

(east of Adiyaman near Kahta), a feeling that became ingrained in the young boy's personality. Later in life he found out that his father was secretly praying to the God of the Christians. He would faithfully read his *namaz* in Arabic (which he did not understand), five times a day; then at night he would lock himself in a room and pray. When his children questioned this strange behavior, he would only smile and say, "you don't understand" (Yalçın, p. 322). Once Hajji Ibrahim was old enough to share his father's secret, his curiosity drove him to find other families like theirs and listen to the stories of old Armenians who had experienced the horrors of 1915 (p. 330). His Armenian identity rose from the ashes of the Armenian holocaust.

An attack on Ali/Shmavon's shop that left it in ruins and killed the source of the family's livelihood, as well as the escalating prejudice around them, forced the family to leave the village and move to Kahta where a sizable group of *merinner* or hidden Armenians lived. Now a migrant worker in Germany, Ibrahim still had to keep his identity secret. The *dartsatses* in Turkey, for the sake of their own peace, begged their relatives abroad to keep quiet. "It is so difficult to live a two-faced life, to be one thing deep in your soul and pretend to be something else" (p. 347). It took Ibrahim a long time to be able to talk about his Armenian origin. That part of his identity was deeply hidden and covered with a shroud of fear and timidity, even in a European society outside Turkey. "There were times when I wanted to tear my throat out and shout, 'I am Armenian,' but I kept quiet. In a country like Germany I locked my identity within me" (p. 369).