

# Effective Leadership through Character

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## **Introductions**

Name:

Company:

Designation:

How long have you been with the organization?

How did you come to know about Timelenders?

Jr. High School (Matric):

High School/F.Sc./F.A:

Graduation/Post graduation:

Hobbies:

## Training Norms and Guidelines for the Participants

**1.0 Timings:** While following time schedules is very important in all aspects of our lives, it is all the more so at training workshops. This is because training is generally aimed at “behavior modification” and thus offers us an opportunity not only to gain knowledge about the theme at hand but also to realign our self-development habits.

- 1.1 The Strategic Visions/Strategic Time Management/Effective Leadership through Character Workshops are very sequential and missing out on even a small section would necessarily entail later challenges; it would be difficult to reconnect with the group which would have moved forward and the learning deficit would not be easy to make up. Unless the participant’s absence is due to an unavoidable emergency, such absence would, at the very least, mean missing out on his or her responsibility to the sponsoring organization and also to herself or himself as a conscientious learner. Accordingly, we expect all participants to be on time at the beginning of every session of the workshop. Care must be taken to come back at the scheduled /agreed time(s) after the breaks. We shall not wait for any participant when starting or re-starting a session.
- 1.2 In the event of an unforeseen happening, if a participant happens to miss out on more than one and a half hours of the workshop, we shall not be able to award the certificate to her/him. We have, however, developed a fair mechanism to offset the learning deficit and enable delivery of the certificate to such participants. We encourage any participant who has missed out on one or more sessions of the workshop to come to us after the workshop hours (preferably during the workshop or otherwise after it ends) for a special one-on-one make-up session in which our trainer(s) shall happily go over the missed out sections in our own time. It would only be after this special session that we would award the certificate. We are sure that participants would agree with us on this policy which essentially comprises a rights and fairness issue (it is the right of all participants to be treated equally and it is fair that a distinction be made amongst those who attend the training fully and those who do not).

- 1.3 Even though we will try to be on the minute in terms of starting and finishing our sessions but sometimes we might be in the middle of a discussion and extend our session by a few minutes and in this case we will inform you and try to give you a credit during the break.

**2.0 Mobile/cell phones:** We believe that training is a full time assignment. Like all other organizational activities, training should be undertaken with full concentration and seriousness. A distinction should not be made between office work which is generally considered to be “important” and “mere” training. The ringing of mobile phones disturbs the whole group and sets back the training process, often severely. Accordingly, we cannot make any allowance or compromise on mobile phone usage inside the training room. While we strongly urge participants to keep their cell phones turned off, if that is not possible, the sets may be kept in silent or vibration mode. Although emergency calls may be attended by walking out of the room, participants should appreciate that doing so not only deprives them of the required focus and continuity but also disturbs other participants. We have lately become very strict after receiving strong complaints from our participants in this regard. Thus, if any individual participant continues to move out of the room very frequently, he or she should expect a “behavior modification intervention.” We believe this is also a rights issue – as one participant’s attending to phone (even by walking out) deprives others of their right to focus. There are ample breaks in which calls can be made and taken. Sending or receiving short messages (sms) from/in the classroom is also counterproductive to the important task of training and hence not allowed. However, leaving for washroom is allowed without permission from the trainer.

**3.0 Questions & Answers:** We strongly request participants to ask questions. No question is irrelevant or trivial. We shall deal with these questions in the following five ways:

- 3.1 answer it immediately.
- 3.2 ask you to wait as the coming section(s) will cover the relevant topic which will then answer the question.
- 3.3 ask the individual to meet the trainers later for a one-on-one session (when the question is very specific to the questioner).

- 3.4 put all questions on hold for a specific time.
- 3.5 admit our lack of knowledge and try to find the answer which may be given at a subsequent time.

**4.0 Workshop Language:** Depending largely on the choice of the participants (and partially on the facility of the trainers), the training shall be conducted in English, Urdu or a mix of both the languages (as is often the case in most Pakistani organizational settings). Sometimes we may have participants who are totally unfamiliar with Urdu and in such cases the training would be conducted in English. This shall be clarified at the outset of the training. During an all English session, we shall sometimes use Urdu (especially poetry) which we shall translate for our English speaking friends.

**5.0 Design of the folder:** The folder which has been provided to all participants for use in the workshop has been specially designed and includes the following features:

- 5.1 Sheets of punched paper have been provided; it is strongly recommend that these sheets be used for note-taking and be subsequently inserted into the folder so that all the notes and handouts are in one place.
- 5.2 All of our workshops undergo continuous changes. Accordingly, when a major section is re-written or developed anew old participants would be informed via email; they may then download the material from our website, print it and place it in this manual.

**6.0 Getting the most out of this workshop:**

- 6.1 The brain performs different functions in the body. Comprehension and expression of ideas are two distinct functions of the brain and amongst these two functions expression of an idea is higher in complexity. Whenever the brain is given a cue that an idea will have to be expressed together with being understood and comprehended, the brain sequences the information differently and comprehension is automatically increased. Also, the person is more attentive knowing that this information has to be reproduced.

The best way to get the most out of this workshop would be to make an intention of passing on the knowledge gained to at least one person, preferably who is close to the officer – and as soon as possible. Please also keep in mind that as a part of participants' homework individuals will be asked to deliver condensed versions of the sections of this workshop to someone who is close

to them. Generally participants would be asked to share the experience (of sharing the knowledge) the next day. This training delivery does not have to be very elaborate; only a few minutes of instruction would also suffice.

Participants have permission to reproduce all our training materials including the multi-media presentations; they are free to use it to train others and also to make further copies. Of course, it remains their moral obligation to acknowledge the source.

- 6.2 When someone is spoken to, the listener is usually doing three things:
- a. The act of hearing, which is a mechanical action.
  - b. Comprehension, in which the listener is making sense of what is being heard by comparing it with all the relevant data that is available in the brain.
  - c. Judgment, in which the listener decides on the authenticity of the information received and the usefulness or the lack of it (for example the information may be correct but the listener may decide that it is not relevant to him/her or that it has limited or no use).

Since (b) and (c) cannot happen without (a), we can easily declare that (a) is a pre-requisite. Similarly it is clear that the better the comprehension, the better the judgment.

One of the most common errors that normal listeners make is trying to do both comprehension and judgment at the same time. So as individuals try to comprehend information while it is still in the process of arriving and as they comprehend it, they are also in the judging mode, many a times they arrive at a judgment before the complete information has arrived. Since the judgment has been made, the mind then tunes off to later pieces of information which could have resulted in a different judgment had those were also factored in. In general, this is called premature judgment.

Also, judgment takes away brain resources which were better suited for comprehension at that time, thus impairing our comprehension.

Premature judgment is one of the major reasons behind a lot of unnecessary conflict and misunderstanding.

Here are a few steps that we propose – and which participants would find valuable in getting the best out of this workshop:

1. Suspend judgment till all the information has been received. If some information is not clear, then a question should be asked to fill in the information gap.
  2. If there is a lot of information (anything that goes on for more than five minutes), please take notes so that not only the important points but their sequencing is preserved.
  3. Once the information has been gained, participants should calmly analyze the information and then proceed to make a judgment. Also, judgment can be delayed to a later, quieter time.
- Our workshop is interspaced with breaks, group exercises, simple stories and anecdotes which provide ample time for judgment of critical ideas.

- 7.0 Reference manual vs. textbook:** Please do note that this is a reference manual; during the workshop we shall be going back and forth in the manual. We apologize for any inconvenience that this may cause. Our workshops are dynamically structured which means that the sequence of questions and the flow of the discussions is based on the nature of the group; as we will keep restructuring the workshop flow, there is the need to move back and forth. We assure the participants that the little trouble that they would face will be well worth the payback in terms of clarity in developing concepts and improving understanding of the subject matter.
- 8.0 Quizzes:** Quizzes might be given at various times during the workshop. The purpose is not to embarrass any one or more participants but to make sure that the whole group understands what is being presented. If any one or more participants do not pass a quiz, they need not get worried. It happens. In that case, we will ask the not-so-successful participants to give us two hours of their time after the workshop so that we may go over their questions and concerns. Any participant who fails the quiz, shall have her or his certificate withheld until the extra time which has been sought is made available by the individual trainee(s) to go through the concepts in which they had difficulty.
- 9.0 General Instructions:**
- 9.1 **Pre-workshop questionnaire:** Please fill out the pre-workshop questionnaires if not already done by this time.
  - 9.2 **Names for certificates:** Please fill out the sheet which will be circulated for ascertaining the correct and full names to be written on

the certificates. Please fill this sheet whether you are a new participant or are repeating the complete workshop. Please do not fill it out if you are a guest.

- 9.3 **Blank sheets:** Please use the blank sheets for taking notes – but remember to be environmentally friendly by using as little paper as possible.
- 9.4 **Name on the manual:** Participants are requested to please write their names on the manuals and keep them securely at all times.
- 9.5 **Valuables:** All valuables like mobile phones must be kept on the person of the participants – and especially so when leaving the training room, especially when going for lunch and breaks. The organizers are unable to assume any responsibility for loss of misplaced or lost valuables.
- 9.6 **Comfortable atmosphere and regulating temperature:** It is important that the participants feel comfortable. Therefore, they are requested to please inform the Workshop Coordinator immediately if the air-conditioning or the heating is either too high or too low. We highly recommend that participants bring a coat or jacket with them to the training to counter cold.
- 9.7 **Soft copies:** Soft copies of selected slides of the workshop presentation are available on Timelenders' website ([www.timelenders.com](http://www.timelenders.com)).
- 9.8 **Assistance:** Participants should contact the Workshop Coordinator for any assistance.

