١٠٢٢ : ١٠٣٠ : ١٠٣٨ : ١٠٤٦ : ١٠٥٤ : ١٠٦٢ : ١٠٧٠ : ١٠٧٨ : ١٠٨٦ : ١٠٩٤ : ١١٠٢ : ١١١٠ : ١١١٨ : ١١٢٦ : ١١٣٤ : ١١٤٢ : ١١٥٠ : ١١٥٨ : ١١٦٦ : ١١٧٤ : ١١٨٢ : ١١٩٠ : ١١٩٨ : ١٢٠٦ : ١٢١٤ : ١٢٢٢ : ١٢٣٠ : ١٢٣٨ : ١٢٤٦ : ١٢٥٤ : ١٢٦٢ : ١٢٧٠ : ١٢٧٨ : ١٢٨٦ : ١٢٩٤ : ١٣٠٢ : ١٣١٠ : ١٣١٨ : ١٣٢٦ : ١٣٣٤ : ١٣٤٢ : ١٣٥٠ : ١٣٥٨ : ١٣٦٦ : ١٣٧٤ : ١٣٨٢ : ١٣٩٠ : ١٣٩٨ : ١٤٠٦ : ١٤١٤ : ١٤٢٢ : ١٤٣٠ : ١٤٣٨ : ١٤٤٦ : ١٤٥٤ : ١٤٦٢ : ١٤٧٠ : ١٤٧٨ : ١٤٨٦ : ١٤٩٤ : ١٥٠٢ : ١٥١٠ : ١٥١٨ : ١٥٢٦ : ١٥٣٤ : ١٥٤٢ : ١٥٥٠ : ١٥٥٨ : ١٥٦٦ : ١٥٧٤ : ١٥٨٢ : ١٥٩٠ : ١٥٩٨ : ١٦٠٦ : ١٦١٤ : ١٦٢٢ : ١٦٣٠ : ١٦٣٨ : ١٦٤٦ : ١٦٥٤ : ١٦٦٢ : ١٦٧٠ : ١٦٧٨ : ١٦٨٦ : ١٦٩٤ : ١٧٠٢ : ١٧١٠ : ١٧١٨ : ١٧٢٦ : ١٧٣٤ : ١٧٤٢ : ١٧٥٠ : ١٧٥٨ : ١٧٦٦ : ١٧٧٤ : ١٧٨٢ : ١٧٩٠ : ١٧٩٨ : ١٨٠٦ : ١٨١٤ : ١٨٢٢ : ١٨٣٠ : ١٨٣٨ : ١٨٤٦ : ١٨٥٤ : ١٨٦٢ : ١٨٧٠ : ١٨٧٨ : ١٨٨٦ : ١٨٩٤ : ١٩٠٢ : ١٩١٠ : ١٩١٨ : ١٩٢٦ : ١٩٣٤ : ١٩٤٢ : ١٩٥٠ : ١٩٥٨ : ١٩٦٦ : ١٩٧٤ : ١٩٨٢ : ١٩٩٠ : ١٩٩٨ : ٢٠٠٦ : ٢٠١٤ : ٢٠٢٢ : ٢٠٣٠ : ٢٠٣٨ : ٢٠٤٦ : ٢٠٥٤ : ٢٠٦٢ : ٢٠٧٠ : ٢٠٧٨ : ٢٠٨٦ : ٢٠٩٤ : ٢١٠٢ : ٢١١٠ : ٢١١٨ : ٢١٢٦ : ٢١٣٤ : ٢١٤٢ : ٢١٥٠ : ٢١٥٨ : ٢١٦٦ : ٢١٧٤ : ٢١٨٢ : ٢١٩٠ : ٢١٩٨ : ٢٢٠٦ : ٢٢١٤ : ٢٢٢٢ : ٢٢٣٠ : ٢٢٣٨ : ٢٢٤٦ : ٢٢٥٤ : ٢٢٦٢ : ٢٢٧٠ : ٢٢٧٨ : ٢٢٨٦ : ٢٢٩٤ : ٢٣٠٢ : ٢٣١٠ : ٢٣١٨ : ٢٣٢٦ : ٢٣٣٤ : ٢٣٤٢ : ٢٣٥٠ : ٢٣٥٨ : ٢٣٦٦ : ٢٣٧٤ : ٢٣٨٢ : ٢٣٩٠ : ٢٣٩٨ : ٢٤٠٦ : ٢٤١٤ : ٢٤٢٢ : ٢٤٣٠ : ٢٤٣٨ : ٢٤٤٦ : ٢٤٥٤ : ٢٤٦٢ : ٢٤٧٠ : ٢٤٧٨ : ٢٤٨٦ : ٢٤٩٤ : ٢٥٠٢ : ٢٥١٠ : ٢٥١٨ : ٢٥٢٦ : ٢٥٣٤ : ٢٥٤٢ : ٢٥٥٠ : ٢٥٥٨ : ٢٥٦٦ : ٢٥٧٤ : ٢٥٨٢ : ٢٥٩٠ : ٢٥٩٨ : ٢٦٠٦ : ٢٦١٤ : ٢٦٢٢ : ٢٦٣٠ : ٢٦٣٨ : ٢٦٤٦ : ٢٦٥٤ : ٢٦٦٢ : ٢٦٧٠ : ٢٦٧٨ : ٢٦٨٦ : ٢٦٩٤ : ٢٧٠٢ : ٢٧١٠ : ٢٧١٨ : ٢٧٢٦ : ٢٧٣٤ : ٢٧٤٢ : ٢٧٥٠ : ٢٧٥٨ : ٢٧٦٦ : ٢٧٧٤ : ٢٧٨٢ : ٢٧٩٠ : ٢٧٩٨ : ٢٨٠٦ : ٢٨١٤ : ٢٨٢٢ : ٢٨٣٠ : ٢٨٣٨ : ٢٨٤٦ : ٢٨٥٤ : ٢٨٦٢ : ٢٨٧٠ : ٢٨٧٨ : ٢٨٨٦ : ٢٨٩٤ : ٢٩٠٢ : ٢٩١٠ : ٢٩١٨ : ٢٩٢٦ : ٢٩٣٤ : ٢٩٤٢ : ٢٩٥٠ : ٢٩٥٨ : ٢٩٦٦ : ٢٩٧٤ : ٢٩٨٢ : ٢٩٩٠ : ٢٩٩٨ : ٣٠٠٦ : ٣٠١٤ : ٣٠٢٢ : ٣٠٣٠ : ٣٠٣٨ : ٣٠٤٦ : ٣٠٥٤ : ٣٠٦٢ : ٣٠٧٠ : ٣٠٧٨ : ٣٠٨٦ : ٣٠٩٤ : ٣١٠٢ : ٣١١٠ : ٣١١٨ : ٣١٢٦ : ٣١٣٤ : ٣١٤٢ : ٣١٥٠ : ٣١٥٨ : ٣١٦٦ : ٣١٧٤ : ٣١٨٢ : ٣١٩٠ : ٣١٩٨ : ٣٢٠٦ : ٣٢١٤ : ٣٢٢٢ : ٣٢٣٠ : ٣٢٣٨ : ٣٢٤٦ : ٣٢٥٤ : ٣٢٦٢ : ٣٢٧٠ : ٣٢٧٨ : ٣٢٨٦ : ٣٢٩٤ : ٣٣٠٢ : ٣٣١٠ : ٣٣١٨ : ٣٣٢٦ : ٣٣٣٤ : ٣٣٤٢ : ٣٣٥٠ : ٣٣٥٨ : ٣٣٦٦ : ٣٣٧٤ : ٣٣٨٢ : ٣٣٩٠ : ٣٣٩٨ : ٣٤٠٦ : ٣٤١٤ : ٣٤٢٢ : ٣٤٣٠ : ٣٤٣٨ : ٣٤٤٦ : ٣٤٥٤ : ٣٤٦٢ : ٣٤٧٠ : ٣٤٧٨ : ٣٤٨٦ : ٣٤٩٤ : ٣٥٠٢ : ٣٥١٠ : ٣٥١٨ : ٣٥٢٦ : ٣٥٣٤ : ٣٥٤٢ : ٣٥٥٠ : ٣٥٥٨ : ٣٥٦٦ : ٣٥٧٤ : ٣٥٨٢ : ٣٥٩٠ : ٣٥٩٨ : ٣٦٠٦ : ٣٦١٤ : ٣٦٢٢ : ٣٦٣٠ : ٣٦٣٨ : ٣٦٤٦ : ٣٦٥٤ : ٣٦٦٢ : ٣٦٧٠ : ٣٦٧٨ : ٣٦٨٦ : ٣٦٩٤ : ٣٧٠٢ : ٣٧١٠ : ٣٧١٨ : ٣٧٢٦ : ٣٧٣٤ : ٣٧٤٢ : ٣٧٥٠ : ٣٧٥٨ : ٣٧٦٦ : ٣٧٧٤ : ٣٧٨٢ : ٣٧٩٠ : ٣٧٩٨ : ٣٨٠٦ : ٣٨١٤ : ٣٨٢٢ : ٣٨٣٠ : ٣٨٣٨ : ٣٨٤٦ : ٣٨٥٤ : ٣٨٦٢ : ٣٨٧٠ : ٣٨٧٨ : ٣٨٨٦ : ٣٨٩٤ : ٣٩٠٢ : ٣

