



NINEVEH

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Mesopotamia's Art of the Seal

Photograph courtesy of The Morgan Library & Museum

Courtesy of Aramco World Submitted by Flora Ashouri Kingsbury

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Assyrian Foundation of America

P.O. Box 2660
Berkeley, California 94702
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September 10, 2021

Your Grace,

On behalf of the Assyrian Foundation of America board and membership, I would like to express to you our sincere and hearty congratulations on your election as the new Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East. We are proud and pleased to have our first U.S. born Patriarch, one who has served our state of California diligently for many years, and one who is so learned and knowledgeable on the unique history of our church whose origin dates back to the Apostles: Saints Thomas, Thaddeus, and Mari.

We wish you every success in this new chapter of Assyrian church history and trust that you will act as a unifying force for all our Assyrian brethren in the Middle East and around the world. May God bless you and guide you today and always.

With sincere best wishes,


Sargon Shabbas

President,

Assyrian Foundation of America

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Hot off the Press!



Mar Awa III selected as
122nd Catholicos-Patriarch
of the Assyrian Church of the East



by Elizabeth Mickaily-Huber, Ph.D.

On 6 September 2021, during an Extraordinary Session of the Holy Synod of the Assyrian Church of the East Mar Gewargis III formally stepped down as Catholicos-Patriarch of the Church of the East. Shortly thereafter, on 8 September 2021, the Holy Synod of the Church of the East elected Mar Awa Royel, Bishop of California and Secretary of the Holy Synod, as the 122nd Catholicos-Patriarch of the Assyrian Church of the East. Mar Awa is the first U.S. born Catholicos-Patriarch, a momentous first in Assyrian church history. On the Feast of the Holy Cross on 13 September 2021 in the Cathedral Church of St. John the Baptist, Mar Awa was consecrated and enthroned as the new Patriarch Mar Awa III in Erbil Iraq. Many public and clerical dignitaries were present, including the Kurdish president Nechirvan Barzani and representatives of the Iraqi federal government. The event was live-streamed on various platforms, bringing pride and joy to members of the Assyrian Church of the East, particularly to those living in California and having the pleasure of knowing Mar Awa personally.

Mar Awa III was born David Royel on the 4th of July 1975 in Chicago, Illinois to Koresh and Flourence Royel. He was drawn to church life at a very young age and was ordained as sub-deacon at age 16. In short order, he was ordained as deacon by Mar Dinkha IV. In 2006, he was ordained as Cor-Bishop and then again as Archdeacon in 2008, both times by Mar Dinkha. On 30 November 2008, he was elevated to the rank of Bishop by Mar Dinkha IV, taking on the name of Mar Awa Royel, *Awa* meaning Father in Syriac. As of 2015, Mar Awa served as the Secretary of the Holy Synod of the Assyrian Church of the East and established the only active Assyrian church monastery in the world, the St. Isaac of Nineveh Monastery in California.

Mar Awa received his first bachelor's degree from Loyola University in Chicago in 1997 and then a second bachelor's degree in Theology from University of St. Mary of the Lake in 1999. After that, he obtained his Licentiate and Doctoral Degree in Sacred Theology from the Pontifical Oriental Institute in Rome. In 2011, Mar Awa published a treatise on the theology of the Assyrian Church of the East regarding the seven Holy Sacraments, titled *Mysteries of the Kingdom: The Sacraments of the Assyrian Church of the East*.

Mar Awa has advocated for and raised awareness for the plight of persecuted Christians in the Middle East, speaking at the "In Defense of Christians Summit" in Washington DC in 2014. He also met with then Deputy National Security Advisor for Strategic Communications, Ben Rhodes, to discuss the dire situation of the Christian Communities in Iraq and Syria resulting from the ISIS attacks. Interviewed by the Kurdish news agency *Rudaw* following his Patriarchal appointment, Mar Awa said, "By bringing back the patriarchal sees [to Iraq], since 2015 with the election of his holiness Mar Gewargis and now with this election, the church wants to stress that our roots are here and we will keep them here by the grace of God, so that our church and our people can remain and continue to keep their heritage, and their language, and their culture and civilization." The Assyrian Church of the East is divided into 19 dioceses and has approximately 330,000 faithful scattered around the world.

We wish Mar Awa every success as the new Catholicos-Patriarch of the Holy Assyrian Apostolic Church of the East and pray that he will act as a unifying force for Assyrians worldwide, nurturing not only our beloved church heritage, but also our unique identity, language, culture and civilization.

WILLIAM DANIEL

MUSICIAN
AUTHOR
POET
EDUCATOR

By Pnoel Y. Shamun



*Oh let me on your bosom fall
Ninveh queen of Earth all
So that from your soil I inhale
A little strength for my spirit wan and frail
Let me at your ruins warmly gaze
Sacred foundations with burning lips embrace
Let me wash them with my tears and trace
And read greatest of all lore.*

William Daniel was born in Urmia, Iran in 1903 to Aslee D. and Dr. David Sayad Daniel. Unfortunately, he suffered great personal tragedy from his earliest years. William lost his mother at the tender age of 4 and his father at the age of 11. During World War I, he lost his three sisters to cruel and hostile Islamic captivity. These tragic life circumstances turned him into an orphan, with no one who could provide refuge and love. Eventually, young William was taken under guardianship of his brother-in-law. Thereafter, he moved from Tabriz, Iran to Baghdad, Iraq, where he found employment as a wireless operator.

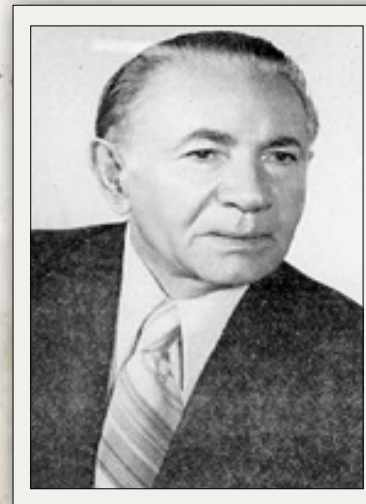
Realizing that he wanted to further his education, he traveled to Marseilles, France where he enrolled at the Conservatory of Music. He lived frugally on his savings from Iran. After a year, his mentor, Edouard Aguitton, advised him to participate in a contest set up by the Marseilles Symphonic Orchestra. William was selected as one of the top three winners out of a large number of contestants. He was then recruited as second violinist to play in that orchestra. William's success brought prestige and honor to his mentor, as well as to himself. William

Every year, a large number of Assyrians, hailing from the San Francisco Bay area, San Jose, Modesto, and Turlock, in addition to guests from other states, attend an Assyrian folkloric musical event known as "MESOPOTAMIAN NIGHT," and the musical compositions of Rabi William Daniel often play a big part. A gracious man, Rabi William, won the esteem of his people as a result of his hard work, dedication and sacrifice. He was a musician, writer, poet and prominent educator. He was an educated man with vast knowledge of Assyrian literature and culture. Proficient in five languages, he spoke English, French, German, Farsi and of course his mother tongue, modern Assyrian. Rabi William was a pioneer among Assyrian artists, composing folkloric music with Assyrian lyrics and traditional tunes. His legacy will no doubt withstand the test of time because his compositions are classics, suitable for all instruments and vocal interpretations. All of his original compositions can be found in his book entitled "William Daniel's Creations" published in 1978 in Chicago, Illinois. Unlike many Assyrian musicians and artists who perform at our ethnic and cultural functions, Rabi William's compositions are intended to communicate the spirit of modern Assyrian music. His songs are well known and remain popular among our people. One of his most famous and beloved songs is called "Nineveh." Written in 1939 in Hamadan, Iran, one particularly touching verse from Rabi William's song is translated from Assyrian into English below in his own words:

continued his studies for three years, during which time he became a member of the Artistic Association of Marseilles. Occasionally, he played violin in other orchestras and groups, earning extra money in this way.

From Marseilles, he moved to Switzerland. Music and poetry filled his heart and soul in Basel. He wrote that he was getting training in two different fields. One was music, where the training was gained in higher educational institutions, and the other was Assyrian writing and poetry, which he taught himself by building upon the language skills he had learned and remembered from his childhood. The translation of the famous "Cyrano de Bergerac" play, into Assyrian from French, was a difficult task due to lack of personal resources. For example, William did not even have a dictionary at his disposition. His authorship was always interesting and informative, but often challenging. One of his greatest achievements was the 3-volume epic poem entitled "Kateeny Gabbara." This very renowned tome is a work of fiction based on life among Assyrian mountaineers. William believed that the mountain Assyrians were more instrumental in preserving Assyrian heritage than those of the plains. He poured his heart and soul into this poetic epic.

While in Switzerland, he met a young lady by the name of Nathalie. William and Nathalie married after a year of courtship. He took her back to his native Iran and settled in Hamadan. There he began a career in teaching, dedicating his life to educating his people in music, as well as in the Assyrian Language. Commitment of this kind often comes with a price. Young Nathalie, feeling lonely and neglected, left William and moved back to Switzerland, where after a year, she passed away tragically. Following this additional sad loss in the life of Rabi William, he would never remarry.



During the next chapter of his life, Rabi William moved to Chicago, where, once again, he became committed to teaching the Assyrian language. In the mid 70's, Rabi William, Dr. Robert Paulissian, and Rabi Youab Yonan established the Assyrian School of Chicago. The classes (levels 1-4) were held at Northeastern Illinois University. Rabi William held one of the teaching positions and, of course, taught all of the level 4 classes. Students of all ages were enrolled, including adults, and were tremendously successful at increasing their verbal and written skills in the Assyrian language.

Rabi William Daniel's life took him to many countries, where he left a legacy of knowledge, enlightenment and love for the culture, history and language of his Assyrian people. After a life of sacrifice and dedication, Rabi William retired in San Jose, California. Although it was time for him to take it easy, he was unstoppable. With the help of the Assyrian American Association of San Jose, he initiated Assyrian language classes as well as trained young singers in an Assyrian choir. Starting in November 1985, Rabi William became the managing editor of The Assyrian Star, the official publication of the Assyrian American National Federation. On the eve of December 10, 1988, while taking his daily walk, he was struck by a car that killed him. Rabi William was 85 years old. His funeral was held at the Mar Yosip Parish in San Jose and was officiated by Reverend Samuel Dinkha, who delivered an impressive and fitting sermon. Thereafter, the entire assembly was invited to attend a formal service of eulogy, hosted by the Assyrian American Association of San Jose. Organizations and individuals alike said their final farewell to Rabi William. May this great Assyrian man and his legacy be remembered always and may he rest in peace.

PART II: “Lady Surma on Visit to Aid Countrymen—Princess Regent of the Assyrian Nation Arrives Today on the Aquitania.”

(Part 2 of 3)

by Christopher R. Nelson, Mar Shimun Memorial Foundation

Aquitania - New York Harbor (1926)

The Aquitania arrived in New York two days late on March 18th, 1926. “*Tremendous gales and huge seas . . .*” had left several windows smashed on B deck, 45 feet above the water line, and not a few of the 1,269 passengers had been ill. “*This has been the worst winter both on land and sea that I have ever known,*” stated commander Sir James Charles.¹ Steadied in faith and her larger mission, Surma d’Mar Shimun stoically noted in her diary only that, “*The first few days were uncomfortable due to the choppiness of the ocean.*” Undoubtedly relieved to be ashore, it was no small comfort that the Americans, not to be outdone by the Brits who’d sent her across the Atlantic on the “Ship Beautiful,” had put her up in the Waldorf-Astoria for her initial days in New York.

The city, with its sun-blocking towers lining 5th Ave, crowded, bustling streets criss-crossed by hat and suit costumed businessmen, the mishmash of markets and their dazzling signs, immigrants from all corners of the globe, honking Model T Fords and other rumbling horseless carriages of the day, recalled Surma Khanum’s first dizzying impressions of London in 1919. Then, as now, she had been less awe-struck by the size of the buildings, houses, and churches, than that they all seemed incapable of defense due to their wide windows and entrances. In the English countryside she had marveled at the sight of men in the fields freely going about their farming without armed guards.²

When asked by a reporter why she had come to America, Surma Khanum stated in blunt New York City fashion, “*My mission in England and America is to save my nation from death, as thousands of people are dying yearly from starvation and disease, due to the tyranny of surrounding nations.*” She further elaborated: “*I am over here because American friends of mine have invited me to come and I hope to deliver a number of lectures. . . . I will be in the United States only three or four months and in that time I hope to impress upon American people the need for responding to the Assyrian cause. Americans have been so generous during the war and since that there is not much doubt that they will hear me graciously.*”³



Unlike the novelty of her first visit to London six years earlier, when Archbishop Randall Davidson offhandedly remarked, “*It is extraordinary to find so much civilization where one could naturally have expected barbarism,*”⁴ Surma Khanum no longer looked the “*chieftainess of an Eastern mountain nation*” who “*wore the woolen habit and veil [sic] of the religious order to which she belongs. . . . Her hair is now snow white, [and she] has the poise, manner, and speech of a woman of affairs of the Western world.*”⁵ One syndicated fluff piece (suspiciously originating in Constantinople) derogatorily described her as, “*. . . a very old fashioned princess—a slight, white-haired woman of sixty, wearing eyeglasses . . .*”⁶ She was in fact only forty-three, may have used reading glasses, dressed in western suit and hat, and wore a *yalikhta* (scarf) as a traditional head covering while in church. The Archbishop had privately expressed concerns insinuating that Lady Surma might not appear “Oriental” [my quotes] enough to arouse the curiosity of Americans. This was, after-all, the era of King Tut and Mah-Jongg crazes, when mysterious turban and robe flowing yogis from the Far East such as Sri Yogananda were packing venues like Carnegie Hall.

