

HEAR MY STORY

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By Faruk, Turkey, 28 October 2010

 **Editor's note:**


The following was posted in Keghart.com's [Comments section](#) . We've assumed it is a genuine query, and bring it to the attention of our readers because of the many tragedies it recounts in so few words.

I don't feel too much Armenian blood in my veins, but I feel great distress for what Armenians have suffered. Armenian culture, songs, memories, sorrow really affect and overwhelm me. I would  like to see Armenians here again as neighbours, friends, colleagues. Again, in Akbez, again in Kayseri, again in Maraş. I understand how an Armenian may feel, but also how Turks feel, but there is no need to discuss this here.

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I told that I voluntarily converted, because it was really so. You need to listen the whole story before drawing your conclusion.

There was a rich Armenian family in Akbez (now a town in Hatay province, Turkey) in the 1800s. He had many sons and daughters, but one of his children was different. His name was (with a big probability) Avadis. He was born in 1854. He liked to play with Turkish children and befriend them. Even as a child, he liked the imam of the town, and took lessons from him along with his Muslim friends. His father advised him, warned him, threatened and finally beat him, but Avadis disobeyed, remaining close to his Muslim friends. As a young boy, he converted and renamed himself Hüseyin Nusret.

His father sent him to Armenian schools, where he studied hard and came back an educated man. He started to work in Ottoman Land Registry Office in Aleppo. His family managed to marry him to an Armenian girl, but he was still Muslim in heart and in practice. Before the big troubles began in Cilicia ("Gavurdağı" in Turkish), the family decided to move to Beirut, as far as I know. He refused to go and stayed in Akbez.

His wife migrated with the family, leaving her husband and two little sons. His Turkish friends soon

got him to marry a Muslim woman. He fathered many children from his second wife. His children also married with Muslims, so the entire family is Muslim now. But his youngest child, a girl named Turanda chose to run away with an Armenian boy to Beirut, where they married and had a number of children. They were quite wealthy.

My grandmother used to say that (I wasn't born yet) in Akbez Armenians and Muslims often clashed. When the Ottomans were in power, Armenians were attacked. When the French occupied, Turks were humiliated. Finally, all the Armenians in Akbez (or Eybez, the old name) were told to leave the town overnight and those who stayed behind were massacred. My Armenian grandmother was a devoted Muslim. She even went to Mecca as a pilgrim, but as the daughter of an Armenian convert, she was teased many times in her later life.

I am one of the grandchildren of Avadis, or Hüseyin Nusret. I would appreciate if you searched for him [in this book](#) about Akbez. I am sure we can find traces of him and his family.

