

L'école Tamar & Vatché Manoukian de l'UGAB /AGBU à Pasadena, USA a fermé ses portes

J'y avais réunion 1 fois par mois, le samedi, avec une des asociations de l'UGAB. J'aimais cette ambiance familiale, avec un climat béni des dieux, les parents des jeunes sportifs qui venaient chercher leurs enfants, le café et les biscuits.

Tout ça c'est fini. L'association va-t-elle se réunir dans l'autre école (Demirdjian) de l'UGAB/AGBU?

AGBU School In Pasadena Is No More



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Mary Najarian raconte son expréien des école

BY MARY NAJARIAN

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Those people are blind. Do the people who say this and have made this dreadful decision to close the school know why people send their children to Armenian Schools? Do they know how difficult it was for their own parents, grandparents to receive an Armenian education?

We went to Armenian schools, not just to learn reading and writing, but we were taught Armenian History, the culture, religion, We learned to love and respect and be proud of our ancestors, and appreciate what they went through so we could live. The poorly furnished Armenian schools of the 20s, 30s, 40,s produced the leaders of today's Armenian community: They are the philanthropists, the historians, the priests, the writers, the teachers. They are the ones who supported and built Armenia, in the 1990s when it needed help. Closing one more school shortens our survival as Armenians in the diaspora.

In Aleppo, where I grew up, there were about 60,000 Armenians. There were seven Armenian schools in Nor-Kugh (village) in the poorer section of Aleppo, and there were that many Armenian schools in Kaghak (city).

I will give you a picture what Armenian schools were like then, and how they survived.

I attended the Oosoomnasirats, an Evangelical School in Nor-Kugh.

Our parents were poor refugees, and we were the first-generation genocide survivors. Some students paid the small tuition, and a great many did not pay any because their parents could not afford it. But it did not matter- they had a seat in the class. I was given the only seat available in the school which was in the Preparatory class. We were 101 students in a one big room, the ages of the students were 8-14, and I was only 6. Every day new refugees were arriving from Turkey, and finally it came to a point when there was not even standing room in our classroom. Our principal Mr. Levon Levonian got the help of some parents and in one weekend, built a new classroom in the small school yard. The walls and the roof of our new classroom were built with metal sheets called 'TENEKE'.

Half of our class moved into the new classroom, which was terribly cold in the winter, so every morning two students would pass around a small charcoal grill (manghal) with live charcoal fire and give each student a minute to warm their frozen hands. And when it rained we had to run out and bring in the buckets to collect the rain water that was coming through the holes of TENEKE roof.





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