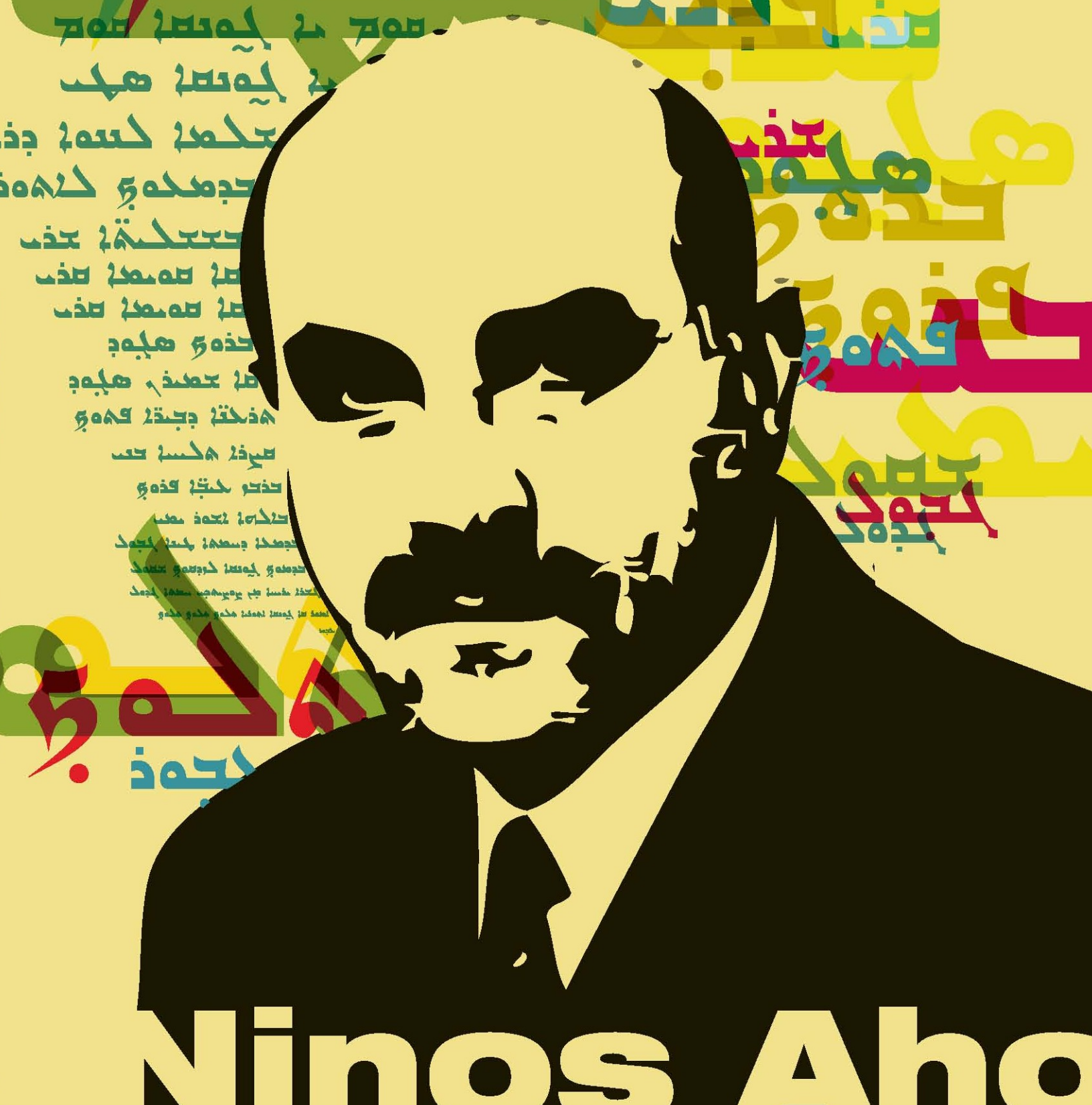




NINEVEH



# NINEVEH

First Quarter 2009  
Volume 32, Number 1

Editor: Robert Karoukian  
Editorial Staff: Firas Jatou  
Dr. Joel Elias  
Dr. Ninwe Maraha  
Tobia Giwargis  
Sargon Shabbas, Circulation

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Assyrian Foundation of America established in June 1964 and incorporated in the state of California as a non-profit, tax-exempt organization dedicated to the advancement of the education of Assyrians.

Address letters to:

The Editor  
NINEVEH  
P.O. Box 2660  
Berkeley, California 94702

## Annual Subscription

U.S.A.....\$ 20.00  
CANADA.....\$ 25.00  
OVERSEAS.....\$ 30.00

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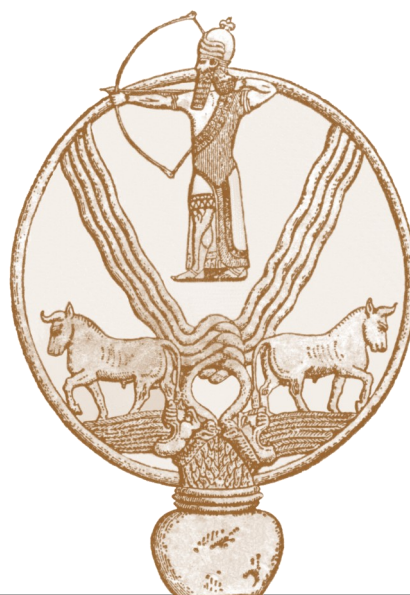
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# From the Editor

We are frequently asked how we, Assyrians, have survived, as a people, for more than 2500 years without a country. Or, more specifically, what is an Assyrian without Assyria. In other words, how does one define an Assyrian.\*

There are several approaches to arriving at a definition of what is Assyrian. Some like to use geographic markers and/or, with the increasing knowledge-base in population genetics and genetic maps, genetic markers to define, identify and categorize people. There is some utility to such markers; however, with the increasing rates of migration to places that may be thousands of miles from the traditional homelands and the resulting genetic admixture, such tools are becoming less useful.

Another approach is to use markers such as cultural traits including language, religion, music, art, literature, folklore, food, etc. Indeed, in the absence of a political state and a national identification card or passport, it is this category which constitutes the most easily identifiable (if not the only) characteristic of a people. Our language (in all its dialects), our songs (both religious and secular), our dances, folktales, etc., all are part of the fabric which makes us Assyrian.

As a stateless people, without government-backed centers for the collection, preservation and propagation of such traits, this task has been undertaken primarily by individuals –singers/song-writers, story-tellers, poets, artists, writers, etc.– who have played a major role in keeping our culture (and national consciousness) alive and passing it on from generation to generation for the past twenty-five centuries. If we look at the last century, during which time our people experienced repeated genocides, forced migrations, and various forms of covert and overt religious and ethnic persecutions (ongoing, even today!), where our homes were destroyed, our schools shut down, our churches burnt, and our identity denied; our language, folklore, music, etc., were just about the only expressions of our identity which survived.

Throughout history, our artists (here, *artist* is used as a general term for all those involved in the preservation, growth and propagation of our culture and cultural/ethnic identity, including singers, song-writers, poets, story-tellers, visual and performing artists, etc.) have had a great and lasting impact not only on us, but, on humanity and civilization in general. The Epic of Gilgamesh and the Mesopotamian Creation and Flood stories, which were the prototypes upon which the Biblical versions were based, are just a few examples. And, of course, our art is the pride of museums around the world.

Additionally, whereas religious and secular leaders are (by definition) partisan and many times cause fractures and divisions within a nation, artists tend to be unbiased champions for the nation as a whole. Of course, there have been many religious and political leaders who had great positive impact on our cultural and national awareness and identity.

Most of us recognize the names of many of those individuals

who have been the guardians of Assyria throughout the millennia, and we even celebrate a few of them, in the form of memorials. Rarely do we have such celebrations and expressions of appreciation for them while they're still living. Rabi William Daniel used to say that a single flower given to a person while alive is worth infinitely more than all the bouquets and elaborate speeches delivered to his/her grave! Therefore, following Rabi William Daniel's words, a few of us decided to start a tradition of celebrating such individuals and expressing our love for them and gratitude for their service while they are with us; and, Malphono Ninos Aho was chosen as the first to be celebrated.

In many ways, Malphono Ninos Aho is the perfect example of such a guardian of Assyria and Assyrianism. He has dedicated his life toward the cause he believes in and has lived what he teaches. He has joined and worked with many different Assyrian



organizations, political and otherwise; however, he has never forgotten that the only goal is the welfare and glory of Assyria and not of any individual, tribe or organization. He was brought up with the West Assyrian dialect; therefore, to reach those Assyrians who did not know that dialect, he learned the Eastern dialect as an adult (from Rabi William Daniel), and wrote some of the most powerful words of hope and inspiration, in the form of poems, in both dialects. Indeed, many East Assyrians first learned of the existence of West Assyrians by hearing his poems in that dialect. In fact, I know of many East Assyrians who have memorized those poems (in the Western dialect) and can recite them even though they may not understand the exact meaning. And, although he was brought up in the West Assyrian (Orthodox) Church, he feels just as comfortable in any of the other Assyrian churches and is accepted by all.

He is also an uncompromising and outspoken critic of any individual or group that works, intentionally or not, toward the detriment of the Assyrian cause. As such he is seen as an objective and sincere advocate, and is loved and honored by Assyrians regardless of their country of birth, religious beliefs, political affiliation or dialect spoken. As a friend once said, "*in Ninos we are united*".

This issue of *Nineveh* is a compilation of presentations by individuals who have known, worked with and/or have been touched by Malphono Ninos Aho. Some were given during the two *Rumrame* (celebrations) that took place in Los Angeles and Chicago, and some were sent by people who could not attend in person.

\*Of course, this is not to be confused with the question of how one can "prove" that one is Assyrian. Indeed, such a question is a political statement and not an anthropological or historical enquiry. Those who ask such questions, either in the guise of academic curiosity or general interest, (like to) believe that all Assyrians died at the moment their empire ended!



# Honoring a living Assyrian Legend

When the topic of Assyrian nationalism and true patriotism is discussed and examined, many names and personalities among Assyrian giants including politicians, army generals, religious leaders, and intellectuals comes up. True patriots are the ones who did not hold back from sacrificing everything and placed their nation's interest above their own. Molfono Ninos Aho is one of the living heroes of the Assyrian Nation and a true son who spent his entire life keeping our spirits alive with his magnificent poetry.

I don't remember how long ago or how old I was when I heard for the first time a powerful and majestic voice reciting very powerful words that magically rhymed creating a sense of encouragement, anger and rage that made me feel strong and fearless ready to rip my nation's enemy a part and claim back what is and was mine and my ancestors'. That voice was the voice of the one and only Molfono Ninos Aho.