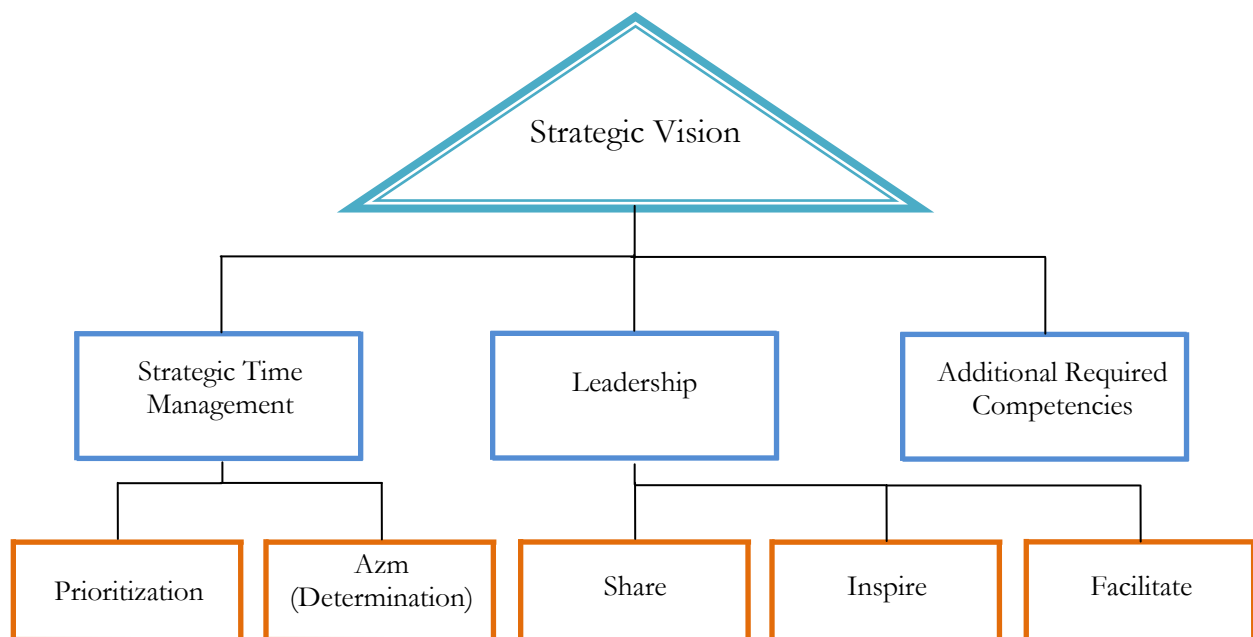
## **The key learning objectives of Effective Leadership through Character**

- 1 Introduction to the Meaningful Life Framework
- 2 Importance of leadership as a key component of a meaningful life
- 3 The definition of Leadership and its three components: sharing, inspiring and facilitation
- 4 Understanding of character as the key operational characteristic of inspiration
- 5 How is the relevant character traits identified for our vision?
- 6 What is character and how is it developed?
- 7 Understanding of Discretionary Mental Routines (DMRs), the building blocks of behaviour and character.
- 8 How to identify incorrect character traits and how to rectify them?
- 9 Exercise: Developing a strategy to develop character traits matching a vision in one of your roles in life.

## A Meaningful Life

1. If you were to look back at your life now, would you like to say that you have tried to create a meaning in your life?
  - a) Yes
  - b) No
  - c) I don't care
  
2. If you were to look back at your life at the time of your death, would you like to say at that time that you have tried to create a meaning in your life?
  - a) Yes
  - b) No
  - c) I don't care

## Meaningful Life

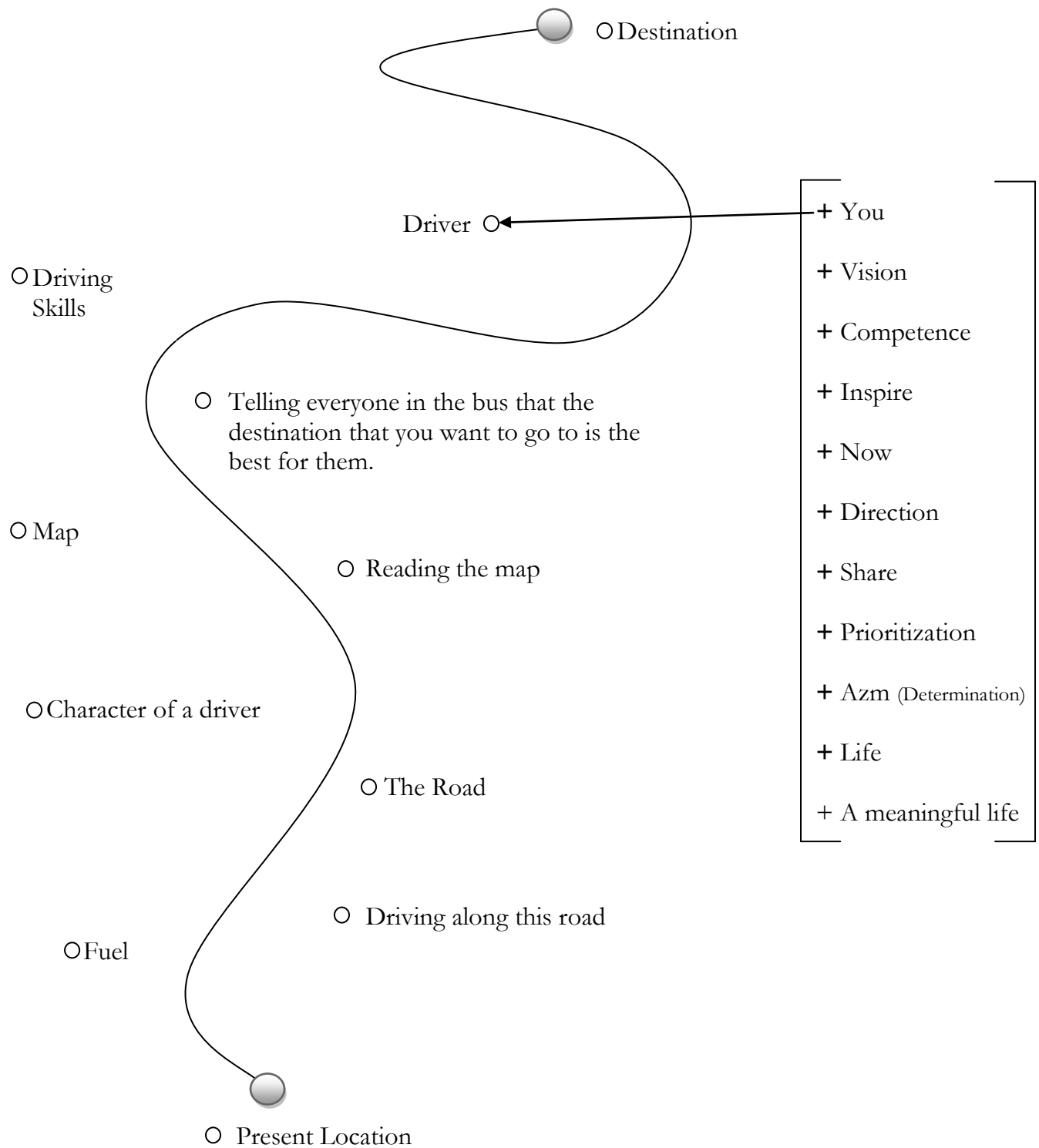


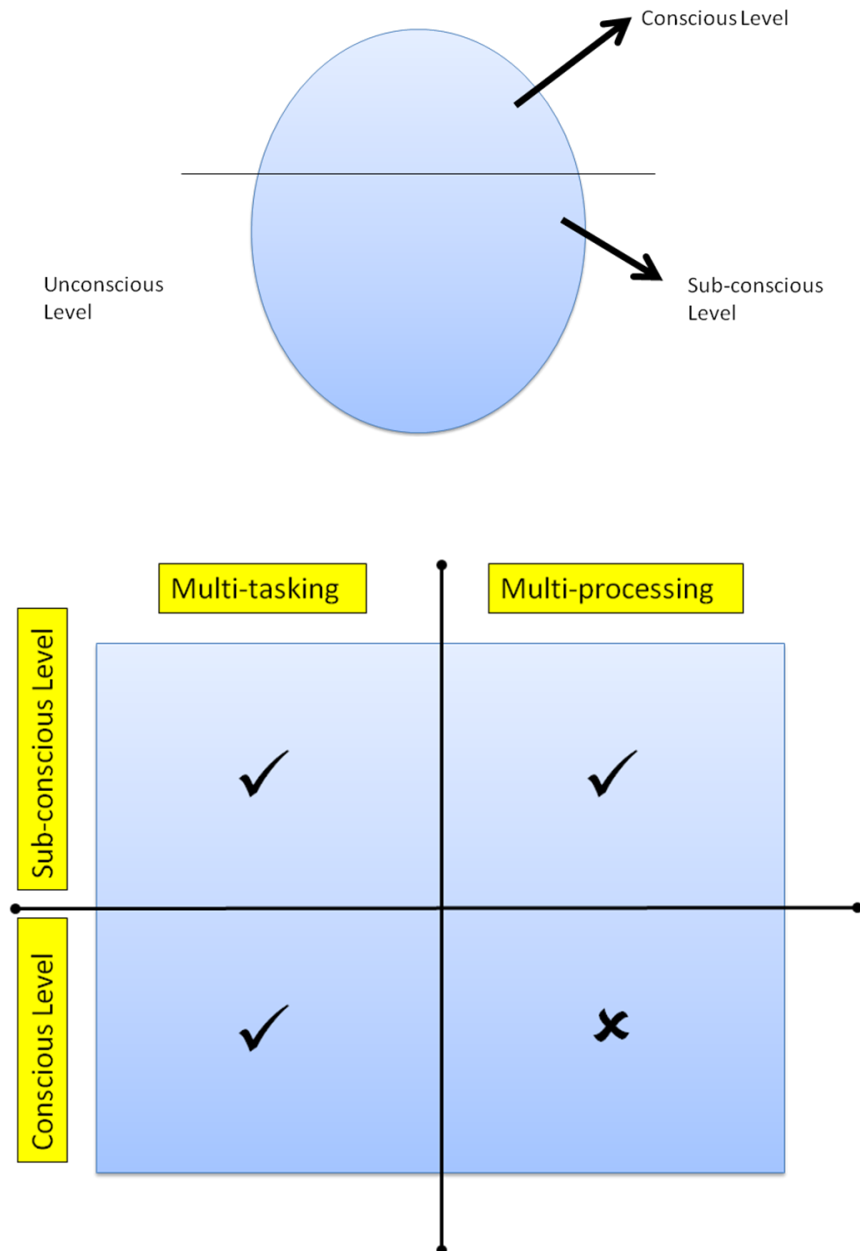
## The Elements of Meaningful Life

Meaningful life has the following four elements:

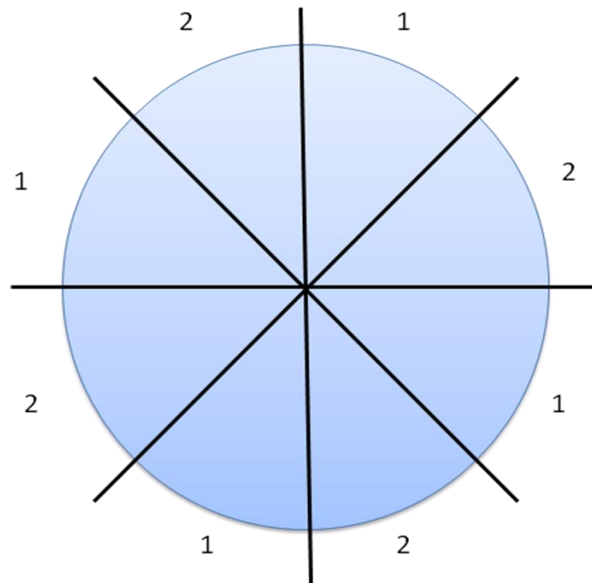
1. **Strategic Vision:** A vision which is independent of time and correct.
2. **Strategic Time Management:** The ability to prioritize our day according to a strategic vision and then to accomplish these prioritizations through *Azm* (determination).
3. **Leadership:** Leadership is defined as the ability to share our vision with others and to inspire and facilitate others in pursuing the shared vision. The key element behind the ability to inspire others to pursue the shared vision is a character worthy of that vision.
4. **Additional Required Competencies:** The competencies that are required in addition to Strategic Time Management and Leadership for the success of the vision. Competence is knowledge, skills and abilities. For example, our vision of scaling Mount Everest will also require mountaineering skills.

**Metaphor: You are driving a bus filled with people going to a destination.**



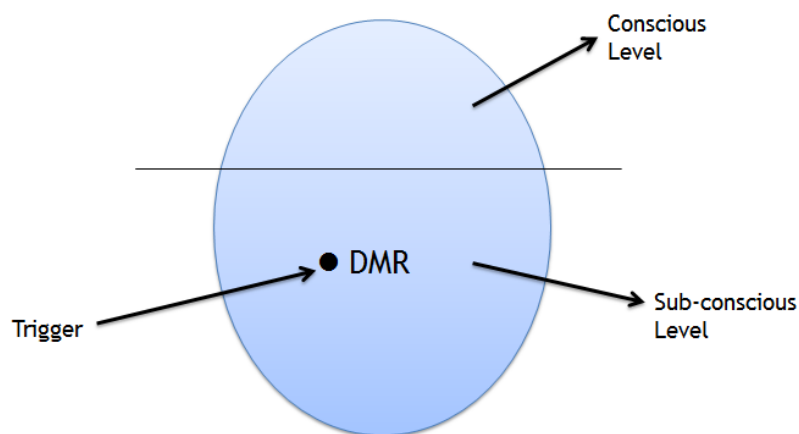
**DMR's (Discretionary Mental Routines)**

## Slicing/ Time Sharing



Advantages	Disadvantages
1. Save time	1. Lack of concentration 2. Lack of quality 3. Loss of resources due to changing context

## Multi-tasking without multi-processing through DMRs (Discretionary Mental Routines)



## Types of DMR's

### 1. Instinct DMRs

- Sucking Milk
- Blinking of eyes
- Breathing

### 2. Motor DMRs

- Changing the gears of a car
- Cycling
- Swimming

### 3. Thought DMRs

- *Instant thought DMRs*
  - Remembering the face of a person
- *Repetitive thought DMRs*
  - Arithmetic

Behavior = Conscious thoughts + Instinct DMRs + Motor DMRs + Thought DMRs

Psychology (Freud)	Transactional Psychology	Islam
Id (Desires)	Child (Emotional Self)	نفس امارة
Ego (Self)	Adult (Reasoning Self)	نفس لوامة
Superego (Virtue)	Parent (Dogmatic)	نفس مطمئنة

Watch your thoughts, they will become your words  
 Watch your words, they will become your actions  
 Watch your actions, they will become your habits  
 Watch your habits, they will become your character  
 Watch your character, it will become your *DESTINY*

- **Anonymous**

**Character:**

The aggregate of features and traits that form the individual nature of some person or thing.

**Behavior:**

Manner of behaving or acting.

**Competence:**

The quality of being competent; adequacy; possession of required skill, knowledge, qualification, or capacity.

**Competent:**

Having suitable or sufficient skill, knowledge, experience, etc., for some purpose; properly qualified.

*References: Dictionary.com Unabridged  
Based on the Random House Dictionary, © Random House, Inc. 2012.*

## **Breakdown example of an Ultimate Subvision (USV)**

**Role: Father of a daughter**

**USV father to a daughter**

I want to see my daughter grow up as a true slave of Allah (swt), as a great visionary contributor to the Ummah in the best of her health, wisdom and intellect and a role model for others to follow.

### **POV**

My daughter is a great blessing of Allah (swt) and a tremendous responsibility for me.

I see my daughter as an extension of my own vision which is to contribute to the vision of Prophet Muhammad (sas), which was to bring the mankind to total submission to Allah (swt).

I believe that it is the duty of every Muslim to share the precious gift of Islam with the whole of the mankind.

I see that my daughter is intelligent, capable and able to mold herself into this vision superbly. Being the eldest it is important that she becomes a role model for her two younger siblings in particular and other fellow citizens in general.

I believe that my efforts in this direction would amongst my greatest achievements towards my vision of contributing to the vision of the prophet (sas); a source of earning the pleasure of Allah (swt) and a Sadaqa-e-Jaaria for me in the Aakhirah.

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**Intermediate Sub-Vision-50 Years (2061)**


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**Daughter (Age: 68)**


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**Abida**

She has an excellent character that is in line with the Islamic teachings.

She is a true practicing Muslimah and fears Allah (swt).

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**Physical**

She is physically fit and healthy and she looks at least ten years younger than her age.

She regularly attends a local gym and is a very good swimmer. She gives swimming lessons to other women as well.

She eats a balanced diet.

She regularly plays badminton.

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**Emotional**

She is an emotionally balanced and mature person who is able to handle all her roles with excellence.

Her friends and relatives regularly seek her advice in family matters because of her maturity, ability to solve problems and her passion to help others for the sake of pleasing Allah (swt).

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**Intellectual**

She has a thorough grip on the knowledge of Quran and Sunnah, especially issues related to women.

She is also well read about the western literature and has her own views about world issues.

She has authored at least one book on dealing with the psychological issues of women in the light of Islamic principles.

**Wife**

She has a very balanced relationship with her husband. She

has been and continues to be a great support for her husband in his vision.

She is a source of inspiration to other women who want to fulfill their responsibilities and create a balanced and contented marital relationship following the path of Quran and Sunnah.

She continues to be a loyal and obedient wife as required in Islam.

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**Intermediate Sub-Vision-25 Years (2036)**


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**Daughter (Age: 43)**


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**Abida**

She offers Tahajjud regularly.

She fasts regularly on Mondays and Thursdays.

She teaches Tajweed and Tafseer to young girls in the neighborhood.

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**Physical**

She regularly attends a local gym and is a very good swimmer. She gives swimming lessons to other women and young girls in the family.

She regularly plays badminton and has taught it to her daughters as well.

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**Emotional**

She is actively involved in fund raising for a local orphanage and for the Eye Unit at Hospital.

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**Intellectual**

She regularly writes articles in local magazines and newspapers on dealing with psychological issues in women in light of Islamic teachings.

She runs a psychology therapy clinic for women.

She has a personal collection of over three books on various topics, including Islam, psychology, current world affairs and personal development.

**Wife**

She has a balanced relationship with her husband. She has been and continues to be a great support for her husband's

vision.

She is a source of inspiration to other women who want to fulfill their responsibilities and create a balanced and contented marital relationship as prescribed by the Quran and Sunnah.

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**Intermediate Sub-Vision-5 Years (2016)**


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**Daughter (Age: 23)**


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**Abida**

She regularly attends the Sunday Talk at Baitus Salam Masjid

She regularly attends the weekly ladies Taaleem (lecture).

She attends the regular morning course for ladies at Baitus Salam Masjid

She has increased her recitation to half an hour every day.

She has started saying her Azkaar and says them at least twice a week.

She regularly takes advice and guidance from her Shaikh on varying issues.

She understands the importance of Zakat and helps her parents in calculating and distributing it.

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**Physical**

She regularly attends a local gym and is a very good swimmer. She gives swimming lessons to her children.

She plays badminton regularly and competes at the Karachi level.

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**Emotional**

She is regarded within her wider family as an emotionally balanced person and one who respects her elders and cares for those younger than her.

She continues to volunteer her time tutoring O and A Level girls at home in Maths, Psychology and Economics.

**Intellectual**

She has completed all Timelenders workshops including the Vision Retreat and has developed a powerful vision document for herself.

She has trained ten of her friends and cousins in Strategic Time Management and Strategic Visions.

She has completed a bachelor degree in psychology from a reputed university.

She has a personal collection of over 150 books on various topics including Islam, psychology, current world affairs and personal development.

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**Wife**

She knows the importance of being a source of happiness and support for her husband without which she cannot enter Jannah. To this end she continues to read Islamic books on marital relationship as well as take advice from her parents.

She draws her strength and inspiration by reading about the lives of Ummahat ul Momineen (the wives of the Prophet (sas)).

