

Հրատարակութիւն Ամերիկահայոց Արեւելեան Թեմի Ազգային Առաջնորդարանի A Publication of the Prelacy of the Armenian Apostolic Church of America

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## A PROCLAMATION

BY HIS EMINENCE, ARCHBISHOP MESROB ASHJIAN PRELATE OF THE ARMENIAN APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF AMERICA

Whereas,

Seventy years ago, on April 24, 1915, began the martyrdom of more than ONE MILLION AND A HALF Armenian men, women and children, with an additional million uprooted from their ancestral homes and forced to seek refuge in the four corners of the earth; and

Whereas,

This dreadful sacrifice of the Armenian nation in the cause of religious freedom, justice, and human rights serves to remind all mankind that both the spirit of good will and constant vigilance are necessary to avoid similar tragic occurences of man's inhumanity toward his fellow man, and

Whereas,

The House of Representatives of the United States of America has resolved to designate April 24, 1985 as "National Day of Remembrance of Man's Inhumanity to Man," especially referring to the one and one-half million people of Armenian ancestry who were victims of the genocide perpetrated in Turkey between 1915 and 1923,

It is, therefore, our sacred duty to honor the memory of the myriads of martyrs of 1915 and to pay tribute to the sacrifice of their lives. We pray that the grievous wrongs committed against the Armenian people be made known to the world and set right, so that the blood of the innocent will not have been shed in vain.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, ARCHBISHOP OF THE ARMENIAN APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF AMERICA, PROCLAIM WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1985, AS **ARMENIAN MEMORIAL DAY** AND URGE THAT PROPER RECOGNITION BE ACCORDED TO THIS SOLEMN OCCASION.

Archbishop Mesrob Ashjian
Prelate of the Armenian Apostolic Church of America
New York, New York

September 26, 1984



THE NATIVITY
A contemporary miniature by Albert Yaralian.
"Loussamadian", Yeghivart, Etchmiadzine, 1979

# **ԿԱՂԱՆ**Դ

1985 թ․ պիտի յատկանշուի իբրեւ վերապրողներու հաւաքի տարի․ նոյնպէս իբրեւ թուական մը՝ երբ պիտի յիշուին բոլոր անոնք, որոնք որբանոցներու մէջ կեանքին բացուեցան, եւ մեզի նոր կեանք տուին։ «Մանկութիւն չունեցան» անոնք, եւ ահա, 1985-ի սեմին, այդ մանկութիւն չունեցող մարդոցմէ մէկուն մէկ սրտառուչ պատմութիւնը ի սէր եւ ի յարգանք Որբանոցի սերունդին։ Ծ․Խ․

Կաղանդի պէս օր մըն էր։ Նոր տարի չէր, Զատիկ ալ չէր, բայց կայծակի արագութեամբ տարածուեցաւ լուրը չէնջէ չէնջ, սենեակէ սենեակ։ Կաղանդ պիտի ունենայինջ։ Կաղանդ ունենալ՝ կը նչանակէր տոպրակի վերածուած գուլպայ մը, մէջը չաջար, ընկոյգ, չամիչ ու թերեւս նաեւ թաչկինակ մը։ Կաղանդը այս անգամ ո՛չ Մայրիկին նուէրն էր եւ ոչ ալ Հայրիկին։ Դուրսէն, ուրիչ ջաղաջէ մը մէկը եկած էր ու իրեն հետ բերած Կաղանդը։

Որոշ կերպով իմացուած էր, թե այցելուն նչանաւոր մէկն էր, չատ մը դիրքեր դրած էր եւ միչտ կը խնդար ու կը խնդացնէր։ Այս կէտը կրկնապէս համակրելի կը դարձնէր անծանօթ բարերարին ղէմքը․ մենք անհամբեր կը սպասէինք Շաբաթ օրուան։

Շաբաթեը եկաւ։

Խմբուած էին բոլոր չէնջերու որբերը, առանց բացառութեան։ Հազարներու բազմութիւն մը խռնուած էր ամէն կողմ, մինչեւ պատուհանները եւ կողմնակի սենեակները։ Ճակատը, բեմին առչեւ տեղաւորուած էին մանկապարտէզի փոջրիկները։ Մեր ետեւ մեծ աղջիկներն էին, նոյնպէս չարջով նստած տախտակէ նստարաններու վրայ։ Մնացեալները ոտջի էին, իրարու սեղմուած։ Բեմին վրայ չարջով նստած էին Մայրիկները եւ ջանի մը ակնոցաւոր

