



Հրատարակություն Ամերիկյան Արքեպիսկոպոսության Ազգային Առաքնորդարանի
A Publication of the Prelacy of the Armenian Apostolic Church of America

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**Mr. & Mrs. Karl Sogioian Donate \$50,000
To New Museum in Antelias**

Yeghishe Manoukian is Laid to Rest



Yeghishe Manoukian

Mr. and Mrs. Karl and Emma Sogioian with Archbishop Mesrob Ashjian at the Morgan Library in New York City during the opening of the Armenian Manuscript exhibit. The Sogioian's had lent several manuscripts in their collection for this magnificent exhibit.

Yeghishe Manoukian, philanthropist and world renowned HMEM athlete, died in London on October 10. He was 80 years old. He is survived by his wife of 50 years, the former Siran Keledjian, their five sons, and seven grandchildren.

Those familiar with Lebanon and Syria will remember the love and fame Yeghishe Manoukian commanded. He was known simply as Yeghishe by his countless fans.

A measure of the place he held in the hearts of Armenians was vividly displayed by the hundreds of mourners attending his funeral on October 13, including His Holiness Karekin II, Catholicos of the Great House of Cilicia, who attended as a personal friend.

Participating in the services in St. Peter's Armenian Church, were Archbishop Yeghishe Gizirian, Prelate of Great Britain; Archbishop Mesrob Ashjian, Prelate of the Eastern United States and Canada; Archbishop Aram Keshishian, Prelate of Lebanon; and Reverends Vrej Nercesian, and Shnork, pastors of St. Sarkis and St. Peter churches in London.

Hundreds of mourners filled the large church which was filled with floral arrangements. Archbishop Gizirian presented the biography of the deceased and then invited Catholicos Karekin who deliver a moving eulogy. He described the deceased as he knew him and spoke of his great human characteristics, his remarkable writing ability, and his overall dedication to all things Armenian.

His Excellency Armen Sarkissian, Ambassador to Great Britain from Armenia, accompanied by his wife, headed a delegation of diplomats, associates, and friends from Europe, London, the Far East and the United States.

Burial took place in Gunnersbury Cemetery in Acton. Following the ceremony and with the playing of Haratch Nahadag, the tri-color covering the coffin was removed, folded, and presented to his eldest son, Vatche.

The funeral meal took place in the evening at the Hyatt Carlton Tower Hotel with more than 300 guests attending to pay final respect to his memory and to comfort his family. Mr. Hayastan Vartanian acted as the MC during the short program.

Archbishop Ashjian expressed condolences on behalf of the Eastern Prelacy and on behalf of Archbishop Datev Sarkissian; Mr. Hratch Boghosian spoke on behalf of the Homenetmen; Archbishop Keshishian spoke on behalf of the Diocese of Lebanon; and Mr. Vartanian spoke on behalf of the ARF Bureau.

Ambassador Sarkissian, after expressing his personal condolences, read a message of sympathy from President Levon Ter Petrossian.

Final words were by His Holiness who once again paid tribute to the memory of Yeghishe Manoukian and appealed to all to remain faithful to their roots. "If we do not have roots and a collective memory, then we are not a family, we are not a nation," he said.

Yeghishe Manoukian was born in Adana (Cilicia) in 1914. He lost both parents at a

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ՇԻՆՈՒԹԵԱՆ ԱՇԽԱՏԱՆՔՆԵՐԸ ԸՆԹԱՑՔԻ ՄԷՋ**



A drawing of the new Museum at the Catholicate of Cilicia in Antelias, Lebanon which is now under construction.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl and Emma Sogioian of Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, have contributed \$50,000 to the new museum at the Cilician Catholicate in Antelias, Lebanon. The museum will be located in a building which was formerly used as a Seminary and Library. The structure is now undergoing complete renovation both externally and internally under the supervision of architect Hagop Ateshian and Dr. Sylvia Ajemian, art historian and museum specialist.

Mr. and Mrs. Sogioian are noted collectors of Armenian manuscripts, paintings, and objects of art. Their donation was received with great thanks by His Holiness Karekin II, Catholicos of the Great House of Cilicia, who has enthusiastically initiated the museum project which he says will not be merely a place of "preservation but a living and working institution."

The ground floor of the four-story building will house offices of the director and other personnel as well as a large hall which will be utilized for exhibitions and conferences. The first and second floors will exhibit ecclesiastical objects, manuscripts, and other articles of artistic and historical value. The third floor will be reserved for the works of modern artists.

