

Eulogy to Midyat

The name Midyat is the state into which the ancient Matiate transformed over the centuries. Matiate, in ancient Akkadian—that is, Assyrian—means "my homeland." This ancient name is a concise translation of the historical and spiritual bond established with the land, filtered through the root veins of Syriac.

Midyat is a mother's lap kneaded with patience in the Syriac memory. The cradle of civilization of Syriac culture, speaking with the silent tongue of its ancient stones, weaving its streets with art and human dignity...

I, too, was rocked in that cradle; I played in those beautiful streets of Midyat, and I fell and evolved within the psychosis of its inter-passages. I fell and stood up in its stone courtyards; I endured the difficulties of time, and was kneaded with patience. I grew with its love, developed with its resilience, and reached these days through the fine craftsmanship of labor.

But I did not merely receive; I grew, developed, enriched, and multiplied what I acquired. Now, with a conscientious responsibility, I am in a great effort to give back to its source. Because Midyat is not merely a city; it is the heart of a civilization, the memory of a people.

Different faiths, different cultures, but the spirit is one, truth is one, civilization is one. Civilization is to embrace existence, to grow life, and to greet with sincerity.

The churches and monasteries rising in the bosom of Midyat became oil lamps beyond being mere stone. The Churches of Mort Shmuni, Mor Barsawmo, Mor Ahisnoyo, Mor Sharbel, and the Virgin Mary are not just history, but guides pointing to the path of the spirit.

Mor Gabriel Monastery, as one of the oldest monasteries of the East that has never extinguished its light since AD 397, became a cradle of science, faith, and wisdom. It is the dwelling of a heritage reaching from beyond time to the present day; it has been the home of prayer and of the Syriac language.

The Monastery of Mor Hobil and Mor Abrohom, on the other hand, is a haven of serenity on the summits of Mesopotamia. It is a sacred place where loyalty, effort, and labor are sealed—a living witness to the resilience nourished by faith.

Indeed, these monasteries and other monumental places have kneaded the spirit of Midyat as much as its stones, mixing the spiritual mortar of Syriac culture. And they always remind us

of this message: ***"If the channels (or pipes) carrying the water are dirty, the water filling the pool will not be clear either. For a pure flow is not born from a dirty source."***

Unless language, thought, and heart are purified, the expected development does not emerge in relationships, in society, and in the mirror of life. To cleanse the source is to purify the flow; to purify the flow is to illuminate life.

One day, when the eye of the heart opens, when our awareness multiplies, and when we awaken from illusions, our body will whisper to us in the language of sincerity: ***"O son of Adam and daughter of Adam, you are not merely flesh, bone, and numbers. For the human being carries a secret born from the breath of God."***

The human being is not limited to the visible; they are a being that feels the invisible, carries the light, and shapes life with a divine vibration.

When time touches us, we should see not its weight, but the meaning we attribute to it. For growing old is not in the calendar; it is in the clarity or turbidity of the heart. If we keep the light of our soul alive, the effect of time disappears.

Let us not forget: our cells listen to every word coming forth from our tongue. What do we whisper to them? Is it "words of darkness and hatred," or "words of light and love"?

Ancient wisdom reminds us of this: the universe is not silent. From whichever frequency we call out, the response comes from that frequency. But the real secret lies in sincerity. For sincerity thins the veil between us and God. Even amidst difficulties and pessimism, sincerity transforms every moment into truth. Where we are sincere, prayer deepens, love multiplies, and the light becomes clear.

That is why to see oneself as a spirit means to strip away from the body, thought, and feeling, and to ask the question: "Who am I?"

The body changes. Thoughts pass. Feelings disappear. But the pure consciousness that bears witness remains behind; that, indeed, is the spirit. To identify with the spirit is to turn toward the permanent. The spirit carries an invisible and never-dying energy that connects us to all existence; it is the breath of the Divine, waiting silently, patiently, and lovingly to be remembered.

Education, reading, researching, worship, contemplation, and introspection are the keys that unlock this reality. The human being who falls silent hears the whisper of their soul. And they understand that: they are not just a body walking in the world, but an infinite light on the journey of life.

Yet, a Syriac sage says: "***Without sincerity, neither does prayer penetrate the soul, nor do love and development take root.***"

Let us then remember: we are the walking state of the immortal light. With every step we take in sincerity, with every love, with every breath, we are born anew.

In my 35-year literary and cultural journey, I have made this literary heritage presented to me by Midyat the compass for my pen. Because Midyat is not only the place where I grew up; it is the primary source of my self, and the fertile climate of my thought and my pen.

O Midyat!

Prayer is hidden in your stones, history in your churches, service in your monasteries, and the common breath of humanity in your courtyards. You are an unfading, enchanting city carrying the past into the future; the cradle of Syriac culture, the monumental name of patience, resilience, and faith...

I hope that your children, who persevere in you and are scattered across the world, will carry this vision and mission into the future through the logic of *Shumloyo* (the complementary), and will keep this ancient heritage alive with the strength derived from the essence of Matiate.

As for me, I have always been honored, and will continue to be honored, to carry your mystical shadow and light together...

Yusuf Beğtaş