



NINEVEH

CULTURAL | EDUCATIONAL | SOCIAL

Akitu celebrations 2019



A CALL TO SHARE YOUR PANDEMIC STORIES

Dear Readers, AFA Members, and Friends,

The Covid-19 crisis has been a burdensome one for all of us worldwide. We have all dealt with it differently, and as best we can. Some of us have known illness, others have known tragedy, and others have managed to find a ray of hope amid the difficulties. No matter in which category you may fall, the staff of Nineveh Magazine, along with the board of the Assyrian Foundation of America, would like to call upon you to share your stories. In the next issue, we would like to honor the experiences of you and your loved ones.

If you would like to send us a contribution in memory of your deceased loved ones, to be published in our next issue, please prepare a 1-page document in Microsoft Word format (Times New Roman, 12-point) along with a photograph, if you wish. Please email your document to our editor Dr. Ninwe Maraha at editor@assyrianfoundation.org

We sincerely hope that you will participate in this endeavor to bring us all a little closer, not only as an Assyrian family, but as an entire human race that has endured a truly unusual time of great challenge.

*Sincerely,
Nineveh Magazine
The Staff of Nineveh Magazine and the Assyrian Foundation of America*

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Articles submitted for publication will be selected by the editorial staff on the basis of their relative merit to Assyrian literature, history, and current events.

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Preserving Assyria

A New Program at the Assyrian Studies Association

Alexandra J. Lazar, Executive Director of ASA



As the Assyrian Studies Association (ASA) approaches its 2nd anniversary on June 28, 2021, the achievement comes with a year ever-more committed to serving the Assyrian community. Through ASA's passion and commitment to preservation, the Association has impacted many lives worldwide through its new program, Preserving Assyria, and its supporting initiatives.

Ever aware of the growing need to have a program dedicated to protecting the Assyrian culture and identity, ASA created Preserving Assyria and its three initiatives: Heritage Archive, Oral History, and Giving Back – designed to educate, inspire, strengthen, and build connections between academic institutions and scholars from around the world. Originated from the need to bridge academic fields that have traditionally dabbled with Assyrian subjects from the ancient to the modern world, Preserving Assyria and its three initiatives aim to highlight research on the Assyrians from various academic fields and beyond, bringing them into concert with each other to illustrate a vibrant, robust, and authentic experience of Assyrian heritage.

Through the Heritage Archive Initiative, ASA digitally preserves, revitalizes, and restores out-of-print Assyrian books, photographs, and other historical documents to allow future generations of Assyri-

ans and scholars to use for their research. Since the inception of the initiative, ASA has been working hard to fundraise the purchase of an essential preservation equipment that is Federal Agencies Digital Guidelines Initiative (FADGI) compliant. With plans to use this equipment to fully digitize all Assyrian cultural heritage materials acquired, ASA's goal is to upload digitized pieces on their website to mitigate against the materials being lost, damaged, ruined, or placed in the wrong hands. The goal is to encourage academic research about the Assyrian cultural heritage by providing a free resource to academics and non-academics interested in Assyrian history. Unlike institutions that require a paid membership or physical presence to be able to access the materials, ASA is offering free access in an effort to encourage more research on the Assyrians from various academic fields.

Through our Oral History Initiative, ASA supports virtual projects that introduce a dialogue to the back-drop of archival materials. Within this initiative, ASA supports ethnographic films that historically record, document, and positively preserve Assyrian American communities' history across the United States. Currently, the Association is funding the ethnographic project, Assyrians in Motion 1937 Film by Dr. Ruth Kambar, a public-school English teacher and author

of Assyrians of Yonkers, and Annie Elias, a playwright and director in the San Francisco Bay area who specializes in the creation of documentary theater. Their film is the first ethnographic project ASA has funded under the Oral History initiative that documents Assyrian refugees living in the diaspora, having escaped ongoing erasure attempts, including the Assyrian Genocide of 1914-1917, to establish a new home in the United States. Uniquely, the film is mostly made up of silent vignettes that captures everyday scenes—picnics, church gatherings, funerals, dancing, playing music -- in the life of Assyrian American communities in 1937 Chicago, Yonkers, Elizabeth New Jersey, Philadelphia, and New Britain, among other places.

Lastly, under the Preserving Assyria program, ASA operates the Giving Back Initiative, where they actively provide grants to students, scholars, authors, and emerging authors to conduct research or publish works that introduce audiences to the rich Assyrian history, culture, and language. Within the past year, ASA created two grant opportunities open to all from around the world – Academic Publication Grant and the Children's/Popular Book Grant – and awarded a total of \$5,500 in grants. ASA's first grant recipient, Sanherib Ninos, a graduate student from Frankfurt, Germany, was awarded \$2,000 from the Academic Publication Grant to fund the continuation of his Ph.D.

dissertation research. His topic includes conducting research on the Assyrian crisis of identity and discourse of nationalism among the members of the Syriac-Orthodox Church in Germany.

Most recently, ASA announced the three winners of their Children's/Popular Book Grant - Rachel Sarah Thomas from Chicago, Illinois; Sarah Ego from Mannheim, Germany; and Ashor Sworesho from Ontario, Canada. Their upcoming publications will offer a close look into the Assyrian identity through a non-fiction memoir, children's songbook and dictionary, and a fiction coloring book for children learning the Assyrian tongue. Altogether, ASA has become the vessel for providing opportunities for Assyrians worldwide to help preserve the Assyrian culture for future generations to come.

As the Assyrian Studies Association approaches its 2nd year of operation, we are counting on your support to ensure our mission continues full force. We invite you to join us in celebrating this accomplishment and contributing to the Association's success so that we can provide more grants and financial support to Assyrians worldwide so they can embark on the journey to preserve the Assyrian culture and identity.



Sanherib Ninos, winner of Assyrian Studies Association's Academic Publication Grant.



Ashor Sworesho, one of the winners of the Assyrian Studies Association's Children's/Popular Book Grant.



Rachel Sarah Thomas, one of the winners of the Assyrian Studies Association's Children's/Popular Book Grant.



Sarah Ego, one of the winners of the Assyrian Studies Association's Children's/Popular Book Grant.

MAR ESHAI SHIMUN’S FIRST VILLAGE TOUR

By Christopher R. Nelson
Mar Shimun Memorial Foundation

In the fall of 1921, the newly elected Patriarch of the Church of the East, Mar Eshai Shimun, set off on his first tour of Assyrian villages in south-eastern Turkey with his Aunt, Surma Khanum. This two-week journey, documented in her unpublished private diaries and correspondence, occurred amid circumstances eerily similar to ours today in 2021. Then, as now, there was an epidemic (malaria in Mesopotamia; residual influenza in the US), increased sectarianism, racial unrest, and prolonged economic hardship—a state of affairs far more the norm than the exception for Assyrians throughout time. In the aftermath of the Great War, as both Americans and Assyrians were wearily stumbling into a new decade under new leadership, both peoples craved a semblance of normalcy. While Warren G. Harding was being sworn in as the 29th President of the United States, half a world away in Iraq, thirteen-year old Mar Eshai Shimun XXIII, was taking up the Sisyphean struggle for Assyrian survival.

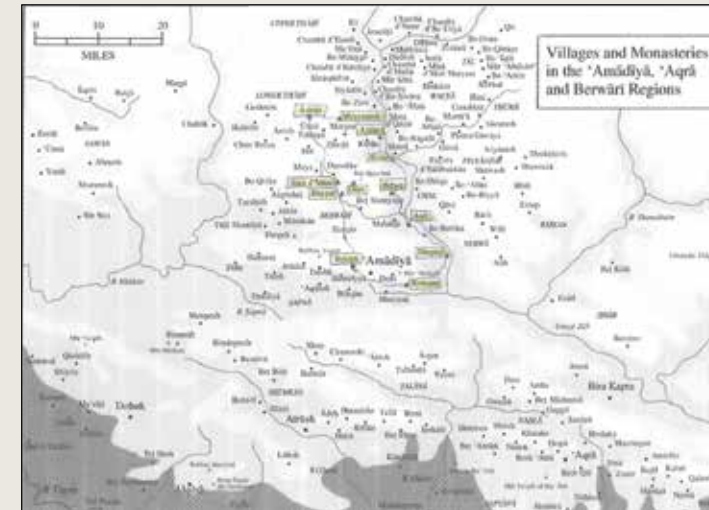
The Baqubah and Mindan refugee camps, to which over twenty-five thousand Assyrians had fled after siding with Russia and the Allies against their Turkish overlords in World War

One, were being closed by increasingly anxious British administrators. *“How does this matter stand? Are the refugees being repatriated? When will they be off our hands? What steps are [being] taken to accelerate their departure?”* demanded Secretary of War, Winston S. Churchill. It was at Baqubah in May of 1920 that Mar Eshai was consecrated patriarch after the unexpected death of his uncle, Mar Poulos, due to tuberculosis. Just two years earlier, the patriarch before him, his brother Mar Benyamin, had been treacherously assassinated by the Kurdish warlord Simku at a supposed “peace conference”. Because the patriarchal succession had been traditionally chosen from the Mar Shimun family for over six-hundred years, the powerful maliks (Assyrian tribal chieftains), responsible for electing the next patriarch, would hear of no other alternatives or exceptions. After all, boys his age had married, fought in battles, and (occasionally) become the hereditary successors of tribal and church leadership since time immemorial. Childhood was not a luxury many Assyrians in the Hakkari had ever known.

Fortunately, no better counsel and guide to the duties of patriarch, in whom religious and secular duties were inextricably intertwined, could

be found than Mar Eshai’s renowned and respected Aunt, Surma Khanum. Then thirty-eight years old, she had faithfully served and advised the previous three patriarchs (two brothers and an uncle), as had one aunt after another before her. She held an ecclesiastical rank within the church known as bar gyamtah (literally meaning “after the Resurrection”), and had been educated in her youth by the Anglican missionary William H. Browne. Upon the death of her brother Mar Poulos and announcement of the consecration of her nephew, she rushed back to Iraq from London where she had been on a diplomatic mission, working with the Archbishop of Canterbury for the assistance of Episcopalian American missionaries still active in Mosul.

At this time, there was great uncertainty about the northern borders of the newly formed Kingdom of Iraq, to which Faisal Hussein of Syria was proclaimed King in August, 1921. Assyrians overwhelmingly favored remaining under British protection though and were thus compelled to trust in their negotiations for their security. A second repatriation plan (the first, led by the Assyrian military commander Agha Petros, had failed a year earlier) was formulated where-



Amadiya Village Map



Hakkari Map

by Assyrians were encouraged to return to their homes in the nebulous border regions of the Mosul Vilayet. Robert Speer (1867-1947), Secretary of the Board of Presbyterian Missions in New York, who had been coordinating relief funds through Surma Khanum, sketches the backdrop for Mar Eshai’s inaugural village tour that fall: *“Barely half of the mountain people . . . are now struggling painfully back to their mountain homes. Their churches are destroyed, the Patriarch and his family are impoverished, the schools and churches which were the pride of the evangelical communities are gone, the new situation is one of great difficulty for all.”* Speer’s missionary colleague, E.W. McDowell, who had lived and worked with Assyrians since 1906 adds: *“Some of the mountaineers, being given their freedom, have gone outside the British lines and have settled in their own homes in Supna, Amadia, Barwar and Ashitha and lower Tyari. The house of Mar Shimun have been placed in a village close to Amadia. How safe it will be for these people, only time can determine. The remaining mountaineers, whose homes were still beyond reach, were settled in villages about Mosul, or rather to the north of Mosul and within the British lines. These number several thousand. These have been most unfortunate. They have been on the land for over a year but have not been able so far to make a living from it and have been reduced to almost famine conditions. Further to add to their misery, an epidemic of malaria broke out among them and, according to the report of the medical authorities, 99 per cent of them have been prostrated by it. . . . The victims of it have been left in a most debil-*

itated condition.”

The village in which the patriarchal family had temporarily settled was Bibaydi, just outside of Amadia (about 62 miles north of Mosul). This region was first observed by Western eyes in 1841 when the American missionary Asahel Grant described it as being, *“... Pleasantly situated in an extensive opening or undulating plain between the mountains, and . . . fertile in grain and fruit. The wheat is good and abundant, and the grapes are among the finest I have seen. The raisins made from them are an article of export, and are celebrated as the best brought into Persia; but the climate is deemed insalubrious, and successive wars have made sad havoc among the unfortunate population, who greatly need a good and stable government.”* But to thirteen-year old Mar Eshai, Bibaydi was simply a *“... very funny place.”* He gleefully informed his penpal and former Baquba camp playmate, John Neesan (grandson of Y.M. Neesan), of the *“... plenty of partrages and snakes”* to shoot at on his weekly hunts with his uncles Zaya d’Mar Shimun and Mar Yosip Khnanishu: *“My uncle everyday goes shooting and brings a partridge or two . . . but I have not shot anything,”* he laments. After apologizing for his poor grammar—because this is *“... my first later by English”*—he wishes his friend well before adding: *“I will be very glad if you write me each time in English.”*

The morning of November 9th 1921, when the patriarchal party set out on mules towards the village of Kumani, was certainly cooler than the heights

of the previous month when Gertrude Bell wrote her father from Baghdad: *“... The weather is unspeakable. These September days when the summer burns itself are the worst in the year—absolutely still, the white mist hangs heavy over the river at morning and evening. And you feel like a rag of the worst quality.”* While Mar Eshai’s aunt and the elder Qashas (priests) related stories of Tyari during the days of his great-uncle Mar Rowil (1841-1903), the young patriarch, who himself had fond memories of playing and wandering about with his older brother and cousins at the Patriarchal See high in the mountains of Qudshanis, saw now only ruins and desolation about him. *“Even the great walnut trees, fruit trees, and vines have been cut down for the Turks and Kurds drove all the people out during the War,”* remarked American missionary Frederick G. Coan who had preached, taught and traveled throughout the region since the 1880s.

[Ed. The following excerpts have been transcribed directly from Surma Khanum’s private papers in the Mar Shimun Memorial Foundation archives. I’ve added a few clarifying notes in brackets. The dates have been modernized from “Old Style” (Julian calendar) to “New Style” (Gregorian calendar), which accounts for the reference to the annual Church of the East festival of Mar Gewargis being later in November than it actually is today. -CN.]

November 9, 1921: *“We started from Bibaydi to Kumani. The people were unaware of our coming till we came near*



Ashita (1912)



d'Mar Shimun, Surma,
Mar Eshai & Mar Yosip - 1928



Mar Eshai in Mosul, early 1920's

the village and sent a messenger to inform them: all that had not gone to work with women and children came to meet us just when going into the village. They were full of joy at seeing Mar Shimun. We had to dismount our mules that they might kiss Mar Shimun's hand and it took a time. Blessing of the children and the unwell babies brought with their mothers to ask the prayer, some of the people with their joyful faces looking up to heaven and thanking God to have let them see this great day, of Mar Shimun coming to visit them, etc. At last were taken to Rayis' [village head] house to be his guests. He himself came late, had gone to sow his field, and was very sorry that we had not let him know in time about our coming so that they all might come and meet us on the way, but we assured him it was all-right. What was very touching, an old priest, Petros, bowed down from age, came to see Mar Shimun and while going to church to evening prayer, he began with his feeble and shattery voice chanting the turgana [hymns] in honour of the Patriarch. After prayers we looked at Mart Maryam [St. Mary's church]; it is much ruined inside and not repaired yet. . . . The congregation consisted of both Catholics and those from the Church of the East. . . . We went back to the house and after supper the big room was full of people and they began talking politics and asked me many questions as to my stay in England. . . ."