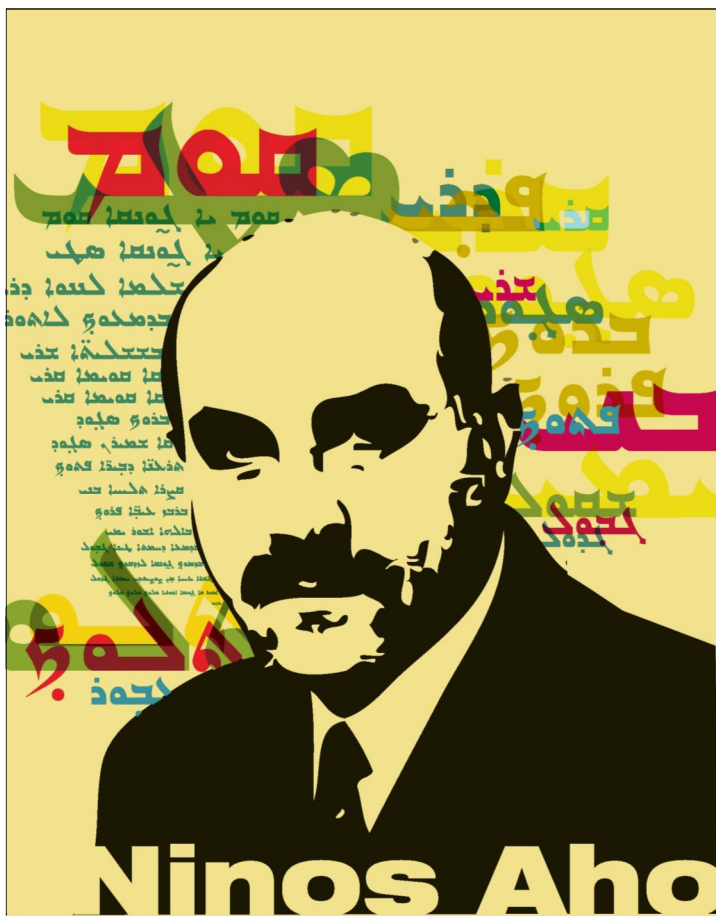
From the first day I met Molfono Ninos I became aware of the love and passion he possess toward his beloved As-

syria and his people. He is one of the very few who dedicated his entire life to work for only one goal, and that goal is the resurrection of Assyria. With his powerful pen he kept our hopes and feelings stimulated day after day, and poem after poem.

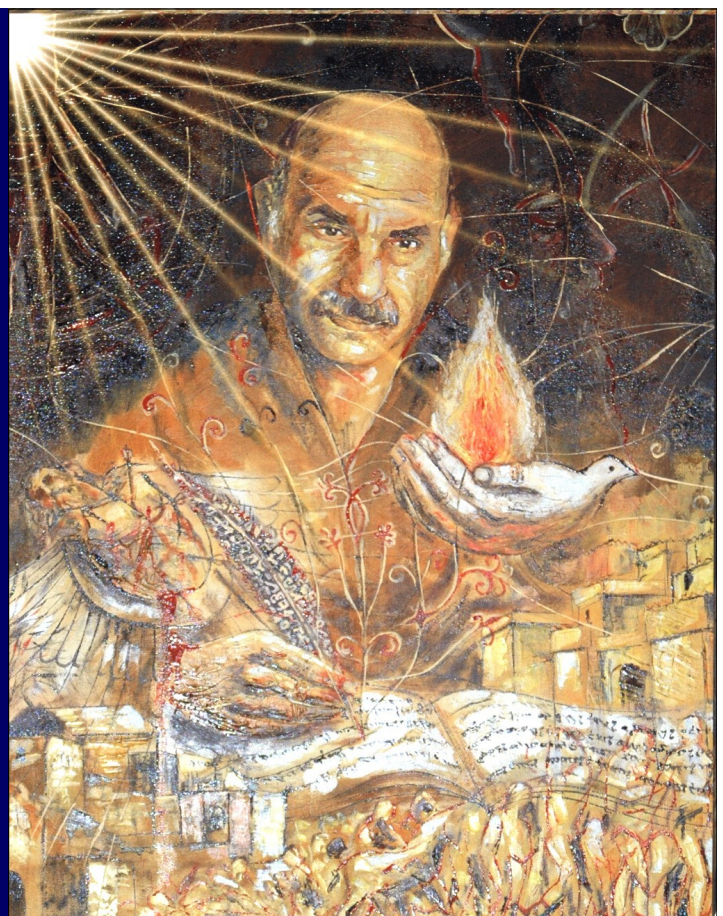
The Assyrian Foundation of America is honored to publish this special issue of *Nineveh* as a tribute to Molfono Ninos Aho, a true son of the Assyrian Nation. May God bless him and his family. I also would like to thank the editorial staff of *Nineveh* for accomplishing this project and in particular the editor, Dr. Robert Karoukian, for suggesting this priceless idea of honoring Molfono Ninos Aho, A LIVING ASSYRIAN LEGEND.

God bless and protect the Assyrian Nation.

Fredy Tamraz,  
President, Assyrian Foundation of America



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# Ninos Aho And His Peace Pipe

Ninous Beitashour

The year was 1987, the place was Stockholm Sweden, and a split had occurred amongst the rank and file of AUA and Ninos Aho as usual he was right at the middle of the disagreement. Ninos the peacemaker that he is took it upon himself to organize a congress in order to resolve the issues within the AUA. He chose Sweden and made all the arrangements for the 18<sup>th</sup> World congress of AUA. As it was customary, every year AUA would hold their congresses in different countries and usually either at the facilities of the hosting chapter or at a known hotel. To our surprise when we landed in Stockholm, Sweden, we were informed that the location of the congress has been moved to camp for young adults and it was some 30-40 miles outside the city limit. When we arrived there, it was an open space with beautiful scenery, yet the sleeping and bathroom facilities were similar to the boot camps, which none of the attendees had expected. I was roomed in a room 8x8 with two bunker beds one on top of the other. The former Assyrian representative at the Iranian Majlis, Mr. Atour Khnashoo and myself were to share the room. After flipping the coin as to whom will sleep on which bed and we each organized our corners, then we went out to check on the rest of the facilities. The bathroom facilities were of the prison style; no drapes and four to five stall showers one next to the other. In order to take our showers and be prepared for the next meeting, we had to devise a game plan in order to maximize the efficiency. One group using the bathrooms, the second group shaving and brushing teeth and the third taking their showers and leaving the bathrooms for the next group to use. With my bad luck, my luggage found its way to Malaga Spain instead of Stockholm Sweden. After three days of being in the same attire, and mind you no washers and dryers, I was getting pretty nasty and was looking for an excuse to go to the city in order to check myself in a first class hotel and I did not care about the costs. Breakfast and lunches were self-serving, you ate what you cooked, Ninos had made sure that we had adequate eggs, onions, tomatoes, feta cheese and plenty of Assyrian style vegetables and of course plenty of Lawasha (Assyrian bread) to keep us well nourished during this venture. I asked Ninos as to his reasoning for selecting this location, his answer was; (1) This is part of your training so that when the time comes and you are called to face the enemy, you will be prepared for jungle warfare. (2) Be it that we were divided into two camps and based on his past experiences each group would have had their own suite and hold separate meetings. By eliminating excess rooms and having us cramped in small quarters, there was no opportunity given to any group, but to sit together day and night to resolve the internal issues. He

had also made arrangements that there will be no taxi service to the place or any mode of transportation available for anyone to leave the compound. In short, he held us hostages for almost three days until we reached agreements on the issues, which were of concern to some. Now, you were wondering why I title this under "NINOS AHO AND HIS PEACE PIPE" In his ways and by holding us hostages for three days, and the suffering we each endured during those three memorable days, he made us all smoke the peace pipe with him and we were all more than happy to sign on any documents so long as we could leave that desolate place. While some thought that Ninos only recites poetries, in my experience on this one occasion, I saw the vision behind his approach and the importance he placed in unity of his people at any cost. My dear friend of more than 35 years, Ninos Aho, I salute you for what you stand for and all your contributions to our stateless Assyrian nation, which I know that you hold very close to your dear heart.

My hat off to you and thank you for all your contributions

Makhibanookh

San Francisco, CA March 2008

## On behalf of the Assyria Foundation of the Netherlands

[www.assyrie.nl](http://www.assyrie.nl)

Assyria Foundation in the Netherlands was established in 2006 and serves the Assyrian identity and culture, promotes education by initiating and financing projects to enhance awareness of Assyrian issues culturally, politically and linguistically.

It was as a result of discussions with Malfono Ninos Aho and through his poetry and poetic voice, that we (a group of Syriac-Orthodox Assyrians from Tur 'Abdīn) were inspired to establish Assyria in our hearts before starting to work for our future Assyria.

We honor Malfono Ninos Aho as a living symbol of Assyria who inspires Assyrians worldwide.

Dilkhun b Othuroyutho,  
Attiya Gamri  
Abrohom beth Arsan  
Dr. Matay beth Arsan



# On behalf of Malfono Ninos Aho's children; -Presentation by Zalgai Aho in Los Angeles.

I would like to start my speech tonight by saying something I have heard my father say for well over 20 years; "*Shlamalokh Yaladeeyan!*" *Uw shlomeh lkulaykhu*, and welcome.

I was sitting at our kitchen table earlier this morning, in the seat usually occupied by my dad, where countless phone conversations about how to save the Assyrian nation have taken place. Where he can always be found reading *Hujodo* or some other Assyrian publication, book or newspaper. A pen, paper and pot of Turkish coffee have always been close by, though I believe he's greatly reduced the coffee habit, trading it in for a 45-minute walk every morning. Sometimes, he can be found sitting at the computer, reading e-mails pertaining to the cause of the Suryoye, or surfing one of our many Assyrian websites. Needless to say, my father, Ninos Aho, has given much thought, time, effort and love to our Assyrian nation. He has preached and taught us that the Assyrians are one, should be one people.

I think that, as children, we don't really understand or acknowledge our parents, beyond the fact that they are our parents, and are responsible for keeping us clothed, fed, educated and happy. It is not until we grow into adults that we start to appreciate them as people, not just parents. My true realization of everything my father has done as a believer in the greatness of being Assyrian may have come late, but with that lateness came intensity. I have come to understand how truly skilled and powerful my father is as a poet and orator. I have a better grasp of how much he has done to serve this nation, helping to keep the language and traditions alive, often without the proper acknowledgement from our community. His poems and songs will go down in history as some of the best in the Assyrian language. Show me someone who doesn't know the song *Kirkeshamo* or *Marli Saro Marli*, and who doesn't mouth the words as we dance to them at parties. Who has not heard *Aturaya Khata*? I know, and know of, countless young men named *Ninos* after my dad. And who can forget the song *Ninos Halyo d'Ayneh Komeh*, written about him by his good friend. When he told me who that song was about, it was hard to believe... but you have to admit, my dad does have nice eyes. His grandchildren have them too.

