

Mama. I hope it never happens to you" (45). But her mother's fear came true. Mary was left motherless at the tender age of ten, an orphan like her mother.

Like many others of her generation, Mary chanced to learn of her father's hideous experience as a young man when she was an adult. This happened during a visit to her father's people in Aleppo. At a gathering of his extended family and old friends, he reminisced about his experience in Damascus during the 1920s: Armenians who had survived the massacres and the deportation were now dying of starvation and disease. There were so many corpses that the government hired a group of youths to remove them at night and carry them to the tram lines, there to be picked up for burial by the government. Mary's father was one of the young men paid to do the job. As he spoke, she saw his eyes brimming with tears. "For one split moment, I see him full of feeling and devoid of anger. I do not recognize this side of him." But there was more. His name was Dikran but his old friends called him Mejid, another enigma. Under what conditions had he been given a Turkish name? A window briefly opened on the past, offering a moment of self-realization, but Mary still had many unanswered questions (171-2).

Her father remained strict and unforgiving and never showed her any fondness and that made her hate him. Reconciliation came too late, long after his death, when Mary had her own daughter to raise. It was then that she arrived at self-realization. She understood that the everlasting burden of the past was the root cause of his bitterness. "Under the guise of relocation, his family left home, dignity, and dreams behind, running for life. He arrived in a foreign country with