

In Loving Memory of J.U.C

HOW THE IDEA OF “J.U.C. M-R-W-A” TOOK PLACE IN HIS MEMORIAL CARD ON DEC. 30, 2019

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When I sent out my Manifesto as the first time in May 1999 [1], which gave birth to The Light Millennium’s vision and concept, then I initially had shared it with around 45 friends via email. At the time, J.U.C. was about 2.5 years old. From the first day he was born at New York Hospital in Queens on January 7, 1997, baby J.U.C. was on my lap whenever I was on the computer. When I was re-admitted to complete my master’s degree in “Media Studies” at the New School University during the last-week of January 1997, at the time, already returned from Turkey and re- settled in New York for the second time, then J.U.C. was only a two-weeks old baby-boy.

I initially had an interest in Science and Technology, but never had an opportunity to study in any of these fields. It is very much the same with Space and Astronomy. Although I did not have any training or work in those fields, I observed my baby-son’s interest in space related toys, videos, and TV shows, and had the most joyful times engaging in this interest of him.

J.U.C. and I frequently visited Space.Com and some other space news related websites. We most enjoyed “Ask a Question to an Astronaut” on the web. From the age 3 to 6, J.U.C. used to ask me to type a question to be posted to the online Astronaut. A few times, we received responses such as “We don’t know it yet; we are still searching about it”. One of his questions was about Venus—I cannot remember the exact question—to which the online Astronaut didn’t have an answer.

When he was about 5 years old, he used to wake me up around 7 a.m., asking me to type his story on the computer. . . In one of those stories, the archeologists would discover a new pyramid under water near Japan. Although in his story, he predicted that it would happen in 2025, it was acknowledged by UNESCO about a few years later. Another one was “*Underwater Mysteries*” of 100 chapters. All 100 titles of the chapters were designed to fit in one page, arranged in two columns of 50 lines, each line of every column having one title. It was such a meticulous design! And he would ask me to type a summary/story plot in the following days-weeks, until we had the outline of the 35th chapter. Then he lost his interest in this book idea.

About 2-3 years ago, he asked me if I still had a copy of it. I searched for it in all drives and found it, then emailed it to him. At this time, he found out that his story was a children’s story. I was hoping he would develop and complete it, but it did not happen. Thus, he left behind an unfinished book project from his early childhood.

My 10GB laptop was frequently causing problems, and one day when I was working on the 14th Issue in 2004 (Spring-Summer 2004), my monitor went dark a few times. I was almost crying, put my head over the computer on the desk, panicking that I wouldn’t be able to complete the issue. J.U.C, only 7 years old then, came next to me and said, “**Mom, don’t worry. Hope never fades.**” [2] I hugged him; his approach had made me very happy, and I said, “Let’s try again.” Indeed, this time, my laptop turned on. He was so happy with a beautiful smile: “I told you. Hope never fades.” This is, how the motto “Hope never fades” took place on the banner of The Light Millennium in that particular issue.

Recently, I found one of his early poems in print, which he had made me type, called “Mr. Virus.” Then he was 4 years old. In later years he would ask me to post his poems, stories, and video-game story plots. . . Each time, I clearly stated the following: “I will be happy to do so, but if you’d like me to remove them in the future, I want to let you know that I won’t.” He said OK each time. But this changed during his teenager years. He wanted me to remove them because some of his classmates who saw them on the web had bullied him. I reminded him both of our commitments. Then, he asked me to use only his initials as “J.U.C.”, but leave the rest as it was initially published.

Although his ideas and drawings were not frequently posted, they appeared occasionally over the years on the Lightmillennium.Org website, starting with the quote “Hope Never Fades.” Then there was no interest from him during ages 14 to 19.

However, he proposed to interview me on “*bilingualism*” for his class in 2018, which I happily accepted. When he finalized his interview, and received an “A” on the assignment, he shared it with me. I asked if I could post it to the www.turkishlibrary.us site. He said yes, but not with his full name, only with his initials. So, his interview was posted in two parts [3, 4], and this inspired him to again publish his pieces, and he asked me to post his story “*Watergates*.” [5]

Then in last July, he asked me if I wanted him to write anything for the organization’s website. My reply was, yes. Certainly. Then he asked, which subject. I turned the question back to him, requested him to provide three alternatives so I could choose one. Then he listed his three ideas; I don’t remember all now, but I picked the one on “Artificial Intelligence.” Then he said, “Mom, this will be in 3 or 4 parts.” My response was, “It will be better then.” In short, only Part 1 of his unfinished piece on “Artificial Intelligence” was posted in July 2019 [6].