Old friends and acquaintances from the homeland like Y.M. Neesan and Qasha Showil who had emigrated to America were some of her first visitors in New York, and as she crossed the continent over the ensuing months, growing Assyrian-American communities in New Britain, CT, Yonkers, NY, Detroit, MI, Philadelphia, PA, San Francisco, Sacramento, Fresno and Turlock, CA, enthusiastically welcomed her. Assyrian families, as well as mayors and civic leaders, greeted her at train stations, often with a bouquet of flowers, after which, banquets, picnics, informal teas and luncheons, and the occasional sight-seeing drive, were given in her honor. In Turlock, Dr. Isaac Adams--founder of the



Aquitania — New York (1926)

Assyrian colony there some fifteen years earlier--proudly welcomed Surma Khanum, who “*. . . Was well pleased with my idea of getting Assyrians onto farms,*” and “*Since [her visit], wherever she goes, she advertises this colony.*”⁷ As fate would have it, Turlock would be Surma Khanum’s final earthly abode almost a half century on.

But not all of the approximately 10,000 Assyrian-Americans⁸ at this time were overjoyed to see her.⁷ Upon learning of Surma Khanum’s arrival in New York, an Assyrian priest in Chicago notified Metropolitan, Mar Timotheus, that “*the motwa*” (local church committee), refused to send a cablegram welcoming her without his approval, and their priests would not have “*any busines dealing*” with her. Furthermore, “*. . . If you can help us not to be or get cheated by Surma or epescapals do kindly write to me and I will see that the Motwa gets the best and protecting points, from the Woolves. . . . I have been trying in a good way to get in to the people head that she is nothing but a woman and has no right to mix with the church affairs not here nor abroad, therefor if she does, [we] will not recognize her even as a nun or sister of charity.*”⁹ On the same day this letter was written, Surma Khanum noted in her diary: “*Representatives of the Nation and Presbyterians came to meet me. They don’t agree with each other much but they are saying that they will come together for peace and love.*”¹⁰

This antipathy towards Surma Khanum from the Metropolitan and his supporters in Chicago reflected deep-seated resentment regarding the election of twelve-year old Mar Eshai Shimun to the patriarchy in 1920 without his consultation, as well as long-festering misgivings about Church of the East reliance on the British and their American Episcopal affiliates. More trenchantly, it was the by-product of age-old misogyny in a traditionally male-dominated society. As George Lamsa explained to an American audience in Buffalo at this time, “*Women are not welcomed into the oriental scheme of life: mourning and wailing greet the announcement of the birth of a girl baby.*”¹¹ Close observers



LADY SURMA ON VISIT TO AID COUNTRYMEN

Princess Regent of the Assyrian Nation Arrives Today on the Aquitania.

of Assyrian culture, Anglican missionaries W.H. Browne and Arthur John Maclean, noted in the early 1890s: “*Too often women are the drudges who are ordered about by the men, do the hard work, carry heavy loads, whose education matters nothing, and who become prematurely aged through their heavy tasks, and also it seems through their too early marriages.*”¹² This was the woman’s place in the world in which Surma Khanum grew up and now she was being painfully reminded of it in America of all places.

Surma Khanum’s temporal leadership in this period was a consequence of crisis: World war, genocide, and the sudden deaths of two patriarch-brothers had thrust her into the forefront of Assyrian leadership. Prior to sending her to England to represent the Assyrian cause at the Paris Peace Conference in Versailles in 1919, Metropolitan Mar Yosip Khnanishu, on behalf of her ailing brother, then Patriarch Mar Poulos XXII, wrote, signed, and sealed an official letter addressed to the British Government: “*The honorable Surma Khanim, sister of the Patriarch, stands before your leadership as the wakil (or vekil—representative) of all the Assyrian Nation to present all our requests. Even though her presence is greatly needed by her people here, this is the person deemed worthy of this mission. Also, the nation has widespread confidence in her. We hope she will be heard and accepted for the sake of our nation, even though small, which is exhausted, persecuted, almost annihilated and had greatly endured during this great world war. --Members of the Assyrian National Committee in Baquba-Bet Nahrain. The humble Yousip Khnanisho, Metropolitan and Patriarchal Representative.*”¹³ This was the first time ever that a female had been recognized as an official representative, or ambassador, in the Church of the East--and perhaps anywhere in the world.¹⁴ And yet, Patriarchal seal or no, certain clergy begrudged her status, unable or unwilling to see “nothing but a woman.”

Surma Khanum held a ranking in the Church known as *brat qyama*, or “Daughter/bride of the Covenant.” In her



Lady Surma and Harpoot Assyrians of Worcester, MA (July 4, 1926)

Map - Lady Surma US 1926



own words: “. . . *It has been the tradition of our nation that the sister of the heir should take the vow of celibacy and act as her brother’s helper during his reign, . . . and be known by a title which in English would be, ‘The Bride of the Promise.’ But this is not compulsory. It is of my own will I do it. . . . My country must be my husband.*”¹⁵ And while this traditional role didn’t preclude any spiritual authority, she was in fact more knowledgeable about Church customs than most clergy. As early as 1908, when she was twenty-five (and twenty-nine year old Mar Timotheus had left for India) Anglican missionary F.J. Blamire Brown described her presence at the early morning Easter Eucharist service in Mar Shalita church at Qudshanis: “. . . *I was much struck with the way that Surma, the sister of Mar Shimun, took charge of the conduct of this service. Talk of suffragettes! Here was a woman, in her twenties too, saying what was to be done in the Patriarchal Church at the greatest service of the year. But Surma is no ordinary person; she knows more of the canons and service books than anyone else, and therefore Mar Shimun had entrusted the direction of the service to her.*”¹⁶

Despite her diplomatic and leadership qualifications, Mar Timotheus—who had been made a patriarchal representative (“*qayoma*”) shortly after Mar Eshai’s ordination at the suggestion of Surma Khanum herself—questioned the necessity of sending her to England and the U.S. since he himself had already been sent by Mar Shimun. His concerns about Episcopal oversight of the contending factions of the Church of the East in America, as well as Surma Khanum’s prominent role in its Commission to Aid the Assyrian Nation, compelled Rev. William Chauncey Emhardt to respond: “*This, we understand, Your Grace objects to because my conversation in Mosul was with Lady Surma who happened to be a woman. I suppose the presence of Mar Shimun who does understand English is not to be weighed in the consideration. . . . Even granting that my negotiations have been with Lady Surma, I fail to see why discussions or agreements involving material help or educational assistance to a suffering people should be considered an infringement upon ecclesiastical prerogatives. Many delays have occurred in bringing our plans to a successful end because of our*

desire to show courtesy to Your Grace even in minute details. If Your Grace is prepared to assume full responsibility for our withdrawal of all offers of help to the Assyrian Church and people we will cease any further efforts along purely secular lines. . . . If a request for immediate assistance and response is an ecclesiastical impropriety if conducted by and through a woman, then of course we must plead guilty. I am sure it is in conformity with the laws of charity, which in some instances deserve more consideration than proper ecclesiastical procedure. At the same time I question the necessity of having to obtain the consent of a representative before money is sent. . . . I will merely state once more that if we cease all activities to operate through the Assyrian Church it will be because of impediments placed in our way by yourself. I sail June 10 and expect to see Mar Shimun in about three weeks in Canterbury and will place the matter before him, although I dislike bringing this matter to the attention of one of his years.”¹⁷

Surma Khanum remained focused on fundraising for the Nation’s present and future survival. Out of a long list of Sir Henry Lunn’s Assyrian and Iraq Christian Committee members in the U.S., William Emhardt in New York and Bishop James deWolfe Perry in Rhode Island, appear to have been the only active organizers (with George Lamsa brought on to schedule the western half of her trip, almost as an afterthought). Despite plenty of lead time, they were disorganized and uncoordinated. Hardly a week after Surma Khanum had arrived, Perry frantically wrote to Emhardt, “*I feel very much in the dark regarding her present moves. Not a word has come to me reporting her arrival in America or her immediate plans. Is the publicity department of our Church helping us in news items and announcements? In some way her presence in the country should be publicly noticed. Not a person whom I have met, American or Assyrian, has heard of her arrival. Unless the Associated Press, or some other agency, is active in the matter, her mission outside the circle immediately interested will fall flat.*”¹⁸

“*I am sorry that we have not kept you fully informed concerning Lady Surma,*” Emhardt quickly replied. “*We have been at our wits end in our endeavour to keep abreast*

with our work. [Thomas] Burgess is seriously ill and away; and our office force reduced by illness. I have been making many short trips and returning for brief visits in New York. Lady Surma arrived two days late, March 18th. She met a few people at the house of Mrs. Baker that afternoon and on the twenty-third we had our larger meeting. Lady Surma spoke rather well and to the point without notes. I do not know what the returns from the meeting will amount to. I enclose her itinerary as arranged.”¹⁹

Her itinerary, like the disquieting delineations of the Assyrian nation itself, expanded and contracted over the ensuing months, while Surma Khanum gamely adapted. She began her lectures in Yonkers, before moving on to Washington, D.C. where she visited the White House on April 3rd, as a guest of British Ambassador Sir Esme Howard. President Calvin Coolidge was notorious for being taciturn in social gatherings, but his spirits were apparently lifted during his twenty minutes with Surma Khanum who, “. . . *Found President Coolidge very talkative. I had been told that he rarely said anything and I expected him to shut his mouth and keep it shut, but he was very talkative with me. He has a very nice personality and I think he must be a wonderful man.*”²⁰ The President expressed faith in her ability to accomplish her mission. From there she took a train to Canada, lecturing in Montreal and Ottawa, before returning to New York via Niagra. Days later she was in Connecticut, and then off to Philadelphia, Detroit, and eventually Chicago. From the Mid-West through Colorado and Utah to the West Coast, and back through Canada. When all was said and done she travelled through sixteen states (and three Canadian provinces), speaking at approximately eighty organized gatherings over a seven-month stretch. She lectured at churches (from the pulpit in one instance) and church groups, clubs, drawing rooms, banquets, the Y.M.C.A./Y.W.C.A., schools, a worker’s co-op, and gatherings organized by Assyrian-Americans.

Surma Khanum’s presentations frequently began with

the recitation of the Lord’s Prayer in Aramaic, from which she proceeded to an overview of the history of the Assyrians and the Church of the East, leading up to the people’s fight to preserve their life and religion in a hostile region: “*The Assyrian people, of whom others know little in these times, were once the greatest nation in the world . . . [they] have maintained their integrity as a nation through all the centuries since the ancient Assyrian Empire fell through the revolt of Nabopolassar, [and] are now living in Iraq, which is a British mandate. . . . After the Turks had massacred a great many of the Assyrian tribes who were subject to them, Assyria went into the war. The Assyrians expected that the Russians would send them help. They left their houses and went up to the top of the mountains. I was with them all the time. Then we fought our way to Persia, which was occupied by the Russian military. . . . The Assyrian women are as brave as their menfolk in time of war, when they carry the food and ammunition to the frontlines. . . . I have seen a woman carrying two children and with some few clothes also carried on her back. . . . The Russians did a great deal, but they withdrew from Persia, and we were left there all alone, with Turks, Persians, and Kurds fighting us. . . . With the collapse of Russia, the Assyrians did not know what to do, but the Russians left them a supply of ammunition and a few officers. We did not know where the British troops were. . . . Then we also left the country, nearly 50,000 people--running, fighting as we went. In a trek of twenty-five days we lost thousands of the people. There was a village of fifty houses with four or five families in each, and only one young man was left. But we fought our way to the English at Baquba, and my people were taken care of, so that they almost forgot their miseries. . . . They [30,000+ Assyrians in Iraq] have no home, and what we hope for them is to found a home for the people.*



Worcester, MA (July 1926)

Los Angeles, CA (May 1926)



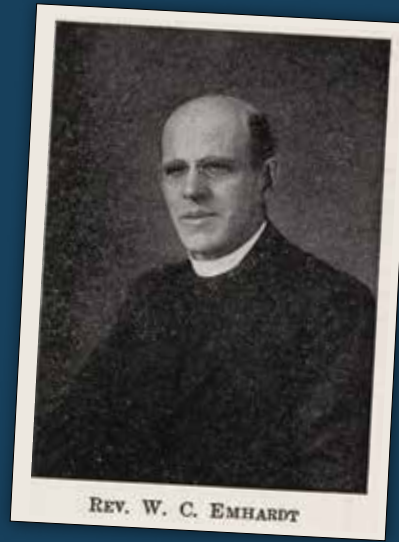
Bishop James De Wolfe Perry



Mar Timotheus — New York (1924)



Lady Surma — Worcester, MA (July 1926)



REV. W. C. EMHARDT

There are [also] 15,000 Assyrians in Russia, always asking if a settlement has been found where they can join their brothers. . . . The hot climate of the [Mosul] region where they now live is unsuited to these mountain dwellers, who are slowly giving way to famine and disease. The present plan is to provide a home for them in the mountains of the northern part of Iraq, where conditions are similar to those of the mountains of Kurdistan where the Assyrians lived before the World War, being compelled to give up their ancestral homes as a result of that conflict. . . .”²¹

She spoke with ease, in fluent English, somewhat dispassionately when summarizing historical highlights, then more emotionally when recalling her personal experiences of the sufferings of her people, especially the women and children. Sometimes she commented on current affairs, even predicting another world war, before deftly bringing it back to her people’s cause: “I do not believe the League of Nations will ever stop wars. Just at the present time the Far East is tottering on the brink of another struggle, a war that may become world-wide in scope. Mussolini is always hinting of war with Turkey. If that comes, the whole region will be drawn in the vortex, and whatever the outcome, it will be very grave. We have had enough of wars and fighting. During the World War we sided in with the Allies and were assailed by the Turks, the Kurds and the Persians. My brave people have been cut down from a prosperous race of a quarter of million to less than 50,000. We have suffered and have lost our homeland.”²²

Bishop Perry remarked, “She has charmed everyone who has met her; and she is addressing her audiences with great power and noticeable effect. The presentation of her story is indeed quite masterful. . . . Lady Surma’s presence has won immediate attention and has commanded interest in her cause.”²³ One spellbound female writer in Denver was “moved as if in a dream” listening to the “Princess . . . tell of her country and countrymen . . . describ[ing] boundaries and cities in such a vivid, convincing way that it was almost

as good as being there oneself.”²⁴ And yet, despite rave reviews of generally well-attended talks and receptions, and meetings with groups of wealthy and influential people, the donations were barely trickling in. Perry was quick to acknowledge that her schedule had not been well-managed. Emhardt blamed Sir Henry Lunn’s “haste and optimism” for tentative arrangements in Canada, before adding: “We have been completely handicapped by lack of cooperation on the part of religious bodies. They all accepted membership on the Committee, but have other engagements or found difficulties when we suggested their arranging a meeting.”²⁵

Meanwhile, back in Mosul: “The people in the hills are becoming more and more desperate as time passes and no definite word is given them as to their future,”²⁶ wrote E.W. McDowell of the American Presbyterian mission to Surma on April 16th. Relief fund distribution had been taking longer than expected-- “three-four months instead of one”--and the longer the delays continued, the more desperate the people were becoming. McDowell mirrored the general anxiety among Assyrians in Mosul that this fundraising campaign might be their last hope for land settlement. He himself, however, was encouraged by her trip to Geneva and conversations with Amery and Hoare, whom he knew possessed a great deal of influence.