ամերիկացի օրիորդներ։ Կեդրոնը Հայրիկին սեղանն էր, երկու կողմերը երկու պարապ աթոռներով։ Հայրիկը բեմ մտաւ կողմնակի դռնէ մը, ընկերակցութեամբ իրեն պէս սեւ

Հայրիկը բեմ մտաւ կողմնակի դռնէ մը, ընկերակցութեամբ իրեն պէս սեւ Հագուած մարդու մը։ Ժխորը աստիճանաբար դադրեցաւ։ Հայրիկը եւ Հիւրը գրաւեցին պարապ աթոռները։ Լռութիւնը կատարեալ էր։

Կը սպասէինք, որ հիւրը ոտքի ելլէ ու խօսի անմիջապէս։ Բայց Հայրիկն էր, որ խօսեցաւ։ Մեզի համար բոլորովին անհասկնալի բաներ ըսաւ հիւրին մասին, եւ ձեռքի քուղթին նայելով, յաջորդաբար բեմ կանչեց արտասանողներու եւ երգողներու անվերջանալի չարք մը։ Ընդհանրապէս տղաքը կ'արտասանէին, իսկ աղջիկները կ'երգէին։ Բոլորն ալ մեծերէն էին։ Մանկապարտէզէն մէկ արտասանող միայն կար, ձերմակ Արսէնր, որ

**Խዐሀ**ዳ **Շ**ՆՈՐՀԱՒՈՐԱՆՔԻ

ԱՄԱՆՈՐԻ, ՍՈՒՐԲ ԾՆՆԴԵԱՆ ԵՒ ԱՍՏՈՒԱԾԱՅԱՅՏՆՈՒԹԵԱՆ ՏՕՆԵՐՈՒՆ ԱՌԹԻՒ ՄԵՐ ՋԵՐՄԱԳԻՆ ՇՆՈՐՀԱՒՈՐՈՒԹԻՒՆՆԵՐՆ ՈՒ ՍՐՏԱԼԻՑ ՄԱՂԹԱՆՔՆԵՐԸ ԿԸ ՅԱՅՏՆԵՆՔ ՄԵՐ ՀՈՎԻՒՆԵՐՈՒՆ, ԵՐԵՍՓՈԽԱՆՆԵՐՈՒՆ ԵՒ ՀՈԳԱԲԱՐՁՈՒԹԵԱՆՑ, ԿԻՐԱԿՆՕՐԵԱՅ, ՇԱԲԱԹՕՐԵԱՅ ԵՒ ԱՄԷՆՕՐԵԱՅ ՎԱՐԺԱՐԱՆՆԵՐՈՒ ՏՆՕՐԷՆՈՒ— ԹԵԱՆՑ, ՈՒՍՈՒՑՉԱԿԱՆ ԿԱԶՄԵՐՈՒՆ ԵՒ ՈՒՍԱՆՈՂՈՒԹԵԱՆ, ԹԵՄԻՍ ՄԷՋ ԳՈՐԾՈՂ ԱԶԳԱՅԻՆ, ՄՇԱԿՈՒԹԱՅԻՆ, ԲԱՐԵՍԻՐԱԿԱՆ, ՄԱՐՋԱԿԱՆ, ԵՐԻՏԱՍԱՐԴԱԿԱՆ ԿԱԶՄԱԿԵՐՊՈՒԹԵԱՆՑ ԵՒ ՄԵՐ ՀԱՐԱՋԱՏ ԺՈՂՈՎՈՒՐԴԻ ԲՈԼՈՐ ՋԱՒԱԿՆԵՐՈՒՆ։

ԹՈՂ ԽԱՂԱՂՈՒԹԵԱՆ ԻՇԽԱՆԸ ԱՌԱՒԵԼ ՍԷՐ, ԵՂԲԱՅՐԱԿԱՆ ԱՆԿԵՂԾ ՈԳԻ ԵՒ ԳՈՐԾԱԿՑՈՒԹԵԱՆ ՈՒ ՆՊԱՏԱԿԱՍԼԱՑ ՎԵՐԵԼՔԻ ՏԵՍԻԼՔ ՊԱՐԳԵՒԷ ԲՈԼՈՐԻՍ։ ԿԸ ՄԱՂԹԵՆՔ, ՈՐ ՄԵԾ ԵՂԵՌՆԻ ԵՕԹԱՆԱՍՈՒՆԱՄԵԱԿԸ ՀԱՆԴԻՍԱՆԱՑ ԱԶԳԱՅԻՆ ՄԻԱՍՆԱԿԱՆՈՒ— ԹԵԱՆ ՏԱՐԻ, ԵՒ ՄԵՆՔ ՀԱՄԱՋԳԱՅԻՆ ՃԻԳԵՐՈՎ ԳՈՐԾԵՆՔ ՄԷԿ ԱՋԳԻ ԵՒ ՄԷԿ ՀԱՅՐԵՆԻՔԻ ԻՏԷԱԼՈՎ ԵՒ ԱՐԱՐԱՏԵԱՆ ՀԱՄԱԽՄԲՈՒՄԻ ԳԵՐԱԳՈՅՆ ՏԵՍԼԱԿԱՆՈՎ։