سَجْدًا حَقِيرًا : اِسْمٌ لِمَا يَسْجُدُ عَلَيْهِ : اِسْمٌ لِمَا يَسْجُدُ عَلَيْهِ : اِسْمٌ لِمَا يَسْجُدُ عَلَيْهِ

کے لئے قوم، دین، قوم، عجم، عجم، عجم۔

9

مَنْعِبْ مَعْدِيْ : مَذْحَجِ مَعْدِيْ : نَفْحِيْ : مَنْعِبْ مَعْدِيْ

لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ : مُحَمَّدٌ رَسُوْلُهُ : هَذِهِ ذَاتُهُ : بِرَبِّكَ

يَا أَيُّهَا الْمَدِينَةُ : كَمْ ذُكِّرَتْ : قُوتُكَ : بِرِ سَمَوَاتِكَ

لَمْ يَجِبْ لَمْ يَحْدُثْ : لَمْ يَجِبْ : لَمْ يَحْدُثْ .

9

حکیم بنیامین : افسوسه : اے میرے بھائی !

لَا يَمُوتُ قَتِيلًا : بَلَّغَ : هَدَّكَ : تَحَدَّكَ : هَدَمَكَ :

[illegible]

دَقِيعٌ مَّحِيلٌ : لَهُ زَمَّةٌ : حَذْذِ ذَا ذَا .



مِلَّةٌ لَهُ حَقٌّ؛ دَحْكَ مُنْعَبٍ؛ دَخِجٌ سِتْقَةٌ

دعای خیر : اے خداوند مہربان ! جس نے اس شخص کو پیدا کیا ہے وہی اس کی مرگ و زندگی کا تدبیر فرما۔ آمین

۱۵۰۹ مین : ۵۵ گز ذیلعہ : ۱۵۰۹ مین : ۵۵ گز

دَلِيلُكُمْ هَاجِدٌ، دَائِدُكُمْ يَلَسُ، كَمِمْ دَقْتُ.

三

مَنْ خَشِيَ : دَامَ مِنْهُ : مَوْلَا : مَيْلًا : ذَلْفًا

مِنْ هَؤُلَاءِ : هَذِهِ ذِكْرُهُ : هَذِهِ ذِكْرُهُ : هَذِهِ ذِكْرُهُ

حِلَّةٌ دَجَّةٌ : خَمٌّ : اِهْدَاكِي : اِنْبَجَا عَفْوَ

• ۱۰۰ مَدَدِ دَلِّ : دَلَمَ : تَكَبُّ : ذِيَّ : دَفَعُ .





[illegible]

هَتَّ دِلْجِيْزِيْكَ تَهْمِيْ خَفْ

الحبيب . جيم Gabriel J. Kenoun حذوت

24 ھەزرىتى ئىمام ھەيئەت ۱۹۱۶.



بجانب ختم (جسمہ مذکور)

كه تبه اصبته، كتب دستمه به كتب  
 نه دت به كتب ديمه، آد و كتب دهنت به  
 كتب فدهنت. آه به وهدهنه، يصب، تهته  
 هلت، زكه به مهلف كنه حب مهده آد به مهده  
 لسه، طب كه به عيت دفدهيه حيمه Saint  
 Joseph. به ته 6 يت به لب، مهدهلهوه، طب  
 كه مهدهنه اهله جهته، دهكتبه Istituto

Bartolomeo Giustiniani  
 حَبَّه دِلْعَتِي يَكْتَتِي فَخْلَه  
 مَوَدَّتِي، وَتَهَذَّ فَخْلَتِي دِمْلَقْتِي مَهْلَه جَهْتِي،

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

لَتَتَبِ دَمْعٌ، حَلَقَةٌ حَبِيْبَةٌ مِنْ قَسْبِ

5

٢٠ هـ دَجَمَ — دَمًا — حَقًّا

مَدِيْنَةُ مَكَّةَ الْمُكَرَّمَةِ

خَدِّقْ حَقِّقْ خُذْ خُذْ

حَدَّثَنَا أَبُو جَعْفَرٍ قَالَ سَمِعْتُ جَدِّي يَقُولُ .