She and her husband have together developed a powerful vision in the role of the Member of the Ummah for both of them to work on together for the next 50 years.

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**Intermediate Sub-Vision-1 Year (2012)**


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**Daughter (Age: 19)**


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**Abida**

She understands the value of Tahajjud and offers it at least once a week.

She has started reading the Urdu translation of the Quran at Baitus Salam Masjid.

She recites the Quran at least twice a week for half an hour and considers it a means of drawing close to Allah (swt).

She understands the importance of qaza-e-umri (making up for missed prayers) and starts to say qaza salat and fasts.

She attends weekly ladies classes at least once a month.

She has performed Umra this year with her parents and siblings.

Her parents have helped in finding a spiritual mentor for providing her guidance and advice.

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**Physical**

She attends the gym regularly and takes swimming lessons to learn different strokes and to improve her speed in swimming.

She goes walking with her mother every other day.

She learns how to cook healthy food with the help of her mother.

She has started playing badminton and takes lessons regularly.

**Emotional**

She is helping her parents look after her paternal grandmother. She does this by spending time with her,

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talking to her, sorting her medicines for her and helping her take her meals and medicines on time.

She regularly visits her maternal grandmother once a week with her mother and helps her in the same manner that she helps her paternal grandmother at home. Additionally, she also speaks to her maternal grandmother on the phone every day.

She has started volunteering her time tutoring O and A Level girls in Maths, Psychology and Economics.

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### **Intellectual**

She has taken a refresher Strategic Time Management course by Timelenders.

She has done taken a Strategic Visions Course by Timelenders.

She has shared the content and principles of these courses with her mother and siblings.

She has completed a clinical attachment for two weeks at a psychology clinic.

She has read at least four books on personal development such as 'I'm OK, You're OK', 'Games People Play', 'Embattled Innocence' and 'Raheeq al Maktoum'.

She has a personal collection of over thirty books on various topics including Islam, psychology, current world affairs and personal development.

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### **Wife**

She has read about the different roles of a Muslim wife as prescribed in the Quran and Sunnah.

She has discussed various issues related to marital life with her parents.

She has understood the importance of patience, tolerance, obedience of a wife towards her husband as well as the

sacrifices that one has to make in life particularly in marriage.

With parental help she has attended workshops to help prepare her in her future role as a wife.

## Central Asian Stories

### **Tajikistan: A silent victory for all of us.**

*June 1997*

As I looked out, I became oblivious to the drone of the propellers of the Russian-built military transporter. The view was breathtaking. From the dusty terrain rose the majestic snow capped peaks of the mighty Hindu Kush, which divide Afghanistan into the North and South. Many armies have perished on its slopes since time immemorial. The Soviets had battled with the Afghans and the Hindu Kush and had lost to both. I tried looking beyond the peaks into the haziness of the April morning towards my destination, the camps for Tajik refugees near the Afghan-Tajikistan border.

In April 1997, as the war escalated in Afghanistan, the only route through the Hindu Kush into Northern Afghanistan, the Salang Pass, was closed. I was left with only one choice: to fly into Mazar Shareef, the de facto capital of Northern Afghanistan, and then to travel by land through the shifting frontlines to Kunduz and Takhar, the Afghan provinces bordering Tajikistan.

As Mazar appeared into sight, I caught myself taking a deep breath. The anticipation of what lay ahead was disquieting.

Tajikistan is one of the six newly independent Muslim republics of the former Soviet Union.

Lying to the north of Afghanistan, it has Uzbekistan on the west, China on the east and Kyrgyzstan to the north. Over 85% of the 5.8 million people are Muslims. Tajikistan is mountainous and is spread over an area of 143,100 sq. km (slightly smaller than Wisconsin).

In 30 Hijra<sup>1</sup>, an Islamic army, led by Al-Ahnaf ibn Qaus, captured the city of Takharistan. In 88 Hijra, the remaining areas of Tajikistan—then called Eastern Bukhara—were captured along with Bukhara and Sumarqand and the region now known as Central Asia. A glorious history was written as Bukhara and Sumarqand later became the center

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<sup>1</sup> The beginning of the Islamic Calendar (579 AD)

for Islamic learning and scholarship.

Russia occupied Tajikistan in 1880, initiating a century of brutal oppression with over 70 years of communist rule. An armed uprising in 1921 was brutally crushed and efforts were made to stamp out the Islamic identity of the Muslims. Thousands of scholars along with hundreds of thousands of Muslims died in massacres, which continued till the death of Stalin. During this period some scholars escaped to the mountains and kept the torch of Islam burning.

In the early seventies, these scholars secretly started returning and teaching Islam to the people in the cities. The year 1975 saw an Islamic reawakening, especially among the students, which became an Islamic political force after the collapse of the Soviet Union.

The Tajik parliament declared independence on September 9, 1991 after which a vicious power struggle started between the Muslim and the communist parliamentarians. A series of coups and counter-coups saw the Islamic democratic coalition gain power with popular support.

The communists supported by the Russian and Uzbek military attacked the capital Dushanbe and seized power in December 1992. Over 100,000 people were massacred, 30,000 were wounded and another 100,000 fled into Afghanistan.

In the three years of guerrilla warfare, the Islamic coalition led by Nahzat-e-Islami (Islamic rebirth party) gained control of over 50% of rural Tajikistan whereas the capital and other major towns remained under the communist regime. Though many have made their way back into Tajikistan, up to 20,000 refugees remain stranded in Afghanistan<sup>2</sup>.

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<sup>2</sup>Later a peace agreement was signed and the refugees moved back into Tajikistan. The following essays will deal with that.

Gradually the communist regime was weakened due to the protracted civil war and the inability of Russia to support it, thanks to the Chechen war, which distracted and humbled the Russian military machine. A cease-fire was reached in 1996 and talks aimed at establishing a coalition government are going on. There is hope that the refugees may return home. Until then, their struggle for survival and a meaningful existence will continue.

A combination of public transport (not very sophisticated, needless to say, in war-torn Afghanistan) and hitching rides took me and Haroon—our Peshawar<sup>3</sup> based guide and interpreter—a distance of 200 miles from Mazar Shareef to the dusty city of Kunduz. The province and its capital have the same name: Kunduz.

Kunduz has frequently changed hands with the swinging fortunes of the war between different factions. With all that, not much remains in the city. The only sign of life is the main market bustling with activity as traders barter and sell goods. Being a provincial center, people from neighboring areas swarm into it. You can buy anything in Kunduz: cattle, vegetables, medicines, hand made rugs, Klashnikov rifles, rocket launchers...

A few miles north of the city towards the border with Tajikistan lies the largest Tajik refugee camp, Bagh-e-Shirket, housing up to 6,000 refugees. As we entered the camp I was struck by the silence shrouding the 5 square mile encampment of mud huts. Smoke rose gently from some of the huts as the people cooked. A midsize river lazily snaked its way along the eastern edge of the camp. At a distance in the South, snow peaked mountains were catching the reddish hue of the setting sun. A failing mud wall encircles the camp. I saw people quietly going about whatever little business they had. The undertone of quiet resignation could not be ignored.

As my hours in the camp turned into days, I was saddened by the tragedy of the refugees: missing loved ones, shattered families and broken dreams. Even the laughter of children has a quietness that never lets one forget that many of them are orphans.

Bagh-e-Shirket has a life of its own. I felt as if I were in a different world altogether, a painfully simple one with no electricity, no gas and no running water. Access to food and health care is limited. Forces of nature are brutal in Kunduz. The mercury reaches 100 degrees Fahrenheit in the summers and the winters are equally harsh and

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<sup>3</sup> A city in Pakistan near the Pakistan-Afghanistan border

unforgiving. Malaria and typhoid assume alarming proportions, stealing away lives that the civil war across the border couldn't take.

It appears as if time is in no great hurry in Bagh-e-Shirket. There is nothing much to do. Many of the men are in Tajikistan with the guerrilla units, while others are just memories now, a reminder to their children and widows—some widows just in their teens—that being Muslims is not always easy. The remaining men toil to eke out an existence; some cut wood in the forest to sell while others go after the few jobs that war ravaged Kunduz offers. One of the top entrepreneurs that I came across was the bright-eyed young Ahmed. With some savings that his family had managed to salvage, he had bought a donkey and a cart. Ferrying people between the camp and Kunduz guaranteed a better living. I was met with a sad smile when I asked Ibrahim, 50, a father of seven, as to how many times a month they could afford meat. “It is once a year,” he sighed, “during Eid al Adha<sup>4</sup> when the relief organizations conduct the Zabeeha<sup>5</sup> program.”

Marriages, albeit very simple, do take place in the camp, bringing a sense of happiness and a break from the tiring monotony. The community considers its growth important; far too many lives were lost in the war. I asked the camp doctor how many children were born each month. “Around 30 a month,” he replied and then corrected me, “you should asked how many Mujahideen<sup>6</sup> are born?”

A group of five Muslim relief organizations struggle to make existence bearable. BIF<sup>7</sup> runs a clinic, an orphan sponsorship program, and a sewing center to provide clothes for the camp. An organization from Kuwait runs a couple of Tandoors (ovens) providing a staple of bread while others run regular and Quran schools. Foreigners, especially young Arab brothers who came to fight during the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and decided to stay, run these projects. They have gradually become a part of Bagh-e-Shirket speaking fluent Persian and dressing traditionally. “This is my home now,” said Basheer, a young Algerian, when I asked about his future plans, “I can't see myself deserting these people.”

The collective trauma of the war, personal tragedies and life as refugees has failed to break the will of these people. Under the quiet resignation lies a deep-rooted

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<sup>4</sup> An Islamic festival in which animals are slaughtered and some of the meat distributed to the poor.

<sup>5</sup> A program in which animals were slaughtered in the camps on behalf of other Muslims

<sup>6</sup> The plural of Mujahid, a person who fights for the cause of Islam

<sup>7</sup> Benevolence International Foundation

determination. At the height of the guerrilla war these camps had served as the launching ground for military expeditions where teary-eyed wives and children would bid farewell to their husbands and fathers knowing that they may never come back. A generation is coming of age in this camp, opening its eyes to the freshness of freedom. The passion for Islam, which 70 years of brutal communist rule couldn't snuff out, kindles the souls of these people.