ՇՆՈՐՀԱՒՈՐ ՆՈՐ ՏԱՐԻ ԵՒ ԲԱՐԻ ԿԱՂԱՆԴ ՔՐԻՍՏՈՍ ԾՆԱՒ ԵՒ ՅԱՅՏՆԵՑԱՒ ՁԵԶ ԵՒ ՄԵԶ ՄԵԾ ԱՒԵՏԻՍ

ԱՂՕԹԱՐԱՐ՝ **ՄԵՍՐՈՊ ԱՐՔԵՊՍ. ԱՇԾԵԱՆ** ԱՌԱՋՆՈՐԴ

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1.1.1985

(Ծար. էջ 2)

## **ԿԱՂԱՆԴ** (Ծար. էջ 1-էն)

Մայրիկին ու Հսկիչներուն սիրելին էր ճերմակ մորթին ու գեղեցիկ դէմջին պատճառով։

Երբ վերջացուց արտասանութիւնը, հիւրը քովը կանչեց Արսէնը, չոյեց այտերը, դգուեց եւ գրկելով բեմէն վար կախեց, մեր մէջ, յետոյ դարձեալ նստաւ տեղը։ Մենք նախանձով կը դիտէինք Արսէնը։

Հայրիկին զանդակը վերահաստատեց լռութիւնը։

Կարգը եկած էր հիւրին։ Հայրիկը կը ստիպէր, միւսը կը մերժէր։ Մեծ դժուարուխեամբ յաջողեցան ոտջի հանել հիւրը, որ նեղուած ու անհանգիստ երեւոյթ մը առած էր։ Մեծ տղաջը սկսան ծափահարել, մենջ հետեւեցանջ իրենց։ Հայրիկը, ծափերուն վրայ, բազմապատկեց պնդումները։

ի վերջոյ հիւրը անցաւ սեղանին առջեւ։ Ծափերը անգամ մըն ալ փոթորկեցան ու լռեցին։ Քիչ մը հեռացաւ սեղանէն, երկու ջայլ յառաջացաւ բեմին վրայ, թաչկինակով սրբեց ճակատը, ծոծրակը։ Թաչկինակը գրպանը դրաւ, թեւերը կախեց առջեւ՝ մատները իրարու հիւսելով, ափերը դէպի վար։ Այդ վիճակով կեցաւ պահ մը, հազաց ու լուռ մնաց։

Գլուխը Տաղատ էր եւ փայլուն։ Շատ խոչոր ջիթ մը ունէր։

երկար, տաժանելի ճիգէ մը ետք, այցելուն բացաւ բերանը.

քանանար:

Հիւրը երկրորդ անդամ փորձեց խօսիլ ու քիչ մը աւելի բարձր ձայնով ըսաւ.

— Որբե՛ր, ես ձեզ չատ կը սիրեմ …

Այլեւս բառ մր չարտասանեց։ Վերադարձաւ ու նստաւ իր տեղը, Թաչկինակը աչջերուն։ Հայրիկը չպնդեց այս անդամ, բեմ կանչեց աղջիկներէն օրիորդ Զապէլը, որ երգէ։ Ամենէն ջաղցը ու անոյչ ձայն ունեցողն էր ան։ Մեծ տղաջը օդը կը Թնդացնէին ծափերով ու սուլոցներով, երբ օրիորդ Ջապէլը բեմ ելէր։

Երգին ատեն հիւրը գետին կը նայէր, միչտ Թաչկինակը ձեռքին։ Որոչ կերպով կը տեսնէինք, որ աչքերուն մէջ արցունք կար եւ Թաչկինակով կը սրբէր ԹարԹիչները, ջիԹը սրբելու չարժումով մը։

Մայրիկներու չարքը տրտում էր բոլորովին։ Անոնց մէջ ալ Թաչկինակ գործածողներ կային։ Երկու ամերիկացի օրիորդներ փոփսուքով բաներ մը կ՚րսէին իրարու։ Օրիորդ Զապէլ կը չարունակէր երդել։ Միակ անտարբեր ու խաղաղ մնացողը Հայրիկն էր։