Recognizing the importance of this museum and repository, Mr. and Mrs. Sogioian decided to bring their generous support to the project.

Karl Kaloust Sogioian was born on December 18, 1924, in Detroit, Michigan, son of Paravon and Haiganoush Sogioian. His mother and father were devoted parents to their seven children and dedicated community members who encouraged their children to get involved in the Armenian community.

Kaloust, by this time known as Karl, graduated from Western High School and continued his education at the Detroit Institute of Technology, graduating with a B.S. in Mechanical Engineering.

From the beginning he wanted to have his own business because, in his words, he

(Continued on page 2)

Ահաւասիկ տարի մը անցաւ այն օրէն երբ շինարարական աշխատանքները Անթիլիասի մէջ սկիզբ առին նոր Թանգարան-Մատենադարանի ծրագրին իրագործման համար: Այդ առիթով Կաթողիկոսարանի կողմէ հրատարակուած չորսլեզուեան (հայերէն, արաբերէն, ֆրանսերէն, անգլերէն) գրքոյկին մէջ, որ կը նկարագրէ Թանգարանի ծրագիրը, ըսուած է.

«Քառայարկ շէնքին առաջին յարկին (գետնայարկ) վրայ տնօրէնի եւ վարչական պաշտօնեայի գրասենեակներէն զատ պիտի ըլլայ ընդարձակ սրահ մը, ուր պարբերաբար տեղի պիտի ունենան հայ մշակոյթի եւ արուեստի նուիրուած գեղարուեստական յատուկ ցուցահանդէսներ եւ դասախօսութիւններ:

Երկրորդ եւ երրորդ յարկերուն մէջ պիտի գետնեղուին եկեղեցական-

ծիսական գոյքեր եւ այլ հնարժէք առարկաներ միջնադարեան ժամանակներէն սկսեալ մինչեւ 19-րդ դար:

Չորրորդ յարկը ամբողջութեամբ պիտի յատկացուի արդի ժամանակներու յատուկ նկարչական գործերու, հայ թէ օտար արուեստագէտներէ:

Թանգարանը ամէն օր բաց պիտի մնայ ժողովուրդին համար: Սոսկ պահպանութեան (preservation) տեղ մը պիտի չըլլայ, այլ կեանք եւ շարժում ունեցող հաստատութիւն մը, տեսակ մը դպրոց, վկայախօս յուշամատեն եւ գեղարուեստական վայելքի օճախ, ուր պիտի գան մարդիկ, հայ թէ օտար, դպրոցական աշակերտներ, համալսարանական ուսանողներ, որպէսզի աւելի մօտէն, կենդանի հարազատութեամբ ճանչնան մեր եկեղեցոյ եւ ազգի մշակութային գանձերն ու արժէքները:

Շէնքին մէկ չորրորդ բաժինը պիտի

(Continued on page 4)

Anooshig Vartan

Over a month ago I wanted to write about an incident, but when I sat down to type, words were inadequate to express my feelings that day. Often a word or a gesture hurts, but luckily as time passes and the motive becomes clearer the initial negative effect fades away and turns the experience into a memory. I am now trying to write about that incident before it becomes a mere memory.

We hear and watch violence, frauds, political and other wrong doings and unspeakable crimes. During the past two decades we have also read about ever-increasing cults and mass suicides. Scientists warn us of nuclear accidents. Sometime ago I read that there are enough nuclear war-heads stored in several countries capable of destroying our Earth fifteen times over. The gloom and doom sermons are on the increase.

Whatever the predictions, I wish to write about my experience with the hope that it will show the better side of the human race.

Over a month ago on a Friday morning I pushed my cart to the express cashier in a grocery store. To make sure I was in the right line I started counting the items. While my eyes moved from the bread loaves to the small packages, I saw something fall in my shopping cart. I picked it up instantly and looked at the woman standing beside me, a small built fair person, possibly in her fifties, wearing a beige fur collared coat and a matching fur hat.

"What's this for?" I asked holding out the bundle of money.

"It's for you," she replied with a European accent.

I was speechless. I did not know her, although she did remind me of Wilhelmina, a Latvian colleague of mine.

"You're a senior citizen and I know these are hard times for you to make ends meet," she said.

"I can't take this," I said softly hoping to sound sincere. "I'm fine. Please take it back."

"It's for your groceries," she explained with a sweet smile.

