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From the President:

I would like to dedicate this column to the young Assyrians who had the zeal and courage to show their intolerance to violence, mistreatment of Assyrians and religious persecution in Iraq to the world by initiating and organizing the Black March Movement. The March was organized immediately after the October 31st church massacre in Bagdad and it took on a global existence, where tens of thousands of Assyrians around the world took part in the Black March Rally last November urging their government to protect the indigenous Christians in Iraq, and raised nationwide and global attention to the struggle of our people.

The Black March was the first youth formed movement of its kind in the Assyrian community. Members of the group, consisting of young university students and other young Assyrian professionals living in different parts of the world united via internet, and organized this rally to bring awareness on the continuing genocide of our people in Iraq. When I watched The Black March on the local San Francisco news, despite the fact that my heart was filled with agony and dismay for the innocent victims and their families, a glimmer of hope was ignited by the ardor of our dedicated youth whose foresight, devotion and perseverance may finally bring peace and unity for our people.

Let us all learn from our youth on how we can stand united as one nation and one voice to focus objectively on the big picture rather than the small minor issues that confuse the major issues, and help our people who are suffering from the current economical and political arena in our Homeland. A nation with a declining population and lack of unity is handcuffed in its ability to

channel its voice for justice. The actions and results of our youth movement showed us the future of our nation holds passionate leaders who embody a vision of unity with focus on our people, and leaders who are able to inspire and raise their



cries for the world to hear. Let us also remember that Good followership is actually as vital to success as good leadership. Nitpicking, passive-aggressive responses, minute, trivial, unnecessary, or unjustified criticism or fault finding only undermine and deter progress. How we perform as individuals inevitably determines how we perform as a nation. Thus it behooves us all to be part of a constructive solution rather than yapping critics.

“The greater the loyalty of a group toward the group, the greater is the motivation among the members to achieve the goals of the group, and the greater the probability that the group will achieve its goals.” - Rensis Likert

Bravo to the parents who raised these young Assyrian leaders for today and tomorrow!

The Assyrian Foundation of America expresses its deep sorrow to the families of the victims of the October 31st church massacre, and we continue to strongly stand behind our commitment to help the many Assyrians in need suffering worldwide. We recognize the importance of our mission in building strong academic foundation that will keep the flame of Assyrian history and identity burning bright. May the New Year bring peace and prosperity to our beautiful nation. God bless Assyrians!

The Four Maliks of Timar

By Solomon S. Solomon, Lebanon

In the hundred years leading up to the advent of the Great War (WWI), hundreds of Assyrians immigrated from the great tribal area of Hakkari to the vicinity of Lake Van. By the beginning of the war, some twelve villages were established to constitute the tribe of Timar.

Among the immigrants was a certain Dawid of the noble house of Badawi of Tkuma. He set up his residence in the village of Satibek, situated between Lake Van and Lake Artchag. The place prospered due to the fact that the soil was fertile and the village possessed thousands of livestock. Dawid was styled a Malik and got married. He was to father three sons who became the ancestors of Satibek. After Malik Dawid's death his oldest son, Orahim, followed him as the new Malik. Orahim married a woman named Sara and fathered three sons and two daughters.

When his wife died, he remarried a local woman by the name Parew Nisan Muqdussi and fathered one son by the name Sawmo. Malik Orahim's one son, is the father of Deacon Eliya, who is the father of the famed Assyrian poet and writer, David Ilyan (Elya) of Georgia. Malik Orahim is known for rebuilding the church in the neighboring village of Kharashik. He is also known for contacting English missionaries near Van. Upon his death, his oldest son, Youkhanna, became the new Malik. He was an educated person who accompanied the patriarch on his visits to the Turkish governor in Van to translate. The new Malik married Khanie Yousip from the village of Kharashik and they had two sons, Lazar and Marawgil, and four daughters. His son, Lazar, died in the village with a case of burst appendix, but not before he fathered two sons and a daughter. His daughter, Khorma, is the grandmother of Metropolitan Mar Meelis of Australia. Another daughter, Khezemie, was married to my grandfather.

In March 1918, the entire population of Assyrian Timar had to escape to Salamas, Persia, being chased by the Turkish army. On the border of Persia, the Christian forces were ambushed at Kottar Pass by the brigand Simco, after he was alerted by the Persian governor of Khoi, but the Assyrians assisted by Armenians of Van led by Levon Pasha, were able to extricate themselves and arrive safely in Salamas. Three months later, they had to retreat to Urmia and still in August (same year), the entire Assyrian nation left to reach the safety of the British army in Mesopotamia.

Malik Youkhanna died between Hamadan and Karman-shah. His only son, Marawgil, was declared the new Malik of Timar. In Baquba, they were first housed in

Camp 13 and then they moved to Camp 24 where the famed educator, Rabi Yacu Bet Yacu, opened a school to teach the children.

After Baquba, the Satibek people moved to the village of Garzewi, near Zakho. Here, many Timar Assyrians joined the Iraq Levies and Police. After the tragic events of 1933 (Massacre in Simele), Malik Marawgil, along with many Timaris, moved to Khabor, Syria and established the vil-



Photo taken in Hasaka, Syria, 1936 shows three Maliks.

lage of Umm-Keif. Malik Marawgil was a respected figure among Tiari and Tkuma Assyrians. He died in Umm-Keif in 1939 after a nose bleed. He was married to Zarew Ryes Nisan and had one son by the name of Shamizdin. His nephews, Orahim and Nimrod, conducted a memorial service in the church of Mar Giwargis in Habbaniya, which was attended by the Assyrian Levy officers and hundreds of others. The educator, Rabi Yacu, eulogized the Malik. Shamizdin Malik Marawgil was married to Joan D'Gawilan and had a son, Maher, and a daughter, Mae. As we said, Lazar, the older brother of Malik Marawgil, had died in the village before the war. He had been married to Sittoo and fathered two sons, Orahim and Nimrod. Nimrod had married Lea Deacon Yonan of Gawar and had a lone son, Youkhanna, who in turn was married to Victoria Colonel Ezra of Baz and fathered one son named Karam. Orahim was married to Esther, the sister of the famed poet and writer, David Ilyan of Tbilisi, Georgia. He was a man of considerable wit and wisdom. He died in Baghdad in 1981. May they all rest in peace!

An Appeal from the AFA

Since its founding in 1964 the Assyrian Foundation of America (AFA) has been totally dedicated to helping Assyrians. We are a long established and respected organization with two primary purposes – helping Assyrians in need and supporting education for Assyrians. Every cent you send us goes for the cause that you designate. We are proud to have been a major provider of help for Assyrians in the refugee camps in Syria and for impoverished Assyrians in Armenia. These efforts have achieved international recognition. The Assyrian Observer is published in England and is distributed all over the world. In the most recent issue, the editor, Mr. Andrious Mama Jotyar, had this to say: “The Assyrian Charity and Relief Fund of U/K do try their best to provide some financial assistance not only for Assyrians in Syria but also to Assyrian families in Armenia. This is done via the Assyrian Foundation of America, the only Assyrian organization that is mostly involved in the provision of financial assistance to needy Assyrian families in Syria as well as in Armenia.” We are very proud of this recognition. With all the unrest and terrorist attacks in Iraq, Assyrian refugees in Syria are increasing and are in great financial need. Living conditions are very poor for housing, food, medications for the sick, etc. In Armenia the need is especially hard for Assyrian families without a member who can work – mainly elderly, families with mothers and children, etc. With winter setting in, times are made even harder for these people. So once again we appeal to our wonderful and caring Assyrian people throughout the world to remember our suffering brothers and sisters in their time of need.

In the area of education we are providing significant scholarship help to a number of bright young Assyrian students working toward advanced degrees in Assyriology and related Assyrian studies. They will, by the very nature of their profession, spend their lives making contributions to knowledge about Assyrian history, literature, identity, etc. They will become professors in universities, do research on Assyrians, publish books, write articles in journals, present their findings at academic conferences, train other graduate students in Assyrian studies, etc. In other words, they will keep the flame of Assyrian history and identity burning bright in the academic world and for all Assyrians. Listen to some of their comments after they received their scholarships: “Thank you so much for the award without which I would not be able to finish my studies. You are really making a difference when it comes to advancing Assyrian studies and encouraging Assyrian students. You are the best.” Another says: “Support from the AFA has allowed me to start publishing about Assyrians in a prestigious international journal. My article is about the arbitration of the League of Nations between Turkey and Great Britain (after World War I). I discovered that Assyrians are mentioned 24 times in 20 pages, whereas they were generally ignored by earlier scholarship. None of this would have been possible without support from the Assyrian community, and none more than the AFA.”

And now it's up to you. The continuation of these wonderful programs next year is entirely in your hands. May you find it in your heart to help our struggling people.

Please mail your tax deductible gift, which will be acknowledged in our magazine **Nineveh**, to the Assyrian Foundation of America at the above address. Or go to assyrianfoundation.org, click on “Nineveh Magazine”, and go to PayPal.

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Courtesy of www.myoomta.com

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to detail on the illness. That is exactly what we were shooting for and it made us feel like we did our job. I was just disappointed that no one from the Assyrian community decided to attend the screening. I tried to reach out numerous times with no result.

Any future screenings?

Yes, we are having a second screening on February 28, 2010 at 7pm Skokie Theatre. Tickets are available now.

Besides "One Simple Life", are there any other projects you have worked on?

I have worked on numerous Hollywood films including The Dark Knight, Public Enemies, The Weatherman, Fred Clause, The Unborn, and The Express. As far as independent projects, I have produced and directed numerous music videos, commercials, and short films.

What's next for Kamelya? Any projects in the pipeline?

My partner, Brian Soszynski, and I are in the final stages of polishing our first feature film production script. We have a few future projects that we'd love to get involved in, but we are really trying to get this feature off the ground first.

You go to a lot of movie premieres, have you met anyone famous? If so, do you have a favorite actor?

I have been to numerous premieres and award shows, with a considerable amount of talent present. My first premiere was The Weatherman in Chicago, Illinois. I've met Nicolas Cage, Robin Williams, Billy Bob Thorton, Virginia Madsen, George Lopez, Heath Ledger, Christian Bale, Christopher Nolan, and much more. It's kind of a hobby with me. My favorite actor is Jim Carrey. He is my inspiration and the most versatile actor, in my opinion. I grew up watching his films and the laughter helped me get through the tough times in my life.

What inspires you in life?

A well-told story with great direction. I love hearing personal struggles, goals and challenges. My inspiration comes from people who dream but don't know how to achieve.

What do you love most about Chicago?

I love the different cultural varieties. I honestly really love how Chicago is developing as a filmmaking city, because it give struggling filmmakers a change to network and grow in this industry without all of the pressures of Hollywood.

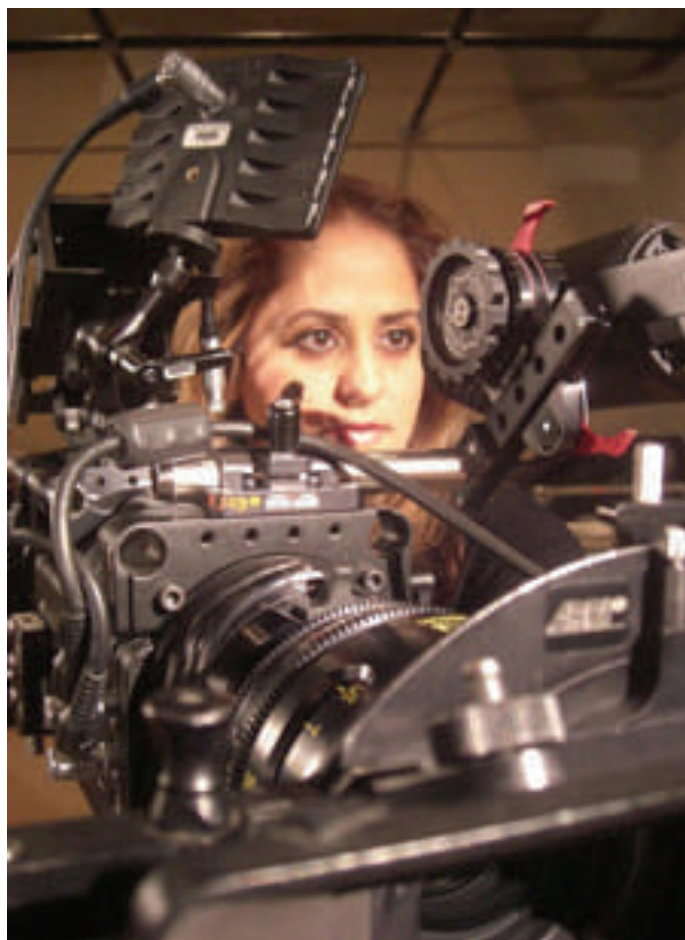
Anything you dislike about Chicago?

Most Chicagoan's would agree with me, the weather is

terrible.

As a young female Assyrian filmmaker, what do you see as your biggest challenge?

The biggest challenge in my community is that no one



understands my goals, hence, they do not know how to help me.

What makes you proud to be Assyrian?

It's truly amazing that we are one of the first people in the world. Also, the fact we can speak the same language as Jesus is amazing!

If you could invite 3 people to dinner, from the past or present, who would they be and why?

Jim Carrey, Oprah and Steve Jobs. Jim Carrey would be our entertainer. Oprah would bring up conversational topics. Steve Jobs would be the innovator.

What would you cook for them?

Honestly, we would have to go out!

Kamelya Alexan has also directed a couple of Assyrian music videos, most notably Lazar Malko's 'Ladieleh moyleh brayah'.

The War Effort Of The New Assyrian Generation

Report on Location by: Andrious Mama MBE

(A fact based historical experience)

When World War II started in September 1939, the Germans were becoming victorious from all directions. The Germans overran Poland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, France, Eastern Europe, North Africa, Greece, Albania, Crete, and were nearing Egypt. In March 1942 the Allies decided to remove all their war supplies from Iraq and Persia to India, in order not to fall in the hands of the Axis. The British at RAF station in Habbaniya asked for Assyrian volunteers from the civilian employees of the RAF

station. Sqn. Ldr. Hansel at aircraft depot issued a circular with all our names typed on it. The circular came around the offices and no one dared to sign it, for the first three days. On the 4th day I took the circular and was the first to sign it and also wrote beside my name "by all means". Thereafter many other Assyrian clerks and other tradesmen were encouraged to sign the circular. We were a total of 150 persons.

In May 1942 we were taken by trucks to Baghdad West Railway Station and thence to RAF station Shaibah, 30 miles South of Iraq. The RAF had prepared a large camp made of "sarifas", bamboo reed huts, without any kind of amenities, in the middle of the Arabian Desert about 4 miles west of RAF station Shaibah. We complained and after two days a small shop was opened that was run by an Arab, selling very poor groceries.

At RAF Habbaniya the war supplies were stored in big buildings called Groups. At the new location all the supplies were stored in large heaps on sleepers in the open in the desert covered by large tarpaulins. As clerks with the Master Provision Office we used to order all kinds of items from UK. A number of German prisoners of war were posted to RAF Shaibah where we used them as coo-

lies & sweepers, some of these prisoners were engineers and fine craftsmen. Before starting shifting supplies to India, Russia was desperate for war material to be able to hold the German advancement into its territories. The war supplies in the Arabian Desert were now to be redirected to Russia on a lend lease basis. These were all transported via UKCC, United Kingdom Commercial Corporation through Iran and hence to Russia. Many Assyrian young drivers from Iran were also employed as UKCC transport

drivers. Let it be known that the RAF civilian employees from Habbaniya performed a double service towards war effort at a really critical juncture. During our posting at the Sarifa Camps, there were three incidents that ought to be mentioned:



Assyrian youth visiting a dried up Oasis in the Arabian Desert between Kuwait & Shaibah 1942. Note: the dates palm tree that has grown up in the middle of the crater of the dried well

Beside our Sarifa camp, there were

also two more Sarifa camps that belonged to Arabs and Balluches, respectively. The Arabs, mostly from Zubair, were employed as coolies, who did the lifting of equipment and stores. The main duties of Balluches were to guard the mountains of equipment in the desert and also to guard the Sarifa camps. All three Sarifa camps were subject to general inspections by the British Health Authorities. One afternoon when all the employees were at work, the Health inspectors came and inspected every single hut within the three camps. The inspectors found that the bedding at both, the Arabs and Balluches were heavily infested with flees and qalme, but camp of the Assyrians from RAF HBN was free of infestation. Orders were issued to the workers to spray the huts of the two infested

camps with petrol and were set on fire, but the Assyrian camp was left intact guarded with fire trucks. When we returned from work in the evening we found that the two camps were completely burned down together with their entire contents. The Arabs and Balluches were angry and swearing that they will also burn down the Assyrian camp. We had to arrange guard duties during the day and at night to prevent them from doing so. They were silenced when told that they may be given a kind of compensation in lieu of some of their goods.