խաղաղ մնացողը Հայրիկն էր։ Այդ Հի՛ւրը ․․․ Պիտի խնդար ու չխնդաց , պիտի խնդացնէր ու չխնդացուց ։ Բարի մարդ մըն էր սակայն , լացաւ ու լացուց բոլորս ։ Որոչեցի հսկիչ Ցարու– Թիւնին հարցնել ու միտքս պահել անոր անունը , ջանի որ մեծ մարդ մըն էր։

Ցաջորդ օրը մոռցայ հարցնելու։

Տարիներ ետքը, նախակրթարանի սեղանիս վրայ տարեգիրք մր կր թղթատէի։ Բազմաթիւ նկարներու մէջ մէկը գրաւեց ուչադրութիւնս։ Սեւ հագուստով, սեւ փողկապով ու ճաղատ գլուխով դէմք մըն էր։ Ինծի այնպէս թուեցաւ, թէ տեղ մը տեսած եմ այդ դէմքը, անոյչ, բարի ժպիտով եւ հայկական նայուածքով։

ինըն էր, այն հեռաւոր ու անօրինակ մեր Կաղանդին նոյնքան տարօրինակ հիւրը։ Ցիչեցի իր նչանաւոր բանախօսուԹիւնը, արցունքները, մեր հաւաքական ողբը։ Չկրցայ ըմբռնել միայն, Թէ ամբողջ կեանքը խնդալով անցընող մարդը ինչո՞ւ լացած էր մեր առջեւ, Թէ տասնեակներով դիրքերու

գեղինակ գրագէտը ինչո°ւ երկու խօսք չէր գտած մեզի ըսելիք։

Հիմա արդէն կարդացած եմ իր գրած բոլոր գիրջերը։ Կը ճանչնամ իր գործը, արժէջը, արուեստը։ Հասկցած եմ նաեւ, Թէ ինչո՛ւ չկրցաւ խօսիլ ու միայն լացաւ։ Ի՞նչ կրնար ըսել Տէր-Զօրէն նոր դարձող տառապած հայ գրագէտ մը իր ցեղին հազարաւոր որբերուն, որոնց ծնողները, ամէն գարունի, վարար Եփրատը դուրս կը նետէր, ոսկոր առ ոսկոր, իր աչջերուն դէմ, աւազին վրայ ...

Տարեցոյցի նկարին տակ գրուած էր — Երուանդ Օտեան։

Ա. ԾԱՌՈՒԿԵԱՆ

#### **CATHOLICOS KAREKIN II IN WEST GERMANY**

Recently, His Holiness Karekin II, Catholicos of the Great House of Cilicia, paid an official visit to the Evangelical Church of the Federal Republic of Germany. During his visit which led him to Frankfurt, Heidelberg, Worms, Cologne, Bonne, Hamburg, and Stutgart. His Holiness met also with the Armenian communities scattered in the land.

On November 8, His Holiness received a visit from the President of the FRG, Doctor Richard Von Weiszaecker at the headquarters of the Evangelical Church Ecumenical Center.



His Holiness, Karekin II and the President of the Federal Republic of Germany

# THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL A Christmas Story by Fr. A. Baljian

(To lose a loved one is difficult at any time, but during the holidays, it seems even more devastating because of the festive atmosphere which pervades the season. This little story is dedicated to all those who have lost a loved one in the holiday season in hopes that it might serve to console them and blunt the pain of their loss.)

\*\*\*

Aramig was lying in his darkened room, tears of sorrow glistening on his cheeks. Over and over again he asked himself the same questions: "why?" and 'why now?".

Earlier that afternoon, he had come home from school expecting his family to be waiting for him. He remembered thinking that today, just two days before Christmas and the last day of school, was the traditional time for his family — Mom, Dad and older sister Yeranig — to go out together and pick out their Christmas tree.

"Mom, Dad, I'm home" he had called as soon as he had gotten into the house. But instead of finding his family expectantly awaiting his arrival, he found he had come home to an empty house. Well, almost empty anyway. After calling out a few times, his sister had come sadly down the stairs to break the bad news:

"Medzhayrig had a heart attack this morning and is in the hospital. Mom and Dad are there with him now."

No sooner had she told him this than they had heard the sound of the family car pulling up the driveway. Brother and sister both rushed to the door and flung it open to hear whatever tidings their parents had brought from the hospital. But, as soon as the two children had seen their parents' faces, they had immediately known, without even hearing the words, that their grandfather hadn't made it. And sure enough, Dad had confirmed their suspicions as soon as he had entered the house.

"Your grandfather passed away about half an hour ago," he had told them sadly, "your grandmother and Der Hayr were also there with him when it happened. He went peacefully and, I think, without much pain. His heart just sort of gave out. God rest his soul."