\* \* \* \* \*

حَبْد : هَبْدَة : مَقْدَمَة : دَمِيخْلَة : بَدِيه :

[illegible][illegible]

دُوب دِه تَم حَاجَتِه هَلِجَتِه يِه سِدَحَمَه مَوَسِيَه يَم مَوَسِيَه دَمَتِه تِه  
دِه دِه يِه حَاجَتِه وَهَدَه هَلِجَتِه يِه 3 دِه يِه حَاجَتِه مَوَسِيَه يِه  
دِه دِه يِه مَوَسِيَه يِه يِه حَاجَتِه مَوَسِيَه يِه دِه دِه يِه  
حَاجَتِه يِه دِه يِه مَوَسِيَه يِه "يِه يِه" هَلِجَتِه يِه حَاجَتِه  
حَاجَتِه مَوَسِيَه يِه مَوَسِيَه يِه حَاجَتِه يِه مَوَسِيَه يِه

تو، حجت "چشم ملک" یکه بند بر لب فمکتی هفتی دست سگ دفت  
 مومعت تهموم توتی استی. حجت سبت یکه دوتی سبت دکه  
 وپ که دت استی، دیکتی، حجت سبت حجت بر فم دت  
 موموم، دت مومکت حجت دت دت.

To order write to:

تَقِي حَقَّ حَقِّهِ وَجَبَتْ لَهُ :

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**Denham Court, NSW 2565**

**Sydney, Australia**



لیستہ ذیل کے درجہ کی فہرست :  
 دہلیس جوتہ (7) مہمہ لیتہ مذمتہ :  
 متہمہ ذلہم تا دسہہ سلیمہ :  
 تہذ مہ ذمتہ دسہہ ذلہ حقہ :۔

لَفِيذًا دَانِيًا مَجِيئًا مَحَبَّبًا : دَدَمًا دَانِيًا حَفِيظًا لِيَمَانٍ مِلَّاسٍ مَحَبَّبًا :  
 مَحَبَّةً فَخْرَةً دَانِيًا مَحَبَّبًا حَقِيقَةً : مَحَبَّةً مَحَبَّبًا مَحَبَّبًا مَحَبَّبًا :

[illegible]

مطلب آنکه تا نسبت دانه جوی یافت: جوی لحدی دانه جوی از حد آن جوی  
معدود است (۸) هر چند که حد جوی است: تا جوی مالک و جوی مالک است.

مَدَنِي اَهْتِي : 1 - جِه دُزْمَنَه . 2 - جِمَمَه . 3 - تَدَنَه . 4 - جَوَمَدَنَه . 5 - جَوَدَنَه . 6 - سَكَنَه . 7 - جَوَدَنَه . 8 - دَمَنَه .

مَقَالَةُ د. م. د. حَبِيب

سج : مذقبة: تذذ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
الحمد لله الذي هدانا لهذا هذا كنا لنهتدي لولا أن هدانا الله  
والحمد لله رب العالمين

١. حمد لله رب العالمين، والصلوة على من لا نبي بعده.

مَن مَّنْ جَعَلَ تِلْكَ حَقًّا  
 مَن مَّنْ جَعَلَ تِلْكَ حَقًّا  
 مَن مَّنْ جَعَلَ تِلْكَ حَقًّا  
 مَن مَّنْ جَعَلَ تِلْكَ حَقًّا

تذکره یی که خیره تیا (1) تیرتا دهمه مکتب (2) : دتتمب لمتقن تلیک ه لجمت :  
 حد اتم دمه مکتب ل متا تهمه مکتب (3) : عولیک لمتقن متا وذب وعتا .

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 جو حیتا متقن متقن متقن : متقن متقن متقن متقن .

