

AN
ARMENIAN
NOVEL

MY HOPE IN YOU

RITA
KHATCHADORIAN

“SINCE THE DAY I LAID MY EYES ON
YOU, YOU WERE THE HOPE IN ME.”



**MY HOPE IN
YOU**

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THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO:

I have always been drawn to the power of storytelling—the way it allows us to connect, to heal, and to remember that we are not alone. From a young age, I found myself captivated by the voices of others, by the way people would open up and let their stories pour out like fragile confessions. I listened. I felt. And in those moments, I learned.

This book was not written in solitude—it was born from a chorus of memories shared with me by others. People who trusted me enough to recount their pasts, their choices, their regrets. People who once believed in love, who risked everything for it, and who carry the echoes of what could have been. Some of their decisions became burdens. Others, turning points. And within every story was a lesson too important to be forgotten. We all have a story to tell. Some shout theirs from the rooftops; others whisper it into journals or cry it into their pillows at night. But all of us carry a history—a narrative that shapes who we are and how we love. This is why I write: to preserve those silent truths, to give voice to experiences that too often go unheard. This story is a tapestry woven with threads of pain, hope, love, and forgiveness. It is a love story—but not the kind we always see on screens or read in fairy tales. It is a love story that hurts and heals. A love story that lingers long after it ends.

I dedicate this book to every untold romance, every hidden heartbreak, every love that had to exist in silence. To those who loved deeply but lost quietly. To those who made impossible choices and still carry the weight of them. To the dreamers, the feelers, the believers in love even when love didn't believe in them. This is for the ones who are still learning to forgive themselves.

And finally, this is for you—the reader—who may find a piece of your own heart in these pages. May it remind you that your story matters, that your pain has meaning, and that even the quietest love can leave behind an echo that never fades.

The author

Rita Khatchadorian, born on June 22, 1998, in Alexandroupoli, Greece, is a Belgian author and blogger of Armenian descent. Although her father adopted the surname Baberyan for personal reasons, the name Khatchadorian has been a cherished part of her family's heritage for centuries. Raised in the Armenian Apostolic Church, Rita has embraced her Christian faith throughout her life.

Her artistic journey began at the age of eight, blossoming into a lifelong passion that infuses her work. From songwriting to poetry and storytelling, Rita has always found joy in expressing herself through the written word. As a child attending French schools, she often delighted her friends with impromptu performances of Shakespearean tales, cementing her admiration for the iconic playwright.





CHAPTER ONE



2020 Yerevan, Armenia.

“Grandma! Where are you? Where did Mom go?”

The little girl’s voice echoed through the house as she ran outside, her footsteps light and hurried on the warm stone path that led to the garden. She found her grandmother among the rows of rose bushes, carefully trimming the blooms with practiced hands. The air smelled sweet with the scent of summer and roses—especially the white ones. Hermine, in her sun hat and floral apron, gently clipped a rose and placed it into the basket at her feet. She looked up, her face softening as she saw her granddaughter approach with teary eyes.

“Why are you crying, sweetheart?” she asked kindly, brushing the girl’s hair from her face. “Your mother will be back soon. But for now... let’s enjoy a moment, just the two of us—grandmother and grandchild.” She leaned in and gave Ellen a tender kiss on the forehead.

Ellen sniffled, wiping her nose with the back of her hand as she watched her grandmother work. After a pause, she asked, “Grandma, why do you love white roses the most?”

Hermine smiled gently, almost as if the question had brought back a distant memory. She turned toward her granddaughter, her eyes warm and reflective.

“Because,” she said, “every flower has a story to tell. And the white ones... they whisper the quietest stories, but the deepest ones too.”

Ellen sat on the edge of the garden bench, nibbling on a cookie from the tray beside her. Her curiosity sparkled through the crumbs on her lips.

“What was your story then, Grandma?” she asked, her voice innocent but eager.

Hermine paused for a moment, then set her gardening shears aside. She walked over to Ellen and gently lifted her onto her lap. The sun filtered through the trees, casting golden patterns on the grass.

“Do you really want to hear it?” she asked, her voice soft, yet steady.

Ellen nodded, her eyes wide with anticipation.

Hermine looked toward the horizon for a moment, as if reaching into a part of her heart that had been closed for years. Then she smiled again, this time with a touch of sadness and love woven together.

“Alright then,” she said, brushing a petal off her apron. “Let me start from the beginning...”