Assyrian youth standing by their Sarifa (Bamboo Reed) huts In the Arabian Desert 4 miles west of RAF Station Shaibah From left: Ezaria Akhko, Charles Babilla, Davis Eshai and Andrious Mama. Kneeling: Khamo Enwia, Shlimon Youkhana And Hormis. Box Camera Photo 1942 by Wallace Joseph.

When we were returning to HBN in summer 1943, we were all taken by mistake to the Shaibah junction instead of the main railway station at Basra. The main train from Basra only stops for about 30 minutes at Shaibah junction and there was neither enough time to load onto the train nor any extra room for all of us on the train. We were told to stay in the open around the railway embankment or return to our camp while they arranged an extra room for us on the next evening's train to Baghdad. We decided to camp out that night under the clear Arabian skies close to the Shaibah junction. At night we were cold and we lit a huge campfire making tea, singing songs, and storytelling. The following evening, when the main train from Basra arrived, there were two special wagons allocated for the Assyrians from RAF Station Habbaniya.

As I was the first volunteer to sign the circular at HBN and had written beside my name "By all means", on arrival at 115 MU in 1943, I reported to the office to resume with my job. I was told that my post was now occupied and that now I was surplus to requirement. I was given one month's notice of termination of service and I went home empty handed. This is the kind of betrayal that has been exercised against the faithful individuals, like me, and the Assyrian nation, in general, by the British Imperial Majesty's Government.

Note: My God Almighty had not forgotten this betrayal against me. Some 12 years later, in 1953, there was a super vacancy Clerk grade one at the same office at the same unit. I was employed at Records office, RAF Levies. Wing Commander Drummond and the interview Board had interviewed one candidate from each unit at RAF HBN. The last candidate was to be from RAF Levies where I was employed and all the 12 candidates who were senior to me

declined to attend the interview. So Sqn. Ldr. Bevan of the Levies went to AHQ to inform that none of the 12 senior candidates from Levies are willing to accept the post.

Wing Commander asked Sqn. Ldr. Bevan what about No.13 and 14 etc. Then SL Bevan immediately returned to RAF Levies headquarters and checked the records and found that no.13 was Andrious. He came rushing into our office asking where is Andrious? He was told that he is playing volleyball. He came in Station Commander's car that had a flag and parked beside the pitch. He asked Major Day *Can I have a word with Andrious?* Major Day said *of course*. I was called out of the pitch wearing a vest, shorts and canvas shoes. SL Bevan asked me if I want to be a clerk grade one. I said *of course*. He then said that I had to come for an interview. I said *OK; and when will that be?* To my surprise he said *now* – I said *how can I come to such an interview in such an improperly dressed manner*. He said *you just sit in the car and I will explain to the board*. He took me to the board at Air headquarters. I waited outside while he went inside to explain the issue. When I got inside dressed in sports gear, some officers laughed. I wanted to explain, but was told to take a seat. The wing Commander Drummond asked me what kind of job I do, and I told him about my job. Then he asked the 12 officers of the board to ask me one question each. I answered all the questions according to my ability. The super vacancy was now given to me, to go to my former unit, not as a clerk grade three but as a big shot, clerk grade one i/c civilian employment & administration of 500 employees of all trades.

Note: The RAF station Habbaniya, the biggest RAF station in the Middle East was handed over to the Iraqi Air Force in 1955.

Assyrians Demonstrate Around the World Against Baghdad Church Massacre

Courtesy of Assyrian International News Agency (AINA)

On Sunday afternoon, October 31, Muslim terrorists stormed into Our Lady of Deliverance Syriac Catholic church in central Baghdad during the evening mass. Forty four parishioners, two priests, seven policemen and soldiers as well as five of the terrorists were killed. This particular section of the Iraqi capitol should have been safer than any other. The Islamic State of Iraq, Al-Qaida's Iraqi branch, took responsibility for this act of terror. Fifty persons survived the attack, some because they were hidden in the sacristy or because they were lying among the bodies and pretending to be dead. A week after the attack thirty five of the most badly wounded were flown to a hospital in France.



Photographs of slain priests are seen during a mass at Our Lady of Salvation church in Baghdad, Iraq, on Sunday, November 7, 2010. The church which a week earlier was the scene of a horrific bloodbath that left scores dead and wounded.

Eyewitness stories

"The time was around a quarter after five when the priest began his sermon. We heard shots outside the church but they didn't bother us since it's certainly not unusual in Baghdad. But then there was an ear-splitting explosion. It threw me across the pew in front of me. I turned around and saw that it was the church doors that had been blown open. I had been hit by splinters and I was bleeding. The terrorists entered and shot



Adam Udai, 3 years old, one of the victims of the Baghdad church massacre.

wildly with sub-machine guns. The firing was aggressive, the sound, deafening. In the beginning I saw nothing and I didn't dare to turn around to look at what was happening behind me. I fell to the floor. It became reasonably calm for a few seconds until they began screaming that Christians are unfaithful dogs and bitches; that we are the enemies of Iraq, and all the traitors shall die!"

The person relating this is a sixteen year-old girl. She belonged to the church choir. Sunday is an ordinary working day in Iraq. This means that some go to school or work and attend church in the evening. This was why so many young people were in church for that particular



Mass. The loss of so many of the young was a great loss for the church and the community -- though the majority of Christians have already left the city. This girl was one



Catholic Church and killed 58 parishioners and wounded 75. Protesters demanded an end to the [low-grade genocide](#) of Assyrians (also known as Chaldeans and Syriacs) which began on June 26, 2004, when the first church was bombed. Since that time, [66 churches](#) have been bombed, 15 priests and bishops and hundreds of Assyrians have been killed and nearly half have fled to [Syria and Jordan](#).

Rallies were held in Detroit, Phoenix, Chicago, Hartford, Modesto, San Jose, San Diego, Los Angeles, New York, Las Vegas, Jacksonville, Hamilton, Toronto, Sydney, London, Sweden, Holland, Belgium and Germany.



of the thirty five wounded who were met by twenty five ambulances and the French Migration Minister at a Paris airport barely a week after the massacre. Together with twenty five relatives they received a temporary residency permit and will be cared for until they have recovered.

Assyrians held demonstrations across the world to call attention to the Baghdad church massacre which occurred on October 31, when the Islamic State of Iraq, an Al-Qaeda affiliated group, stormed Our Lady of Deliverance Syrian



Los Angeles



children's other close friend were badly wounded. Many, many were wounded and killed..." She began to cry and continued counting the dead and wounded, and then she stopped herself and said "We don't want to leave our homeland, we don't want to live like refugees but the situation has not become better, the threat facing the Christians has increased not lessened. We Christian Assyrians, together with other non-Muslim folk groups are the original inhabitants of Iraq. Those who were in the church heard the terrorists screaming that this attack

Phoenix

Eyewitness stories

"Of course, we were like one large family in the church, including Father Wasim and Father Thaher, who took care of everything in the church and who were kind and polite to all of us. Many of our relatives became martyrs; our friends, our family was wiped out. Friends of my children, two brothers and their mother, were killed and they left a poor, blind and sick father at home alone. My daughter's friend, a recently wed bride who was pregnant in her second month was killed. Dadi, who was the leader of the choir, was killed and his pregnant wife was wounded. A pair of siblings of my



Modesto



was only the beginning of the genocide of Iraqi Christians. There will be more such out-rages."

**Dr
Thanaa
Nassir**

The terrorists came into the church, closed the door and

Chicago

took us hostage. I was terrified. There were five or six of them - I do not know exactly because we were all on the floor and could not lift up our heads. They brought in a bomb.

I was lying on the floor and every now and then there would be an explosion or gunshots over our heads, over the lights, over the fixtures, over the Crucifix, over the Madonna, everywhere. After that, they started to say "Allahu akbar" [Arabic



Stockholm, Sweden



Cairo; Egypt. Candle light vigil by Copts

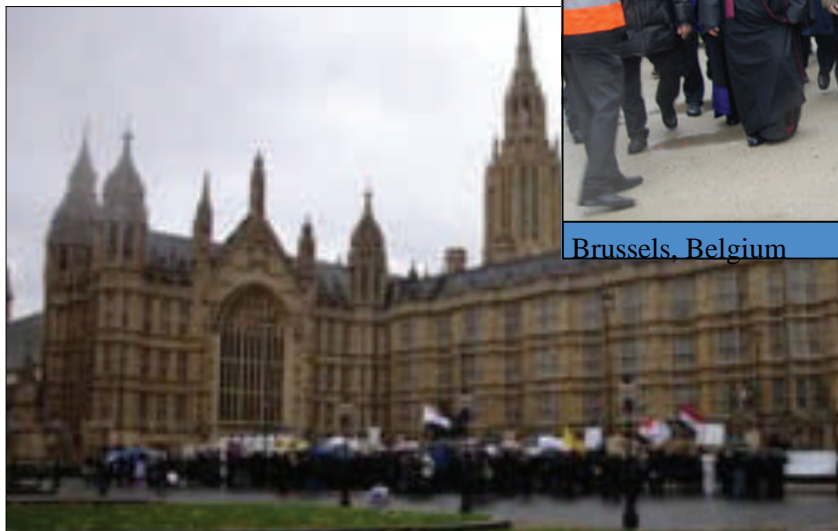
for God is great], and they blew themselves

I was lying underneath a table with a friend. The people beside me were killed. One of the priests was killed in front of me. He died in my arms.

Because I am a doctor, I wanted to save them but I could not because the shots were coming close to my head. I lay there on the floor, covering my ears because I could not bear the sound of the bombs and shooting. Then the



Brussels, Belgium



London, England

Iraqi soldiers reached us, using a laser light, and they took the hostages out.

I do not think I and other Christians can stay in Iraq any longer.

Seventy Thousand Assyrians

1934 By William Saroyan,

Reprinted with permission of the Trustees of Leland Stanford Junior University

I hadn't had a haircut in forty days and forty nights, and I was beginning to look like several violinists out of work. You know the look: genius gone to pot, and ready to join the Communist Party. We barbarians from Asia Minor are hairy people: when we need a haircut, we need a haircut. It was so bad, I had outgrown my only hat. (I am writing a very serious story, perhaps one of the most serious I shall ever write. That is why I am being flippant. Readers of Sherwood Anderson will begin to understand what I am saying after a while; they will know that my laughter is rather sad.) I was a young man in need of a haircut, so I went down to Third Street (San Francisco), to the Barber College, for a fifteen-cent haircut.



Third Street, below Howard, is a district; think of the Bowery in New York, Main Street in Los Angeles: think of old men and boys, out of work, hanging around, smoking Bull Durham, talking about the government, waiting for something to turn up, simply waiting. It was a Monday morning in August and a lot of the tramps had come to the shop to brighten up a bit. The Japanese boy who was working over the free chair had a waiting list of eleven; all the other chairs were occupied. I sat down and began to wait. Outside, as Hemingway (*The Sun Also Rises*; *Farewell to Arms*; *Death in the Afternoon*; *Winner Take Nothing*) would say, haircuts were four bits. I had twenty cents and a half-pack of Bull Durham. I rolled a cigarette, handed the pack to one of my contemporaries who looked in need of nicotine, and inhaled the dry smoke, thinking of America, what was going on politically, economically,

spiritually. My contemporary was a boy of sixteen. He looked Iowa; splendid potentially, a solid American, but down, greatly down in the mouth. Little sleep, no change of clothes for several days, a little fear, etc. I wanted very much to know his name. A writer is always wanting to get the reality of faces and figures. Iowa said, "I just got in from Salinas. No work in the lettuce fields. Going north now, to Portland; try to ship out." I wanted to tell him how it was with me: rejected story from Scribner's, rejected essay from *The Yale Review*, no money for decent cigarettes, worn shoes, old shirts, but I was afraid to make something of my own troubles. A writer's troubles are always boring, a bit unreal. People are apt to feel, Well, who asked you to write in the first place? A man must pretend not to be a writer. I said, "Good luck, north." Iowa shook his head. "I know better. Give it a try, anyway. Nothing to lose." Fine boy, hope he isn't dead, hope he hasn't frozen, mighty cold these days (December, 1933),

hope he hasn't gone down; he deserved to live. Iowa, I hope you got work in Portland; I hope you are earning money; I hope you have rented a clean room with a warm bed in it; I hope you are sleeping nights, eating regularly, walking along like a human being, being happy. Iowa, my good wishes are with you. I have said a number of prayers for you. (All the same, I think he is dead by this time. It was in him the day I saw him, the low malicious face of the beast, and at the same time all the theatres in America were showing, over and over again, an animated film-cartoon in which there was a song called "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?", and that's what it amounts to; people with money laughing at the death that is crawling slyly into boys like young Iowa, pretending that it isn't there, laughing in warm theatres. I have prayed for Iowa, and I consider myself a coward. By this time he must be dead, and I am sitting in a small room, talking about him, only talking.)

I began to watch the Japanese boy who was learning to become a barber. He was shaving an old tramp who had a horrible face, one of those faces that emerge from years and years of evasive living, years of being unsettled, of not belonging anywhere, of owning nothing, and the Japanese boy was holding his nose back (his own nose) so that he would not smell the old tramp. A trivial point in a story, a bit of data with no place in a work of art, nevertheless, I put it down. A young writer is always afraid some significant fact may escape him. He is always wanting to put in everything he sees. I wanted to know the name of the Japanese boy. I am profoundly interested in names. I have found that those that are unknown are the most genuine. Take a big name like Andrew Mellon. I was watching the Japanese boy very closely. I wanted to understand from the way he was keeping his sense of smell away from the mouth and nostrils of the old man what he was thinking, how he was feeling. Years ago, when I was seventeen, I pruned vines in my uncle's vineyard, north of Sanger, in the San Joaquin Valley, and there were several Japanese working with me, Yoshio Enomoto, Hideo Suzuki, Katsumi Sujimoto, and one or two others. These Japanese taught me a few simple phrases, hello, how are you, fine day, isn't it, good-bye, and so on. I said in Japanese to the barber student, "How are you?" He said in Japanese, "Very well, thank you." Then, in impeccable English, "Do you speak Japanese? Have you lived in Japan?" I said, "Unfortunately, no. I am able to speak only one or two words. I used to work with Yoshio Enomoto, Hideo Suzuki, Katsumi Sujimoto; do you know them?" He went on with his work, thinking of the names. He seemed to be whispering, "Enomoto, Suzuki, Sujimoto." He said, "Suzuki. Small man?" I said, "Yes." He said, "I know him. He lives in San Jose now. He is married now."