My siblings and I grew up in a very Suryoyo household. My mother & father named us beautiful Assyrian names, and though they are often butchered by Americans who have trouble pronouncing them, they are beautiful and unique nonetheless. We were taught about Naoum Faik as



children, lighting a candle for him on February 5<sup>th</sup> in his remembrance, sitting at our dining room table, listening to our father tell us about this great man, our parents allowing us to have a small sip of wine. And how many kids can say they went to Naoum Faik's gravesite at 9 years old? Probably not many. Though we may not have truly known what it meant at the time, all these things contributed to our being who we are today. We were told time and time again by our dad "*Mijghelou Siryoyo*" (= speak Assyrian), and we'd huff and puff, saying "*We're not gonna forget if we don't speak it all the time!*" But we probably would have. If we walked into a room of people and said "*hi*" instead of "*shlomo*", we'd get a lecture. But after all is said and done, I can now proudly say that I speak Assyrian. Thanks to my parents, I speak it correctly; I say "*mashilyuno*" instead of the Arabized "*showkeh*" that many of my cousins in Kamishly say. I know that "*aykano eethayk*" is the proper way to say "*aydarbo hat*" in Kthubonoyo. My sister teaches her children Assyrian. And in this way, if we all do this, our language just might live on.

I could stand up here for hours talking about my father, his accomplishments in life, his accomplishments in Assyrianism. I can think of no one more prominent, known

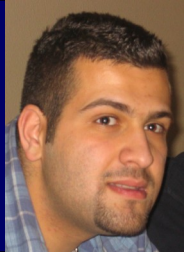
Finally, I would of course like to say “*tawdee*” and “*basima*” to everyone who made this night possible. For recognizing my father for his tireless work and his passion. For everyone who supported him and stood by him through the years; friends, family, fellow-believers, and of course his wife, my mother. Thank you all for coming, I hope you enjoy this evening. I would like to say “*Tawdee*” again. Oh, and one more thing... “*Mijghelou Suryoyo*”.





# On Ninos Aho, “Ninos Net” and other Ninosities (as little of them as I’ve seen)

Nicholas Al-Jeloo  
Australia



Ninos Aho. I had heard his poetry recited way before I had ever heard of him, and I spoke to him long distance on the phone way before I ever had the chance to meet him, yet he has been one of the people that has been most influential in helping nurture and encourage my (an many others’) involvement in Assyrian activism. In fact, *Malfono* Ninos has been the father of modern-day Assyrianism, and through his poetry he has shaped the 21<sup>st</sup> century Assyrian’s national feelings and sentiments. Yes, he is the father of every *Aturaya Khata* (New Assyrian).

As a child I remember growing up with *Malfono* Ninos’ poems, even though I did not fully understand what they meant, and could not comprehend their complexity and depth. It was not until my gradual involvement in Assyrian Universal Alliance activities in Australia, during my late teens, that I was befriended by Shmouil Khoury – a West Assyrian who, with his charming young family, opened up to me the mysterious new world of Tur-‘Abdin, Midyat, the *Dawronoye* and *Furqono* (highly mobile and revolutionary Assyrian political organisations from Europe). It was through them I learnt my first phrases in the western dialect, and was exposed to music, film and print media in it. It was also through Shmouil that I learned about Ninos Aho.

*Malfono* Ninos Aho, according to Shmouil, was a great man. He was a businessman and family man, but above all a poet and a political activist who had accomplished great things for Assyrian awareness. I would sit in awe as he recounted to me Ninos’ tour of Australia in the 1980s. Indeed, even the East Assyrians from the AUA told me how much of a success that was and how amazingly large the turnout was. Shmouil would often receive from and make calls to Ninos in the USA, and would tell him all about my work and the work of other young Assyrians then active in Sydney and Melbourne – among them Majidi-Ann Warda, David Chibo, the Assyrian Youth Group of Victoria (AYGV) and The Assyrian Australian Academic Society (TAAAS). I would always receive greetings from Ninos and would always say hello back, but I never really had a chance to talk with him or find out exactly what and how much he knew.

It was not until 2001, when I was in my first year of University, that Shmouil began to introduce me to the idea of “Ninos Net”. As my phone conversations with *Malfono* Ninos gradually grew from an exchange of greetings, to lengthy and detailed discussions, it became more apparent what the function of this “Ninos Net” would be. Ninos Aho wanted to create a network of talented and patriotic

young Assyrians to discuss national issues and to work more effectively for the Assyrian cause. Through his many travels and contacts amongst Assyrian communities around the world *Malfono* Ninos had discovered that young Assyrian scholars, activists and artists were often neglected by their peers and felt isolated. Such a network would show international solidarity and help forge new friendships between future and would-be colleagues in different fields related to Assyrianism. It meant that they could unify their discourse and come up with standard arguments and ideas that could be presented and shared across the board.

Soon enough, a Yahoo forum called “Ninos Net” was created. Among those on it, or added to it were Salym Abraham (Syria), Aramia Asmar (Sweden), Naures Atto (The Netherlands), Adrin Taksh (Germany), and many others whose names escape me right now. The list included scientists, journalists, postgraduate students, historians, and political science majors – all of whom were charged with the duty of finding solutions to the Assyrian nation’s problems before 2050. By that year, *Malfono* Ninos predicted, if Assyria had not yet arisen, then it was doomed to extinction. “Ninos Net” had a great start and produced highly active discussions well into early 2002, but eventually, as with many other Assyrian internet forums, it slowly grew quieter and quieter, until it was closed down.

Despite that, the network had an amazing effect on my Assyrian activism, life and future career. It provided me with links to people I could have only dreamt of meeting otherwise. It was through Salym in Damascus that I got to experience the realities of Assyrian daily life in Syria when I stayed with him in 2002, and it was Naures that guided me towards studying an MA program at Leiden University in 2005/6 after meeting her at the 2003 Assyrian Convention in Chicago. Throughout my travels in the Middle East, again encouraged by *Malfono* Ninos, I also discovered how much his poetry has had an effect on Assyrians of all walks of life from Tehran to Beirut, and from Basra to Istanbul. Yonadam Kanna and other senior members of the Assyrian Democratic Movement in northern Iraq often recounted to me how in their years as guerilla fighters in the mountains of northern Iraq, in opposition to Saddam’s regime, sometimes their only consolation were Ninos Aho’s poems – the *piece de resistance* being *Aturaya Khata*.

When I first met *Malfono* Ninos at the Chicago Convention in 2003, and again at the Santa Clara Convention the next year, it was like I had known him for years. We were



both familiar with each other's work and had spoken many times on the phone. Only now I had the chance to see and spend time with him and his family. I had even become familiar with his terms of endearment; who was *alahaya* (divine), and who was a *masssssssss-qiddana* (annoying). I still long for that time at Denny's, where we spent the entire night brining the house down to "*Ninos Halyo d-'Ayne Kome*" and other Assyrian songs. As our international group of half-drunk and hungry Assyrians clapped, whistled, and used the tables and chairs as drums, with *Malfono* Ninos at the helm of course, we even made the servers dance with us! Good times.

In 2004 and 2005 *Malfono* Ninos and *Rabi* Yosip Bet-Yosip made two trips to Australia – in conjunction with meetings of the World Council of Poets in which both had begun to be active. Events were held for them in both Sydney and Melbourne. But *Malfono* Ninos was not impressed. The Assyrian community was not what it was 20 years ago. Gone were the large turnouts of emotionally charged Assyrians. Many of those who had come had attended solely for the party afterwards. It was disheartening to say the least. Karl Suleman had cheated thousands of Assyrians out of their life savings and left them high and dry. Shmouil had moved to Sweden years prior. The changes were drastic.

The youths he had placed his hopes in only three years earlier were nowhere – Majidi-Ann Warda had converted

to Islam, David Chibo was being sued by Mar Meelis Zaia for defamation had fled the country because he was involved in fraud, the AYG was no more and TAAAS was similarly inactive. Still, *Malfono* Ninos urged the creation of a secular-minded and free-thinking Assyrian youth group or federation in Australia. In his view this was essential for the future of the community in that country. Unfortunately, the Youth Group of the Assyrian Church of the East continues to block any efforts made in this direction, since they claim to represent all Assyrian young people and would rather hold the monopoly on all Assyrian youth events.

Yet, against all odds and adversities, *Malfono* Ninos still does all he can to encourage Assyrians around the world, especially the youth, to not only maintain their language, culture and traditions, but to be proud of their heritage, and to be pro-active in finding solutions to our nation's problems so that we can confidently move on into the next stages of our existence. *Malfono* Ninos, 2050 is not here yet. There are still some 41 years to go. You have achieved so much so far and we, the New Assyrians, hope to continue your work and take it further. Rest assured in the knowledge that despite so much being stacked up against her, Assyria, and her diligent children, will arise and never die – no and a thousand no's!

## The Man of Many Words for A Nation in Need of Many Actions

By Ninos Hanna

What words do you use to describe the master of words? *Malfono* Ninos Aho, both my mentor and friend taught me that patriotism is not short, frenzied outbursts of emotion but is a lifelong dedication. A man's country is not a certain area of land, of mountains, rivers, and woods, but it is a principle; and patriotism is loyalty to that principle. Sometimes Assyrians will compromise their principles and neglect their Nation. Not Ninos Aho. His unyielding passion for his nation could not be sold for the highest price in this world.

*Malfono* Ninos called on a dwindling Nation to rise, take action, and responsibility for itself. He is a selfless man who communicates through poetry, and sets examples through action. He has lit the torch that will be passed on to a new generation of Assyrians. Our call to duty has been made. It is now our time for action. Thank you *Malfono* for opening our eyes, ears, and hearts, to the great Assyrian Nation. United we will stand, divided we shall fall, and forever our nation will live through your beautiful words.

## To Ninos Aho

By Daniel Crisby  
Stockholm, SWEDEN

With respect to our mutual beloved friend, Ninos, I am sure that you will have many many messages conveying different views of the personality of this great Assyrian man. Therefore, allow me to only touch a different aspect of the life of this marvelous human being, which is his connection to and love for our Assyrian Universal Alliance.

Ninos, almost from the beginning, was involved in creating this organization and has honestly, wisely and proudly served it until now.

His love for AUA's vision and goals is so deep that one can easily find and feel it, well expressed in different ways, in almost all his poetry and other literary works - the vision and goals as illustrated in AUA's four pillars: one name, one language, one leadership and a homeland for the Assyrian Nation.

Ninos is a great Assyrian man of our time. I have him in my prayers.

B'ṯqará

# *Ninos Aho, the Embodiment of Atouraya Khata*

*By: Andrew Bet-Shlimon*

I got to know Assyrian nationalist and poet, Malphono Ninos Aho, in 1968 while I was a freshman attending Al-Urouba High School in Qamishly, Syria, where he was a biology teacher. Taking his role as a teacher seriously and honing his students' skills, Malphono Ninos inspired his students to excel in their classes. In addition to teaching us biology, he never missed a chance to remind his students about their Assyrian history. The classes, which were composed of mainly Assyrian students, also included Armenians, Arabs, and Kurds. We all greatly value that productive time shared with Malphono Ninos – the man who touched our lives.