Then Dad had gathered his sobbing children into his arms, hugging them close as if trying to squeeze some of his own strength into them. Then mother, too, had joined in, her face streaked with fresh tears shed for her dead father.

"Why?" Aramig had asked then, "Why now, at Christmas?" Wasn't Christmas supposed to be a time of joy? How could God take away Medzhayrig at a time when everyone was supposed to be so happy?

Many hours later, and after many tears, Aramig was still asking himself the

same questions: "Why?" and "Why now?".

The boy and his grandfather had been very close. Aramig loved to sit and listen to the stories the old man used to tell him — special stories whose hero would always be named Aramig. He loved the feeling of security he got from his wise old grandfather, and the special feeling that no matter what he might have asked for, Medzhayrig would have given it to him. That's why it was so hard for the boy to understand why his grandfather had been taken from him. He had always been so full of life, it was hard for Aramig to think of him as dead.

His thoughts turned to what had happened at supper earlier that same evening. They had all sat down to eat, even though none of them had felt particularly hungry. "Whose turn is it to say grace? Father had asked, looking from Yeranig to Aramig.

"Mine," said the girl as she folded her hands, bowed her head and began to pray "Jashagestsook khaghaghootyamp uzgeragoors ..." Suddenly she began to sob uncontrollably and Aramig, also crying, knew the reason she could not finish the words. This was the very prayer that Medzhayrig, with seemingly infinite love and patience, had taught each of them many years ago when they; were barely able to speak. It was the very prayer which, as they grew older, they became anxious to recite whenever their grandparents shared the table with them so that they could hear their grandfather's "Abrees" when they had finished. It was the same prayer that, as they grew in faith through the guidance of their grandfather; and many others, they were beginning to understand as adults.

Aram now remembered the words which ended the prayer: "... Blessed is the Lord in all His gifts ..." and once again asked his questions: "Why?" and "Why now?" How could God have taken his grandfather during this very special season of giving? This time, however, he did not ask himself the questions. nor did he ask his parents. Instead, this time, he asked God in prayer, and, having asked Him, fell into a deep and peaceful sleep.

\*\*

The next morning, Aramig awoke refreshed and happy. It was Christmas Eve day! But then he suddenly remembered that his grandfather had died and memory revived the ache in his heart.

Last night, the family had decided that they would forego the usual trappings of the season. No Christmas tree, no decorations outside the house, no parties. Of course everyone, including Aramig, had done their Christmas shopping, so they had only decided to postpone the exchange of their gifts until after Medzhayrig's funeral, which would be conducted on the day after Christmas. All this made Aramig feel quite sad for, like all young people, he loved Christmas. He also felt sad for his sister because, even though she was older and was now considered to be almost an adult, he knew how much she too loved Christmas. They talked about this at breakfast.

"You know, Aramig," his sister said, "Christmas is more than just Christmas trees and lights and exchanging; gifts. Christmas is something that is in the heart. One can celebrate Christmas without any of the physical "things that symbolize the Christmas season. In fact, to me the most beautiful part of Christmas is when we all go to Church together for Christmas Eve services."

All during this conversation, and afterward, Aramig was wondering if Christmas would ever be the same again. This thought caused him to repeat the same questions he had been wrestling with the night before. Again, he took them to God in prayer: "Why?" and "Why now?"

His thoughts were broken by a soft knock at his bedroom door. It was his mother coming to say that they were going to the funeral parlor to make the final arrangements and did he want to come along.

"No, Mom," he answered with a sigh, "I just don't think I'm up to it. I'll go

to the wake tonight."

His mother knew enough not to push him, for she knew how close the boy had been to her father. She thought of how close she had been to her father and how

(Cont. on page 3)

# THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LADIES' GUILDS

The National Association of Ladies' Guilds is alive and doing well - with the Executive Council meeting regularly at the Prelacy. To date, we have had four productive meetings.

