

sixty years. Now that she was pouring it out, she needed the words to carry the burden. She was aware of the inadequacy of language and was trying to compensate for it by repeating the episode to emphasize its impact.

Heranoush remembered her maternal grandmother trying to convince Iskouhi to give her children, Heranoush's younger brothers, to the Turks who wanted to take them. She knew well that they were all going to die and she hoped the children would survive, albeit in Turkish homes. Iskouhi wouldn't let the children go, but in the end the Turks snatched them and took them away.

Ironically, at the end of that long journey of suffering and death, Iskouhi was the only survivor of their large family, Heranoush learned later. She was one of the lucky few who managed to reach America where she joined her husband. But she, too, like others who shared her fate, was faced with a painful psychological dilemma. She had to cope with the memory of her dreadful experience and of her children lost to Muslims, knowing that they would grow up with no memory of their origin, family, and heritage.

It was common practice during the deportations to separate small children from their mothers and put them in a Turkish orphanage, bring them up as Turks, sell them, or just give them away to Turks, Kurds, or Arabs. Many survivors mention this painful reality in their memoirs. According to Archbishop Zaven Der Yeghiayan, Patriarch of Constantinople,

The little girl from Zileh told us that when the deportees from Marzevan [Merzifon], Amassia and Tokat arrived at Sari Kishla—halfway between Sebastia and Gesaria—the