Emhardt likewise made a sincere, though awkward, attempt at praise and optimism when he notified her brother Rab Khaila Dawid in Mosul on July 30th: “It has been a great pleasure to have had Lady Surma in America. She has served the Assyrian cause remarkably well in the larger issues. Very little money has been raised as the result of her efforts, but she has brought the people to realize that the Assyrians still exist. It will seem strange to you that more than ninety-nine percent of our people have no idea of the existence of your nation. Thanks to Lady Surma’s efforts, this condition has been changed to a great extent.” He cheerfully added: “I believe that if in the autumn we follow up her work, a generous response may be obtained.”²⁷

Nevertheless, the meagre returns, coupled with

several un-answered letters to the Assyrian Club in Chicago, seemed the final straw, so Surma Khanum drafted a farewell letter to the Assyrians in America as she prepared to leave. In it she expressed joy at having visited with them and implored them to “ . . . Tie yourselves together, and establish an organization that comprises your brothers of all backgrounds. . . . I hope that you will try to unite with all of your brothers in America. You will show great support and accomplish much for your brothers in the Middle East in different ways. At one time, you had such unity and understanding amongst each other. I have respect for those individuals who played a role in establishing that brotherhood with a good objective. Farewell. May God bless you and protect you in all your endeavors. May God make you and all of us shine upon him. May God help us work in this world according to His divine will to perfect humanity and Christianity commanded of all of us. Your true friend, Surma.”²⁸

Seemingly resigned, she somberly wrote to Perry

from the Hotel McAlpin in New York on August 17th: “I leave America, not because I have to, but my mission has absolutely been a failure, and I have no future hope, even if I stay a little longer. I must admit, that I am most discouraged. This failure will mean everything to my people.” The note was punctuated with a final caustic comment: “The Committee on this Mission have never met, even for once, since I came to this country.”²⁹

The collective dream of a modern Assyrian Nation and country was crumbling like a castle of sand. Having exhausted all viable options to achieve national self-determination and autonomy, there seemed nothing left but to return to her people and submit to whatever fate awaited amid the eternally shifting winds of Middle-Eastern power politics.

(To be Continued)

END PART II

¹ “Aquitania Delayed 2 Days By Storms.” *Yonkers Herald*, 18 March 1926, 17.
² “The Assyrian Dinner at the Lyceum Club.” *Guardian*, 4 November 1919, 8.
³ “Assyrian Woman Ruler Is Visitor in Kenosha Today.” *Kenosha News*, 14 May 1926, 1 & 26; “Nineveh Kings’ Successor in New York.” *Province*, 23 May, 1926, 9.
⁴ Middleton, Edgar C., “Lady Shimun Wins London’s Admiration as a Crusader Pleading for Assyrians.” *New York Herald/Sun* (orig: *Daily Mail*) 25 April (20 March) 1920, 76.
⁵ “Lady Surma di Mar Shimun,” *Daily Echo*, 12 December 1925, 3.
⁶ “She’s An Old-Fashioned Princess.” *Hammond Times*, 9 April, 1926, 16.
⁷ Isaac Adams to Helen Hohenthal, 1930 in: Hohenthal, Helen A., et al. *Streams In A Thirsty Land—A History of the Turlock Region*. Menlo Park: City of Turlock, 1972, 102.
⁸ David G. Malech, et. al. to Surma, 31 August 1927. SurmaCorr: MSMF Archives. Note: Of these, Malech estimates about 2-2.5k Church of the East Assyrians, w/ approx. 5k being Protestants and the rest Chaldean-Catholics. Another source (f.n. 21) est. 12-14k Assyrian-Americans at this time.
⁹ Joash J. deKelaita to Mar Timotheus in: Mar Aprem, Mar Abimalek Timotheus: A Biography. Trichur, India: Mar Narsai Press, 1975, 113-14. Note: Spelling errors retained from source.
¹⁰ Surma d’Mar Shimun, 26 March 1926. SurmaDiary: MSMF Archives. Trans. fr. Syriac.
¹¹ “Quota Club Hears Of Oriental Life,” *Buffalo Times*, 9 March, 1926, 18.
¹² Maclean, Arthur John and William Henry Browne. *The Catholicos of the East and His People*. London: SPCK Press, 1892, 99-100.
¹³ Mar Yosip Khananishu, 27 August 1919. SurmaCorr: MSMF Archives. Trans. fr. Syriac.
¹⁴ Several news sources of the 1920-1 period mention this possibility of Surma being the first recognized female ambassador/representative in the world: E.g., “Business Women in the Far East,” *Woman Citizen* (vol. 5), 12 June 1920, 55; “Is President of Assyria,” *Highland Recorder*, 30 September 1921, 1; etc.
¹⁵ “Chosen of Her People.” *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, 31 October 1919, 5; *Lancashire Evening Post*, 1 November 1919, 3; “Princess of Assyria Here,” *San Francisco*

Examiner, 5 June 1926, 14. Note: While a vow of celibacy (along w/vegetarian diet) is voluntarily undertaken, this is not equivalent to being a “nun,” as communal monasteries in the Church of the East virtually disappeared after the destruction of Tamerlane in the 14th century.
¹⁶ *Anglican Missionary Quarterly* III (70). ATOUR Pub./Lulu Press, 923.
¹⁷ Emhardt to Mar Timotheus, 22 May 1925. SurmaCorr: MSMF Archives.
¹⁸ James deWolfe Perry to W.C. Emhardt, 24 March 1926. PerryCorr (17) f. 596.
¹⁹ W.C. Emhardt to James deWolfe Perry, 26 March 1926. PerryCorr (17) f. 596.
²⁰ “Surprised to Find Coolidge Talkative--Assyrian Princess, Guest Here, Tells of White House Thrill.” *New Britain Herald*, 16 April 1926, 1.
²¹ “Assyrian Nation in Sad Distress--Princess Regent Described Sufferings and Struggles of Ancient Race.” *Gazette*, 7 April 1926, 9; “Woman Makes Strong Plea For Assyrians: Aunt of Young Patriarch Over Mesopotamian Christians Tells People’s Tribulations.” *Sacramento Bee*, 16 April 1926, 18; “Appeal for Assyrians Expressed.” *Los Angeles Times*, 30 May 1926, 9; “An Assyrian Chieftainess.” *Westminster Gazette*, 14 January 1926: p. 8.
²² “Princess Predicts New War; Questions Power of League.” *Bulletin*, 5 June 1926, 1.
²³ James deWolfe Perry to Archbishop Randall Davidson, 14 April 1926. PerryCorr (17) f. 596.
²⁴ Martin, Susan Hubbard. “Little Sketches of Home Life: Shaking Hands with Royalty.” *Jefferson County Republican*, 8 July 1926, 4.
²⁵ Emhardt to Perry, 20 April 1926. PerryCorr (17) f. 596.
²⁶ E.W. McDowell to Surma, 16 April 1926. SurmaCorr: MSMF Archives.
²⁷ Emhardt to Dawid d’Mar Shimun, 30 July 1926. SurmaCorr: MSMF Archives.
²⁸ Surma to Assyrians in America, 10 August 1926. SurmaCorr: MSMF Archives. Trans. fr. Syriac.
²⁹ Surma to Perry, 17 August 1926. PerryCorr (17) f. 596.

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.

Nina Backus:

Date of Interview: 11/12/'82

Nina was a widow in her 70's (born in 1906) when she shared her memories of the war events. The scenes were so vivid in her mind that she was crying throughout the narration. At the time of the flight (winter of 1915) she was 16 and was living in the town of Urmia under the care of her paternal uncle and his family because her father was deceased. Nina's story brings us to the threshold of the Baqubah camp.

It was in the middle of winter when the Russian soldiers advised us to take the children, leave our home, and follow them since they were leaving the country. Our house was filled with relatives from the surrounding villages who had fled to town. My uncle David, his wife, his three children, a single woman, and I were to leave to Russia on foot. Of course the Russian soldiers were taking many people along on their carts. My uncle changed his mind about leaving because it was so cold. He decided to stay rather than freeze the children to death on the road. The next morning word came from the Sahabi (*reference to the American missionaries*) that it was safe for people to take refuge in the mission yards under the protection of the American flag. We went there and found that the mission grounds were full of people from all the surrounding villages.

We rented a house together with four other families near the Mission yards. It was under the American flag also. It was there that we took turns washing and cooking. Some local Turkish families took their Assyrian friends under their protection. We stayed there until May. We had a half-Assyrian half-Turkish friend. He used to come daily and bring us bread. One day he informed us that fire was put to our house and everything was burnt down.

In the mission compound the large dining room was emptied of tables and about 300 people were living in that hall. There was no sleeping room; people slept sitting. There were not enough sewage facilities. The local Turkish bakers purposely mixed chalk with the flour. People ate it and got dysentery. People were sick and dying all around us. The dead were buried in mass graves.

On May 15 we were free because a new contingent of Russians had arrived. This time the local Turks were frightened and took refuge with us. We started building a roof over the walls of our house. We stayed there until the summer of 1918. Ordinary life had started; but we had to flee again. In the summer of 1918 uncle David was fighting under Aga Petros and his brother Aga Mirza (*The word Aga is a title of honor meaning "sir". Aga Petros was an Assyrian General*). The Assyrian mountaineers (Saranaay, Mamyi, Doraay), had fled their mountain homes and had descended onto the plain of Urmi. Uncle David was in charge of ammunitions. At that time women were living in fear without their men and waiting to flee any day. Finally the alarm sounded that the Turks and the Kurds were upon us. We fled not knowing where; just following the people in front of us. David had come looking for us. He found us. He cut a

horse loose from a cart and mounted his wife and the baby on it. The rest of us followed on foot. It was hot and people were very thirsty. I remember we reached a river and people were drinking water. There was a young Armenian girl on the back of an ox. The ox was so thirsty that it dashed into the river and both ox and girl perished in the deep water.

In the evening people took a rest. Men went to buy provisions from the nearby villages. Women started building temporary fire pits. Suddenly word came that the Kurds had attacked the line of refugees behind us. So people left everything and began running in panic. We went day and night until we reached the British encampment in Hamadan.

During the flight people used to get lost. At resting times the cry of people calling the names of lost ones could be heard. We saw children left on the roadside because their mothers could not carry them any longer. Later I heard of one exhausted mother who had dropped the bundle in which her baby was wrapped from her arms without even noticing the fall. Another had wrapped wet mud in a piece of cloth and let her baby suck on it to squeeze some moisture out because she had no milk or water to give to her baby. People drank horse urine for lack of water.

The British moved us to a temporary camp near Kermanshah.. There we were given rations. A temporary hospital was set up where the sick were cared for. The orphans were gathered together and put under the care of sponsors. We heard that the British were taking the Assyrians to Baqubah. We went along too. People were sent there in bunches. So we stayed in that temporary camp for a month. Every morning a policeman came and distributed hammers among the people. We had to break rocks for the roads that the British were building until it was our turn to leave to Baqubah

In Baqubah we lived under huge tents: every 25

individuals in one tent; every family in one corner of the tent. If a family was small, it was placed in the center of the tent. The British officers gave us rations every morning. Later our own people were assigned duties as police, guards, etc. There were Sunday schools and Sunday services. After the sermon the ministers would call out the name of people who had received money or mail from America. All correspondence was carried through churches and ministers because people did not have a home address. At 9 in the morning the call for rations was given. Canned meat, tea and sugar were among the staples. For newcomers blankets, material for clothing, and slippers were among the fare. It was a comfortable life. Weddings took place.

The newly wed were given new living quarters. On Sundays we had a church service. People set up a local bazaar. The Assyrians in the USA helped financially and material was ordered from the city of Baqubah. Water was available in taghareh (big earthen barrels). People stood in line to get water. Tea was made in samovars made of white tin. (We had artisans.) One family would make tea, and all the families in the tent would join in drinking it. We took turns. As for cooking, in each camp there

were 25 earthen foot stoves. There were also 5-6 tanuyras (large circular ovens for baking bread) built in a row. They had covers to protect the interior from rain. After two years we were moved to Mindan [a different refugee camp in Iraq]. Section by section we were moved there. Camps were set up again. We were told that we were free if we chose to leave the camp. The British gave every family head 120 Rupees and set them free. Those who had relatives in America went to Baghdad to apply for visa at the American Consulate. We went to the Consulate and gave the names and addresses of our relatives in America. All those in transit to the United States had rented a date grove where we set up tents while waiting for our visas to America.

“SUDDENLY WORD CAME
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MESOPOTAMIA'S

This article was submitted by Flora Ashouri Kingsbury whose late husband, Bob Kingsbury, worked for Aramco in Saudi Arabia for 10 years.