* * *

When he was around 5 years old, he would instruct me to color a large shape he had drawn. While I colored the shape, I happily called him “*My Professor*.”

* * *

He also had another book project idea at the age of 5, called, “*Book of the Books*”. This was handwritten on a paper, including an idea to publish it through his publishing company. I remember I had placed it in between a book or magazine, but couldn’t find it yet. This paper needs to be searched and found.

* * *

Fast forward to the present:

I was in Delhi for a conference from December 14 to 20, 2019. I had initially made a plan to go to Ahmadabad, following the conference, to visit *Gandhi Ashram* there, in particular, for Gandhi’s 150th Birth Anniversary, also where Gandhi had embarked his “*Salt March*” (March 12 – April 6, 1930). I arrived Ahmadabad in the afternoon of December 21, 2019.

After checking in the hotel I walked around to discover the nearby areas. Then I returned to hotel, had dinner there. Getting the “Wi-Fi” user name and password from the receptionist, I went to my room to check my emails.

I was not able to check them during the conference. I was expecting to receive an email from J.U.C., but there was nothing from him. Then I sent a detailed email to J.U.C. in the late evening of Saturday December 21st (Ahmadabad is ahead of NY about 10:30 hours). In it, I mentioned where I was at the moment, and if I could call him through WhatsApp, but I couldn’t find his number in it.

Then I checked LM’s main e-address. When I saw this email, I was so excited and jumping up and down with joy, saying to myself, “If I die tomorrow, I won’t be sorry...” The email was from the Organization’s pro bono attorney. He was congratulating my board and me, giving the long awaited news that The Light Millennium’s “broadened” Mission along with the strengthened By-Laws were “approved” by the State of New York Department of State. This was a milestone for the Organization and the most exciting “long awaited” news!

Since I was up 4 a.m. on that day, and the next day's plan was to visit Gandhi Ashram, I decided to send out this exciting great news to the Board within a day or two...

The next day was in Ahmadabad: December 22, 2019.

After breakfast, I met with Bakul Matalia at the lobby (Shanti Fund), who was at the conference as well, and was originally from Ahmadabad, staying with his sister. We went together to Gandhi Ashram. It was a wonderful day. It was not cold like Delhi or dark-gray like Istanbul. I bought a few books from the bookstore at the Ashram. In particular, the one called, "*Mahatma Gandhi and the Environment*," which I couldn't find in Delhi, not even in the Gandhi Memorial Museum—I was very happy when I found it at the Gandhi Ashram's bookstore.

After Gandhi Ashram, Bakul suggested to see the unofficial symbol of Ahmadabad, "Sidi Saiyyed Jali", where we went by a three-wheel car.

PROTEST MUSIC, CEM KARACA & HIS SONG, "ÖLÜM/DEATH"

Despite thinking to send an email to my board about the "*good news*" that I received in the evening of Saturday, December 22, I had difficulty to focus...

I checked my mails to see if there was an email from J.U.C.

No.

Then I remembered that he liked "protest" music, I thought about it and related it to myself when I was his age, then I remembered Cem Karaca... A similar thing had happened a day or two before I left New York...

After several decades, in an effort to understand my son's musical taste, I started listening to Cem Karaca [7] for the first time... The albums from 1969 to early 1970's and until the military coup on September 12, 1980, which led him to live in exile, then the years after his return to Turkey after 1987—most of those songs and albums I was not aware they existed...

Strangely enough, I discovered Karaca's song "*Ölüm*" [8] (Death) before leaving NY, on Sunday December 1st, listened to it a few times... Then I remembered the same song again, and listened to it at least three times in my hotel room in Ahmadabad on the eve of December 22nd... Meanwhile I was thinking the following idea: To pinpoint a conceptual continuity in Cem Karaca's songs starting from 1969 until his last songs/album.