I want you to know that I am deeply interested in what people remember. A young writer goes out to places and talks to people. He tries to find out what they remember. I am not using great material for a short story. Nothing is going to happen in this work. I am not fabricating a fancy plot. I am not creating memorable characters. I am not using a slick style of writing. I am not building up a fine atmosphere. I have no desire to sell this story or any story to The Saturday Evening Post or to Cosmopolitan or to Harper's. I am not trying to compete with the great writers of short stories, men like Sinclair Lewis and Joseph Hergesheimer and Zane Grey, men who really know how to write, how to make up stories that will sell. Rich men, men who understand all the rules about plot and character and style and atmosphere and all that stuff. I have no desire for fame. I am not out to win the Pulitzer Prize or the Nobel Prize or any other prize. I am out here in the far West, in San Francisco, in a small room on Carl Street, writing a letter to common people, telling them in simple language things they already know. I am merely making a record, so if I wander around a little, it is because I am in

no hurry and because I do not know the rules. If I have any desire at all, it is to show the brotherhood of man. This is a big statement and it sounds a little precious. Generally a man is ashamed to make such a statement. He is afraid sophisticated people will laugh at him. But I don't mind. I'm asking sophisticated people to laugh. That is what sophistication is for. I do not believe in races. I do not believe in governments. I see life as one life at one time, so many millions simultaneously, all over the earth. Babies who have not yet been taught to speak any language are the only race of the earth, the race of man: all the rest is pretense, what we call civilization, hatred, fear, desire for strength . . . But a baby is a baby. And the way they cry, there you have the brotherhood of man, babies crying. We grow up and we learn the words of a language and we see the universe through the language we know, we do not see it through all languages or through no language at all, through silence, for example, and we isolate ourselves in the language we know. Over here we isolate ourselves in English, or American as Mencken calls it. All the eternal things, in our words. If I want to do anything, I want to speak a more universal language. The heart of man, the unwritten part of man, that which is eternal and common to all races.

Now I am beginning to feel guilty and incompetent. I have used all this language and I am beginning to feel that I have said nothing. This is what drives a young writer out of his head, this feeling that nothing is being said. Any ordinary journalist would have been able to put the whole business into a three-word caption. Man is man, he would have said. Something clever, with any number of implications. But I want to use language that will create a single implication. I want the meaning to be precise, and perhaps that is why the language is so imprecise. I am walking around my subject, the impression I want to make, and I am trying to see it from all angles, so that I will have a whole picture, a picture of wholeness. It is the heart of man that I am trying to imply in this work.

Let me try again: I hadn't had a haircut in a long time and I was beginning to look seedy, so I went down to the Barber College on Third Street, and I sat in a chair. I said, "Leave it full in the back. I have a narrow head and if you do not leave it full in the back, I will go out of this place looking like a horse. Take as much as you like off the top. No lotion, no water, comb it dry." Reading makes a full man, writing a precise one, as you see. This is what happened. It doesn't make much of a story, and the reason is that I have left out the barber, the young man who gave me the haircut. He was tall, he had a dark serious face, thick lips, on the verge of smiling but melancholy, thick lashes, sad eyes, a large nose. I saw his name on the card that was pasted on the mirror, Theodore Badal. A good name, genuine, a good young man, genuine. Theodore Badal began to work on my head. A good barber never

speaks until he has been spoken to, no matter how full his heart may be.

"That name," I said, "Badal. Are you an Armenian?" I am an Armenian. I have mentioned this before. People look at me and begin to wonder, so I come right out and tell them. "I am an Armenian," I say. Or they read something I have written and begin to wonder, so I let them know. "I am an Armenian," I say. It is a meaningless remark, but they expect me to say it, so I do. I have no idea what it is like to be an Armenian or what it is like to be an Englishman or a Japanese or anything else. I have a faint idea what it is like to be alive. This is the only thing that interests me greatly. This and tennis. I hope some day to write a great philosophical work on tennis, something on the order of *Death in the Afternoon*, but I am aware that I am not yet ready to undertake such a work. I feel that the cultivation of tennis on a large scale among the peoples of the earth will do much to annihilate racial differences, prejudices, hatred, etc. Just as soon as I have perfected my drive and my lob, I hope to begin my outline of this great work. (It may seem to some sophisticated people that I am trying to make fun of Hemingway. I am not. *Death in the Afternoon* is a pretty sound piece of prose. I could never object to it as prose. I cannot even object to it as philosophy. I think it is finer philosophy than that of Will Durant and Walter Pitkin. Even when Hemingway is a fool, he is at least an accurate fool. He tells you what actually takes place and he doesn't allow the speed of an occurrence to make his exposition of it hasty. This is a lot. It is some sort of advancement for literature. To relate leisurely the nature and meaning of that which is very brief in duration.)

"Are you an Armenian?" I asked.

We are a small people and whenever one of us meets another, it is an event. We are always looking around for someone to talk to in our language. Our most ambitious political party estimates that there are nearly two million of us living on the earth, but most of us don't think so. Most of us sit down and take a pencil and a piece of paper and we take one section of the world at a time and imagine how many Armenians at the most are likely to be living in that section and we put the highest number on the paper, and then we go on to another section, India, Russia, Soviet Armenia, Egypt, Italy, Germany, France, America, South America, Australia, and so on, and after we add up our

most hopeful figures the total comes to something a little less than a million. Then we start to think how big our families are, how high our birthrate and how low our death-rate (except in times of war when massacres increase the death-rate), and we begin to imagine how rapidly we will increase if we are left alone a quarter of a century, and we feel pretty happy. We always leave out earthquakes, wars, massacres, famines, etc., and it is a mistake.



I remember the Near East Relief drives in my home town. My uncle used to be our orator and he used to make a whole auditorium full of Armenians weep. He was an attorney and he was a great orator. Well, at first the trouble was war. Our people were being destroyed by the enemy. Those who hadn't been killed were homeless and they were starving, our own flesh and blood, my uncle said, and we all wept. And we gathered money and sent it to our people in the old country. Then after the war, when I was a bigger boy, we had another Near East Relief drive and my uncle stood on the stage of the Civic Auditorium of my home town and he said, "Thank God this time it is not the enemy, but an earthquake. God has made us suffer. We have worshipped Him through trial and tribulation, through suffering

and disease and torture and horror and (my uncle began to weep, began to sob) through the madness of despair, and now he has done this thing, and still we praise Him, still we worship Him. We do not understand the ways of God." And after the drive I went to my uncle and I said, "Did you mean what you said about God?" And he said, "That was oratory. We've got to raise money. What God? It is nonsense." "And when you cried?" I asked, and my uncle said, "That was real. I could not help it. I had to cry. Why, for God's sake, why must we go through all this God damn hell? What have we done to deserve all this torture? Man won't let us alone. God won't let us alone. Have we done something? Aren't we supposed to be pious people? What is our sin? I am disgusted with God. I am sick of man. The only reason I am willing to get up and talk is that I don't dare keep my mouth shut. I can't bear the thought of more of our people dying. Jesus Christ, have we done something?"

I asked Theodore Badal if he was an Armenian.

He said, "I am an Assyrian."

Well, it was something. They, the Assyrians, came from our part of the world, they had noses like our noses, eyes like our eyes, hearts like our hearts. They had a different

language. When they spoke we couldn't understand them, but they were a lot like us. It wasn't quite as pleasing as it would have been if Badal had been an Armenian, but it was something.

"I am an Armenian," I said. "I used to know some Assyrian boys in my home town, Joseph Sargis, Nito Elia, Tony Saleh. Do you know any of them?"

"Joseph Sargis, I know him," said Badal. "The others I do not know. We lived in New York until five years ago, then we came out west to Turlock. Then we moved up to San Francisco."

"Nito Elia," I said, "is a Captain in the Salvation Army." (I don't want anyone to imagine that I am making anything up, or that I am trying to be funny.) "Tony Saleh," I said, "was killed eight years ago. He was riding a horse and he was thrown and the horse began to run. Tony couldn't get himself free, he was caught by a leg, and the horse ran around and around for a half hour and then stopped, and when they went up to Tony he was dead. He was fourteen at the time. I used to go to school with him. Tony was a very clever boy, very good at arithmetic."

We began to talk about the Assyrian language and the Armenian language, about the old world, conditions over there, and so on. I was getting a fifteen-cent haircut and I was doing my best to learn something at the same time, to acquire some new truth, some new appreciation of the wonder of life, the dignity of man. (Man has great dignity, do not imagine that he has not.)

Badal said, "I cannot read Assyrian. I was born in the old country, but I want to get over it."

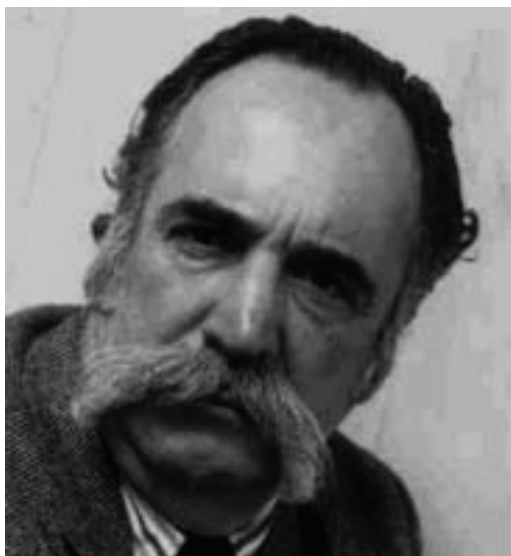
He sounded tired, not physically but spiritually.

"Why?" I said. "Why do you want to get over it?"

"Well," he laughed, "simply because everything is washed up over there." I am repeating his words precisely, putting in nothing of my own. "We were a great people once," he went on. "But that was yesterday, the day before yesterday. Now we are a topic in ancient history. We had a great civilization. They're still admiring it. Now I am in America learning how to cut hair. We're washed up as a race, we're through, it's all over, why should I learn to read the language? We have no writers, we have no news- well, there is a little news: once in a while the English encourage the Arabs to massacre us, that is all. It's an old story, we know all about it. The news comes over to us through the Associated Press, anyway."

These remarks were very painful to me, an Armenian. I had always felt badly about my own people being de-

stroyed. I had never heard an Assyrian speaking in English about such things. I felt great love for this young fellow. Don't get me wrong. There is a tendency these days to think in terms of pan-sies whenever a man says that he has affection for man. I think now that I have affection for all people, even for the enemies of Armenia, whom I have so tactfully not named. Everyone knows who they are. I have nothing against any of them because I think of them as one man living one life at a time, and I know, I am positive, that one man at a time is incapable of the monstrosities performed by mobs. My objection is to mobs only.



"Well," I said, "it is much the same with us. We, too, are old. We still have our church. We still have a few writers, Aharonian, Isahakian, a few others, but it is much the same."

"Yes," said the barber, "I know. We went in for the wrong things. We went in for the simple things, peace and quiet and families. We didn't go in for machinery and conquest and militarism. We didn't go in for diplomacy and deceit and the invention of machine-guns and poison gases. Well, there is no use in being disappointed. We had our day, I suppose."

"We are hopeful," I said. "There is no Armenian living who does not still dream of an independent Armenia."

"Dream?" said Badal. "Well, that is something. Assyrians cannot even dream any more. Why, do you know how many of us are left on earth?"

"Two or three million," I suggested.

"Seventy thousand," said Badal. "That is all. Seventy thousand Assyrians in the world, and the Arabs are still killing us. They killed seventy of us in a little uprising last month. There was a small paragraph in the paper. Seventy more of us destroyed. We'll be wiped out before long. My brother is married to an American girl and he has a son. There is no more hope. We are trying to forget Assyria. My father still reads a paper that comes from New York, but he is an old man. He will be dead soon."

Then his voice changed, he ceased speaking as an Assyrian and began to speak as a barber: "Have I taken enough off the top?" he asked.

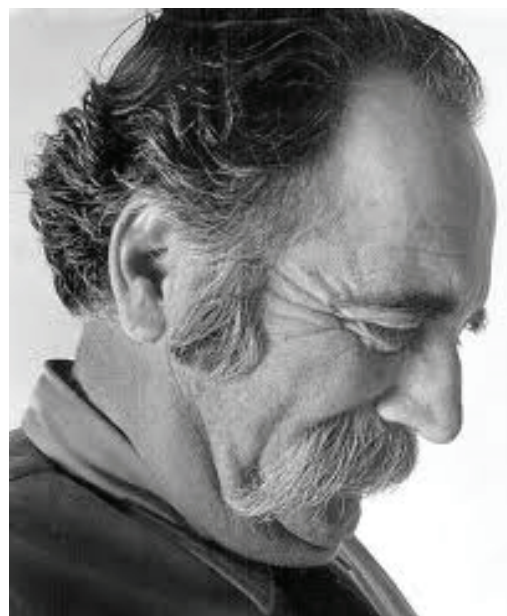
The rest of the story is pointless. I said so long to the young Assyrian and left the shop. I walked across town, four miles, to my room on Carl Street. I thought about the whole business: Assyria and this Assyrian, Theodore Badal, learning to be a barber, the sadness of his voice, the hopelessness of his attitude. This was months ago, in August, but ever since I have been thinking about Assyria, and I have been wanting to say something about Theodore Badal, a son of an ancient race, himself youthful and alert, yet hopeless. Seventy thousand Assyrians, a mere seventy thousand of that great people, and all the others quiet in death and all the greatness crumbled and ignored, and a young man in America learning to be a barber, and a young man lamenting bitterly the course of history.

Why don't I make up plots and write beautiful love stories that can be made into motion pictures? Why don't I let these unimportant and boring matters go hang? Why don't I try to please the American reading public?

Well, I am an Armenian. Michael Arlen is an Armenian, too. He is pleasing the public. I have great admiration for him, and I think he has perfected a very fine style of writing and all that, but I don't want to write about the people he likes to write about. Those people were dead to begin with. You take Iowa and the Japanese boy and Theodore Badal, the Assyrian; well, they may go down physically, like Iowa, to death, or spiritually, like Badal, to death, but they are of the stuff that is eternal in man and it is this stuff that interests me. You don't find them in bright places, making witty remarks about sex and trivial remarks about art. You find them where I found them, and they will be there forever, the race of man, the part of man, of Assyria as much as of England, that cannot be destroyed, the part that massacre does not destroy, the part that earthquake and war and famine and madness and everything else cannot destroy.

This work is in tribute to Iowa, to Japan, to Assyria, to Armenia, to the race of man everywhere, to the dignity of that race, the brotherhood of things alive. I am not expecting Paramount Pictures to film this work. I am thinking of seventy thousand Assyrians, one at a time, alive, a great race. I am thinking of Theodore Badal, himself seventy thousand Assyrians and seventy million Assyrians, himself Assyria, and man, standing in a barber shop, in San Francisco, in 1933, and being, still, himself, the whole race.

1934



William Saroyan (1908-1981)

American author whose stories celebrated optimism in the middle of trials and difficulties of the Depression-era. Several of Saroyan's works were drawn from his own experiences, although his approach to autobiographical facts can be called poetic. William Saroyan was born 1908 in Fresno, California, as the son of an Armenian immigrant. His father moved to New Jersey in 1905 - he was a small vineyard owner, who had been educated as a Presbyterian minister. In the new country he was forced to take farm-labouring work. He died in 1911 from peritonitis, after drinking a forbidden glass of water given by his wife, Takoohi. Saroyan was put in an orphanage in Alameda with his brothers. Six years later the family reunited in Fresno, where Takoohi had obtained work in a cannery.

In 1921 Saroyan attended the Technical School in order to learn to type. At the age of fifteen, Saroyan left the school. His mother had showed him some of his father's writings, and he decided to become a writer. Saroyan continued his education by reading and writing on his own, and supporting himself by odd jobs. At the San Francisco Telegraph Company he worked as an office manager. A few of his early short articles were published in *The Overland Monthly*. His first collected stories started to appear in the 1930s. As a writer Saroyan made his breakthrough in the *Story* magazine with 'The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze' (1934), after the popular song. Many of Saroyan's stories were based on his childhood, experiences among the Armenian-American fruit growers of the San Joaquin Valley, or dealt with the rootlessness of the immigrant. He was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for Drama in 1940 and the Academy Award for best writing in 1943. He died 1981 in Fresno at age 72.