Article courtesy of Aramco World
July/August 2021 issue



WE CAN ALMOST HEAR THE SCREECH AS THE OSTRICH PULLS AWAY from the man who has grabbed its tail. Beak open, wings spreading as though in a desperate—and futile—attempt to fly, it has twisted its head round to see its assailant, who brandishes a sword. We see the quill of each feather, the rounded knees, the strain in the bird's throat and, nearby, a younger ostrich echoing this posture. The attacker, meanwhile, advances, striding forward, locks bouncing, revealing enough of a wing to show he is superhuman. And just in case we miss the buff arms and broad shoulders, twin tassels dangling from his tunic frame his exposed leg, as muscular as that of the ostrich is bony. No matter that ostriches are associated with death, rebirth and preternatural strength, the strong diagonal from the hero's raised sword to the bird's two-toed foot predicts the outcome: The birds don't stand a chance. Carved sometime between 1200 and 1000 BCE in Mesopotamia, the relief radiates the confidence of a people on their way to ruling the most-powerful empire in the world.

ART OF THE SEAL

Written by LEE LAWRENCE | Photographs courtesy of THE MORGAN LIBRARY & MUSEUM | Video by DAVID HELFER WELLS



Shown **ABOVE** in four rotations, this cylinder seal carved from gray marble measures just 3.1 centimeters tall and 1.4 centimeters in diameter. When rolled on clay, **OPPOSITE**, it reveals an image Sidney Babcock, head of The Morgan Library & Museum's Ancient Western Asian Seals & Tablets department, calls "one of the most striking" in the library's extensive collection. The ostrich, he says, may represent "the earthly equivalent of the griffin, the conveyor of death."

I am standing in The Morgan Library & Museum in New York, and the more I lean in, the more vividly each detail pops until the scene fills my mind. It's like when watching a movie: Whether looking up at a big screen or staring down at a smart phone, the image can seize our attention so fully that we see nothing else. So it is with this scene. Yet, displayed next to it is a cylinder of light gray marble just 3.1 centimeters long and 1.4 in diameter. And that's when it hits me. The relief isn't the artwork; it's the stone, where I can see, carved into it, the mirror image of the ostrich.

Having grown up exposed primarily to European art, I cannot help comparing this approach to that of Michelangelo, who "saw the angel in the marble and carved until I set him free." Looking at the chiseled hashmarks

of plumage, the deep drills for pupils, the scooped-out channel for the animals' necks, I find myself thinking: If Michelangelo liberated form *from* marble, might this Mesopotamian sculptor be regarded as one who infused form *into* marble? This required him to conceive the composition, reverse it in his mind, and then carve it in the negative on a rounded surface, leaving the stone intact *except* for the hero and ostriches. When pressed into a soft surface like clay or wax, the material fills the voids so that as the cylinder is rolled, the original vision emerges in relief.

Welcome to the meticulous, miniature world of Mesopotamian cylinder seals.

Around 3,500 BCE in Uruk, generally considered the world's first true city, people were beginning to erect



LEFT Dated between 2500 to 2340 BCE, artifacts discovered at Ur in the grave of Queen Puabi included what proved to be a royal headdress with flowers and leaves of gold. Found alongside it, visible to its left, was one of three cylinder seals that included the seal **LOWER LEFT**. Made of lapis lazuli, it depicts two banquet scenes attended only by women. **ABOVE** Blocks of clay served as a kind of lock for storage spaces and containers. On each one, a relief made by pressing a seal identified the owner.



monumental buildings, embellish large-scale vessels with narrative reliefs, sculpt statues in the round and decorate stone vessels with friezes of animals. There, in the alluvial plains between the Tigris and the Euphrates, they also developed this type of seal, of which The Morgan (as it is informally called) holds a world-renowned collection of more than 1,400.

Seals were so prized as amulets and personal symbols that people were buried with them.

None of the clumsy experimentation that accompanies a new genre appears in the archeological record, not even in the early years. A small cylinder of pale green serpentine, for example, carved around 3400-3000 BCE, is a complex composition centered on a one-eyed creature—"the earliest known cyclops anywhere," says Sidney Babcock, who heads The Morgan's Ancient Western Asian Seals & Tablets department. The creature stands inside an oval frame, but if we lean in—or magnify the online image, as The Morgan's website allows us to do—we see it is composed of lions. (See opposite, top right.) Two hang upside-down from the cyclops's clenched fists while another pair leap and converge over his head. Triumphant, he rises between

what appear to be two boats (sometimes interpreted as fenced-in enclosures), where we spot lion-headed eagles, various pots, a sheep-headed demon perhaps casting a net, all under a sky populated by fish, birds and large baskets.

We will see variations on the theme of super-strong beings fending off wild predators but, for now, let's focus on scale: All this is carved into a cylinder 5 centimeters in diameter, which means its circumference—the artist's "canvas"—is almost 16 centimeters long. Today, we would call something this size a miniature, but for seals this offered a huge expanse. (By contrast the hero's pursuit of ostriches is depicted on a cylinder whose circumference is just shy of 4.5 centimeters. This is fairly typical, and plenty are even smaller.)

There was an incentive to make them small. By their very nature, alluvial plains tend to yield few rocks and ordinary ones at that. So, people imported semi-precious stones from neighboring regions and some, like the highly prized lapis lazuli, came from as far away as Afghanistan. The stones themselves were often regarded as inherently possessing amuletic powers. From a few surviving depictions and plenty of archeological evidence, we know people wore them as pendants or pinned to their garment. So much were they prized as amulets and precious, personal symbols that people were buried with them.



The first-known depiction of a cyclops was carved into this seal from the Sumerian city of Uruk between 3400 and 3000 BCE. The impression shows the one-eyed hero figure, at center, holding up two lions, and above him two more lions appear; the rest of the scene includes a human figure, various animals including a two-headed eagle, and ceramic containers. **LOWER** Site of many cylinder seal finds, Uruk was among the earliest cities of Mesopotamia, founded around 4800 BCE.

might easily replace a lid, but not one with the impression of the owner's unique seal.

The same principle was at work when keeping track of debts and promises. If, say, someone owed the city a contribution of pots of honey, an administrator could place the appropriate tokens representing the debt into a hollow clay ball, pinch it shut and roll his seal and that of the debtor on the exterior. Later, as this and other debtors came through on their commitments, another administrator might deposit the goods in a storeroom, fasten the doors, slather clay over the locking mechanism and roll his seal over it.

Was all this foolproof? Some 20 years ago, the Vulnerability Assessment Team of the Los Alamos National Laboratory conducted a series of studies to determine how effective a preventative it was to mark containers of cargo or sensitive material with a seal—and, as part of their research, they looked back in time to Mesopotamia. Using only materials that were then available, they showed that it would not have been all that hard to make a passable fake from a seal impression. "We do not know if ancient seal users were generally aware of the vulnerabilities

demonstrated in this work," they wrote in their report. But given the widespread use of seals, they speculated that "a certain amount of seal fraud may have been accepted as inevitable—much the way that modern societies accept occasional credit card fraud as simply part of the cost of doing business."

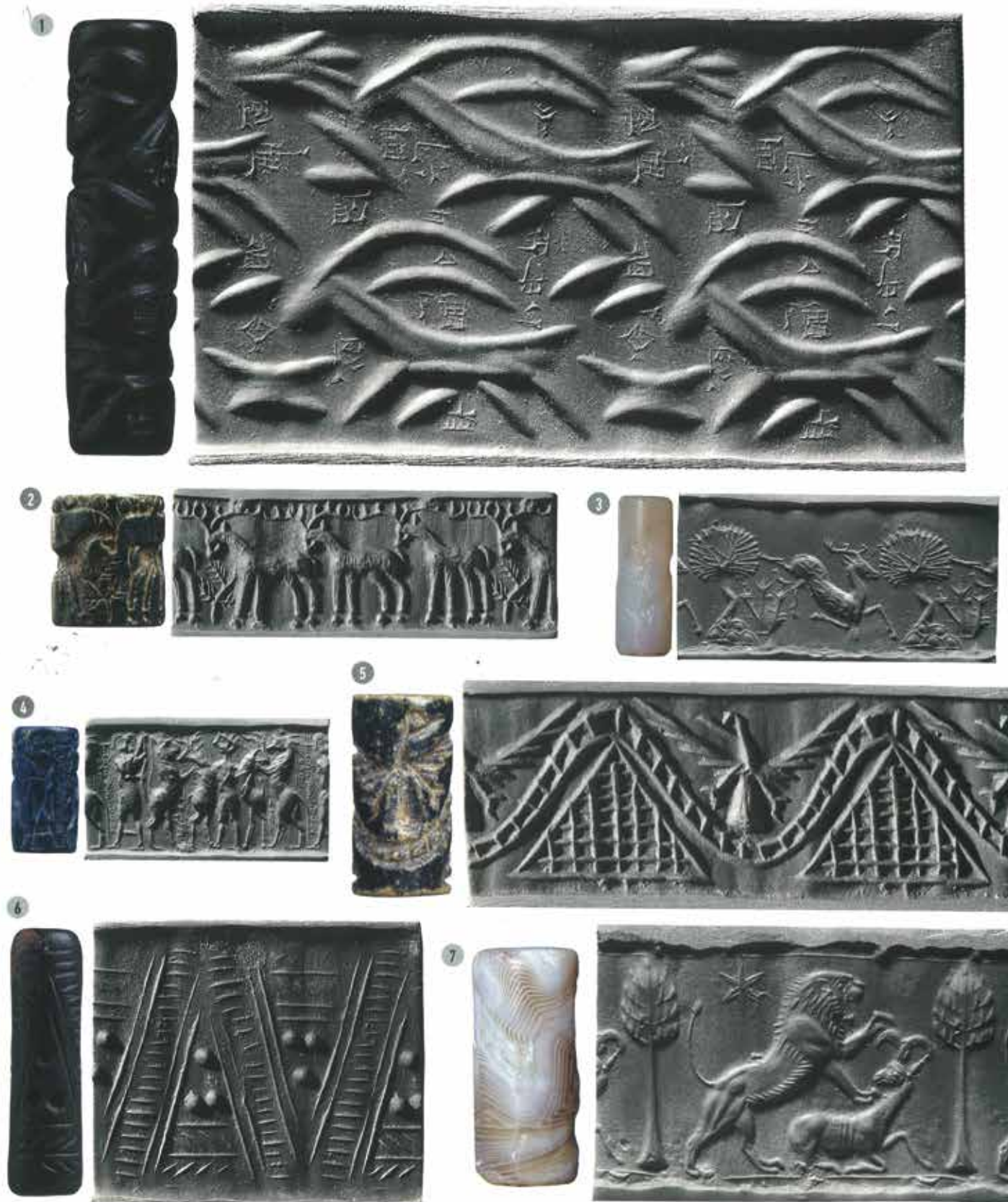
Any possible fraud notwithstanding, for every jar opened, every door unlocked, every debt paid off or letter read, seal impressions were broken. The trove of fragments seems endless, and yet, interestingly, archeologists have been able to match only a handful of surviving impressions to known seals, says Babcock. This suggests that archeologists have only discovered a fraction of the seals that existed, some of which may have been made of wood and other perishable materials. It also reflects the degree to which some seals were cherished solely as precious amulets and rarely if ever rolled.

Given the personal association between seal and owner, seal-makers had to come up with ever-different designs.

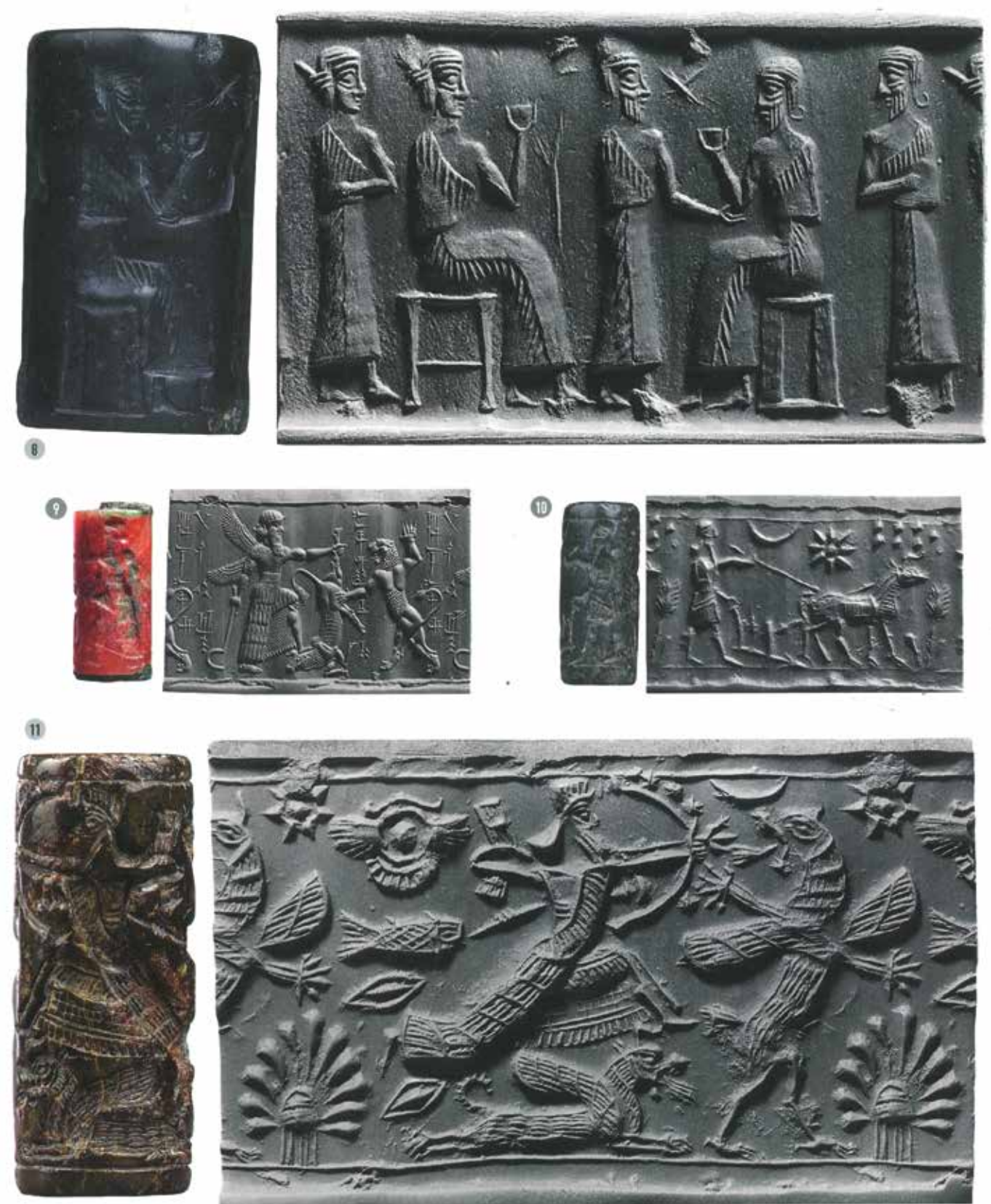
Seals proved practical for more than 3,000 years.