In NY, I had realized that April 5, 2020 would be the 75th birth anniversary of Cem Karaca. Since Cem Karaca was one of my favorite singers, along with other iconic cultural figures as part of my growing-up, I thought of doing something on Karaca's birthday... With this thought, I searched more, read more, listened to more songs of Karaca, covering about a 45 years' time period...

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Ahmadabad: The early hours of Monday, Dec. 23 | New York: Late afternoon of Sunday Dec. 22.

The time was around 1:30 a.m. in Ahmadabad. I decided to go to sleep. Then it must have been around 3:00 PM in New York.

But I had so much difficulty to go to sleep...

It was as if my chest was splitting up... pumping as if something was pushing out strongly with a loud sound, as if my heart was about to come out...

I did not want to get up again...

I was thinking, what's wrong with me at this late hour, I didn't even eat anything bad or unhealthy to bother my stomach... I don't remember how long I struggled to go to sleep...

* * *

I woke up next morning around 7:00 a.m. all sweaty and not feeling good... This time I didn't feel like going on the computer, or checking my emails...

And, on the very same morning, I heard the devastating news of my tremendous loss from my older son Barış, while having breakfast at the hotel, around 10:00 a.m. in Ahmadabad, the 23rd of December.

I asked Barış what time it was there now: 11:30p.m. (of Dec. 22)

Barış told me that J.U.C.'s father has been trying to reach out to me. At the time, the ambulance had arrived, and medically his father was told, "nothing can be done. He's gone." That's what Barış passed on to me.

I simply couldn't believe...

After hanging up with Barış, I was in shock and frozen a few minutes...

Then suddenly I ran to my room to pack and check out from the hotel, and went to the airport in order to get on the first plane to Delhi, then to NY, as soon as I could...

I was doing everything almost automatically, while crying out loud on the way to the airport, at the airport, in the plane, at the airport, in the plane... 3 hours at the Ahmadabad Airport, 2 hours flight time to Delhi, 8.5 hours at the Delhi Airport, and 14.5 hours of flight time from Delhi to NY.

During those endless hours, I had one idea to hold on to: return to NY as soon as possible without having a serious health issue or emotional crisis...

When I couldn't hold my tears or emotions, flight attendees and passengers approached me asking if they could be of help, any help...

What was there to say except "No, Thank you"?

On one hand, not willing to accept the worst of the worst painful news, on the other, even thinking about it made it difficult not to go insane...

In particular, the flight from Delhi to NY, of 14.5 hours, having almost two nights combined back to back, was the longest and the most difficult in my lifetime...

Couldn't read.

Couldn't listen to music.

Couldn't watch anything.

Just putting my head in between my hands, hiding my face, and crying... crying... crying...

At one point, I remembered to look at the stars and pulled up the shade by the window side...

Looking at the stars, I thought my son reached the stars, and eventually I will meet with him somewhere in the outer space in the near or distant future...

Looking at the stars and thinking from a universal perspective that we would eventually meet somewhere in the universe... this thought somewhat calmed me down...

Then I thought of how much he loved the idea of one day going to space... He had a passion for space and wanted to be an astronaut or a space scientist until the tragic accident took place with the **Space Shuttle Columbia** on February 1, 2003. [9] He lost his interest in space or space education after the Space Shuttle Columbia accident that caused the deaths of 7 astronauts instantly. In his young-mind at the age of 6, and even later on in his early teen years, he said, "I don't want to go to space, I may never be able to come back!"

I know up close how one terrible accident influenced my son causing him to lose interest in space research. I cannot imagine such accidents' huge negative impact in the young minds of children on the global level.

* * *

While I was going through the past, present, and future times with my son, looking from the window at the pitch-dark sky with bright stars, I thought of doing something constructive, which could also help me hold on . . .

This led me thinking to compile his ideas in a book project and introduce an award program in his name, with a specific target for school-students and youth . . .

I did not write down one-single word on this thought in the plane, but my mind was spinning with a mixture of these ideas, including the idea of rejecting to accept the worst and most painful news for any mother on the face of the earth.

* * *

Back to New York

Lost in these thoughts and pain, I arrived JFK. Barış and John Joseph, J.U.C.'s father, received me at the airport.

Three of us hugged each other, all of us crying in the middle of the airport . . .

When we got in the car, J.U.C.'s father told me that we have an appointment with the Funeral Home in this morning!

