

THE MOMENT I'M LOST FOR WORDS



I usually don't prefer to write the title in the beginning of an essay. I write and then finish it with a title that summarizes the bottom line, because my initial emotions usually do not meet with emotions towards the end of the essay and the title becomes insufficient to represent the main idea. However, this time, this is not the case. I put the pen to the paper in the moment I saw the event, thus the title was ready before the essay: **The moment I'm lost for words.**

I travelled from Elaziğ to Mardin with my father, Archdeacon İshak Tanoğlu and my aunt Dalita Özdiler, Attorney at Law. It was May 3, 2009. The sun was breaking on the ground, flowers were generously spreading their beautiful odors with lovely colors to attract attention, soil was puffed out after the rain, and clouds were dancing with the sun. Above all, blue sky had its arms wide open to protect the nature; it was the beloved spring. I felt as if it was a routine Sunday; church visit, the Holy Mass, talking with the community, having something to eat. I was in that mood, until I saw Aday.

We went to Mor İliya (St. Elijah) Church that Sunday. The mighty doors were wide open, ready to accept its community with its huge humbleness. Nonetheless, the church was waiting the same humbleness from the community. The second door, inner one, was low to allow you to bend forward before entering the church. We entered and saw the newly restored church with beautiful columns. It opens only on St. Elijah's day once a year and The Holy mass is performed. The Holy Mass started. Deacons started to chant prayers. Everything was usual, until "Amşalyo"¹ started.

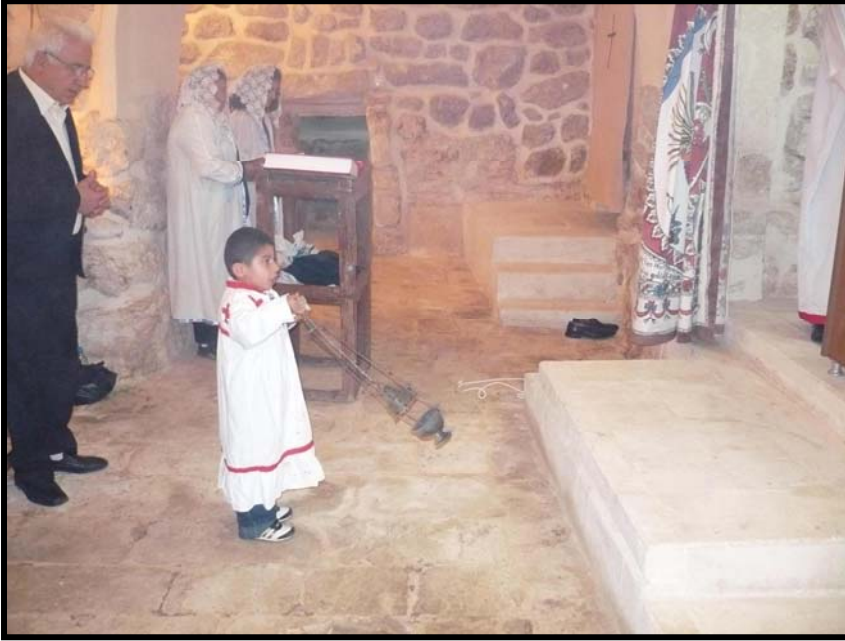
Somebody was chanting. 'Barihğmor am şelyo dehilto nakhfutho nssut neşma laşbarto mele hayatho daloho

¹ A prayer chanted by deacon and priest in turns



evengeliyon kadişo d Moran yeşu mşih dmetekre alayn.’ No one seemed to be there, I was looking for the source of the voice. O God! There was a voice, but no deacon. “How come!”, I said to myself. I rose up on my foot, there has to be someone there. A voice, high, but not weak, trying to prove himself not bodily, but spiritually.

A voice, trying to do his mission with all power and dignity inside. I managed to see him after all my effort. O My God! At that moment, everything paused, time, people, the priest. Three things



were going on: that part of the Holy Mass, me and Aday. I was so deeply affected from that moment that words are insufficient to explain. I was lost for words. They were not strong enough to express my emotions. A four year old boy, Aday, grandson of Father Gabriel Akyüz (from Bakisyan), son of Deacon Yuhanna Akyüz. He was not even in primary school, did not know reading and writing. His height was lower than a meter. He was standing there, in front of the altar, with all his devotion and dignity, chanting like a mighty

soldier in the service of Christ, holding the şımlo² in his hand. His mission had nothing to do with his age. Otherwise, he would not have the courage to do it. It also had nothing to do with his age, or his parents. It was his heart, faith, culture and his love for Jesus Christ.