The Nahzat-e-Islami has set up a school system in cooperation with the Muslim organizations. It is a great achievement, as the children are kept constructively engaged. There are four schools for boys and girls, where everyday these former Soviet citizens memorize Quran. As I walked into a classroom, the children—some as young as 7—fell silent and looked up. It was as if the future of

Tajikistan was looking back at me—a bright and promising future. Within these mud walls in a forgotten corner of the world is a force being nurtured which all the Communisms and systems of the world will never be able to defeat.

I had some students write about their experiences. "My father was martyred in 1992," wrote Gul Khumar, a 15-year-old girl who attends a sewing center. "I was in second grade then and there was no Islamic teaching. We emigrated to Afghanistan just for Almighty Allah."

"When I was six years old the war started in Tajikistan and we emigrated to Afghanistan." Wrote 11 year old Suraya.

"Our life was nice in Tajikistan. We had a car and other things. We did not need anything except Islam. We were deprived of Islam and [were] getting only Russian knowledge. Because of Islam, war started between the Communists and Muslims. My grandmother, grandfather, father and three uncles were martyred and we emigrated to Afghanistan."

Eleven years old Tamara has memorized ten juz<sup>8</sup> of the Quran after coming to Kunduz in 1992. She wrote: "I was in second grade, my sisters were four and two years old, my brother was two months old and my mother was thirty (when we emigrated to Afghanistan). We emigrated as it is the Sunnah<sup>9</sup> of the Prophet (sas) and

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<sup>8</sup> Chapters

<sup>9</sup> Tradition

we wish to have a green flag with ‘La ilaha illallah Mohammad-ur-Rasulallah’<sup>10</sup> written on it in Tajikistan.”

I met old men with flowing long beards, bent backs and hardened faces, who passionately speak of their struggle during the Communist rule, of hiding for years in the mountains, the hardships, the tortures and the deaths. Though the struggle continues, they are aware that the worst is over and a bright tomorrow is not far away. In spite of all that they lost in the bitter hundred years, they outlasted Russia and Communism. As the statues of Lenin and Karl Marx are being disgraced in Russia, the mountains of Tajikistan are echoing with Azans<sup>11</sup>.

As much as I was saddened by the hardships of these brave people, I was strengthened by their determination, their love for Islam and their willingness to sacrifice for it.

With the help of Allah (swt), they have brought about a silent victory for Islam in Central Asia. A victory that will, inshallah<sup>12</sup>, impact millions of lives for centuries to come.

Once again, falsehood has lost to the faithful few in a forgotten frontier of the Islamic world— Tajikistan.

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<sup>10</sup> There is no deity worthy of worship except Allah and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah.

<sup>11</sup> Call for prayers

<sup>12</sup> If Allah (swt) wills

## Sham-e-Gul

*October 1997*

Two weeks ago I was in a TB sanatorium for orphans at Kofar Nihon, a small town 10 miles from Dushanbe, the capital of war-ravaged Tajikistan. As I entered one of the wards, Sham-e-Gul dragged herself to the corner of the bed and sat up. Like many others around her, TB has wasted her legs. I found her in pain and with no relatives at her side to console her. Her brother visits her twice a month. Sham-e-Gul is only six years old.

The staff and children of the sanatorium are Sham-e-Gul's family. She misses Daulat Shah, another six-year old who was sent home when some relatives visited a few weeks ago. "There is nothing more we could have done for Daulat Shah", said Dr. Nazir Rahimov. "We figured at least he would have a home and hopefully adequate food in his last days". Sham-e-Gul was not told why Daulat Shah left suddenly. She is too young to understand.

During the Soviet era, orphans who had TB were admitted to the sanatorium. When the war broke out, Kofar Nihon came under heavy fighting. People fled the area, leaving a skeleton staff that battled to keep the damaged facility running. With no electricity and an acute shortage of medicine, food and money, the orphans had nowhere to go. The sanatorium became a death trap, as the symptoms of TB grew worse. Soon, the children had started dying. I found thirty-two children there, between the ages of six and fifteen. Most have been there for the last five years and many with advanced TB.

The four long years that BIF<sup>13</sup> had worked with the Tajik refugees in northern Afghanistan came to an end in the summer of 1997. By the Grace of Allah (swt), the Communist regime in Tajikistan gave in and signed a peace agreement with the Muslim opposition, ending more than four years of bitter conflict. This is a great victory for the Muslims as they now control around 50 percent of the territory and are partners in the newly formed coalition government.

The Tajik refugees from the neighboring countries have returned to their homes with dignity. Now we can concentrate on projects in Tajikistan that badly need our

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<sup>13</sup> Benevolence International Foundation

assistance like the sanatorium in Kofar Nihon. With the blessings of Allah (swt) and Muslims, we are determined to turn things around in Kofar Nihon. We could, Inshallah<sup>14</sup>, initiate surgeries which are long overdue, provide proper medicine, food and hygiene, fix the building and heating and provide decent salaries for the staff. For Daulat Shah we were too late, but for the remaining 32 children we still have time.

As I was leaving, I gave my pen to Sham-e-Gul to cheer her up. This was the least I could have done. She had smiled and the thought of it still warms my heart. With the pen I also gave her a silent promise that I would leave no stone unturned to see that she and the other children got a decent chance at life.

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<sup>14</sup> If Allah (swt) wills

**Malika Pasha***November 1998*

It was a crisp October morning as I walked into the remains of the home of Malika Pasha in Takhan, a small beautiful village 70 miles South of Dushanbe, the capital of Tajikistan. She was happy to see us, her children crowding around us, knowing that every month the Foundation's officers deliver their monthly sponsorship money.

I looked around the destroyed house and asked Basheer, our manager, to translate as Malika spoke.

Malika Pasha had every thing before the war. She lived with her husband Khaleel and five children—four girls and a boy. Khaleel earned a modest living working as a commercial driver.

As war erupted in Tajikistan in 1992, the communists prepared to attack the Muslim villages. Khaleel stayed behind to fight and sent his family further south of the country. Malika left with Shamsi, 14; Jamal, 12; Mahistan, 9; Mahbano, 7 and Zeba, a mere 2 years old.

The war escalated and ten of thousands of refugees crossed into Afghanistan. Many thousands perished in front of the Advancing Communist army while thousands drowned trying to cross the river Umu between Tajikistan and Afghanistan.

Malika made it safely with all her children. It was not long when the devastating news came: Khaleel was dead—mercilessly killed by the Communists—and the house burnt to the ground. He was quietly buried, Malika was told, in the village graveyard.

Only 35 years old, Malika was now a widow with five children and a new life of hardship in the refugee camps.

She sent Jamal and Mahbano with a heavy heart to orphanages in Pakistan with a hope that they would learn Islam and for another obvious reason: she would only have three children to feed. In the next few months she married Shamsi—only 15 then—to an aspiring young Doctor named Mohammed Shareef. It was a joyous occasion marked by a painful emptiness, as the father of the young bride was absent.

Malika was blessed with a grandson in 1995 in the refugee camp. They named him Mohammed Iqbal.

Life was hard in the camps. Saying goodbye to his wife and his few months old son. Shareef left for Russia to look for a job.

A few months later Shareef became a victim of the crime wave that has gripped Moscow. He later died in a hospital with multiple stab wounds.

Now Malika had another widow in the family; Shamsi was barely eighteen.

After the peace agreement in 1997, along with other refugees, Malika's family returned to what remained of their house. They now make their living in a small room which escaped major damaged. She was able to visit Khaleel's grave, a short walk from her house, for the first time in five long and bitter years.

Zeba is now 8 and knows her father by the few pictures that Malika had managed to salvage. Mahbano, 13 recites Quran beautifully which she had learnt in her 3 years in Pakistan. Mahistan is 15. Jamal, 18 is in an Islamic school in Pakistan. Now 20 years old, Shamsi is chronically ill due to some infection she contracted in Afghanistan. The only one to escape the torturous memories is the three-year-old Iqbal. He will have to wait a few more years to understand the havoc that has wrecked his family.

We have started a project to build the houses of families such as Malika's.

We can't bring back the loved ones for Malika's family—or other such families—or reverse the clock. Building homes is the least we can do for the children of those who died fighting for Allah (swt) and Islam.

**Sham-e-Gul Again!***November 1998*

As I approached her bed, Sham-e-Gul woke up and squinted—it was a bright day and sunlight was streaming into the ward from the large windows. The startled look in her eyes slowly changed to recognition.

I had first met her in Kofar Nihon, a village 15 miles from Dushanbe, almost a year ago. She was the youngest of 32 children with advanced TB in a war-damaged hospital. With no electricity for several years, no heating, shortage of staff, food and medicine, the children—many of them orphans with no place to go—had started to die. I had given her my pen with a promise that I would leave no stone unturned to see that she and the other children got a decent chance at life.

Now 11 long months later, I looked around the brightly-lit ward of neatly lined beds with clean linen. I could smell the freshly painted walls. 15 children slept peacefully. Now there is no shortage of food or medicine. The repair on the wrecked heating system has started, which means heating for the hospital for the first time in 5 years. I could hear the clamor of the workers repairing the remaining part of the hospital.

It had been a struggle. Within a month of my return from the last trip, we had moved our staff from Afghanistan to Tajikistan and recruited new officers including Dr. Nazr-ul-Islam, a surgeon from England. With Kofar Nihon continually under heavy fighting, we shifted our focus to a similarly neglected Hospital in relatively safer Dushanbe—only to find what relative safety meant when one of our officers was shot and killed. We decided not to give up.

Taking the hospital from the Ministry of health, we started the repairs. BIF<sup>15</sup> started to provide food, medicine, lab facilities, salaries and the operating costs. We serve 52 children with TB between the ages of 3 to 14 years.