I had one single thought: I want to see him . . .

* * *

As the usual business, the director of the funeral house came with a checklist.

There, my mind was clear on one thing: His father may request him to be "**cremated**", but I won't permit it.

We discussed it in front of the director of the funeral home along with Barış. His father finally accepted him to be buried.

Then when the director was going through his checklist's remaining one or two questions, he suggested that we can choose a charity to refer; thus if anyone likes to send flowers, they can have an option to donate to the selected charity.

This made a flashback in my mind to what I had thought during the 14.5 hours flight about holding on and arriving NY without any health or emotional issues.

As soon as I heard his suggestion, I asked him if it could be my own organization. He replied, anything you would like to write in the Memorial Card will be fine . . .

This is how the "**J.U.C. Media, Research and Writing Awards**" idea came up to be mentioned through The Light Millennium, Inc. in his Memorial Card: "**FAREWELL... A sudden early departure of our loving Son:**

John Unver Culkin Is Going to Cosmos..." dated December 30, 2019.

Since the flight back home and the "Farewell" at the Funeral Home in Richmond Hill, my mind has been spinning on this . . .

As long as I am alive, I trust in myself that I can undertake and deliver its very first kind . . .

But, the key is: how to make it a sustained annual or bi-annual effective and impactful program, and how to incorporate it with a scholarship program, or if the "Award" could be transformed/defined in return as a "scholarship"?

Via this meeting at the Sunlight Studio – Studio G on Wednesday, January 29, 2020, this project-idea will be introduced to the public with an envisioned presented date/awards ceremony in January 2021.

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Its potential “Scholarship” component will require further reach out and identified multiple years’ donors/sponsorship/foundations. Once those are secured, it will be defined and announced on an annual basis up to 4 years, based on the success of the recipient student.

* * *

Going back to the best and most exciting news in the late evening of the December 21st, the “Approval” of The Light Millennium Organization’s “Amended and Broadened” Purposes by the State of New York Department of State as of December 17, 2019 [10]: This enables the Organization to support students, educational institutions, and/or to collaborate with them; in short, it enables us to develop a project with schools and students.

It was so strange—or if this is called destiny—the best news for the Organization and the worst and most painful news for its founder-president both came in Ahmadabad, literally back to back, just one day apart. . .

After all, I don’t know if I will be able to focus on writing a tribute for Cem Karaca’s 75th Birthday at this stage. Regardless, I consider that his songs came to me as a messenger to prepare me for the worst news to be received the very next morning. . . But I don’t dare to listen to his songs again. . . at least, for a while. . .

* * *

Thinking over and over. . .

Now, I think that J.U.C. connected with me through Cem Karaca’s song titled “Ölüm” (Death). . . in which, Karaca himself challenges “death” . . .

Maybe, J.U.C. did that as well. . .

Who knows?

Maybe, now, J.U.C. and Karaca have already met in another planet. . .

Until meeting with them somewhere in the Cosmos, there is a lot to be accomplished here. . .

* * *

In conclusion: “Hope Never Fades. . .”

As a mother, I fully believed in my son’s untapped rich potential and intellect. I fully believed that he would eventually find a way to activate that potential and contribute to his and society’s wellbeing. . . He was a gifted student in “Aster” class since kindergarten. He gave so much importance to being intelligent at all times. Since he was 17, J.U.C. focused on these ‘*self thought and designed*’ IQ tests, which he shared with me from time to time with great excitement. Recently, I’ve located five of those, which are available online [11].

And now, upon his sudden departure and this tremendous loss and pain, I’ve been questioning, WHY am I facing this destiny? . . . WHY I am here but he is NOT anymore?

It is and will be a harsh reality to accept as long as I am alive, and it is very difficult to live with this reality. . .

Unfortunately, J.U.C. ('*Canım*') is no longer with us in person and that is the harsh reality and fact.