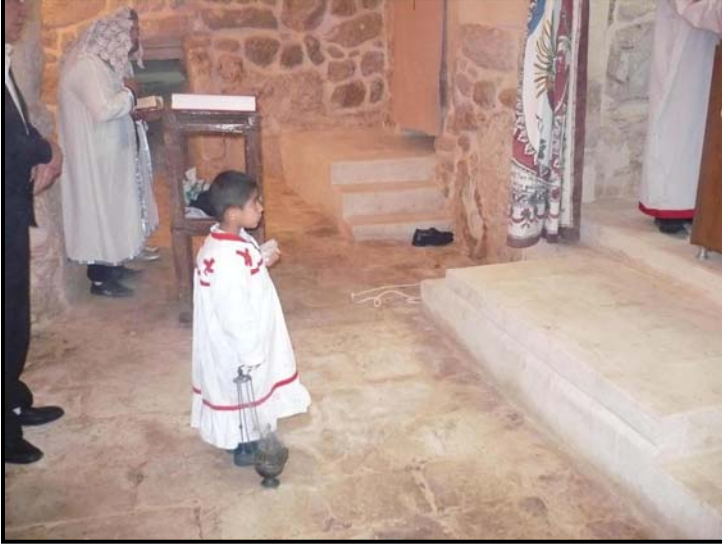
I was restless. I went towards him; there was no one else around; me, him and the Holy Mass. . No word, but feelings. Aday had no word either. He had feelings, and ambition.. Aday was chanting, people were listening; maybe some of them did not pay attention. Because what they saw was only a four year-old boy. However, he was not actually only a 4 year-old at that moment. He was culture, ambition, future warrior and a representative, and lots of things. . He was the incarnation of existence, faith, church love, church culture and working for Christ, a living proof.



“Amşilyo” was continuing. Aday and Father were taking turns to chant. Father took the turn and Aday was tired and put the şımlo on the ground. It was too heavy for him, but it was a physical tiredness. Aday already lifted up that spiritual weight and it was standing on his shoulders. He couldn’t be tired from this weight, because he received the necessary genes, education, culture, training from his father and grandfather, mixing them with his own personality.

That day, those who were only listening to him did not get anything. That Sunday was an ordinary Sunday for them, Aday was an ordinary

deacon....because only their eyes and ears were functioning. If they had known the difference between looking and seeing, they would have noticed it was not just a child and his voice. Aday was a young tree holding the ground with robust roots. Aday was the visible part of the iceberg. People looking at Aday only saw the young tree and the iceberg above water. But the wise saw his roots and the mighty section under the sea. I experienced this kind of deeper feelings only during translation and creation process of the book of Mor Afrem. In other words, **Mor Afrem had burned one side of my heart before and Aday is the second one burned the other side.**



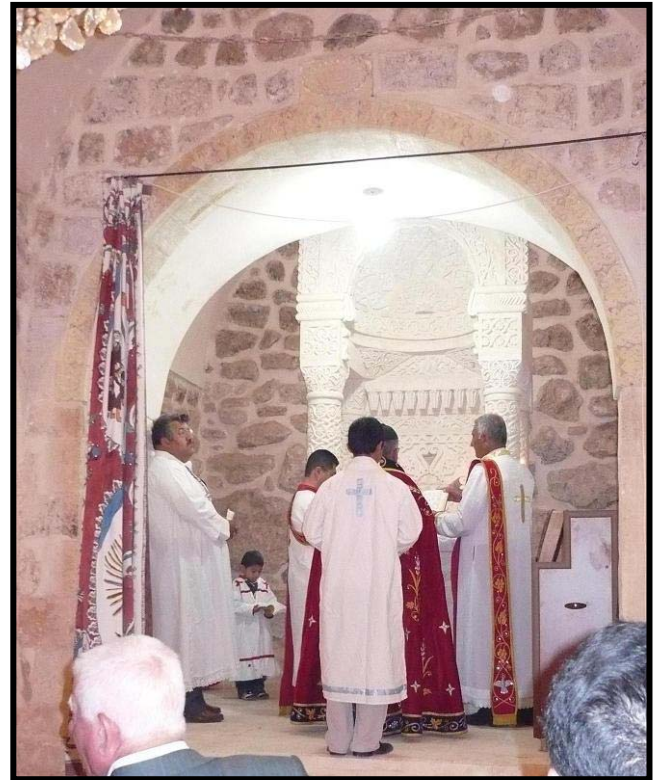
My heart burned at that day because the thing which was seen there was not only Aday, but also Syriac culture. The hand of those that carried Syriac culture to this day, spirit of church fathers, body of church martyrs, heart of those working for the community, existence of those serving the church, Christ, community and humanity. It was the moment I'm lost for words; because, I had never seen so much aspect gathered in a child. Was it a feeling of joy, honor, excitement, gratitude, I did not know. I was sure about one thing, Aday burned the other side of my heart. And I recognized that it was neither a matter of money or work. It was a matter

of heart, soul, and devotion of mind. It is impossible for Syriac church and culture to fade away and die, as long as Aday and the likes of Aday live.

Aday hold the starring role on May 3, 2009. The distinctive aspect of Aday was his inner faith, love and devotion. And his courage to show this to other people with his behaviours; his ambition to eternize the legacy inherited from his family. Aday made that day unforgettable and special for me. Tihe Aday!!! Aloho Toreloh³

SARA TANOĞLU
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İstanbul

saratanoglu@superonline.com



³ Long live Aday, may God bless you.