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<sup>15</sup> Benevolence International Foundation

I asked Sham-e-Gul about the pen that I had given her. She broke into an embarrassed laughter: she had lost it.

By the grace of Allah (swt)—and to the astonishment of the doctors—she recovered from her paralyses. I believe that it had more to do with the prayers of the Muslims who had come to know her than medicine. I asked her if she could walk for me. When she nodded, I helped her out of bed. She hesitantly took the first step and slowly walked the length of the room.

I handed her the picture that I had taken with her the previous year. She held it in both her hands for a few moments then looked up and studied my face carefully, as if confirming whether I was indeed the same person. She said she wanted to keep the picture and asked me not to leave. I was saddened, as I didn't know where her parents were or whether they were alive. I promised her that I would come again.

I walked out with tears of gratitude to Allah (swt) and the Muslims who by their generosity helped me fulfill a promise made in a far-away, war-ravaged land to a seven-year-old ill girl— Sham-e-Gul.

**Basheer: A friend's farewell**

*March, 1999*

The assassin didn't have to wait for long in the cold winter morning: Basheer was seldom late.

I was in Florida raising funds when the news came. It was a shock: I was with him just a couple of months ago. The sequence of events, as they probably occurred, flashed into my mind.

Basheer had to be in the office in Dushanbe—the capital of Tajikistan—by 8:00 AM to let the other officers in. Dawlat Baig picked him up at 7:40 AM, 100 hundred meters from his apartment in the suburbs. Facing a wholesale market, the street is very busy in the morning. I had accompanied Dawlat Baig a number of times. As we would pull up the car, Basheer would appear out of the sea of people, walking fast with long purposeful strides with an air of confidence and mission. To be at the intersection on time he would have left at least 5 minutes earlier, putting him in the line of fire at precisely 7:35 AM on Monday, January 11, 1999.

The first time I met him was at the Tajik refugee-camps in Afghanistan in 1997. He was tall, slim and strongly built. He had become fluent in Persian and wore traditional Afghan dresses. What gave him away were his strong Arab-Berber features. A smile was never far from his stern face, which spoke of years of struggle and hardship.

The oldest son of a government officer, he came from a village 200 miles from the capital of Algeria. He gave up his studies in Engineering to help out in Afghanistan during the Soviet invasion. He later joined BIF<sup>16</sup> to provide relief assistance to the Tajik refugees in Afghanistan.

Life was hard in the camps in Kunduz and Takhar—the northern Afghan provinces bordering Tajikistan—with no electricity, running water or communication with the outside world. Food and medicines were always limited. Malaria, Typhoid and TB were close to assuming epidemic proportions. Basheer was going down with Typhoid every year, spending weeks in bed.

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<sup>16</sup> Benevolence Int'l Foundation

Kunduz was a lawless area then. A few months prior to my trip, bandits had fired at his jeep, narrowly missing him. None of these challenges had shaken his resolve.

I once asked him how he managed to stay there for five years. “I can’t see myself deserting these people.” He had said: “I see myself as holding a post. If we leave, the vultures will come in.” He was referring to some of the secular organizations. Alarmed by the return of the Tajik refugees to Islam, they were trying to get the Muslim relief organizations to leave. These organizations had one camp in their control where they distributed music and movies while the children in the Muslim-run camps learned Quran.

He had kept in touch with his family through letters, which would take up to six months to get to Algeria from the forgotten Mountains of Afghanistan. Basheer’s younger brother, whom he had last seen as a young boy, was in college now. One of his sisters had gotten married. We decided to arrange for a phone call. Using a wireless set, we connected via radio to Peshawar and then through telephone to Algeria. It was a joyous occasion, as the family hadn’t heard his voice in five years. They initially failed to recognize him as out of emotion, he could only speak in his adopted Persian. He had broken down during the call and wept.

Basheer managed a staff of 24 Tajik Muslims in the refugee camps and I could see the love and respect that flowed towards him. I didn’t have a shred of doubt that these Tajiks could have easily stood in the line of fire for him.

He was like a father to the orphans who had known him for 5 years and loved him dearly. Some, who were orphaned very young, didn’t know their fathers but they knew Basheer. I asked some of the young orphans—I didn’t ask the older kids, as they understood—where the money for their sponsorship came from. They pointed to Basheer. I explained that Basheer was just an officer and the money came from the Muslims in the US. They weren’t convinced: it was Basheer who cared for them and had been with them for years. To those little, simple minds that was what really mattered. I gave up. I wish I could tell them now that Basheer gave much more than care: he ultimately gave his life.

This dedication and compassion endeared Basheer to the Tajik Muslims. He loved them and yes, they loved him. He had gradually become an inalienable part of the Tajik cause, a hero who had come from a far away land. As the Tajik Muslims

struggled in their war against the Communists, Basheer stood by them, supporting their orphans, running clinics, sharing their joy and wiping their tears. His presence whispered to the Tajiks, 'I believe in you and your struggle. Don't give up.'

A cease-fire took hold and there were reports that the refugees may move back to Tajikistan. Basheer asked me whether we would move BIF into Tajikistan. I told him that we were thinking about it. "If BIF goes into Tajikistan, I would like to continue with you." He said. I asked him what he would do if we didn't move in. He paused. "I belong to the Tajik struggle. I will go to Tajikistan with the refugees."

In the summer of 1997, the refugees started moving back into Tajikistan bringing an end to the five years of exile. Deciding to start work in Tajikistan, we established an office for BIF in Dushanbe in November of 1997 and later arranged for Basheer and the staff to move from Afghanistan.

A few months after moving to Dushanbe, Basheer married a Tajik sister by the name of Sadbarg—the only child of a local family. The mother requested Basheer to move in their apartment where they had lived for so long. She was widowed in this apartment when Sadbarg was very young. Basheer agreed.

The Muslims signed a peace agreement with the Russian backed Government and the overall situation started to improve.

We took Dr. Nazr-ul-Islam—a surgeon from England—to Dushanbe and established a TB hospital for children. Furthermore, we continued with the sponsorship of the orphans; started supporting families of men disabled in the war and started rebuilding homes of orphan families destroyed during the war.

A group of young sisters, who had set up an Islamic study group in Dushanbe, approached us for help. Concluding that the sisters were high on enthusiasm but low on knowledge, we decided to teach them the fundamentals of Islam and prepare them to reach out to more women in Dushanbe.

We gave Nurudin—a graduate of the Islamic University in Medina<sup>17</sup>—the charge of the program.

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<sup>17</sup> A holy city in Saudi Arabia

Nurudin had come to Afghanistan in 1993 and had set up an Islamic School for Tajik students in the refugee camps. This is when Basheer and Nurudin became friends. After the cease-fire, Nurudin had moved independently to Tajikistan where he had also married a Tajik sister. He had started some Dawah<sup>18</sup> programs in the mosques in and around Dushanbe.

When we decided to sponsor the Sister's Dawah program, Nurudin was like a gift from Allah (swt): he was there; married to a local sister; spoke fluent Persian and above all, was a gifted scholar.

The classes started in March of 1998 with a group of 32 sisters and 20 brothers.

Unfortunately, the political situation started deteriorating. Soon it became apparent that a cold war was taking shape fueled by the Secular and Communists elements to undermine the Islamic movement in Tajikistan.

On June 15, 1998, only three months since the start of classes, Nurudin was shot and martyred outside his apartment. Only 36, he left behind a pregnant wife and a four-month old daughter, Asma.

No one claimed responsibility and the Tajik Government denied any involvement. 'Could it have been the Russian intelligence?' we were left wondering, 'Or could it be the breakaway Communist faction—which had split from the Government—and violently opposes the peace agreement?'

Nurudin was also involved in Dawah programs in some of the mosques in and around Dushanbe, an activity he had started even before joining us. Also, his brother-in-law was a known commander of the Muslim troops.

The shroud of mystery surrounding Nurudin's death left us all guessing. The only thing confirmed was that he was killed for being identified as a Muslim activist but how much his death had to do with working for BIF, we could not tell. We were faced with a question: 'should we pull out of Tajikistan on the basis of our unconfirmed

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<sup>18</sup> Calling towards Allah

suspicions?’ By the grace of Allah (swt), our work was directly saving lives in the TB hospital.

We immediately froze all Dawah activities. Our staff of 9 people in Dushanbe included two foreigners so we had reasons to be worried.

Our CEO traveled to the area and told both Basheer and Dr. Islam that they could leave if they wanted to. Both refused saying that we need not worry since we were no longer involved with Dawah and the relief services being offered to Dushanbe were badly needed. Soon a contract was signed between BIF and the Ministry of Health, finalizing the administration of the TB hospital. With all Dawah activities frozen and only relief projects remaining, we reasoned that the anti-Islamic elements—if indeed they were behind Nurudin’s death—would surely back off.

I arrived in Dushanbe for three weeks in September of 1998 to restructure the operations, gather information and personally evaluate the situation. Everything appeared under control.

Our office in Dushanbe faces the parliament building in the Independence Square. A statue of Firdousi, a famous Persian poet, stares down at the beautiful gardens lining the main street. In these gardens are small cafés where one can dine on a lunch of rice and Kabab<sup>19</sup> on tables scattered under the tall trees. Basheer and I would walk down, have lunch and talk. Surrounded by the rustle of leaves in the autumn breeze, we would spend hours talking with the snow-capped Pamir Mountains in the background. These meetings are now memories to be cherished for the rest of my life. We talked about a lot of things: our time spent together in Afghanistan, our families, BIF, the political situation and our plans for the future. I was amused with Basheer’s accounts of adjusting with his in-laws and how they were adjusting to him as a foreigner. They were impressed with his honesty and commitment to a cause. He was investing a great deal of time with Sadbarg and was very proud that she was quickly picking up Islamic knowledge.

In one such meeting I asked him why he didn’t leave Tajikistan after the death of Nurudin. “My mother-in-law would be left alone.” He said. I smiled. We both knew that there was more to it. I was also his manager and he was aware that I could have asked him to leave. He was careful in wording his answer. “Look Suleman,” he was

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<sup>19</sup> Grilled meat

very serious and thoughtful, “you know that I have given myself to this cause. I know that I am in Tajikistan for no other reason but for Allah (swt),” then he paused, “and if I were to die, I have the confidence of knowing that I shall be a Shaheed<sup>20</sup>.”

