

Ihlamur Konağı

Deniz İris TAŞIRAN

My name is Deniz İris Taşiran. I am a daughter of a family of academic parents and am living in North Cyprus since September 2014.

I was born in London as a six and half month premature baby. After delivery, I was put in an incubator to breath easily. It is told that, one night, the breathing tube was blocked and I could not breathe for a while.

It caused me to have a brain hemorrhage. Since then, I was diagnosed having Cerebral Palsy, (Spastic Diplegie).

Being a cerebral palsied person meant for me that I had difficulties in my physical movements. I could not crawl and not sit unaided in the first years. I could not walk without support until four years old. So I was forced to have physiotherapy sessions in my whole life and a few operations for my legs. I went to the Physio Therapy Schools and Centres in US, Sweden, Wales, UK, Hungary, Turkey and North Cyprus.

Since 2014, in North Cyprus I am having physiotherapy sessions twice a week. During this period, I was operated twice to correct my leg bones. After the operations, I needed much more intensive Physio training to strengthen my muscles. So we found a Physio Therapy Centre in Ankara. Its name was Fizyo Care.

In June 2017, I started to go to the Fizyo Care Centre in Çayyolu. During a month I stayed with my family in an Aparthotel close to the centre. Three months later, I went back to the same centre, but stayed in a care home for the elderly people called "Ihlamur Konağı" where some of the older people were living there for the rest their life.

Ihlamur Konağı was a strange place for me since I was the only young person there. The people who were living there were in general very old. But the staff were very friendly and helpful.

On the third floor, I had a room on my own in a corridor. The corridor looked like a balcony facing inside of the House. My neighbours were a lady and a gentleman. We were having our breakfast in the corridor and seeing each other every day. The lady who was staying next to my room was very beautiful, even her age. She was inviting me for a cup of Turkish coffee nearly every day.

The gentleman who was living in the first room in my corridor was a very handsome and was smartdressed. I did not know his name and who he was. He was a very silent person. He used to give me mint sweets with chocolate inside them when I past through him. Often I saw him thinking very deeply and then falling asleep.

One evening, my cousin and his girlfriend came to see me. The gentleman was sitting in the corridor, and when they saw him, they went next to him and said

hello. We started to talk. My cousin and his girlfriend asked what his profession was. He could not remember. They counted a few professions. Although he could not remember his profession, he was telling us with sparkling eyes that he was defending the rights of the workers in all his life. At last, he remembered that he was a “lawyer”.

The day after, I saw his son, Eriñç Yeldan taking his father to the hospital for an operation. Eriñç was a friend of our family. When he saw me, he understood and asked whether I was the granddaughter of *Muzaffer Karan* and he took me to his father Şinasi Yeldan to introduce me again. Şinasi “amca” (uncle) could remember my grandfather and told me that they were the members of the same political party, Türkiye İşçi Partisi (TİP) (Turkey Workers Party). He explained to us that they were fighting for the rights of the working class.

Some days later, my parents came to pick me up from the care home, İhlamur Sokağı. So, we went to his room to say goodbye. There were two photos of him on the head of the bed, one coloured and one in black and white. Although the years had past, he was still very handsome in both photos. I will never forget him. I will always remember him as a person who could not recall his profession, but never forgets his class struggle. I will think of him with respect and love.

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