November 10: "From Kumani we came to Dereluk where the Tkhumma people are. We sent someone to tell them of our coming and they came to meet us near their place, run-ning to kiss Mar Shimun's hand with their muddy hands. They were simply surprised to see us, men and women were

all so busy building their huts, they took us to their best finished hut. They were so rejoiced and cheered up at seeing Mar Shimun with them that they didn't want to go on with their work that day but I told them they must work on, to finish their huts before the winter. They went rather unwillingly. In the evening the conversation was again of politics, etc. and asking for more rifles. They were very sorry that we were leaving in the morning and very sad that they hadn't a place ready to celebrate at so that Mar Shimun should give them their communion. The people looked pretty well, except those who had fever and looked so poorly, sleeping in that cold place, and damp from rain. The cry was as usual: 'Home, home.' One does not wonder after all these years of build-ing huts and ruining, still not being sure of a home and being settled. Life really is hard for some."

November 11: "Today, from Dereluk we arrived at Dirgineh. We were received with joy, some even crying. The Tkhumma people would not hear of Mar Shimun leaving with only four servants armed. We must have more armed men, so I said six more would be quite enough, and they gave them to us. Poor Dirgineh people were weeping with joy. It has been a long, long time since they had a Patriarch with them. Of course, you know, how once Dirgineh was a great village and had nearly forty priests, quite learned people there. And now, they have not even one priest among them. So very sad. Their Church, Mart Maryam, is quite a large one and nicely built; recently repaired and ready to be consecrated."

November 12: "We had to get up early, at 4, and Mar Shimun consecrated the church

and conducted his first Holy Communion here. We started early after breakfast for Igreh where Malik Shamisdin is, and then proceeded on to Khoora. They welcomed us most joyfully."

November 13: "Got up early again (at 4) and Mar Shimun celebrated in Mart Maryam. The church has been destroyed and only the altar remains. The people were so glad to take communion from the hand of their Patriarch. We started early after breakfast for the next village, Halwa, where the rest of Malik Shamisdin's people are. Their church, Mar Yonan, had been repaired and was consecrated by Mar Shimun."

November 14: "The festival of Mar Gewargis--Mar Shimun ordained and conducted Holy Communion in Mar Yonan with a congregation of about three-hundred people. Everyone is anxious to return to their homes. From Halwa we went to Zarne where we stayed as guests of Rabbi Tuma who had a very nice warm room with the stove on. Many of the villagers are divided. On the whole, Tyari people here looked to me more comfortable and settled than the poor Tkhumma people were. I think one reason is that they had come sooner than the Barwar people. The church, Mar Kiryakus, is in ruins."

November 15: "We arrived in Lizan from Zarne and were the guests of Mar Slew-o. One part of Mar Gewargis church is destroyed. The people were quite busy making their huts, some didn't come to see us, and others did not know that we had come, while others were not present at the village."



Tyrary village (1912)



Lizan (1912)



Ashita (1912)



Ashita (1912)

November 16: "We rested at Manyanish with Mar Dinkha of Bakkus. Their churches, B'nai Shmooni and Mart Maryam are in disrepair. The people were very sorry that their churches (they have three) were not ready to be consecrated. We went on to Ashita. Rayis and his household were not there. We were taken to his cousin's house, the nearest stop in. While in the house I understood that we were the guests of the father of Gilyana, a robber who gave the governor trouble for at time. The priests came to see us and said that their church, Mar Gewargis, was not quite repaired for consecration."

November 17: "We arrived at the Aina d'Nooni in Barwar and stayed at Zacuraya's house. They had been expecting us. They are such a nice family. I was quite astonished how nicely repaired and ready their church Mar Sawa was. The priest gave thanks to Zacuraya, who is the village chief."

November 18: "Mar Sawa Church was ordained by Mar Shimun and he conducted Holy Communion for the congregation which was attended by three of the local villages. Of course the Barwar people came sooner than the rest. We arrived at Dure from the Aina d'Nooni very late."

November 19-20: "Mar Shimun conse-

crated their church Mar Gewargis and celebrated inside with many many communicants. Nice small church. Their other church is much ruined and unrepaired."

November 21-22: "Mar Shimun consecrated their church and celebrated Holy Communion. We left for Hayyat and their church, Mar Pithun had been consecrated by Mar Sargis, so we rested there and took our lunch and came to Bibaydi. We only stayed overnight. I saw that if we stayed longer we might be making people very uncomfortable because in many places they had only one room or hut for the whole family and that one they left for us at night. Sometimes I insisted that the family should not sleep out of doors but share the room with us. It would be quite enough for me and Mar Shimun to have two curtains round our traveling bed-steads. One couldn't see children and women sleeping in that cold dampness out of doors."

Back in Bibaydi, Mar Eshai was anxious to update his friend John on important "temporal" matters, writing on the 25th: "My dear John, I hope God that all you are well like us here. The whether is very well. My uncle had killed 6 partridges . . . and is trying to kill a pig. He will sent flock for Mrs. Neesan, he says . . . Lady Surma, she is giving her best love to Mrs. Neesan and Mr. Neesan. -Your af-

fectionate friend, Shimun, Patriarch."

As for his ecclesiastical duties, Aunt Surma writes to long-time friend of the Assyrians, Dr. William A. Wigram of the Archbishop of Canterbury's mission: ". . . One thing I must not forget to tell you, that Mar Shimun not only, of course, naturally was interested in our travel and visits, but especially when riding, he made either Qasha Tuma's or Rayis Yohannan's mule kick till poor Qasha dare not go ahead of him. On the other hand, whenever we could not find a mule for Qasha he gave him his mule, for the most part of the way, and he went on foot. But the best thing is how much interest he took in wanting to go into the life of the people and how much he took in within in a few hours. After being several hours in every village and his going for a walk he would come tell me, 'Aunt, so and so's house has so many fields and four brothers who do all the work for him, and his income was prosperous this year,' etc, etc. Or, 'There is an orphan whose mother and father died in Baquba and he has nobody to take care of him.' Or, 'This village has no priest but they have two young men who can read, but so and so can read better than the other—he might come to our house to be educated for the priesthood.' And in this kind he informed me of many things. Also, he was very keen in doing his

1 British War Office Records: 32/5231 (June 7, 1920).
2 Speer, Robert E. & Russell Carter. Report on India & Persia of the Deputation sent by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the USA to visit these fields in 1921-22. BFM USA, New York. 1922: p. 481-2.
3 Speer, Robert E. & Russell Carter. Report on India & Persia of the Deputation sent by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the USA to visit these fields in 1921-22. BFM USA, New York. 1922: pp. 546-7.
4 The Missionary Herald. American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, Boston. (1841) v. 37; p. 120.
5 Bell, Gertrude. Correspondence [1920-1924]. Gertrude Bell Archive. University Library, Newcastle University, UK: Sep 4, 1921.
6 Coan, F.G. Yesterdays in Persia & Kurdistan. Saunders Studio Press, Claremont, CA. 1939: p. 217.
7 British Foreign Office Records: 839/23.



Assyrian Village (1900)

church service any day that he had to get up so early (sometimes at 4) and conduct service too. Not once did he grumble or say he was tired. We never called on him to get up from his bed and he was always the first to call on us, sometimes a little too early, but on the whole, very punctual.”

Mar Eshai Shimun’s patriarchal punctuality as a leader would persist for over half a century despite seemingly insurmountable obstacles and challenges from both within and without the Church and Assyrian millat (nation). But already, from the moment he was consecrating his first crumbling churches and celebrating communion with the survivors of villages that were vanishing faster than they could be rebuilt, British and French politicians had been busily re-drawing the maps of collective memory. Several British “experts,” namely, Churchill, T.E. Lawrence and Gertrude Bell had already met in Cairo earlier that year to re-shape the borders of the Middle East. To them, the overriding priority was the stabilization of the newly formed Arab state of Iraq

(i.e. access to cheap oil and safe trade routes). The “Assyrian problem” could be conveniently handed off to the repatriation committee at the League of Nations. In the meantime, thousands of idle Assyrian mountain warriors were compelled to join the newly formed Assyrian Levies (indigenous military units) where they were trained to support Iraqi interests, under the tacit understanding that the British would likewise help them return to their homes in the Hakkari. Reflecting the general hopes of Assyrian leadership at that time, Agha Petros wrote to the British delegate at the Lausanne Conference in Switzerland the following year: “I can assure you that Assyrians will do the same service to His Majesty’s British Government without any expenditure and British Military forces . . . if only our country will be recognized by Great Britain as a free state.” This, after Assyrian Levies had held the northern frontier of Iraq against rebellious Arabs and Kurds that winter.

Mar Eshai Shimun and the patriarchal family would be in the fore-

front of the fight for an Assyrian homeland in Mesopotamia until physically forced from the region in 1933. Until that unfathomable fate, there would be as many dangerous twists and turns in the patriarch’s precarious path as there were to Qudshanis. The cross of over six-centuries of patriarchal succession within his family (1,880 years within the Church of the East) had been bestowed upon him and the carefree days of hunting partridges and snakes or playing soccer with his friends in Bi-baydi were no longer. Having fled in terror from vengeful Turks and Kurds alongside the masses of his people in 1915 under the protective wings of his now martyred uncle, Mar Benyamin; living in a refugee camp; experiencing the untimely deaths of several close family members; and witnessing firsthand the grit and determination of his people to rebuild their churches and lives in the only homes they had ever known, the young patriarch felt more than ever that the prayers, hopes and dreams of his nation now depended upon him.



Assyrian Village (1900)



Ashita (1912)

List of Assyrian Foundation of America Donors

The below list includes donations received from 12/12/2020 through 02/26/2021 only! Any donations received after 02/26/2021 will be included in the next issue of the Nineveh Magazine.

Thank you for your generosity and support.

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George Yana	\$ 40.00	The Benevity Community Impact Fund	\$75.00
Georjet & John Bet-Eivas	\$ 50.00	Theodor & Nary Yonan	\$40.00
Henry & Enerta George	\$ 100.00	Tom Shahbaz	\$100.00
Isaac Ramsini	\$ 150.00	Toma & Joann Yousif	\$40.00
Jack & Louise Mishel	\$ 100.00	Tony & Nahrin Khoshaba	\$100.00
James & Peggy David	\$ 75.00	Victor Yousseph	\$25.00
Janet Yonan	\$ 30.00	Vladimir Lazari	\$60.00
Johny & Margarit Badal	\$ 100.00	Voltaire Warda	\$100.00
Joshua Jacob	\$ 680.00	Vycheslav Rak	\$500.00
Jouzafin Younan	\$ 20.00	Welltom Khoshabian	\$150.00
Lazare Kianoun	\$ 50.00	William & Kathkeen Suleiman	\$250.00
Leo Bahribek	\$ 75.00	Yonan Badawi	\$120.00
Lucy Abraham	\$ 50.00	Yousef Malekzadeh	\$100.00
Lucy Abraham	\$ 15.00	Yulius & Ann Marie Yadegar	\$25.00
Margaret Yousefi	\$ 50.00	(In Memory of James Yadegar)	

*The amounts listed are charitable donations only and exclude subscription fees and membership dues.

BAQUBAH

HISTORY OF THE ASSYRIAN REFUGEE CAMP 1918 / 1919

By Pnoel Y. Shamun

Reference Book By Brigadier-Gen H.H. Austin 1920

This article has been written with two-fold objectives, first, bringing to notice of current Assyrian public, the Travails of a small Christian Nation, (Assyrian), which threw in its lot with the entente use during the late First World War, and suffered it grievously in consequences. Secondly, to emphasize what the Great Britain, realizing her conceding duty, took upon her own shoulder to ameliorate the sad lot of the fugitives, Assyrians and Armenians, from their former homes.

By end of 1918, the situation of the Christians in Iran, became forced to defend themselves. None of The British, Russian, Agha Petros and Andranik Pasha, came to their protection. The message, that enemies were in Uremia Plains, never reached, to Agha Petros. So, without protection, the combined forces of Turks, Kurds and Persians continued killing women and children, old men and sick, cutting the throats of staggers without respect of age and sex. Some 10,000 Christians in Uremia Plains were cut off and never able to join the exodus, and mostly were massacred. My own grandfather, deacon in the church, was killed in the village of Ada. The Assyrians and Armenians were forced to abandon

their homes in Uremia Plains and start march through hostile country to seek shelter behind the British. This massacre continued for greater part of the long trek of the 320 miles to Hamadan. Throughout this escape velocity, known in Assyrian language "RAQA", the torture endured by refugees resulted in thousand dying by wayside from hunger, disease and exhaustion. My own uncle dyed from disease. Ultimately, they reached Hamadan in mid the month August in most pitiable tcondition. After staying in some time in Hamadan, the refugees continued their exodus of 250 miles from Hamadan to Baqubah. It was clear that many of them were likely to reach Baqubah in the very debilitated condition. The last stages of exhaustion and dysentery, brought mainly the responsibility for more than half death. The work devolving on the medical services in the camp, therefore, was particularly onerous and responsible. Special medical arrangements were imperative at the camp.

Baqubah, in Iraq, situated on left of river Diala, some 33 miles northeast of Baghdad. Was in direct caravan route between Kirminshah, Hamadan and other important Persian

Centers. There was the train from Baghdad to Persian frontier, which was commenced shortly after the British occupation of Baghdad. The Headquarters of The Baqubah Refugee Camp consisted of the British Commandant Brigadier-General H.H. Austin, and his assistant the Staff Captain. Other functions were, Supplies and Transport, Military Police, Detention Camp, Water Supply, Control of Refugee Labor, Stores and Ordnance, Field Treasure Chest Office, Postal Department and others required for the efficient administration of the camp. There was, in all, 3,000 British and Indian personnel employed in the administration and guard duties. The camp was about 2 miles in length. Within it, there were 3,000 canvas tents, were erected for accommodation of refugees, hospitals, troops and various departments connected with the camp. Out of these 3,000 canvas tents, the size of 21 X 16 feet each, 1,800 tents went for refugees to be home of 25 persons in each tent. For every 50 tents, 1,250 persons, there was a sheltering the size of 600 X 400 feet, having its own piped water supply, cooking sheds, latrines, incinerators, washing places....etc, under immediate charge of the British officers and other ranks.