We visited the grave of Nurudin in Dushanbe. I fought tears as I read Fatiha<sup>21</sup>; the death of the Sahaba<sup>22</sup> dying for Allah (swt) in far away lands came to my mind. ‘Nureddin’ I felt like saying softly, ‘you left too high a standard for us to follow.’ Little did I know that in a couple of months Basheer—then standing by my very side— would also be brought here.

Basheer was shot at point blank range. I can conjure an image of his assassin, most likely a local Tajik clad in a black suit—so common in Dushanbe—walking up to him as he stepped out of his home. Alone and unarmed, Basheer stood no chance and was hit a total of 7 times in the chest and the head. The \$600 in his pocket—a lot of money in poverty stricken Tajikistan—were not touched. I could envision the residents filing into the street on hearing the shots including Sadbarg and her mother.

Basheer was 34, at an age when most of us start thinking seriously about life. It would take us lifetimes to do what he did in his last 12 years.

For Sadbarg—who had lost her father when young—he would be a dream forever: a young handsome man who came from continents away to struggle along her people; who married her; led her closer to Allah (swt); gave her joy and walked out of her home one fine morning never to return.

For us he was and will remain an inspiration, a statement that this world is worthless in front of the hereafter and if it takes our lives to establish Islam, then so be it.

While we talk, write and lecture about sacrificing for Allah (swt) and Islam, Basheer lived it and etched it in history with his blood. He was a true embodiment

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<sup>20</sup> One who dies for the cause of Islam

<sup>21</sup> A chapter from the Quran

<sup>22</sup> Companions of the Prophet Mohammed (sas)

of the statement that ‘a faith not worth dying for is not worth living for.’

He leaves behind in his legacy one more reason for us to struggle for the dream both he and Nurudin gave their lives for—to return Muslims to the arms of Islam from the torturous clutches of Colonialism and Communism.

Basheer, may Allah accept your shahada<sup>23</sup>. (Ameen)

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<sup>23</sup> Death for the cause of Islam

**“I Have A Dream”****Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.**

I am happy to join with you today in what will go down in history as the greatest demonstration for freedom in the history of our nation.

Five score years ago, a great American, in whose symbolic shadow we stand today, signed the Emancipation Proclamation. This momentous decree came as a great beacon light of hope to millions of Negro slaves who had been seared in the flames of withering injustice. It came as a joyous daybreak to end the long night of their captivity.

But one hundred years later, the Negro still is not free. One hundred years later, the life of the Negro is still sadly crippled by the manacles of segregation and the chains of discrimination. One hundred years later, the Negro lives on a lonely island of poverty in the midst of a vast ocean of material prosperity. One hundred years later, the Negro is still languished in the corners of American society and finds himself an exile in his own land. And so we've come here today to dramatize a shameful condition.

In a sense we've come to our nation's capital to cash a check. When the architects of our republic wrote the magnificent words of the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, they were signing a promissory note to which every American was to fall heir. This note was a promise that all men, yes, black men as well as white men, would be guaranteed the "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." It is obvious today that America has defaulted on this promissory note, insofar as her citizens of color are concerned. Instead of honoring this sacred obligation, America has given the Negro people a bad check, a check which has come back marked "insufficient funds."

But we refuse to believe that the bank of justice is bankrupt. We refuse to believe that there are insufficient funds in the great vaults of opportunity of this nation. And so, we've come to cash this check, a check that will give us upon demand the riches of freedom and the security of justice.

We have also come to this hallowed spot to remind America of the fierce urgency of Now.

This is no time to engage in the luxury of cooling off or to take the tranquilizing drug of gradualism. Now is the time to make real the promises of democracy. Now is the time to rise from the dark and desolate valley of segregation to the sunlit path of racial justice. Now is the time to lift our nation from the quicksands of racial injustice to the solid rock of brotherhood. Now is the time to make justice a reality for all of God's children.

It would be fatal for the nation to overlook the urgency of the moment. This sweltering summer of the Negro's legitimate discontent will not pass until there is an invigorating autumn of freedom and equality. Nineteen sixty-three is not an end, but a beginning. And those who hope that the Negro needed to blow off steam and will now be content will have a rude awakening if the nation returns to business as usual. And there will be neither rest nor tranquility in America until the Negro is granted his citizenship rights. The whirlwinds of revolt will continue to shake the foundations of our nation until the bright day of justice emerges.

But there is something that I must say to my people, who stand on the warm threshold which leads into the palace of justice: In the process of gaining our rightful place, we must not be guilty of wrongful deeds. Let us not seek to satisfy our thirst for freedom by drinking from the cup of bitterness and hatred. We must forever conduct our struggle on the high plane of dignity and discipline. We must not allow our creative protest to degenerate into physical violence. Again and again, we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force.

The marvelous new militancy which has engulfed the Negro community must not lead us to a distrust of all white people, for many of our white brothers, as evidenced by their presence here today, have come to realize that their destiny is tied up with our destiny. And they have come to realize that their freedom is inextricably bound to our freedom.

We cannot walk alone.

And as we walk, we must make the pledge that we shall always march ahead.

We cannot turn back.

There are those who are asking the devotees of civil rights, "When will you be satisfied?" We can never be satisfied as long as the Negro is the victim of the

unspeakable horrors of police brutality. We can never be satisfied as long as our bodies, heavy with the fatigue of travel, cannot gain lodging in the motels of the highways and the hotels of the cities. We cannot be satisfied as long as the negro's basic mobility is from a smaller ghetto to a larger one. We can never be satisfied as long as our children are stripped of their self-hood and robbed of their dignity by a sign stating: "For Whites Only." We cannot be satisfied as long as a Negro in Mississippi cannot vote and a Negro in New York believes he has nothing for which to vote. No, no, we are not satisfied, and we will not be satisfied until "justice rolls down like waters, and righteousness like a mighty stream."

I am not unmindful that some of you have come here out of great trials and tribulations. Some of you have come fresh from narrow jail cells. And some of you have come from areas where your quest -- quest for freedom left you battered by the storms of persecution and staggered by the winds of police brutality. You have been the veterans of creative suffering. Continue to work with the faith that unearned suffering is redemptive. Go back to Mississippi, go back to Alabama, go back to South Carolina, go back to Georgia, go back to Louisiana, go back to the slums and ghettos of our northern cities, knowing that somehow this situation can and will be changed.

Let us not wallow in the valley of despair, I say to you today, my friends.

And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the American dream.

I have a dream that one day this nation will rise up and live out the true meaning of its creed: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal."

I have a dream that one day on the red hills of Georgia, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slave owners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I have a dream that one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with the heat of injustice, sweltering with the heat of oppression, will be transformed into an oasis of freedom and justice.

I have a dream that my four little children will one day live in a nation where they will not be judged by the color of their skin but by the content of their character.

I have a *dream* today!

I have a dream that one day, down in Alabama, with its vicious racists, with its governor having his lips dripping with the words of "interposition" and "nullification" -- one day right there in Alabama little black boys and black girls will be able to join hands with little white boys and white girls as sisters and brothers.

I have a *dream* today!

I have a dream that one day every valley shall be exalted, and every hill and mountain shall be made low, the rough places will be made plain, and the crooked places will be made straight; "and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed and all flesh shall see it together."

This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back to the South with.

With this faith, we will be able to hew out of the mountain of despair a stone of hope. With this faith, we will be able to transform the jangling discords of our nation into a beautiful symphony of brotherhood. With this faith, we will be able to work together, to pray together, to struggle together, to go to jail together, to stand up for freedom together, knowing that we will be free one day.

And this will be the day -- this will be the day when all of God's children will be able to sing with new meaning:

*My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountainside, let freedom ring!*

And if America is to be a great nation, this must become true.

And so let freedom ring from the prodigious hilltops of New Hampshire.  
Let freedom ring from the mighty mountains of New York.  
Let freedom ring from the heightening Alleghenies of Pennsylvania.  
Let freedom ring from the snow-capped Rockies of Colorado.  
Let freedom ring from the curvaceous slopes of California.  
But not only that:  
Let freedom ring from Stone Mountain of Georgia.

Let freedom ring from Lookout Mountain of Tennessee.  
Let freedom ring from every hill and molehill of Mississippi.

From every mountainside, let freedom ring.

And when this happens, when we allow freedom ring, when we let it ring from every village and every hamlet, from every state and every city, we will be able to speed up that day when *all* of God's children, black men and white men, Jews and Gentiles, Protestants and Catholics, will be able to join hands and sing in the words of the old Negro spiritual:

*Free at last! Free at last!*

Thank *God* Almighty, we are free at last!