With this in mind, my whole attempt is to transform my love for him along with my deep sorrow and pain into a constructive path as if he is still with us, and as if he will see this project named after him to inspire many children/youth. Consequently, I feel as if he will turn to me with a beautiful smile, and will be saying this:

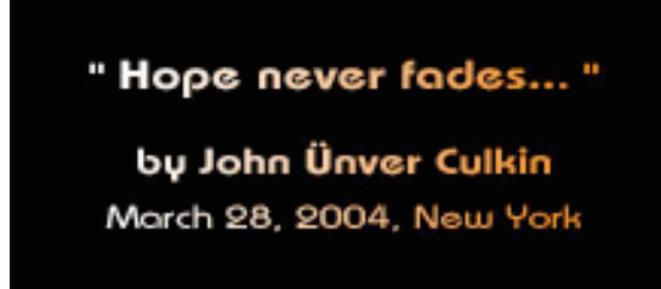
"Mom, did you really create this project in my name? Thanks Mom."

This is all I expect to hear in my imagination, in my mind, as if he is/will be with us for many years to come, so that its positive outcome will also help me hold on to life and make me happy thinking that it would make him happy. . .

Even though my hopes for his physical existence, intellect, and potential faded out, I am holding on to the hope he gave me at the age of 7. I am still inspired by him, through his words, both written in paper and in my mind, that from this point on, I will NOT only focus on him, and/or on keeping my hope and love alive for my older son and grand-children, but also on expanding that hope and love from the borders of my immediate family to underprivileged children, kids and youth, to a global family.

It is now my hope to be able to carry out and touch those children's lives in positive, constructive, and inspirational ways through The Light Millennium, Inc. – A Charitable Global Human Advancement Organization.

As the saying goes: **While one hope dies, thousands may be reborn.**



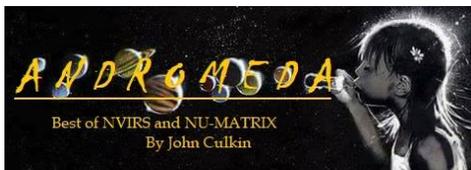
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Edited by: Figen Bingöl

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3. A BILINGUAL FIRST GENERATION IMMIGRANT <http://www.turkishlibrary.us/a-bilingual-first-generation-immigrant/>
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https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y_B886BydzY
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<https://www.space.com/19436-columbia-disaster.html>
10. 2019 - The Light Millennium's “Amended-Broadened & Approved” PURPOSES – 12/17/2019
<https://www.un.org/pga/74/wp-content/uploads/sites/99/2020/01/International-Day-of-Education-Concept-Note.pdf>

11. J.U.C.'s I.Q. Tests *in other websites* :



J.U.C. used his name for his 5 posted (*within my knowledge*) I.Q. Tests on "www.IQExams.net", and in others as **John Culkin** or **J.C.**:

1. Antromeda IQ Test
<https://iqexams.net/test/index.php?test=AG32#no-back-button>
2. Hyperspatial IQ Test (October 2019) <https://iqexams.net/Hyperspatial/Hyperspatial-Final-6.pdf>
3. International Spatial 33 – <https://iqexams.net/IS33/IS33-Final.pdf>
4. Symbolic Spatial Scale – <https://iqexams.net/SSS/SYMBOLIC-SPATIAL-SCALE.pdf>
5. Mount33 by J.C. assisted by Assisted by H Sjöberg – <http://iqexams.net/test/index.php?test=MOUNT33#no-back-button>
6. Molecule Test Authors by John Culkin and Valeria Lanari – <http://iqexams.net/MOL30/MoleculeIQTest.pdf>
7. RADIUM Best of ASCIIQ and SNIPE – <http://iqexams.net/test/index.php?test=RADIUM34#no-back-button>
8. EVOLUTIONARY TASK SET 2[^]5 Test Authors John Culkin and Logan Smith
<http://iqexams.net/test/index.php?test=ETS32#no-back-button>
9. SKILL–R – <http://iqexams.net/test/index.php?test=ST22#no-back-button>
10. Requires membership to sign in – <https://biqnavi.runboard.com/t192>

COLLIDUS MEMBERS –Member#551: JOHN CULKIN <https://callidus.thehighiqsociety.org/members.php>

Disclosure: Located more IQ tests as JUC sole author and in two of those, he is co-author through the www.IQ.Exams.Net (*and in one of those, he was assisted*). Further, also found out that his tests are given one of the criterias to be accepted by specific high-IQ related groups such as Callidus High IQ Society, Svenska IQ-listan Kvalifikation and Magnus HQ Society.

Ref#11 is updated as of Feb. 5, 2020. B.Ü.