Following the 1968 nationalization of all private schools in Syria, including the Assyrian ones, as a result of Government article 127 (which was adopted in 1967), the Baath regime banned the teaching of the Assyrian language. It was Malphono Ninos Aho who prepared a flyer protesting the government's action against our schools. He, along with other members of the Assyrian Democratic Organization (ADO), secretly printed hundreds of copies of this flyer which were in turn distributed and placed in various schools under the cover of night. This was a dangerous mission undertaken by brave members of the ADO, and had the Mukhabarat (Intelligence Service) found out, it would have undoubtedly resulted in the arrest and imprisonment of these young activists.

Ninos Aho was born in the village of Girkeh Shamo on April 24, 1945, just months before his father passed away. He attended grade school in the village and later moved to the Assyrian city of Qamishly in 1958, where he completed high school.

He joined the Assyrian Democratic Organization (ADO/MTAKASTA) in 1961 as a second tier Assyrian activist in this very young organization. He was very much impressed with the energy and vigor of one of the ADO founders, the late Shukry Charmougli. By 1964, Ninos Aho had become a very active member of the ADO, where new rules and procedures were introduced to protect the organization's members. This was in view of the fact that Syria was controlled by the Baath party, which ruled the country with an iron grip. One year later, Ninos enrolled in the College of Science at the University of Damascus. He returned to his beloved Assyrian city of Qamishly in 1968 and began teaching biology at Al-Urouba High School.

Meanwhile, conditions in Syria were deteriorating politically, with the country being unstable due to the continuous plague of military coups. Under constant threats of arrest, Malphono Ninos along with two of his fellow ADO activists, George Solomon (Bet-Shlimon) and Saliba Elyo,

decided to leave the country. In 1970, these activists arrived in Beirut, Lebanon. Also, bear in mind that ADO members were constantly harassed and periodically arrested for questioning by the Mukhabarat of the Baath regime. Ninos left Beirut that same year with the intention of arriving in Germany. However, as fate would have it, his plane was hijacked by Palestinian terrorists who forced the plane to land in Athens, Greece. The hostages, including Ninos Aho were released after the kidnappers' demands were met by the Greek government. Again, Malphono Ninos escaped a near disastrous situation, unscathed. Despite this obstacle, Ninos continued his trip to Germany, where he joined his friends in Bremen.

After spending one year in Germany, Malphono Ninos immigrated to the United States, where he settled in Chicago and immediately resumed his activities on the nationalistic level. He played a major role in the formation of Assyrian Party activities. Ninos Aho returned to the middle-east in 1975 and married Ms. Augarett Baqqal, an Assyrian from his hometown of Qamishly. They raised four children, Rumrama, Zalgay, Delmon, and Enlil. It is ironic that Malphono Ninos was kidnapped while in Lebanon during the country's civil war. He was eventually released, bruised and traumatized, after the kidnappers were convinced that he was simply passing through the country on his way back to the United States.

In the mid 1980s, Malphono Ninos left Chicago and moved to Sturbridge, Massachusetts, to be closer to his cousins and a few friends from the old country. He started venturing into the real estate business on the east coast, and although he had some success, his continual yearning for a peaceful Beth-Nahrain was always lingering in his mind. Back home in Syria, politically speaking, the situation was now more tolerable. Therefore, in 1991, Ninos decided to move his entire family back to Syria to be closer to his Assyrian community. His family settled in the city of Aleppo, where there is a sizable Assyrian community. He remained there until 2002, when he was forced to return to the United States for medical treatment after being diagnosed with cancer. When the awful news about Ninos' cancer broke out, a trying time turned into a genuinely moving moment. Messages of well wishes and support soon started pouring in. It was, however, during the various events held in his honor and support that perhaps the most poignant and touching tributes to Malphono Ninos were made. The rousing reception he received throughout these events spoke volumes for the high esteem in which Ninos is held by those who have crossed his path.

Malphono Ninos Aho, one of the most respected



Assyrian poets, is known not only for his literary talent, but also for the sacrifices he has made in order to speak out on behalf of his fellow Assyrians and, as later revealed in some of his poems, the extreme hardships he has always been willing to endure.

From his early youth, Ninos was interested in and moved by the teachings of the Assyrian national leaders, such as, Naum Faiq and Farid Nuzha. The influence is sensed as he delivers his nationalistic ideology through his poems. He believes in national activism with high ethics and dedication, and diligently worked towards the revival of the Assyrian culture, heritage, and unity of the Assyrian people. He has written numerous articles and poems that have been published in Assyrian magazines. Ninos' mastery of the eastern Assyrian dialect is no surprise if one knows that in 1972 he had the privilege of being the student of a late poet, the magnificent Rabbie William Daniel.

In different poems, Ninos recalls memories of the early years in the national movement in Chicago. He dedicated a beautiful poem to the reunion of friends in Qamishly, forgetting not to give homage to Girkeh Shamo, his birthplace. The latter has been wonderfully vocalized by Ninib Lahdo, born in Girke Shamo, as well.

In 2001 a fund was established at Harvard University by Mr. & Mrs. Elias Hanna of Worcester, MA, in honor of Ninos Aho, a living Assyrian poet who composed in all three forms of our language - Classical Syriac, vernacular Eastern Syriac, and vernacular Western Syriac. His works are preserved as part of Harvard University's rich collection of materials about Assyrian culture, history, and art.

Malphono Ninos' poems have gained both love and respect from Assyrians around the world. He is powerfully eloquent in his poems. His lyrics are the basis for dozens of romantic and nationalistic songs compiled and published in 2000, as an anthology. In 2003, Malfono Ninos Aho, along with Rabi Yosip Bet-Yosip, participated in the World Congress of Poets, which is an organization linked with UNESCO and established thirty-three years ago under the slogan, "World Brotherhood and Peace through Poetry". The two Assyrian poets were amongst 272 renowned poets from various countries. In their poems, Malfono Ninos and Rabi Yosip passed on their message about the 7,000 years of Assyrian civilization. Both Malfono Ninos Aho and Rabi Yosip Bet-Yosip had jointly published a collection of poems. The first ensemble was produced and published in the early 1970s under the title Ato-*raya Khata* – the Modern Assyrian. The second collection was a composition of new poems with a few renditions of their classics, on two CDs, one by each artist.

Ninos survived as a hostage during a plane hijacking, and years later as a victim of kidnapping. Despite all that happened to him, Ninos is now facing the biggest battle of his life; but the great solace is that he will fight this cancer with the same strength, determination and vigor that characterized his life. And he will win.



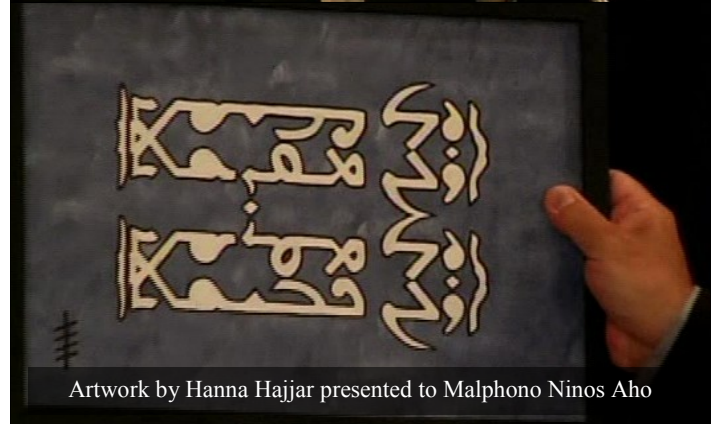
George Bet-Shlimon



Rabi Emmanuel Solomon



William Warda, president, AAA of Southern California



Artwork by Hanna Hajjar presented to Malphono Ninos Aho



# *Ninos, your time has not yet come*

Saliba Maraha  
Sodertalje, SWEDEN

(Translated from Assyrian by Ninos Maraha)

**In four decades Ninos Aho has been the pivotal point in the Assyrian movement. Known far and wide for his strong leadership, verbal power and true will to force changes, Ninos Aho is one of the most prominent poets and ideologists among the Assyrians.**

It was at the end of the 60's when Ninos and I found each other in the Assyrian Democratic Organization (ADO), in Syria. At that time he was given the nickname *Partridge* (in Assyrian: Qaqwono) - a bird known for its beautiful voice. Like the partridge that uses its voice to call for attention, Ninos used his voice to spread ADO's political message in underground meetings.

Amongst living ADO members, Ninos has been active the longest of those in the Assyrian movement. However, the respect that he has gained from his people is not purely due to his outstanding work, but simply because of his noble purpose, loyal principles and strong will to create unity among the Assyrians.

To many Assyrians, Ninos is known for his sharp poems and intense voice. From as far back as the 60's his political verses were much appreciated for their description, reflection and criticism of his contemporaries in general and the Assyrian movement in particular. In the beginning of the second millennium Ninos wrote poetry about the rise of Assyria within fifty years. What sounded like a romantic tale then is today a possible scenario.

Despite Ninos' sharp criticism of those who are power hungry, he has always been welcomed wherever he has visited. It may be Sodertalje, Qamishly, Sydney or New Jersey. This, however, may possibly say more about his personality than anything else.

Another distinguishing feature is Ninos's outgoing personality, and his ability to create bonds with youngsters. For Ninos every Assyrian has an important role to play for his/her nation, even the youngsters. Actually, Ninos is one of a few Assyrians in my generation who is capable of being an ambassador between the older and the younger generation, and who can reach out with a political message to the Assyrian youth.

People like Ninos, with the right capability in the right place, are hard to find. Ninos has, for a long time, been in the centre of the Assyrian movement, and he shoulders a big role in terms of Assyrian lobbying and as a carrier of

Assyrian ideology. If there were financial resources Ninos could have, through his inspiration and passion for his people, created a platform for global Assyrian unity.

Among Assyrian intellectuals Ninos is counted as the great leader, even though he has been away from a formal position of power for a long time. Thanks to his extensive network he has been able to influence, through informal means. For instance, Ninos has often given me important information regarding the Assyrian movement in Sodertalje (Sweden), i.e. my own hometown. I must add, to further augment the story, that I consider myself as having a strong network among Assyrians, and as being well aware of the developments in the Assyrian movement here in Sodertalje.

Ninos has devoted himself to the Assyrian movement in body and soul, and given his whole arsenal of abilities. He has never complained, and even though we are very close friends, I did not know until much later, that the blood he has sacrificed to his nation is now poisoned by cancer. However, this article should not be seen as a farewell letter; quite the opposite, it is a call for the beginning of a new chapter in Ninos' life.

*Ninos, your time is not yet come; you still belong on the political arena.*





# ***THE NINOS AHO ASSYRIAN POETRY FUND***

**The 4th Endowment Fund at Harvard University  
Cambridge, Massachusetts**

Assyrian poetry has served the community as a means of honoring the past, examining the present, and imagining the future. Whether in times of pleasure and plenty or in times of want and persecution, Assyrians have written poetry that is preserved in stone and clay, parchment and paper, audiotape and videocassette. Assyrian poetry, as no other medium, from the epic of Gilgamesh to the melodious songs of William Daniel, to the love ballad of the young man, has helped to keep the vernacular and the classical Assyrian as a living language.