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فَإِذَا دُعِيَ إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ دَعَا إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ وَدَعَا إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ وَدَعَا إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ  
“فَإِذَا دُعِيَ إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ دَعَا إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ وَدَعَا إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ وَدَعَا إِلَى الْغَدَاةِ”

سید: اُمّت مذکورہ کیہ ذخیرہ، یہ قدر - یہ قدر

1

عَلَّمَ لِي حَقَّ مَا كُنْتُ فِيهِ : دَعَا لِي لِيَسْخَرُ لِي حَقَّ مَا كُنْتُ فِيهِ :  
 حَقَّقَ لِي حَقَّ مَا كُنْتُ فِيهِ : دَعَا لِي لِيَسْخَرُ لِي حَقَّ مَا كُنْتُ فِيهِ :

2

تَجِدُوهِي مَوْبِلًا مِمَّا تَحِبُّ دَارِمْكُمْ : تَعْرِفُونَ لَسْتُمْ بِنَدَى دَامِكُمْ :  
حَبْدُوِي مُلَاقَتِي هَلَا وَذَلِكَ دَارِمْكُمْ : سَتُبْذُوهَا وَسَتُبْذُوهَا وَذَلِكَ وَهَتْكُمَا .

3

گڏوڊجاري مقامي نسلتي دمسلست۽ :  
 لکميٿي دنيمه ب مجر حقيقتا ملڪيت۽ :  
 جمعي نسلتي لاهمب دوجلد۽ :  
 عرفت لاري خطيب وذب وقت۽ :

4

سَمْعِي يَفْتِي هَذِي مَا بَجَمَعَا :      كَيْ سَمْعِي دَقْدَقْ لِي دَمْعِي دَانَمَا :  
وَدَخِلَسْ مَسْوَ دَكْ هَجَرِ مَلِكْ هَمَمَا :      زَنَهْ سَمْعِي هَكْ وَدَخَلِي وَذَبْ وَهَمَا :

5

ذِيئِلَهِ مَعْدَمٌ جَعَلَهُ سَمْعِي مَوْسِي : مَجْدُ وَجْهِ جَدِّ ذِيئِلَهِ حَلِي :  
 حَلْ ذِيئِلَهِ حَلِي : هَبْ حَلِي : هَدِي : حَلْ ذِيئِلَهِ حَسْبِي : وَذَلِي وَهَبِي :

6

۱- سَمْعِي هَلْ يَمْلِكُ لِي بِمَنْزَرٍ مُصَفًّى :  
 ۲- أَفَلَا يَدْعُنِي إِلَىٰ دِينِهِمْ أَوْ يَنْهَانِي :  
 ۳- أَفَلَا يَدْعُنِي إِلَىٰ دِينِهِمْ أَوْ يَنْهَانِي :  
 ۴- أَفَلَا يَدْعُنِي إِلَىٰ دِينِهِمْ أَوْ يَنْهَانِي :

7

سَمِعْتُ رَسُولَ اللَّهِ ﷺ يَقُولُ :  
 دَعَا إِلَهُي خَلْقًا وَدَعَا إِلَهُي تَعَالَى :

دَعَا حُلَيْفِي إِلَهُي تَعَالَى وَتَعَالَى :  
 حَامِدًا دَائِمًا وَمُحَمَّدًا وَهَّابًا :

8

[illegible]

9

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ : وَذُكِّلَ لَهُ فِي سَبْعِينَ نَجْوً : وَذُكِّلَ لَهُ فِي سَبْعِينَ نَجْوً : وَذُكِّلَ لَهُ فِي سَبْعِينَ نَجْوً :

10

**حَبْلُيْ حَمْدِي دَعَا مَسْأَلَةً دَعَا : دَعَا مَا مَدَّ حَقِّ حَبْلِیْ وَطَلَّقَ :**  
**وَحَبْلُیْ هَذَا هَبْ وَقَدْ دَعَا :** دَعَا حَقِّ حَبْلِیْ وَطَلَّقَ .

תַּיִתְּמָה מַחֵל חֹמֶשׁוֹ, מִן מַלְבָּדָא דְּדִלְיָתָא.

תְּדֻבָּב:

הַמְּעֻבָּדִים חֲלִיקָא דְּעַב סָאָהֳרָא דְּזִמְמָא.

לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא, וְהָדָא מִן דְּלִיבָא דְּלִיבָא. לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵךְ וְזִמְמָא דְּמִשְׁבִּיעַ.