LOWER LEFT: ROBERT HARDING / ALAMY; OPPOSITE, TOP LEFT AND LOWER LEFT: PENN MUSEUM



WHITE NUMBERS INDICATE ACTUAL SIZE ❶ Pattern of two running goats, black serpentine, 4.2 centimeters, 3100-2600 BCE. ❷ Three stags with a plant showing individualized antlers becoming an abstract pattern, green-black serpentine, 2.5 centimeters, 3400-3000 BCE. ❸ A leaping stag in a landscape, milky chalcedony, 3 centimeters, 1300-1200 BCE. ❹ Heroes protecting animals from felines, lapis lazuli, 2.4 centimeters, circa 2300 BCE. ❺ Eagle shown above a hatched, undulating line and crosshatched triangle below, greenish-black serpentine, 2.6 centimeters, 2100 BCE. ❻ Zigzag ladder patterns, which may have derived from weaving patterns, black serpentine, 4.8 centimeters, 3100-2900 BCE. ❼ Lion attacking a mouflon (wild sheep) with a star in the sky, banded agate, 2.8 centimeters, 1300-1200 BCE.



❶ Banquet scene with seated couple and attendants, black serpentine, 3.5 centimeters, 2300-2100 BCE. ❷ Winged hero contesting with a lion for a bull, carnelian, 3.9 centimeters, 700-600 BCE. ❸ Man prodding an ox pulling a plow, black serpentine, 3.7 centimeters, 900-700 BCE. ❹ Deity astride a bull-headed dragon, steatite, 3.7 centimeters, 1000-700 BCE.



A seal 2.3 centimeters tall made of carnelian depicts, at center, a Persian soldier; kneeling before him is a Greek prisoner and, behind the soldier, a second prisoner is tethered by a leash. The soldier to the right, curiously, is wearing the same distinctive helmet as the Greek prisoners, yet he appears in battle dress—not a prisoner at all. Babcock's conclusion: This depicts a Greek mercenary, one of the many who, according to written sources, hired on with Persians. **LOWER** Babcock poses with pioneering seal expert Edith Porada in Istanbul in 1983. In addition to consummate artisanship, Porada detected in the seals early expressions of, as she wrote in 1993, "man's awareness of himself as the dominant element in nature."

ran with it. Between 3100 and 2600 BCE, they stylized flowers, people, animals or other subjects, then repeated these abstractions to create patterns in a style since dubbed "brocade." In many cases scholars haven't "cracked the code," as Babcock puts it. Hence the purely descriptive title he has assigned to a stunningly graphic design: zigzag ladder patterns.

When it comes to studying the works to detect stylistic differences, parse their iconography or determine whether the sculptor wielded a graver or a drill, the seals themselves

offer the most useful tool: the impressions they make, provided they are clear and detailed, which turns out to be no mean feat in itself. A good seal impression entails kneading clay, rolling out a smooth strip of even thickness and then pressing down hard on the seal and rolling it, with even pressure, down the length of the strip. Porada made many impressions

while curator at The Morgan from 1955 through 1993, but she did not for the longest time allow her students, Babcock included, to make their own.

One summer, Babcock recalls, he accompanied Porada on a trip to Turkey in her later years. Even though by then she already had difficulty making impressions, she insisted on doing them herself. "There was one evening where the so-called adults had a dinner and the lowly student was left out," Babcock recounts, "and I was rather properly miffed." So he went to his room with some fake seals he had bought in the Ankara Museum gift shop. Using a bottle he made strips of

clay and then "just rolled and rolled and rolled all night, until I thought I got it good enough." The next day when Porada had trouble, he suggested he have a go at it—"and I showed off." Her reaction? "Her face had a kind eye and a strict eye," Babcock says. "She showed me her kind eye."

Babcock has since championed the importance of properly made impressions as a way to fully appreciate the work carved into stone. Depending on the stone's color as well as the depth and style of the carving, however, we can sometimes appreciate the artwork directly. This is also something we can experience virtually on The Morgan's



"Whole provinces of art revealed themselves in these seal impressions."

—EDITH PORADA (1912-1994)



A seal made from chalcedony, 2.5 centimeter tall, shows a delicately formed striding bull. It dates from 499 to 400 BCE, which led Porada to observe it "recalls Greek gems" of the same period "in its exquisite engraving and spacious background." To Babcock this prompts speculation about not only possible Greek influence but also the further possibility that this seal's sculptor may have been Greek, perhaps living in captivity.

website, where the online collection includes images of seals we can rotate. Such is the case with one of the museum's masterpiece seals, a red carnelian cylinder carved sometime between 701 and 601 BCE. The form of a hero is immediately visible, from his wing to his luxurious robe and bare foot. The next rotation reveals one foot resting on the neck of a bull whose head is touching the ground as its front legs buckle, and the hero is yanking its hind legs into the air. With another rotation, we see coming at the hero a lion standing on his hind legs, one clawed paw raised, ready to swipe at him, the other planted on the bull's haunch. With a final turn, we now approach the winged hero from the back and spot the shepherd's crook he hides behind his back, a balancing counterpoint to the lion's raised paw.

Unlike our previous hero in pursuit of ostriches, there is no foreseeable victor in this contest, just a perpetual tension powerfully expressed in a composition full of menace yet static. Time and again on seals we see variations on the theme of heroes protecting a society in which land was tilled and animals were domesticated from the wild, destructive forces of nature.

I'll end with a seal that depicts a more earthly conflict: the Greco-Persian war. (See opposite, top.) Carved between 499 and 400 BCE—the war ended in 449 BCE—this is not a fighting scene but rather the aftermath of one. Kneeling before a Persian soldier is a Greek prisoner; behind him, another prisoner is tethered to his captor by a leash. What is puzzling is a fourth man, in full battle gear: He is clearly not a prisoner, yet he wears the same helmet as the Greeks. "We know from the Greek sources that there were Greek mercenaries hired by the Persians," says Babcock. "And here is one of them."

There may be yet another Greek hiding in a masterful portrayal of a bull from the same period. (See above.) The animal is magnificent, from the pointed tip of its horns to the switch at the end of its tail. The sinuous contours

and lines of his head, hump, back and haunches appear in the milky-brown chalcedony like an ethereal imprint. To Babcock the treatment of the musculature and face reminds him of archaic Greek gems, and he wonders aloud whether it might be the work of a Greek artist in captivity.

We will probably never know because, for all their eloquence, the Mesopotamian seals have yet much to tell us. What we do know is that the form sculpted into this seemingly modest bit of rock makes it more than a functional artifact of a bygone civilization. It imbues the stone with the timeless, intangible quality of great art. 📺

The question remains whether seal artists inspired artists of wall paintings and reliefs, or the other way around, or both.



Based in Brooklyn, New York, freelance writer **Lee Lawrence** also writes frequently on Islamic and Asian arts for *The Wall Street Journal*. **David H. Wells** (thewellspoint.com) is a multimedia photojournalist and photo educator based in Rhode Island.



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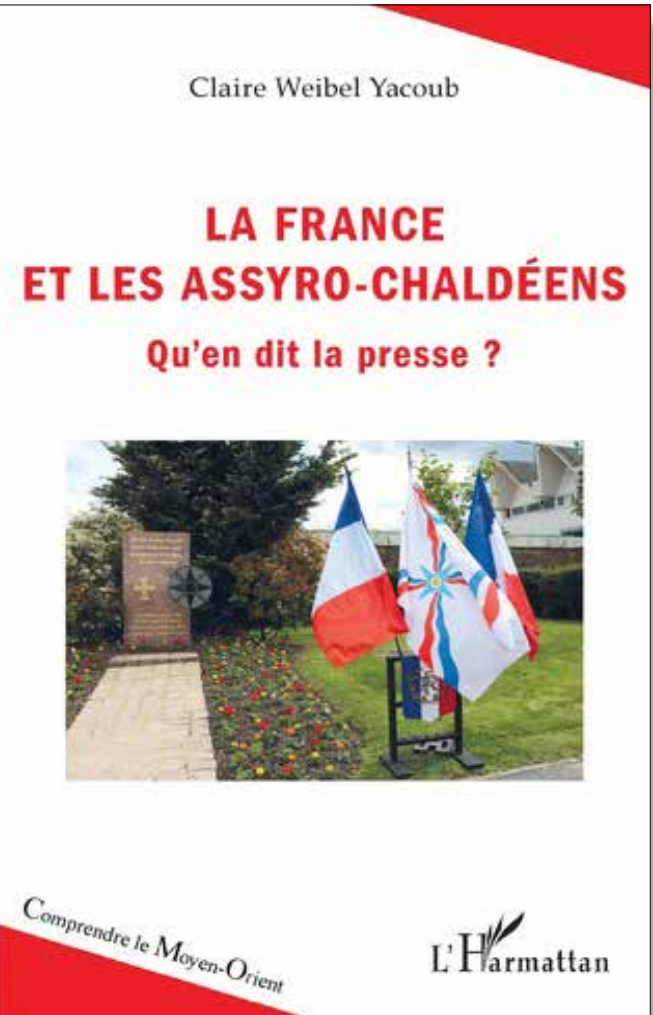


La France
et les Assyro-Chaldéens
Qu'en dit la presse?

Claire Weibel Yacoub

Parmi les Chrétiens d'Orient, les Arméniens sont devenus familiers aux médias et à l'opinion publique française. Mais qu'en est-il des Assyro-Chaldéens ? Les connaît-on vraiment ? Sont-ils les oubliés de la grande histoire ? Dès le XIXe siècle, la presse française répercute abondamment les récits des explorateurs et les événements, souvent tragiques, qui touchent les Assyro-Chaldéens aux confins des empires ottoman et persan. La France les reçoit à sa table. Leur nom apparaît dans un traité international, celui de Sèvres, signé le 10 août 1920. D'autochtones avérés, ils deviennent pourtant des réfugiés dispersés dans plusieurs pays.

Sensible à la question des chrétiens d'Orient, proche des Assyro-Chaldéens, Claire Weibel Yacoub, laborantine, diplômée en droits de l'Homme et auteure notamment de Surma l'Assyro-Chaldéenne (1883-1975). Dans la tourmente de Mésopotamie (L'Harmattan 2007) s'est penchée sur la presse française pour en extraire les éléments liés à la question assyro-chaldéenne, sujet toujours d'actualité.



Claire Yacoub's book translated from French is entitled, "Surma the Assyrian 1883-1975 - In the Torment of Mesopotamia." Claire Yacoub's book, having gained academic acclaim in France, was translated into Arabic in 2011 and later into Russian in 2019. Her book recounts the story of Surma d'Bait Mar Shimun, daughter of ancient Assyria, cantor of the (Nestorian) Church of the East, who led a life woven with the threads of tragedy. Like the Armenians, the Assyro-Chaldeans were attacked by Kurdish and Turkish troops and were victims of the genocide of 1915. This chain of events led to their initial exodus to Persia and then to Iraq. Agitating the sinister games of the British and Iraqi authorities, Surma was exiled to Cyprus. Her wandering led her to Britain and finally to the United States. A woman born before her time, she did everything in her power to represent the needs of the Assyrian people on the international stage at the League of Nations that would later become the United Nations.



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a heart-warming conversation with Narsai David

Part I

by Elizabeth Mickaily-Huber, Ph.D.

On the morning of June 15, 2021, I had the pleasure and honor of interviewing Mr. Narsai David, an old family friend who also happens to be a world-renowned businessman, radio and television personality, and chef long before fashionable cable food channels were a thing. In fact, when I was a kid, I remember Narsai and his cousin Sam coming to visit my family after Sunday church service in San Francisco. They were particularly close to my grandmother Elishua. Indeed, the David cousins shared the cultural bond with my grandmother of having origins in Mar Bishu, a small village in the Hakkiari mountains of Turkey.

Upon speaking with Narsai, I was immediately struck by his cheerful demeanor and his youthful nature. Although 85 years young, Narsai doesn't look a day over 65. He is full of life, is sharp as a nail, and charmingly young at heart. He was sporting his signature bowtie on a crisp white shirt. Talking with him was like being transported back in time to the America of the 1950's. Americana at its best! His love of cooking was obvious in how his eyes would light up when he spoke of his renowned restaurant and the delicious recipes served therein. Although we started our discussion in interview format, it became quickly clear to me that Narsai didn't need me to prompt him with questions. He was happy to share his rich and interesting life experiences with me. What follows are the many things that Narsai told me. Paragraphs italicized below correspond to my thoughts, clarifications, and interjections.

I was born in South Bend, Indiana, which is about 100 miles outside of Chicago. My mother came from Ada in Urmi (Iran) after the forced exodus from Iran. Her mother bundled up her five children on an ox-drawn cart and went into northern Iraq where there were civil encampments set up. Her husband, my grandfather, had already come to the United States and was working, I believe as a janitor in Chicago, hoping to raise enough money to bring the whole family over to the United States. Well, they stayed in that camp for three years before my grandfather was able to pass all the hurdles and bring them to America. My dad was born in Mar Bishu up in the Hakkiari mountains and had come the U.S. somewhat earlier than my mother.

