

## **Humble Comrade Mamigon Kakligian**

Written by Arakel Yeghigian

Every time we stand next to the coffin of a beloved and take the pen to present his life in few sentences, the decades however seem to cut you off and do not let you to confine your saying. This is the situation with this comrade as well who had decades long civic, communal and political life extending over 6 decades, famed as an unassuming, wise and humble man.

He was born 74 years ago in the Sergevil village of Keghi. He was orphaned since his childhood. That was the reason why that in his teen he became a migrant in the capital city of the Sultans.

Under his unassuming and humble façade hidden lived the inextinguishable spirit of a revolutionary, which had taken root since the public demonstrations of the Hunchag party in Istanbul. After these demonstrations he was pursued and ends up in Bulgaria with others and stays there until the Ottoman illusionary constitution, after which he returns to his forefathers' village and gets engaged in the saintly work of rebuilding his ancestral home.

He marries and fathers four children. However once you are a migrant, you always remain migrant have said our migrant fathers. Of course one has to take into consideration the bearable economic situation of their host countries versus the Turkish yoke and persecution.

In the whereabouts of 1911 (?) he comes to America and settles in Mississippi Valley Granite city, where the trade he had learned in Bulgaria as a barber and with a friend he engages in restaurant (café) and within short while he creates around himself a community of sympathizers.

I met him for the first time in the later parts of 1914 (?), through blessed memory Doneg Aroyan , students of Berberian, when we participated in the tri city Hunchak Party meeting. Mamigon was a prominent figure of the noted Granite City Hunchak Party and we hovered like butterflies around such people.

Our association over time transitioned from friendship into confidants, true and unadulterated. We stayed like that for decades, always in solidarity to each other, always to the same cause until his death.

In 1918 when the news of the Armenian calamity broke on the Diaspora, Unger (comrade) Mamigon with certificate from the Central Committee of the Hunchak Party of America went to Syria where he found two members of his family, his son and his daughter. To partly to assuage his grief, he takes the initiative to form a family anew and marries Mrs. Payleg Der Krikorian from the Jermag (?) village of Keghi.

After that the opportunity presents itself and he accompanies the noted orphan gatherer R. Herian and they begin looking for orphans in the remote and dark corners and bring to light many Keghetsi orphans who when they will hear today the news of his death, will be in total grief.

The greatest rewards of his financial assistance become his ameliorating the sad state of many. He lends money to some to repay him when after they settle in America. He dresses some and puts them under the care of Benevolent Union and Red Cross (Armenian). His services to his nation put him on the pedestal for Armenian activists.

After he returned to America, he settled in the same place and was armored with his memories – *The things I learned from the Hunchak party I could not put into use of arms; however I was able to wipe the tears of many hundreds of orphans and give smile to them.*

The agonies of the war gave way to revolutionary changes. One sixth of the world was portioned from the old world . . . (the rest of the paragraph seem to be missing)

All of us as remained with our youthful vows, without being subjected by the right or the left, we lived the reality of the new miracle, we crossed the jubilation of having assisted building, rebuilding and helping organizations to the foundation Armenian American Progressive Association.

Unger Mamigon remained inseparable from his friends. However, lately his old age was burdening him and he could not be of service as readily, but always remained and ardent supporter.

Three days before his death, our routine visit became the last. His illness had confined him to the ground for the last six months and he was under the care of his devoted wife.

He passed away on June 25, leaving his friends and acquaintances in deep grief.

On the day of his funeral the whole Granite City community came to pay its last respect to this humble man who kept his convictions uncompromised and had been able to secure respect by being a good neighbor.

The coffin was laden with flowers from all Armenian organizations, friends (comrades) and acquaintances.

General secretary Ung. S.Sarian eulogized in the chapel on behalf of the Lraper editorial staff. At the funeral site A. Norsigian and the writer of these lines paid their respects with deep grief. Mississippi Valley lost one of the best representatives of the old generation and his family, their pillar.

Respect to him, he lived his years of his life with bitter and sweet memories, always with a smile on his face and a glee in his eyes.

On such a humble and good man, earth, do not press on him your weight. He was tired, he needs his rest, make his eternal rest and sleep sweet . . .