Driven into Diaspora, the Assyrian nation can aspire to honor its poets in whatever ways available to a stateless nation: in the words of a by-gone poet,

***"A mere flower to the writer in his lifetime is far more rewarding than thousands of wreaths placed on his grave after death."***

In the spirit of Naoum Faik, who spoke those words, this fund has been established by Mr. & Mrs. Elias Hanna of

Worcester, Massachusetts. Mr. Ninos Hanna wishes to honor his teacher, Ninos Aho, a living Assyrian poet who composes in all three forms of our language - Classical, Eastern, and Western Assyrian. The Assyrian community joins the Elias Hanna family in honoring this poet.

Ninos Aho, a son of Ṭur ʿAbdīn, raised in Qamishli, Syria, symbolizes the indefatigable spirit of the Assyrian nation: a man of learning, perseverance and strength of belief in his people. He is a man of strong words who achieves his goals. For these qualities the Assyrian community honors him. And through him the Assyrian community wishes to honor all Assyrian poets, composers, singers and writers by having their works collected and preserved as part of Harvard University's rich collection of materials about Assyrian culture, history, art.

**Ninos Aho Assyrian Poetry Fund**  
Harvard University



# مُحِبُّهَا وَشَهِيدُهَا

مُحِبُّهَا وَشَهِيدُهَا عَطْلًا وَمَمْلَأًا خَمْرًا  
وَأَوْحَشِيهِ حَسَنًا وَمَقْصَعًا حَقِيقَةً بِهَا  
حَقِّعْ لِنَفْسِهِ مَهَبًا وَخَسِيَّتًا مَهِيئَةً وَهَبًا  
وَمَقْدَحًا مَسْقُوجًا مَدًا هُنَّ مَحْكُومَاتُهَا

مُتَحَدِّثِينَ حِينَهَا فَكَلِّمْهَا فَجَبِلْهَا كَلِّمْهَا  
فَا رَحْمَةً وَابْنًا أَوْحَا فَكَلِّمْهَا فَجَبِلْهَا كَلِّمْهَا  
أَلَّا مَلَأَ وَكُنْتُمْ صُحْبًا لَا مَقْصَعًا  
مَقْدُوحًا وَخِنْجَلًا جَبَّ حَسَنًا لَا خَصَمًا

أَبَانًا أَوْ هَذَا مَدْرَجًا مَتَجِبٌ مَقْصَعًا لَا حَدَّ  
مَعَهُ خُلُوصًا خُلُوصًا أَسْتَنْتَا مَقْصَعًا لَا حَدَّ  
صَفَحًا هُنَّ مَعَ مَقْصَعًا خُلُوصًا  
حَدَّ مَقْصَعًا أَوْ قَلْبًا كَلِّمْهَا وَهَبًا  
فُصْلًا وَمَقْدَحًا خَمْرًا أَسَدًا خُلُوصًا

أَوْ وَأَلَّا مَعَهَا وَأَسْتَنْتَا وَمَقْدَحًا هُنَّ عَطْلًا وَهَبًا  
هُنَّ كُنْتُمْ هَذَا مَقْصَعًا خُلُوصًا هُنَّ هَذَا  
هُنَّ أَسَدًا خُلُوصًا وَهَذَا مَقْدَحًا وَهَبًا  
وَهَذَا حَسَنًا وَهَذَا مَقْدَحًا وَهَذَا مَقْدَحًا



# مليكننا الزاهد "نينوس آحو"

الدكتور سمير دنخا جونة  
استاذ الجراحة  
كلية الطب، جامعة لوما لندا  
كاليفورنيا، الولايات المتحدة الاميركية



من جديد ...  
انا والليل ... وكأسي  
من جديد ...  
أبحرت في الظلام ... ويأسي  
من جديد ...  
سألت من حولي ... ونفسي  
أين أحلام الصغار ؟  
أين آمال الكبار ؟  
أسائل وكأني ...  
أطرق الصخر بفأسي !  
من جديد ...  
كلني الزمان ...  
بقبضة من جديد  
من جديد ...  
أسررتني القضبان ...  
بعيدا عن الشمس والشجر ...  
فأمسيت وحيدا كقطرة المطر  
من جديد ...  
عادت بي الأيام لساعة الصفر  
هناك ...  
هناك سأطلق صرختي ...  
من جديد  
صرخة ميلادي ...  
صرخة ميعادي ...  
وفجري الجديد .

نعم يا مليكننا الزاهد "نينوس" ستكون لك صرخة ميلاد  
وصرخة ميعاد وفجر جديد عسى ان تعيش بعضا منه لنفسك  
بعد ان عشت حياتك حتى الساعة لشعبك وبعد ان قاتلت  
الظلم من اجلهم بلا هوادة، لا بالبندقية بل بالقلم، ذلك القلم  
الذي الذي لم يتهاون في اظهار الحقيقة وكشف حجم المعاناة  
ولم يقوى احد على استئجاره ، رغم المغريات، حتى امسى  
لنا خير ما وصف به القلم:

" يد وفم"  
" رصاصة ودم"  
" وتهمة سافرة تمشي بلا قدم"

يقال ان اجمل الاشياء تحدث بالصدفة، وما اصدق هذا  
الكلام. لقد شاء الحظ ان التقى صدفة خلال المهرجان  
الوطني الآشوري-الأميريكي في شيكاغو بشخص قل  
نظيره في مجتمعنا الآشوري المعاصر. والحقيقة ان جهلي  
لم يسعفني حين اخبرني باسمه "نينوس آحو" وعرفني  
بزوجته ورفيقة دربه الطويل "او غاريت"، ولكن سرعان ما  
ادركت بانه انسان عرف الجميع قبل ان يعرف نفسه،  
فأثر غيره على نفسه، واحرق انامله العشرة شموعا تنير  
درب الخلاص لشعب شاء القدر ان يدفن تاريخه العريق بين  
طيات النسيان.

ولد "نينوس آحو" في مهد ابائه واجدادهم، أرض  
الرافدين، ولم يخطر بباله يوما بانه سيبحر مرغما في مركب  
ظل سبيله، فتقاذفته الامواج بين شاطئ وأخر دون أن يجد  
ضالته. رحلة ابتدأت بفقدانه، وهو طفل صغير، لأعز ما  
يملكه انسان من مقومات البقاء والتعرف على الذات  
والتشبث بالأرض. نعم لقد فقد والده الذي كان من المفروض  
أن يأخذه بيده ويثبت جذوره في أرض عصفت بها عواتي  
الزمن، واختلط حابلها بنابلها ليصبح فيها صاحب الدار  
ضيفا!

شرب نينوس من ماء الخابور فتشرب بحب الأرض  
والناس ولم ينسى قط هويته في زمن حرم فيها حتى النطق  
بأول أبجدية عرفها التاريخ. فكما كان الضغط اكبر، كلما  
ازداد عزا على الصمود في وجه العنصرية والشوفينية  
العربية التي عرفها الشرق الاوسط ابان الحقبة الناصرية،  
فارتاد نينوس خفية مناهل المعرفة السريانية "الآشورية  
المعاصرة" حتى اتقنها بشكل امكنته من التواصل مع ابناء  
شعبه المشتت في اصقاع الارض.

هاجر نينوس من ارضه ولم يهجرها! وضل الشوق  
والحنين للديار اقوى من مغريات الزمن، فعاش بثالوث أوله  
جسد اتعبه الشوق للوطن، والثاني روح تاقته للقاء مهدها،  
والثالث فكر فاض بكلمات المحبة والتسامح رغم كل ما  
تعرض له من إجحاف بحقه وبحق شعبه المظلوم.

هكذا عاش نينوس زاهدا متزهدا ولم يحسب للزمن حسابا  
غير "خبزنا كفافنا اليوم" على امل العودة لأرض الوطن.  
فكان له ما شاء بعد صبر طويل. ولكن سرعان ما تشتت  
احلامه حين اصابه داء ما كان بالبال والحسبان، ولم يجد  
مخرجا سوى التغرب من جديد طلبا للعلاج، وكأن الكلمات  
قد ارتسمت على شفثيه قائلة:



# آخر مسيحي مشرقي

كلمة رئيس الرابطة السريانية حبيب افرام

في تكريم الملفان نينوس آحو

شيكاغو - السبت 1/12/2007

أروع ما فيك

أن تهب عمرك لقضية

تحملها في قلبك والعقل.

خاصة إذا كانت عصارة تاريخ

ولا عز فيها ولا جاه ولا كراس ولا مناصب

بل عذابات نضال

في شرق لا يعترف بك ولا يقبل بك

ولا يؤمن لا بحقوق شعوب ولا إثنيات ولا قوميات

ولا حريات ولا حتى بحقوق إنسان

وفي غرب يمحوك بلهائه وراء المادة والمصالح

يضحك حين تتكلم عن حضارتك وعن لغتك وعن وطنك.

واسوأ ما فينا

أننا نعلق بلادنا في شراييننا

تحيا هي فينا

بعد أن حرم أغلبنا من أن نحيا فيها.

أيها الملفان الطالع من نبض القضية.

هل أنت آخر الآشوريين، آخر السريان، آخر الكلدان،

آخر مسيحي مشرقي،

هل نعدّ من بقي.

مرة جديدة،

نرمي هنا في شيكاغو وضبابها وتلوجها

نللم برموش عيوننا رائحة أرض خسرناها،

حلم حكم ذاتي ما، إدارة مدنية ما، دولة ما،

عز ما، كانتون ما، اعتراف ما، عبثا.

معاً أيها الرفيق

ضج فينا الحنين.

ماذا نفعل؟

أنت، أفرغت ما فيك

لوهم، لبراءة إيمان.

أليس في كل إيمان براءة الأعاجيب وسحرها وسرها؟

أعطيتَ حتى الثمالة،

من قلمك أصفى الحبر

من شعرك أروع القصائد

من منبرك أصدق الخطابات

من كلماتك أحب الأغاني،

من اجتماعاتك الرأي السديد

من غليانك البحث عن غد

من صدقك الضمير الحي..

ضمير، متصل بكل ما في أمتنا من قوة وضعف، من

روعة وهزال، من حلم مستحيل وماضي يكاد يصبح

أرشيف دراسات.

ضمير، لأنه لم يطلب لنفسه شيئاً.

حين عرفني عليه توأم روحي أفرام قومي





# مهداة إلى الشاعر الآشوري الفذ ( نينوس آحو ) الذي أتشامخ بصدقه وصادقته

آدم دانيال هومه

ياأجمل العشاق  
كيف الدنو من صمت الجلالة في مقلتيك؟  
أنت الذي يجيد العزف على شريان الشعب  
علينا أن نغرق في نهر دموعك  
كي تتطهر قمصان نفوسنا الملطخة بدماء القديسين.