His uncle, *Shamasha* (Deacon) Rahana David, had come earlier still. He was a fascinating man. He had been dedicated to the church from the time of his conception. He was called *nzeera*. That means that from the time of his conception, his mother stopped eating all manner of meat and shellfish, following all the dietary rules and guidelines because it was presumed that he would rise to a very high role in the church. As it turned out, he was never ordained above *shamasha* (deacon) because when he got to the United States, he opened up an oriental rug business, selling Persian rugs. He was so successful that he thought he could do more good for his family by just staying in that line of work and not going further within the church hierarchy. However, he was in fact the force that built the first Church of the East in Chicago, as well as the first Church of the East in Gary, Indiana. He continued sending money to help Assyrians in the Middle East. I'll never forget, and I will regret to my dying day, not being able to save a letter that he had received that said that he could save Assyrian lives at \$1 per person, so he could send \$100 and that would save 100 Assyrian lives. It's just mind boggling to think of what our parents (and families) went through, what their generation went through.

Well, as it turned out, my great uncle's oriental rug business was well-established so he managed to bring my father over, who very quickly learned the trade. My father was a little bit taller and frankly a little bit more elegant looking than the rest of the family. That served him very well for business purposes because, although the rug store was very successful in Chicago, they would also sell rugs to other stores, fancy furniture stores and other such places around the Chicago area within about a hundred miles in any direction. My father, being the tall, shall we say, handsome man, was

always the one that would be featured in newspaper ads that would say, 'Straight from the Middle East, expert, Mr. Michael David, will be here to explain the rugs to you, and so forth.' So together with his uncle, they built quite a successful business.

Unfortunately, my dad ended up getting leukemia and was really suffering and, by the time I was 10 years old, we moved to Turlock. Well why Turlock? As an Assyrian, you know that's where you go because that's where all the Assyrians are. I've often wondered, were his doctors such good psychologists that they figured, "let this man go die in a place that he would like to be with his family and relatives"? Or were they naive enough to think that maybe the hot, dry weather would help him? Who knows what was the state of knowledge of dealing with leukemia in those days? And so we came out to Turlock in 1946 and my father died in 1951.

I have two younger brothers. In 1953, when I graduated from Turlock Joint Union High School, I moved to Berkeley to go to Cal [U.C. Berkeley]. I had a scholarship, actually two scholarships. Two years later, my next younger brother Ken moved up to Berkeley to be with me. I was living in a student co-op called Cloyne Court during my first two years. A dear friend of mine was Marion Nestle, you may have run into that name, she's in the Department of Nutrition at NYU. She got the name "Nestle" by marrying a guy who lived at Cloyne named Manny Nestle. Since that time, my gosh, she's written so many books and became so knowledgeable about the whole issue of dietary needs and requirements in the United States, not to mention some of the evils of the large conglomerates, soda companies, and so forth.

Having been a student of U.C. Berkeley myself and having lived in a co-op there also, I immediately understood what Narsai was telling me, but it might bear some explanation. The co-ops at U.C. Berkeley are co-operative living accommodations for students where students can live for a slightly reduced fee by doing house chores (referred to as "workshifts") such as cooking, cleaning, vacuuming, and so forth.

Meanwhile, I could no longer stay at Cloyne if my brother was with me because the rule was you had to be a registered student to live in the co-op. So I left the co-op, rented a small apartment, and two years went by and my youngest brother came up because



nobody wanted to be trapped in Turlock. Seven years after my father died, in 1958, my mother remarried a man named Bill Khinoo in Turlock and they were quite comfortable for the rest of her life. Meanwhile, when my youngest brother Jim came up, we rented a house and all three of us were together for some years. So those were the early days...

I never did finish at the university. Money was obviously a big problem with my father having died two years before I graduated from high school. When I was living in the co-op, I worked 5 hours per week as my workshift. During my second semester I became kitchen manager and during my third semester I became Chairman of Food Services for all seven co-ops. Now there are 23 houses, but at the time there were seven. Marion likes to joke that her first boss in the food industry was Narsai David because she was doing some of her workshifts at the C.K. (Central Kitchen). I guess by the time you got to Cal there was no longer food prepared at the C.K., it was all prepared in the individual houses. So, you might say that I was automatically in the food business.

Also, we used to work in the fields during the summer months as kids in Turlock. When I was graduating from high school, I went to the Vice-Principal and said, "There must be some people looking for summer help. Are there any possible job openings?" Rather than going back and working in the fields.... So he said, "Well, Hendy's Drive-in is looking for an assistant cook. Do you like to cook?" I said, "Oh yeah, I love to cook!" So, I went and got a job as a fry cook. I spent all summer flipping hamburgers, as it were, and when I got to Berkeley, I went to a place called Hy's Drive-In. It was one of those round drive-ins like in the movie *American Graffiti*. It was on the corner of Telegraph and MacArthur, which was deemed to be the single busiest traffic intersection in America. Telegraph Avenue, being the main North-South arterial, and in those days, the only way to get on to the Bay Bridge was from MacArthur Blvd.

So we were at the corner of MacArthur and Telegraph. The car-hops were all women. They rolled around on roller skates. I went into the kitchen... mind you, I had just turned 17....I went to the chef and told him that I wanted to apply for a cook's job. I'm looking around the kitchen and the cooks were all these WWII veterans with packages of Lucky Stripes cigarettes rolled up in their t-shirt sleeves. I can see this guy's face and he's probably trying to figure out, "Should I just kick this kid out, or if he's really serious enough to come to me and ask for this kind of job then maybe I should take him seriously?" So he said to me, "Look, Sonny Boy, have you ever popped sodas down there in Turlock?" Well, I had to have a job so I said, "Oh yeah, I used to come in on my time off and help out." That was not quite accurate... So, he took me to the front end manager, introduced me, and I got a job as a soda jerk.

In the 1940's and 50's, soda fountain drugstores were quite popular in America. They were places where you could go for a quick bite of food and wash it down with a coke float. A soda jerk was typically a young person who would prepare the soda drinks and ice cream sodas. The term soda jerk was a play on words with soda clerk, the individual who manned the soda fountains. The term was inspired by the "jerking" motion that the operator would use to drive the fountain handle back and forth while adding soda to the ice cream.

One thing led to another and I ended up managing a restaurant in Berkeley called "The Potluck". It was the first restaurant in the East Bay to function like a French bistro. In fact, the guy called it "The Potluck" because you quite literally took potluck - each day he made one thing. There was a large terrine of soup, a large bowl of green salad, an entree, and dessert was just a piece of cheese and an apple. That was in 1954 that he started. In 1958, he moved to Channing and San Pablo and got a partner. They put in some capital, built it out into a real complete restaurant with a full kitchen, a whole menu, a full bar, and I got a part-time job as relief bartender. Before I knew it, I was manager of "The Potluck." So, for 11 years, I managed "The Potluck."

When my partner and I broke up, I went off and started "Narsai's Restaurant" in Kensington, which is a little section of north Berkeley. Most people think that it's actually part of Berkeley because it has the same zip code. I must say that we developed quite a fine reputation. *The New York Times* said that we had one

of the ten finest wine lists in the world. When *The Wine Spectator* decided to give awards for restaurant wine lists, I got a call from Marvin Shanken, the President of *The Wine Spectator*. There are two categories: the Grand Award and the regular one. He said that we had been chosen for one of the Grand Awards. I said, "Marvin, that's wonderful news. Tell me how many are in that category of the Grand Award?" He responded, "Well to be honest with you, we haven't decided yet weather to cut in off at 4 or at 13." Well, that's the same as telling me that I was one of the top four in the United States. I mean, he wouldn't have given me that information otherwise. So, the wine list was important. We received lots of nice mentions in the national press. James Beard talked about some food that he had there in one of his columns and then put that same recipe in his next cookbook.

...From that moment on, Sam and I were brothers.

I had a cousin Samuel David who used to go to church with me frequently in San Francisco. Your grandmother and mother would have known him well. Sam knew the family before I met them. Sam's father was Scopila David who was my father's first cousin. He was working as a draftsman and designer, so he actually helped me design Narsai's Restaurant. From the beginning, he was my Maitre D' [manager]. He had a terrible family tragedy. His 16 year old son had a cancer that was undetected in his leg. He got out of bed one morning and fell because the bone broke. In very short order, he died at the age of 16. Sam's whole world fell apart after the loss of that child. He quit and moved to Marbella in Spain. So I brought back a young woman who had been our assistant catering manager and made her the restaurant manager.

But you know, people always get my name mixed up even now. They used to think I was David Narsai and he was Samuel Narsai, and that we were brothers. We used to correct the people, until one day

somebody came in and said, “Gee, I’m sorry we missed you the last time we were here, but your brother sure took good care of us.” From that moment on, Sam and I were brothers.

Once he was gone, there was no longer one of the Narsai brothers there. So, I would have my wife Venus, who we call Veni, and our son Daniel come to dinner at 6:30pm. The three of us would sit in the middle of the dining room so that everybody could see that I was there, and I could see everybody. I’d get up from the table 30 times during our dinner to greet somebody or say hello. After my family left to go home, I would make the rounds of the whole dining room again, then sneak out the back door. Well, finally I reached the point of feeling like, “This is no life. Either I give up the restaurant and have my life back, or I give up everything else I’m doing and go back to being the Maitre D’ six nights a week.” We had been open 7 days a week, but I figured that if I just closed one day it would work out. I agonized over this decision, but when push came to shove, the only right thing to do was to just close the restaurant, which I did in 1985.

Also, we published a cookbook called “Monday Night at Narsai’s” because every Monday night we would serve a special dinner from a different country, in addition to the regular menu. It was always a complete five-course meal. There was a soup (clear broth or cream based) as well as an appetizer of your choice. The entree was always served with rice pilaf and a fresh vegetable. Nothing was ever frozen. We would vary the rice. I would sometimes mix it with rye berries, whole wheat berries, or sour barberries. After the entree, we would serve hearts of romaine with a very simple salad dressing in which we used lemon juice instead of vinegar for the acidity because we sold a lot of wine. Over 95% of our tables had wine, and vinegar is a real enemy of wine, so if my patrons were just finishing their last little sip of wine, I didn’t want them to be bothered with vinegar. Finally, we made all of our own desserts. We baked all of our own breads also. We had a market next to the restaurant that I can unabashedly say sold the best croissants that you could find, in addition to breads and pastries. Oh, another little detail about our menu, the Assyrian rack of lamb was the single most popular item on the menu. It was my mother’s recipe, made with pomegranate juice, onions, and basil. In fact, I always said that the square root of my mother’s cooking was tomatoes, onions, and basil. The lamb was cooked medium-rare and was just a really wonderful dish.

Somewhere along the way when I had the restaurant, a friend introduced me to the producer of a television show that was hosted by Bing Crosby’s wife, Catherine Crosby. It was a morning show on channel 5, the CBS station in San Francisco. I would go in once a week and do a cooking demonstration. After the third or fourth time that I did that, they said that I had to join the union. Well I joined the union and then they had to pay me. They paid me \$29 for each one of these 7-minute long live segments where I would prepare something. I can tell you that the phone number in the office would be ringing with people making reservations for dinner. I jokingly said, “I’d be happy to pay them \$100 to be on the show.” In any case, it was wonderful publicity for the restaurant.

Later, I made some radio appearances that led to my going to KCBS radio on Saturdays. We started the KCBS Saturday Kitchen from 10am to 12 pm every Saturday. It was a call-in talk show. Sometimes I’d have a guest, sometimes I’d just start out with whatever was on my mind. Then I started doing a wine-tasting. I would announce a week in advance both a red wine and a white wine that would be available at a moderate cost that people could buy in advance. I would taste it on the air, on Saturday mornings, with them at home, and compare notes. It was a nice learning experience and good exposure. These experiences evolved into my becoming food and wine editor of KCBS radio, and here I am to this day, 37 years later, still food and wine editor. Now, I just do one small feature for them each week on Saturday on the radio on 106.9 FM/740 AM.

Part 2 of my interview with Narsai David will appear in the next issue of Nineveh Magazine



LOLA'S ASSYRIAN SEWING SCHOOL IN ARMENIA

by Elizabeth Mickaily-Huber, Ph.D.

When an Assyrian asks for Education and Empowerment, Assyrians For Education and the Assyrian Foundation of America Listen, Collaborate, and Act!

When Assyrians have a vision to promote education, create jobs, empower their people, and provide opportunities for growth and independence, Assyrians For Education (AFE) and the Assyrian Foundation of America listen, support, and act. Ms. Lola Yonan Ionanova, President of AFE in Armenia, had a vision of establishing a sewing school in the village of Dvin, Armenia. She wanted to empower our people, specifically our women, with a marketable skill that would help them gain financial independence and enable them to support their families.

With the help of the local priest, Qasha Nikademus Yukhanaev of the Church of the East, two rooms were provided to AFE for this purpose. In early June of 2021, a team of young Assyrian men was hired by AFE to begin renovating the rooms, from flooring to painting, in addition to beautifying. Ms. Lola

oversaw the entire project, including managing the construction activities, accomplishing the permitting process, purchasing necessary equipment, as well as purchasing furniture, products and supplies. All of these accomplishments culminated in the final celebration and opening ceremony.

Currently, the school has one teacher hired by AFE to teach our young girls and women how to create clothing not only for themselves, but also to be sold in the open market. Additionally, they will focus on creating traditional Assyrian costumes and outfits to sell all over the world. The goal is to establish a sewing factory in the village as well as to create jobs for local Assyrians living in Dvin.

Helping underprivileged, yet innovative and motivated, Assyrians make their dreams come true is one of the many ways that the AFA helps Assyrians around the world thanks to your generous donations.

IN MEMORY OF
FREDERICK SHANNON ELIA

Fred was born on March 6, 1929, in Chicago. His parents, Absalom Elia and Suria Moorad, were Assyrian Christian immigrants from northwestern Iran. His father was a tailor, and his mother was a homemaker. He was the third child in the family, following sister Elsie and brother Walter.

Fred lived in the context of a large Assyrian community centered on their church, the Carter Memorial Presbyterian Church. He enjoyed his many close cousins, aunts, uncles, and grandparents. He enjoyed all the many activities Chicago offered its youth: boys' club, Cubs Park, Lincoln Park, ice skating, beaches, the Field Museum of Science.