On the early days of The Baqubah Refugee Camp and after a steady flow of forlorn humanity, that came to the camp, the total refugees, roughly 45,000. This large number was grouped under 3 separate sections, with each one, being third of camp population, as follows:-

A – The Armenians. Chiefly from the region of Lake Van in Turkey, who numbered approximately one- third of the camp populations. B – The Assyrians of the mountains of Kurdistan in Turkish territory then, who formerly inhabited the wild region watered by the greater Zab and its affluents; and who also number approximately one third of the population. C – The Assyrians of Uremia and Salamas Plains, formerly Persian subjects, who comprised the remaining third.

There were 35 English ladies belonging to the Military Nursing Service and staff of the hospitals with help to these nurses were 122 refugee women and girls proved of great assistance to the overworked nursing sisters in the 3 general hospitals and the out-patient dispensaries at the camp. Surrounded by an atmosphere of sickness and death they were noble example to all by their cheerfulness and willingness to all.

In addition to the wooden carts, the refugees brought with them, about 600 different kinds of animals. Ponies, mules, cattle, and donkeys, besides large number of goats and sheep, very helpful in several areas in addition of milk...etc. There was no grazing in Baqubah. The grazing grounds were 25 miles distant to east. 1000 refugees established to look after them. The carts and mules performed most useful work in camp with distribution of supplies throughout the camp.

Rations were issued in bulk daily to Area Commanders who, in turn, to tent representatives within their sections. Then divided up the quantity received between the occupants of their tents. Generally speaking, the rations of meals included flour, rice, tea, sugar, meat, vegetables, cooking oil, wood fuel...etc. A large bazaar was opened in the center of the camp area in October and was generally thronged by refugees, a number of whom were afforded opportunities of setting up as shopkeepers. Soon; bread, fruit, vegetables, cigarettes and articles of many different kinds were in demand as luxuries by refugees.

There was special Orphanage for children in the sections. To qualify for admission, child had to be under 14 years and have lost both parents. Also, for children overall, there were small playgrounds with gymnastic, swings, see saws...etc, were fitted in various parts of the camp. All under eyes of the employed refugee women.

For bathing, shelters were constructed at intervals along the high banks of the Diala river. Arrangements were also made for heating the water in large tanks. Being by nature very cleanly people, the bathing facilities were highly appreciated. The thousands washing and bathing, throughout Saturday in particular. Appeared to be general custom for wives to give husbands a thorough tubbing. At first it was somewhat disconcerting to see scores of naked gentlemen, crouching down in open of their bunkers, being vigorously soaped, and having water poured over their backs by their attendant spouses. The women and girls performed a like task to each other and paid little attention to the passer-by, but were eminently unconcerned and refined.

The American Persian Relief Com-

mission came to the assistance of British, In the early days of the camp. They provided splendid efforts on behalf of the refugees, for several thousand of whom they found employment in useful directions. The advanced members of the Mission reached Baqubah on September 24th, 1918, and at once began engaging refugee women for sewing garments. At the end of the first week, 30 women were at work, which number, before long, was increased to over 300. In addition to the sewing work, a large wool and quilt-making industry was under-taken, which in time employed over 4,500 people, chiefly women and children. These industries produced, during the first three months, over 12,000 pieces of clothing, some 3,000 quilts, besides mattresses, pillows and over 15,000 lbs. of yarn. The clothing and quilts were distributed free in the hospitals, orphanage, and to the more needy in camp; Whilst the yarn was disposed to Army contractors for manufacture of blankets.

Commandant Austin was asked from London Headquarter to consult with the Assyrians as to the desirability of settling them in Canada, where they could develop the land and start life anew under British auspices. He called the Assyrian Committee together towards the end on May 1919, brought the suggestion before them to let him know the result of their deliberations within the next few days. Without going through long time, discussion and details, the final decision was that they desired above all else, to re-occupy their former homes. The rest is history, as we all know.

I hope, readers of this article found it interesting, particularly that it presents a brief glance at the life of Assyrian Refugee Camp in Baqubah, 100 plus years ago.

Keeper of Untold Stories: An Interview with David A. Armstrong

By Ruth Kambar, PhD and Annie Elias

In 2010, David A. Armstrong, an accomplished film director and cinematographer, published his first book, *Dragons and Violins: A Memoir of War and Music*. The book tells the story of Armstrong's Assyrian grandfather, Sargis Georges Yadgar (George Edgar), who was born in Urmia, Persia and journeyed to America, arriving on Ellis Island on July 4, 1921. The book describes the amazing trajectory of George's life as a boy trying to survive in war-torn Urmia, Russia, and Turkey, his life in America, his many adventures and accomplishments, his service in World War II, his marriage to Ann John (Miss Assyria, 1933), and the very special and loving relationship he had with David, his grandson. The book's narration alternates between the grandfather's memories—drawn from hours of interviews—and David's own memories and experiences with his grandfather. The result is both riveting and moving.

The following are excerpts from our interview with David A. Armstrong.

Tell us about growing up, your relationship with your grandfather, and your Assyrian side of the family. When were you first interested in his stories?

I had a very American upbringing [in Santa Barbara] on the beach. But I had Assyrian cooking, my grandmother's. I would come home to dolma and chipta soup and all these delicious foods that I'd never encountered and miss. My grandparents were the only Assyrians in Santa Barbara, so that's why, if I hear people speak Assyrian, I get all choked up because [even though] I don't know what they're saying, I know the [sound of the] language.

[My grandparents' house] was just like a gift shop in a museum. It was this place you could go to visit and experience a culture you're connected to, but there's only these two people. I was extremely close to my grandfather. We had a bond that no one else had

in the family. As a little boy... he always gave me baths. He would read me stories in bed and I always was waking him up because he'd fall asleep while telling them and he had such a great sense of humor, it was really dry. He'd say "Well let me tell you about my life—I was born at an early age."

And he knew everyone! We hated going out to dinner with

my grandfather because it would take ten minutes to get to the table. He was a big bowler, a big golfer. He played violin in the Santa Barbara Symphony Orchestra. You could not go anywhere where George didn't know someone and it was endearing but it was also, "Oh we're never going to get to our table!" So I always felt like I was with a celebrity as a little boy, like everyone knew my grandfather. But my grandfather would

always tell me stories, I'm such a storyteller—you can tell I love telling stories—and I lived on these stories.

Some of the stories in the book are so incredible, did you wonder if they were true?

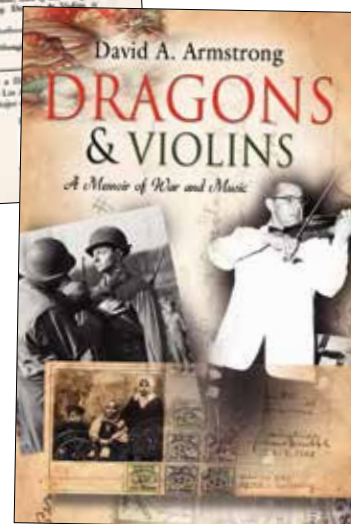
I'm a real purist as a filmmaker and I found it showed up with the book. I didn't want to put things in...if I couldn't prove it. Obviously dialogue is changed—you know, the exact dialogue—but it's all supported...so you can hold

the fire to my feet on this book and I, for the most part, can identify everything.

As I started to sit down and write it, I thought "Were you really on a boat [arriving in New York Harbor] on July 4th?" That's like every grandfather to grandson's story. [But] when the ship came in, the ship actually came in on July 2nd...but the ship sat there because there's a line of people to get through so he didn't come through 'til July 5th. So when he says he was on



David A. Armstrong



the boat on July 4th, he really was.

When I was writing the book I had a guy who's written many, many books as my editor and my companion through this because I'd never written a book. In the four years he helped me with this book, we only had one argument and the argument was because he said, "Let's give him a violin in combat. He should have a violin," because that's the story, that's the arc. And I never thought of asking [my grandfather] before he died if he had a violin [in combat] and I just couldn't imagine he had one. And [my editor argued], "But it's okay, it's a book!" We fought, I mean we really fought and yelled at each other and so as the internet was coming of age in 2005 and 2006, I suddenly came across [the name] Bill Baker who was a replacement officer in the 989 [the same combat unit George Edgar fought in in World War II]. And I looked in the Library of Congress and all of [Bill Baker's] paperwork, everything's in the library. So I write the Library of Congress, "Can I have [these documents]?" [And they tell me] you have to get the permission of the officer." I go, "The guy's dead." And they go, "Well write a certified letter to that person... and show us and then we can go from there." So I write the letter and then I get a letter back and I open it up and it says, "Hi Dave! Sure, you can have whatever you want." And I'm like, "Oh my God, this guy's alive!" So I call him up on the phone, I go, "Bill, this is David Armstrong, George Edgar's grandson." "Oh my God, David how are you?" He's a retired lieutenant colonel and the first thing he says to me is, "Did you know your grandfather had a violin all through combat?...When we were behind the lines—he put a mute on it and we could hear him and his violin. He's playing his violin." I called up Russell, the editor, and said, "The violin's in, I can prove it!"

But that's how much of a stickler I was. That's why it took me ten years [to write]. And I flew to Bill and I met with him and interviewed him and videotaped him. I flew out for one of the last reunions for his outfit in Kansas.

I interviewed all the relatives, had everything transcribed. I went to town. I just didn't want to go off on a fabled grandfather thing because I felt this was important and I felt it was important to have it right.

One of the most amazing things was Istanbul [then Constantinople] and the cave and the food and the black market. And he told me about the [American Embassy in Constantinople where he and his family lived for a period of time]. He described the embassy, [which] had this big eagle on it, so I went to Istanbul and I went and found the old embassy and there was that eagle and there was the entrance like he had described. There it was! And he kept saying, "Well, there are these cliffs. There are these huge cliffs on the river." And I thought, "What cliffs are you talking about?" But if you've been to Istanbul, there they are—massive cliffs right up to the river there! And I could see how you could just fall off. That whole part [in Istanbul]...I kept going, "Are you making this up?" But it was just too detailed for him to be making it up. And when I went there and I went to the places he talked about, they were just as he described.

The book alternates between your grandfather's story, told from his point of view, and vignettes of your own life in relation to him. How did you settle on that structure for the book?

When I was done with the book [I asked a publisher to] read it. And he got back to me and he said, "This is a wonderful book" and he was very blunt, he said, "But who cares? What does it have to do with you? What does it have to do with you and your relationship [with your grandfather]? And...it just ends in 1955. What happened to Ann [George Edgar's wife]? What happened to the family?" So I took that back to Russell and he said, "Why don't I interview you and I'll write those chapters." So...he wrote these little two-page things, what I call the "Dave chapters." And so in that way, we got to incorporate, without going on, what happened to them later in life so you get a



George Edgar, Chicago 1956



George Edgar and David Armstrong 1998



George Edgar, Santa Barbara 1986

complete story of the life...right up to the day he died.

The theme of the unloving and brutal father runs throughout the book as well as the alternate, positive father figure that both he and you sought.

My grandfather saved my life. I had a very abusive childhood growing up. My father's father had beaten him and his two brothers, and in turn my father learned to drink and hurt my mother. If it wasn't for having my grandfather in my life, I don't know if I would have ever known unconditional love. Time with my grandfather was a safe haven away from my abusive childhood. I sometimes wonder if I would have been an abusive man, like my father, who learned it from his father, if it wasn't for my grandfather interrupting that pattern. I don't think I have that in me, but anyone could be capable of anything. And I've seen what abuse does to people. It was really my grandfather's love that saved my life.

There's a harsh scene where your grandfather, during World War II, hits a German nurse who is denying access to medical treatment for a wounded soldier in your grandfather's outfit. He stops himself and realizes he's in danger of committing the kind of brutality he and his family have survived.

I really had to make a choice [about whether or not to include that scene] because he told me about that and I had a discussion with my mother and I said, "I don't want to sugarcoat this, and I don't want to demonize him." And, of course, there's bias in it because he's my grandfather, but you know I really take pride in trying to always look at both sides of things. And maybe I get that from him because he really saw both sides of the coin on things. I made sure to put in his human frailty and his flaws. And I really struggled with that scene and I thought, "I can't take it out, he's got to be human." It wasn't a hero's story, right? It wasn't. It was a real tale.



George Edgar, Visa 1921

The book is, in part, about storytelling and the power of stories.

I always use the analogy of James Cameron and Titanic. He loved the Titanic but you can't make a two and a half hour movie about the Titanic—nobody cares. But you put a story in it and then everyone knows about the Titanic. And I feel the best way for the world to know who Assyrians are is to tell a story, just a story, and then by default they learn all about the Assyrians. And people try to make how we are known based on a genocide but that's not who we are. We're not a genocide. So it just would make a great book and a great movie, but it would also help you to know our people. Someone in Arkansas will start to ask and then they'll become interested in these people.

Your grandfather told you so much about his life. Did anything surprise you?

Nothing was more surprising to me than when he told me [that for a time, when he was being bullied in high school as a new immigrant] he hated being here and he had wanted to go back to Istanbul because he said, "Nobody accused me of being poor or made fun of my clothes or my acne or my accent. I never was made fun of for being who I was until I came to this country and I really, really wanted to go back to, of all places, Constantinople," which is the most ironic thing an Assyrian could say.

Music plays a very important role in your grandfather's life.

As you know, he was this violinist; he loved his violin. He loved everything about it. He had built a den in the garage. I spent a lot of time growing up at his house and sleeping at his house so it would be me going to sleep listening to him playing at midnight, practicing the violin [in the den]. So it was always there. Hearing the violin is as sweet as hearing Assyrians talk. It just takes me back to that special place to hear it.

I'm going to show you a picture I keep...on my desk, which I love. It's his violin shop and you can see the little bird on his shoulder, which he taught to whistle the Hungarian Waltz [see photo page 15].

And the violin saved his life. I learned by interviewing relatives in Chicago [about his] nervous breakdown [PTSD, when he returned after World War II]. The practicing pulled him out, gave him somewhere to point to.

You were with your grandfather at the end of his life. What was that like for you?

I'd been coming to visit him every day [at the nursing home]. I'd sit with him for ten hours every day. I remember the nurse, as I was leaving, she said, "Why do you come every day?" And I looked at her, I said, "Well, because I love him." I was reading this article about hospice and people dying and [how] people generally die by themselves. You go to get a candy bar and you come back, and they're dead. It's because it's too hard for them to die while you're in the room. So I came in and I went and I whispered in his ear. I said, "Poppy, you can go." I said, "You know I love you. I'm gonna be fine, but it's time for you to go and you need to leave and I'll be okay." He just sat up and went, "Yes," and just laid back down very gracefully. In all truth I got more love than anybody else, not that he didn't love anybody else, but it was just clear David was the diamond in the rough.

What was it like when you finished the book?

It was funny I remember going through the whole publisher thing back and forth and when I was done—I remember the night—I was ready to hit the send button. I realized once I hit send, it was done. Yeah... once you hit submit, you're done. And I sat with that for about ten minutes because I realized, at that point, my grandfather had been dead for about seven years... and I realized that that relationship of him in my mind, every day, all these years, was gonna stop... and this would [be a] second letting go of my grandfather.

You have said you are interested in turning the book into a film, or more recently, a mini-series.