הַ מַּלְבָּדָא מְעֻבָּדִים,

וְהָדָא מִן דְּלִיבָא דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, מִן מַלְבָּדָא דְּזִמְמָא דְּמִשְׁבִּיעַ חֲבִיבָא,

וְהָדָא מִן דְּלִיבָא דְּלִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

תְּדֻבָּב:

הַמְּעֻבָּדִים מִשְׁבִּיעַ דְּזִמְמָא דְּמִשְׁבִּיעַ.

הָאָב לֵךְ מִשְׁבִּיעַ. לֵךְ דְּזִמְמָא לֵב חֲבִיבָא, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ דְּזִמְמָא.

וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ, חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, לֵךְ לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ,

לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא דְּזִמְמָא חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ,

לֵךְ לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִן חֲבִיבָא, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

לֵךְ לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ, חֲבִיבָא דְּזִמְמָא, מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ,

מִן מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב.

מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

חֲבִיבָא דְּלִיבָא דְּזִמְמָא, חֲבִיבָא, וְהָדָא דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

תְּדֻבָּב,

לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, לֵךְ לֵב דְּזִמְמָא לֵב חֲבִיבָא.

מִשְׁבִּיעַ דְּזִמְמָא:

“ לֵךְ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִן חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִן חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ דְּזִמְמָא ”

: לֵב חֲבִיבָא לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ, חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ חֲבִיבָא, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ דְּזִמְמָא חֲבִיבָא.

לֵךְ מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ, חֲבִיבָא לֵב חֲבִיבָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ,

וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ, דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב חֲבִיבָא:

לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

מִשְׁבִּיעַ דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, לֵב מִשְׁבִּיעַ לֵב.

וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, דְּזִמְמָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ, חֲבִיבָא.

חֲבִיבָא חֲבִיבָא, חֲבִיבָא לֵב חֲבִיבָא חֲבִיבָא,

וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

חֲבִיבָא חֲבִיבָא, חֲבִיבָא חֲבִיבָא, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ.

לֵךְ, וְהָדָא מִשְׁבִּיעַ מִשְׁבִּיעַ, לֵךְ חֲבִיבָא חֲבִיבָא



45

تَجَوَّزْ دُجَمَّ

تجدید نوہک حبہ نوہک 1974 خخخه

[illegible]

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
قَسَمٌ بِمَا تُبْعَثُونَ

كَمْ جَاءَ رَجُلًا يَمِيَّاتٍ يَتِيَّاتٍ  
 لَمَّا هَمَّ سَفَرًا يَفُودٍ مُتَيَّاتٍ

سِقَّةٌ وَمَوْجِلَةٌ ذَا حَبَّةٍ  
صَدَاقٌ وَمَلَقٌ لَعْدٌ وَمَنْدُودٌ

يُكَلِّمُتْ إِلَىٰ ذَٰلِكَ هُم مَرَّةً كَرِيمَةً  
مُّمَلِّقَاتْ دَائِرَةً دَائِرَةً كَرِيمَةً

حَلَّتْ وَقَفَ حَتَّابُ بْنُ سَعْدٍ مَقْدِسَهُ  
كَانَ يُسَمَّى خَلِيفَتَهُ لَمْ يَسْتَبِ لَمْ

حَسْبُكَ لِيَعْلَبُ حَسْبُكَ تَكَلَّمَ  
عَلَيْكَ وَلَمْ يَكُنْ يَكُونُ مَعَكَ

يَا أَيُّهَا الْمَدِينَةُ إِنِّي مَكْتُبٌ عَلَيْكَ  
بِأَنَّكَ كَانَتْ مِنْ أَهْلِ الْبَلَاءِ

مُتَمِّدٌ لِحَيْوَتِهِ دَلِيلٌ عَلَى كِبَرِهِ  
تِلْكَ دَلِيلٌ عَلَى كِبَرِهِ مُتَمِّدٌ لِحَيْوَتِهِ

A black and white photograph showing four men in suits standing behind a long table. Each man is holding a framed certificate or diploma. The table is set with glasses, bottles, and decorative items. The background is a plain wall.

