

Magazine

Friday, May 10th, 2024

NEHS

VOL I, ISSUE I



ARIZONA SCHOOL FOR THE ARTS

ASA's NEHS Chapter
located in Phoenix, Arizona

QSI ARMENIA

QSI Armenia's NEHS
Chapter



Written By:
Both Chapters

ON: PERSONAL AND CULTURAL IDENTITY

A collection of stories, poems, and
literary pieces expressed by each
chapter's members

ARIZONA SCHOOL FOR THE ARTS

NEHS PENULTIMATES & QSI ARMENIA QSI CHAPTER

Arizona School for the Arts and QSI Armenia's chapters of the National English Honor Society are pleased to present their compilation of literary pieces. Focused on personal identity, family history, or global mindedness, the purpose of the magazine is to provide an opportunity for our club members to express themselves creatively while communicating an important part of who they are.



MEMBERS

NEHS PENULTIMATES

Adele Torrington, Sam Kirsch-Stancliff, Ada Poormon, Erin Sullivan, Miranda Khazai, Klara Phillips, Ayla Owens, Marissa Warns, Magdalyn Kruschek, Mason Williams, MaeYa Kotter, Sara Iyer, Sophia Long, Imogen Seidare, and Ian Grey ,

QSI ARMENIA

Irakli , Alik Siwajian, Shoushi Shadouyan, Michelle Khorozyan, Marina, Jade Cathis, Satenik Arakelyan



1000 Versions

There are a thousand versions of
me out there

Some know me as a shy, timid gal

Some outgoing, extrovert

Thousands versions

So which one am I

The concept of identity is a myth
One believed in the idea of a mirror
as a demonstration of identity

Yet that simple wave of light
reflecting

One version of me is a hard
working daughter

Always striving to make her
parents proud

Another is the goofy friend never
taken seriously because I'm always
talking nonsense

But is that really me

What if those versions don't
complete the whole puzzle of me

What if I don't wanna be a puzzle

I want to be able to show all the
sides of me

Because maybe one is not enough

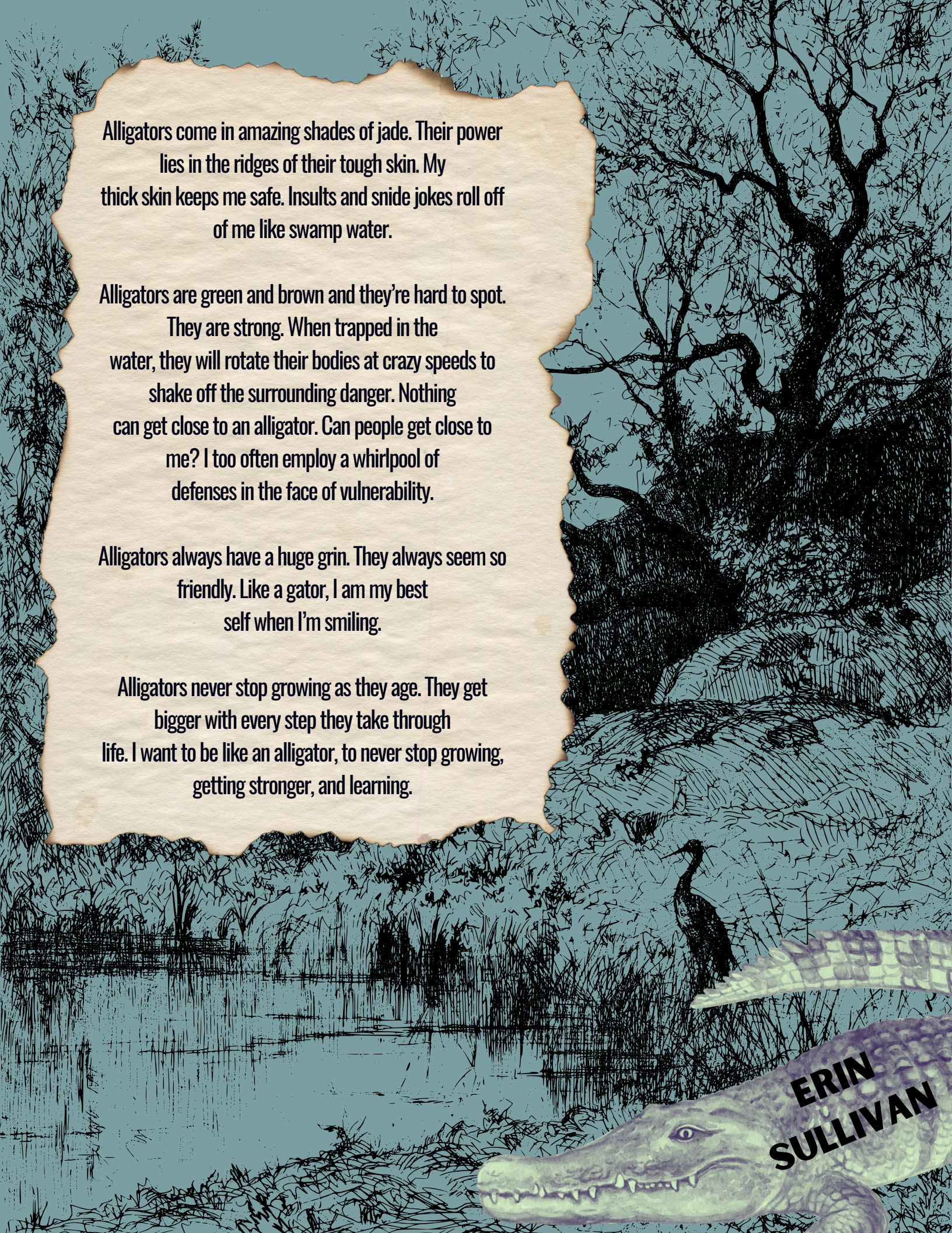


...ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum.

...ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum.

...ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed do eiusmod tempor incididunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Ut enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exercitation ullamco laboris nisi ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis aute irure dolor in reprehenderit in voluptate velit esse cillum dolore eu fugiat nulla pariatur. Excepteur sint occaecat cupidatat non proident, sunt in culpa qui officia deserunt mollit anim id est laborum.



The background is a detailed black and white line drawing of a swampy environment. A large, gnarled tree stands on the right side. In the foreground, a bird is perched on a log or branch. At the bottom right, the head and front part of an alligator are visible, showing its teeth and scales. The overall scene is a typical swampy habitat.

Alligators come in amazing shades of jade. Their power lies in the ridges of their tough skin. My thick skin keeps me safe. Insults and snide jokes roll off of me like swamp water.

Alligators are green and brown and they're hard to spot. They are strong. When trapped in the water, they will rotate their bodies at crazy speeds to shake off the surrounding danger. Nothing can get close to an alligator. Can people get close to me? I too often employ a whirlpool of defenses in the face of vulnerability.

Alligators always have a huge grin. They always seem so friendly. Like a gator, I am my best self when I'm smiling.

Alligators never stop growing as they age. They get bigger with every step they take through life. I want to be like an alligator, to never stop growing, getting stronger, and learning.

**ERIN
SULLIVAN**

WHERE I'M FROM

I'm from golden light
from my mother's blue eyes.



I'm from hope;
hope and fear for my future,
from warped mirrors.

I am from corn fields,
from a cabin beside a river,
from my thoughts that flow like the water,
eventually blocked by a dam.

I'm from time-outs and time in
from highs and lows.

I'm from make-believe,
from simulated realities;
I'm whatever I want to be.

I'm from Impressionism and expressionism,
from soft edges and sharp corners.

I'm from watching tomorrow's sun rise from
yesterday,
Sleeping and waking in silence, alone.
From night rains,
kicking up my serotonin levels.

I'm from learning just to know,
from learning that not knowing is okay.

I am from those moments
I don't know where I am going.

Inspired by George Ella Lyons

By Sam Kirsch-Stancliff





MODERN:

PEOPLE ARE STUPID.
THE CYCLE REPEATS.
INFINITY.
ONE HERE,
ONE LOST,
ONE LESS.
I MISS ME.
MONEY DRIVES US.
PROCESSED FOOD.
IMAGINATION.
THE SPEED OF LIGHT.
EARTHQUAKES.
GLOBAL POWERS.
MY TIME TO SHINE.
WARMER WINTERS.
CHRISTMAS DAY.
MODERNITY.
CALIFORNIA.
WORLD PEACE.
A GOOD FOUNDATION.
I AM HERE.
INTEREST RATES.
BLUE LIGHT ZOMBIES.
ILLUSION OF CHOICE.
NO MORE CRYING.
TRUE LOVE.
BE BETTER.

WELCOME TO
THE FUTURE

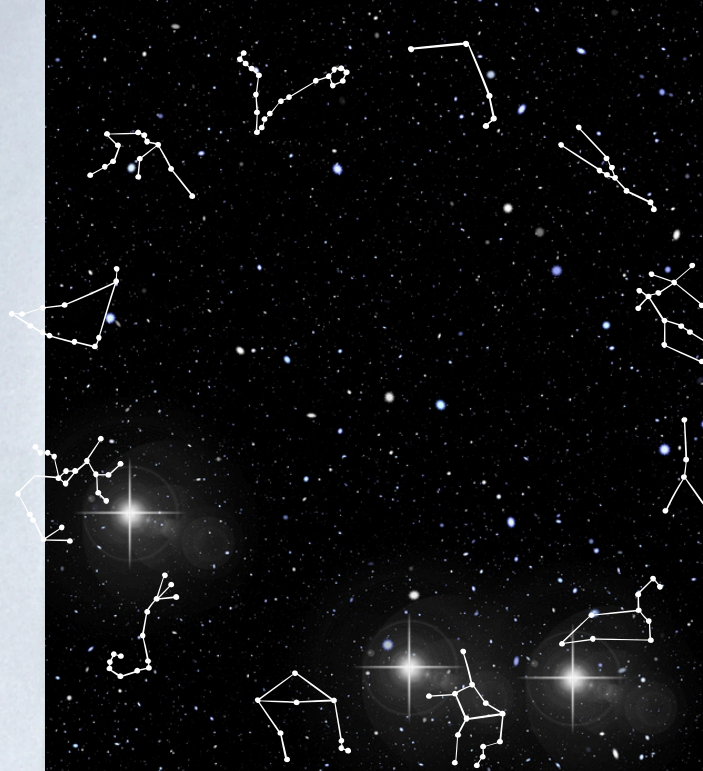
MASON
WILLIAMS

I'm from tight buns and bottles of hairspray
From finding my love of dance, coming from a long line of musicians
With sore feet from the dance studio
From late nights learning to love the work
I'm from discipline learned through hard times
I'm from strong women,
With even stronger beliefs
I'm from a desire to communicate and connect with others
From a fascination with language
I am from crisp apple cider and cinnamon wood wick candles
And warming up on a cold rainy day
I'm from learning how to capture fleeting moments before they're gone forever
From the shutter of a camera lens
I'm from staring at the night sky,
Trying to conceptualize the bounds of our universe,
And lost dreams of being an astronomer
I'm from floral church dresses reserved for Sundays,
Flowing in the wind,
And words from the pastor
I'm from pasta and warm bread
From learning the importance of gathering around a meal
I'm from a deep passion for the environment
Doing everything I can to protect where we are,
And taking a moment of peace in the breeze in the trees
I'm from the golden sun and sea foam of California beaches in mid-July
Basking, though I feel my skin baking
I'm from finding calm in the restless waves that reflect my life
I'm from all of these things

By Klara Phillips

*...m
...la fam
...mauris
...ng elit dui
...semper feugia
...llamcorper sit
...Cursus sit amet d
...n diam p
...o dui ut
...amet tellus
...is. Magna fe
...cidunt id a
...tellus eleme
...lputate odia*





Right now I'm sitting outside of an abandoned warehouse,
 Looking at the stars.
 Though, I suppose it's not quite abandoned anymore;
 Lights occasionally flash from a cracked-open door
 And a constant stream of music reaches me, even in the parking lot,
 I imagine the people inside are still dancing.

I wonder if stars dance.
 I wonder if they hear the music escaping from the warehouse and
 Skip into formations of
 The Big Dipper,
 Pisces,
 Cassiopeia.

My head hurts and
 My remarks cut and
 I wish that I was a kinder person.

I wonder if stars fight.
 I wonder if, when they argue,
 They grow farther apart.

I hope that one day
 My knife of a tongue will lose its edge
 And my words will be less sharp.

I wonder if stars talk to one another.
 I wonder if, when they say,
I'm sorry,
 They grow closer together.

I'm so tired and
 I know I should rejoin the blur of strangers I see
 Constantly moving between the warehouse and the parking lot,
 But I'm scared.

I wonder if somewhere out there,
 There's a star sitting outside of its constellation,
 Looking at the lights flashing from the abandoned warehouse,
 Asking the same questions about me.

I wonder if stars feel alone, too.



late at night I lay in bed and I think

about things I do not know and times I have not
known I think

about my dad at his ellis island, chicago o'hare,
seeing snow for the first time, seeing
my mom for the first time I think

He left his wonder, his India, behind for her

I think

maybe there is a god and maybe there is not I think
maybe He loves me and maybe He does not I think
Why did He put us here if He loves us? I think
that there maybe is not an answer to this question
that we have been trying to answer for a very
very

very
long time

I think

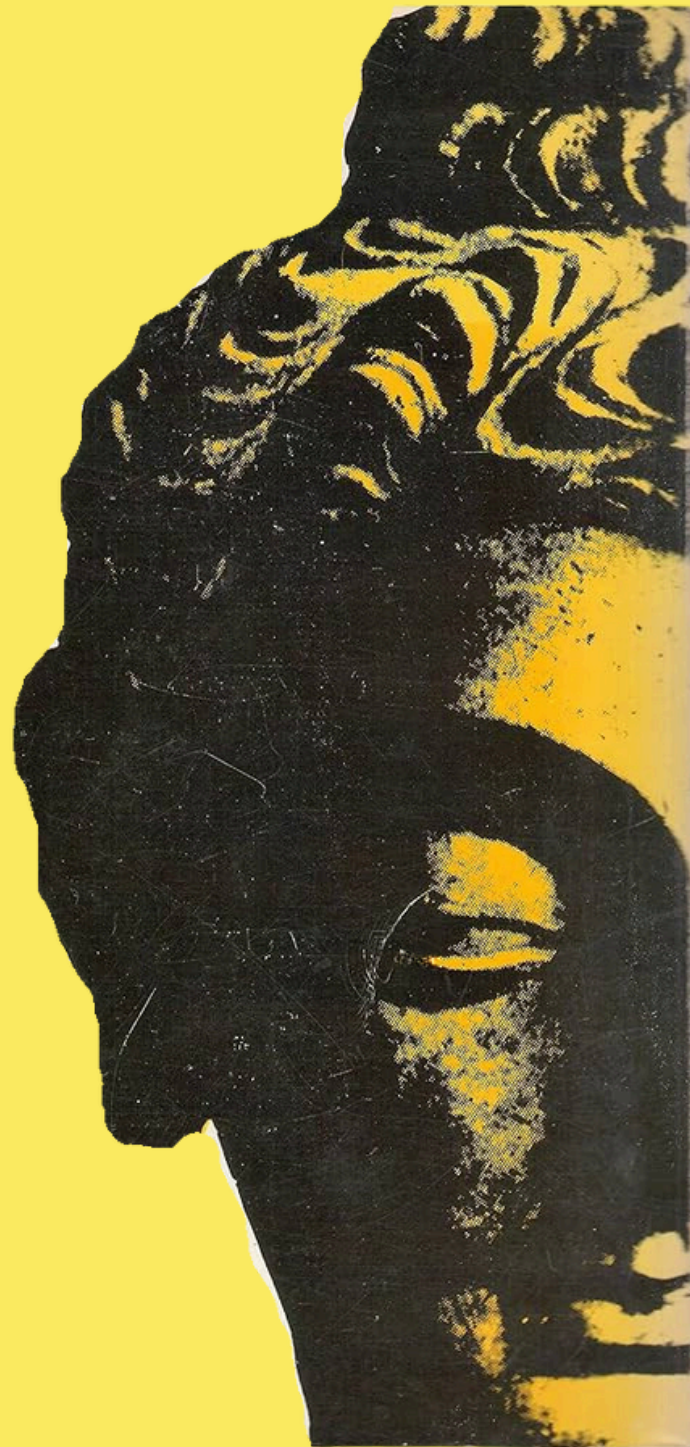
about my loves:

career,
him,
them,

I make a list, I think

Maybe this is why I'm an insomniac because, I
think,

I think too much



Sara Iyer

The Armchair

Geometric patches of sunlight illuminate my cheeks and cast warm, golden halos on the wall. Under my feet are Berber patterns, intricately woven, once a vibrant carpet whose colors have faded with each footstep. The room is a seemingly random collection of objects, bought and bartered for on every corner of the earth- weathered pages of books that outdate even my great great great grandparents, rusted golden candlesticks with wax dried in mid-drip, and photos of faces long forgotten who share my same nose and eyes and lips. The room feels like a time capsule. As I sit in a chair that has no match, I look around and imagine the ages and stories of each item- where and when it was made, how many hands and centuries it has passed through, only to end up right here in my grandma's sitting room in Le Bon SeMartin, a small suburb in Metz, France. Most of her old home remains a mystery to me, and as her memory fades with age it's becoming a mystery to her as well. I've tried my best to learn the history locked within each room, object, and painting, but over time I've come to accept that much of it will likely forever remain a secret.

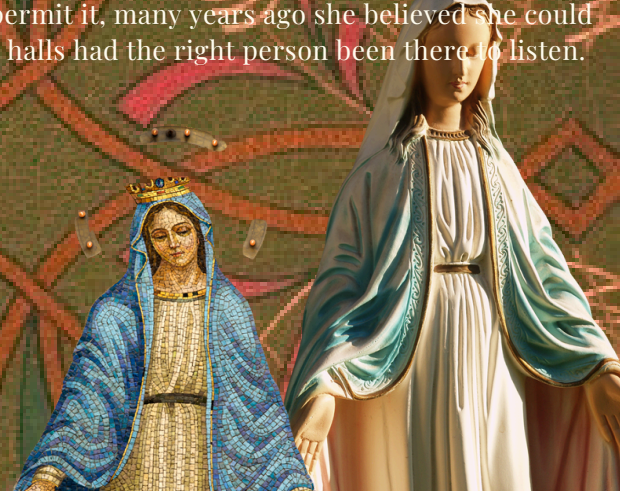
By the chair my grandfather used to occupy sits a wooden table with an intricate, hand-carved, and beaded pattern along its circular rim- a relic of the time he spent stationed in Algeria. On this table, covered in dust, sits an old bible written in Latin. Its cracked spine shines gold to match the edges of its hundreds of pages. As I flip through it I am awe-struck by each hand-drawn depiction of biblical figures who I, somewhat shamefully, don't know the names of. Even more so, however, I am fascinated by the detailed notes left in the margins by my grandfather- notes in an alternating mix of both Arabic and Hebrew characters. At the beginning of the book are the numbers 1372 AD, which is when I imagine it was written. I have no idea what my grandfather's notes mean, nor do I know how he acquired the book, but I remember how he always kept it with him.

Above his chair is a portrait of a soldier with his head bandaged and bloodied. When I asked my grandmother who it was, she told me my grandfather painted it while imprisoned in Algeria. In exchange for something, she couldn't remember what, my grandfather's cellmate asked for it because he was terrified he'd be forgotten and wanted something for people to remember him by. According to my grandmother, the man died weeks after the portrait was completed.

The piano that rests against the wall in the room belonged to my great-grandmother, who was, apparently, a talented pianist. My grandmother recalls sitting by her feet as she played Clair du Lune and humming along with each note. That piano is what inspired her to dedicate her youth to the instrument, learning to play better than write. While now, her sore joints and brittle bones don't permit it, many years ago she believed she could have filled out concert halls had the right person been there to listen.

I cherish what I do know, but long for what I don't. The idea that most of the stories that belong in this room are lost forever is hard for me to come to terms with. It's difficult knowing I never had a chance to know. Will my life, too be relegated to the things I own, when there is no one left to remember me? Like my grandfather, this is why I paint- to immortalize.

By Adele Torrington



Finding Personal Identity

It is hard to know who I am without the opinions of those around me. I often reflect on who I am and who I want to be, and whether my choices to become the person I am now have been totally my own. I remember caring so much about what others perceived of me when I was young, so much so that I ended up crafting a new personality to fit the standards of the people I thought were "ideal." I could feel a sense of ease when nobody was around as if the pressure of people's eyes had suddenly released my actual self. Learning to let go of past perceptions of others has been a challenge. Every time I meet someone new I think back to the times I tried to introduce myself to people who weren't interested in talking to me. It is both hurtful and memorable to experience others' disdain towards yourself, especially coming from people who don't know you; it gives off the impression that simply being yourself is unattractive.



To combat the thoughts of these negative interactions I remind myself that not everybody gets along and that it is okay when that happens. If someone doesn't seem to be interested in getting to know me with my unfiltered personality, then they aren't the person for me: a simple hypothesis that manages to prove itself time and time again. I am on the journey of finding my personal identity. Now, I've felt more confident in myself than ever before, and I know that getting older will only grow that feeling. Finding myself is a quest that will continue until I feel no remorse for the person I wanted to be so many years ago. Authenticity is a valuable asset, and one that I want to obtain with every person I meet. It is refreshing to interact with someone who is comfortable with themselves, and I hope that one day someone feels that way when they get to know me.



Written by Ayla Owens



I press kisses against a face that my brain tells me is yours

I hold a stranger in my arms and call them a lover

I look in the mirror and call a stranger myself

I have this dream where I'm alive

I live on the moon with my sister

We drink sunbeams

And float above the ground

In this dream

I do not chew on my skin

And wonder if it is mine

Down on Earth

I am meticulous in my isolation

Mountains of plaid

Coax stillness into my bones

I stare into the eyes of a childhood toy

MAGDALYN



Arizona

Imogen Seidore

THE MOUNTAINS ARE BEAUTIFUL
THE ROCKY SKYLINE AGAINST THE ORANGE SUNSETS
AN ETERNAL SUMMER
IT'S NEVER A BUMMER
IN ARIZONA

DRIPPING IN SWEAT
JUMPING IN THE LAKE
LIFE ISN'T DULL
MY CUP IS ALWAYS FULL

I LOVE MY STATE
THERE'S NO DEBATE
IT IS GREAT!



Reflecting History

Identity resembles who you are,
It is the mirror reflecting off your family,

From boats that traveled from oh so far,

To people who survived tragedy.

My family came to New York City,
In the 1900s searching for a new life,

Fleeing from their old pity,

But still experiencing strife.

My family comes from fields of green,
Which I have never seen,

My identity has unfortunately been
wiped clean,

And now all that's left are my genes.

Washed away by assimilation,

Past farmers turning into oil drillers,
American persuasion,

Molding new family pillars.

My family has been Americanized,

But we've not lost our identity,

My grandma lets our family history be
recognized,

Through sharing pictures and stories
incrementally.

I have no relation to my identity
through my family history,

All I know is my family roots stop
after we crossed the sea,

The reason I don't know about my
nationality is no mystery,

My family history and nationality
doesn't define me,

But highlights my true identity.

By Ian Grey



FIFTEEN. FIFTEEN YEARS OF MY LIFE, I'VE DEVOTED TO DANCE,
NOW COMES THE HARDEST CHOICE, I HAVE TO TAKE A STANCE.
FROM BALLET TO TAP, TO CONTEMPORARY TOO,
I'VE DANCED THEM ALL, AND MY PASSION INSTANTLY GREW.

DANCE IS MY PRIDE, MY JOY, AND IT ALWAYS WILL BE
THE ONE THING THAT MAKES MY HEART FEEL COMPLETE.
BUT WITH GRADUATION AROUND THE CORNER, A NEW CHAPTER IN
MY LIFE ABOUT TO UNFOLD,
I MUST SAY FAREWELL TO THE STAGE WHERE I'VE GROWN OLD.

BUT PLEASE DON'T FEAR, I'M NOT LEAVING FOR GOOD,
BECAUSE IN THIS NEW CHAPTER OF LIFE, I'M EMBRACING
SOMETHING I ALWAYS KNEW I COULD.
I'M HANGING UP MY POINTE SHOES, YES IT'S SAD BUT TRUE,
BUT I FINALLY GET TO SHARE MY LOVE AND PASSION WITH TINY
DANCERS AS THEIR TEACHER,
LIKE I ALWAYS HOPED I'D DO.

I UNDERSTAND THE WORLD IS BIG AND SOMETIMES SCARY, BUT
I'M READY TO TAKE THE LEAP,
EVEN AS A DANCE TEACHER, MY HEART FOR DANCE WILL STILL
BEAT.
I'LL WATCH YOUNG DANCERS BLOSSOM, AND GROW WITH PRIDE,
KNOWING THAT MY LOVE FOR DANCE WILL SHINE ON AND NEVER
DIE.