I [had] been editing the movie for ten years in my head. But the nightmare of: How do you turn this into a two-and-a-half hour movie? What do you cut out? Oh dear Lord, this is just gonna be the Reader's Digest version as a movie. So that's when [I thought] well, I'll just make it a ten-part series.

Now I know from a Hollywood standpoint, it's a "toughy." This is Dr. Zhivago meets Avalon meets Saving Private Ryan. Period pieces are tough and

everything's about funding... I hear this all the time from agents and managers, "Well no one's really picking up any period pieces." Really? Have you seen 'The Queen's Gambit?' ... You can't wave a stick without hitting a period piece! Oh look: it's the king in The Fifteenth!

As far as how this gets made: it's a really hard thing and it's a really easy thing. In my industry, "first money" is everything. If someone put a million dollars in development money, money shows up. Then it helps that it's based on a book because everything's really hot and everything wants to be based on some property. I have the options of the book. We have the story. I've always thought, and this is sort of a fantasy, to actually get an unknown actor to play George. And I actually would shop the Assyrian market, see if there's an actor out there who could really play it. That would really be something.

You've become the keeper of the story.

There's something about stories being lost... I remember I was doing a film in Iowa and we were at this retirement home. Apparently someone died and they took all of his stuff in the retirement home, all his letters from World War II, all this stuff and they just threw it in the garbage, which I get. What do you do with it? I work here at this facility, he died, there's no family. And I remember just grabbing it all. I just can't let the story be lost.

We stood around campfires as cavemen and just watched shadows. We like story. Everyone loves a story—it's who we are. And the important thing to me is that my grandfather's story lives on.

If you are interested in learning how to support David A. Armstrong's "Dragons and Violins" film project, please contact Ruth Kambar at assyriandragonsandviolins@gmail.com. And watch for Armstrong's film trailer at the upcoming Assyrian Genocide Exhibit at California State University, Stanislaus.

David A. Armstrong graduated from the American Film Institute in 1988 where he earned a Masters degree in Cinematography and received numerous awards. He served as Director of Photography for director James Wan and producer Mark Burg on the SAW film franchise (SAW I-VI). Armstrong's 2013 directorial debut PAWN starred Forest Whitaker, Ray Liotta, Common, Stephen Lang, Michael Chiklis, Nikki Reed and Martin Csokas. Armstrong's latest feature THE ASSASSIN'S CODE, starring Peter Stormare (FARGO, JOHN WICK 2) and Justin Chatwin (WAR OF THE WORLDS, SHAMELESS), had its world premiere to sold-out crowds at the 42nd annual Cleveland Film Festival in April, 2018. It was released theatrically and on VOD in May, 2018. Armstrong's and artistic partner Valerie Grant's recent collaboration ABOVE AND BEYOND is a Finalist in the 2018 Page Awards. They are currently polishing a „Me-Too“-era supernatural horror/thriller, CRYBABY BRIDGE.

AKITU (THE NEW YEAR FESTIVAL) AND NEWRUZ (NUROZ)

By Fred Aprim 4/27/2004

Many nationalities, ethnic and religious groups in the Near/Middle East and Central Asia, like the Assyrians, Persians, Afghanis, Kurds, and Baha'is celebrate the arrival of spring season. This occasion, mostly celebrated on March 21 (for Baha'is will be then on the 22nd since their day starts at sunset), represent the beginning of these groups' national calendar and their own new year. However, since the Kurds of Iraq have aroused suspicion by politicizing this ancient tradition, which is not theirs to start with, it was important to explore and differentiate between the myth from one hand and the historical and traditional accounts from the other.

The Akitu festival is one of the oldest recorded religious festivals in the world, celebrated for several millennia throughout ancient Mesopotamia. Yet, the Akitu was more than just a religious ceremony—it acted as a political device employed by the monarchy and/or the central priesthood to ensure the supremacy of the king, the national god, and his capital city. Politics and religion in Mesopotamia were irrevocably intertwined. Myths and their supportive rituals justified social institutions and legitimized rulers. Akitu festival was a tool wielded by the monarchy and ruling class to promote state ideology [1]. The Akitu festival demonstrates the effectiveness of religion as a political tool. Some of the earliest reference date back to the middle of the third Millennium B.C. referring to an Akitu building or celebration at Nippur. In the pre-Sargonic period, the Akitu Festival is attested at Ur, providing for example the names for its months. Economic documents indicate that in the Sargonic and Ur III periods (2350 – 2100 B.C.), the Akitu was a semi-annual festival, being observed first at Ur, Nippur, and Uruk, and later in Babylon and Assyria. The arrival of spring season was celebrated lavishly in Assyria and Babylonia for 12 (twelve) days in what is documented as the Akitu (Sumerian A-ki-ti) Festival or New Year Festival. The Assyrian and Babylonian Akkadian term used for the festival is called *rêš šattim* (*resh shattim*), today's Assyrians continue to use the term "*resh shita*," meaning "the beginning of the year," which begins in the month of Nisan, the first month of the year

for the Assyrians/Babylonians. The history of Akitu Festival is recorded in cuneiform and is translated to many languages as a genuine Mesopotamian tradition. Additionally, parts of these festivities were recorded in the Sumerian Epic of Creation [2].

In Mesopotamia, when it came to agriculture, these festivities were celebrated twice a year. For fallow lands the Spring Equinox marked the important phases of washing the land to remove impurities such as excess of salinity, as well as to ensure the appropriate softening up the soil, whereas the Autumn Equinox marked the beginning of harvest. For cultivated fields, on the other hand, the Spring Equinox marked the beginning of harvest, whereas the Autumn Equinox marked the fallowing season. Furthermore, the highlight of the Akitu Festival was the Akitu procession, which commemorated the god leaving his temporary residence and entering his new permanent residence in his chosen city for the very first time. The inner meaning of the festival was therefore the celebration of the time the god had chosen that specific place as his city, to guard and protect from that moment until the end of times [3].

During the festivities, the creation epic of Enûma elîš was recited, while the people sang all kinds of hymn and songs [4]. Contenau puts the Akitu Festival in Babylon this way. The Akitu Festival came to have a double character. It originated in nature festival, with features which expressed simultaneously nature's grief at the death of all growing things and her joy at their rebirth. On to this had been grafted the glorification of Marduk. In Babylon, Marduk received in his temple of Esagila all the gods of other great cities in the shape of their statues, the first being his son Nabu, worshiped in Borsippa. Marduk disappears, but then grief is changed to gaiety on his reappearance, and the entire company of gods was escorted in a great procession to the temple outside the city, known as Akitu. In between, many sacred performances took place, which glorified Marduk as hero and victorious against Chaos and included a sacred marriage ceremony. After the ceremonies, the statues were returned to their temples [5]. In

Assyria, almost similar rituals took place; however, the supreme god was Ashur and he had to fight the monster Tiamat. On the second of Nisan, god Ashur, after receiving a breakfast, left his temple in a chariot drawn by white horses leading a procession of gods to the Akitu House in the open country outside Nineveh where the special rituals took place [6].

When the Medes and Scythians (aided by the Babylonians) attacked Assyria and its capital Nineveh, the Medes came in direct contact with Assyrian civilization. The influence of Assyrian civilization on many dynasties that originated from the Zagros Mountains and beyond, including the Medes, Persians, Achaemenids, and Parthians is well attested by many scholars and history books. The influence of Assyrian art and system of ornamentation at the monumental stairway of the Apadana at Persepolis (Pasargadae) is a living proof [7]. Yet, earlier, it was a civilization of the Iranian plateau, the Elamites, who adopted the written language of Akkadian as the most universal language of the area for two millennia. Furthermore, much of what is known about Elamite civilization comes to us from Sumerian, Babylonian, and Assyrian records [8]. Suffice to know that Akkadian was so important to the Achaemenid Persian King Darius I that he used it in his very famous tri-lingual inscription at the Rock of Behistun.

There are many legends and myths about the Persian origin and Kurdish adopted New Year, also known as Newruz (also written NuRoz). To Persians, Nu Roz (new day, time or usually translated to New Year) ceremonies are symbolic representations of the ancient concept of the "End and the Rebirth." Few weeks before the New Year, Iranians (Persians) clean and rearrange their homes. They make new clothes, bake pastries, and germinate seeds as sign of renewal. The ceremonial cloth is set up in each household. Troubadours (Haji Firuz) disguise themselves with makeup and wear brightly colored outfits of satin. These Haji Firuz parade the streets while singing and dancing using tambourines, kettle drums, and trumpets to spread good cheer and the news of the coming new year. Last Wednesday of the year (*Chahar Shanbeh Suri*), bonfires are lit in public places and people leap over the flames, shouting: "Give me your beautiful red color and take back my sickly pallor!" With the help of fire and light symbols of good, people hope to see their way through the unlucky night - the end of the year- to the arrival of springs longer days. Traditionally, it is believed that the living were visited by the spirits of their ancestors on the last day of the year. Many people specially children, wrap themselves in shrouds symbolically reen-

acting the visits. By the light of the bonfire, they run through the streets banging on pots and pans with spoons (*Gashog-Zani*) to beat out the last unlucky Wednesday of the year, while they knock on doors to ask for treats. In order to make wishes come true, it is customary to prepare special foods and distribute them on this night. Noodle Soup a filled Persian delight, and mixture of seven dried nuts and fruits, pistachios, roasted chic peas, almond, hazelnuts, figs, apricots, and raisins [9], or seven well-known crops, familiar to the Persians prior to the advent of Islam and the Arab domination.

The Achaemenian Persians had four major residences one for each season. Persepolis was their spring residence and the site for celebrating the New Year. Stone carvings in Persepolis show the king seated on his throne receiving his subjects, governors, and ambassadors from various nations under his control. They are presenting him with gifts and paying homage to him. These scenes resemble greatly Assyrian art in Assyrian king's palaces. Although there is not too much about the details of the rituals, still, it is well known that mornings were spent praying and performing other religious rituals. Later on during the day, the guests would be entertained with feasts and celebrations. Furthermore, the ritual of sacred marriage took place at this palace. Most of these same rituals were rooted in ancient Mesopotamia [10]. Zarathushtra (called Zoroaster by the Greeks) is said to have lived between 628-551 B.C. Other accounts pin his birth date in 570 B.C. It is documented that it was he who converted the Chorasmian King Vishtapa. Other historians and traditions go further and claim that he lived between 1400 and 1200 B.C. It is also possible that there could have been more than one Zarathushtra. Either way, it is known fact that Zoroaster had great influence and impact on Persian religion. Even if he had lived around 1400 B.C., his influence came about two millennia and perhaps more after the Akitu Festival was practiced in Mesopotamia. The point is that it is very likely that the Persians had copied the principles of the New Year Festival from the much earlier Assyrian/Babylonian civilization than from the latter Zoroaster.

Meanwhile, Kurdish nationals, especially those of Iraq, and for a good reason that I will address later, narrate the most unsubstantiated accounts about the origin of Newruz. For example, Ardishir Rashidikalhur, claims that the Kurds' ancestors started to celebrate this festival in the mountains of Kurdistan in 728 B.C. Rashidi-Kalhur goes yet further and claims that the original name of the celebration was the

Kurdish word “NuRoj” and not “Nuroz” since Kurdish is the original language of the Iranians, it pre-dates and precedes the Persian language by 1,200 years. The writer, however, admits that the modern Kurdish language was derived from Fahli language (Pahli language, which in ancient times was known as Pahlavi).

It was after the Arab invasion, he states, that the “P” in Pahli switched to “F” and thus Fahli [11]. Fact is that historical references or reliable documentation, which prove the presence of specific people under the name of Kurds who celebrated this occasion in antiquity, are absent. As far as the outrageous claim that Kurdish language preceding the Persian, I will leave that to linguists to argue.

Other Kurds have associated the Kurdish Newruz with a Persian legend but manipulated the origin of certain figures in that legend to suit Iraqi Kurdish national objectives. If you ask Kurds of Iraq today what is Newruz; they will immediately reply, “it is the celebration of the victory of Kawa the Kurdish smith over the cruelty of the Assyrian king Zahak.” According to the Kurdish version of the legend, two snakes grew on the shoulders of the Assyrian King Zahak, which caused him much pain. Each day these snakes were to be fed the brains of two children to alleviate the king’s pain. Every family had to contribute in feeding the snakes by scarifying their children; thus, people hated the Assyrian king and could not tolerate seeing their children being killed. Kawa has already sacrificed 16 out of 17 of his children previously; however, his turn came again to sacrifice his last daughter. Kawa thought how to rescue his last daughter and tricked everybody by presenting the brains of sheep instead of children. With time, the other people began to practice the same trick while the saved children were hid in the Mountains of Zagros. Kawa trained these children on how to become fighters and depend on themselves. In time, Kawa turned the children into an army and one day they revolted and marched towards King Zahak’s castle and Kawa smote the king with his hammer and the two serpents withered. Kawa then climbed to the top of the mountain above the castle and lit a large bonfire to tell all the people of Mesopotamia that they were free. Hundreds of fires all over the land were lit to spread the message and the flames leapt high into the night sky, lighting it up and cleansing the air of the smell of Dehak and his evil deeds. The fires burned higher and higher and the people sang and danced around in circles holding hands with their shoulders bobbing up and down in rhythm with the flute and drum. The women in bright colored sequined dresses sang love songs and the men replied as they all moved around the flames as one [12]. Al-

though many groups celebrate Newruz (Nuroz), Kurds state that it is especially important to them as it is also the start of the Kurdish calendar and that it reflects the Kurds own long struggle for freedom.

Few other versions of the legend coincide the day of the revolt of Kawa exactly with the fall of the Assyrian Empire in 612 B.C. These versions claim that the saved children gradually became a community, married to each other, and brought onwards offspring. Kawa then trained them as fighters and established in them the love of freedom and liberty. This Kurdish version then claims that on March 21, 612 B.C., Kawa led them in an attack on the king’s palace, and ended one of the darkest rules in the Middle East [13].

Neither Persian nor Afghani people celebrate Newruz based on this precise Kurdish version of the myth that includes an Assyrian king. Although the Persian version mentioned King Zahak; however, there is no connection to Assyrians. In fact, and according to Dr Hussein Tahiri, a 1991 Iranian calendar published by a group called the Guardians of the Iranian Culture, outlines the seventh of October as the anniversary of the victory of Kawa over the Arab Zahak. In view of this group, Zahak was an Arab [14]. The story of Zahak is told in the 13th century Ferdosi’s (Persian poet) Shahnameh (the book of Kings). These are mythical stories about the Persian history. According to this source, Zahak was an Arab king and ruled one day short of 1000 years. He was not killed by Kawa (Kaveh) as the Kurds claim but was captured by the Persian king Feraydune and chained in the mountain of Damavand north of Tehran where he died. By the way, according to Ferdosi, Feraydune ruled for 500 years. This legend is therefore dated to post Islamic Arab conquest, and since there was no Arab influence in the region before Islam, therefore it cannot predate the Assyrian/Babylonian narratives. Other legends claim that Zahak was the last king of the Medes. This latter legend states that the Persians revolted against the evil deeds of the king of the Medes.