Fred attended Senn High School in Chicago where he lettered in gymnastics. Fred graduated in 1946 from Hughson High School in Hughson, CA, where his family and many cousins had moved the year before. In fact, they all lived on adjacent acreages. The name "Mesta Village" was commonly used to refer to their enclave. "Mesta" is the word for yogurt in Assyrian, with the letters denoting the surnames of the relatives: Moorad, Elia, Shaboz, Thomas, and Alexander.

Fred attended Modesto Junior College and San Francisco State, receiving his BA and a California State Credential in 1955 to teach mathematics and science. He taught at Lowell Junior High School, McClymonds High School, and Frick Junior High School in Oakland, and for 37 years at Oak Grove Intermediate School in Concord.

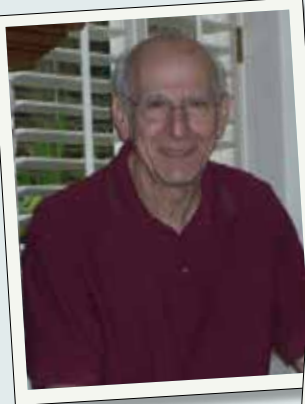
In 1951 Fred married June Isaacs. He was drafted into the Army in 1952 and taught electronics in the Infantry School at Fort Benning, GA. He left the Army in 1954 as a Sergeant.

Fred was an active member of the First Presbyterian Church, Berkeley. He and June were social chairs of the Voyager Group. He served four terms as an elder and was superintendent of the Sunday school. He was director of the junior high department of 90 students, and together with June prepared 6 teachers for their Sunday lessons. They also directed a Sunday afternoon group of 45 students and planned outings, parties and trips. Fred served on the Executive Committee with Dr. Robert Munger, Harold England, and Earl Palmer. He also served on the building committee, and together with June on the celebration of the new sanctuary.

Rebecca Lynn, Curtis Frederick, and Robert Dean were born from 1959-1964. Fred helped with the construction of a cabin at Donner Lake. This became a very special retreat; the family spent every summer there. The family grew to include Diane Argyropoulos (Curtis's wife) and their children: Nathaniel, Nicole, and Rachel. Suzanne Jones (Rob's wife) and their son Dean joined us. Fred has felt truly blessed by his dear family.

Fred loved telling jokes and laughed easily. He loved people and could engage in conversation with almost anyone. He was a fisherman, especially of trout. He enjoyed following baseball and football and loved violin concertos and crossword puzzles. He and June traveled across the world, returning to Paris frequently for a monthly stay. They attended Berkeley Repertory Theater, the San Francisco Opera, and the San Francisco Ballet. In earlier days Fred was the wedding soloist. His voice was a velvety baritone.

Fred Elia was a long-time member of the AFA and was the first cousin of another long time AFA member, the late Sargon Yelda.



List of Assyrian Foundation of America Donors

The below list includes donations received from 06/01/2021 through 08/31/2021 only! Any donations received after 05/31/2021 will be included in the next issue of the Nineveh Magazine.

Thank you for your generosity and support.

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Correction from last issue:		
Belles & Linda Yelda	\$	20.00
Belles & Linda Yelda	\$	100.00 (In Memory of Edward Moushabad)
Belles & Linda Yelda	\$	100.00 (In Memory of Juliet Yonan)
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Archy Ray	\$	100.00 (In Memory of Sargon Ray)
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*The amounts listed are charitable donations only and exclude subscription fees and membership dues.

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يَا أَيُّهَا الْمَدِينَةُ

تَبْدِئُ مَعِيكَ حَيْثُ مَعِيكَ (دَمَكَا دَا تَبْدِئُ)

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Colossal Statue
of a Winged Lion
Courtesy of the British Museum

جدید دھند

تَبْدِئُوهُمْ بِمَا هُمْ فِيهِ (بِمَكَانِهِمْ فِيهِمْ)

[illegible][illegible]

مُخَلَّفَتِ يَهُوذَا دِيْمَسْبَدَةُ اِيْتِ بَدِ بَعْمَا، كَزِ مِيهَتِ،
لَبَتِ مَوْدَا حَبَبَتِ لَبَتَا، لَوِيْمَتِ دِيْمَا مَذَبِ يَهُوذَا.

۱۰ دَسَکْ دِیَهْدِمِهْکِ ، اَلْمَبْرُکُ ۱۱ کِهْ خِدْکِ مَن دِزْبَسْتَهْکِ .
مِیَلَهْکِ جِیْمَن مَن ، مَن مَدَ مِلَقَن مَن اَم اَمَمَسْتَهْکِ .

**مد حَتَّيْ دَلَامَهْ اَنْ دِيحَ جَبَقْ؛ لَدَمْتِ دَعْمَهْ مِ جِلْ جَيِّدْ مَكَّة،
مُذِدِهْ اَنْ؛ مَوْلَقْتِ يِنْدِ دِيَّتْ؛ هَمْكِبْ، لِمَهْ دَلَمْدْ يَسْمَدْ مَكَّة.**

يَجِبُ دَعْوَةُ دِيْنٍ خَالِقَةٍ، سَمْعُكُمْ لَكُمْ، جِسْمُكُمْ لِي،
وَأَنْ يَهْتَمُّوا بِحُلِّ مُلْكٍ، يَمْسُوكُمْ دُعَاؤُكُمْ يَلْتَمِسُكُمْ.

[illegible]

حَدِّثْهُمْ بِمَا هُمْ فِيهِ مُشْتَرِكُونَ

اَللّٰهُمَّ صَلِّ عَلَى مُحَمَّدٍ وَآلِ مُحَمَّدٍ
وَعَلَى كُلِّ حَقِيْقَةٍ سَلَّمَ

اَللّٰهُمَّ بِهَيْتِكَ سَمَّكَ حَتَّىٰ حِثَّتْ
اَسْمَاؤُكَ مَسْمُوكًا دِيحْدِيذَكَ بِنَا اِشْرَافًا

تَمْ وَهَذَانَا مُتَمَلِّبٌ تَلْجِبُ؛ لَمْ يَلْبَسْ
يَتَمَلَّلُ دَلْجِبُ يَتَلْجِبُ دَلْجِبُ يَتَلْجِبُ

۲. اَنكَ ذَلِيلٌ لِّجَدِّكَ حَتَّىٰ يَمْسُوكَ فِي عِقْبَتِكَ
 دَلِيلٌ جَدِّكَ لِحَتَّىٰ يَمْسُوكَ فِي عِقْبَتِكَ

تَبَدُّلُ مَبْجَزَاتِكُمْ فُضُمَهُ

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

مُكَلِّبٌ كَفَذَهُمْ أَزْوَاجًا

تَبَيَّنَ: مَبْجُزٌ مُفْصِلٌ

ಮಹಾಶಯ, ಹಬ್ಬ



يَحْيٰى لِيْ مَكَتْ سَهْبَةً	بَنِيْزِيْلِيْسَ عَزَّوْ	تَهْ حَوْفَدَ دِيْوَمَ	بَكَ اِيْمَحْ يِجْهَمَةً
عَزَّوْ دِيْوَمِيْلِيْسَ	بِيْلِيْسَ يَهْئَنِيْ	حَدَّ نَهْ لَهْئَنِيْ	حِجْوَدَ مَحْمُومَةً
دِيْهَكِيْ مَحْمُومَةً	حَقِيْمِيْ اَلْشَقِيْ	هَدَّيْ لِيْغَدِيْوِيْ	هَلْهَلْ تَهْجَمَةً
تَهْمُومَ مَحْمُومَةً	حَدَّ يَهْئَنِيْ هَهْئَنِيْ	بِيْعَ مَفْ عَزَّوْ	لَهْهَبَ مَكْدِيْمَةً
حَبَّ حِيْجَمَ مَقْبِيْلِيْ	تَهْ لَهْئَنِيْ هَهْئَنِيْ	تَهْ سَهْبَةً مَصْبِيْ	بَكَ خَقْبَدَةً

جَدَّ مُسَوِّبٍ لَكَيْتَ	تَعَبِدَ يَغْتَقِ	تَدَوَّعَتِ دَوْبَقَا	مَسَبَّ قَمَهَا
تَلَبَّيْ يَحَاذَا	لَهَادَا دَعَاذَا	يُغَا اَمَا مَبَاذَا	دُخْلِيْمٌ تَوَدَمَلَا
تَدَوَّعَتِ دُخَاذَقَا	مَهْلَقَا دُخَاذَقَا	تَدَوَّعَتِ دُخَاذَقَا	هَقَبِيْمٌ مَحْزِيْمَةٌ
يُغَا اَمَا بَحَاذَا	دَوَّعَتِ يَدَا	مَحْ دَوَّعَتِ لَدَوَّعَا	تَبَدُّ هَاكِيْمَةٌ
يَكْمَلِيْمٌ لَكَيْتَ	مَدَا مَدَا	تَمَلَّيْ مَحْضِيَّتِي	تَحَدُّ اِفْقَمَا

מִתְבָּרַךְ לְעַד וְעַד	תָּבַר שְׁמֹרָה	מִיָּלֵד עֲבֹדָה	הִפְתָּ מְסֻמָּה
וְיִשְׁמַע מִלֵּךְ וְעַד	עֲבֹדָה וְיִשְׁמַע	מִשְׁמַע לְמֹדָה	יִבְרָךְ תְּהַלֵּלָהּ
מִשְׁמַע וְיִשְׁמַע	יִבְרָךְ הַלֵּל מִלֵּךְ	תָּבַר יִשְׁמַע עֲבֹדָה	תָּבַר שְׁמֹרָה
וְיִשְׁמַע מִלֵּךְ	וְיִשְׁמַע מִשְׁמַע	תָּבַר עֲבֹדָה	וְיִשְׁמַע מִלֵּךְ
וְיִשְׁמַע מִלֵּךְ	וְיִשְׁמַע מִשְׁמַע	תָּבַר עֲבֹדָה	וְיִשְׁמַע מִלֵּךְ

[illegible]

كَلِمَاتٍ دَعَاكَ	تَحَدَّ بِبَيْتِكَ هَيْبَتُكَ	مَقْتَدِرٌ لَدُنَّكَ	مِنْ صَدِيقَتِهِ
أَشْخَذَ فِيكَ لَيْلٌ	تَجِدُكَ دَسْمَتُكَ	مَعْبُودٌ مَعْدُودُكُمْ	تَقَابُ حَقِيقَتِهِ
حَقِيقَتُهُ دِيكَ	مَلِكُهُ تَهْنِئَتُهُ	مِنْهُ قَدْ نَحَلْتُ	تِيَّ نَفْسَهُ
حَالَتُهُ عَوَضَتُهُ	دَمَقَتُهُ مَهْمَتُهُ	هَلْ تَهْبِطُهُ	يَلِيهِ عِبَادَتُهُ
عَبَّيْتُ نَفْسِي دَمِيقَتُهُ	تَحَدَّ سَدُّ يَدَّتِهِ	تَدَمَّعَتِ دَهْشَتُهُ	دَقَّتِهِ كَلْبَتُهُ

١٥٠	جاءتني	في	الليلة	فكنت	تدبني
١٥١	جاءتني	في	الليلة	فكنت	تدبني
١٥٢	جاءتني	في	الليلة	فكنت	تدبني
١٥٣	جاءتني	في	الليلة	فكنت	تدبني
١٥٤	جاءتني	في	الليلة	فكنت	تدبني
١٥٥	جاءتني	في	الليلة	فكنت	تدبني

[illegible]

١٢٥٥	١٢٥٦	١٢٥٧	١٢٥٨
١٢٥٩	١٢٦٠	١٢٦١	١٢٦٢
١٢٦٣	١٢٦٤	١٢٦٥	١٢٦٦
١٢٦٧	١٢٦٨	١٢٦٩	١٢٧٠
١٢٧١	١٢٧٢	١٢٧٣	١٢٧٤
١٢٧٥	١٢٧٦	١٢٧٧	١٢٧٨
١٢٧٩	١٢٨٠	١٢٨١	١٢٨٢
١٢٨٣	١٢٨٤	١٢٨٥	١٢٨٦
١٢٨٧	١٢٨٨	١٢٨٩	١٢٩٠
١٢٩١	١٢٩٢	١٢٩٣	١٢٩٤
١٢٩٥	١٢٩٦	١٢٩٧	١٢٩٨
١٢٩٩	١٣٠٠	١٣٠١	١٣٠٢
١٣٠٣	١٣٠٤	١٣٠٥	١٣٠٦
١٣٠٧	١٣٠٨	١٣٠٩	١٣١٠
١٣١١	١٣١٢	١٣١٣	١٣١٤
١٣١٥	١٣١٦	١٣١٧	١٣١٨
١٣١٩	١٣٢٠	١٣٢١	١٣٢٢
١٣٢٣	١٣٢٤	١٣٢٥	١٣٢٦
١٣٢٧	١٣٢٨	١٣٢٩	١٣٣٠
١٣٣١	١٣٣٢	١٣٣٣	١٣٣٤
١٣٣٥	١٣٣٦	١٣٣٧	١٣٣٨
١٣٣٩	١٣٤٠	١٣٤١	١٣٤٢
١٣٤٣	١٣٤٤	١٣٤٥	١٣٤٦
١٣٤٧	١٣٤٨	١٣٤٩	١٣٥٠
١٣٥١	١٣٥٢	١٣٥٣	١٣٥٤
١٣٥٥	١٣٥٦	١٣٥٧	١٣٥٨
١٣٥٩	١٣٦٠	١٣٦١	١٣٦٢
١٣٦٣	١٣٦٤	١٣٦٥	١٣٦٦
١٣٦٧	١٣٦٨	١٣٦٩	١٣٧٠
١٣٧١	١٣٧٢	١٣٧٣	١٣٧٤
١٣٧٥	١٣٧٦	١٣٧٧	١٣٧٨
١٣٧٩	١٣٨٠	١٣٨١	١٣٨٢
١٣٨٣	١٣٨٤	١٣٨٥	١٣٨٦
١٣٨٧	١٣٨٨	١٣٨٩	١٣٩٠
١٣٩١	١٣٩٢	١٣٩٣	١٣٩٤
١٣٩٥	١٣٩٦	١٣٩٧	١٣٩٨
١٣٩٩	١٤٠٠	١٤٠١	١٤٠٢
١٤٠٣	١٤٠٤	١٤٠٥	١٤٠٦
١٤٠٧	١٤٠٨	١٤٠٩	١٤١٠
١٤١١	١٤١٢	١٤١٣	١٤١٤
١٤١٥	١٤١٦	١٤١٧	١٤١٨
١٤١٩	١٤٢٠	١٤٢١	١٤٢٢
١٤٢٣	١٤٢٤	١٤٢٥	١٤٢٦
١٤٢٧	١٤٢٨	١٤٢٩	١٤٣٠
١٤٣١	١٤٣٢	١٤٣٣	١٤٣٤
١٤٣٥	١٤٣٦	١٤٣٧	١٤٣٨
١٤٣٩	١٤٤٠	١٤٤١	١٤٤٢
١٤٤٣	١٤٤٤	١٤٤٥	١٤٤٦
١٤٤٧	١٤٤٨	١٤٤٩	١٤٥٠
١٤٥١	١٤٥٢	١٤٥٣	١٤٥٤
١٤٥٥	١٤٥٦	١٤٥٧	١٤٥٨
١٤٥٩	١٤٦٠	١٤٦١	١٤٦٢
١٤٦٣	١٤٦٤	١٤٦٥	١٤٦٦
١٤٦٧	١٤٦٨	١٤٦٩	١٤٧٠
١٤٧١	١٤٧٢	١٤٧٣	١٤٧٤
١٤٧٥	١٤٧٦	١٤٧٧	١٤٧٨
١٤٧٩	١٤٨٠	١٤٨١	١٤٨٢
١٤٨٣	١٤٨٤	١٤٨٥	١٤٨٦
١٤٨٧	١٤٨٨	١٤٨٩	١٤٩٠
١٤٩١	١٤٩٢	١٤٩٣	١٤٩٤
١٤٩٥	١٤٩٦	١٤٩٧	١٤٩٨
١٤٩٩	١٥٠٠	١٥٠١	١٥٠٢
١٥٠٣	١٥٠٤	١٥٠٥	١٥٠٦
١٥٠٧	١٥٠٨	١٥٠٩	١٥١٠
١٥١١	١٥١٢	١٥١٣	١٥١٤

