together with her classmates, she repeated in a loud voice, "I am a Turk. I am honest. I am industrious," but her vow was mixed with a sense of guilt and shame because she knew she was Armenian (p. 362). But she grew out of that insecurity and leaned more and more toward her origin, her roots, and it became difficult to pretend; she was ashamed of pretending to be a Muslim and following Muslim religious rituals and customs. When she complained to her father, he comforted her by saying, "It is all right. The Lord Jesus, our prophet, sees our plight, knows our suffering" (p. 361). Now in Germany, she defined herself and her husband: "We speak Kurdish at home. That is our mother tongue. We are Armenians, but we don't know Armenian" (p. 363). Sultan belongs to the group of hidden Armenians who have cast off the cover of Muslim rituals and returned to their ancestral faith.

Yalçın met Zakarya in Istanbul, where he lived. He is a third-generation survivor, an educated man able to analyze his own identity. He is an Armenian whose past was wrought by brutalities. His outlook, shaping his individuality and his identity, are imbued with a longing for freedom, brotherhood, and equality among the people of the world and between Armenians and Turks in particular. Zakarya was born in 1953, in the village of Ekrek in Kayseri. He remembers how hard it was for Armenians who lived in the interior of Turkey. His childhood memories are shrouded by that hardship. Turkish children hit him because he was Armenian and threw rocks at his family's house at night. Zakarya's birthplace, the erstwhile Armenian village of 750 families, had been "cleansed" in 1915 and repopulated with Turkish refugees from Greece in 1924. The two churches were destroyed and the few remaining