Where does this connection between the Persian (Iranian) and Kurdish legends coincide, even if in some aspects? History tells us that the name Iran was derived from the word “Aryana,” which meant “the [land] of the Aryans.” These Aryans entered the Iranian plateau in around 1,500 B.C. Earlier, the land was occupied by aboriginal Caspians. The two main Aryan tribes were the Medes and the Persians. Later, the Medes lived the northern region of the plateau while the Persians moved south to the Elamite land [15]. The Zagros Mountains became the home

of many of these two groups. History tells us further that the Assyrian King Tiglath-pileser III conquered and deported 65,000 Medes, replacing them on the Iranian plateau with Aramaeans. Additionally, Assyria’s Sargon II defeated dozens of Median chiefs and settled 30,000 captured Israelis in the towns of the Medes in the late eighth century B.C. [16]. This mix of people in the Iranian plateau and Zagros Mountains could have planted the seeds of a new breed of people who became later known as Kurds.

The story of the Kurdish Kawa has been used a lot by Kurdish nationals and resistance movements, especially by Iraqi Kurds. However, Dr. Hussein Tahiri states that when and how Kurdish Newruz began is not clear for the Kurds and that there is much ambiguity about the origin of the practice. The claim by the Kurds that Newruz is the celebration of the victory of Kawa, the Smith, over Azhdahak or Zahak seems contradictory and ambiguous as well. Tahiri adds that the Kurds have done no research on the origin of Newruz. The available research is from the Persians, and they regard Newruz as an Iranian national celebration. So why do Kurds practice or create a blind culture, asks Dr. Hussein Tahiri [17]. Furthermore, why do Kurdish nationalists and history writers invent such a myth, i.e. a Kurdish hero executing presumably the end of Assyrian cruel king and indirectly sometimes and directly in others as being the reason for the end of the Assyrian empire? There is not one reliable historical fact linking the fall of Assyria at the hands of a group of people called Kurds, not even one. Why would Kurds then take a Persian tradition, manipulate it to represent “Kurdish” traditions, and then politicize it in such

manner? It is obvious that Kurdish nationalists in the last century, or century and a half, have realized the real historic threat of Assyrians to Kurdish national dream in Iraq. Only Assyrians have legitimately a historical claim to Assyria (northern Iraq) since Kurds are not the original inhabitants as they are mainly from the Zagros Mountains in present Iran and southern Armenia, in the mountains of Hakkari (Kurds call kurdistan). Therefore, they see it necessary to plant this feeling of struggle and conflict in the hearts and minds of common Kurds; such feelings lead naturally to hatred towards indigenous Assyrians. It is the Kurdish nationalist’s way to demonize and incriminate the Assyrians so that the Assyrian case in their own homeland be undermined.

In conclusion, the Nisan New Year Festival (Akitu) was rooted in Sumer, Assyria, and Babylonia before any Aryan people (Persians or Kurds) moved to the region of the Near East. Meanwhile, it is very clear from the point of view of many historians that there is an ambiguity in the origin of Newruz for Kurds. Since the origin of the Kurds as people is ambiguous, therefore, it is natural that the origin of their traditions is ambiguous as well. Kurdish nationals must stop fabricating stories like that of Kawa and the mysterious Assyrian cruel king who allegedly was the reason behind killing two children daily. Spreading such illusionary and fanciful stories is geared towards one purpose and that is planting feelings of bigotry and hatred among Kurds towards the Assyrians; the rightful and original owners of northern Iraq lands (Assyria). These mythical stories are regrettable and deplorable; they do not serve mankind in any civil way.

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THE GENOCIDE CHRONICLES

By Professor Arianne Ishaya

This column commemorates the survivors of the WWI Assyrian genocide who came to America, worked hard, and made many contributions to their adopted country.

The family histories of the Assyrian old-timers were collected by Arianne Ishaya, professor of anthropology, in Turlock in 1981-1982.

Alfi Jones

Date of Interview: May 6, '82

Note: Alfi Jones is the daughter of Katie Eshoo. Katie is famous among Assyrians for having composed two nationalist songs together with their lyrics, and for serving the sick refugees in the American Mission yards in Urmia during World War I, from whom she caught typhoid and died.

Alfi: I was born in the town of Tabriz, Iran. I have lived in Turlock for 40 years.

At the age of 10 I went to Fiske seminary which was a large boarding school for girls in Urmia. My grandmother graduated from that school. For many years afterwards she was the principal of that school. In her records she relates that due to political disruptions all the books were stolen. She wrote each day's lesson on the blackboard. After using it, it was copied as a page in a new textbook for other students. Many of my grandmother's pupils live in Turlock now. She was a great record-keeper and writer; some of which date to 1890's. Three years ago a close relative of hers brought all these documents to me. Looking through them, I found a large notebook with names

and grades of her students. My father was a graduate of the boy's mission school. He came to Canada and worked on a farm for room and board until he graduated from Queen's college in Ontario as a medical doctor. In 1902 he returned to Urmi. At that time my grandmother was still a principal at the Fiske seminary. Her only daughter by the name of Katie who had studied in the mission school was a teacher at that school. My father Samuel Eshoo met Katie at that school and they were married at that school. Soon after they moved to Tabriz permanently. There was a large Mission school and also a hospital there. My father worked at the hospital and also had a private practice for both Assyrians and Muslims. I, my brother, and my sister were all born in Tabriz. We attended the mission school and the Church there. In time more Assyrian students left for USA and Canada leaving their beautiful homes surrounded by vineyards and orchards in Urmia because of constant harassments. Very often their villages were raided by Muslims who carried away their belongings and crops. That is why their homes were built very close to each other with a small opening in between in case of an emergency. In 1912 and later there was a major persecution of Christians. 200 girls were carried into captivity; a thousand people died. The American Mission was the safest place. 15,000 Assyrians fled to the Mission yards. There were no sewage facilities. 20-30 people died a day. My mother was at this time in Urmi visiting my grandma. Not being able to return home to Tabriz, she was forced to stay with this crowd. She offered her services as a nurse. A well-known Assyrian evangelist had also returned to Iran for a visit and was also caught there. He

preached to the sick and dying. My mother, among others, also caught typhoid and died at the age of 27. Living 200 miles away, and with no communication we did not know about her death until a year later. 50,000 Assyrians fled from their homes and property. Travelled all day walking, running under fire. No hotels. Camped in the wilderness. Children were deserted when very sick. Teenagers lost; never found. It took 32 days to arrive in Hamadan. The British had made accommodations for the refugees.

An aunt stayed with them for two years after her mother died. There was also an Assyrian maid and a Muslim Haji who had worked for them for 12 years. On her way to school Muslim teenagers spat at her and called her "Najess" (religiously unclean). At school the main textbook was the Bible in Assyrian. They also learned English, Turkish, and French. High class Muslim girls also attended.

In 1919 we as well as the Americans and the British were ordered to leave at once. We were told to go to Hamadan where all the refugees were. We left a 12 room home with European furnishings in care of Haji. Even the grand piano on which mother learned how to play. They started off in covered wagons along with others. But father decided to return home. Since he was a medical doctor, he had Muslim friends. One patient was from the royal family and was very rich landlord. He extended an invitation to hide as guests in his home. He sent us Muslim clothes to camouflage our identity during the two-day's journey to his home. He offered us carriages and ten of his Muslim soldiers for protection. As we left the town we saw the Turkish army ready to enter and take over power. We passed through without being noticed. In fact they gave us

a royal salute. On the way we found many dead in the outskirts of town. He had a whole village as his home. He had 10 wives ranging in age from 10-100 years old. A family of 200 looked after his estate. Each wife had own compartment but a large common kitchen. We lived there for four years.

We returned to our home in Tabriz after the revolution. Haji kept it as we had left it. The prince's oldest wife gave me 16 gold coins engraved with the Shah's portrait.

After a few months there was another disturbance which made evacuation necessary. This time father hired horses. Women were carried in large baskets. We travelled like that for 28 days. Stayed in Caravansary (caravan house) at nights. Made tea, ate roast beef and lavasha (flat bread). Father had changed his money into gold coins. As kids (two girls one boy) we did not understand the dangers involved. We were just playing and travelling. But I can remember the Kurds descending upon us—mostly for purposes

of looting. But we knew they would not touch the children. So all the gold pieces were sown into the lining of our jackets. So the Kurds took everything from my dad and his companions; but did not get any of the money that was with us. Reached Hamadan. Met other refugees there. Grandma had rented a room. Lived there almost a year. Missionaries had started schools and there was a Church for the refugees. Many refugees settled temporarily in Hamadan with the hope of returning to Urmi after the war. A few families went to England and France. But our family decided to come to North America. We travelled to Baghdad where the British had prepared a village of tents with complete sanitation systems.

“IN 1919 WE AS WELL AS THE AMERICANS AND THE BRITISH WERE ORDERED TO LEAVE AT ONCE.”

United Church Organizations in America sent assistance to Christians in the Middle East. Many families decided to stay in Baghdad permanently. However, the goal of many families was America. It was right after WWI and the first reservations were given to the veterans aboard boats. Since there was no air travel at the time. After months of waiting we were given passage to travel by way of India. To get there from Baghdad we had to travel on Tigris River on a boat that accommodated 200-300 people. Natives pulled the boat when it got stuck in the shallows. Arrived in Basra from where we boarded an ocean liner to India. Calcutta was large and beautiful. After a month we boarded another ocean liner to Japan. From there to Singapore then China. To Hong Kong. Hong Kong is built on a hill and looked like a Christmas tree as we arrived at night. From there to Shanghai, and via Sea of Japan to Tokyo and Yokohama. This was a compact and clean city. The inhabitants were extra polite. We stayed there for several weeks waiting for passage. The last leg of journey was in a beautiful Japanese ocean liner across the Pacific

Ocean. Some families were going to San Francisco, but we were heading to Vancouver. It took a whole month to cross the Pacific Ocean in those days. The menu was fish every day. Not very appetizing. We finally arrived to our destination. It took 8 months to get from Iran to Canada. Our housekeeper Haji sold our house and sent 24 pieces of Persian rugs to New York. He was a poor Muslim. Not all Muslims are bad. We were detained in Vancouver for physical checkup and examination of our refugee status. All our money was spent by that time. We were told that we could not enter and must go right back because my father's citizenship had lapsed for being too long away. My father wrote to former Canadian friends. Two weeks later a telegram arrived from the Mis-

**“WE BOARDED
ANOTHER OCEAN
LINER TO JAPAN.
FROM THERE
TO SINGAPORE
THEN CHINA.
TO HONG KONG.”**

sionary Society of United Church of Canada saying that there was a small mission hospital in N. Manitoba where the previous physician was ready to retire. We settled in (not eligible) the size of Ceres, populated by people who fled from Ukraine and Russia. They had settled there as homesteaders. They were very poor. Our home was on the Mission hospital property. Ours was the only building with electricity which was supplied by a generator in the hospital basement. We used wood for cooking and heating. It was a 30 bed hospital with 4 nurses. Three Ukrainians girls did the cooking and laundry. Nick, the undertaker, was also an interpreter

for dad when he went on house calls. He was the only physician within a hundred miles. For transportation we used a carriage in summer and sleds for winter. The temperature went down to 30 below Fahrenheit in winter. We grew up in this environment to our teens. Father never remarried. Children divided the housework among themselves. My brother Homer worked part-time and went to medical school. One of his sons is also a physician with a practice in Los Angeles. In 1921 I reg-

istered in the University of Manitoba. I was the first Assyrian student there. After graduating in the field of Education, I taught in a grammar school near home. We were required to teach in a country school for two years. In 1940 I went to visit relatives in California. I met my husband, got married, and settled on Geer Rd, Turlock where I still live. My husband passed away after 7 years and left me with two small children ages four and seven. I had to manage a big vineyard on my own. Did not know how to drive. But I learned how to manage. I listened to Jack Shure preach, and raised my children as Christians.

I have opened my home to foreign students who attend college here.

IN MEMORY OF EDWARD MOOSHABAD

SEPTEMBER 9, 1948 – FEBRUARY 20, 2021



Edward was born to parents, David Mooshabad and Maria Bet-Badal, in 1948 in Iran. Soon after graduating from high school in Tehran, at age 18, he migrated to United States in 1966. Edward believed in higher education, but life circumstances slowed down the timeline of his dream. Focused on his goal, Edward attended San Francisco State University, and graduated in 1977, with a Bachelor of Arts degree in Business Management. After his graduation, he had to return to Iran to visit with family members and ended up serving in the army for 4 years. Upon completion of his service, he returned to United States in 1982.

While attending SFSU, Edward met Ninva Charbakhshi, a young Assyrian lady from Iran, who was also pursuing higher education. Edward became Ninva's close friend and confidant. He was always very polite and respectful during their time together. College was difficult, but at the same time fun and memorable. One summer, Edward had planned to swim at the college pool, and invited Ninva to join him. He knew that his life would be blessed if he kept and honored Assyrian culture and tradition, by marrying an Assyrian girl. Hence, Edward and Ninva were married in 1984. The fruit of this marriage were two boys, Justin and Eugene.

At that time, Ninva was employed at Prudential Insurance Co. in San Francisco. She referred Edward for an opening, and he was immediately hired. Company policy would not allow husband and wife to work together at the same office, and since Edward truly loved and enjoyed his job, Ninva left the company. In 1992, they decided to relocate their residence to Turlock, CA. However, Edward would not change his career. While working in SF during the week, he stayed at his mother's home and cared for her needs, then commuted to Turlock on weekends to attend to the needs of his wife and 2 sons. He cared for every one of his clients, to the point that most turned into close friends for life. Edward's career with Prudential Insurance ended after 35 years.

Edward always encouraged his sons with regard to their education. He was supportive and helped his sons to stay focused in planning their futures. He enjoyed doing house chores, taking on the role of handyman to fix small or large repairs at home. He loved working on cars, doing basic maintenance or troubleshooting problems to find the best solution. He liked cooking, biking, and taking long walks. When Justin got his dog, Charlie, Edward fell in love with him. He used to go buy value packs of chicken, cooked Charlie special food and enjoyed watching him eat it. His favorite time of the day was when he would take Charlie out for walks. Sadly, Charlie's life was shortened by cancer and his passing devastated Edward and the family. Within a year Niko arrived and this husky was as beautiful as Charlie, but was a handful to be trained. Edward enjoyed daily walks with Niko, perhaps talking about dear Charlie.

Edward was a very likable person, kindhearted, mellow, down to earth, and helpful to just about everyone. He would go out of his way to help others, in any possible way. If he could not do something alone, he was more than willing to get help to accomplish those tasks. Serving and helping others was truly his gift from God. Edward was a finance guy and he was big on saving for the future. He often talked about that with his sons, encouraging them to save for their futures. Surely, Edward was loved and respected as father, but most precious, as a close friend to his two sons.

Edward was a member of the Assyrian Foundation of America in Berkley/San Francisco, and supported this organization's humanitarian, cultural, and educational projects to the Assyrian nation, worldwide. He was also a member of the Assyrian Presbyterian Church in Turlock.

