

Chapter Nine

A finale to a precious life

My father's passing made a deep impact not only on our family but also on the Armenian community in Iran.

My mother was devastated. Her soulmate, lost and then found only twenty-two years ago, was now lost forever. Our children lost a loving and caring grandpa who would have been a true mentor to them and an exemplary guide as they grew up.

Our community shared our loss. The pages of *Alik* were inundated with messages of condolence, memories and reminiscences, articles and biographical accounts.

My father's funeral, overflowing with people from all walks of life, was a display of love, awe, support and respect for him. Dirges were sung and fiery but solemn eulogies delivered.

A lively soul who had led a difficult but productive life, from Gharadagh to Tabriz, Paris, Prague, Tehran, Ghazvin, and back to Tehran, then Tabriz again; a weary soul who had experienced the anguish of solitary confinement in Yerevan and the misery of the Soviet