Following is a list of programs now in progress:

- 1. A NEW LOGO Please resubmit new designs for a logo to be used on our letterhead and all official documents, etc. Entries will be judged by a panel of artists and their decision will be final. Deadline for this project is January 31, 1985. (Drawings will not be returned).
- 2. GUILD NEWSLETTER putting together a newsletter is a monumental task. to start, a section of the OUTREACH will be devoted to the LADIES' GUILDS exclusively. The quality of a publication depends on input. Send us your news and articles of interest. Mail to Elizabeth Pilbosian, Corresponding Secretary, to the address given at the end of this report.
- 3. REGIONAL MEETINGS, CONFERENCES, PROJECTS We need to know your thoughts or specific requirements for us to come up with a quality program that will benefit all chapters. Give us your ideas.
- 4. LADIES' GUILD MEMBERSHIP PIN Would you like to see one made available? Let us know.
- 5. MEMBERSHIP LISTS Revise and update your membership lists. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT! Include name, address and phone numbers. Specify your current officers giving dates when their term expires. Please mail to the Corresponding Secretary. (If you are not now a Ladies' Guild member, why not join your local chapter?)
- 6. NATIONAL DUES Dues are not assessed at this time. However, to defray the expenses of running a national organization, contributions will be gladly accepted, in any amount, from individual chapters. Please make checks payable to N.A.L.G. ARMENIAN APOSTOLIC CHURCH OF AMERICA and mail to Elizabeth Pilbosian at the address given below. At this time, we would like to thank THE LADIES' GUILD OF STS. VARTANANTZ CHURCH OF PROVIDENCE R.I. for their generous donation of \$500.
- 7. N.A.L.G. SECOND ANNUAL CONFERENCE May 16 and 17, 1985 in Toronto, Canada. Submit your program suggestions to the N.A.L.G. Executive Council.

Your NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF LADIES' GUILDS is prepared to work with you and to keep in touch regularly. We wish you success in all your endeavors. At this time, we wish each and every one of you,

### MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR ፕՆՈՐՀԱՒՈՐ ՆՈՐ ՏԱՐԻ ԵՒ Ս․ ԾՆՈՒՆԴ

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Archbishop Mesrob Ashjian Prelate Rev. Khoren Habeshian Editor

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## ՎԱՂՈՒԱՆ ՀԱՅԵՐ

Կը թափառէր․ որրանոցէն խուսափած ․․․ Ըմբոստ մ'էր ան։ Ձէր հանդուրժեր, որ կրկին Դառնալէ ետք ծոցն ազգութեան գրկաբաց, Խեղճ ու ողորմ ու անթըռիչ տըւայտի՛ն ․․․․։

Կը թափառէ՛ր · · · ։ Ցանկարծ, շեշտին հիացած, Հայ մեծատուն մ'ըսաւ - «Կ'ըլլա՞ս իմ որդին։ Քեզի ուսում · քեզի պերճ կեանք, սիրոյ գա՛նձ · · · Կերպարանքիդ · տե՛ս, չի վայլեր ցնցոտին» ։

Լըոեց տըղան՝ խածած շրթունքը դողդոջ · · · Եւ երբոր ետ վանեց արցունքն ու կսկիծ, «Ո՛չ, ըսաւ ան։ Հայրս ալ հարուստ մըն էր · · · · Ո՛չ։

Պիտի մընամ ես որդեգիրն իմ ազգիս, Լոկ ըլլալու համար անոր պարտական»։ Եւ աւելցուց․- «Գիտեմ ես պարտքըս վաղուան ․․․»։

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#### THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL (Cont. from page 2)

much love there had been between the two of them. She too, had questions in her own heart. When she turned to leave his room, Aramig thought he saw tears in his mother's eyes.

A little while after his parents and Yeranig left, the front doorbell rang. Looking out his bedroom window, Aramig saw Father Gregory's dark blue Chevy parked in front of the house. As fast as he could, Aramig raced down the stairs to open the door so that the young man who was the Pastor of Aramig's Church could enter.

"Orhnya Der", Aramig greeted the priest in Armenian as he had been taught in Sunday School, "Bless me, Father".

"May God bless you, Aramig", Father Gregory replied, also in Armenian, then continued in English, "I just stopped by to see if your parents need any help with anything...

"Oh, they're not home right now, Der Hayr, they took Medzmayrig to the funeral home to finalize the arrangements, but they should be back soon."

"How's your Mom holding up; and the rest of the family?" the priest inquired. "Pretty good," answered the boy. But something in the way the boy said it, alerted Father Gregory to the fact that perhaps everything was *not* all right.

"It sure is a shame that your grandfather had to die at Christmas, Aramig," the priest said in hopes of drawing the boy out, "it must be pretty difficult for someone your age not to celebrate Christmas."

"It's not so much the celebration, Der Hayr," answered the boy, "I can understand that out of respect for Medzhayrig's memory and not to be disrespectful to Medzmayrig and Mom, we really can't have a regular Christmas this year. What I don't understand is why Medzhayrig had to die, and why God took him now, at Christmas, which I thought was supposed to be a time of giving, not taking away. I've been praying to God for an answer, but so far He hasn't answered me."