Edward is survived by his wife Ninva Charbakhshi, his 2 sons, Justin and Eugene Mooshabad, one sister Irene Ishaya, and her children Ramina, Ramin, and David, in addition to a second sister Angel Yousef and her children Victor, Nancy and Sam.

May he rest in peace.

SEVENTY THOUSAND ASSYRIANS

by William Saroyan

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 destroyed. 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 pansies 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

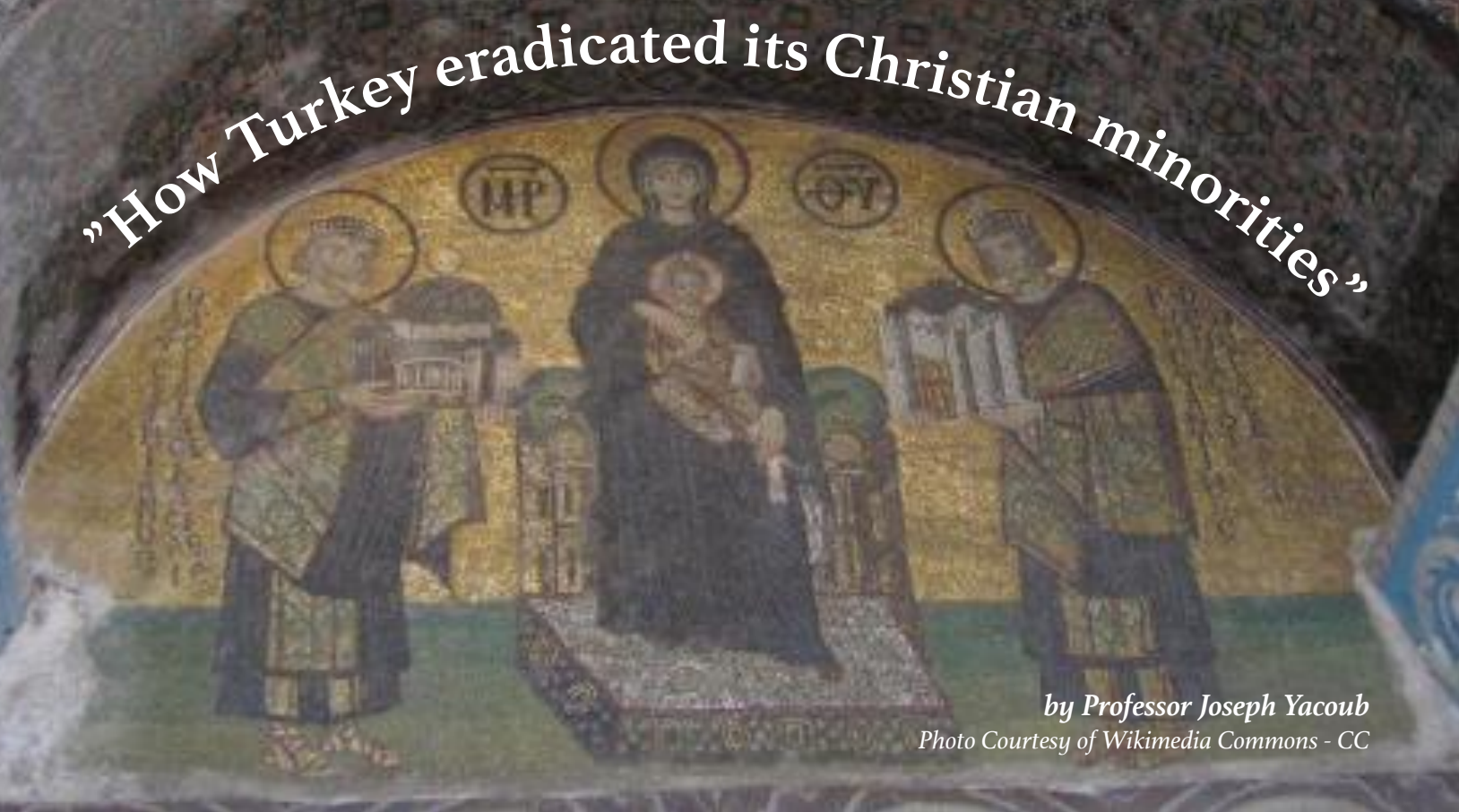
last month. There was a small paragraph in the paper. Seventy more of us destroyed. We'll be wiped out before long. My brother is married to an American girl and he has a son. There is no more hope. We are trying to forget Assyria. My father still reads a paper that comes from New York, but he is an 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.



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Christians still represented 20% of the Turkish population at the start of the 20th century; they are down to 0.2% today. Joseph Yacoub, an expert on the history of Christians of the Middle East, tells how the Turkish regime has gradually erased the cultural memory of this persecuted minority.

Joseph Yacoub is honorary professor of political science at the Catholic University of Lyon, the first holder of the UNESCO Chair „Memory, cultures and interculturality”. A specialist in minorities of the world and Christians of the Middle East, he is the author of numerous books, including: *Who will remember? 1915: The Assyro-Chaldean-Syriac Genocide* (Cerf, 2014); *Forgotten by all. The Assyro-Chaldeans of the Caucasuses* (with Claire Yacoub, Cerf, 2015); *Diversity under threat. Eastern Christians in the Face of Arab Nationalism and Islamism* (Salvator, 2018).

Turkey's political and military engagement with Azerbaijan against the Armenians in Nagorno-Karabakh (Artsakh) has exposed the past and revealed the seriousness of the treatment of Christian minorities.

On this occasion, what is the situation of Christian minorities in this country compared to that in Armenia?

There was a time when there were Christian communities in this country. That time is over. Since then, the story has been a series of dramas, punctuated by episodes, some of which have been knowingly eclipsed by official historiography. Once thriving and prosperous, Christians declined dramatically in number and influence, while in

Constantinople alone they made up 40% of the population in the 16th century. And at the very beginning of the 20th century, they were still estimated at more than 20%.

Today, they number no more than 100,000 people, or less than 0.2% out of a population of 84 million. We note that Christian schools are in sharp decline and we observe cases of expropriation of churches and repression of priests, all of this accentuated by the Islamo-nationalist policy of Turkish President Erdogan, who transformed the Holy Basilica of Agia Sophia into a mosque.

The twentieth century saw political and religious turmoil and tribulations. The Armenian and Assyrian/Chaldean genocide of 1915 gradually put an end to the Christian presence in Turkey.

Here is one example, among others, that was completely obscured. On the eve of World War I, there were 100,000 Assyrian Christians living in the Hakkari region in the extreme south-eastern part of Turkey; Today there is no one left, half were exterminated and died on the roads, while the other half were forced into exile under terrible conditions.

What really happened?

The sparks of 1906 foreshadowed the events of 1915, which in turn planted the seeds of 1918. This policy aimed, according to fixed objectives, to homogenize the Ottoman Empire and to Turkify the entire country, by eradicating all ethnically non-Turkish and non-Muslim groups. It was also an ethnocide. Churches were looted and defiled, elderly men, women and children slaughtered. Many succumbed to disease or hunger, or were transported into exile, and young girls violated and enslaved. This tragedy is well documented

in the memorial literature of the Assyrian people in Aramaic, the language of Christ.

With the war over and the new Kemalist Turkey born, there were other painful episodes.

In December 1925, a report presented by the Estonian General Laidoner of the Council of the League of Nations, who had investigated the provisional border between Turkey and Iraq, referred to what he called the Deportation of Christians, estimating 3000 victims, and incriminating soldiers of the 62nd Turkish regiment of „atrocious acts of violence amounting to massacres”.

The phenomenon of cultural annihilation intensified. The names of the villages were Turkified, as well as historical names. Names of Assyro-Chaldean villages were completely metamorphosed: Ischy became Ombudak, Bazyan: Dogan, Harbol: Aksu, Meer: Kovankaya, and Hoz: Ayirim. The same is true of Aramaic-sounding family names: Biqasha became Yalap, and Bikouma: Yabash. Everything was done to erase the memory of the towns and of the people who lived there. What's more, these villages were abandoned and their inhabitants despised, ignored and left without protection, in danger of brigands, the Kurdish Aghas, and the Turks.

We should not be surprised to see that the country was emptied of the few remaining survivors of the 1915 genocide. Beginning 1980, deprived of security, caught between a rock and a hard place (between the Turkish army and the Kurdish guerrillas of the time), the Assyro-Chaldeans, who had lived in this country for 3,000 years, took the path of exile to France and Europe, fleeing repression and their miserable conditions. This mass departure affected several regions.

Welcomed in France (specifically the departments of Val d' Oise and Seine Saint-Denis), these individuals were able, through their hard work and perseverance, to succeed and to have access to a dignified life, to occupy important positions, in a short period of time. It was in this secular country respectful of all religions that they were able to build churches (in Sarcelles and Arnouville), in accordance with their traditions and according to their rites, and fully live out their faith. In exchange, they have dedicated love, loyalty and fidelity to France.

Faced with the state of negation in Turkey, the opposite happened in Armenia. During a mission to Nagorno-Karabakh in 1993, as part of a French delegation, at the initiative of the Armenians, we had gone, for humanitarian purposes, to Stepanakert, the capital. We saw how the Armenians were attached to this territory, which represents a major place in their national identity and their Christian spirituality. Furthermore, during a visit in 2012 with my wife Claire, within the framework of research on the Assyro-Chaldeans, we went to see the Assyrian community of Armenia. In addition, on this occasion, we met with Armenian political leaders. On our return, we memorialized this story in a book entitled: *Forgotten by all. The Assyro-Chaldeans of the Caucasus* (Cerf, 2015), allowing us to appreciate the state of development of the community, and to note that they are well treated and recognized. Moreover, the cultural and fraternal ties between the Assyro-Chaldeans (known

as Assori) and the Armenians go back a long way in history (including through intermarriage).

The first Assyrians arrived in Armenia in 1805 from Turkey and Persia, a process which accelerated markedly in 1828 and then again from 1915 to 1918. It is a predominantly rural population, making a living from livestock and agriculture.

Outside of the capital city of Yerevan, Assyrians are concentrated mainly in seven villages in particular in Verin Dvin, Arzni, Nor Artagers and Koilassar. They accompanied the independence of Armenia in 1989, founding associations and schools, opening cultural centers, editing textbooks in Aramaic. However, like many Armenians, some have taken the path of exile (to the United States, Europe ...).

The Armenian state officially recognizes the Assyrian genocide of 1915 and a memorial was erected in Yerevan in memory of the victims. They have their own church (followers of the Church of the East, sometimes referred to as Nestorian) has local clergy. The Atour (Assyria) Association dates back to 1989 (formalized in 1992), with an office in Yerevan, donated by the Armenian authorities. Since 1998, there has been an Assyrian Youth Center (Ashour), and in 2003 a Beth-Nahrain (Mesopotamia) Cultural Center was inaugurated. Moreover, Aramaic language textbooks were published in 2008. There are also radio and television programs. In Arzni there is an elementary school for the community, and in the public school, modern Aramaic (Sureth) is taught. The situation presents itself similarly in Verin Dvin.

There are additional important data to note. The mayors of Arzni and Verin Dvin are both Assyrians. The signs (on the streets of the municipalities) are trilingual: Russian, Armenian and Aramaic. Often the streets bear the names of Assyrian personalities including the philosopher Bardesane (2nd century), the Assyrian king Ashurbanipal, the king of Ourhai (Edessa) Abgar Okama, Saint-Ephrem, the patriarch Mar Benyamin Shimun ...

It is thus understood that the Assyrians of Armenia - indebted to this country which recognizes them - feel compelled to fight along with their Armenian compatriots for its freedom and the preservation of Nagorno-Karabakh as Armenian territory. According to the information gathered to date, at least 6 young Assyrians have died, another several missing and wounded, originally from the villages of Verin Dvin and Arzni.

On October 25, the priest of the Assyrian community, Nikademus Yukhanaev, sent a message in Aramaic and Armenian, condemning the Turkish-Azeri attack. He declared, „We strongly condemn the Turkish-Azeri attack and call on all Assyrians of the world and all people of good will to raise their voices to immediately put an end to this aggression, we stand in solidarity more than ever with our Armenian brothers, our communities are linked by our history and our culture.”

Negation on the one hand, recognition on the other, that is the difference between Turkey and Armenia.

Interview with Madeleine Ishoeva, singer and leader of the folk-dance group Ishtar

Translated from Russian by: Nina Georgizova



By Pavel Bukreev, Moscow

Tell us about yourself, please!

I was born and raised in Armenia in the village of Arzni. My ancestors came from Goy Tepe, the village in Urmia, Iran. There were many Assyrians living in Arzni while I was growing up, around 5,000 people. There was the St. Mary's Church, Omra D'Mart Maryam, which we attended every weekend.

I started singing when I was 3. In 1st grade I was selected as the lead singer in our school choir. In 5th grade my father purchased a piano for me. That same year I entered music school. Years later when my sister started attending university I moved to the city of Oryol (in western Russia, about 5 hours' drive south of Moscow). As soon as I finished high school, I decided to join her and go to a music college in Oryol majoring in vocals. After graduating I got married to an Assyrian from Donetsk, Ukraine and decided to enter the Donetsk Conservatory of Music. I had my son while studying at the conservatory. After graduating I started working at the Youth Art Center in Dobropolye, Ukraine. I also founded my own vocal studio "Releve". I worked there for 6 years. The studio at one point had over 60 children from different schools.

In 2000 my family and I moved to the city of Oryol. I decided to take a break from working and dedicate my time to my family and my son. When my son was older, in 2010 I decided to go back to work and released my first solo album. This was a dream come true for me. I released my second album in 2012. As of today, I have released 3 albums. They are distributed on different musical platforms. Alexander Bakuzov arranged and recorded my first two albums in the studio of Viktor Pavlov in Ukraine. He is an excellent musician and a professional. The third album „Atouraya” was recorded in Chicago in 2017 in „Assur Entertainment” studio. Most of the songs were arranged by Ashoor Baba himself. Today Ashoor is a legend of the Assyrian music, one of the best musicians and arrangers.

When did you start the Assyrian folk-dance group “Ishtar”?

I have been performing in the Kremlin at the “We are United” concert for the last 10 years. The last few years the folk-dance group “Shamiram” performed with me, as well. The group disbanded for various reasons. When they stopped performing, I decided to start a new group and turned to the people who knew our dances well. Having worked in the Youth Art Center for 6 years, I knew what had to be done, since I always worked closely with dance groups. All my singers had their own dance performance, and so on. That is why I was very familiar with this type of work.

I invited Salbi and Victoria to work with me (former dancers of “Shamiram” folk-dance group). They are now our dance instructors. I am very grateful to them. We also hired two professional choreographers. We tackle all our internal issues together. Thank God we have always understood each other and work very well together.

Tell us about your costumes.

Our instructors and I decided that initially we will have folklore Assyrian costumes, and later we will make more classic costumes. My brother, Vasilii Ishoev, is an artist and I asked him to design the costumes for us. We picked the fabric and chose the patterns and colors. We also gave children the opportunity to participate in the process, listened to their ideas and suggestions.

