

Gulag; a hopeful soul who had miraculously returned to serve his people and bring joy to his family was now on his last journey to his resting place, appreciated by many, unappreciated by many....

Aboyents Derik, one of his young ungers, wrote a poem in his memory, a simple but expressive poem that is engraved on his tombstone:

Բոց լեզուների
Ասմունքով սնուած
Համոզումն էր նա... ոգեղինացած,

Շանթող մտքերի
Անմեռ կրակով
«Հրկիզուածն» էր նա... իղձերի հնոց,

Հինը վերյիշող
Ցասումը արդար... Նոր ուղիների
«Հրկիզողն» էր նա....¹

On the occasion of the first anniversary of his death, a memorial event was organized with a fitting program. The Hay Tahd Committee published a brochure containing the program, a dedication note by the organizing committee, a brief biography of my father, and transcriptions of his lectures in Australia. It also contained a number of photographs from his past, excerpts from his editorials, and a few thoughts

1 The following is a loose translation: "Nurtured by the eloquence of blazing tongues, he was conviction ... spiritualized. With the undying fire of thundering thoughts, he was the 'burnt offering' ... a crucible of ideals. Remembering the old, his anger fair ... He was the 'blazer' of new paths...."