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حَتَّىٰ تَذُوقَ تَذُوقَهُ لِحَفَّتَيْهِ ۖ ثُمَّ  
وَمُخَيِّطٍ لِّهِ ۖ مُطَبَّبٌ لِّهِ ۖ مَبْجُوعٌ لِّهِ ۖ

مَنْ لَا يَفْقَهُ

مَذْهَبٌ لِيَهْدِيَكَ مَذْهَبُ، حَكَمًا لَعِبِمَا دَرْجٍ، أَمْ سَلَامِي مَذْهَبُ، هَدِيمِي كَأَنَّهُ  
فَذَابُ، لَعَلَّكَ مَذْهَبُ، مَا مَوْتُهُ مَذْهَبُ، مَا مَوْتُهُ مَذْهَبُ.

تذوق مایه، ثم بمقدار مایه، از آن درجاء مایه، مقدار آب، تذوق  
 بخت مایه، تا آنکه آید، درمقدار مایه، بخت آب، درمقدار مایه  
 درمقدار مایه، از آن درجاء مایه، درمقدار مایه، درمقدار مایه  
 درمقدار مایه، از آن درجاء مایه، از آن درجاء مایه.

[illegible]

بسمه مدبره، چه مفسر گو، نه د میسر چه یس گو، نه قدر اندک کاره، نه مکر  
 چه زکوه، چه خدیت، چه هکت، چه وحشت، چه مذبذبه، چه لقمه دیت، چه  
 تخلص گو به تخلص گو به تخلص گو به تخلص گو.

تَوَدُّ تَوَدُّ؛ مَا لِي سَبَّحْتُكَ كَمَا تَحْمَدُكَ كَمَا

بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم : الحمد لله رب العالمين : هذا كتاب في

تَحَدُّ تَحَدُّ؛ هَذِهِ دَوْدَةُ حَلَاةٍ مَسْمُومَةٍ كَوْنًا.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ، الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ الْمُسْتَعَدِّ، اللَّهُ مُسْتَعِدٌّ، اللَّهُ مُسْتَعِدٌّ، اللَّهُ

اَيُّهَا الَّذِي يَدْعُو عَدُوَّهُ بِاسْمِهِ سَكَنًا، اَيُّهَا الَّذِي يَدْعُو اَهْلَكَ اَسْمًا وَحَقًّا، اَيُّهَا الَّذِي يَدْعُو اَهْلَهُ بِاسْمِهِ سَكَنًا، اَيُّهَا الَّذِي يَدْعُو اَهْلَهُ اَسْمًا وَحَقًّا، اَيُّهَا الَّذِي يَدْعُو اَهْلَهُ بِاسْمِهِ سَكَنًا، اَيُّهَا الَّذِي يَدْعُو اَهْلَهُ اَسْمًا وَحَقًّا.

يَا أَيُّهَا الْمَدِينَةُ الَّتِي كَانَتْ تُكَذِّبُ عَنْ قَوْمِهَا رَسُولَهُمْ، فَاصْلَحِي لَعَلَّكَ تَرْضَوْنَ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

حَفَظَهُ قَوْمٌ، بَنَاتُ أَهْلِ هَذِهِ هُنَّ















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سوداگه موسی مطلبه من داسقی  
 من داسقه موسی سده موسی

اسی فدی هقی منی  
 من داسقه موسی سده موسی

تقی موسی سده موسی فدی  
 منی موسی سده موسی

تقی من داسقه موسی  
 منی موسی سده موسی

\* \* \* \* \*

## خدیجی ده تی

خدیجی ده تی . ۱۸۰۰

من داسقه موسی سده موسی

- 1 - خدیجی ده تی (خدیجی ده تی) که موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. که فدی موسی سده موسی
- 2 - خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی
- 3 - خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی
- 4 - خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی
- 5 - خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی
- 6 - خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی
- 7 - خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی
- 8 - خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی ؟  
 ا. خدیجی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی

## سودی ده تی

سودی ده تی . ۱۸۰۰

سودی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی .  
 سودی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی .  
 سودی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی .  
 سودی ده تی که داسقی موسی سده موسی .