Vasilii picked patterns for men's costumes. We were very excited to find a seamstress that understood us well and did what we had asked for. She did a great job embroidering all the costumes. We also decided to incorporate scarves and cuffs that Assyrian men used to wear. We ordered the scarves from Iraq. As for the girls, we decided that it would be a dress and a set of jewelry - a headdress, embroidery on the front of the dress and on the belt.

I would like to go back to the creation of the dance group. I contacted Toma R. Youkhana - a famous Assyrian from Iraq. We have known each other for a long time, and

he has been following my career. He also got to see my performance in the Kremlin with „Shamiram”. He called me 2 years ago and invited me to Iraq for a concert. I explained to him that “Shamiram” had already disbanded, but that I had a plan to create a new team in Moscow. He said to me that he would wait and help me.

That is when I decided to form a new dance group. When we were already working on the costumes, I called Toma and he sent us 10 sets of jewelry pieces that were later embroidered on to the costumes.

The costumes are based on our ancestors' clothing but slightly modernized. Assyrian costumes in Iraq are different. There are wider pants, striped fabrics, and shirts are different. There are several Assyrian folk-lore dance groups who use these kinds of costumes. But living in Moscow and performing on big stages, we realized that we needed to make our costumes a little more modern, more stylish. But we tried to preserve the original idea of the Assyrian costumes.

Are dances based only on traditional movements or are you using modern moves as well?

“Ishtar” is an Assyrian folklore dance group. We divide our dances into 3 categories. The first one is purely folk dances, which have been passed down from generation to generation. The second category is more modern dances with elements of folklore. And the third one is dances of different peoples that live in Russia. I believe that our dance group should also have dance routines of the people of the Caucasus. First, our children are very interested in them. Second, we do not want to dance the same thing over and over again. And lastly, I believe that our audience will see that we have a very diverse repertoire.

Speaking of traditions, where do you learn Assyrian dance routines?

We all know very well that we have very few sources. Our ancestors passed dance routines to us and we continue doing the same with future generations. We all dance in a circle, next to each other. Each dance has its own name and movements. Our ancestors used to dance them at weddings, celebrations, at home. Our instructors pass this knowledge to the kids. Also, these days, thanks to the Internet we are connected to Assyrians from other countries, so we get to see even more dance routines. A lot of them post these routines on the Internet.

Unfortunately, Assyrians never had professional dance studios and there are no books written about Assyrian dance routines.

Do you collaborate with the Assyrian musicians or do you always use recorded music?

We are in great need of music to accompany our dance routines. Today the repertoire of the „Ishtar” dance group consists of the songs of certain singers: me, Ashur Bet Sargis, Talal Graish Juliana Jendo, and Martin Yaqo. If we dance Bagiyeh, then it is either Juliana Jendo or Basam Slivo.

I would like to highlight other ethnic groups that have special musical numbers, suites, symphonies, for example, Russians, Georgians, Armenians. Their dances have titles and music is composed for each one of them. We do not have that. We have always danced to zoor-na and daoola or songs of different singers. This is what we need today. I had a conversation with Ashoor Baba who recorded my third album. He knows about my dance group from day one and we talk about it from time to time. He is the only one who told me that we need instrumental numbers and is planning to write music specifically for us.

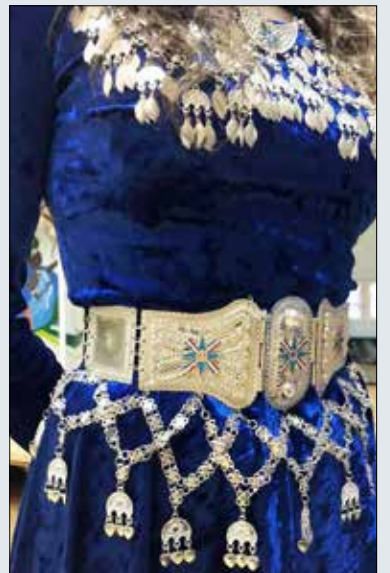
Sometimes the children chose the songs they like and perform to these songs. Of course, we also choose music based on time and style. We use some songs that are 8 minutes long, and some that are 5. When we perform at concerts, we try to choose songs that are no longer than 4 minutes.

Tell us about your future plans. Are you planning to tour Russia or even outside of Russia?

We would love for young people who live in Moscow to join us. We always give them the opportunity to visit, participate, dance and study. Because this is the only thing that we were able to preserve today: our dances, our music, our customs, traditions, our culture. And we must continue our traditions.

We also would like to grow, to get to a certain professional level. We would like to take part in festivals, be known and recognized.

I think this is possible now, thanks to our team of instructors. We want to show our dance group to the world. We have so many invitations, and although the pandemic has put everything on the back burner, it is just a matter of time.



REFERENCE TITLE: Assyrian Genocide; remembrance day

State of Arizona
House of Representatives
Fifty-fourth Legislature
Second Regular Session
2020

HCR 2006

Introduced by
Representatives Barto; Carroll, Jermaine

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION

HONORING THE VICTIMS OF THE ASSYRIAN GENOCIDE AND PROCLAIMING AUGUST 7, 2020 AS ASSYRIAN REMEMBRANCE DAY IN ARIZONA.

1 Whereas, Assyrians, an ethnic minority group, are the indigenous
2 people of Mesopotamia who have lived in the Middle East since ancient
3 times, including in what is today Turkey, Iraq, Iran and Syria; and
4 Whereas, Assyrians, also known as Chaldeans and Syriacs, today live
5 around the world, including more than 600,000 in the United States and
6 tens of thousands in Arizona; and
7 Whereas, between 1914 and 1923, the Assyrian Genocide occurred,
8 during which the Ottoman Empire murdered more than 300,000 Assyrian men,
9 women and children by methods that included mass executions, death
10 marches, torture and starvation; and
11 Whereas, during the Assyrian Genocide, also known as the Seyfo
12 Genocide, the Ottoman Turks and their Kurdish allies also systematically
13 raped and enslaved Assyrian women and girls, forced the Assyrians from
14 their ancestral lands and pillaged and destroyed their communities; and
15 Whereas, the massacre of more than two million Armenians, Assyrians,
16 Greeks and other Christian and religious minority populations represented
17 the final culmination of a series of violent persecutions dating back to
18 the late 1800s; and
19 Whereas, this year marks the 105th anniversary of the Armenian,
20 Assyrian and Greek genocides of 1915, which were part of the planned
21 eradication of those indigenous communities by the Ottoman Turkish Empire,
22 yet to this day Turkey has still not recognized these genocides; and
23 Whereas, the denial of genocide is widely recognized as the final
24 stage of genocide, maintaining impunity for the perpetrators of these
25 atrocities and demonstrably paving the way for future genocides; and
26 Whereas, the resilience and endurance of the Assyrian people is
27 commendable and praiseworthy, despite being victims of an ethnocide that
28 the Islamic State continues today; and
29 Whereas, the State of Arizona is a global leader of human rights,
30 including recognizing and repudiating crimes against humanity. It is
31 fitting that the people of this state honor the victims of the Assyrian
32 Genocide.
33 Therefore
34 Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the State of Arizona,
35 the Senate concurring:
36 1. That the Members of the Legislature recognize the Assyrian
37 Genocide of 1915 as a genocide and reprehensible crime against humanity.
38 2. That the Members of the Legislature honor the memory of the
39 hundreds of thousands of Assyrians who were murdered during the Assyrian
40 Genocide of 1915.
41 3. That the Members of the Legislature proclaim August 7, 2020 as
42 Assyrian Remembrance Day in the State of Arizona.

HR 2002

Assyrian Semele Massacre Resolution and Official Recognition of Assyrian Martyrs Day as August 7th.

The Bill passed unanimously by all 60 House of Representative members of the State of Arizona
Date Passed: February 4th, 2021 following the House third reading.



ARIZONA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Fifty-fifth Legislature
First Regular Session

House: MAPS DP 14-0-0-0

HR2002: Semele massacre; Assyrian martyrs day
Sponsor: Representative Blackman, LD 6
House Engrossed

Overview

Establishes August 7, 2021, as Assyrian Martyrs Day and states that Members of the House of Representatives recognize the Semele Assyrian Massacre of 1933 (Massacre) as a crime against humanity.

History

On August 7, 1933, thousands of defenseless Assyrians were murdered in Northern Iraq, by the Iraqi army, led by Bakir Sidqi. The army arrived in Northern Iraq and killed men, women and children even after they promised safety if the men surrendered their weapons.

Around the world, August 7th is known as [Assyrian Martyrs Day](#). Assyrians celebrate this holiday honoring those who died in the Massacre.

Provisions

- States that Members of the House of Representatives:
 - Recognize the Massacre as a crime against humanity; and
 - Honor the memory of thousands of unarmed men, women and children who were murdered during the Massacre.
- Proclaims August 7, 2021, as Assyrian Martyrs Day in Arizona.

Celebration of Assyrian New Year (Ākītū) in Edessa, ca. 105 A.D.

Following is an excerpt from *The Acts of Sharbil*, the high-priest of Edessa. The text is taken from ܐܬܬܐ ܡܪܝܬܐ ܡܪܝܬܐ (ACTA MARTYRUM ET SANCTORUM), by Paul Bedjan, 1890; and the translation from *Ancient Syriac Documents*, by William Cureton, 1864.

The document is about Sharbil, the high-priest of Edessa, and how he accepted Christ which led to his torture and martyrdom. This excerpt is included in this issue of *Nineveh* because it describes the celebration of the Assyrian New Year, *Ākītū*, in the post-empire and into the Christian era. The text does not state the name or purpose of the “great festival”; however, from the description, it is clearly the *Ākītū* festival, as described in ancient Assyrian documents.



ܡܪܝܬܐ ܡܪܝܬܐ — Saint Sharbil

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The acts of Sharbil, who had been the high-priest of idols and was converted to the confession of the Christian religion in Christ.

*In the fifteenth year of the Autocrat Trajan Cesar, and in the third year of the reign of King Abgar the seventh, which is the year four hundred and sixteen of the kingdom of Alexander, King of the Greeks, and during the high-priesthood of Sharbil and of Barsamya, Trajan Cesar gave command to the Governors of the countries of his dominions, that sacrifices and libations should be increased in all the cities of their administration, and that those who did not sacrifice should be arrested and be delivered over to stripes and lacerations, and to bitter inflictions of all kinds of tortures, and should afterwards receive the sentence of death by the sword. And when this edict arrived at the city of Edessa of the Parthians, it was the **great festival on the eighth of Nisan**, on the third day of the week. The whole city was assembled together near the great altar which is in the middle of the city opposite the office of records, all the gods having been brought together, and been decorated, and set up in honor, both Nebu and Bel together with their companions. And all the high-priests were offering sweet incense and libations, and the odor of the sacrifices was diffusing itself, and sheep and oxen were being slaughtered, and the voice of the harp and the tabor was heard in the whole of the city. But Sharbil was the chief and ruler of all the priests, and he was greatly honored above all his fellows, and he was clad in splendid and magnificent vestments, and a headband which was embossed with figures of gold was set upon his head, and at the intimation of his word everything that he ordered was done. And Abgar, the king, son of the gods, was standing at the head of the people; and they were obedient to Sharbil, because he drew nearer to all the gods than any of his fellows, as being also the one who returned an answer to every man according to what he heard from the gods....*



Upper Mesopotamia and surrounding regions during the Early Christian period

مەھەبب ئەۋەدۇل



مع حَتَّ: صَحَّةٌ دَهْمَكْتَبُ

تَبْد: حمد ۲۹۵۵۶۲ ۲۵۲۲۲۲ د. حمد

2. مەسئۇل مەھكىمە، قىيىت كەتەپ مەدە، جامائە

٥٢. فَلَمَّا رَأَى أَنَّهُ أَخَذَ لَهَا مَخْرُومًا

٥٠. تَهْنِئَةً لِّكَ، أَيَّ خَيْرٍ هَكَذَا مِنْ رَحْمَةِ اللَّهِ

دھم کتب

۵۱. مَدْرُودَتُكَ - مَدْرُودَتُكَ، كُنْ سَعْدِي هَكَذَا، وَدَعْدِي مَعِي اَوْصِي

20. كَدَّهْ طَبَّ - مَوَّ، وَهَدَّيْ أَكْزِيْ طَدَهْ طَبَّ، مَوَّهْ أَكْهَلْ طَبَّ طَبَّ عَكْصَهْ طَبَّ.

٢٥. كَيْدُ ٱلْأَعْمَى، مَسْبُوبٌ ٱلْجَبِّ ۚ ذُنُوبٌ خَبِيرَةٌ.

٢٥. أَصْبَحَ سَمَاءٌ، أَذَى كَقَمَدٍ خَمِيمَةٍ

٢٠١٢ - ٢٠١٣، ٢٠١٤ - ٢٠١٥، ٢٠١٦ - ٢٠١٧، ٢٠١٨ - ٢٠١٩، ٢٠٢٠ - ٢٠٢١، ٢٠٢٢ - ٢٠٢٣

٥٠. هَمَّجَكْ - اَه، كَ شَهَب يَلَا مَكَ دَذِبْ زَسْفَمْ كَمْ رَكْبَتْ

٥٢. مَذَنِّمٌ - مُخَلِّصٌ مَنْ دَخَلَ كَيْدًا لَمْ يَكُنْ هَادِيًا وَهَدْيًا

هَلْ فِيكَ سَهْبَةٌ خَدَمَتْ قَاهِرَةً تَهْجِي بِجَهْلٍ كَيْفَ يَكُونُ دَلْفٌ تَنْ دَسْمَةٍ فَيَكُونُ

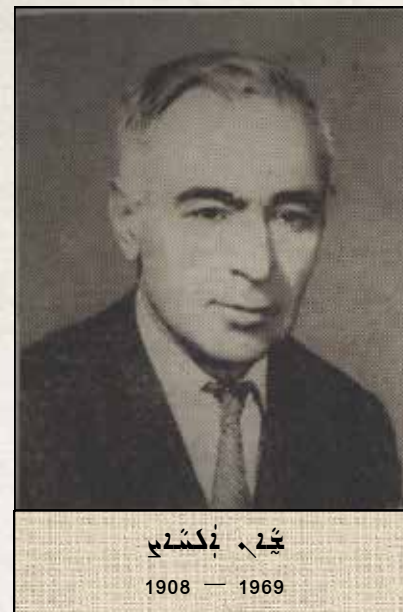
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مہر سب ۲۵۵۲

هَلْ يَجْعَلُكَ، وَمَعَكُمْ دَلِيلًا إِلَىٰ دَعْوَاهُمْ؟

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س

[illegible]