"Thanks, but give it to your church." I paused for a second. The idea of accepting the money to donate to our heavily mortgaged church was a strong temptation. "Whichever church you belong to," I quickly added.

"I give to my church anyway," she said with disappointment. She took the bundle of money and walked to another cashier.

Numerous questions and pictures went through my mind as the items I purchased were scanned, parcelled and paid for. I walked to my car oblivious of the surroundings. I must have aged before my time, I thought, otherwise she would not have taken me for a senior citizen. I was shaken and saddened. Gone were the days when people would take me for a much younger person. It was so nice to be thought of as young. It meant that I could still keep planning projects for the future and expect accomplishments.

If she was wrong about my age she was pretty accurate about my financial situation. My income from a part-time job ranks me below the nationally accepted poverty line, but really I am O.K. I am not starving. I am not homeless. Luxuries never interested me in the past and they do not now.

More than fifty years ago, in my childhood, my parents could barely make a living. They had not yet recovered from the

massacre of 1915, and the devastation of the First World War. Uprooted from their homes, deported to another country and barely familiar with the new language and environment, they were faced with the Second World War. They struggled to survive, but still they did not knock on government doors. I am not saying one must not ask for help, but there is also that word *greed* which seems to be steering our civilization today. If you look at people around you, you will find ample examples of greed to the extent that horrible crimes are committed for money and power.

In the good old days we were taught to be diligent, self-reliant and satisfied with what we had. I still remember a few lines from a poem my father had written and taught us: "Away from our house are still many orphaned helpless people. We must lend them a helping hand to alleviate their anguish."

One cannot help but admire the old generation who were refugees themselves in a foreign country without any certainty for how long they would be able to provide for their families. They lived frugally, but with a big heart they cared for less fortunate people. In those days having compassion was not limited to a certain class or sect or small nations. Here in North America, as well as in the old world, people were more caring and understanding.

I firmly believe the source of their goodness was Christ's own life and teachings. The *spirit* was valued much more than material richness and glitter. Many books may be filled with the details of our parents' sacrifices, relentless work, enormous hope and unbelievable optimism against all odds.

Long after that Friday morning's incident, unanswered questions keep haunting me. The fact that I look aged can be dismissed with a "so what" comment. Sooner or later we will age and inevitably fade away. The best law of nature, in my opinion the greatest equalizer and leveller, is death. It should not be a sad notion.

There is a brighter side to consider. Think for a moment that even when extreme materialism, treachery, power struggles, wars and massacres are on the increase, we still meet people like this lady who has enough compassion and the courage to help or offer help, in a strange way perhaps, but still lend a helping hand. Was she rich herself? I doubt it, because if she were she would not be living in our area, a middle class multi-ethnic neighborhood. In any case she was a small built lady with a big, big heart; a glitter of hope to all of us including

Your loving
Eugenie Horkoor

CORRECTION

The summer issue of Outreach carried the list of donors to the Prelacy's Easter Basket of Hope campaign. The donation of Dr. and Mrs. Vahagn and Mary Agbabian should have been listed under the \$200 category. We thank the Agbabians for bringing this to our attention.

Acclaimed Film, "The Yearning" is now Available at Prelacy Bookstore



A scene from the video, *THE YEARNING*

The acclaimed film, *The Yearning* (Garod), by the well-known Armenian film maker Frunze Dovlatian is now available on video cassette at the Prelacy Bookstore.

Suppressed for many years by Soviet authorities, *Yearning* is based on a novel by Hrachia Kochar.

Yearning tells the tragic story of Arakel, an illiterate villager and his deep desire to visit his birthplace just across the river in Turkey from Soviet Armenia. When he finally manages to make the journey he is arrested upon his return. During the barbarous interrogation to which he is subjected, flashbacks reveal his longing, motivation, and travels.

Zareh Arevshatian, a film specialist, has said, "Thematically, the film complements such Armenian film classics as *Nahapet* and *We Are Our Mountains...* Rafael Atoyan gives an outstanding performance as Arakel, whose story suggests the Armenian people's joys, sorrows, and unceasing devotion to their country. With the current political struggle for the disputed Nagorno-Karabagh region, *The Yearning* stands as a cornerstone of Glasnost in Armenia."

The 140 minute film (in Armenian with English subtitles) can be purchased from the Prelacy Bookstore, 138 E. 39th Street, New York, NY 10016, for \$20 and \$3 for shipping and handling.