## محاصرہ ادرنہ

یورپ میں جس گھڑی حق و باطل کی چھڑ گئی  
حق خنجر آزمائی پہ مجبور ہو گیا

گرد صلیب گرد قمر حلقہ زن ہوئی  
شکری حصار درنہ میں محصور ہو گیا

مسلم سپاہیوں کے ذخیرے ہوئے تمام  
روئے امید آنکھ سے مستور ہو گیا

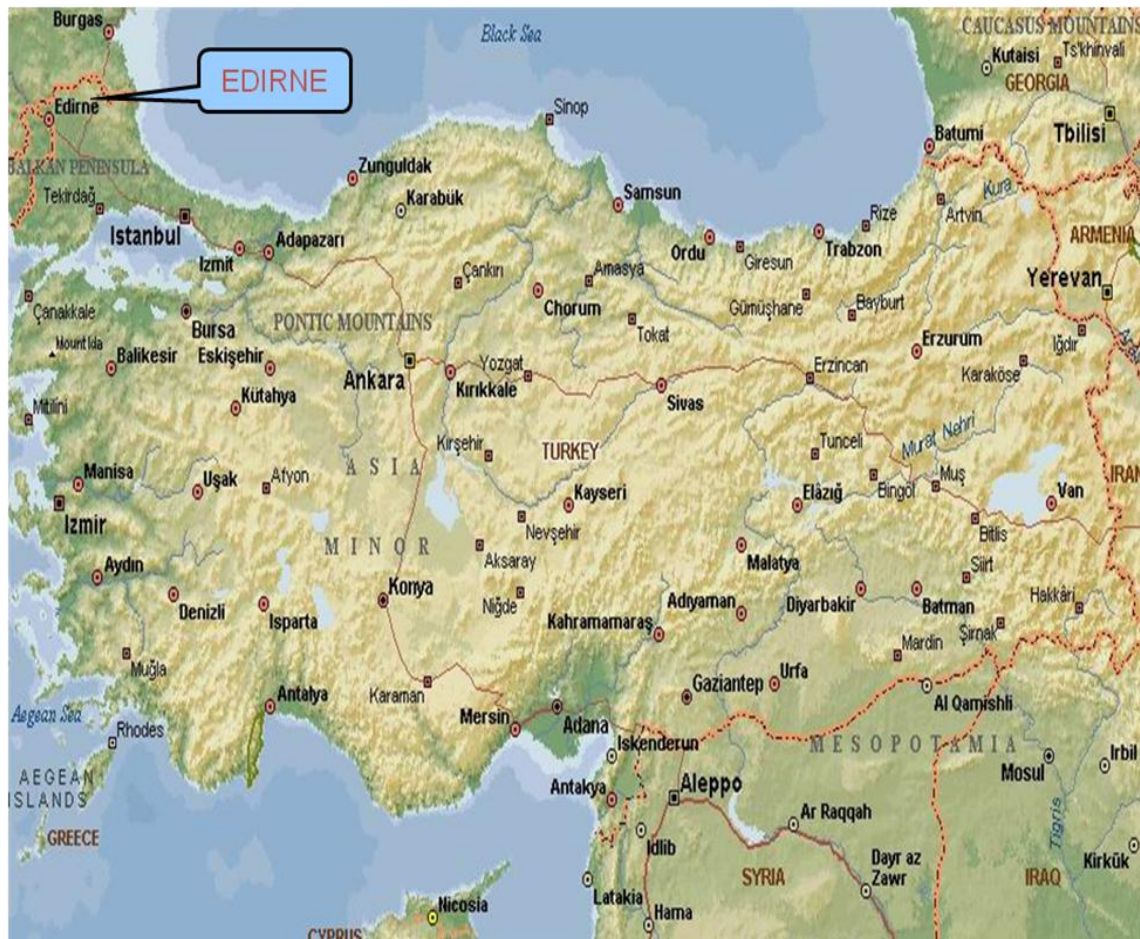
آخر امیر عسکر ترکی کے حکم سے  
آئین جنگ ، شہر کا دستور ہو گیا

ہر شے ہوئی ذخیرہ لشکر میں منتقل  
شاہیں گدائے دانہ عصفور ہو گیا

لیکن فقیہ شہر نے جس دم سنی یہ بات  
گرما کے مثل صاعقہ طور ہو گیا

’ذمی کا مال لشکر مسلم پہ ہے حرام‘  
فتویٰ تمام شہر میں مشہور ہو گیا

چھوٹی نہ تھی یہود و نصاریٰ کا مال فوج  
مسلم ، خدا کے حکم سے مجبور ہو گیا



## **Appendix A: About Suleman Ahmer**

Suleman's interest in the power of visions to transform organizations has resulted in consulting work with groups in Pakistan, the UAE and the US. He has consulted with both local and multinational organizations. Suleman has taught the fundamentals of Visions, Leadership and Time Management to thousands of individuals in Bahrain, Kuwait, Malaysia, Pakistan, Qatar, Saudi Arabia, the UAE and the US.

Suleman founded Timerunners, Inc. in Chicago in 1999; Timelenders, Inc. in Boston and Karachi in 2002 and Timelenders FZE in the UAE in 2007. Through Timelenders, Suleman teaches courses such as Strategic Time Management and Strategic Visions. The list of companies trained includes global giants such as GSK, Nestle, Pfizer, Philips, Siemens, Total and Telenor.

Before founding Timelenders, Suleman was associated with two Chicago based international relief organizations providing relief to areas affected by wars. He has served in six war zones including Bosnia, Croatia and Chechnya. He has traveled to over 25 countries. Suleman draws inspiration from his international relief experience and his background in research.

Suleman is an award winning author and his relief experiences are captured in 'The Embattled Innocence' published in the US and Pakistan.

His articles on geopolitics and history have appeared in prestigious magazines in the US such as The Washington Post for Middle East Affairs. He has spoken on these topics at over 40 US universities including the Harvard University, MIT, Emory, the University of Pennsylvania and Rutgers.

Suleman is an engineering graduate of the University of Nebraska and has done research with the US Air Force and the US Navy in solid state physics.

## Appendix B: Reference Books

### Fundamentals of leadership

1. Al Raheeq al Makhtoom *by Shaikh Mubarakpuri*
2. The autobiography of Malcolm X
3. Tareekh-e-Dawat-o-Azeemat *by Maulana Ali Hasan Ali Nadwi*
4. Bang-e-Dara *by Dr. Mohammed Iqbal*
5. The Embattled Innocence *by Suleman Abmer*

### Character

1. Tableegh-e-Deen *by Imam Ghazali*

### Sharing

1. Getting to Yes *by William Ury*
2. Made to Stick *by Chip and Dan Heath*
3. Bridging Differences *by Suleman Abmer*

### Facilitation

1. Strategic Time Management *by Suleman Abmer*
2. Strategic Visions *by Suleman Abmer*

## Comments/Suggestions

Thanks for being with us at this workshop. We at Timelenders would appreciate your comments and suggestions regarding this workshop. This input would help us improve. Thanks!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

**Designation:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Company:**\_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

**Email:**\_\_\_\_\_

OFFICIAL	
Type of Workshop:	
Company	
Dates	
Venue	
Trainer	
Event Mgr	

**Please write your comments/suggestions in the box below:**



Please highlight the number which best describes your impressions during this program

**Key**

5	Excellent
4	Very Good
3	Good
2	Fair
1	Poor

**Methodology and Approach**

Poor

Excellent

Relevance of course content to my needs	1	2	3	4	5
Pace of program	1	2	3	4	5
Course content was stimulating and exciting	1	2	3	4	5
Understood ideas	1	2	3	4	5
Understood how to put ideas into practice	1	2	3	4	5
Quality of Training material and Handouts	1	2	3	4	5
Overall course rating	1	2	3	4	5

**Logistics**

Quality of Food and other arrangements	1	2	3	4	5
Room were comfortable (Hotel Residents only)	1	2	3	4	5

**Name of the trainer:**

Presentation of subject	1	2	3	4	5
Depth of knowledge expressed	1	2	3	4	5
Ability to make the program interactive	1	2	3	4	5
Delivery	1	2	3	4	5
Ability to explain	1	2	3	4	5
Ability to answer questions with relevance	1	2	3	4	5
<b>Overall Rating of Trainer (1 through 5)</b>	1	2	3	4	5

<b>Overall Rating of the Program</b>	1	2	3	4	5
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*(For Corporate Clients only)*

Would you like to be notified regarding our upcoming workshops via sms & email?

☐ Yes

☐ No

Give your opinion about the trainer. Give strengths and areas of improvement

Strength	Area of Improvement

**Thank you**

**Please suggest any other person(s) that you think would benefit or be interested in this workshop.**

Name:

Date:

<b>S. No</b>	<b>Name</b>	<b>Relationship</b>	<b>Email / Phone</b>
1.			
2.			
3.			
4.			
5.			
6.			
7.			
8.			
9.			

## Quiz A on Effective Leadership through Character

1. State the three elements of strategic time management:
  - a.
  - b.
  - c.
2. What is the key operational characteristic behind inspiration in leadership?
  - a. Vision
  - b. Competence
  - c. Character
  - d. Barakah
3. At a conscious level, we cannot do multi-processing. (True/False)
4. The interesting thing about complex DMRs is that once developed they apply consistently. (True/False)
5. Wrong Repetitive thought DMRs and motor DMRs are Class A DMRs that can be overcome by developing counter DMRs. (True/False)
6. Majority of psychologists say that our mind works on three levels. (True/False)
7. There are two types of motor DMRs. (True/False)
8. Our behavior is a prisoner of our DMRs. (True/False)
9. Our conscious mind can perform multi (i)\_\_\_\_\_ but not multi (ii)\_\_\_\_\_.
10. Slicing/Time Sharing are other names for \_\_\_\_\_.
11. Behavior = Instinct DMRs + Thought DMRs + \_\_\_\_\_ + \_\_\_\_\_.

12. To learn your route to a particular destination is an example of:
- Motor DMR
  - Instinct DMR
  - Instant Thought DMR
  - Repetitive Thought DMR
13. Nuruddin was unable to live a meaningful life because he died early and hence could not achieve his vision in life. (True/False)
14. Basheer replied, “I see myself as holding a post. If we leave, the vultures will come in.” when he was asked how he managed to stay there for five years. What does the word ‘vulture’ referring to? (Soviets/Communists)
15. Who was a true embodiment of the statement “a faith not worth dying for is not worth living for” in the Central Asian stories?
- Sadbarg
  - Nuruddin
  - Basheer
  - Dr. Nazir

## **Worksheet: Case studies**

Vision:

---

Matching Character Traits

Worksheet: Strategy for developing character traits

Character Trait	Applicable Areas	Practitioners	Masters
	1.		
	2.		

**Worksheet: Matching character traits with vision**

---

Role/ Department:

---

Vision:

---

5 matching character traits:

## **Worksheet: Case studies**

Vision:

---

Matching Character Traits

**Worksheet: Strategy for developing character traits**

Character Trait	Applicable Areas	Practitioners	Masters
	1.		
	2.		

**Worksheet: Matching character traits with vision**

---

Role/ Department:

---

Vision:

---

5 matching character traits: