

Madam Speaker, I would like to commend State Representative Barbin for his advocacy on behalf of this important cause.

36TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE TURKISH INVASION OF THE REPUBLIC OF CYPRUS

HON. LORETTA SANCHEZ

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Ms. LORETTA SANCHEZ of California. Madam Speaker, today marks the 36th anniversary of Turkey's invasion of the Republic of Cyprus. July 20, 1974 began the Turkish occupation of the northern part of Cyprus and to this day 43,000 Turkish troops occupy nearly 37 percent of Cyprus' territory.

Since 1974, the people of Cyprus have endured mass violation of their human rights and fundamental freedom along with forcible ethnic segregation. The people of Cyprus also witnessed the destruction of their culture and their religious heritage destroyed.

The international community has been actively involved in developing a solution for the people of Cyprus. However, Turkey has repeatedly ignored all international pressure including 75 resolutions that have been adopted by the United Nations Security Council and more than 13 by the United Nations General Assembly since 1974.

Members of Congress along with the international community must continue to work diligently to reach a comprehensive settlement of the Cyprus problem. We must strongly urge Turkey to respect human rights and ultimately withdraw its forces from Cyprus.

Cyprus and the U.S. share a deep commitment to uphold the ideals of freedom, democracy, justice, human rights, and the international rule of law. I believe the international community has a moral and ethical obligation to stand with the Cypriots to reunify their island and end the military occupation.

HONORING THE SERVICE AND SACRIFICE OF UNITED STATES ARMY SPECIALIST CHRISTOPHER J. MOON

HON. GABRIELLE GIFFORDS

OF ARIZONA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Ms. GIFFORDS. Madam Speaker, I rise today to honor United States Army Specialist Christopher J. Moon, who passed away on July 13, 2010 from wounds sustained during an IED attack in Afghanistan.

Originally from Tucson, Chris was a natural athlete and stand-out baseball player. While attending Tucson High Magnet School, he received many accolades including 2006 Southern Arizona Player of the Year and a scholarship to the University of Arizona.

Known for his outstanding personality and attitude, Chris was always willing to help out anyone who needed it.

"Specialist Moon was the type of person we have all heard of but have very seldom ever met," said First Sergeant Derek Gondek, Moon's company First Sergeant. "He was one

of those men who, no matter what he put his mind to he became a star at it, whether it was on the baseball field or on the battlefield. He will truly be missed by his fellow warfighters."

Assigned to Headquarters and Headquarters Company, 2nd Battalion, 508th Parachute Infantry Regiment, part of the Army's 82nd Airborne Division based at Fort Bragg, Chris was on a combat mission in the Arghandab Valley when he triggered an IED device, wounding him severely. Chris succumbed to his injuries at Landstuhl Regional Medical Center in Germany on July 13, 2010.

We remember Chris and offer our deepest condolences and sincerest prayers to his family. My words cannot effectively convey the feeling of great loss nor can they offer adequate consolation. However, it is my hope that in future days, his family may take some comfort in knowing that Chris made a difference in the lives of many others and serves as an example of a competent and caring leader and friend that will live on in the hearts and minds of all those he touched.

Specialist Chris Moon leaves behind his mother Marsha, his father, Brian, and his sister Sunday.

This body and this country owe Chris and his family our deepest gratitude, and we will today and forevermore honor and remember him and his service to our country.

A GENOCIDE SURVIVOR FROM PIRAN: SARKIS SARYAN'S STORY

HON. ADAM B. SCHIFF

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Tuesday, July 20, 2010

Mr. SCHIFF. Madam Speaker, I rise today to memorialize and record a courageous story of survival of the Armenian Genocide. The Armenian Genocide, perpetrated by the Ottoman Empire from 1915 to 1923, resulted in the death of 1.5 million Armenian men, women, and children. As the U.S. Ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, Henry Morgenthau documented at the time, it was a campaign of "race extermination."

The campaign to annihilate the Armenian people failed, as illustrated by the proud Armenian nation and prosperous diaspora. It is difficult if not impossible to find an Armenian family not touched by the genocide, and while there are some survivors still with us, it is imperative that we record their stories. Through the Armenian Genocide Congressional Record Project, I hope to document the harrowing stories of the survivors in an effort to preserve their accounts and to help educate the Members of Congress now and in the future of the necessity of recognizing the Armenian Genocide.

This is one of those stories:

TRANSLATED BY LEVON A. SARYAN, PH.D.

In January of 2008, I traveled to Beirut to participate in the International Symposium on the Culture of Cilician Armenia, which was held under the sponsorship of His Holiness Aram I, Catholicos of the Great House of Cilicia. One morning, as I took my seat in the meeting hall, I turned around and introduced myself to two women scholars seated behind me, Dr. Verjine Svazlyan and her daughter Knarik Avagyan. Both were among the contingent of academics from Yerevan who were participating in the symposium. As

we got to talking (the usual "where are you from, where are your parents from" questions that Armenians are so fond of), Dr. Svazlyan removed from her briefcase a small book that she had written and opened it to a page containing several photographs. After searching for a moment, she pointed to one of the photos. It was a picture of my father, whose account was one of several hundred that Dr. Svazlyan has been collecting over the years. Dr. Svazlyan transcribed my father's story in July 1999 at the Louvre Museum in Paris, when they were both attending the Sixth International Conference of Armenian Linguistics. My father's account was not contained in the small book she showed me, but it is recorded in Armenian in Dr. Svazlyan's major work, Hayots Tseghaspanutian: Aganades Verabroghneri Vgayutiunneruh (Armenian Genocide: The Testimonies of Eyewitness Survivors), published in Yerevan by the Republic of Armenia National Academy of Sciences in 2000. After returning to Yerevan, Knarik kindly sent me a scan of the relevant pages from this book, enabling me to prepare this translation.

The village of Piran is located on the southern slopes of the Taurus mountain range, approximately midway between the towns of Palu (to the north) and Diarbekir (to the south). Kharpert is to the west, and Sassoun is to the east. Piran was a relatively small village, with probably less than 1,000 inhabitants. It does not appear on most maps. As we will see, it did not escape the fate of other Armenian towns and villages in the region. In 1915, through murder and deportation, Piran was nearly emptied of its Armenian inhabitants.

I present here an English translation of my father's account as transcribed by Prof. Svazlyan. Some additions and clarifications are noted in brackets. I have also made a few minor factual adjustments based on our personal family knowledge.

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For the most part, the inhabitants of our village were Kurds; there were a few Turks, and the rest were Armenians. Our village was not far from the source of the Tigris River. The Tigris begins at Dzvok Lake; Dzvok is where Nerses Shnorhali was born. Dzvok was one and one-half days away from us. In the spring, the Tigris River flowed so swiftly that it would carry trees with their roots in its current. I have seen how, if the trees became tangled in the river, some swimmers would enter the water and straighten the trunks so that the water could flow unimpeded. Four or five miles from Piran, our village, there was a red rock outcropping, where wild bees made honey which would collect in a hole [in the rock]. Our villagers would go [to this place] with pans to collect the honey, fill their pans, and take it home.

I was born in 1911. My father's name was Krikor, my uncle's name was Garo, my grandfather, Sarkis. Three months before the Great Catastrophe, I awoke to find myself on my grandmother's back. My father had been taken in handcuffs to the police house. The last time I saw my father he was tied with handcuffs. All of the Armenian men in the village were taken from the prison and driven to the northeast. Later, the Kurds told us that all of them had been killed.

It was a hot day in the month of July, 1915. The Kurds had come; they were sitting in the shade of a tree watching the proceedings. The command for deportation had arrived and everywhere there was confusion. The Turkish gendarmes were saying to each other: "Firman geldi, bir giavourn kafa kalmaichak." (Turkish for "an official