Sogioians Donate

(Continued from page 1)

"never wanted anybody to tell me what to do." With perseverance and relentless efforts in 1951 he was able to open a modest machine shop, which from a humble beginning grew into a large and successful auto parts manufacturing company, due to his vision, ingenuity and tireless hours of work.

Karl's love affair with machines made him an avid motorcycle and sports car driver; he has motored through every State and because of his love of machines, he made every effort to produce high quality parts. Car manufacturers loved his trouble-free parts which earned him long-term contracts.

In 1955 while attending an Armenian community dinner in the old Hye Getroun, to quote Karl: "I was bored and slumbering when suddenly in the audience I noticed a pretty face. And I let it be known I would like to meet her." That young lady was Ms. Emma Tabibian from Constantinople, who was visiting relative in Detroit. Karl and Emma were married in 1956 and formed a

warm and hospitable Armenian home.

The guiding principle behind the museum project according to His Holiness "is to see that our ancestor's artistic talents will bear witness to the spirit of creativity of the Armenian people as well as serve as a source of inspiration for the coming generations." The museum will be the permanent home of the many articles now preserved at the Cilician See. All of the items will be on view under controlled light, temperature, humidity, and security.

The Catholicate is appealing to all to bring their participation either by financial contributions or by donations of pieces of art and antiquity which will enrich the content of the museum. "I see the museum as a new lighthouse in the Great House of Cilicia for the promotion of its mission of spiritual and cultural enlightenment of our beloved people," said His Holiness.

For further information about making donations please contact the Prelacy at 212-689-7810.



PHOTO FROM YEREVAN: A Super Market à la Yerevan in the Shahoumian district. The wording on the side of the building says "Super Market" in English.

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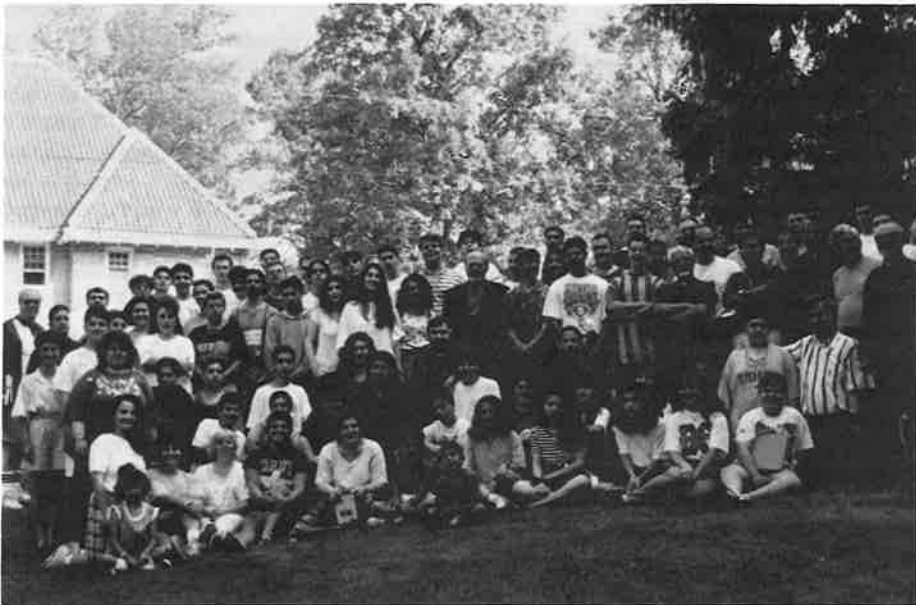
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CROSSROADS

A Review of Prelacy and Parish Activities



Seventy-two young adults and teens from 15 Prelacy parishes and 10 staff members came together for the Eighth Annual Summer Religious Summer Studies Program of St. Gregory of Datev Institute, which took place at the St. Mary of Providence Center in Elverson, Pennsylvania. Designed to prepare and equip Church servants for ministry in the Armenian Apostolic Church and to quicken the faith of the participants, the Institute offers four levels of topics as well as postgraduate courses. The week-long program covered a wide variety of topics, ranging from the aspect of the faith of the Armenian Church. Courses were presented on what the Armenian Church believes and teaches as dogma, what the Church celebrates and how, plus the means of living out the life of the faith in a culture that is hostile at times to the ways of the Church. Classes in Armenian language and history are also part of the program.