"Aramig," said Der Hayr, "the reason you haven't gotten an answer *now* is because God has *already* answered that question and it's written down just as plain as can be for anyone to see. Do you have a Bible?"

"Sure, the one they gave me in Sunday School."

"Good, go get it and bring it here."

Aramig bounded up the stairs, happy that he was finally going to get an answer to his questions, but also a little doubtful about finding the answer in the Bible. When he returned, Der Hayr instructed him to turn to the Gospel of John, chapter three, verse sixteen.

"Get it!" announced Aramig enthusiastically after a few seconds of searching. "Great!" replied Der Hayr, just as enthusiastically and added: "now read it. Out loud."

Aram read: "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"You see, Aramig," the Priest explained, placing his hand on the boy's shoulder and looking straight into his eyes, "all humans must die, but the Bible tells us that, even though this is the case, all human beings need not perish. Death is like a door through which one must step in order to claim the eternal life that God has promised to all those that believe in His Son. Thus, think of how meaningful your grandfather's death is because it has happened at Christmas time. For yesterday, dear Aramig, your Medzhayrig received the greatest gift that anyone could give: God's gift of eternal life. So, just as our Father in Heaven gave His Son out of Love for us all, so too did He, in love, give your grandfather the greatest gift of all."

Tears began forming at the corners of Aramig's eyes. Tears, not of grief, nor of sorrow, not of frustration nor of anger, but rather the pure and beautiful tears of joy and understanding. For indeed God had answered his questions. Medzhayrig was not dead at all, but rather, just starting out in the life that was given from God through Jesus. He remembered now what he had learned in Sunday School from his teacher, Mrs. Melkonian about God's great gift of everlasting life and salvation. He had forgotten that message in his grief, but now he realized that in this and in many other ways, God had answered his questions long before he had ever asked them.

Thus a little while later, after Der Hayr had left, Mom, Dad and Yeranig returned home to find not the morose and moping boy they had left, but rather a happy, joyous youngster who greeted them with hugs and cries of "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!".

"Are you all right, Aramig?" asked his worried mother, reaching out a hand to feel her son's forehead.

"Sure, Mom," Aramig answered, lithely ducking his mother's hand. "You'd be happy too if God had just answered your prayers."

Silence. Having all stopped talking at once, everyone just looked with disbelief at Aramig. His father was the one who finally broke the silence. "Maybe you had better fill us in, son," requested his father gently and with

great concern apparent in his loving eyes.

So Aramig told them all about Der Hayr's visit, their talk, the passage they had read together from the Bible, the insight he had gained from it and the lesson he

had learned from it.

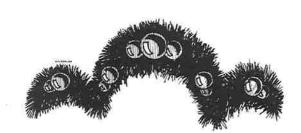
"And so," he concluded, "God isn't taking Medzhayrig away at all. No! He's

giving him the gift He has promised to all of us, His greatest gift: the gift of His love, His saving grace and life everlasting."

When the boy had finished speaking, the whole family just seemed to move instinctively together of one accord. They began bugging and clinging to one another

stinctively together of one accord. They began hugging and clinging to one another out of sheer joy at realizing the simple truth that had come from the boy's mouth; and at knowing and accepting the Good News of God's gift to all those who believe in His Son.

And so, Aram and his whole family knew for sure that Christmas would never be the same again. They would always remember that no matter what gifts they received, there was one special gift that God was saving for all of them. And that gift would be the greatest gift of all!



FEBRUARY 15 • 16 • 17

# PAREGENTAN WOOKBAID

A.C.E.C. WATERTOWN. MASS.



# 9th Annual Raffle

# **Help Support Armenian Prelacy Programs**

Programs that are vital to the continuation of Christian and Armenian Education need your support. This year, you once more keep these programs alive and growing by purchasing tickets for the Ninth Annual Raffle.

Raffle Drawing will take place on February 16th, 1985 during Paregentan Weekend, at the A.C.E.C. Watertown, Mass.

Donation: \$100

#### PRIZES

1st Prize \$10,000 2nd Prize \$ 3,000 3rd Prize \$ 2,000 4th-10 Prizes \$ 1.000

**Drawing on Saturday** February 16 Donation \$100

Tickets available from **Board of Trustees.** Delegates or local sources.

General Chairmans Mr. Harry (Khajag) Dombalagian 1 Colonial Road Havertown, PA 19064

Tel.: (215) 449-3084

## WASHINGTON COMMEMORATION OF SEVENTIETH TO SYMBOLIZE SURVIVAL AND REBIRTH





When hundreds of survivors and thousands of Armenians converge on Washington, D.C. during April 24-28, 1985, they will be witnesses and participants in an event which, by its scope and symbolic theme, is destined to become a unique record in the annals of Armenian history on this continent.