A D A NOOR EON

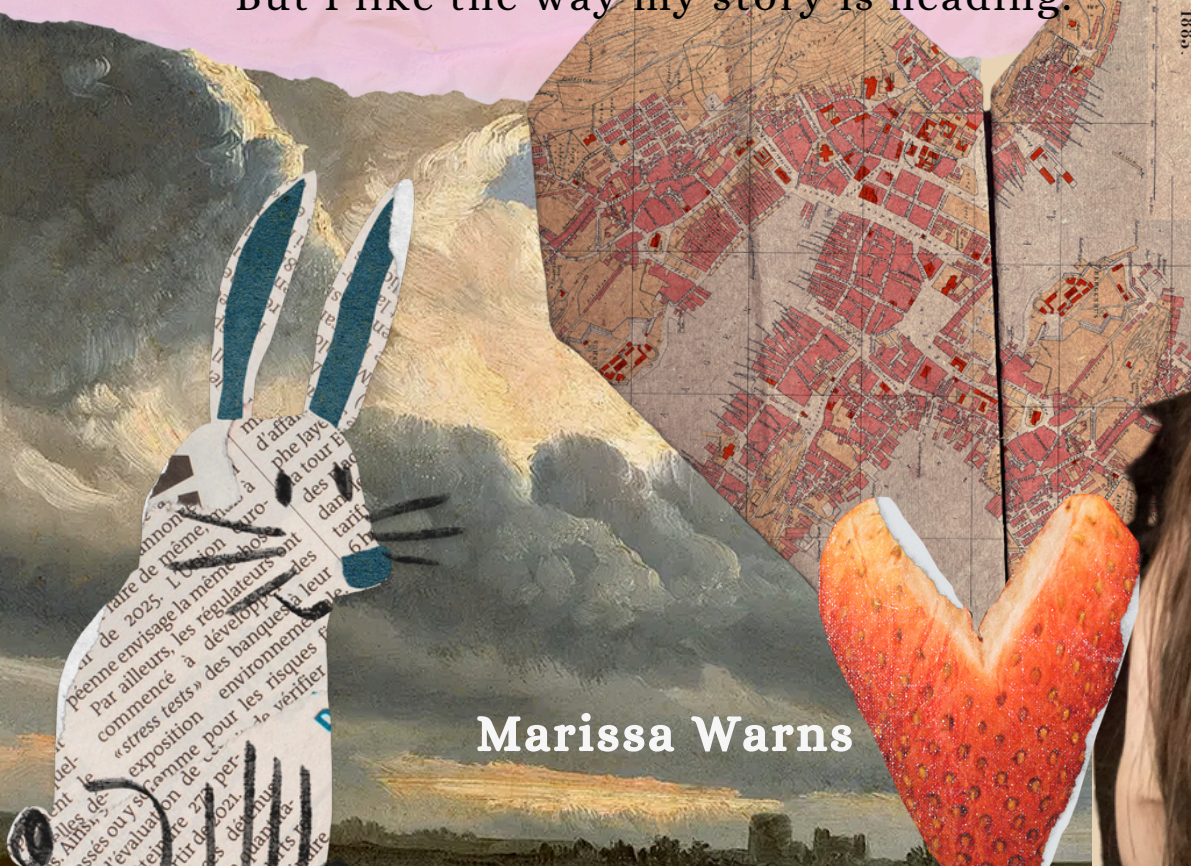
GOLDEN
TICKET

I am steadfast,
Someone who is devoted or loyal.
I dedicate myself to the things I love
And see things through
Because I love being engaged
In the activities I pursue.

I am nurturing,
Someone who shows care for others.
Even since I was little, I always knew
That helping others is what I want to do.
I want to be of aid to those in need
And show how good life is with some rede.

I am Marissa,
I am caring, passionate, and driven.
I am the words I described myself and more
And my identity is something I will always explore.
I am still learning about who I am
But I like the way my story is heading.

Marissa Warns



At 17, I embark on a journey of self-discovery, navigating my mixed-race background and growing up in a separated household.

Being biracial has given me a unique perspective, allowing me to navigate between two distinct cultures, each with its own traditions and values. From celebrating holidays and family gatherings to grappling with societal perceptions, I've learned to embrace the richness of my dual heritage, finding common ground amidst the diversity of my family's backgrounds. Growing up in a separated household has presented its own set of challenges



and opportunities. While my parents' separation brought moments of uncertainty and adjustment, it also enforced resilience and adaptability within me. Balancing relationships with both parents has required me to develop practical communication skills and a deep sense of empathy, teaching me invaluable lessons in understanding and compassion.



Literature, music, and movies have served as both sanctuary and inspiration in the midst of these experiences. Works like "The Color Purple" and "Moonlight" have resonated with me profoundly, offering glimpses into experiences and struggles that mirror my own.

Through the power of storytelling, I've found comfort in moments of reflection and connection, allowing me to explore themes of identity, belonging, and self-discovery in a meaningful way.

Joining the National English Honor Society has been enlightening in my journey of exploration and growth. Engaging in discussions and activities within NEHS has broadened my perspectives and appreciation for the power of language and literature to illuminate shared experiences and connections. Through NEHS, I've found a supportive community of like-minded individuals who share my excitement for storytelling and embracing the diverse voices surrounding us.

As I continue to navigate the complexities of my identity, I do so with honesty, resilience, and a commitment to self-discovery.

Naysa Roquemore

I do not know my identity.
Do you know yours?

My world is surrounded by the people I love.
But the people I love are nowhere near.
1,607 km. Only 1,607 km.
But the thing is, they are right here.

You see, every piece of jewelry I wear,
Represents someone or something.
As of right now, I am wearing 8 pieces.
Three necklaces and 5 bracelets.

My necklaces are, in ways, what I am made of.
My heart shaped Nazar protecting me from the bad JuJu.
And the rest come from my father.
One being an old spine of a snake, and the other,
Made by his own hands, representing our ancestors.

My bracelets however, are the people I love.
All of these bracelets were gifted to me,
Besides one. My Lebanese flag.
I made this bracelet to remind myself
Of the country that took care of me,
The place I still call home.

One is from my cousin who became my sister.
The other is for my mom, a small black bracelet
We got from Harissa when we went back home.
The oldest bracelet I have is unknown.
I wear it because it reminds me of
My family in Germany who I barely see.

The final bracelet is the last material object I have of my aunt.
My aunt was the best person in the world.
She would always save me without hesitation,
Hating on society and blasting music everywhere she went.
"C'est La Vie"

Maybe soon, I will have more jewelry to carry,
To never take off and live as a part of my body,
To cherish and look back on to remember the memorize
That will live with me forever

In ways, I connect my identity
To the people who I care about
Because I carry them wherever I go,
Dead or alive.
- Alik Siwajian



*neque, in, rat
Montesque habent,
mal, nada fames
vita sollicitudin por
scen, isque nunc mass
vel, utraicies vel,
cons, tetuer eget, a
In, nunc. Cla
n, a, hia
clamcorpe
apibus com
porturien, montes, n
focibus condimentum odio. Sed
Et, m at, ligula et tellus
ferentum, lore, non cursus porttitor,*

*us
tum
eget,
olo
titor
ies,
gna
est.
tigu
as:
re.
st-
s
on pede.
ign, Integ
eius, nod, aru gram
a nisl, eget so, Donec ut
consequa, consequat, Et, egi, dui Aliquam
era, pat. Sed, em in rane port, tristique. Proin*

"WHERE ARE YOU FROM?"