أيها الذي يقدح الحروف جمرات  
ستظل قصائدك تصدح كالنواخير في حدائق الآلهة  
وستسيل بتواصل عبر السنين  
وتتجلى في دفاتر أطفال الغد  
حتى يزهر الشوك على ضفاف دجلة والفرات  
وستتلاها قدماءك بقدسية وشموخ  
فوق جماجم الذين تسرب طحلب الزيف إلى مسامات  
ذاكراتهم المثقوبة  
أولئك الذين تداعب عصافير الأكاذيب أحلام يقظتهم  
وستنم هائلا في أفئدة الأزهار  
وستنم سعيدا في أحلام البراعم  
وستنم جليلا في صلوات الأجنة  
وستنم خالدا تحت ظلال النبوءة.

ياطائرا من الفوسفور ينتهك فضاء الظلمات  
قبل أن نغمض أعيننا على أطياف الماضي وأحلام المستقبل  
دعني أقدم لك سلالا من قرنفل نينوى وأقحوان بابل  
وسنبلة قمح من ضفاف الخابور.

ياخليل الشمس والمطر  
غدا...  
سنأتي من الأقاصي لنمسح آثامنا بحائط مبيك.  
ونتبارك بزيت مشكاتك

على امتداد ما يربو على أربعين عاما  
ظل يحفر الصخرة بإبرة  
ليقيم تمثالا للآشوري الجديد يصعد فوق كتفيه إلى السماء  
ليزرع في أحاديدها بذور نجوم جديدة

ياحودي عربة النار  
أيها الجريح الذي ينزف على قارعة الشمس  
جرحك يضيء بوابة السماء  
وينعكس على مرايا المساء  
يتشظى وهج روحك في الآفاق كصدى البروق في السحاب  
أربعون عاما وأنت تسقي الأطفال من معصرة الغيوم  
وتقذفهم نحو النجوم  
قدوس هو يخضور الجمر المجلجل في أغصان دمك  
كأولياء الله يصفلك الألم المقدس  
في شرايينك تتلاطم أمواج الشعر  
وعلى شفتيك تتناسل بلابل الكلمات  
نبضك يبقي العاصفة على قيد الحياة  
ليظل الوحي منهمرا على ذاكرة التاريخ.

رويدا... رويدا تبني الأقمار أعشاشها على كتفيك  
وإلى عينيك تحج قوافل السنابل  
بإزارع بذور الفرح في مملكة أحزاننا  
أتأمل حزنك في قبو الليل  
يعلو كفقاعات الألق  
وأنت... تتأرجح بين يديّ آشور  
كعصفور مبلل برذاذ الضوء  
مزتر بالطلاسم المكتوبة بالحبر الإلهي  
بالألم تنسخ آية اليأس  
وبالحب تكتب مزامير الأمل.



عَبِيَّتْ اِسْمَتِي<sup>81</sup>  
 هِسْمَذَمَجَمَكْ!  
 كُنِبْ خُصْب  
 كَلَمَ اِسْمَ اِذْبَن  
 اُفْتِ اِجَكْ  
 هَلْ اِسْمَ هَسَجَه اِسْمَ!

تَبْج: حَبِيَّتْ كُفْهَه  
 كَه عَدَدْ

كُنِبْ دُفْجَبْ كَه  
 مَكَلِمَه اِسْمَ تَمَكْ<sup>68</sup>  
 هَسْمَ اِسْمَ<sup>69</sup>  
 سَذَمَكْ خُسَدَه مَكْ  
 مَعَه دَلْ مَحْفَه دَلْ  
 سَكْ هَسْمَه دَلْ.

اِسْمَ!  
 كَه دَلْ هَسَجْ  
 هَسَجْ كَه:

هَسَجْ دُخْب

عَبِيَّتْ كَه كَبِه كَه<sup>70</sup> اِسْمَ

هَسْمَه<sup>71</sup>!

عَبِيَّتْ<sup>72</sup> كَه كُذْ كُ

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَ دُخْبْ اِسْمَ دُخْبْ!

مَعَبْ كَه دُخْبْ

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَ خُجْبْ هَسْمَه<sup>73</sup> دُخْبْ

تَعَبْ كَه

هَسْمَه اِسْمَ

هَسْمَه اِسْمَ

عَبِيَّتْ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

هَسْمَه اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

هَسْمَه اِسْمَ اِسْمَ<sup>74</sup>

هَسْمَه<sup>75</sup> اِسْمَ اِسْمَ<sup>76</sup>

اِسْمَ اِسْمَه<sup>77</sup>

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

هَسْمَه اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

هَسْمَه اِسْمَ<sup>78</sup> هَسْمَه

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

مَعَبْ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

هَسْمَه اِسْمَ اِسْمَه<sup>79</sup>

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَه<sup>80</sup>

عَبِيَّتْ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَ اِسْمَ اِسْمَ

اِسْمَه اِسْمَه!

هَسْمَه اِسْمَه

اِسْمَه اِسْمَه

هَسْمَه اِسْمَه

- <sup>1</sup> Is a dog that follows anyone and not necessary his master only.
- <sup>2</sup> Tempest
- <sup>3</sup> Renowned
- <sup>4</sup> Politician
- <sup>5</sup> Competent, Experienced
- <sup>6</sup> Ideal
- <sup>7</sup> Plains
- <sup>8</sup> Broad valleys, lowlands.
- <sup>9</sup> Peaks
- <sup>10</sup> The dry bed of a torrent, valley
- <sup>11</sup> Caves
- <sup>12</sup> Highlands
- <sup>13</sup> Stamped
- <sup>14</sup> Footsteps
- <sup>15</sup> Steps
- <sup>16</sup> Threshing-floors
- <sup>17</sup> Fields
- <sup>18</sup> Loved Ardently
- <sup>19</sup> Ploughshare
- <sup>20</sup> Cleave
- <sup>21</sup> Heartbeats
- <sup>22</sup> Womb
- <sup>23</sup> My Country
- <sup>24</sup> Civilisation
- <sup>25</sup> Wrestled
- <sup>26</sup> Quarrel
- <sup>27</sup> My will
- <sup>28</sup> Flinty, Unyielding
- <sup>29</sup> His signs
- <sup>30</sup> Tear open
- <sup>31</sup> Flanks
- <sup>32</sup> Produce of the earth, especially fruits.
- <sup>33</sup> Earth, soil
- <sup>34</sup> My palm
- <sup>35</sup> Tablet
- <sup>36</sup> I married her, wedded her
- <sup>37</sup> Through my reed
- <sup>38</sup> The intellect made love to her
- <sup>39</sup> I sprayed her (it) with my wisdom
- <sup>40</sup> Beauty, Complexion
- <sup>41</sup> My cuneiform signs
- <sup>42</sup> Stroke
- <sup>43</sup> Punch, box
- <sup>44</sup> My grip
- <sup>45</sup> Was torn out i.e. the passive form of the verb
- <sup>46</sup> Was crushed, again the passive form of the verb
- <sup>47</sup> Was burned, again the passive form of the verb
- <sup>48</sup> Plaster, Gypsum
- <sup>49</sup> The confines of the city, te lands and villages under the city's jurisdictions
- <sup>50</sup> Moulds
- <sup>51</sup> Wooden moulds for making bricks
- <sup>52</sup> Brick
- <sup>53</sup> Temples, Shrines
- <sup>54</sup> Settlements
- <sup>55</sup> They were farted, the passive form of the verb
- <sup>56</sup> Dogs that follow anybody and not just their master.
- <sup>57</sup> Following
- <sup>58</sup> Jackals
- <sup>59</sup> Barking
- <sup>60</sup> Yowling, baying of the donkeys
- <sup>61</sup> Mercenaries
- <sup>62</sup> Saviors
- <sup>63</sup> Erasing
- <sup>64</sup> Efface
- <sup>65</sup> My heritage
- <sup>66</sup> Pollute
- <sup>67</sup> The act of a dog eating its own vomit and/or feces
- <sup>68</sup> Political capabilities, experience
- <sup>69</sup> Robber
- <sup>70</sup> Virginity
- <sup>71</sup> In her womb
- <sup>72</sup> Planted
- <sup>73</sup> Banquet
- <sup>74</sup> Fashioned
- <sup>75</sup> Plastered
- <sup>76</sup> The muddy substance used to plaster the inner walls and the floors of a mud brick house
- <sup>77</sup> A small and smooth stone used to rub and plaster the muddy substance against the inner walls
- <sup>78</sup> and floors of a mud brick house
- <sup>79</sup> Plane-tree
- <sup>80</sup> Borders
- <sup>81</sup> Without any faults, faultless
- Vomit



## 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45 46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 59 60 61 62 63 64 65 66 67

(מִתְעַפֵּי מִיַּם לְאֶשׁ מִיִּלְמַדְתָּ לְחַד מִן דְּזֵל לִישׁ  
 לִיִּדְדִישׁ לְיִי דִּיִּבְרִיב שְׁתִּי לְזֵל לִישׁ חֲדָמִי בְּמִדָּ  
 חֲזָל לְדַמְתִּיִּלִּי<sup>2</sup>: דִּבְרִיב לְמִדָּ לְאֶהֱדָל  
 בְּחִבְרָ<sup>3</sup> מִמְּשִׁדָּ<sup>4</sup> מִבְּכָ<sup>5</sup> בְּעִשֵּׁה לְשֵׁ: בְּזֵל  
 אֶעֱבִיב<sup>6</sup> דְּזֵהֱדִמְכָּ)

יִיִּתִי<sup>7</sup> מִשְׁתָּ<sup>8</sup>  
 מִדָּ<sup>9</sup>  
 נִשְׁתִּי<sup>10</sup>  
 מִכָּדָ<sup>11</sup> מִדְּמִכָּ<sup>12</sup>  
 סְבִיבִילִי<sup>13</sup> חֲדָהֱדָב<sup>14</sup>.  
 יִשְׁתָּב<sup>15</sup>:

בְּרַחֲמֵי וְיָנִי  
 מִשְׁתָּגִּי יִיִּתִי  
 דְּבִיבִי לְזֵל  
 דְּזֵל<sup>16</sup> מִשְׁתָּ<sup>17</sup>

לְזֵל מִזֵּל לְשִׁי  
 לְזֵל מִזֵּל אֶשְׁתִּי  
 עִיבִי<sup>18</sup> לְבִיבִי  
 סְבִיבִי לְבִי!  
 מִשְׁתִּי לְבִי מִשְׁתָּבִי:  
 מִשְׁתִּי לְבִי מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>19</sup>  
 לְמִי יִשְׁתִּי<sup>20</sup> דְּזֵל  
 מִדְּבִיב לְבִי יִיִּתִי<sup>21</sup>  
 חֲבִדְדִי<sup>22</sup> מִבְּ<sup>23</sup>  
 מִדָּ לְשֵׁ חֲבִדְדִי<sup>24</sup>.

לְזֵל מִזֵּל לְשִׁי  
 לְזֵל מִזֵּל אֶשְׁתִּי  
 לְבִי<sup>25</sup> לְבִי בְּרַחֲמֵי  
 חִי לִישׁ דְּבִי<sup>26</sup>  
 אֶבִּיד לְבִיבִי  
 בְּרִידִי<sup>27</sup> מִשְׁתָּ<sup>28</sup>  
 מִדְּבִי לִישׁ לְבִיבִי  
 מִבְּ לְבִיבִי<sup>29</sup>  
 בְּלִי<sup>30</sup> לְבִי לִיבִי<sup>31</sup>  
 דְּבִי בְּלִיבִי  
 מִדְּבִי חֲבִדְדִי  
 דְּבִיבִי לְזֵל  
 מִשְׁתָּבִי יִיִּתִי<sup>32</sup>.