تِلْ اَنَسَ مَدِينَتِيْ جَدَّةً، مَن دَوَّكَلَا دُكَلِّيْ مَقْدَلَا
 جَبَلْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ لِيْهَ لَدُكُمَا، جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَدَهْ لِيْهَ لَدُكُمَا
 مَمَرُ عَمَلْ عَمَلْ لَعْدَتْلِيْ دِيْلَاوَهْ، دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ مَن جَمْعَدَهْ
 جَمْعَتْلِيْ مَقْدَمِيْ دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ، جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ
 مَمَرُ ٢٠٢٨ تِلْ اَنَسَ جَمْعَتْلِيْ دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ، مَمَرُ سَوْبُ عَمَلْ مَن جَمْعَتْلِيْ
 سَوْبُ لَعْدَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ، لِيْهَ جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ عَمَلْ
 جَمْعَتْلِيْ لَعْدَتْلِيْ دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ، لِيْهَ جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ
 جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ لَعْدَتْلِيْ، دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ مَن جَمْعَتْلِيْ لَعْدَتْلِيْ
 جَمْعَتْلِيْ مَن جَمْعَتْلِيْ لَعْدَتْلِيْ، دِيْجَمْعَتْلِيْ مَن جَمْعَتْلِيْ لَعْدَتْلِيْ
 جَمْعَتْلِيْ، جَمْعَتْلِيْ مَن جَمْعَتْلِيْ، مَن جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ
 جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ، جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ
 جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ، جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ جَمْعَتْلِيْ



هَذَا كِتَابُكَ يَذُنُّ

لَبَّيْكَ هُدًى دَجْدٌ
1936

يَقْبَلُ هَمَلًا لَمْ يَدْرِكْ لِحَمَلَةٍ يَصْدُكْ
 حَبْلًا تَكْهُ مِنْ دُسَمٍ تَكْ يَدُكْ
 ٢. لَمْ يَدْرِكْ حَمَلًا لَمْ يَدْرِكْ لِحَمَلَةٍ
 يَهْ لَمْ يَدْرِكْ حَمَلًا لَمْ يَدْرِكْ لِحَمَلَةٍ

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 حَتَّىٰ يَتَبَيَّنَ لَكُمُ الْخَيْالُ مِنَ الْغَيْبِ ۚ وَاللَّهُ سَمِيعٌ عَلِيمٌ
 ١١
 ۚ وَذِكْرُكُمْ أَكْبَرُ ۚ وَاللَّهُ عَزِيزٌ عَلِيمٌ
 ١٢
 ۚ وَذِكْرُكُمْ أَكْبَرُ ۚ وَاللَّهُ عَزِيزٌ عَلِيمٌ

١
 حَمَّيْتُ مَمْلُوكًا مُتَّحِدًا سِوَمًا ، كَبَّ جُذْذُ
 هَيْبَ حَمْدِيٍّ عَبْدًا تَجُذْذُ
 ٢ هَاجَبَ لَهْكَ سَلَابَ وَذِي سَبَّ حَسَدُ
 مَلِكِيهِ ، سَبَّ جُذْذُ حَمَّيْتُ لَهْكَ دَنْيَا

فہم فصل

Justification	مُجَبِّهٌ	Forced	مُجْبِهُ
Commendable	مُجْدِّهٌ	Woman	نِسَاءٌ
Reprehensible	مُذْمَمٌ		يَا ذَا ذُبُونٌ
Therefore	مِنْ أَجْلِ	Arizona House of Representatives	
Women	نِسَاءٌ	Mesopotamia	يَا دِثْلُ
Crimes	مُذَمِّعٌ	Allies	أَحْبَتُ صَنَعٌ
Denial	مُذَبِّهٌ	Starvation	أَمْدَمٌ
Yet	عَلَيْهِ	Remembrance	ذِكْرٌ
Anniversary	أَمْدَمٌ ذِكْرٌ	Minority	أَمْدَمٌ
Ottoman	أَمْدَمٌ	Maidens, Young girls	بَنَاتٌ
Residents	أَمْدَمٌ	Today	أَمْدَمٌ
Resolution	أَمْدَمٌ	Members of the Legislature	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
Resolve	أَمْدَمٌ		
Senators	أَمْدَمٌ	Freedom or exemption from Punishment	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
Legislature	أَمْدَمٌ	Genocide	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
Violent persecution	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ	Middle East	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
District	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ		
	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ	Mass execution	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
Resilience and endurance	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ	Death marches	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
Raped	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ	Torture	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
Enslaved	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ	Massacre	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
Children	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ	Recognition	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ
World	أَمْدَمٌ دِمَامٌ		

يَا مُسَيِّقُ دُذِبُوهُنَّ

حِمْمَتِي

HCR 2006, ADAR 3, 2020

لَمْ يَكُنْ دِدْجِدْزِي دِكْجِدْجِي دِزْجِدْجِي

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[illegible]

میک آئی، قیامت حمیمہ دینمقیل دلوسدیل دلڈبوتیل، ہم کڈل دکھدی

دیتیت:

[illegible]

٢ - اذقي دهبك بعتت بكلمه في كلمتي ديكتي ديكتي
ديكتي ديكتي دهو صبي كلس حقه فاهم بعث

۱۹۱۵.

3 - اڳوڻي دهڪا صحتي جي ڏيک 7، 2020، ٻي نمبر
درجي جي ڏيک ڏانهن لاهيندي ڏيکون.

<p>ذَهَبٌ مَّذْمُومٌ</p> <p>ذَهَبٌ دَمْعٌ مَّذْمُومٌ صَحِيحٌ - ذَهَبٌ د 25</p>	<p>ذَهَبٌ مَّذْمُومٌ</p> <p>ذَهَبٌ دَمْعٌ مَّذْمُومٌ صَحِيحٌ - ذَهَبٌ د 15</p>
<p>ذَهَبٌ مَّذْمُومٌ</p> <p>ذَهَبٌ دَمْعٌ مَّذْمُومٌ صَحِيحٌ - ذَهَبٌ د 18</p>	<p>ذَهَبٌ مَّذْمُومٌ</p> <p>ذَهَبٌ دَمْعٌ مَّذْمُومٌ صَحِيحٌ - ذَهَبٌ د 22</p>

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

تِلْكَ آيَاتُ الْكِتَابِ الْمُبِينِ
 وَإِذْ يَرْفَعُ إِبْرَاهِيمُ الْقَوَاعِدَ لِلْبَيْتِ وَإِسْمَاعِيلُ إِنَّمَا جَعَلَهُمَا كُحْلًا
 وَإِسْمَاعِيلَ غُلَامًا نَجَّيْنَاهُمَا مِنَ الظَّالِمِينَ
 وَإِذْ يَبْنِي إِبْرَاهِيمُ الْمِيقَاتَ وَالْبَيْتَ وَإِسْمَاعِيلُ يُحَنِّدُ لَكَ الْبَدْعَ
 فَأَنذَرْتَهُ وَالْأَسْفَلَ بَيْنَهُمَا نَارًا
 فَأَتَاهُمَا بِاللَّيْلِ وَاللَّهُ يُفَصِّلُ الْآيَاتِ لِقَوْمٍ أُولِي بُرْهَانٍ
 وَإِذْ يَقُولُ الْمَلَأَيْنَا بُرْجَكَ مِنَّا وَإِبْرَاهِيمُ ابْنُ سَوْسَنَ وَهُوَ
 قَبِيحٌ فَظٌّ
 فَأَنذَرْتَهُ وَالْأَسْفَلَ بَيْنَهُمَا نَارًا
 فَأَتَاهُمَا بِاللَّيْلِ وَاللَّهُ يُفَصِّلُ الْآيَاتِ لِقَوْمٍ أُولِي بُرْهَانٍ
 وَإِذْ يَقُولُ الْمَلَأَيْنَا بُرْجَكَ مِنَّا وَإِبْرَاهِيمُ ابْنُ سَوْسَنَ وَهُوَ
 قَبِيحٌ فَظٌّ

مَذْيَ قِبَلَهُ مِصْرَهُ دَفْعَهِ هُوَ (ص 523 ك.س.)، مَذْيَ فِي مِصْرَ هُوَ
 وَهِيَ فِي ذَاتِ دِيَارِ حَبَشَ كَمَا مَذْيَ فِي (Manbij) دِيَارِ حَبَشَ فِي
 مَذْيَ فِي دِيَارِ حَبَشَ (Aleppo) دِيَارِ حَبَشَ فِي مِصْرَ كَمَا فِي
 مِصْرَ فِي مِصْرَ حَبَشَ فِي مِصْرَ فِي مِصْرَ فِي مِصْرَ. هَذَا فِي
 مِصْرَ فِي (ص 708 ك.س.) فِي مِصْرَ فِي مِصْرَ فِي مِصْرَ فِي مِصْرَ فِي

١. ٢. ٣. ٤. ٥. ٦. ٧. ٨. ٩. ١٠. ١١. ١٢. ١٣. ١٤. ١٥. ١٦. ١٧. ١٨. ١٩. ٢٠. ٢١. ٢٢. ٢٣. ٢٤. ٢٥. ٢٦. ٢٧. ٢٨. ٢٩. ٣٠. ٣١. ٣٢. ٣٣. ٣٤. ٣٥. ٣٦. ٣٧. ٣٨. ٣٩. ٤٠. ٤١. ٤٢. ٤٣. ٤٤. ٤٥. ٤٦. ٤٧. ٤٨. ٤٩. ٥٠. ٥١. ٥٢. ٥٣. ٥٤. ٥٥. ٥٦. ٥٧. ٥٨. ٥٩. ٦٠. ٦١. ٦٢. ٦٣. ٦٤. ٦٥. ٦٦. ٦٧. ٦٨. ٦٩. ٧٠. ٧١. ٧٢. ٧٣. ٧٤. ٧٥. ٧٦. ٧٧. ٧٨. ٧٩. ٨٠. ٨١. ٨٢. ٨٣. ٨٤. ٨٥. ٨٦. ٨٧. ٨٨. ٨٩. ٩٠. ٩١. ٩٢. ٩٣. ٩٤. ٩٥. ٩٦. ٩٧. ٩٨. ٩٩. ١٠٠.

[illegible][illegible]

عَمْدَتُكَ دِكْمَتُكَ بِعِدْمَتِكَ: ---

۱. بسم الله الرحمن الرحيم
۲. الحمد لله رب العالمين

ॐ कर्मसुखं ॥

2. **ከፍ ያልገባችሁትን ጥያቄዎች ላይ ምላሽ ለመስጠት**
የሚችሉትን መንገዶች ይፈልጉ፡

[illegible]

ڪهڙو شڪ؟

[illegible][illegible]

۱۰ به اَیْقَیْ دِجِ شَیْبِ مَ دِجِیْکَلَه؛ وَتَشْ دَلْجَه یِذْمَوْ مِیْس
 لَوَجَمَه دِذْمَوْ دِ(جِه-بَهْقِیْ) = جِکْ مِذْمَوْ بِ اَیْقَوْ دِجِکْ مِذْمَوْ
 دِیْمَه دِ(بِم) 'س.د. وَجَمَه دِ(جِه-بَهْقِیْ) جِکْ (اَیْقَوْ) دِیْمِ دِلْجَه
 مِیْس دِیْقِ دِیْدِ مِیْقِ مِیْقِ دِیْقِ لَکْ مِیْقِ دِیْقِ. دِیْقِ مِیْقِ
 اَیْقَوْ مِیْقِ، وَتَشْ دَلْجَه یِذْمَوْ مِیْس لَکْ مِیْقِ دِیْقِ مِیْقِ، (دِیْقِ
 دِیْقِ مِیْقِ) مِیْقِ مِیْقِ مِیْقِ مِیْقِ.

تَادَ دِئَتَقْ سَكَلَسَهْ، كَمَبَشَهْ، زَب مَسِيكَسَهْ، كَذَن مِ
 وَتِيَن دَاهَدِجَامَس دِجَامَهْ تَوَتِيَن مَبَشِيَن. يَكْ، وَتِيَن دِجَدَ تَبَش
 كَبَلَس تَلَهْ دِئَتَقْ مِجَدَ هَمَل مِ مَدَدِجَامَس دِجَدِجَامَس. هَكَبَن
 مَسَهْ دِجَبَل مَسَمَدِيَن تَمَل دِئَتَقْ اَو دَهْ دِئَتَقْ كَذَن. هَمَسَدَهْ
 دِجَبَهْ دِئَتَقْ، وَتِيَن، دِجَد مَهَمَل، كَتَن مِ تَوِيَن اَو دَهْ دِجَلَدِجَد
 تَادَ مَبَشِيَن دِئَتَقْ دِئَتَقْ مِجَدِجَامَس مَسَمَدِيَن.

مبحث اول:

50.....وَسَيُجَنَّبُهَا، ذِي ذِي دِيَتَا ۝ ذَا
 سَيَا ۝ كَمَا ذَا سَبَا: كَمَا ذَا هَكَذَا

فَمَهَّتْ مِنْ يَدِهِ فَمَقِيذٌ دَلُذِيهَةٌ.....43

40.....يَسْأَلُكَ لِحَبْلِهِ
 حَبْلٌ: لَكَ هَذَا حَبْلٌ

39.....

38.مَمْسُوبٌ لِّهَذَا
تَجِدُ: هَذَا لِقَوْمِهِمْ لَمْ يَكُنْ ي. حَم

وَمَنْ لَمْ يَجِدْ فَإِنَّهَا فِي يَدَيْكَ
وَمَنْ لَمْ يَجِدْ فَإِنَّهَا فِي يَدَيْكَ

وئىش بىھىن دۇجىھ، بى وئىش دۇت دىكە دىھەدە. يىقە دۇت
وئىش بىھەقە مە كە دىكە دىھەقە. مە دۇتە، بىھەقە
دەھەقە دىقە مەھەقە، دۇتە، وئىش، دىقە، قەھە،
ھەھە، سەھە، مەھەقە دىھەقە دەھەقە.

[illegible]

١. ٢. ٣. ٤. ٥. ٦. ٧. ٨. ٩. ١٠. ١١. ١٢. ١٣. ١٤. ١٥. ١٦. ١٧. ١٨. ١٩. ٢٠. ٢١. ٢٢. ٢٣. ٢٤. ٢٥. ٢٦. ٢٧. ٢٨. ٢٩. ٣٠. ٣١. ٣٢. ٣٣. ٣٤. ٣٥. ٣٦. ٣٧. ٣٨. ٣٩. ٤٠. ٤١. ٤٢. ٤٣. ٤٤. ٤٥. ٤٦. ٤٧. ٤٨. ٤٩. ٥٠. ٥١. ٥٢. ٥٣. ٥٤. ٥٥. ٥٦. ٥٧. ٥٨. ٥٩. ٦٠. ٦١. ٦٢. ٦٣. ٦٤. ٦٥. ٦٦. ٦٧. ٦٨. ٦٩. ٧٠. ٧١. ٧٢. ٧٣. ٧٤. ٧٥. ٧٦. ٧٧. ٧٨. ٧٩. ٨٠. ٨١. ٨٢. ٨٣. ٨٤. ٨٥. ٨٦. ٨٧. ٨٨. ٨٩. ٩٠. ٩١. ٩٢. ٩٣. ٩٤. ٩٥. ٩٦. ٩٧. ٩٨. ٩٩. ١٠٠.

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