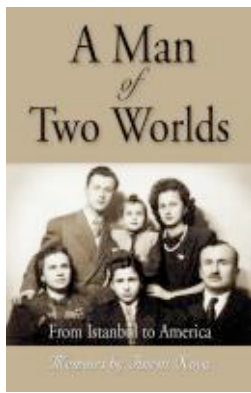


A Man *of* Two Worlds



From Istanbul to America

Memoirs by Anesti Nova



*A **Man of Two Worlds** by Anesti Nova is the memoir of a Christian Albanian Turkish citizen who emigrated to America. This rich account relates his experiences and suffering, and his journey to America. Nova, a musician and restaurateur, provides touching insights into life, religion, history, and family.*

A Man of Two Worlds

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A Man of Two Worlds

Memoirs by Anesti Nova

Relating the experiences of a Christian, born and raised in the cosmopolitan era of Istanbul.

His observations relating to the causes of the downfall of that society.

Relating his immigration to America as an accordionist and music teacher, but facing the changing circumstances of music to Rock and Roll.

Relating how he became a popular restaurateur, and how his predictions for a future "Saddam Hussein" political affair came true, and the red flag of Yemen".

Experiencing the unexpected death of the spouse, and how through his psychic research discovered the "Power of love."

Sharing his responses to the 9/11 tragedy, the emergence of protective angels, and his inspirations for musical compositions, which he believes came from God.

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My late wife's uncle as a manager of the Ankara palace

In Istanbul we had a more open and accepting interracial society. For example, our neighbor, Turkish Navy Colonel Cemal, married a Greek girl, even though he had to resign as a Naval officer. And my close friend, the Turkish swim champion, Enver, (a Muslim) married a Jewish girl.

THE TURKISH OFFICER

I was lucky that I had studied accordion. The Master Sergeant (Turgut Çalışal) Instructor of the Band, was a virtuoso with his clarinet and he had an amazing perfect pitch, He was the head of our Jazz-Dance Band with his clarinet, as well as alto sax. He also loved the accordion, sometimes asking me to play a *pasadoble* or *valse musette* saying, " I have to clean the rust of my ear from the daily noises of the band and military buff." He was a very tough man, daring, often in conflict with the high officers and yet getting away with it, because he was

highly respected by the General. He had also a medal from Gen. McArthur in Korea.

Here comes the story of the Turkish officer which proves the Turkish proverb:

“There Are No Bad People, Only Bad Individuals”

After a while the soldier musicians of the band realized that I was not Muslim. They were confused and they were telling me: *You are so good. You have to be a Muslim. How come you are Christian?* I tried to explain my beliefs that there were many religions in the world and suggested that we talk about that subject later. I realized that every human being believes his religion is the best.

It was interesting that I had a conversation with a soldier who was a clerk with a Turkish name, and he observed my interaction with the fellow Muslim soldiers.

He saluted me one day and said, “Anesti, you are doing a good job in the band, but you could have also piece of mind if you have changed your name to a Turkish name like I did! I was surprised to find out that he was a Jew.

“Sorry,” I said to him. My father’s guiding proverb has always been: *Never try to hide your identity and be brave to live with that.* The Turks say *Aslını inkar eden evgittir*, which in English means, *Whoever denies his identity is gypsy.* But on the basis of my experience, I disagree with the derogatory comments about gypsies.

The Master Sergeant must have noticed some tension because he asked me if those soldiers were putting pressure on me to change my religion. I said, “No, they are good kids, they are just wondering, expressing their thoughts.” He was not satisfied with my explanation; he wanted to teach them a lesson. One early morning he assembled the band and said: “I have an

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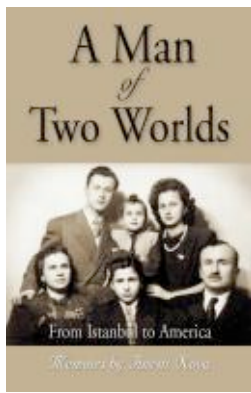
order from the Government to make you all Christians!” A loud sound came from the crowd protesting the sergeant, they thought he was crazy.

He said, "What? You didn't like it? Why then do you want Anesti to be a Muslim? He came with his faith to finish his military service, and don't forget, we believe in the same God he believes in! *Bir Allah*, (which in Turkish means, "God is one.") So go back to your duty and leave him alone to help us better for our destination to accomplish our goal of building a better civilization. Atatürk said: 'Our biggest enemy is illiteracy.' I was surprised to hear this from a Turkish Muslim officer!

I wonder how many leaders realize the truth of Atatürk's theory. It is interesting and amazing that in America we have people who are very narrow minded, and I believe their mindset places them on a similar level as illiterate people.

I have suggested since I came to U.S.A that we should legislate a draft of one or two years for young people to serve their country in a different area from where they live.

This would give them an opportunity of better understanding each other.



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