מִזֵּל לְזֵל  
 מִבְּ לְבִיבִי<sup>33</sup>

חֲבִיב<sup>34</sup> מִזֵּל מִזֵּל לְשִׁי

סְבִיבִי לְשֵׁ לְבִיבִי<sup>35</sup>

מִשְׁתָּ לְזֵל  
 מִשְׁתָּ לְבִי<sup>36</sup> לְבִיבִי  
 חֲבִיב<sup>37</sup> מִזֵּל חֲבִיב לְשִׁי  
 דְּבִיבִי לִישׁ מִשְׁתָּ<sup>38</sup>

דְּבִיבִי לְבִי מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>39</sup>  
 מִשְׁתָּ לְשֵׁ לְבִיבִי  
 חֲדָמִי מִשְׁתָּבִי  
 עִיבִיבִי עִיבִי<sup>40</sup>  
 לְזֵהֱדִיב מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>41</sup>.

דְּבִיבִי מִזֵּל דְּבִי לְשִׁי  
 מִבְּכָ<sup>42</sup> לִישׁ דְּמִדָּ<sup>43</sup>  
 לְמִי בְּדִיבִי דְּמִדָּ  
 מִבְּכָ לִישׁ מִשְׁתָּבִי

מִיִּתִי!  
 לְבִיבִי<sup>44</sup> מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>45</sup>  
 מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>46</sup> מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>47</sup>  
 חֲזָל לְבִיבִי<sup>48</sup>  
 חֲבִיב לְבִיבִי  
 מִשְׁתָּ לְבִיבִי  
 מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>49</sup> מִשְׁתָּבִי

מִיִּתִי!  
 לְזֵל דְּבִי לְבִי  
 חֲבִיבִי<sup>50</sup> מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>51</sup>  
 יִיִּתִי<sup>52</sup> דְּבִי יִיִּתִי  
 חֲבִיב לְבִי  
 מִשְׁתָּ<sup>53</sup> מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>54</sup>.

מִשְׁתָּ לְשֵׁ מִשְׁתָּבִי:  
 חֲבִיבִי<sup>55</sup> מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>56</sup>  
 חֲבִיב יִיִּתִי<sup>57</sup>  
 לְבִיבִיבִי מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>58</sup>  
 חֲבִיב חֲבִיב יִיִּתִי  
 חֲבִיב<sup>59</sup> מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>60</sup>.  
 לְבִיבִיבִי<sup>61</sup>  
 סְבִיבִי לְקִדְדִי<sup>62</sup>  
 מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>63</sup> לְבִיבִי  
 לְשֵׁ<sup>64</sup> לְבִיבִי<sup>65</sup>  
 מִשְׁתָּבִי<sup>66</sup> לְבִיבִי

מִזֵּל מִשְׁתָּבִיבִי<sup>67</sup>

דגַּבַּת יַד שִׁיבָה, מוֹדֵת יַד גִּבָּת,  
בְּמַחַל חֲמִישִׁי, אִישׁ לֵב אֲסִיחַ.  
בַּחַד מַלְאָכֵי מַסְסֵי לֵב אֲבִי לְפִנְקֵי חֶלֶב בְּחֵץ הַמַּלְמָדִים אֲדָדָה.  
לְכֹסֶם לַבְּדוּחִים, הַחֲבֵסִים מַסְסֵי מַסְסֵי;  
יִסְדָּדָה מִיֶּשׁ הַמְּחַדָּה וְהַמִּיֶּשׁ;  
לַבְּשָׁרִים דְּאֵסֵהוּ, יַחֲתִילֵי דְאֵסֵהוּ,  
חֲבִילֵי הַדְּמִיָּה, חֲמִילֵי דְאֵסֵהוּ, הַמַּלְמָדִים מִיֶּשׁ:

...וְאֵלֶּיךָ

וְאֵלֶּיךָ יִצְחָק מֵיָּד מִן הַבַּיִת דְּחִיבֵי לֵב אֲדָדָה הַמַּלְמָדִים;  
וְאֵלֶּיךָ מֵהַבַּיִת מֵיָּד מִן הַבַּיִת, לֵב לֵב מֵהַבַּיִת;  
וְאֵלֶּיךָ מֵיָּד מֵהַבַּיִת דְּאֵסֵהוּ, לֵב לֵב מֵהַבַּיִת דְּאֵסֵהוּ;  
וְאֵלֶּיךָ מֵיָּד מֵהַבַּיִת דְּאֵסֵהוּ, לֵב לֵב מֵהַבַּיִת דְּאֵסֵהוּ;  
וְאֵלֶּיךָ מֵהַבַּיִת מֵיָּד מֵהַבַּיִת דְּאֵסֵהוּ,  
לְכֹסֶם דְּהַבִּיב מַסְסֵי מֵיָּד.  
מִיֶּשׁ יִבְרָכְךָ דְּאֵסֵהוּ לֵב לֵב;  
מִיֶּשׁ חֲבִילֵי חֲבִילֵי מֵיָּד;  
גַּר, הַמַּלְמָדִים דְּגַר!

חֲמִילֵי, חֲמִילֵי; חֲמִילֵי דְּאֵסֵהוּ יֵי חֲמִילֵי לֵב לֵב;  
הַמַּלְמָדִים חֲבִילֵי מִיֶּשׁ; הַמַּלְמָדִים חֲבִילֵי חֲבִילֵי;  
הַמַּלְמָדִים חֲבִילֵי מִיֶּשׁ דְּאֵסֵהוּ חֲבִילֵי;  
לְכֹסֶם דְּאֵסֵהוּ חֲבִילֵי מִיֶּשׁ, לְכֹסֶם דְּאֵסֵהוּ חֲבִילֵי;  
הַמַּלְמָדִים חֲבִילֵי מִיֶּשׁ, חֲבִילֵי חֲבִילֵי;  
הַמַּלְמָדִים חֲבִילֵי מִיֶּשׁ, חֲבִילֵי חֲבִילֵי;  
הַמַּלְמָדִים חֲבִילֵי מִיֶּשׁ, חֲבִילֵי חֲבִילֵי!



# 2. انفرادي ۽ جماعي زندگي

میل ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر.

محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر.

محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر.

محرم ۾ ڊسٽر: محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟ محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟ محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟

محرم ۾ ڊسٽر: محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟ محرم ۾ ڊسٽر؟  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر.

محرم ۾ ڊسٽر: محرم ۾ ڊسٽر!  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر،  
محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر، محرم ۾ ڊسٽر.







[illegible]

تَسْتَجِيبُ، حَكْمُهُ، يَدْفَعُ بِهِ، يَجِبُ،  
 دِيْنٌ، يَصْلَحُ شَيْئًا مِمَّا دِيْنُوهُ، كَمَا يَدْفَعُ  
 عَمَلُهُ بِحُكْمٍ يُجْزِيهِ عَلَيْهِ، كَمَا يَدْفَعُ  
 شَيْئًا لِحُكْمٍ يَدْفَعُهُ مِنْ عِدَّةٍ بِحُكْمٍ يَدْفَعُهُ  
 مَعَهُ شَيْئًا يَجِبُ عَلَيْهِ، لَمْ يَدْفَعْ لَهُ

دَٰرُكَ كَلِيْلٌ. ثُمَّ دَٰرُكَ يَكِيْلٌ، يَدْعُوْهُ مَسْ  
 حَمٌ لِّتُحْيِيَنَّاهُ مَكَرًا مُّخْتَصِفًا ذِي الشَّعْرِ لِنُجِّيَنَّ  
 اَهْلَ اَهْمِيَّةٍ زَاهِدِيَّةٍ دِيْسَلٍ مِّنْ مَّوَكِّيَّةٍ  
 اَهْدِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَكِّيَّةٍ دَٰرُكَ لِيْ بَدِ خَلَّةٍ  
 دُخِيْلٌ حَلِيْلٌ لِّمَن لِّسَمِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَكِّيَّةٍ اَهْلُ  
 مَعْمُوْرَةٍ لِّمَن لِّدَٰرُكَ. تَبِيْطٌ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ  
 دَٰرُكَ مَوَدَّعِيَّةٍ دَٰرُكَ مَوَدَّعِيَّةٍ  
 دَٰرُكَ مَوَدَّعِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ دَٰرُكَ  
 مَوَدَّعِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ  
 مَوَدَّعِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ  
 مَوَدَّعِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ مِّنْ مَّوَدَّعِيَّةٍ

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بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
 الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ الَّذِي هَدَانَا لِهَذَا وَمَا كُنَّا لِنَكُونَنَّ  
 لَهُ شُكْرًا

[illegible]

حَقِّمُكَ ، حَقِّمُكَ ،

فَبِكُمْ هُنَا جَنَّةُ مَعْدِنَا،

هَذِهِ تَقِيَّةٌ عَلَيْكَ عِلْمًا حَسَنًا،

مُخَلَّوَةٌ بِحَمْلِهَا فِي دِيَارِهَا وَفِي حَقْلِهَا

ذِئْبٌ،

لِيَذَرَنَّهُمْ هَلْكَاءَ ۖ وَلَهُمْ جَنَّتَانِ ۖ

٥٢٥ ذى قعدة ١٢٥٠ هـ

٢٥٨ ذِ قُفْتُ هِ وَجْتُ حُفْتُ،

٢٥٨ ذِ قُتِبَ عَلَيْكُمُ الذِّكْرُ بِأَنَّكُمْ كُنْتُمْ أُمَّةً وَاحِدَةً وَأَنْتُمْ الْيَوْمَ أُمَّةٌ مُعْتَدِلَةٌ ۚ فَلَا يَكُونُ بِكُمْ عِلَلٌ ۖ فَمَا كُنْتُمْ تَعْلَمُونَ ۚ

١٥٥٥ هـ قفتم و دهذک و طبع،

٢٥٨٥ ذ قسطنطين في القدس.



جہاد و جہاد

جیہ ۲۵۰۲

**۲ به کب ده حه ۲ ذیحجه ۲ دجکب**

## خَلِّمْ دَقِيقًا

لَا تُحِبُّونَ

# بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

مَدِينَةُ دَرَجَةِ قَلَمُ ذَهَبِي

هَلْ هُنَا حَيَاةٌ جَدِيدَةٌ؟

تے ہیکہ و ذلک دبیہ ۵ فتن

## سہ ماہی کے لئے دیکھیں

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

ॐ नमो भगवते वासुदेवाय ।

[illegible]

مَنْ دَعَا إِلَى كَيْفٍ سَاءٍ حَبِطَتْ أَفْعَالُهُ

سَمْعًا لَا يَسْمَعُ كَلِمَةً لَا تَكُنْ لَكَ قَلْبًا لَا دَعَاءَ لَكَ بِذَلِكَ تَسْمَعُ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

[illegible]

## مَدَقُّنٌ

**سُجَّدًا لِرَبِّكَ دَقِيقًا دَخْتُعَمَّاءَ فِي مَسْجِدَتَيْ.**

میلد ۛ دہنہ لہو فڈ دگہہ جہ لہہ

**مَنْ لَمْ يَلْمِ؟**

ಮಂ. ಸಂಪಾದಕರ ಕೊಠಡಿ

گڏجاڻي ۾ ڏيکاريو ويو ته ڪيترن ئي ڊگهين ڏينهن کان ڪوئي ڪم نه ٿي ٿيڻ ڏٺو.