Official White House Photo, August 9, 1994

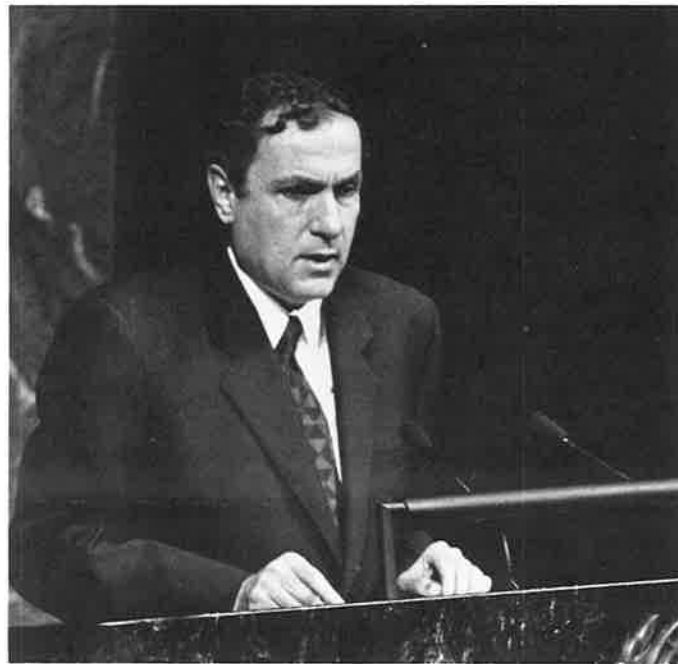


Photo above: President Clinton welcomes the Prelate to the White House reception for President Ter-Petrossian in August.

Photo Left: President Levon Ter-Petrossian addresses the U.N. General Assembly on September 28.

U.N. Photo 188006/E. Schneider 1063L



The Siamanto Academy, a unique Armenian educational institution, created to serve the academic needs of promising high school students in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area, concluded its 15th year with graduation and commencement exercises. The fifth graduating class of 10 students received diplomas, certificates, and gifts from Archbishop Mesrob Ashjian, before a gathering of parents, friends, and faculty members. The 1994 graduates are: (New York), Hrair Berberian, Deanna Gostanian, Tamar Harutunian, Ara Krikorian, Lara Milian, Anita Minassian, Nyieri Nazarian. (New Jersey), Talar Danayan, Talya Keomurjian, Ani Ohanessian.



The President of Armenia's National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Fadei Sarkssian, visited the Prelacy on September 19. He was accompanied by Mr. Babken Vartanian, Director of the Voice of America's Armenian section. During the one hour meeting Dr. Sarkssian described his first visit to the U.S. and the many professional contacts he made. The Prelate informed him of current and future projects the Prelacy is sponsoring in Armenia. In photo, l. to r., Archbishop Mesrob Ashjian, Dr. Fadei Sarkssian, Babken Vartanian, and Vaska Ghougassian.



St. Sarkis Armenian Church in Douglaston, New York, lost two members of its community in the crash of U.S. Air Flight No. 427 in September. Two services, a special morning and a memorial service took place on September 18 for Ani Ardhaljian, 36, and her two-year-old daughter, Narod. They are survived by their husband and father, Raffi, and their mother and grandmother Mrs. Alice Coherian as well as a host of family members and friends. Memorial donations are being accepted to Ani and Narod Memorial Fund, c/o Coherian-Ardhaljian, 3041 68th Street, Woodside, New York 11377.



The price for the new commemorative medallion honoring the 1700th anniversary of Christianity in Armenia should have been \$25.00 plus \$3.00 shipping. Send your orders to: Armenian Prelacy Bookstore
138 East 39th Street
New York, NY 10016

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չոր Էջ 1-46

կազմե Մատենադարանը, չորս յարկերով, որ ամենէն ճոխ գրադարաններէն մէկն է Սփիւռքի հայութեան եւ որուն մէջ կարելոր բաժին մը կը կազմեն հին հայ մասնուրի հաւաքածոներ եւ հնատիպ գիրքեր: Մատենադարանը պիտի ունենայ ընթերցման հանգստաւէտ սրահ, մնայուն պաշտօնէութեամբ, եւ միշտ բաց՝ ընթերցող եւ ուսումնասիրող անձերուն առջեւ:

Իսկ Թանգարանին եռայարկ ընդարձակ բաժնին մէջ պիտի գտնուի միջնակարգ դպրոց:

Քեղարուեստական (գրչագրական եւ մանրանկարչական) արժէք ունեցող ձեռագիրներ, սկսեալ 13-րդ դարէն,

