PEERING INTO THE FUTURE

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Category: Opinions

Avedis Kevorkian, Philadelphia, PA USA, 17 February 2012

Normally, I don't give money to beggars on the street, but this one was something special.

There was a manner and style to his appeal, and, in addition, he was going to give me a Crystal Ball that could look into the future. He even opened the battered box he was carrying and showed me a purple velvet bag and opened the bag just enough for me to see a Crystal Ball. He told me that all I had to do was slowly move my hands in a circular manner over it and state what I wanted to know. So, I gave him $25, took it home and forgot about it.

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Then recently, I came across the box and, having some time on my hands, I decided to look into the future.
I opened the box, carefully took out the bag with the Ball, laid it carefully on my desk, and thought about what I wanted to see in the future. With April coming on sooner than we may expect, I slowly moved my hands in a circular manner and recited "Armenian Genocide in the Future."

The clear ball became cloudy, then the cloudiness disappeared, and what appeared to be a scroll-like image appeared, somewhat like the ancient scrolls, and it looked like a newspaper and words began to appear.

"Turkey Recognizes Armenian Genocide" was the headline, and the story continued saying that not only had Turkey recognized the Armenian Genocide but had also decided to return "Western Armenia" to the present Republic of Armenia. I began to tremble with excitement. The story indicated that the returned land was to extend as far west as Malatya, and would include land to the north bordering on the Black Sea and land to the south including Giligia.

The transfer of the land was to take place on April 24, 2015.

A report from Yerevan began to unroll. The President of Armenia thanked the Turkish Government, and announced that he hoped that the 30-million Turks who lived in the returned lands would be proud to become Armenian citizens.

As the text unrolled, my trembling excitement increased. Another report began to appear. It

announced the upcoming elections in the Republic of Armenia, and the report indicated that the new Armenians had formed their own political party called "HyeTurk," and had put forth a slate of candidates. When the election results came in, the HyeTurk party's candidates had won 90 seats and the parties in the old republic had won nine seats. A HyeTurk was elected Speaker of the House.

Now, I was getting uncomfortable. The next item to appear was the announcement of the Presidential elections. And, as expected the HyeTurk party had its own candidate. The election results were a forgone conclusion; the HyeTurk candidate won by 30-million to 3-million, and the new President was sworn in.

Still the scroll unrolled, and the next news report indicated that a member of the HyeTurk Party in the legislature proposed that "The Republic of Armenia dissolve and become part of the Republic of Turkey." The Proposal was approved overwhelmingly. The measure went to the HyeTurk President who signed it with great flourish.

The dissolution of Armenia and the accession into Turkey was to take place on the following April 24.

By now, I was trembling so much that I had to stop reading for a while. But the scroll continued to unroll. The report---in words and picture---covered the lowering of the Armenian Flag and the raising of the Turkish flag, in the center of Yerevan. Almost immediately, standards with Mustafa Kemal's image appeared everywhere.

It was announced that Yerevan's name would be changed to Ataturk City, Shushi's name would be changed to Talaat City, and other cites were to bear the names Enver City, and Djemal City. Etchmiadzin's name was to be changed to Allahabad, and the Mother Cathedral was to be converted into a mosque. The Genocide Memorial, at Dzidzernagapert, was to be renamed "The Martyrs' Memorial" and was to be re-dedicated to the Turks killed by the Armenians in 1915.

I couldn't bear to look any longer.

And my trembling was so great that I had to grab the sides of the desk to keep myself from falling off my chair.

Slowly, I tried to grasp the significance of what I had seen. My mind seemed to be thinking a thousand thoughts at once. As I settled down, I recalled the ancient Chinese curse that went something like: "May all your wishes be granted."

As I tried to get up, I accidentally struck the Crystal Ball, and it rolled off the desk and crashed to the floor.

The noise woke me up.