گڏجاڻي جو مقصد ۽ ڏينھن ۽ ڳوٺ جو نالو

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

**مَدْفَعًا لِّدُفْعِكَ مَّا دَفَعْتَ لَهُ**

مكة: جامعة من جامعة (جامعة) كوفي

مَجْدُ كَلِمَتِهِ فِي جَنَّةِ كَلِمَةٍ

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

يَحْدِثُ دَهْشَةً، حَتَّى يَمُوتَ، مَا  
 هُوَ إِلَّا دَهْشَةُ جَسَدٍ كَذِبِيٍّ هُوَ فِي  
 مَخْذُوعٍ دَهْشَةٍ خَيْرَ شَيْءٍ لِّهِ:

«بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ» بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ  
بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ



[illegible]

يَذْكُرُهُ، يَذْكُرُهُ يَذْكُرُهُ  
يَذْكُرُهُ يَذْكُرُهُ يَذْكُرُهُ

خود دوستی حقیقی میسر نمی آید، زیرا که  
 کسی که دوست دارد خود را به دوست  
 میساند و به دوستش میماند.

ਸੇ ਪ੍ਰਭੂ ਜੀ, ਗੁਰੂ ਜੀ.

کتاب مجتذک میں ہے: کہ وہ مکتبہ

[illegible]

مِنْ يَلَيْهِ اِنَّكَ تَكْتُمُ الْجَنَّةَ وَالْجَهَنَّمَ بِمَا تَكْفُرُ

مَلِكًا دِيمَبِيًا، قَلَمًا دَبَّاسًا هَبَّاسًا  
يَكُونُ قَدِيمًا لَمِيمًا لَبَّاسًا: يَكْمَدُ مَلِكًا  
سَوْدًا كَهْدِيمًا.

داسو دڙيٰ ۾ اسفاسٽ بئس سيوٺ کب کان  
پهچند ڪيلو؟ ڪهڙي حد تائين ڪم آندو؟  
ڪهڙي حد تائين پهچندو.

مَح تَاذ دَمَوَمَهَلَن بَ لَدَهْمَا دَكِيو،  
 مَح تَاذ تَاغَا دَلَبَا هَلَسَا دِيهْمَا  
 دَلَب دَدَد دَسَه، مَح، تَاب لَكِيوَس تَاَسَا  
 مَدِيكِيَس تَاَهَجَه، تَاغَب تَاَهِيَك، لِي لِي  
 تَاَمَتِيَن مَكَا دَلَا لِيَس مَح لَبَا.

[illegible]

**٢٠** ١٩٣٣ ۾ ڏکڻ ايشيا جي تاريخ ۽ ثقافت تي هڪ اهم ڪتاب لکيو، جنهن جو عنوان هو "The History of the Punjab".





سَمِعَ وَسَمِعَا مَسْحًا. مَعَ رَفِ كَذَمَعَهُ لُحْدُ فُكْسًا.  
أَعُصِبَ حَقًّا أَبَاؤُا لَحْصًا. أَوْمَ هَابَاهُ جُبُ نُسْمًا.  
أَمَّهْوَ مَكْبَلًا حَصْحًا. أَوْ فُكْبًا حَنْجَلُ حَرْسًا.  
حَلَحَقْنَا مَنَحًا ❖ حَصَامَتَيْ لَحْضًا مَسْمًا ❖

أَمْرًا فَنَعْمًا وَأَمْرًا. حَامِي لَأَصْبَرُ لَهَا إِنَّا.  
وَمَا هَذَا حَقًّا وَهَذَا. حَالًا وَحَقٌّ مَبْجُونًا.  
وَهَذَا كَيْفَ نَعْمًا كَيْفَ نَعْمًا.  
وَهَذَا كَيْفَ نَعْمًا كَيْفَ نَعْمًا.

عَلَّمَ جِبُّهُ أَهْلَ حَافِظَةِ دِينِهِ. حَقَّقَ وَهَبُ مَقَرِّ مَعْنَى.  
وَاللَّاحِقُ مَقَرِّ مَعْنَى. مَقَرِّ أَحَدِ دَعْوَى خَلْقِ.  
مَعَ جِبِّهِ أَيْدِي نَهْنَاهُ. أَلَّا لَا أَوْسَلَا وَمُطْعِمِ.  
أَمَّا هَذَا مَعَ مَعْنَى بَلْغَانَا. وَفِي مَقَرِّ أَحْصَى هَلْصَ.

مَعِ زَيْنُعَبْدًا نَعْبُدُ. جَبَّهْنَا يَوْمَ لَا يَحْصِيهِ.  
 وَأَنَا مَذْنُوبٌ مُكَلَّفٌ. لَهُ حُرُوبٌ بَالٌ وَخَصٌّ.  
 وَحُرُوبٌ أَوْ حُكْلٌ. عَنَّا خَمٌّ مَحْتَبٍ مَذْنُ.  
 حُسَّهْدًا وَأَبَاقٍ مَحْنًا ❖ لَهُ خَمٌّ حُكْلٌ أَوْ مَحْنٌ ❖

حسب، حسب





**کد مفسر متنی و ماس یمنی دکتا؛  
لایحه قضیه تدوین دیهتیک دگس کسه / قلی؟  
زهک بهجی؟**

ایک دفعہ ایک

سَوْبِ لِسَ عَزْدَدْ، هَجِدْ لِمَحْيِيهِ كَلْمَافَتِيهِ؛

عَدُّهُ ٢٠٠٠

**يَمْدُهُمْ دُخْيَهُ، كَلْبُهُ دُحْيُهُ،**

**هــڤـڤـڤ دږږږږ، چڭڭ دډډډډ،**

حاجت دینگو۔ رکب! محسب! گز حجب!

**مُحَمَّدٌ يَذْكُرُ.**



مَنْدَ پَهَنڙِي، مَدِيك ڏِيهِي،

مہدیجہ کالج دہشتہ دکتہ۔

ذٰلِكَ دِيْتُهُمْ يَدٌ مِّنْ لَّهٗ .

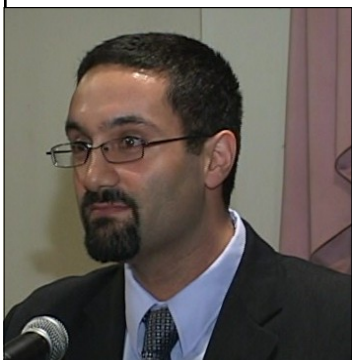
فَلْيَذُوقْ حِقْقَ الْكَذِبِ.

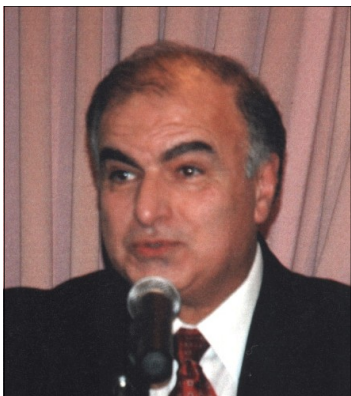
**۱- حەفەزە، مەینە، خەمەد،**

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

دقیقہ مہنگے سے دہے ہوتے،

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ





## 2 جہاز ...

1. بھج دھڈڈ جھڈڈ جھس لھڈڈ جھلڈڈ،  
 2. بھج دھنگل جھمھجھ جھس لھڈڈ جھلڈڈ،  
 3. بھج دھمھب جھنگل جھس لھڈڈ جھلڈڈ،  
 جھڈڈ جھ جھڈڈڈڈ ڈھ جھڈڈڈڈ۔

مِهْ دَهْ تَكَمَلَمْ مَن دَشَب لَب،  
مِيكَل دِشْتِي مَن دَقْلِب لَب،  
مَحْبُود دَخَرَجَد مَن دَفْدَمَب لَب،  
اِمَكَل حَسَب مَن دَمَسَب لَب،  
هَدَمَت مَن دَخَمَب لَب.



## 2 جڳو ...

۱. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ حَبِیْبَةٍ ۚ ذَهَابَ اَکْزَلُ حَبِیْبَةٍ ۚ  
 ۲. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ کَلْبَةٍ ۚ وَحَقَّقَ اَکْزَلُ کَلْبَةٍ ۚ  
 ۳. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ لُؤْلُؤَانَةٍ ۚ بَنِي اَکْزَلِ دَمْعَانَةٍ ۚ  
 ۴. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ لَیْثٍ ۚ دِیْمَاسُ ۚ یَهْدُجُ ۚ  
 ۵. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ مَحْ هَبْهَبٍ ۚ اِجْزَلُ ۚ حَوْضُ ۚ  
 ۶. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ مَحْ دَکْبَةٍ ۚ فِیْمَا ۚ اِهْذَا ۚ اُذْهَبُ ۚ  
 ۷. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ حَنْکَسٍ ۚ اُتْهَذُ ۚ اُتْهَبُ ۚ  
 ۸. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ حَنْکَسٍ ۚ اُتْهَذُ ۚ اُتْهَبُ ۚ  
 ۹. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ حَنْکَسٍ ۚ اُتْهَذُ ۚ اُتْهَبُ ۚ  
 ۱۰. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ حَنْکَسٍ ۚ اُتْهَذُ ۚ اُتْهَبُ ۚ  
 ۱۱. بَنِي اَکْزَلِ حَنْکَسٍ ۚ اُتْهَذُ ۚ اُتْهَبُ ۚ

کیسے؟

## لماذا قُذيت؟

## لماذا؟ فليس؟





**۱. دین و دنیا، ایمان و کفر، حق و باطل**



اِي دِسْمِ مَ . تَهْدِيَةً ،  
 اِي دِهْلَتِ مَ . كِتَابُكُمْ ،  
 اِي دِهْكِتِ مَ . فَذِيهِمْ ،  
 اِيْكَزْ يَمْتَدُّ مَ ، يَمْتَدُّ مَ ، يَمْتَدُّ مَ .

[illegible][illegible]

...جڏهن...

جڏهن ته، جڏهن ته، جڏهن ته.



تبتو، تبتو.  
 تبتو مديتو، چو تبتوگه؛  
 تبتو يفتو چو تبتوگه؛  
 تبتو تبتو،  
 تبتو تبتو،  
 چو تبتو، چو تبتو،  
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سازمان اسناد و کتابخانه ملی جمهوری اسلامی ایران

# سازمان اسناد و کتابخانه ملی