Եկեղեցական-ծիսական նկարագիր ունեցող առարկաներ, ինչպէս ասեղնագործական արուեստով հարուստ զգեստներ, սպասներ՝ սկիհ, խնկաման, տապանակ, գաւազան, ասա, ելն.,

Վիլիկիայէն բերած հին արծաթեայ երեք ջահեր հարուստ քանդակագործային մոթիֆներով,

Միւսոնի կաթսան,

Հին դրամներու հաւաքածոներ,

Չեռագիրներու եւ տպագիր հատորներու գեղագրութեամբ մետաղեայ կողբեր,

17-րդ եւ 18-րդ դարերուն տրպաւած հնատիպ հագուստներ գիրքեր,

Արդի ժամանակներու նկարչութեան պատկանող նկարներ հայ եւ օտար արուեստագէտներէ,

Եւ այլ գեղարուեստական ու հնագիտական արժէք ունեցող առարկաներ:

Ներկայիս շինութեան աշխատանքները, քարապատումը, ներքին բաժանումները, էլեկտրական եւ օդի բարեխառնութեան յատուկ սարքեր ւածները աւարտելու վրայ են: Վերելակը արդէն գետեղուած է: Կառուցման այս բոլոր աշխատանքները կը ղեկավարուին Լիբանանի ծանօթ ճարտարապետներէն Պրն. Յակոբ Աթէշեանի կողմէ, օգնականութեամբ թանգարանի գոյքերու պատասխանատու արուեստագէտ-ճարտարապետ Պրն. Ռաֆֆի Չերչեանի: Արուեստի եւ հնագիտական առարկաներու գիտական եւ գեղարուեստական դասաւորման գործը կը կատարուի վերահսկողութեամբ արուեստի պատմութեան համբաււոր մասնագէտ եւ Պէլքոնի Sursock Թանգարանի Փոխ-տնօրէնուհի Օր. Սիլվիա Աճէմեանի:

Այժմ աշխատանքները կեդրոնացած են ներքին բաժանումներու յարգարման եւ ցուցադրութեան յատկացուելիք պահարաններու պատրաստութեան վրայ գեղարուեստական եւ հնագիտական առարկաներու գիտական մօտեցումով ներկայացուելի, ապահով իմաստաւոր դասաւորման եւ ներկայացման հեռանկարով:

Բոլոր այցելուներու եւ տեսնողներու միաձայն վկայութեամբ՝ գեղակերտ շէնք մըն է որ կը բարձրանայ Անթիլիասի Մայրավանքին մէջ, որ առաւել եւս գրաւչութիւն կը զգենու որպէս Մայրավանքի, Մայր Տաճարի եւ այլ շինութիւններու ճարտարապետական ընդհանուր համոյթի հետ սքանչելիօրէն ներդաշնակուող քարակերտ կառուցումը:

Ս. Աթոռոյս Վեհափառ Հայրապետին՝ Ն.Ս.Օ.Տ.Տ. Գարեգին Բ. Կաթողիկոսի որոշումով՝ սոյն Թանգարան-Մատենադարանը պիտի ձօնուի Հայաստանի մէջ քրիստոնէութեան որպէս պետական կրօն ճանաչման 1700-ամեակին: Որպէս այդպիսի ձեռնարկ՝ ան նկատի առնելու համար Ս. Էջմիածնի մէջ, անցնող Մայիսի սկիզբը Հայք. Եկեղեցւոյ Նուիրապետական Աթոռներու Գահակալներուն միջեւ կայացած

խորհրդակցական հանդիպումի ընթացքին:

Յառաջիկայ տարի, 1995-ին, տեղի պիտի ունենայ անոր բացումը համահայկական տարողութեամբ եւ արժանավայել հանդիսաւորութեամբ:

Հարկ կը զգանք տեղեակ պահել մեր ժողովուրդի գաւակները այն իրողութեան, որ այս մեծ գործը մէկ անհատի կամ մէկ կազմակերպութեան բարերարութեամբ իրականացող ձեռնարկ մը չէ: Այլ՝ հաւաքական, ժողովրդական նուիրատուութիւններով կեանքի կոչուող իրագործում մը: Ժողովուրդին տունն է այս. եւ ժողովուրդին մասնակցութեամբ է որ պիտի իրականանայ, ժողովուրդին բարիքին ծառայելու համար: Բնականօրէն ցարդ գտնուած են անհատներ եւ կազմակերպութիւններ, որոնք կարելոր ներդրումներ կատարած են եւ որոնց յիշատակութիւնը պատշաճագոյն ձեւով պիտի կատարուի, յատուկ արձանագրութեամբ եւ հրատարակութեամբ, Թանգարան-Մատենադարանին բացման առիթով:

Բայց այդ բոլորը տակաւին բաւարար չեն ամբողջացնելու համար այս աստուածահաճող, ազգապարծան եւ երախտարժան գործը: Նիւթական ծախսերը նախատեսուած են ուրիշ հարկի հազարէն մինչեւ մէկ միլիոն տոլարի սահմաններուն մէջ: Յարկ կարելի է եղած ձեռք բերել 60 առ հարիւր ընդհանուր այդ ծախսերուն:

Այս առթիւ, թանգարան-Մատենադարանի իրագործման այս վերջին հանգրուանին, հայ ժողովուրդը տեղեակ պահելէ ետք կատարուած եւ կատարուող այս աշխատանքներուն մասին, կը մէջբերենք այն կոչը, զոր Գարեգին Բ. Կաթողիկոս ուղղեց հայ ժողովուրդին, գործի սկզբնաւորման առաջին հանգրուանին, վերեւ յիշուած քառալեզուեան գրքոյկին մէջ.

«Կոչ կ'ուղղենք բոլոր այն բարի կամեցողութեան, արուեստի հասկացողութեան եւ ազգային նախանձախնդրութեան տէր անձերուն, որ թէ՛ դրամական օժանդակութեամբ եւ թէ՛ արուեստի առարկաներ ազնուաբար նուիրելով ճոխացնեն ճոր Թանգարանը: Աւելի պատշաճ եւ օգտակար է որ Հայ արուեստի առարկաներ դառնան եկեղեցւոյ եւ ազգի սեփականութիւն, քան թէ մնան անհատական պատկանելիութեան սահմաններուն մէջ:

Թող Անթիլիասի ճոխ Թանգարանը դառնայ ճոր լուսատուն մը Մեծի Տանն Կիլիկիոյ Կաթողիկոսութեան մէջ, որպէսզի առաւել լուսալից բովանդակութեամբ ճառագայթէ Կաթողիկոսութեան առաքելութիւնը՝ ի խնդիր մեր ժողովուրդի հոգեւոր եւ մշակութային վայելքին եւ զարգացման, այստեղ, Լիբանանի մէջ եւ ի սփիւռս աշխարհի»:

Christian Dating

Church sponsored singles events and special church services for singles are very popular at churches in the U.S. So popular that Paul Lintern, a Lutheran minister, has come up with a list of the top-10 pick up lines heard at these encounters, USA Today reports.

- In descending order they are:
10. Hi, this pew taken?
9. My prayers are answered.
8. What's a charismatic like you doing in a mainline place like this?
7. How about we go over to my place for a little devotional?
6. Hi, Angell!
5. Don't worry, I'm attracted to you purely in a spiritual way.
4. I'm Episcopalian. What's your sign?
3. I think you're sitting on my Bible.
2. Read any good Bible passages lately?
1. So, worship here often?

The Comet

by Aram Haigaz

I was barely 10 years old in 1910, when our village of Shabin Karahissar was shaken with dread and panic. How the news reached us there shielded in the mountainous foothills of northern Armenia, I do not know, but we heard that a great star with a thick tail, called Halley's Comet, was coming to strike and destroy our homeland.

If it was flaming, which was the most likely, it would reduce the world to ashes. If it was gaseous, it would kill every living soul—plants and animals. Nothing could escape.

Filled with fear and dread, the people of the village divided into two groups. Some, shuddering and trembling with fear, turned to the church and began their penitence. Others, certain that they had only days to live, plunged into feasting and revelry. Food that had been carefully stored for the winter was brought out. Holiday delicacies were uncovered and consumed. Cows were slain. Wine and ouzo poured freely. Work stopped. The festivities continued day and night. Everyone was eating and drinking. Nothing was spared.

Our somewhat tattered neighbor, Krikor, killed his only cow, his sole means of livelihood. And Hampar, who had been paying a debt to my father in meager installments, appeared at our door to repay the full sum in a single sweep, beseeching: "Arsen, my brother, take this and forgive me for being late..." The Turks and the Greeks, learning from the Armenians that the world would be struck and set afire by a comet, also began to settle their obligations. Each in his own way cleared the slate of his reckoning and then began a vigil, awaiting the horrific day when the world would end.