يَجْعَلُهُ: عَار، حَزِي حَمِيَّةً: نَهَال، مَهِنٌ: يَسْطَع، مَقْبِدٌ: عَدْبَانِسٌ وَمُتَشَرِّمٌ، مَقْدٌ: الزَّوَالُ حَسِبَ قَدَمَهُ: سَوَادَ الْوَحَةِ مَقْدٌ: عَسَبٌ يَرِي ضَلِيلٌ: يَنْبُتُ مَضْعُفَةٌ: التَّيَاهِي وَالتَّنَاقُحُ، مِهْدٌ: مَضْعُفَةٌ: عَقْدُ الْأَفْئَالِ وَالْقُلُونِ، مَضْفَلَةٌ: الْإِهْسَالُ وَالتَّرِيدُ، حَمِيَّةٌ: عَدَالَةٌ، مَضْعُفَةٌ: السَّحَرُ وَالتَّصْلُقُ بِمِهْمَةٍ: الْخَدَاعُ، مَضْعُفَةٌ: تَعَامَلُ سَاءً، عَمِيَّةٌ: يَشُدُّ، يَحِيدُ، حَمِيَّةٌ: مَقْدٌ: يَنْكُرُ وَيَتَخَرَّجُ بَرْهَوًى، حَمِيَّةٌ: لَصْرٌ، مَقْدٌ: يَنْبَغِي، يَجِبُ، عَمِيَّةٌ: مَرْتَحُونَ بِمَضْعُفَةٍ: مَوْرُوثٌ فِكْرِي، حَمِيَّةٌ: حَقْدٌ، ضَعِيفَةٌ، مَضْعُفَةٌ: سَلْبِيَّاتٌ، مَجْلِيَّةٌ: مَكْرٌ وَخَدَاعٌ، يَهْمِيَّةٌ: مَبَادِي وَلِصَّةٌ: الْخِرَافُ، أَعْرَاجٌ، مَضْعُفَةٌ: دَقَّةٌ وَخَدَافَةٌ، حَمِيَّةٌ: فَسَادٌ، مَهْمَلَةٌ: تَلَايَا وَحَرَائِمُ، مَضْعُفَةٌ: مَظْلَمَةٌ.

حَبْدٌ تَهَيَّكْ حَيَّ تَهَيَّكْ (دَمَلْ دَم دَمَد)

دَجْدَ لَتَتْنِ نِيْكَ مَ وَذَحْمَسْ مِيْكَ

عَمَّتْ مَنْ فِي، لَيْتِي دَلِي مُجِبٌ دَلِي مَنْ جِدَّتْ

بِهٖ لَتِيْزِيْ فِيْ خُصْبٍ لِّسَهٗ دَلِيْ تَجِبْ

مکتبہ ملیہ دہلی دہلی

مَدَامُ لَا تَعْلَمِينَ شَيْئًا وَهَذِهِ بِحَقِّ مَدَامُ

جَدِّیْ جِلْدِہٖۡ فِي حَتَّيْنِ لَا تُصَوِّرُہُمَا

هـ خَلَّتْ مَدْرَجَةٌ لَهَا دُخَانٌ

سَبَّحْتَ سُبْحًا مَدَّ رَهْذَاهُ قُلْ وَقِيلَ نَبَاتٌ

مِنْهُم مَّنْ قَالُوا لِمَ نَحْمِلُ هَذِهِ خِطَايَ الَّذِينَ مَضَوْا؟ وَقَالُوا لَنُجِيبَنَّكَ فِي هَذِهِ بَأْسَ اللَّهِ الَّذِي كُنْتُمْ تُكَفِّرُونَ

مع ٨ صف ٨ حلق ٨ فصل ٨ سقم

جہانگیرؒ ۱۵۸۵ء

سَيِّدِ دِلْمُوحٍ، بَخْسَةِ، اِكْتِ

دعوت و تبلیغ

حَبِّهِ تَهَيَّءْ حَيْهَ تَهَيَّءْ (دِیْلَہ دِیْلَہ دِیْلَہ)

[illegible]

اَوَد دَکَر اَمَر کَم مَحْدُودَةً دَکَر
حَتَّى دَعَبَدَ یَعْنِ.

۱. گزاسیمینس دهه دله به
جه بندهانه لے قتلے دی.

[illegible]

لَا إِلَهَ إِلَّا اللَّهُ مُحَمَّدٌ عَبْدُهُ وَرَسُولُهُ

To serve people for whom them care

1

ܝܢܝܢ ܝܡܝܢ ܐܝܬܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ
ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ

If the mother did not care for her infants,

The existence of the human race would have ended in the cave age

ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ
ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ
ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ

Blessed is the soul

That sacrifices it's body

For humanity's highest goal



Panel of Sennacherib
Courtesy of the British Museum

ܡܬܝܢ ܡܝܬܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ

ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ (ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ)

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In all the stories we heard about knights

Who became survivors in many fights?

They rode and passes through the darkness of night

To bring to their people the brightness of light

Not in fantasy but in reality

a poet is always on front and his horse is white

ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ
ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ
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ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ ܕܝܠܝܢ

Some with fortune fly in the air

And with others they do not share

Some walk on foot even bare

مجببتہ :۔

35.....*kel' a kel' a*

உதய அம்மா : 117

36..... שֶׁנָּא וְכֹנֵא

உதவி செயல் : 11

37.....مقدم

تج: ممم ممم ممم

38..... **بک دہشت**

تجد: همه که همه

39.....حَدَّثَنَا دَعْمَةُ

تج: ہمہ گاہ ہمہ

40..... صَدَقَ ۚ

تج: ہمہ تہ ہمہ

41..... مَعَهُمْ ذِكْرُكُمْ أَتَىٰ لُحُوتًا

تجد: معجزات فخره

43..... **مَلِكًا لِهَذِهِ الدِّيَارِ**

تجد: معجزاتك فمعه

45.....وَقِيلَ دَعِ الْكَلْبَ

تجد: همه که همه

46..... دذمه دكه

تج: ہم کہ ہم

47 حَمْدُهُ

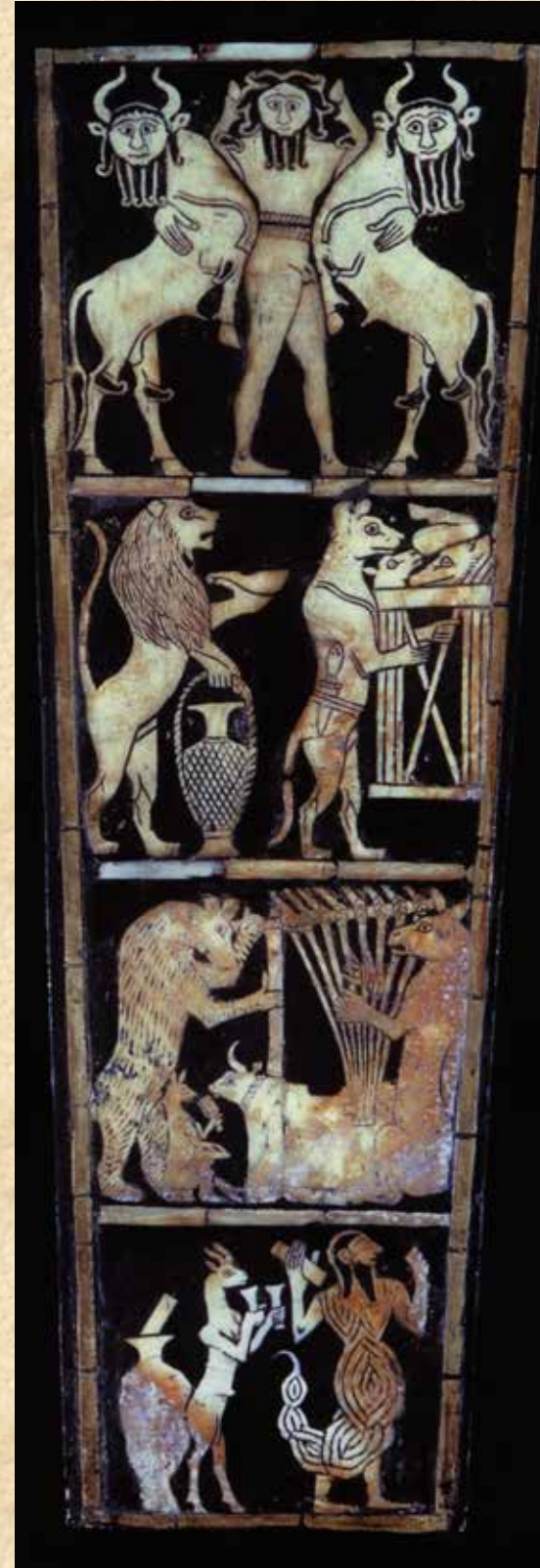
تج: ہمہ تک ہمہ

49.....مَقَابِلُ اَلْاَمَمِ ذِي

تج: ممم ممم ممم

50.....خَمِ حَدَّثَ مَكَّةَ

سج: دِه سِج خُذ سِد



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

كَلِمَاتُ: دِهَادِ فَذَلَدِ

٢. تَمَقُّتْ سَحْمَسْ مَسْ هَلْكَهْ، خُصْمَسْ مَسْ مَسْ

٢٠ حَبْلٌ وَفِيهِ كَيْدٌ لِّمَنْ يَكِيدُ فَاسْتَفْسِدْ مِمَّا قَدْ أَغْنَىٰكَ رَبُّكَ فَاصْبِرْ
هَكَذَا تَقُولُ فِي الْبَابِ الْمَعْنَى

يَا بَدَّ لَهُمْ لَيْسَ لَكَ يَهْتَبُ ۖ مُسْ هَعَلَدَجْتِ كُنْ يَسْتَبُ ۖ مُسْ

يَا أَيُّهَا الَّذِينَ آمَنُوا لَا تَتَّبِعُوا هَذِهِ السُّبُلَ الَّتِي هِيَ سُبُلَ الْكُفْرِ الَّتِي سَلَكَهَا الْقَوْمُ الَّذِينَ كَفَرُوا إِنَّهُمْ كَانُوا فِي شَكٍّ مُذْمُومٍ

٢٠ **لَا مَهْلِكَ جَمْعُهُمْ يَسْتَدْرِيهِمْ هَلْ كُنْ فِي يَدَيْهِمْ يَهْدُوهُمْ فَمَسَّ**

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

هَكَذَا مِنْهُ هَذِهِ

٢٥٦ حَكِّ تَحْتَ ٢٥٧ مَيْدُ مُذَيَّسِكْه٥

هــسـمـتـكـمـ هـسـكـمـكـمـ كـسـجـدـكـمـ فـجـسـكـمـ هـ

کِتَابُ سَمْعَانَ بْنِ مَرْيَمَ خَالِصًا

هَذِهِ هِيَ مَذْبَحَةُ دَاوُدَ. وَتَحْتِهَا هِيَ

لَكَفَّ دِيْنِيْ بِكَفِّكَ

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

اِسْمُكَ جَمْعٌ ذَّلْ لِهَآءِ اِمَامَا سُبْحَانِكَ

سَبَّحَ دَعَا دُعَىٰ دُعَاهُ دُعَائِهِ



ܡܣܠܬܐ

ܡܠܟܐ ܕܡܕܢܚܐ | ܡܠܟܐ ܕܡܕܢܚܐ | ܡܠܟܐ ܕܡܕܢܚܐ



Mesopotamia's Art of the Seal

Photograph courtesy of The Morgan Library & Museum

Courtesy of Aramco World Submitted by Flora Ashouri Kingsbury

ܡܠܟܐ ܕܡܕܢܚܐ ܕܡܕܢܚܐ ܕܡܕܢܚܐ