The miraculous survival and the marvelous rebirth and renewal of the Armenian people following the Genocide of 1915 will be the central theme which all the planned activities are designed to symbolize by their nature and

This five-day spectacular under the auspices of the Prelacy of the Armenian Apostolic Church of America is organized by the Armenian National Committee and enjoys the full support and participation of many Armenian organizations. A large number of non-Armenian dignitaries have extended their support of these commemorative events by consenting to serve as honorary members of the National Commemorative Committee.

Activities and ceremonies for this marathon event will include cultural exhibits, film festival, rallies, visitations to congressmen and senators, prayers in the U.S. House of Representatives and Senate, lectures, seminars, concert, ecumenical service at the Arlington National Cemetery as well as a variety of other activities. Details of each activity will be provided through this column during the coming weeks and months.

The presence of the largest possible number of survivors at these commemorative activities will certainly provide a unique aura to the entire affair and will, at the same time, enhance their impact on the non-Armenian public as well as the media.

At this, a major turning point in the existence of the Armenian nation, the Seventieth Anniversary events have the potential of providing symbols of inspiration for our collective future.

November 20, 1984

# THE 30TH ANNIVERSARY OF GRANITE CITY CHURCH

GROUNDBREAKING CEREMONY FOR THE NEW MULTI-PURPOSE BUILDING

The weekend of December first and second was a memorable time for the Granite City Church and the Saint Louis Armenian community. It wasn't only the thirtieth anniversary of the consecration of the St. Gregory Church and an occasion to look back on thirty years of life and service, but also, the beginning of a new era with the groundbreaking ceremony of the multi-purpose building. Immediately after the religious ceremonies, the people gathered at the Church Property for the Groundbreaking Ceremony. Present were: The Prelate, Archbishop Ashjian, city officials, dignitaries, and representatives of different organizations. Serpazan blessed the cornerstone and in a short speech congratulated the community for its endeavors. He pointed out that the first generation raised the Church, and the second generation is building the Church Center. He then pointed at the youngsters gathered around him expressing the hope that they in their turn will benefit from the facilities offered to them and progress in the future.

The multi-purpose building is the first phase of a major project to be developed on a 5.1 acre property in an area central to the Armenians living in Granite City, St. Louis, and Belleville.

The first phase will consist of 14,000 square feet of construction with a hall having a capacity of 600 people, classrooms, and a kitchen. The designing was done by a professional firm with great input from two devoted Armenians: Mr. Vazken Haroyan and Mr. Donikyan. The phases following the first include the construction of a new Church building and a Parish

At 2.00 p.m., the Prelate, whose visit was covered by both the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and the Granite City Journal, was honored at a dinner in the Granite City Township Hall, where he spoke on the National Gathering of Survivors in Washington D.C. The gathering is scheduled for April 24-28, 1985 and will attract Armenians from all parts of the Nation.

During the banquet, some 15 members of the community were recognized for their thirty year services to the Church and Armenian Nation. The program of the day was enhanced by the artistic renderings of the youth of the community and especially the beautiful kids of the Armenian School. Indeed, it was a weekend of faith, love and hope.

For travel and hotel arrangements, please call our Washington office 1-800-3 ARARAT

The Prelacy of the Armenian Apostolic Church of America **Presents:** 

#### PAREGENTAN V (MARDI GRAS) Weekend of February 15-17, 1985 A.C.E.C. — WATERTOWN, MASS.

TREAT YOURSELF TO A PLEASANT WEEKEND JOIN FELLOW ARMENIANS IN CELEBRATING THE TRADITIONAL ARMENIAN PAREGENTAN

#### Weekend Activities:

- Art Exhibit Works of the late Vava Sarkis Kachadourian
- Book Fair
- Armenian Video Bebo, Promise of Love, Tears of Happiness, Place Under the Sun, Kikor, Color of Pomegranade.
- Traditional Davool-Zoorna
- Saturday Night Dance Carnig Mikitarian Ensemble. Surprize entertainment!
- Prelacy Raffle Drawing
- Hamazkain Dance Group of Boston.

#### 

The Ladies' Guild of the Prelacy of the Armenian Apostolic Church of America

Requests the Pleasure of Your Company at the Tenth Annual Anniversary Celebration of

the

"Feast of Light"

Saturday, the Second of February Nineteen Hundred Eighty Five

the Helmsley Palace

the Renaissance Suite and the Versailles Ballroom 455 Madison Avenue New York City

Black Tie Optional

Donation - \$100

Cocktails - 7:30 pm Dinner - 8:30 pm

Per Person