A long waxen nose set on a face that never smiled revealed the old Deacon of our church, who had gained a reputation as a forecaster of future events. Accustomed to being questioned about the future, he never disappointed those who came to him, with vivid creativity, he wove tales and predictions that captivated his audience.

The threshold of his home was worn with the footsteps of those seeking advice and bearing gifts. And he, speaking with the authority of an imagined eyewitness, would recount every detail: at an unexpected moment, the huge tail of a comet would strike our village and its population of sinners, as well as other cities, and all would be turned to ashes like Sodom and Gomorrah.

Several women, after hearing this terrifying prophesy, suffered heart attacks and had to be buried.

At the church the communion box used by Father Garabed was emptied of its wafers. Penitents and worshippers filled the pews. Outside, the large sacrificial cauldron boiled continuously with the offerings of goat, lamb, or beef which was then distributed to the poor. Some brought wood for the fire. Others poured salt or boughs into the pot. On former occasions the offerings had been made to bring rain, to cure the ill, to seek the success of a business venture or a safe journey, to urge that the newborn child be a boy. Now, only fear prevailed. Everyone was about to die. Generosity reigned.

Finally, as the newspapers from Constantinople had informed us, a star with a massive tail appeared in the sky. We looked up with unbelieving eyes...it had a shining head and a luminous tail as long as the tallest poplar tree in the village. Our distress had indeed been justified. If, God forbid, the tail had been solid instead of luminous it would certainly have destroyed the world.

The tail was so huge it filled the sky. When we realized that it did not whip around in different directions, the villagers became courageous. People began running out into the streets. Men and boys climbed onto the rooftops to get a closer look. I stood beside a tree in front of our house and watched with my mother.

We rushed to the church and gave thanks to our Creator who had forgiven our sins and saved us from destruction. The star remained for several days, moving very

slowly across the sky. When the next batch of newspapers arrived from Constantinople, we read that the star that had terrified us had a name: it was called Halley's Comet, and its tail was formed of light and ice.

Now, in just a few years, it will come again. We know that it takes 76 years to complete its orbit around the sun. This time we will not fear the comet. Scientists and astronomers around the world are preparing to welcome it in 1986 and track its path. If I live until then, I will see it for the second time and—remembering the old days—will laugh at our old fears.

Except for myself, I do not think there are any survivors to share the memories of those days. Shabin Karahissar is no more. We set fire to the entire village when we fled the Turkish massacres of 1915. Those who had visited the area in recent years say that nothing remains but a few stones from our church. I have no wish to return. My years in America have been good ones.

I have seen many changes since I was a boy in Shabin Karahissar. Radio, automobiles, telephone, television, computers. I have lived to see Man walk on the moon. Last week I looked up at a roar and marveled at the sight of the Concorde streaking through the sky. With progress and knowledge, the heavens have lost the mystery and terror they once held.

When Halley's Comet reappears, I wonder whether scientists will confirm what we have suspected—that comets gradually lose some of their original energy and force. After its long journey, perhaps part of its luminous tail will also be somewhat dimmed.

No, I have no desire to go back. But as the time draws near for the comet to return, I find myself wishing that I could once again see the faces of my countrymen looking up to the sky, and relive their feelings of awe and wonder in those innocent days of Shabin Karahissar.

Yeghishe Manoukian

(continued from page 1)

young age, and grew up in orphanages in Cilicia and in Lebanon. In 1926 he went to Cyprus where he attended the Melkonian School and came into contact with famous headmasters and teachers all of whom were to have a lasting impression on the young boy.

In 1931 he came to Beirut and then to Damascus in search for his three brothers and four uncles. He found them all. A lifelong admirer and participant in sports, especially football, he joined the Homenetmen and became a leader in the movement and remained a faithful advocate up to his death.

In 1944 he married Siran Kiledjian and they were blessed with five sons. His beloved wife was, like him, a life-long advocate of education. In May of 1994 she was honored as the Prelacy's "Mother of the Year."

Yeghishe Manoukian spent more than 50 years as a teacher in various educational institutions in Syria and Lebanon. A kindergarten and secondary school in Beirut bear the Manoukian name and enjoy the support of the family.

Survivors include his widow Siran and sons, Mr. & Mrs. Vatche Manoukian, Mr. & Mrs. Vahe Manoukian, Varoujan, Raffi, and Levon Manoukian.

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

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