"So, where are you from Jade?"

I stood there, already knowing that the question was coming. I had been asked the question so many times, and yet, I still did not know the answer.

"I am half-American, half-Thai."

My mouth moves slowly, saying the answer despite my head protesting and my mind racing to answer the expected follow-up question.

"Oh, that's cool! So where do you live and what languages do you..."

I hear the words; I hear the onslaught of questions. I have been through this exact situation so many times. Everywhere I go, it's a repeat and flood of questions that I can answer. But every answer only leads to more questions for both the asker and me.

My mouth responds to the questions, already knowing what to say and how to answer and how to smile to hide how my mind is racing with thoughts of who I really am. It's been 15 years, and no matter how much I think or ask others, there is still no true answer to where I am from, and as a result who I am.

Jadelyn Cathis

I look at everyone around me. Everyone can answer where they're from, where they feel at home, and who they are. I'm the same age and in the same environment, so why can't I answer it?

And then I pause. Maybe that's my answer. Maybe I am not supposed to be like everyone around me, maybe I am not supposed to be connected to a country or culture or nationality, maybe I am supposed to be a mix, or maybe I am supposed to just be me.

I may never feel connected to America, or Thailand, or China, or Armenia, or Saudi Arabia, but I do carry tiny pieces of each country with me. I am not just one of them, I am all of them. That is who I am.

How I Am A Talented Enthusiast

When I was little my mom always told me that I was the kid who did not want to do anything and was always happy to relax and play. That is what I did for 5 years. I did not want to go to kindergarten and my mom was letting me be me and do what was comfortable for me. In my family, my grandparents used to take care of me and read books to me and I was not listening after a sentence I was already asleep. That did not change for another 9 years until I came to QSI. I started discovering myself when I came to QSIY I opened many secret talents in myself. I did not do art for a long time and by being in art classes at QSI I was drawing well. I always thought that not everyone can be aware of doing good art but when I tried it the only thing you need is mood. When you do art, it can make you feel different by relaxing you or helping you express your thoughts on a piece of paper. In the same way, dancing was in my life for 10 years straight and by dancing for that long at the end I could get what I wanted to be a professional dancer. The feeling that I had after graduating from my dancing school was insane, but I learned many things from dance and my dancing school too. Dancing is another kind of art in me that I discovered ages ago, and I still have it in me by not even continuing it. Dance was a kind part of my life at a point by being the one was profoundly serious about it but not continuing it after which still sounds strange to some people now. I always dreamed of being a dancer since I was little but by giving up everything and training, I was not able to do it when I was 13. Some of my dancing class friends did it, but I was scared to take that big step. The most important talent that I found after coming to QSIY was responsibility for my classes which I never had for 9 years. I was not able to think seriously about school when I was in the schools I have been to, but I am able to do it now. It was a step that I took by QSIY being my dream school. I got into QSIY not believing in me and thinking I would fail. By valuing what my parents did for me I reached my goals and now I am just interested in what was going to be my other talent to be discovered in high school. I never thought of myself as having many talents and a couple that I did not share here but I am enjoying discovering and looking forward to seeing what my future self-going to be like.



Marina

THE PEOPLE ARE DEAD; LONG LIVE THE PEOPLE

They march;
They cry;
but mostly
They just die.

Flowers and candles,
in their hands
they do hold.
Husbands, sons, mothers, daughters,
they are told
about the sacrifices
of their bold.

Lie all in
rhetorical graves,
as their so-called leaders
lead them to said same,
with words such as us and we
so commonly cloaked, in patriotic plea

Believe them not,
those sordid whores,
who moan of morals
Whilst printing wars.



Across the Border

In a land where her people once lived, was a girl not yet the age of thirteen. In the Amber glow of the setting sun, she gazed at her ancestral house overlooking the mountains stretching across Karabakh.

As a child, she heard stories from her mother and grandmother about Karabakh, a place where the apricot trees blossomed even under the shadows of conflict and the lands where songs echoed through the mountains.

It was there where her family once lived, among the wildflowers and apricot trees where the land seemed to sing until the turmoil forced them to flee. And there still stood that great wooden house with her family's photographs and heirlooms of generations now lost.

The little girl did not understand the value of what was lost. She did not understand that it was really gone until she reached the border she could no longer cross.

Now many years later she has grown estranged from her culture but felt the deep pull of her heritage to a homeland fractured yet not forgotten.

She felt an urge to resolve what was lost. So she decided to return to the land of her ancestors in the hopes of recovering a small portion of what they lost. Her old family home; that was no longer hers. She sought to recover a part of her identity too long ignored, a heritage of resilience and enduring hope.

Satenik Arakelyan

