

By this time, we were all together except Nora and Bedros. With heavy hearts we started on the last lap of our journey. Yes, we had reached the railroad station. Several of the officers we knew from Marash were there rounding up the soldiers who had survived. In this struggle for survival over the elements, age had made no difference. Young and old alike succumbed, maybe the old because of frailty and maybe the young because of lack of the will to live. Who knows?

An officer beckoned to Papa. He took him aside to talk with him. He came back with the news.

The only train today will leave in a few minutes. It will take only the French soldiers," he had told Papa. However, he had added, "You have been of great help to us in keeping up the morale of your people and I think I can arrange to have your family go on this train to Adana. No other civilians will be allowed."

We should have been overjoyed but each felt the heart and thoughts of the others. We could not go without Nora.

The soldiers were filling up the train. Not even all of them could get on this train. One of the officers came to help Mother and us on the train. "You are ill, Madame," he said in French and we want to help you. He had been to our house many times to dinner. He had not forgotten us now.

"Thank you, but I cannot go without Nora," Mother said without hesitation. The officer knew Nora well. No one who came to the house could forget her.

"But she can come on the next train," he said, half-heartedly.

By this time many people had gathered around us. Some were kind, many were unkind.

"You are lucky to be so privileged," one bitter woman said to Mother. "What I would give to get on that train."

"I wish they would take you in my place," Mother said. "But I cannot leave unless all my children are with me."

"You should be thankful that you have lost only one," I heard someone else say, "God has been kinder to you than to me. I lost my two children. I saw them freeze. I could not make a grave for them."

Mother began to weep.

"God comfort you," she said, "but I did not see my child

die. She may be living and I cannot leave here without knowing what happened to her.