## مہنگ و قیمت

حج: ٢٢٠

[illegible]

دَلِيلٌ لِمَنْ يَهْدِيهِ اللَّهُ  
بِإِذْنِهِ إِلَى صِرَاطٍ مُسْتَقِيمٍ

يَعْلَمُ دَنُكُ شَا حَذَقًا  
قَاهُ شَا حَذَقًا شَا حَذَقًا

يَا أَيُّهَا الْمَدِينَةُ الْيَاسِيَّةُ  
يَا أَيُّهَا الْمَدِينَةُ الْيَاسِيَّةُ

هَذِهِ الْحَقُّ      الْحَقُّ      دَقِيقَةٌ  
سَبْعٌ مِائَةٌ      مِائَةٌ      اَلْحَقُّ

يَمُوتُ فِي سَبْعَةِ أَيَّامٍ  
يَمُوتُ فِي سَبْعَةِ أَيَّامٍ

۱. به گشت یک مـ ۲. به مـ ۳. به مـ ۴. به مـ  
 ۵. به مـ ۶. به مـ ۷. به مـ ۸. به مـ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
وَلَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ مُحَمَّدٌ عَبْدُهُ وَرَسُولُهُ

اسم من في سنة ١٥٥٢م  
 في سنة ١٥٥٢م

ذَلِكَ يَوْمُ الْقِيَامِ ۚ فَمَنْ هُوَ أَهْلُهَا

مَدَنِيَّهٌ مَدَنِيَّةٌ مَدَنِيَّةٌ مَدَنِيَّةٌ

۱۰۱۰ یَسْتَجِبْ لِي ۱۰۱۱ اَذْبَحْ لِي ۱۰۱۲  
 ۱۰۱۳ تَبَّ تَوَيْكَ ۱۰۱۴ كَلَّ اَجَبْ

هَذِهِ مَكَّةُ الْمُجَدَّةُ — هَذِهِ  
حَبْلُهَا مِنْ أَسْفَلِ مَكَّةَ الْمُجَدَّةِ

هَذِهِ دَفَاتِرُ دَعْوَى قَبُولِ  
يَوْمَ دَحْوَءٍ خَلَّاسٍ

وہ "ت" کے ساتھ "ج" سے مل کر "تج" ہو گیا۔  
وہ "ج" کے ساتھ "ت" سے مل کر "تج" ہو گیا۔

يَا أَيُّهَا الَّذِينَ آمَنُوا لَا تَتَّبِعُوا هَذِهِ السُّبُلَ  
الَّتِي كَفَرُوا بِهَا لَعَنَ اللَّهُ أُولَئِكَ هُمُ الْكَافِرُونَ  
الْمُبِينُونَ

١٠ ١١ ١٢ ١٣ ١٤ ١٥ ١٦ ١٧ ١٨ ١٩ ٢٠ ٢١ ٢٢ ٢٣ ٢٤ ٢٥ ٢٦ ٢٧ ٢٨ ٢٩ ٣٠ ٣١ ٣٢ ٣٣ ٣٤ ٣٥ ٣٦ ٣٧ ٣٨ ٣٩ ٤٠ ٤١ ٤٢ ٤٣ ٤٤ ٤٥ ٤٦ ٤٧ ٤٨ ٤٩ ٥٠ ٥١ ٥٢ ٥٣ ٥٤ ٥٥ ٥٦ ٥٧ ٥٨ ٥٩ ٦٠ ٦١ ٦٢ ٦٣ ٦٤ ٦٥ ٦٦ ٦٧ ٦٨ ٦٩ ٧٠ ٧١ ٧٢ ٧٣ ٧٤ ٧٥ ٧٦ ٧٧ ٧٨ ٧٩ ٨٠ ٨١ ٨٢ ٨٣ ٨٤ ٨٥ ٨٦ ٨٧ ٨٨ ٨٩ ٩٠ ٩١ ٩٢ ٩٣ ٩٤ ٩٥ ٩٦ ٩٧ ٩٨ ٩٩ ١٠٠

سے گرامیہ جہذ گہ ذہب  
اسم سے مذکور ہے ذہب گرامیہ

[illegible]

هَذِهِ لِمَا نَدَّاهُ الْفَلَكُ  
دَعْبُ لَمَّا مَدَّاهُ الْفَلَكُ

مِنْهُ مِنْ جَنْبِ الْكَافِرِ حَقًّا  
لَمْ يَكُنْ مِنْهُمْ أَحَدٌ لَمْ يَكُنْ مِنْهُمْ أَحَدٌ

مَدَنِي مَدَرِ — وَهْدِي هَمِيمِ  
خَمُوسِ كَلِّ طَبَقِ خَمْسِ



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Courage and  
Self-Reliance  
have Preserved  
the Assyrian  
People Through  
the Centuries  
Against Hostile  
Neighbors***

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