Raising awareness of the disappearing Assyrians

By Susan Abram
Courtesy of Daily News

I am watching my people die. On television, in photographs, I see images of hastily built wooden coffins resting upon the shoulders of the anguished. They carry their fathers and mothers, sons and daughters and other relatives to burial grounds where the earth is now crowded with the murdered.

Along with those funerals comes the realization that soon, we may no longer exist.

I am Assyrian-American. For those of us born here, there was a certain comfort knowing that distant relatives still lived on our ancestral lands in Northern Iraq. They are our last link to the original homeland, since there no longer exists a formal country known as Assyria.

Once, before the Internet and when I was a teenager, I asked a Burbank librarian if there were any books about contemporary Assyrians.

Assyrians don't exist anymore, she said.

"But I'm here," I told her. She did not hear me.

That was one of the reasons why I became a reporter. No one knew who or what I was. Very few wrote about my people in newspapers or magazines, and if they did, it was a very big deal. Those articles, worn and torn by many eager readers, really got around to places where Assyrians had built churches and communities: from Chicago to Detroit, Modesto to the San Fernando Valley.

Now, there are new articles being e-mailed, but for reasons few of us want to read.

On Oct. 31, nearly 60 Assyrians, Chaldeans and other Christians were killed by extremists while worshipping in a church in Iraq. A string of attacks targeting homes and families have continued on. Even after what happened on Sept. 11, 2001, I can't imagine a church massacre such as that happening in the United States.

But it happened in Baghdad, where sectarian violence persists. While the attacks are condemned by Muslim and Christian alike, little has been done by any government to punish the perpetrators.

Assyrians are the indigenous people of Mesopotamia, presently Iraq, where the last and largest concentration of Aramaic-speaking people in the world have lived for thousands of years. They also were one of the first ethnic groups to adopt Christianity in the first century A.D.

But since the start of the Iraq War in 2003, extremists have chiseled away at the true meaning of peace and coexistence by threatening Assyrians in retaliation: Convert to Islam, leave, or die, they say.

There were stories of beheadings, rape, and killings. In 2008, more than 15,000 Christians were driven out of the northern Iraqi city of Mosul. These killings, this war, is not only about two religious groups.

It is about an ancient people and language, already in a precarious state, that will soon be extinguished. It also is about a dramatic shift in the historical landscape of the Middle East. But the issue barely has been reported. No one with the power to do something is listening and for that, killings continue and will go on.

On New Year's Day, more than 20 people were killed inside a Coptic Christian Church in Egypt by a suicide bomber. President Barack Obama called the attack "outrageous." It is outrageous, for deeper reasons than he and others may want to face.

Several times as a reporter, I have written about artwork inspired by crimes against humanity, and I learned much about how history repeats itself, especially if no one listens. Artist Kaloust Guedel, an Armenian-American, once told me that if the deaths of 1.5 million Armenians beginning in 1915 had been recognized for a genocide, then future atrocities such as the Holocaust, the Pol Pot massacres and those in Bosnia, Rwanda and Darfur could have been avoided.

One day in the near future, a child will tell a teacher or another adult that he or she is Assyrian. The response likely will be automatic: Assyrians don't exist anymore.

Susan Abram is a reporter at the Daily News. She can be reached at susan.abram@dailynews.com.

The Assyrian Winged Bull (Shidu Lamassu)

Prevalence and mythological background

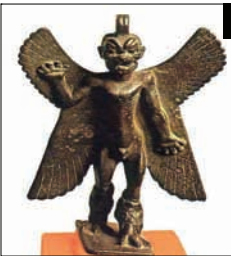
By Ashur Giwargis - Beirut
Translated from Arabic: Mary Challita



1 *Shidu Lamassu*, this is how the name appears in Assyrian records. The origin of the word *Lamassu* is from the Sumerian (*Lammu*), the name for a female jinn whose duty was to protect cities, palaces and houses of wor-

ship; but the male protector was known in Sumerian as *Alad-Lammu*, while in the ancient Assyrian (Akkadian) language it was known as *Shidu*^{1,2} -the terms *shida* or *shidda* are still used in modern Assyrian, also meaning "jinn"; hence, the word *shidana* (=touched by jinn) is derived from ancient Assyrian beliefs.

Many people fall into emotional errors which at face value seem naïve and told by



3 simple people, but they stem from previous political or religious ideologies aiming at distorting history by saying that the ancient Assyrians worshipped "the winged bull"; however, Assyrian records simply refute that. According to the Assyriologist, Professor John Russell, the winged

bull was mentioned in the records of the Assyrian King Sennacherib as follows: "*I brought prisoners of war from the cities which I invaded, they built me a palace and at its gates stood two of the Alad-Lammu*"³. Thus, the accusation of "worshipping the winged bull" is void because it is not possible for a god to stand guard at the gate of his slave's palace.



5 Many also believe that *Lamassu* represents Nebuchadnezzar (605 - 562 B.C.)⁴, whom God, according to the Torah, had turned into a bull with eagle's

claws (Daniel 4: 31-34) even though the *Lamassu* is far more ancient than Nebuchadnezzar's grandparents.

Lamassu is a mythical creature with mixed composition; it is usually a winged bull with a man's head and a lion's paws



(fig. 1), but, sometimes with a man's head and a bull's feet (fig. 2) – *Lamassu* took several forms during the different periods of history, even in Assyria it

took at times the form

of a non-winged lion with a human's hands dedicated for protection during a bath (the ancient Assyrians believed that sprinkling or stirring hot water attracts *Pazzuzu*⁵ (fig. 3), the evil spirit). Women to this day continue to use the word "kish" to expel evil spirits whenever they sprinkle or stir hot water. This winged lion is called *Ormalolo* in



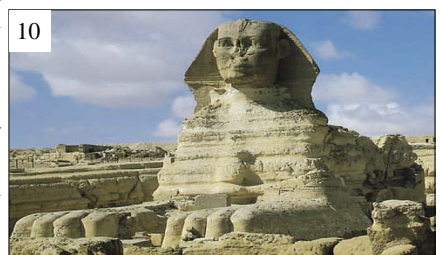
Assyrian; a plate with an Ormalolo was found in the bathing area of King Ashur-Bani-Apli (Banipal) dating back to

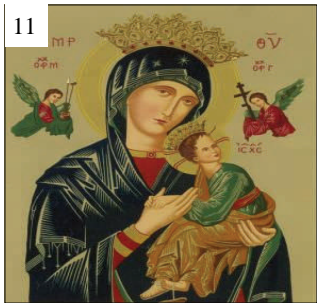


640 B.C. (fig. 4).

Lamassu is a force that combines the four elements of perfection (the lion for courage, the bull for strength, the eagle for glory and the human for wisdom), it is an idea derived from the people's beliefs of extraordinary care, the idea spread to various civilizations, thus Ezekiel, who was captive in Assyria, speaks in the Torah of a chariot above the river Khabor, with a human's head, calf's feet, a lion's body and faces looking in all directions (Ezekiel, 1: 1-14).

We also find an Aramaean (fig. 5) and a Hittite (fig. 6) *Lamassu*. The idea also spread to the civilizations of Asia, such as the Tamil (fig. 7)





and of the same idea came *Gyuki*, the legendary Japanese character found in the famous *Mitsuri* carnivals. Even the Romans used the symbol of a bull with a man's head on their coins (fig. 8 - a coin from Palermo - southern Italy, dating back to the fourth century

B.C.). And paintings were found of the Egyptian Sphinx, who fought and trampled on Pharaoh Thermoses' enemies (fig. 9) as well as the Sphinx still guarding the Giza pyramids, the graves and treasures of the pharaohs (fig. 10).

Then, there is the idea of a *guardian angel* which was established in the church, by the philosopher Dionysius the Areopagite ⁶, derived from the idea of "God's protection" of selected persons -to guide them; and those are often the saints. The idea of a "guardian angel" spread to religious art, such as the religious icons in the Russian Orthodox Church (fig. 11).



It even went beyond that, to embrace elements of the *Lamassu* as symbols for the four Apostles (Matthew, Mark, Luke, John), as seen in Greek icons (fig. 12 note the head of every saint); as well as for the Coptic Church (fig. 13) and even within the Roman Catholic Church, as demonstrated in the biography of the four evangelists which was given by Pope Gregory to St. Augustine in 587 A.D. There we find pictures of Luke and Mark, where every saint is protected by a symbol (the eagle for Mark, the bull for Luke and a human for Matthew) (figs. 14, 15, 16) ⁷. We see the same winged bull (a symbol for Luke) sculpted clearly in ivory, from the twelfth century A.D. (fig. 17) ⁸ - and another icon of



820 A.D. (Carolingian European art) (fig. 18)

It is well known that Tatian, the Assyrian (130-180 A.D.) , was the first to collect the four Gospels in his book, *The Diatesaron* ⁹. Therefore, it was normal and expected that there is Assyrian influence on the four Gospels, because the Gospel is attributed with perfection (wisdom, courage, power and glory), and that is what Tatian wanted for the proclamation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.



Thus, once again the sublime Assyrian philosophy is noted not only as a prophetic message (the Saviour's Resurrection three days after his death in Akito, and the Assyrian Holy Trinity prior to Christianity) ¹⁰; but time and again as the basis

for the expression of the elements of subsequent religions, in particular Christianity, whereby the majority of its followers refuse, for emotional reasons, to join it to its Assyrian predecessor, which is due to their "fear" more than their "faith" in God.



The Assyrian Identity of Turabdin

By Afram Baryakoub

Historical Tūr ʿabdīn has occasionally been described as an Aramean heartland, but a study from 2006 reveals Tūr ʿabdīn to have been more Assyrian than most would guess.

Historian Karen Radner published in 2006 a study of the geographic conditions between the known Assyrian heartland around the city of Nineveh and the Tūr ʿabdīn area, in today's south eastern Turkey. The title of Radner's study is: "*How to reach the upper Tigris, the route through the Tūr ʿabdīn*". In her study Radner suggests the common view regarding Tūr ʿabdīn as an area outside Mesopota-

from 1300 BC to 1200 BC reveal that the Hurrians were the dominant ethnic group in the area. It was also this period which saw the Assyrian takeover of *Kashieri* as well as the *Gozarto* area south of *Kashieri*. In parallel with the Assyrian takeover, traces are found of Aramean settlers in the *Kashieri* area.

The Arameans seem to have settled in small numbers at first and they did not constitute any threat to the Assyrian state during their first century in *Kashieri*. It's not until the reign of King Assur Bel Kala between the years 1073-1056 BC that the Aramean tribes, which had by now grown in numbers, started to rebel against the state. Beginning



ning from King Assur Bel Kala's reign and for almost exactly 200 years battles were fought between different Aramean tribes in Tūr ʿabdīn and the Assyrian state. This is

no longer valid as new discoveries show the area belonged to the Mesopotamian landscape and that it is far more accessible from the south than what historians were guessing. Karen Radner's official title is "Reader in Ancient Near Eastern History" and she is based at the faculty of history at the University College London. At the time of writing this article Radner informs me that nothing new has surfaced since the publication of her paper in 2006.

The first time Tūr ʿabdīn is mentioned in Assyrian sources is from the time of King Adad Nirari who lived around 1300 BC. The name the Assyrians used for Tūr ʿabdīn was "*Kashieri*". Radner points to the possibility of the word "*Kashieri*" to be Hurrian since the area was first dominated by the Hurrians, and the name *Kashieri* is found in Hurrian texts. The earliest sources on *Kashieri*

evident from the Assyrian royal archives transcribed by archeologists. Through these archives we learn that the King Assurnasirpal carried out a six-day war campaign in the year 879 BC with the aim of subduing different cities in Tūr ʿabdīn. The king captured the city of "*Matiatu*", today's *Midyat*, on the second day of the campaign and erected a victory stele in the town. Radner notes that this stele is still to be found, like many other artifacts which Assyriologists suspect are hidden in the soil of Tūr ʿabdīn. The battles between the Assyrian state and its Aramean settlers in Tūr ʿabdīn come to an abrupt end with a final battle campaign by king Shalmaneser III in the year of 855 B.C. "*In my fifth regnal year, I ascended to Kashieri and captured eleven fortified cities.*" There are no more notes on battles in *Kashieri* in the Assyrian royal archives and Radner draws the conclusion that: "*After this, the Assyrian*



control over the Kashieri region seems to be firmly established".

One conclusion we can draw from the facts Radner supplies us with is that the Arameans, unlike the Hurrians and Assyrians, never took control over Țūr ʿabdīn. Most facts in Radner's study point to the possibility of the Arameans being integrated in the Assyrian empire, as the Hurrians before them. This corroborates Simo Parpola's theory on the assimilation policy of the Assyrian rulers. Radner remains committed to the main topic of the study and puts effort into explaining how the ancient Mesopotamians could access Țūr ʿabdīn and reach the settlements and trade colonies along the northern part of the Tigris river. She informs us that Tigris is wild with a rapid stream until the town of *Gzīro* (Turkish *Cizre*), where the Mesopotamian plain starts. The rapid stream hindered people from using the river to get to Țūr ʿabdīn. The remaining option was to take the country road. The most used road went right across Țūr ʿabdīn. It began at the Sufan Cay plain, an area about 25 kilometers west of *Gzīro* and continued north towards a settlement called "*Basebrina*" in the Assyrian sources. That settlement is most likely today's *Bsorino* village in Țūr ʿabdīn which is also called *Basebrin*. From here the road continued northwest towards *Midyat* until it reached the Tigris.

Historians assumed for many years that the mountain

range at the southern point of Țūr ʿabdīn defined a cultural and geographic boundary between Țūr ʿabdīn and Mesopotamia. It was also assumed that the Hurrians had this mountain range as their northern border. Recent excavations reveal however that both the Hurrians and Assyrians had a presence in Țūr ʿabdīn already during the second millennium BC. Archeologists have unearthed an Assyrian archive from 1100 BC at the northern torrent of the Tigris in a place called *Giricano*. The archive reveals the area was originally Hurrian but was taken over by Assyrians who gave the settlement an Assyrian name "*Dunnu-Sha-Uzibi*". Just across the river bank archeologists have unearthed a large Assyrian trade colony with the name "*Tushu*" or "*Tushan*". Assyrian tablets reveal the settlement to be the provincial capital in northern Assyria. "*Kurkh*" is another excavation site in northern Țūr ʿabdīn which confirms the early presence of Assyria in Țūr ʿabdīn. Taken together, these findings have changed the perception of ancient Țūr ʿabdīn in the minds of historians. The area is no longer seen to have been outside Mesopotamia but as a fully integrated part of it, both geographically and culturally.

As stated earlier, King Shalmanesser's campaign ended the riots in Țūr ʿabdīn in 855 BC and references to Țūr ʿabdīn in the Assyrian sources become scarce hereafter. The name "*Kashieri*" is however mentioned twice during King Ashur Banipal's reign in the 600s.

At several points in her study Radner notes the lack of archaeological finds in ʿAbdīn due to the limited excavations carried out in the area so far. The few finds include Assyrian cylinder stamps found in the village of *Miden* (referred to as "*Middo*" in ancient Assyrian sources) as well as in other places in ʿAbdīn. The cylinder stamps, used in the ancient world to sign clay tablets, are seen by archaeologists as an indication of the soil of the area being full of remains. In one of the tablets the words "*wine farms in Kashieri*" is found on a list of areas to be tax exempted by the king. In another tablet from the same period we learn of a certain Shumma-Ilani who is "*town governor of Arkahu which is in Kashieri*" to have been involved in a civil case in a court. The name "*Arkahu*" still lives on today in the Assyrian village of *Arkah* in ʿAbdīn. Several ancient names for places in ʿAbdīn have remained in use till today. For example the name "*Mardiane*" today's *Mardin* and *Shura*, which is believed to be the modern town of *Sawro*. Another recognizable place name is "*Asihu*", which is today spelt "*Azekh*". *Asihu* is first mentioned during the reign of King Adad Nerari III (810-738). A clay tablet from that time informs us that "*Qarha, son of Adda-Rahimi from Asihu*" sold a piece of land to another person. Another interesting find related to this place is a black stone with Assyrian cuneiform from the 8th century BC. The stone, which was bought by the archaeological museum of Diyarbakir during the 1960s, is believed to have formed part of the main entrance of a large building. *Zazabuha* is another ancient place name which lives on till today in the form of the village of *Zaz*. Likewise the ancient name "*Kapar-Tatu*" is recognized by Radner in today's Assyrian language as "*Kfartutho*". The prefix "*Kapar*" means village in ancient Assyrian. The word has transformed into "*Kfar*" in classical Assyrian and is found as a prefix in Assyrian place names such as *Kfarburan*, *Kfarze* and *Kfarbe*.

