

the word *forgive*, but I surely will never forget what the Khmer Rouge did to my family and their own Khmer people.”⁴

The trend of searching for one’s roots and a keen interest in the one event in history that was the source of all evil brought into focus the unwritten memories or the unpublished memoirs of parents and grandparents, survivors of the Genocide. A plethora of memoirs was published in Armenian and other Diasporan languages. Kerop Bedoukian’s memoir, *Some of Us Survived* (1979), Alice Muggerditchian Shipley’s *We Walked, Then Ran* (1983), John Minassian’s *Many Hills Yet to Climb* (1986), Bertha (Berjuhi) Nakshian Ketchian’s *In the Shadow of the Fortress* (1988), and Hovhannes Mugrditchian’s *To Armenians with Love* (1996) are examples of this type of literature, each with a mission and a motivation. Minassian felt an obligation to leave his memories for the next generation. He could not forget the words someone had said to him in a Turkish prison: “We may not survive, but your generation has a call and a duty.”⁵ Ketchian wrote that “We—the survivors—are living eyewitnesses of the Genocide of Armenians by the Turks. What was documented in writing and pictures at the time is now being denied.”⁶ Therefore, she had a mission. She was determined to fight against denial, to join the struggle for world recognition of the Armenian Genocide, believing that “recognition of the crime does not bring the victims back, but it eases somewhat the pain of the

⁴ Ibid., p. 49.

⁵ Minassian, *Many Hills Yet to Climb* (1986), pp. 3–4.

⁶ Ketchian, *In the Shadow of the Fortress* (1988), p. ix.