A great part of Radner's study is devoted to a special mountainous area in ʿAbdīn known as *Ṭūro d'Izlo*. Named "*Izalla*" or "*Azalla*" in ancient Assyrian documents, the area stretches south of *Midyat* until *Nisibin* at modern Turkish-Syrian border and to *Azekh* in the north eastern direction. It is a limestone plateau coated by a layer of basalt stemming from a long extinct volcano. Its designation in classical Assyrian from the Christian era is "*Ṭūro D'malbas*", meaning the "Clothed mountain" a clear reference to the layer of basalt. Several kinds of volcanic stones are found in the area, among them pumice stone, often used for polishing. The ancient Assyrians knew very well about the usefulness of this kind of stones and many references are found in clay tablets of "stones from Izalla" brought in for polishing valuable items from the temples.

Izalla is also described as a wine producing area in the Assyrian texts. Radner notes that wild wine grapes are

common there and that the volcanic composition of the soil gives the area good conditions for wine agriculture until today. This could explain the popularity of Izalla already in ancient times. Clay tablets reveal that the royal Assyrian chariot driver "Remanni-Adad" bought two wine farms in Izalla in the year 666 BC. Karin Radner shows that the name Izalla was in fact synonymous with wine in Assyria, just as the name Bordeaux today is synonymous with wine in France. In an ancient word list known as *The practical vocabulary of Nineveh*, the section on wine bears the heading "*wine from Izalla*". Ample proof exists of wine trade between Izalla and the city of Ašur.

In the end of her study Radner mentions, in passing, a rebellion by the inhabitants of Izalla against the Babylonian king Nabopalassar, who captured the Assyrian capital, Nineveh. An ancient chronology reveals the Babylonian king was on his way to aid his troops in the city of Harran against Egyptian troops in the year 609 BC when he was attacked as he was about to pass Izalla. Nabopalassar was forced to halt and crush the rebellion before moving on. Radner does not offer any explanation regarding the rebellion of Izalla, there is however a logical explanation when we take a look at the political events of that time.

As shown by historians, parts of the Assyrian army regrouped in the city of Harran, west of ʿAbdīn, after the fall of Nineveh in 612 BC. Three years later, in 609, it was time for the final battle of the Assyrian empire as the enemy armies approached Harran. The Assyrians teamed up with their Egyptian allies who had rushed to their rescue. It was this battle Nabopalassar was hurrying to when he was forced to crush the rebellion at *Ṭūro d'Izlo* in ʿAbdīn. The real interesting point in this scenario is the reason for the inhabitants of Izalla to rebel. The only logical reason, interpreted by the clues we have today, must have been that the inhabitants of Izalla (and thus of the wider ʿAbdīn) knew themselves as Assyrians. Their action gains full logic when we realize that they were simply Assyrians who took the opportunity to rebel against the king who had conquered their capital, Nineveh. Had the people of ʿAbdīn not a sense of being Assyrian, and a sense of their area as belonging to Assyria, they would most likely not have rebelled against Nabopalassar, but welcomed him as a liberator from the "Assyrian yoke".

It shouldn't be a surprise that the people of ʿAbdīn rebelled against the conqueror of Nineveh as one takes into account the level of Assyrianization in the area. ʿAbdīn was under direct Assyrian rule for 243 years and under indirect Assyrian rule for at least 300 years. Taken together, the facts in Karen Radner's study reveal that ʿAbdīn was much more Assyrian in ancient times than was previously assumed.

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What It Means To Me To Be An Assyrian

By Abbey Mikha

Shlama, or *Shlomo*; greetings to you in the dialect of my father, in the dialect of my mother, and in the dialect of the ancient rivers and mountains which my people hailed from time immemorial. To think, to live, to feel Assyrian is not for me an occasional remembrance, it is a passion and a duty. True, we are all human beings, from whatever nation we come from, and true, we are grateful citizens of our countries of adoption, where we try to build a new life with new dreams, but as Assyrians we cannot but carry with us, everywhere we go, the song of our old language, the memory of our lost past, and the pride that has kept us alive to this day.

The turning point in my life as an Assyrian was when I realized how little known my people are to the outside world, and how fascinating their story is. I marveled at my nation's instinct for survival, the struggle of an old culture, which defied centuries of foreign rule and refused to surrender. I felt deep injustice, I cried in pain for all Assyrians who, in the last two centuries, were sacrificed in terrible genocides, uprooted from their motherland and forced to err in never ending exile, because they just happened to be there on their ancient land, after so long, and because they still stood, not moving an inch even though they were very different from the peoples around them. I took pride in those Assyrians surrounded by hostile nations who fought against all odds for an independent state in Assyria, and I felt anger when I learned how superpowers such as the English, during the World Wars, gave us promises, which were never fulfilled. I then understood that nobody really cared for our suffering, and that we, the young Assyrians, like our forefathers, must proudly continue fighting for our rights; otherwise, lose our identity and disappear.

I started to feel the pride associated with my Assyrian heritage at a very young age and as I grew older, it grew stronger within me, and as I grew wiser, I realized how important it was for me to carry my people's name. Being an Assyrian means, being united within my nation, and being united within myself. I am very proud to be an Assyrian with heritage from *Alqosh*, *Jeelo*, and *£ûr 'abdîn*, which is one of the main reasons my friend's call me the United Nations of Assyria. There is an inseparable emo-

tional bond between my Nation and I. I accept all of my people, even those who are not well aware of our history, loving all Assyrian communities, singing in eastern and western dialects, traveling in time and space from the clay tablets of Ashurbanipal's library, below earth, to the ancient monasteries, above the mountains, and feeling the pride in being the daughter of a Nation which gave birth to the first civilizations of mankind.

Today I remembered all the Assyrians who fled the homeland, the image of my great grandfather who walked from Turkey to Kiev, Russia! Wherever we live, those of us whose ancestors were lucky enough to escape the Genocide share an indestructible thread, which binds us as one, in addition to history, religion, culture and language, the story of our common suffering and of our strife to remain and resurrect again.

When I realized that our people, who contributed so much to the world and contributed so much to who I am, had been forgotten, I found my Assyrian turning point. This is when I started to want to prove that Assyrians do exist today, and that I am one of them. At one point in time one of my history teachers told me that *Assyrians are extinct, he said there is no such Nation, that the ancient Assyrians amalgamated with other cultures, and that we did not survive*. Ever since that day I have wanted the Assyrian culture and identity to survive within me, since I knew in my heart and in my mind that he was wrong. This is when I found out that not everything which is written in history books, is true, especially about my people. This is when I understood that truth was relative, and that if we do not stand for who we are, our truth



will never be known.

I believe I was born to be Assyrian, and to be proud of being Assyrian. One of my favorite pastimes is to share the Assyrian culture with people who are not from our background: food my mother taught me to cook, songs in our language, stories from long ago -*Gilgamesh*, *Enuma Elish*, and *Atra Hasis*, tales of kings and shepherds, memories of ancient glory and recent sufferings. I am proud of who we were, and who we are today, and who I am, as part of this Nation. I will never let anyone deny me the right to call myself Assyrian, and to honor my ancestors and their dreams.

Being an Assyrian means to me not only to defy time, but also defying everyone who thinks that our Nation did not survive. To be an Assyrian is to know that it does not matter which church we are from, because we are still one Nation, one people who speak one language, the same that Christ spoke. To be an Assyrian means to let everyone in our Nation help in the building of our home, a home with a foundation called nothing other than *uyada*, or *uyodo*, unity. Our minor differences, as Assyrians from different communities or dialects, are only due to our long history. Instead of fighting, we should accept one another because every one of us has something to offer our common home, the Assyrian Nation.

What I will do to preserve my Assyrian identity is to try to educate myself in who we were in ancient times, as well as who we are today, and what we need to do in order to survive in the future. An identity can only be preserved through the heart, when people relate to what they are preserving, and when they share true love for their Nation. When sincere love exists, the preservation of one's culture and identity becomes natural, even for Assyrians who never lived in the homeland, and didn't grow up around their countrymen and countrywomen.

How can I not feel pride for a people who survived so many acts of cruelty, and were literally crucified, yet still are living and breathing today on the earth? We, Assyrians, are survivors, and there shall be Assyrians on earth till the end of time! Whenever I discuss with fellow Assyrians our situation today, some people mention the theory that because of living in Diaspora, Assyrians will be extinct in a few generations, as will our language, and our culture and heritage. My answer to these thoughts is, and always will be; I was not born in my homeland, I didn't grow up around Assyrians, nor did I grow up in the Middle East, and if anyone should have lost his or her Assyrian identity, it would be me; but, if anyone has found it and kept it, it has also been me. This means the children of Assyria will find their way home, and they will never forget who they are and where they came from.

(Continued from page 29)



Notes

1. *The Doctrine of Sin In the Babylonian Religion*, Julian Morgenstern, P: 25, "Book Tree" Publishing, 2002
2. *The Origins of the Zodiac*, P: 172 - Courier Dover Publications, 2001
3. John Malcolm Russel, *Sinnacherib's Palace Without Rival At Nineveh*, P: 101
4. The king of a "kaldu" tribe, who entered Iraq in the last millennium B.C and controlled Babylon in 626 B.C, where it ruled for 87 years, according to the "International Standard Encyclopedia, these tribes came from "Delomn", today's Bahrain.
4. *Pazzuzu* is an evil spirit of the hot desert winds who looks for water, it has a demon head, eagle wings, lion paws and scorpion tail. Scorpions symbolized the "sons of Tiamat" that was killed by the God Ashur in the Assyrian Genesis, from which the Torah's Genesis was taken.
5. He was a Roman judge, member of the Areopagite juridical council, to whom St. Paul explained his Christian faith, then Dionysius believed in St. Paul's preaching and converted to Christianity, and later he became one of the Church philosophers.
6. *St. Augustine Gospels* - Cambridge, Corpus Christi College, MS 286, Portrait of Luke, Mark
7. Piece No.177, The national Museum of Bavaria, Germany
8. *Catholic Encyclopedia*, "Gospel of Saint Luke" "Refutatio", Hippolytus the Martyre Bishop of Rhome (170-326 AD), The System of the Naasseni, Book V, 7.9



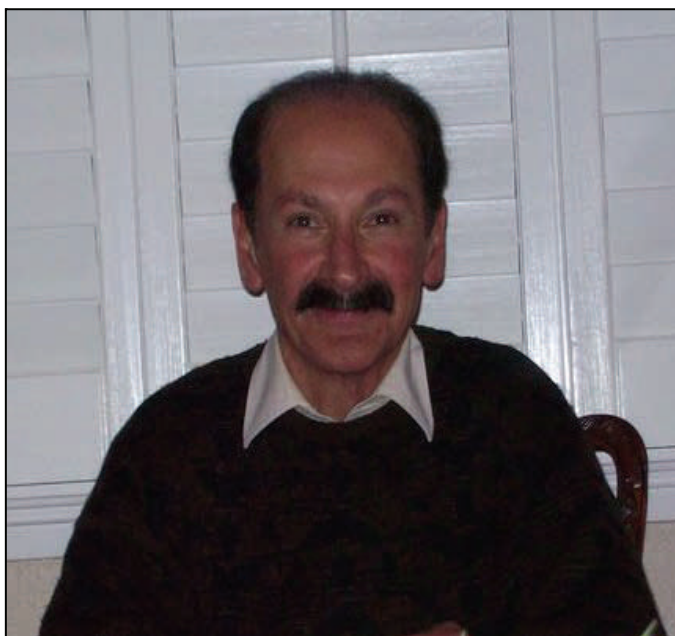
HONORABLE JUDGE PERSI J. MISHEL

By Donatella Yelda

Settlement Judge, Nevada Supreme Court.
1999 - Present

Administrative Law Judge, Arbitrator, Mediator for
Department of Business & Industry, Real Estate Division.
Nevada. 2004 - Present

Arbitrator, 8th Judicial District Court of Nevada.
2002 - Present



Arbitrator, 2th Judicial District Court of Nevada. 2004 -
Present

Arbitrator, *National Association of Securities Dealers*,
Nevada. 2003 – 2006.

Judge Persi Mishel received his Juris Doctorate degree in 1983 from Oklahoma City University, Law School. He received his Bachelor of Science Degree in Business Administration majoring in Management from UNLV (University of Nevada/Las Vegas) in 1980. He was admitted to the Oklahoma State Bar in 1983, to the Nevada State Bar in 1984, and to practice in the Northern District Federal Court of California in 1990. And from 1999 to 2001 Judge Mishel was the President of Assyrian American Society of Las Vegas, Nevada. .

Can you tell us about your family background?

I was born in Abadan, Iran. My father's name was John who was born in Kermanshah, Iran. My mother's name is Adelieh (AKA Adel). She was born in Ahwaz, Iran. I have a brother named Jack and a sister named Souzi who were also born in Abadan. My paternal grandfather, Polus came from Northwestern Iran, Urmia region, the village of Gharajoz and my grandmother, Mary came from Urmia region, village Golpashan. My maternal grandfather, Tobias came from Tel Kepeh Region in North Iraq, and my grandmother, Elizabeth came from Esfahan, Iran Julfa area.

I began my formal education at Shoshan Assyrian School in Abadan, Iran, where I studied the Assyrian language for seven years (except for Assyrian language and Bible studies, all the other courses were taught in Farsi). When I was 17 years old, we moved to Tehran, where I completed high school. On April 24, 1976, I moved to the US with the intent of furthering my education and returning to Iran. However, because my parents and siblings immigrated to the US, I decided to stay.

I met my wife, Florence Bit-David, in Los Angeles in 1987 and got married in San Jose in 1988. I moved to San Jose in 1989; however, I commuted from Nevada to San Jose for several years due to my employment and finally moved to San Jose on a full time basis in 1992 and started practicing law there. We have two children, a daughter named Sabrina and son named Narsi. We moved to Las Vegas, Nevada in 1996, where my family and I currently reside.

What made you decide to go into the legal profession?

One day in the fall of 1979, I was looking for a book in the UNLV book store. I accidentally saw a book titled "LSAT [Law School Admission Test] Preparation. I picked up the book and started reading it. I thought it would be challenging to study and take the LSAT. I took the LSAT in February 1980 and began law school in September of 1980. To answer your question, I would say, I found it challenging to study law and when I began to practice law, I found out that it is equally challenging.

What are the positions you currently hold in the judicial system and what made you decide to pursue the bench?

It was not until February 1999, that I decided to become a part-time judge. I had many years of experience as a trial lawyer and I wanted to serve the community better by working in other capacities such a judge, arbitrator, and mediator. Currently, I am an appointed Settlement Judge for the Nevada Supreme Court and Administrative Law Judge for the Department of Business and Industry, Real Estate Division. Additionally, I am a full-time state attorney. I am also arbitrator and mediator for different tribunals.

Can you please briefly describe the Nevada Judiciary Branches?

Like most states, Nevada has Small Claims Courts, Justice Courts, Municipal Courts, District Courts, and Supreme Court.

The Municipal Courts adjudicate cases involving violations of traffic and misdemeanor ordinances that occur within the city limits of incorporated municipalities.

The Justice Courts handle misdemeanor crime and traffic matters, small claims disputes, evictions, and other civil matters less than \$10,000.

The District Courts have general jurisdiction over all legal disputes. These are the courts where criminal, civil, family, and juvenile matters are generally resolved through arbitration, mediation, and bench or jury trials. The district courts in Nevada have mandatory arbitration for civil cases with damage claims up to \$50,000.00, with some exceptions. As one of the arbitrators for the district court, I hear cases and rule on them. The party that does not agree with my decision can appeal it to the district court and if a party does not agree with the district court's decision, that party can appeal it to the Nevada Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court is the state's highest court and its primary responsibility is to review and rule on appeals from District Court cases. The only difference between Nevada and most other states is that Nevada does not have an intermediary Appellate Court. If a party loses in the district court and wants to appeal the judge's decision, that party's only option is to appeal to the Nevada Supreme Court. Due to the lack intermediary courts, the Nevada Supreme Court has a substantial caseload. That is the reason our function as Settlement Judges is vital to the court because by facilitating settlement of the cases that are pending before the court, its caseload becomes more manageable.

What did you have to do/achieve to become a judge?

In Nevada, Settlement Judges are appointed by the Su-

preme Court based on evaluation of the applicant's education, training, and experience. Settlement judges are required to have a high degree of training and experience in mediation skills. Most settlement judges also have significant legal experience as practicing attorneys, including specialized experience in the unique issues that arise in appellate work. Besides my work experience, I attended workshops for training. Also each appointment is for three (3) years. My appointment expired on December 31, 2010. However, the Court has re-appointed me for three more years.

For those Assyrians interested in the legal field and/or who's ambition is to pursue the bench, what advice would you give them?

For those who are attorneys and aspire to become judges, I recommended they add to their practice Alternative Dispute Resolution (arbitration and mediation). For those who are already in law school, I recommend they start reading books regarding networking for new attorneys. Further, I recommend these students to consider earning an additional degree such as MBA, Accounting, or Engineering degrees to make themselves more marketable. For those who are interested in pursuing a legal education and career, I would recommend before they enter this field, they should ascertain the realities of practice of law. Unfortunately, the media does not show the realities of the practice of law. Hollywood portrays legal profession as highly lucrative. The reality is different from what the public sees on the TV or movies. The market is saturated with lawyers. It is very competitive market out there for new attorneys. Due to such high number of attorneys and scarcity of open positions, the salaries are low.

What are the best and worst parts of your job?

As an attorney for the state and as a part-time judge, arbitrator, and mediator I use my approximately 27 years experience in legal profession to help those who seek justice through our court system. It has been a rewarding career. However, due to the nature of my positions, I do not have sufficient time to spend on my interests and hobbies.

What are some of your hobbies and interests?

I enjoy reading about Assyrian history, the history of the Assyrian Church of the East, philosophy, communication, and art-related books. My hobbies are: humor writing, wood carving, drawing with graphite pencil or charcoal, and playing sports such as basketball and swimming.

Can you describe your hobby of wood carving?

I create images in wood by using hand tools such as chisels and gouges. The images can be geometric, decorative

The Fascinating Balanced Sacred Assyrian Tree of Life

By Benjamin Daniali

Dedicated to the noble Prof. Simo Parpola, whose contribution to the Assyrians is not any less than King Ashurbanipal. May Ashur Bless him always.

Everything started on January 17th, 2009, when Shamiram, my sister showed me the article, "The Mesopotamian Soul of Western Culture by Prof. Simo Parpola". The nine years of waiting to see the Assyrian numbers were suddenly over. I had come across the Jewish numbers in the year 2000 but never had a chance to find the Assyrian numbers. Finally, the numbers associated with the *ilāni rabûti* (great gods) of the Sacred Assyrian Tree of Life were in front of my very own eyes, shown on the Figure 4 of the mentioned masterpiece article.

Looking at those numbers, I noticed some patterns, so the pre-planned long calculation journey commenced. Deeper calculations led into more amazement, and the moment results displayed real patterns, it was time to inform Prof. Simo Parpola of the possible findings. The very next day, Prof. Parpola responded and wrote the following encouraging words:

"Dear Benjamin,

Many thanks for your message. I think you may have discovered something significant. Your numerological calculations resemble those found in the second-millennium BC esoteric work *I.nam.giš.hur.an.ki.a* edited and discussed by Alasdair Livingstone (a.livingstone@bham.ac.uk) in his Mystical and Mythological Explanatory Works of Assyrian and Babylonian Scholars (<https://www.eisenbrauns.com/ECOM/2KA0D7D1V.HTM>), pp. 17-52, so it is entirely possible that they were already inherent in ancient numerology of the Tree. Perhaps you could have a look at this text and publish your findings in the form of a short article, either on the Internet or in a scholarly journal (JAAS? SAAB?).

Best wishes,

Simo Parpola"

After a challenging year and half of research, meditation, and reviewing my work, the calculations are ready to be published while I shall mention that I am not a scholar, but an Assyrian IT professional with great passion towards the unrevealed knowledge of my beloved Assyrian ancestors. To ease the understanding of the approach in the calculations, the Tree of Life and Ashur shall first briefly be described as they are the most important aspects of the Assyrian doctrine. After all, King Ashurnasirpal II himself and his mirror image that has passed through the Tree clearly point to these aspects. [Figure 1]

The Sacred Assyrian Tree of Life: The Sacred Assyrian Tree of Life is the divine knowledge. The Tree is ancient wisdom. "It is a path for human to become a 'perfect-man' (insan kamil)" [1].

The Tree is a bridge between the world and God and His Heaven. It is a ladder to be climbed through ascetic life and a device to receive divine powers and knowledge.

"Tree generally represents the nature of the forces behind Creation on all levels, from microscopic to macrocosmic." [2]. The significance of the Tree is seen in the ancient



Figure 1

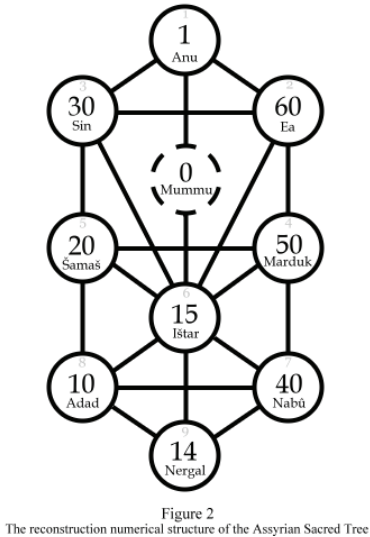
Slab B-23 of the throneroom of Ashurnasirpal II's Palace at Calah

world among Assyrians and Egyptians. Jews later on inherited the concept of the Tree, apparently from Babylon, slightly modified it and formed Sacred Teachings of Kabbalah, a Jewish mysticism which means, "Ghabel Alahah", in English, "Accept God/Receiving".

The Tree is seen at the second chapter of the Old Testament, and throughout the whole Bible. "And out of the ground made the LORD God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; **the tree of life** also in the midst of the garden, and **the tree of knowledge** of good and evil." (Genesis 2:9). And amazingly enough, even the very last verse of the Bible refer to the Tree of Life.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to **the tree of life**, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Revelation 22:14). One is about to discover the secrets because the Assyrians doctrines were guarded as "secrets of heaven and earth" that were passed on to a limited number of initiates only. [3] The use of terms such as, *mūdû mūdâ likallim lâ mūdû aj imur*, "Let the learned instruct the learned, the ignorant my not see." And, *pirištu ša ilāni rabûti*, "Secret of the great gods" resemble the confidentiality of their knowledge same as the Tree of Life in Christianity and Judaism. For example the Kabbalah was kept a secret for centuries, and only Jewish married men over the age 40 were allowed to learn the

teachings. The body of the Assyrian Tree is constructed by nine great gods, all of whom are Ashur's powers. And Ashur, the creator of himself and the universe is the Al-mighty God, unseen but existent, Ashur is the source of all manifest divine powers. Ashur could not be known directly neither by human nor even by gods, all of whom he created. His nature is not fully comprehensible, but Ashur is the "sum total" of all gods.



The spelling of *aš* in Ashur's name could be analyzed not only as "The Only God" but also as "God is One," and "The Hidden God". The winged disk, a symbol of the sun, symbolized him as the infinite ocean of light engulfing the visible world and radiating its brightness into it. [1] Ashur is surrounded by the flames in his insignia.



Interestingly, Exodus narrates how Moses sees God as the flames of fire and asks His name: "And the angel of the LORD appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." (Exodus 3:2). "And Moses said unto God, Behold, when I come unto the children of Israel, and shall say unto them, The God of your fathers hath sent me unto you; and they shall say to me, What is his name? what shall I say unto them?" (Exodus 3:13)

And Lord replies that His name is Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh (Hebrew: אֶהְיֶה אֲשֶׁר אֶהְיֶה *Ehyeh Asher Ehyeh*) How close the name phonetically could be between Ashur and "Asher"? I strongly believe the three Hebrew letters "Aleph", "Shin", "Resh" (אֶשֶׁר *asher*) could also be pronounced as "Ashur" as the same case implies to the modern Assyrian language. He is the same God, the God of Assyria, of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob. His name is Ashur, and hence the monotheistic religion of Assyria. "The Assyrians were monotheists before Christ and Christians after him, and the past therefore led on to the present without a break." [4]. The nine powers of Ashur (the great gods) each have a name, number, and function.

Order	Name	Function	Associated Number
1	Anu	authority	1
2	Ea	wisdom and knowledge	60
3	Sin	purity and prudence	30
4	Marduk	creativity and mercy	50
5	Šamaš	justice and righteousness	20
6	Ištar	love and beauty	15
7	Ninorta	victory	40
8	Adad	glory	10
9	Nergal	destructive / sexual power	14

Figure 3
The great gods (*ilani rabūti*) and the numbers and function(s) associated to each god

And if one is curious to ask why nine, the answer would be, the Assyrians believed nine was an optimum number. Systems built based on nine, mysteriously and magically were more optimum. And to support the idea, some traces of nine shall be mentioned, for instance, nine planets in our solar system, nine levels of angels, the highest single digit number, nine ministers in the ancient "Assyrian Cabinet", nine levels of priesthood in the Assyrian Church, and nine natural months of pregnancy for human being.

The Tree has three pillars. Strikingly similar to the Christianity the Trinity is the basis of the Assyrian doctrine. Assyrians believed in Ashur to be the father, Mullissue/Ištar the mother, and the son who was the King of Assyria sent upon man for his salvation. It is no wonder Assyrians converted to Christianity as a nation in early years of the first century AD and welcomed Jesus in their hearts so quickly, and no wonder Tatian, the Assyrian taught the Holy Trinity in the second century to the Greeks.

The winged disk displayed in the [Figure 4] is similar to Ashur, but she is Ištar, the mother representing the love, spirit, and energy.

"The portrayal of the Word of God as a female entity in Judaism (Shekhinah) has a parallel in Mesopotamia: Ištar as the Word of God. In the Assyrian oracles, called the 'words of Ištar,' the goddess speaks as the mother aspect of the supreme god, but can also be viewed as god's 'spirit' or 'breath,' which resides in the heart of the prophet, inspires him or her, and speaks through his or her lips, thus being the functional equivalent of the Biblical 'Spirit of God' (the 'Holy Spirit'). It should be noted that the Biblical Holy

Spirit was likewise originally female, and the masculine gender of the Christian Holy Spirit (the third Person of the Trinity) is only the result of a relatively late (4th century) development. Thus, in both cases, the word of God is viewed as a female entity that unites with a human: with the prophet in Assyria, and with the Zaddiq in Jewish mysticism. The Christian Holy Spirit has been equated with the Old Testament prophetic Spirit since the early second century and made explicit in the formulation of the Nicene Creed (4th century): 'We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life, who ... has spoken through the prophets.'" [5]. In our modern Assyrian language, the Holy Spirit "Rookha d' Ghoodcha" is female in gender. A close look at Istar shows her arms shaped as a cross, and hands pierced with nails. Who else's arms where shaped like a cross and hands pierced during history except Jesus, the son of male God and female Holy Spirit?



Figure 4
Istar with the pierced hands

Istar, being all energy has been associated with rainbow, and she was God’s weapon against sin and death. [1] Undoubtedly, Ashur holds a bow in his insignia, and the bow ends in flames of energy. About two weeks ago, while studying Istar and rainbow as her weapon, this idea suddenly came to me that until this day, we, the modern Assyrians call rainbow, “Gheeshti Maran”, it would translate to “Bow God” or “My Bow, God”. The term “Maran” in the modern Assyrian language is used to refer to Jesus and God.

Now we could also conclude the name of Al-Ghoosh, the current Assyrian village located in the heart of Assyria (Nineveh), has also been driven from the two words, “Alaha” meaning God, and “Gheeshta” meaning “bow”. On the reconstructed numerical Assyrian Tree, Istar is centered and she is the only one who interacts with all other gods/powers. Most likely due to her nature, she is the medium between all interactions taking place between the powers [Figure 2]. Isn’t it interesting that the symbol of “love” is the center of the Tree, and it is “love” that plays the role of the medium? “God is Love” (1 John 4:8)

Back to our brief description of the Tree, the Sin, Šamaš, and Adad are placed on the left pillar, the Anu, Istar, and Nergal in the middle, and the Ea, Marduk, and Ninorta to the right. Detached and on the top of the Tree, Ashur is being seen as the God. The Nergal, king of earth, at the root of the tree represents the physical world we live in. The other gods are the celestial powers.

Numerical Tree: Prof. Parpola in “Monotheism in Ancient Assyria” writes: “A closer study of the ‘numerical tree’ reveals that considerations of harmony and balance also played a role in its planning. The numbers of the middle column, when added up, yield 30, the median number of the sexagesimal system, which beautifully agrees with the position of the column between the two rows of symmetrically decreasing tens to the right and left. At first sight, the left and right columns seem to upset the numerical balance of the ‘tree,’ the numbers on the left being consistently smaller than those on the right. However, taking the left-hand numbers as negative, each pair of opposite tens yields the same ‘number of balance’ (30) as the middle column: 60 – 30 = 30, 50 – 20 = 30, 40 – 10 = 30! The right and left ‘branches’ of the ‘tree’ thus balance out each other. The sum of the ‘branches’ and the ‘trunk’ (4 x 30 = 120) added to the total of the individual numbers (1 + 10 + 14 + 15 + 20 + 30 + 40 + 50 + 60 = 240) yields 360, a significant number in Assyrian royal ideology. The 360 has been a sacred number in Assyria, and the Assyrians based their calendar on 12 x 30 days = 360 days. Fact or fiction, ever since Assyrians stopped using their ancient 360 day calendar, they have not lived life of a happy sovereign nation.

Digital root:Most of the following calculations are being done based on the digital roots of the numbers. The method is to add all the digits in a number until obtaining the single digit, for example the digital root of the number 360 is nine as 3 + 6 + 0 = 9 and the digital root of 6760 is one.

$$6 + 7 + 6 + 0 = 19$$

$$1 + 9 = 10$$

$$1 + 0 = 1$$

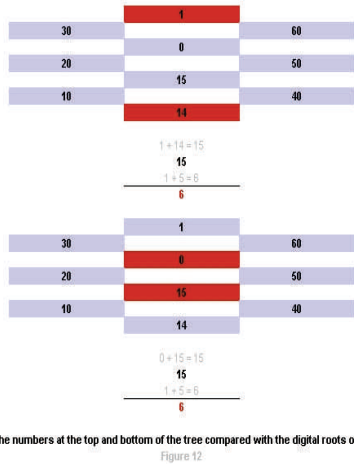
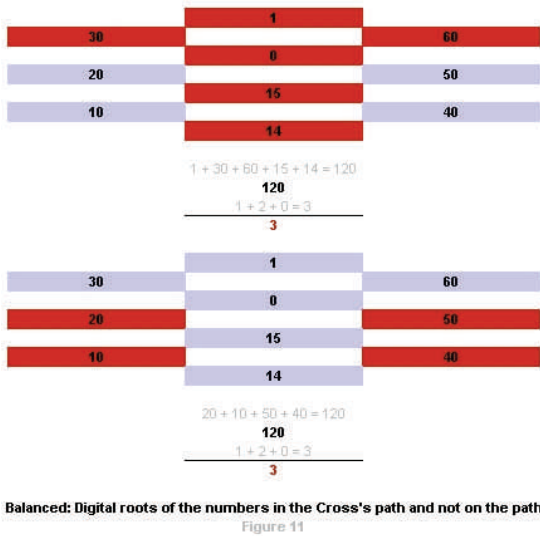
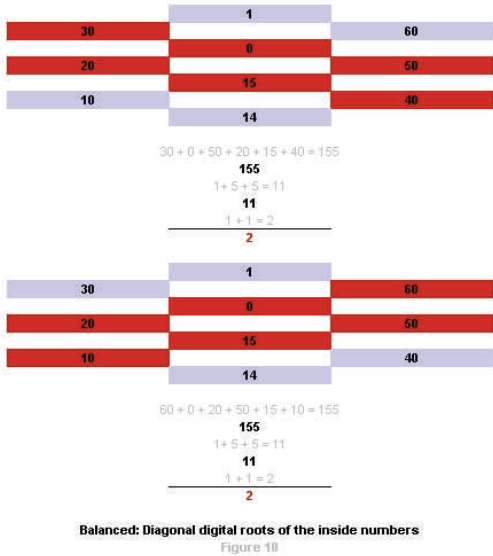
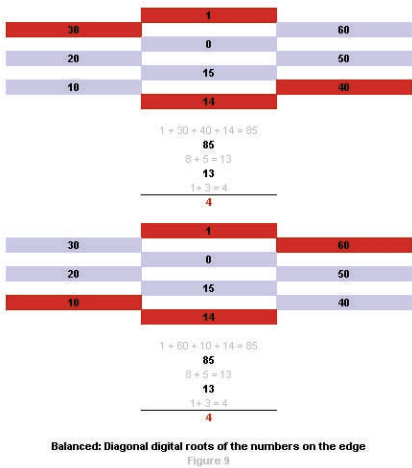
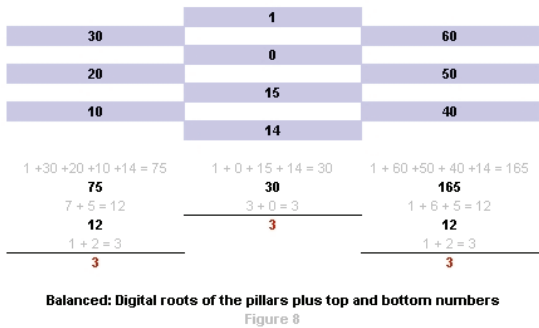
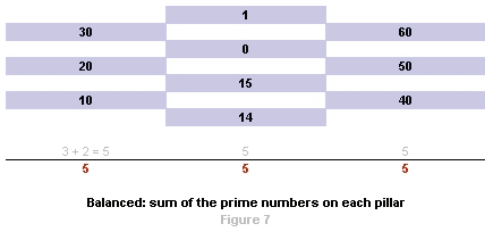
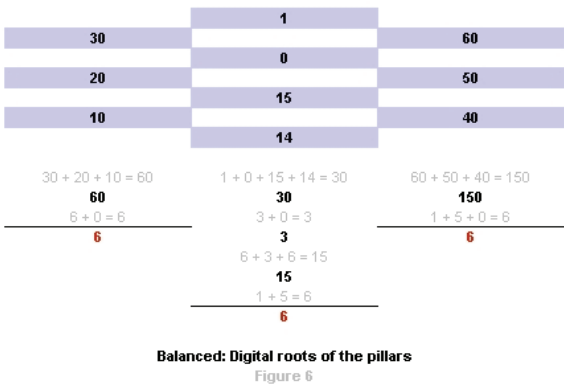
Alap	1	2
Šreem	300	3
Vav	6	6
Resli	200	2
Ashur	507	3
=> 5 + 0 + 7 = 12		
=> 1 + 2 = 3		
		3

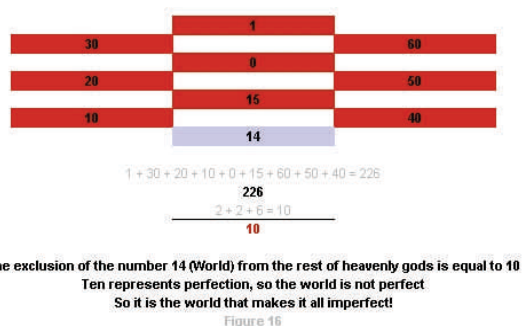
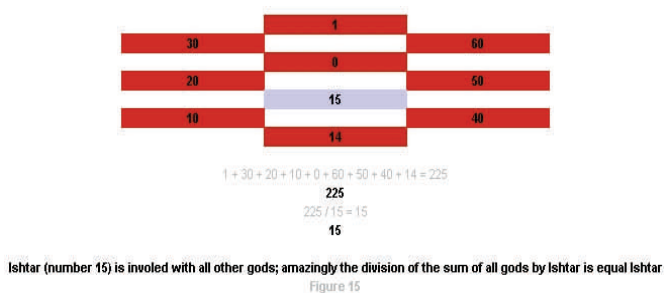
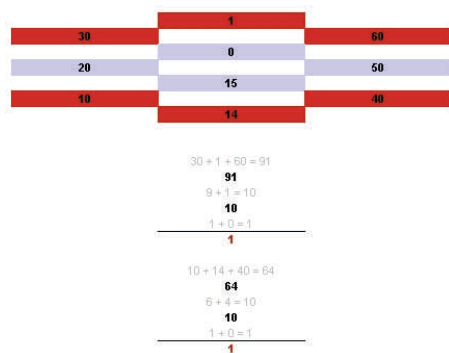
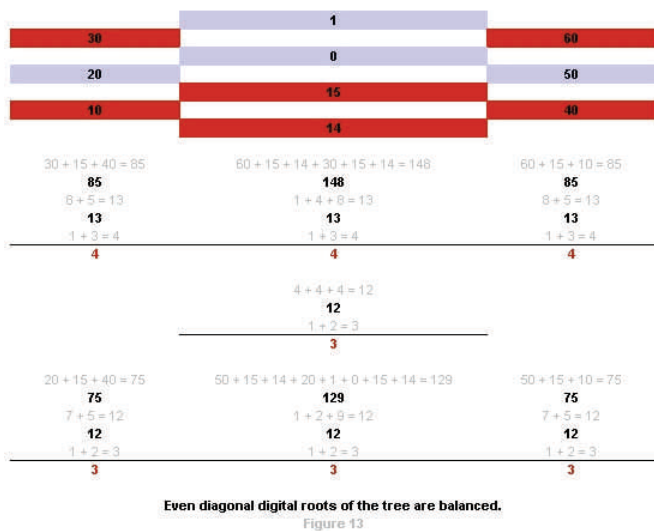
Figure 5
The digital root of the word Ashur is equal 3 which represents Trisity.

The digital root could also be achieved based on the number associated with each alphabet, for example the digital root of the word “Ashur” in the modern Assyrian language is equal to three. The number three represents Trinity in biblical numerology. Once again, another supporting idea to the fact that Ashur is God.

Fascinating Balance in the Tree: The main pattern revealed by calculating the digital roots of the numbers of the Tree strongly demonstrates the sheer fact of existence

of balance and harmony. As you can see in the below figures, I tried to approach the Tree from different angles. Each time, the result was mysteriously balanced which left me no other choices except to conclude by admitting to the genius design of the Tree something far beyond a mere coincidence! The following are my findings.





But why people of the ancient world should have emphasized on balance and harmony? Most likely the answer relies in the absolute “perfection” that could only be achieved in the physical and metaphysical world throughout the balance. “Equation with the tree was a sign of perfection: Gilgamesh, the ‘perfect king,’ was a man who according to the Assyrian spelling of his name ‘equaled the tree of balance.” [1]. *ilāni rabūti*, the great gods, played a great role in the life of the Assyrians, the gods, as Ashur’s powers were presented as numbers, as one whole celestial body, as family, as government’s cabinet, and as colors. Thus, Assyrians lived literally among the waves and radiations of Ashur surrounding their daily life, in mathematics, art, religion, literature, and music while trying to achieve Ashur’s perfection. On a physical level, today, modern human enjoys the life more when balance is established in every aspect of life, and that is the perfection, and lack of balance, imbalance, shall end up in rejection, destruction, and chaos.

Beside the valuable message of balance, I strongly dare to believe the Sacred Assyrian Tree of Life’s wisdom has more to offer. The genius way the numbers are arranged, the Tree must have a real physical application that has been hidden for millenniums. The questions flooding in my mind these days are, is the Tree an optimum matrix? Is the Tree an undiscovered formula in science such as math, physics, chemistry, or even astronomy? The road ahead would be to seek answers to these questions. Perhaps, one day, if any intelligent application discovered in the Tree, it would be the way to bring the perfection to the world, the perfection and peace that comes from no one except the God, Ashur.

Note of Gratitude:

- To my sister, Shamriam (Shammuramat) Daniali; none of the above was possible without her knowledge and support.
- Bet-Nahrain Organization and Dr. Sargon Dadisho for providing remarkably fertile platform and advocating the truth about the Sacred Assyrian Tree of Life
- Anabell St Vincent of Assyrian Universal Alliance (Australia Chapter) for her help and support
- Assyriology society around the world, all of whom efforts shall deeply be appreciated and not forgotten by the modern Assyrians

Resources:

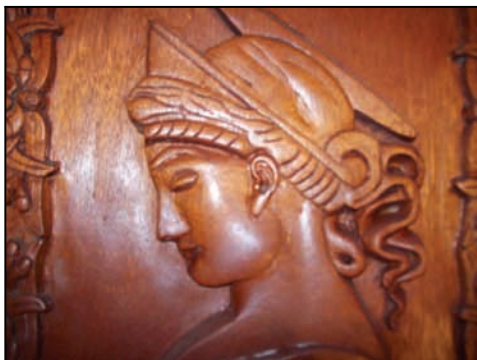
- [1] Monotheism in Ancient Assyria by Professor Simo Parpola
- [2] The Tree of Life Crop Circle Formation by Joseph E. Mason
- [3] The Mesopotamian Soul of Western Culture by Professor Simo Parpola
- [4] Patricia Crone and Michael Cook, Hagarism: The Making of the Islamic World (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1977), p. 57. On the conversion of Syria and Mesopotamia to Christianity
- [5] Lapinkivi 2004, 228Lapinkivi, Pirjo. The Sumerian Sacred Marriage in the Light of Comparative Evidence. State Archives of Assyria Studies 15. Helsinki: The Neo-Assyrian Text Coprus Project 2004.

(such leaves, flowers, or trees), animals, or humans faces and figures. The style I use can be incision, chip, low relief, high relief, and round carving. The patterns I use are from the art books, the Internet, or my own drawings, or combination of those sources. I transfer the pattern on the wood using a pencil and then begin carving it by removing part of the wood to create and shape the image. This form of art is labor intensive and time consuming. However, it is very rewarding. The finished product can last thousands of years. I keep most of my art work and on rare occasions give a gift to special friends.

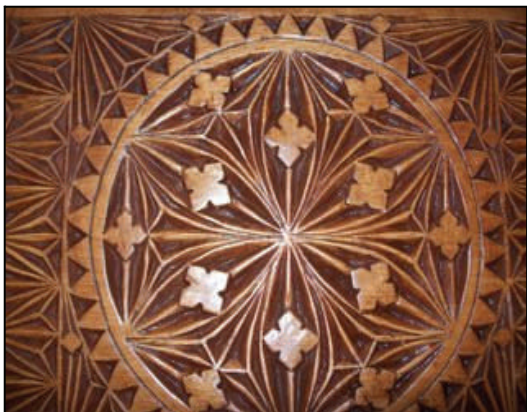
Like most art-related hobbies, it is creative; however, unlike stone, alabaster, marble, and etc., wood is alive. When I carve images, especially human faces and figures, I



Station 11 of the Stations of the Cross"
Approximately 120 hours to finish.
Only hand tools used



*“Medieval
Woman with
Decorative Carv-
ing”*
Approximately
120 hours to fin-
ish.
Only hand tools
used



become very
*“Geomet-
 ric”*
 Approxi-
 mately 30
 hours to
 finish.
 Only hand
 tools used

"Leaves and Geometric. Geometric"
Approximately 30 hours to finish.
Only hand tools used



“Roman Cornice Geometric”
Approximately 35 hours to finish.
Only hand tools used



“Realistic human face with decorative Gothic patterns”
Approximately 55 hours to finish.
Only hand tools used



Assyriska FF (AFF) - The pleasure of Assyrian soccer

By Sargon Maraha

There are many of us that love our soccer team Assyriska FF (Assyrisk fotbolls förbundet - Assyrian soccer association), also known as the national team of the Assyrians. For Assyrians living in Sweden, Assyriska has become a thing of the past that has been taken for granted. This becomes most evident when visitors from abroad show up with the greatest desire to watch Assyriska play.

Assyriska supporters top off at about 3,000 fans, despite the fact 100,000 Assyrians live in Sweden. Greatness isn't measured in numbers. The popularity of the team across the world is due in part to their proud fans.

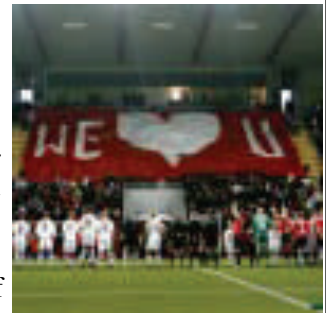
But how did it all begin? Assyriska was founded in 1974 in Södertälje, Sweden by Assyrian refugees from *Tur Abdin* and *Zalin*, (southeast Turkey and northeast Syria). Assyriska began playing in the amateur leagues and gradually advanced from 8th division to the 4th division, where they spent five seasons: 1985-1989.

In 1990, Assyriska reached division 2 ranking and began a youth program called *Superettan*. After seven rounds in Division 1 North, Assyriska was knocked out due to

player injuries and inexperience. The Swedish news was covering the team and its successes, which in turn created its fans base.

In 1993 Assyriska advanced and remained in Division 1 North, during 1994-2005. Assyriska managed to create and established a well-respected trademark in the Swedish soccer world and Swedish trade and industry. Assyriska's style of playing is described as fast and technical. This is unique in Swedish soccer, since football in Sweden generally is characterized by playing the ball high and long.

The team also represented modern and multicultural Sweden, a symbol that everyone is welcomed to be a fan regardless of ethnicity or religion. It is part of integration and public sport activities that Assyriska sponsors, largely with its 30 youth teams that involve 500 active children and teenagers.



In 2005, when Assyriska advanced to the highest division (Swedish premier league) in Sweden, called Allsvenskan, the club was covered by international media; from Italy to Japan. As Europe's first immigrant team advanced to the highest division everyone wanted to be on the bandwagon, including the Swedish people.

The greatest achievement of Assyriska was the advancement to Allsvenskan in 2005. Assyriska took the step up to Allsvenskan at the expense of Örebro SK, which lost to Superettan because the club could not cope with the costs of holding an elite license. The reason of why Assyriska got the free place was that the

Assyriska's fans spread throughout the world however they can always use more team support. With each win comes notoriety and Assyrian representation amongst other leagues in the world. In Allsvenskan (Swedish Premier League) during the season 2004, Assyriska initiated a demonstration against the Assyrian Genocide *Seyfo* in 1915 enforced by Turks and Kurds. The demonstrations impact was so great that Turkish government wrote several letters to the Swedish Soccer Association suggesting their disappointment in the team's political activity. In turn, this resulted in a new Swedish Soccer Association law prohibiting teams from making political statements.



The saga continues...

Advertisement



GENOCIDE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

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“In *Genocide in the Middle East*, Hannibal Travis breaks new ground in genocide studies by unveiling the full panoply of genocidal processes in the Middle East and West Asia as no previous scholar has. But he does much more: in terms of its twentieth and twenty-first-century coverage, this is simply the most expansive, detailed, and up-to-date history of genocide we possess.”

— Adam Jones, Associate Professor, Political Science, University of British Columbia Okanagan, and author of *Genocide: A Comprehensive Introduction* (London: Routledge, 2006)

Genocide in the Middle East describes the genocides of the Armenians, Greeks, and Assyrians of the Ottoman Empire in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries; of the Kurds and other persons living under Saddam Hussein in northern Iraq in the late 1980s; and of the Dinka, Nuba, Fur, Masalit, and Zaghawa peoples of Sudan from the 1970s to the present. Travis situates these crimes in their historical context, as outgrowths of intolerant religious traditions, imperialism and the rise of the nation-state, Cold War insurgencies and counterinsurgencies, and the global competition for resources and markets at the expense of indigenous peoples. He engages in a thorough investigation of the case law on genocide, including detailed accounts of the prosecutions of the leaders of the Ottoman Empire after World War I, of Saddam Hussein and other Iraqi officials after Operation Iraqi Freedom, and of President Omar Hassan al-Bashir and other leaders of Sudan by the International Criminal Court. Finally, the book explores emerging problems of genocidal terrorism, cultural genocide, and structural genocide due to starvation disease, and displacement.

Sargon and Samira Hermes celebrated their 50th Golden Anniversary on a cruise ship to the Mexican Riviera with members of the family. Sargon and Samira were married in



Baghdad, Iraq on December 2nd 1960. They were blessed with four children: Mona, May, Maha, Samy and one grandson

Andrew. They have been members of the Assyrian Foundation of America for the past thirty years. They reside in Pinole, California close to their children and the extended Hermes family.



Nineveh and the Assyrian Foundation of America join the Tamraz and Maraha family in congratulating the happy and proud parents Ninwe and Fredy Tamraz for the Baptism of their son Ashur Amarsin Tamraz on Aug 29, 2010. Ashur was born June 14, 2010.

By Flora Kingsbury

When I first met Bob Kingsbury, he asked me what my nationality was. I said, "I'm Assyrian". He said that it was not possible; "Assyrian? You can only find them in books and museums. Your people lost their empire in 612 BC". He always used to say that Assyria was the Cradle of Civilization. In his years married to an Assyrian, and his years as a member of the Assyrian Foundation of America, he continued to learn more and more about our culture and history.

Bob, whose mother was a teacher and librarian, was always concerned with education and learning. He was grateful



who received scholarships for their college education. He was very proud when they both became teachers and continued the tradition of education in the Kingsbury family.

Hana Laurel is the granddaughter of Bob and Flora Kingsbury, also the great granddaughter of Râbî Babajan and Shooshan Ashouri. As many of you, especially those from Mushava (an Assyrian village in the plain of Urmi, Iran) know, Râbî Babajan Ashouri had written three books along with numerous other articles, short stories, and poems in Assyrian. In 1973, Bob and I spent a week in Mushava (Iran). There, the Mushava Society awarded Bob citizenship of Mushawa.

To honor his memory, and his love of education and the Assyrian Foundation, we would like to donate \$500.00 towards the educational programs of the AFA.

Editor's note: Mr. Bob Kingsbury was a devoted member of the Assyrian Foundation of America. He was loved and very much appreciated by all the AFA members. He passed away August 2009. May he rest in Peace.

“bas k-have qdālulḥ sīrā b-šišiltā?
Bas lē-vit ḥīrā d-aḥ d-bāyyit ḥādrīt?
U-l-īkā d-basmā-luḥ u-l-kul dūkā ōrit?”
“aḥ d-bīmārēvit, lā, albattā lā,
u-lit zyānā b-āhā, hammin āllī, lā.”
“zyānā rābe-li u-lē-li d-qābūle,
har lē qablinne ap b-šarte u-qōle,
dī qa d-ḥīrūtī le maḥlipinnā,
b-mindī u-b-meḥultā har le yāvinnā.”
āhā hēmizman dīvā purqā-le,
u-l-mēšāti riqle u-hiš birrāqē-li.

[illegible]

<p>Ḥīrūtā b-miskīnūtā Biš špây-lâ Min dāviltā b-asīrūtā!</p>	<p>هَيْدُوتَا بَمِسْكِينُوتَا بِي شَپَايْ-لَا مِّنْ دَاوِيلْتَا ب_أَسِيرُوتَا!</p>
<p>Freedom in poverty is better than wealth in servitude!</p>	<p>هَيْدُوتَا بَمِسْكِينُوتَا بِي شَپَايْ-لَا مِّنْ دَاوِيلْتَا ب_أَسِيرُوتَا!</p>

The Wolf and the Dog

A prowling wolf, whose shaggy skin
(So strict the watch of dogs had been)
Hid little but his bones,
Once met a mastiff dog astray.
A prouder, fatter, sleeker Tray,
No human mortal owns.
Sir Wolf in famished plight,
Would fain have made a ration
On his fat relation;
But then he first must fight;
And well the dog seemed able
To save from wolfish table
His carcass snug and tight.
So, then, in civil conversation
The wolf expressed his admiration
Of Tray's fine case. Said Tray, politely,
"Yourself, good sir, may be as sightly;
Quit but the woods, advised by me.
For all your fellows here, I see,
Are shabby wretches, lean and gaunt,
Belike to die of haggard want.
With such a pack, of course it follows,
One fights for every bit he swallows.
Come, then, with me, and share
On equal terms our princely fare."
"But what with you Has one to do?"
Inquires the wolf. "Light work indeed,"
Replies the dog; "you only need

To bark a little now and then,
To chase off duns and beggar men,
To fawn on friends that come or go forth,
Your master please, and so forth;
For which you have to eat
All sorts of well-cooked meat—
Cold pullets, pigeons, savoury messes—
Besides unnumbered fond caresses."
The wolf, by force of appetite,\
Accepts the terms outright,
Tears glistening in his eyes.
But faring on, he spies
A galled spot on the mastiff's neck.
"What's that?" he cries. "O, nothing but a speck."
"A speck?" "Ay, ay; It's not enough to pain me;
Perhaps the collar's mark by which they chain me."
"Chain! chain you! What! run you not, then,
Just where you please, and when?"
"Not always, sir; but what of that?"
"Enough for me, to spoil your fat!
It ought to be a precious price
Which could to servile chains entice;
For me, I'll shun them while I have wit."
So ran Sir Wolf, and runs yet.

Phonetic guide:

A: FrAnscisco
 Ā: gĀther
 Â: fÂther
 E: gEt
 Ē: JosĒ
 I: hIt
 Ī: hEAt
 O: shOrt
 Ō: gŌ
 U: pUt
 Ū: fOOd
 ’: co’operate
 Ć: church
 Ğ: French “R”, غ
 >: “KH”, خ
 Q: ق
 Š: Shine
 &: ص
 £: ط

šēšit-le ʔupruḥ u-pâltit lišānuḥ;
 u-âl d-ānī d-qēsi dvīqe-na b-īde,
 jullē purpiṭte u-laḥmē b-mzīdē;
 d-lā jvājā m-duktuḥ ḥaččā bid nōḥit,
 u-in lâzim vī-lā haččā bid lōḥit.
 Mo gībā ḥīnā dukuḥ qurqiztā,
 hammāšā b-dartā pištā muryiztā;
 b-qēṭā bid damḥit gō ṭlānītā,
 b-sitvā gō qinnā b-ḥdā qurnītā,
 pišlā mīḥultuḥ bid hōyā prītā,
 kulyum b-dānō qāmuḥ mūyītā;
 garmi d-qāruvve ap d-ktāyāte,
 u-d-kul tāhar d-ṭēri u-šarkā d-yōnāti.
 miyyā d-ḥâlâlâtā u-parpēta d-māni;
 an d-it-vā biyyē zādi mišḥāni;
 švuq min d-anni kmā bid maḥibbī-luḥ;
 kul d-âvir m-kisluḥ har bid matnī-luḥ;
 bid ṭālī biyyuḥ u-ḥāṣuḥ b-parḥīle,
 u-čim nīḥā-nīḥā bid ṭapṭipile.”
 kad šmīle dīvā anne ḥābrâne,
 ḥšivā-le gāne b-jargā d-tuvvâne;
 bḥīle m-ḥādūte heyvân burinnâ,
 u-dūminnun âyne d-āhā šūinnā.
 Būqirre u-mirre: “it-lan ḥā qēsā,
 yârâb hal d-mâtâḥ l-āhā pirdēsā?”
 Kad ānī b-urḥā hō dīvā rīle,
 b-qdālā d-kalbā ḥā zūla ḥzīle,
 mirre: “qā mūdī miztā ntirtē-lā,
 b-palge d-qdāluḥ u-ḥaččā šiptē-lā?”
 “ḥā mindī lē-lā.” “daḥ mindī lē-lā?”
 “la taḥmin âllō.” “iltā mūdī-lā?”
 “āhā šōpe-li šōpā d-šišiltā.”

[illegible]

Dīvā u-kalbā

Min ktāvā d-ma'a matlē
byad mnāḥā mār tūmā Ōdō,
mātrân d-Urmī

Tâv^câ qāmāyā b'šīt 1909



چند جملے

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The Wolf and the Dog

From the *book of*
one hundred tales
by the late Mar
Touma Audo,
Bishop of Urmi
First printing, 1909

Hā dīvā pišle qā rābâ dānâ,
 ūjizzâ bšômâ u-bkipnâ zârbânâ;
 lâ hîlâ bisrâ u-lâ qrîṭâ garme.
 kulle pîše-vâ har gildâ u-garme.
 Ha yūmâ hzîle b-urḥâ hâ kalbâ,
 šāpîrâ u-milyâ u-triṣâ aḥ irbâ;
 blibbe čim bî-le d-pâliš-vâ âmme
 înâ hzîle d-bid parpisle pumme.
 Êga qurbinne b-râbâ mârdûtâ,
 Humzimle âmme b-ḥubbâ u-b-raḥmûtâ;
 U-vîle biḥqârâ gūrûte u-šupre,
 u-ḥizve lâhūmâ u-trîṣûtâ d-pâgre.
 Jūvible kalbâ u-mirre, “in bâyyit
 ap ât ki mâšit d-aḥ diyî hâvit;
 biš špây-lâ d-šōqit anni mēšâti,
 u-yatvit âm nâše u-damḥit b-dârâte,
 d-kullōḥun kpînetun u-bâgîre,
 kîsōḥun spiqta u-čannōḥun zqîre.”
 Murmâle dīvâ u-mirre: “mūḥibbî,
 in âtin âmmuḥ mūdî-le šûlî?”
 “la taḥmin râbâ, čim qālûlē-li,
 kulle pulḥānuḥ u-šûluḥ âhē-li;
 qā nâše d-bētâ kulle bid šaprit,
 yâni qam pātē ḥaččâ bid šōrit,
 u-qam gūrâ d-bētâ mamkiḥ-la gānuḥ,

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מִדְּבָרֶיךָ

חֲבִיבִי: דְּבָרֶיךָ כִּינִי, שֶׁלֹּא אֶחָד

2

מִפֶּה לִמְדָנִי לְחַדְשֵׁנִי מִגֵּשׁ : אֲנִי מִדְּבָרֶיךָ לִשְׁמֹעַ
 כִּי אֵל בְּשִׁמְךָ חֶסֶד : אֲנִי מִדְּבָרֶיךָ לִשְׁמֹעַ
 יְיָ דִלְגָּתִי מִלְּבָבִי : כִּי תִּשְׁמָע מִדְּבָרֶיךָ
 כִּי אֵל וְיֵשׁ כִּדְמִי : חֲדָשׁ לִי דְּבָרֶיךָ

3

מִפֶּה וְדִבְרִי מִבְּרִי : חֲבִיבִי כִּי תִשְׁמָע
 כִּי דִבְרֶיךָ מִיָּד : מִדְּבָרֶיךָ כִּי תִשְׁמָע
 לִי כִּי תִשְׁמָע לְדִבְרִי : מִגֵּשׁ מִלְּבָבִי דְּבָרֶיךָ
 שֶׁלֹּא חֵל חֲבִיבִי תִשְׁמָע : אֲנִי חֲדָשׁ לִי מִדְּבָרֶיךָ

4

לִי חֲבִיבִי חֲדָשׁ : כִּי תִשְׁמָע לִי חֲדָשׁ
 מִיָּד אֵל לִבִּי דְּבָרֶיךָ : מִדְּבָרֶיךָ לִי חֲדָשׁ
 מִלְּבָבִי לִי חֲדָשׁ : כִּי אֵל חֲדָשׁ מִדְּבָרֶיךָ
 מִלְּבָבִי לִי חֲדָשׁ : מִדְּבָרֶיךָ מִדְּבָרֶיךָ

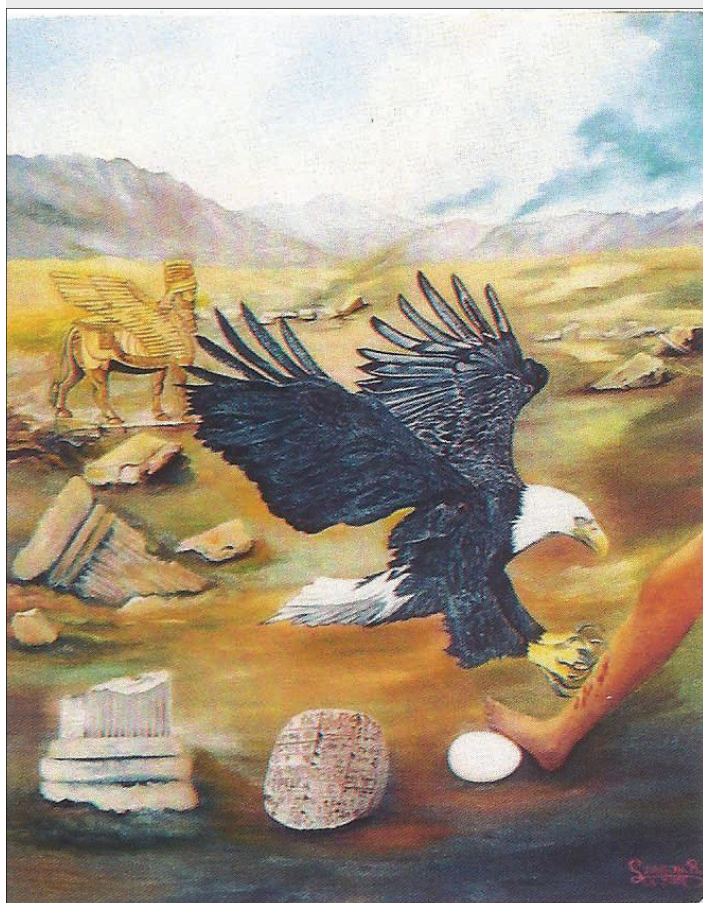
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לִי חֲבִיבִי חֲדָשׁ : כִּי תִשְׁמָע מִדְּבָרֶיךָ
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שטאק , הרבמא 34 , תשס"א 1

[illegible][illegible]

فَبَيِّنْهُ مَلِكًا ۖ وَ

[illegible]

حیدرآباد، یحییٰ خان، ۲۵ دسمبر ۱۹۷۱ء کو
 حیدرآباد میں دیکھ لیا گیا۔

[illegible]

Assyrian Foundation of America
P.O. box 2660
Berkeley, CA 94702

١. تھمڈ گجھ، بڊوڙو، دُتتہ جھ، (پنجتنہ جھ)، دچا قصب مہدیچہ کھ مکلاکے بجو، مں آساکے داسدیا دیکھدک

چمنہنساکے دیکھاک، سادو، تھمڈ۔



1964 تاسیس



نیوین

مجله تخصصی باستانشناسی و تاریخ

شماره 34، فصل 1؛ زمستان 1393 * 6760

