



Travel To The Final Destiny

Travel To The Final Destiny

Autobiography of a Memon

Documenting our heritage and culture is one of our responsibility. This, I documented after many years of research and published our history, History of Memons in 2006. As I turned 60 my granddaughter Tisha Noor turned 7. On my birthday, she reminded me that I was too old in her mind. I felt healthy and with US standards, I was just turning towards my middle age. Yet, as a reminder, I promised myself that I would start documenting my life experiences before it is too late and as I write, I will also document the lessons learned from my own mistakes that can help next generations in avoiding those mistakes.

My brother-in-law Mahmood Kamdar, who I treat as my own brother, took me to the Graveyard. It was very difficult to see Dad's Grave who was now under the rabbles of dirt. I guess this is our :

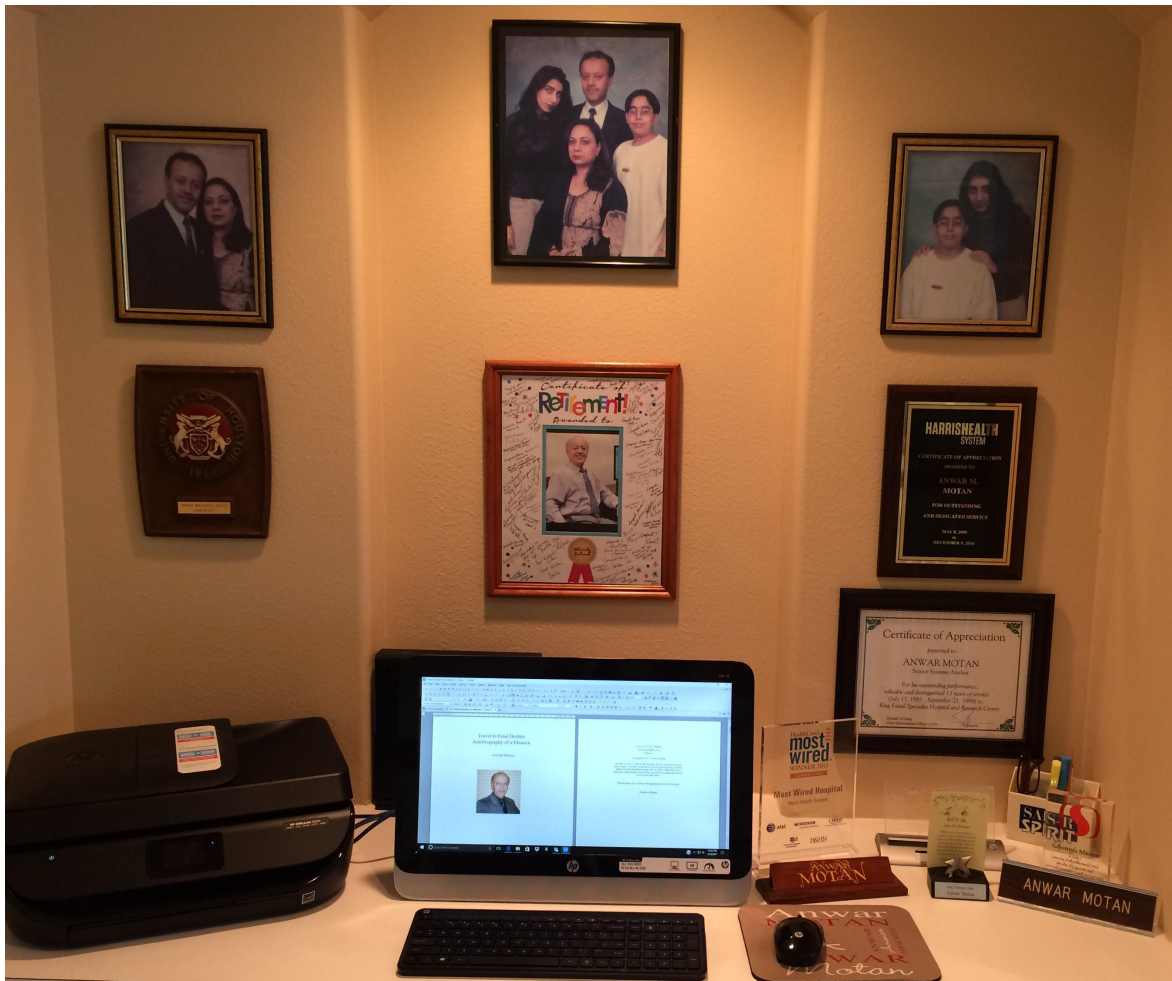
Travel to the Final Destiny

One day you are alive and well and next moment you have to go and leave this world forever. There is no return back no matter how healthy or wealthy you are? Your last breath was written when you were conceived in your mother's womb.

Anwar Motan

Anwar Motan

Travel to the Final Destiny: Autobiography of a Memon



Lessons Learned

Travel to the Final Destiny: Autobiography of a Memon

Anwar Motan



Travel to the Final
Destiny:
Autobiography of a
Memon

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*This Book is
dedicated to my
wife and my
friend Yasmin
Shawoo who
became Yasmin
Motan for me
and the family of
Mohammad
Abdul Karim
Moton*

*Many Thanks to Dr. Robert Hobson for
spending his valuable time to edit this book.*

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*Front and back covers were designed by
My son-in-law
Tauseef Adnan Ghazi
S/o Ret Lt General Tariq Waseem Ghazi, Former Secretary of Defense of
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PREFACE

Documenting one's heritage, especially when it has been neglected for hundreds of years, is a considerable responsibility. I undertook to tell my people's story after many years of research and published it as *History of Memons* in 2006. On my 60th birthday, my granddaughter Tisha Noor, who was 7 at the time, frankly informed me that I was getting old. But I felt healthy and, by US standards, I was just entering middle age. Nevertheless, I promised myself that I would start documenting my life experiences before it was too late and that as I wrote, I would also document the lessons learned from the mistakes I made along the way to help future generations avoid duplicating them. I also made up my mind that I would ask for early retirement at age 62, after 44 years in the workforce, not counting my work in Pakistan, where I had started work earlier in life. Therefore, I notified my boss two years in advance of my decision. Retiring early has allowed me more time to spend with my grand kids and also to document my life experiences. I was earlier blessed when I took consulting work in Saudi Arabia. At the time, my two children were 4 1/2 and 2 years of age. The opportunity gave both my wife Yasmin and I more time to go on vacations with our own kids and see the world while we were young and healthy.

Culture and religion are separate entities, yet our own society prefers to continue with the cultural misconceptions and non-religious thinking that leads to mistreatment of their daughters-in-law. Barbarous behavior is also extended to some boys or girls when there are too many children in an underprivileged family. The abuse of children has become a virus in our society and for unknown reasons continues to grow even today. The respect for elders is a religious obligation; however, discriminating against the daughter-in-law is a cultural behavior that will only be eliminated when parents and religious leaders begin to think rationally and accept scientific facts.

The ill treatment of some boys and girls results in long term psychiatric problems that leave those children depressed and filled with resentment for the rest of their lives. Adults who engage in abusive behaviors can be treated with 21st century

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clinical methods, though, unfortunately, acknowledgment and treatment of these behaviors as mental disorders has been considered taboo by our society.

My wife became the victim of my mother as well as one of my brother and a sister, even though most of our lives we lived outside Pakistan. The impact has been so bad that Yasmin refuses to associate with those members of our family. Somehow, my dad knew of the mistreatment but did not speak at the time. Even though my mom realized the damage she had done in her later life and sincerely asked for Yasmin's forgiveness, the scars remain deep slow to heal.

While writing this is the most difficult task, I pray to Allah (God) to guide me to accurately compile the experiences of my life, as well as write some meaningful lessons learned. I am proud of my wife who has helped me to remember by opening the memory cells from those days so that I might accurately document the facts. For many years, I used to write in my diary every night before going to sleep. Unfortunately, when I moved to Saudi Arabia, I accidentally left the diary at my parents' place, which was sold along with the newspapers. My wife has been very patient when I am dividing my time between finishing this book, resuming my part time job, and also maintaining my own pharmaceuticals export business to Myanmar (Burma).

I am also thankful once again to Dr. Robert Hobson for dedicating his time to editing this book, as well as my previous book, *History of Memons*.

To all my family members, please remember me in your prayers as you read this book. Please realize how important it is to keep yourself busy with your immediate family and turn a deaf ear to the ones who are against your thinking and practices. My prayers for them as well. May Allah (God) guide me first and them to understand the impact of bad behavior.

In Surah Al-Falaq in Quran, Allah the Almighty tells us to seek refuge with Allah from all evils and evil eye:

__“And from the evil of the envier when he envies”__.

وَمِن شَرِّ حَاسِدٍ إِذَا حَسَدَ

(113:5)

May Allah Almighty protect us all from the evil eye. Amen.

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I request all the readers to please say “Masha Allah,” meaning God Willing as my intention is only to provide guidance to the next generation. **There is no ill intention to demean anyone, but to teach lessons learned from these incidents.** These lessons will help others to avoid those mistakes and hopefully enjoy this life to the fullest.

I forgive everyone who hurt me, but I also learn a lesson I won't hate you, but I'll never get close enough for you to hurt me again. I can't let my forgiveness become foolishness. -Tony Gaskins

When someone isn't smart enough to express their frustration, they use dirty words. *Dirty words describe lack of intelligence*. *Smart people don't use dirty words, because they find it an insult to their intelligence*. - Nouman Ali Khan

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Some Beautiful messages from our teachers of both JMA and BMB Schools:

**A Message from Mahmood Shah Sir for the students of JMA
Jetpur Memon Association School Teacher - 1960 to 1965**

Asalam-o-alekum, Sorry couldn't send you any pictures of JMA. All of you the students of JMA make me proud to see my students achieve successes in life and still be so humble to remember a teacher who taught them only for a short time. Please keep up the good work you are doing and best wishes to all my students.



Mahmood Shah

Note the pictures I sent are from Kaghan valley where I was posted as tourist officer in Abbottabad in 1968 to 1970



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**A Message from Mahmood Yadullahi Sir for the students of JMA
Jetpur Memon Association School Teacher - 1960 to 1965**

Appreciation to efforts of publishing this small book by the student of JMA school of Karachi. It was my great experience working and spending time in this school with most of the Jetpur's community school. The students belong to the most peaceful and obedient citizens from Jetpur. I also greatly appreciate Mr. Anwar Motan who was my brilliant student of Motan family.



There were many students with different attitude and different manner but mostly they were hardworking and peaceful. I wish all my students great success in life. The teachers who were working with me most of them were not from the community but all the teachers were hardworking, regular and sincere. It is my great pleasure that I have a good chance to give this message to my student Anwar Motan his family and all the old students of Jetpur Memon Association School.

S.M. Yadullahi

**A Message from Amjad Ali Sir for the students of BMB
Bombay Memon Brotherhood School Teacher - 1965 to 1970**

It is a great pleasure for me to address my students from 1965 to 1970 through the Book written by one of my talented student of BMB, Anwar Motan, "Travel to the Final Destiny".



This opportunity has only arrived when so many of you have reached and shown your respect and love for me. All along, my intention was always to prepare each one of you to become responsible members of this society. Now that you have grown up and many of you are very successful in several different trades of life through out the world, it is an honor for me to say thank you and keep in touch.

Regards,

Amjad Ali

Teachers and Headmaster:

Bombay Memon Brotherhood School Teacher - 1965 to 1970



Batch 1968 - Sitting L-R Zaman Sir, Qari Ziauddin, Ghafoor Qureshi Sir, Hamza Bhatti Sir, Amjad Ali Sir, Qamaruddin Ahmed Qadri Sir, Mr. Abdul Rehman Chapra, Miss Riaz Majeed, Miss Majeed's mother, Lateef Minhas Sir, Afsar Kamal Sir, xx, Rashid Sir. Sitting in Front, L-R Jameel Ahmed, xx, Shahid Garib, Standing 3rd Row L-R xx, Dilshad Ali, Mazhar Jamal, xx, Yakub Balagaam, Shamim Ahmed, xx, xx, xx, Salim Nazar Ali, Dr. Shahid Rafique, xx, xx Standing 4th - L-R xx, Memood Razak, xx. 5th Row - L-R xx, Rafiq Ahmed (Jameel's brother), xx - Picture taken in 1967

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Ilyas Ahmed, Amjad Ali Sir,
Salim Chapra, Anwar Motan and
Salim Bakali - 2017



**A Message from Hamza Bhatti Sir for the students of BMB
Bombay Memon Brotherhood School Teacher- 1965 to 1967**



After a long time of 50 years, it is a moment of pride and excitement for me to address my old students of BMB school. They are all grown ups, reached high positions and taking lots of responsibilities in life. I feel proud and happy to be a teacher of such bright students.

Mr. Anwar Motan, a brilliant student of BMB school has got his book published, "Travel to the Final Destiny". It is an excellent book and a great achievement for him. I must congratulate him and admire him for all the hard work, and the sacrifices made to complete this book. I know that he will soon have a much larger audience for his work.

The time, spent in BMB school was a wonderful and a peaceful time and a good start for my teaching carrier. Students were nice and they were life long friends. It is my pleasure to have this opportunity to give this message to Anwar Motan and all the old students of BMB school.

Wishing you all the best in life

Mohammad Hamza Bhatti.

Teacher,

Bombay Memon Brotherhood School Teacher - 1965 to 1967

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Dr. Shahid Rafiq, Sir Hamza Bhatti, Mrs Bhatti and Anwar Motan in Houston.
2016



Class of 1970 - Picture was taken in 1973, a year after I left for US

Standing: LtoR: Zafar Ali, Zubair Vali, Salim Chapra, Amin Saleh, Farook Wadiwala, Farook Mohammad, Aslam Merchant, Ilyas Ahmed.

Sitting LtoR: Hanif Suleman, Faisal Jeelani, Shakoor Khatri, Farook Habib, Ashraf Moton, Sarim Farouqi, Moazim Ali Qadri, Fareed-ur-Rehman

Teachers Playing Basket Ball. Bhatti Sir watching while Amjad Sir trying to basket
=>



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<= TEACHERS: LTOR: GHAFOR SIR, RASHID SIR, BHATTI SIR, YAKUB SIR, AMJAD SIR



The way we were in 1973 and in 2004



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Salim Chapra
and Ilyas
Ahmed invited
class mates
and teachers of
BMB in 2015.
Amjad Ali Sir,
Miss
Hussanara ,
Miss Zubaida
and Miss
Zohra and
several
students

Anwar Motan

12527 Juniper Crossing, Houston, TX 77041, USA October, 2017

CHAPTER 1

▼

THE DREAM

I was born in Karachi, Pakistan, the eldest of the 10 children of Mohammad and Momin Motan. My parents migrated from a village called Jetpur in India, when India was divided into the two nations of India and Pakistan in 1947. We are thirteenth generation Muslims, converted from Hindus, with a basic belief in oneness of God, five prayers per day, 2 1/2% charities from savings every year (Zakat), 30 days of fasting in Ramadan, and a once in a lifetime pilgrimage to Makkah, financial resources permitting. Karachi is the biggest town, with over 30 miles of shoreline. The British had built some nice beaches where I enjoyed my childhood. I played cricket and enjoyed swimming.

Because my family was very poor, I had to start work at the age of 16. I started working on Lathe machines in a machine shop and later worked as a Steno-typist. When I was in my first year at DJ Science College in Karachi, a cousin of mine came to visit from the US and described the life there as a dream come true. The process was simple. I was supposed to take the TOEFL (Test of English as a foreign language) and apply for an I-20 (application for admission into a US college). Within weeks, I received a student VISA from the US embassy in Karachi, and I was ready to fly to US. It was in the city of Chicago where I landed, on May 27th, 1972, and started my first college career in the US. A friend of mine, Amin Fatani, introduced me to a French chef, and I started working at a posh restaurant on the 95th floor of the John Hancock center.

College expenses were high, and I could not stand the cold weather of Chicago. My two roommates and I decided to move to Houston in August of 1973. The University of Houston expenses were much lower than Chicago's schools. I was admitted into the college of Natural Sciences and Mathematics. This is where I took my first Data processing course. U of H had IBM 360 and UNIVAC 1108 time sharing systems. I was soon introduced to Datapoint Corporation, where a friend of mine had begun working after graduation. I was hired on a temporary basis to help correct some of the issues with the company's account receivable programs. In

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1975, I got a job with Safeway stores as a night stocker. I was also responsible for downloading ESLS (extended store level scanning) files and applying the price changes.

In April of 1979, I flew back home after 7 long years and got engaged to my wife Yasmin. In October of 1979, when I was preparing to go to Pakistan to get married, I received a call from Dave Weierman, Data processing Manager in our Division office. He interviewed me over the phone and asked me to come and see him. This was the major turn in my profession life, a real opportunity to start what was to become my career. I visited Dave the next day, and he offered me the job as a Junior Programmer, working with RPG and Assembler languages.

Yasmin and I We were married in November of the same year and came back to Houston. Our first child Shermeen was born 26th of December, 1980. It was a wonderful blessing of Allah (God). On the 10th of June, 1983, we had our second child, our son Noumaan. Again my life took a turn for good and I picked up more education and opportunity in my life. With Dave, I learned from scratch the full range of information technology jobs, from data entry clerk to programmer. He finally got me trained in CICS Systems programming, and I became Senior Systems Programmer.

During the time, I lost four of my uncles to cancer. All were in their mid-forties and early fifties, and their premature deaths stirred in me a desire to work for hospitals. I applied with Hospital Corporations of America (HCA). Within weeks, I was interviewed for a Project Lead position with King Faisal Hospital in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. My family was very excited. The position offered a lucrative, tax free salary, six weeks of vacation each year, paid housing, and travel tickets for the whole family every year. In July of 1985, I started to work for the hospital for the first time. Working for King Faisal was much different from working in the retail industry, so I had much to learn. I started with the old IBM HCS package written in CICS COBOL, Macro and Command Level and running a DL/1 database. There were several Assembler routines. I wrote the fresh specs for the new ADT/Registration system and converted over to menu-driven CICS COBOL command level programs. The change was successful, and users loved it. This was just the beginning of my team's assignments. We developed and re-wrote several clinical applications, including an Outpatient Pharmacy module from scratch.

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The Gulf war of 1990 changed the structure of IT in King Faisal hospital. We were visited by several personalities, including Drs. Paul Clayton and Sumitra Sengupta of Columbia, Dr. Dean Sittig of Vanderbilt, and Dr. Thomas Payne of University of Washington. It was a great learning experience for me as a Clinical Information Architect. When the Internet was introduced in the hospital, I started training physicians and residents on its use. I became part of the advisory committee for Advanced Technology and Planning. By the time my kids finished high school in 1998, we had made over forty trips to different parts of the world. It was then that we decided to come back home to Houston.



Year 2000 issues were on the horizon, and I was able to get a position with the consulting firm of RCG. This gave me an opportunity to work at Memorial Herman hospital to verify their due diligence in year 2000 preparation. I knew that this was a temporary position, so, in search of something permanent, I applied with the Harris County Hospital District in November of 1999. I had forgotten about the application when I received a call from Harris Health System (Harris County Hospital District at the time) in March of 2000. I was interviewed for Application Support Manager and was hired into that position in May of 2000. I started with clinical systems and I was given additional responsibilities for ancillary systems and interfaces. I managed the Ancillary Systems area that included Imaging (Radiology, Cardiology, GI, Pulmonary), Laboratory and Pathology, and both Ambulatory and Inpatient Pharmacy Systems of the Hospital Information Systems (HIS) department until 2013. During the time I finished and published my first book, History of Memons, and also set up my own site for my family and friends. As of June of 2013, I was promoted to a Director level position, responsible for both Ambulatory and Inpatient Pharmacy Systems. I am retired now after spending 44 years in the workforce and enjoying my time with my grandchildren. In the midst of all of this, I lost my mom May 1st, 2017 and 6 months later I lost my 34 year old son Noumaan, October, 24th, 2017. Although this year 2017 has been very difficult for us, It is my utmost desire to write my own biography that conveys a clear message, including the challenges I faced, and most of all to document lessons learned from mine and others' mistakes for future generations to learn from.

CHAPTER 2

MY LIFE - CHILDHOOD

I was born January 5th, 1954, approximately 500 years after my 13th Grandfather Maneckji's acceptance of Islam, along with 700 other families, in Sobrajh Maternity Hospital near Urdu Bazar in Karachi. The hospital was near my maternal grandmother's (Nani's) house and was run by Parsis and Christian Nuns. All 10 of us brothers and



sisters were born in the same hospital. The hospital was run on public donations and never charged a penny to their

patients. I was named after my grandfather, Abdul Karim. The first few months of my birth were very challenging. I was ill and had a very bad stomach. I have been told that I could not hold down any food and my health was deteriorating quickly. My Nani (Maternal grandmother) changed my name to Anwar (meaning "light") in the hope that I would get better, and sure enough I did. Here is the picture with my mom and dad when I was around 8 months old and seemed to be getting better.



We lived in Rancho Line, near the Hothi market, on the second floor of the Anwar Ali Building. My Dad bought this flat for Rs. 2,500 and we lived there from 1953 to 1967. I was lucky to take the last picture of this building in 1988 (Left) while visiting Pakistan. The building does not exist anymore. We moved to the adjacent building (Right) in 1967, on 4th Floor (Top floor with window closed).



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This flat was little larger and newer than the previous flat where we were. My Dad bought this flat for Rs.7,500 after borrowing Rs.4,000 from his boss, Ghulam Ahmed Ismail. Here we lived from 1967 to 1973. I had already moved to Chicago, USA at the end of May 1972.

The Ranchore Lines area (now called Ghazdarabad) was a small village in a city. The inhabitants were mostly Marwaris. Many of them had their own buffaloes and cows. Their earnings were mostly from the milk of these cows and buffaloes. I remember very well that the street we lived on was occupied by these cows and buffaloes. This street was full of filth and dirt. It was very difficult to walk through the street without making our shoes dirty. We never walked, but leaped like frogs over these dirt and filth. We were never allowed to play in the neighborhood, as the area was run by gamblers. While going to work in the afternoon, my dad would drop us off near our Nani's place, where we played until it was dark and usually came home by ourselves.

As mentioned before, our home was on the second floor of the Anwar Ali Building. As soon as you entered the building in the evening you could smell cooking of the fresh rotis (bread). Mom used to make these rotis for us, and as soon as she would see us coming home, she would help clean us up and she would give us one of the hot Rotis with ghee and sugar. Dad would show up a little later, and all of us brothers and sisters, along with Mom and Dad and one of my uncles, would have our simple dinner. After dinner, we would gather around my dad, and he would start his Tarzan stories. Most of these stories had no meaning or sense, but we enjoyed each one of them at the time. There were many times he would sing songs of Mukesh and Lata Mangeshkar from 1950s. Some of his favorites included, "Jahan Badla Wafa ke be wafai ke siwa kya hai" and "Ae Dil Mujhe bata de tu kis pe agia he" and so on. My younger brothers would doze off before the end of the story of Tarzan or listening to the song. Eventually, I and my younger brother would go through the daily chore of setting up our bed on the floor in the back room and go to sleep.

One time, Dad told us the story of two lovers who traveled through the Sahara Desert. I don't remember if it was the fairy tale Laila and Majnoon or another one, but the story was so touching that both of us brothers cried that night.

My memory reminds me of 1958 when my maternal grandfather (Nana) was always playing with me and my



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younger brother Ashraf. Both of us brothers used to jump over his back and would not let him sleep. But he would never get angry and would love both of us very dearly.

We were at our Nani's place in April of 1958. Suddenly my Nani opened up the door and ran towards the staircase with me close behind her. My Khala (Aunt) Zarina ran down the stairs, and I saw my mom at the bottom of the staircase, holding a baby in her arms. She had just returned from the hospital where she had given birth to our brother Samad. His skin was very yellow. Later on I was told that some babies catch jaundice at birth and recover as they grow older.

As soon as the Muezzin (assistant of Imam) in the Bangi Masjid made the prayer call in the morning, my dad would get up and wake both of us brothers. He would always be after both of us to be active and exercise, for his dream was that someday we would join the Pakistan Air force. He would always lecture us that one day we would go to Sargodha to attend the Air Force Academy.



In our home, we only received water from the well that was setup under the building. This water was only good for non-drinking chores like washing clothes, taking showers, etc. Every night around midnight, it was the regular duty of one of the Pathan (a Pakhtoon from North West Frontier Province), to start the manual hand pump process. This pump was very difficult to operate because it was only by continuous cranking that it would push the water from the well up to the top of the building's water tank. This Pathan would first go to the top floor and shut off all of the water valves to each unit. Then from midnight to early morning he would be pumping up this water from well. This was an extremely hard work, for which he was paid less the 100 rupees per month in those days.

It was we brothers who were responsible for fetching the drinkable water from the government-supplied water lines. The task required all of us to stand in line early in the morning and start filling up their buckets with this drinkable water, one by one. Every morning we would go through this process and stay in line for our turns. Many times there were small fights among the women, but somehow everyone would get their water before it went away around 9 AM. We would bring the buckets called handas home and fill up our large drinking water containers, called matkis. This water was used for drinking as well as cooking food.

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On Saturdays and Sundays, after the Fajr (First Dawn) prayer, both of us brothers would start our journey with Dad to Burns Garden first. After coming down the stairs of our building to the ground floor, we would pass the flat of a Punjabi family. As their bathroom was near the staircase, we could hear the head of the family, an old, heavy-set guy, making “sonic booms” while answering nature’s call. All of us would laugh and run outside the building. Once we reached Burns Garden, my dad would ask both of us, as a warm-up, to run with him from one gate opposite the Sindh Muslim College until the end, where the other gate opened up opposite the Physical Health Culture Institute. We would then walk into the health center, where he would lead us in exercises for 30 minutes. We would walk back home totally exhausted. By the time we got home, mom would have our breakfast ready for us.

One time, Dad decided to take all of us four brothers with him to Physical Health Culture. While we started our run in the Burns Garden, two of our younger brothers who were left behind started crying. Dad would not stop. When Dad saw that we older brothers, who somehow managed to the end of the run, were all crying, he smiled and said “You are all my strong sher (lions) children and should never be scared. Now hush up and stop crying.” Hearing Dad’s comforting words we stopped our sobbing.

Burns Garden was also our weekend fun place, where all four of us brothers, Anwar, that is me, Ashraf, 11 months younger than me, Munawar, 2 and 1/2 years younger, and Samad, 4 1/2 years younger, would play and enjoy the old rusted swings of the British era. The remaining sisters and brothers were not born at the time. I will mention them when the time comes. One day one of the Parsi couple sitting on one of the benches saw us brothers fighting like phelwans (wrestlers). When the man shouted, “Whose kids are those?” my dad responded, “Yes, they are mine.” Obviously upset, the man said, “Why don’t you teach them to behave?” Upon hearing himself scolded in the quaint Gujrati language of these Parsis, my dad could only smile in return and laugh the whole thing off.

One of the early morning chores was to buy milk early from a hotel where it was thought the milk man was honest and never mixed any water. So I would be handed a big container and told to purchase one liter milk. The place was about a half mile from our place. I would run to the place barefoot and dressed in my vest and brown shorts. Often I would feel nature’s call have to return home to answer it before resuming my mission. My mom would get upset but calm down when I finally brought the milk back. This duty, as well as many others, fell to my younger

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brother Munawar later on, and I will explain some of the long term impacts in his later life.

The breakfast was mostly hot Tea and Rotis from previous nights. When Dad had the money, he would purchase minced goat meat or goat liver for the breakfast. And many times he would ask us to go and buy eggs. When we returned, he would always check the size of the eggs and often get upset, sending us back to replace them with larger eggs. Because both of us brothers were afraid to confront the egg hawker, we would accept the eggs as is but tell our dad that the man had refused to replace them. The alleged refusal would upset Dad so much that he would don his Loongi (a typical dhoti that Memons wear) and vest and take us back to give the hawker a piece of his mind. Taken totally by surprise, the poor guy would keep repeating that there had been no complaints, but Dad would not listen and instead threaten him. The hawker eventually would replace the eggs, and Dad would tell him to remember our faces next time and give us acceptably-sized eggs.

One of our early morning duties was to go with Dad and watch him purchase fresh vegetables and meat products to cook for the day. He would take two of us elder brothers with him to Hothi market for that. Our first stop would be with Moulana (our butcher), where Dad would buy goat meat, about 1/2 seer (one seer is equal to about 1 kilo gram, or a little less than two pounds). At the time goat meat was one rupee and 12 annas per kilo (1 rupee = 16 annas = 100 paisas). As we came out of the meat market, there would be many stands selling fresh vegetables, and Dad would buy tomatoes, garlic, ginger, green cilantro, potatoes and green chilies. I remember this vegetable salesman (named Bhurio) would never charge for cilantro or green chilies, so the whole cost would be at most 8 annas (50 paisas).



It was sometime in January, 1959, when my parents decided to do a Khatna (circumcision) ceremony of us two brothers. It was a chilly morning when the Hajjaam (barber) showed up, ready to do his job. Both of us brothers had no idea about this tradition. The painful ritual left us both screaming in pain. We were laid on the bed, only to be seen by smiling visitors. When our wounds healed, we started learning the Quran from a female teacher once a week.

Soon Nana began complaining that he was unable to see or focus properly. A visit to an ophthalmologist determined that he had developed cataracts. He was admitted to an outpatient clinic early in the morning, where cataracts in both his eyes were treated by removing his opaque natural eye lenses. My mom took me

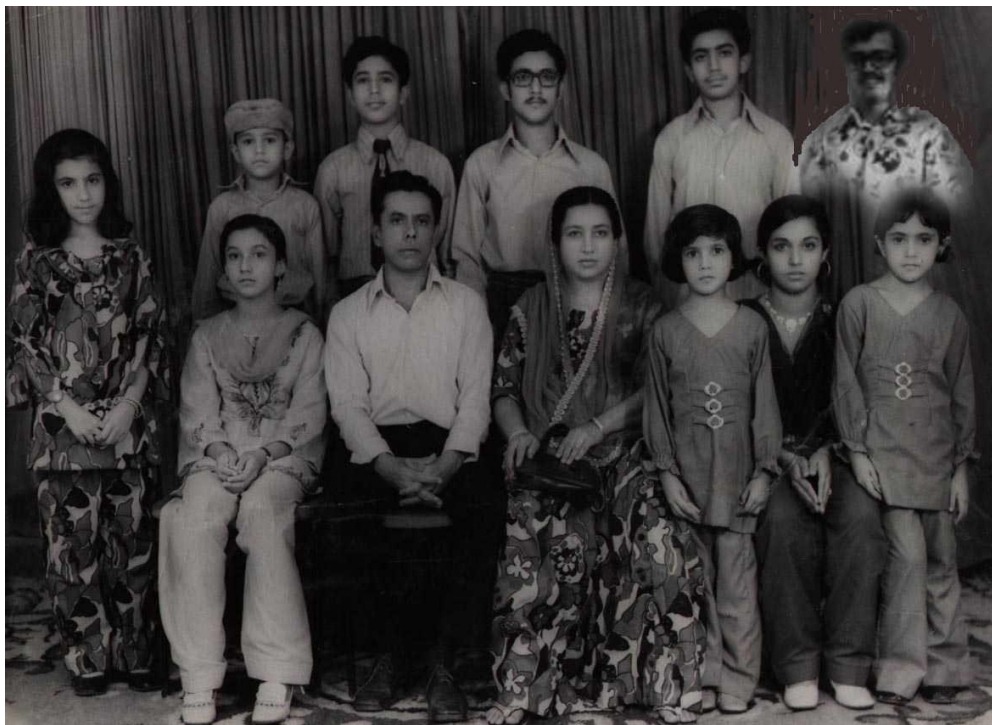
Travel to the Final Destiny

with her to visit the hospital. From Nani's place it was a straight walk past the Ratan Talaab until reaching a fork where the road could lead straight to Saddar or to left to where the Tibet Center is now. Before the Tibet Center was build, the place was a very small outpatient treatment outfit run by one of the local churches. When we entered the center, Nana was sitting on a bed, with his eyes blindfolded by a thick dressing.

Someone was whispering in my ears, "Anwar beta uthi win," which means, "Anwar wake up." That was my mom trying to wake me up. It was at our apartment one morning in August of 1959. It was supposed to be my first day in school. I still remember that day very well. It was dark, and one small bulb above our heads was the only lighting in the room, which had a sleeping area (consisting of one mattress on the floor) for both of us elder brothers, a small area of kitchen, where my mom used to cook, and a place to wash. This was the back room. There was another room in the front where my parents slept and two younger brothers slept on the floor. There was a rest room outside the apartment.

My dad and I walked to the school, which was two to three miles from the apartment where we lived. My dad paid five rupees in fees to admit me into kindergarten at the Sir Syed Ahmed School.

From 1954, when I was born, until 1967, when my youngest sister Mahmooda was born, my mom was pregnant at least 11 times, and gave birth to 10 children. My dad's income was barely sufficient for our family of 10 brothers and sisters, as well as an uncle, who was in treatment at Hyderabad for life.





Old is gold! The year 1959 marked the first visit of a U.S. president to Pakistan. My dad was very excited, and he prepared both of us brothers very early in the morning for the great event. The President's carriage with the Pakistani President Ayub Khan was supposed to pass by the main road of Karachi, Bunder road at the time, later renamed as Mohammad Ali Jinnah Road. It was a nice cold day of December when all three of us were standing on one side of Bunder Road. There were thousands of people lined up on both sides of the road. After many hours, the carriage showed up, and I saw both presidents standing and waving their hands at the public. Take a look on my site and click this movie icon to watch as President Dwight D. Eisenhower's carriage travels from the airport into Karachi, cheered by crowds along the street and from buildings. This is a rarely seen historic video of a great moment in U.S.-Pakistan relations that you can watch on my site:

<http://www.anwarmotan.com/>

In early 1960, my brother Ashraf was also admitted to the school in Nursery, and now both of us were going to school regularly. One of my uncles (Mamu) Rauf, who was attending the same school, would take us to Nani's house nearby whenever ever we stained our shorts. We would get a little spanking from our Nani, but she would clean us up and feed us too.



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One day the headmaster of our school decided to take us all for a picnic at Hawks Bay on a Sunday. My mom gave us the small lunch box after placing some minced meat and few rotis (bread), and my Dad dropped us off at the school. This was the first time when we would be going on a picnic by ourselves. We were all loaded into a bus and we were on our way to Hawks Bay, a nice beach area with many huts, where you could relax and enjoy yourself, although we were asked by our teachers not to go near the sea. It was quite a fun all day.

Radiant Reading books always smelled so good. For some reason, I “borrowed” a book that belonged to one of my classmates and brought it home. Somehow Dad found out, and I received my first spanking that I can remember. Of course, I had to return the book and had to promise my parents that it would never happen again.

The summer of 1960 was very hot, and I remember my dad used to close the doors and windows after we had the lunch and cover the doors and windows with the bed sheets. This would reduce the heat, and we would nap for a few hours. That year, our Memon community announced that the Jetpur Memon School had been completed and opened for the kids. Both of us brothers were moved and admitted into Jetpur Memon English Primary School in the same grade. So, luckily for him, Ashraf got a promotion and never had to attend kindergarten (KG) class.

Preparations were started after a long wait for the wedding ceremonies of both of my older maternal uncles, Ghaffar Mamu and Majid Mamu. Both brothers were engaged in Jetpur before coming to Pakistan. When younger Mamu Majid’s engagement was called off by both families, Nani was able to find another lady by the name of Zulekha (Jillu Mami). We were visiting Nani’s place one day and right around in the evening, my dad and Nana both came back from work. Nana had a big package in his hands and set the package on his bed. Both Ghaffar and Majid Mamus were called and they were asked to open up the package. The package had two wedding suits recently prepared by the stitching master. Both brothers tried their wedding suits, which included nice Jinnah Caps. My Nani kept saying that both brothers looked like “Varajas” grooms. Everyone was very happy and looking forward to the wedding ceremony.

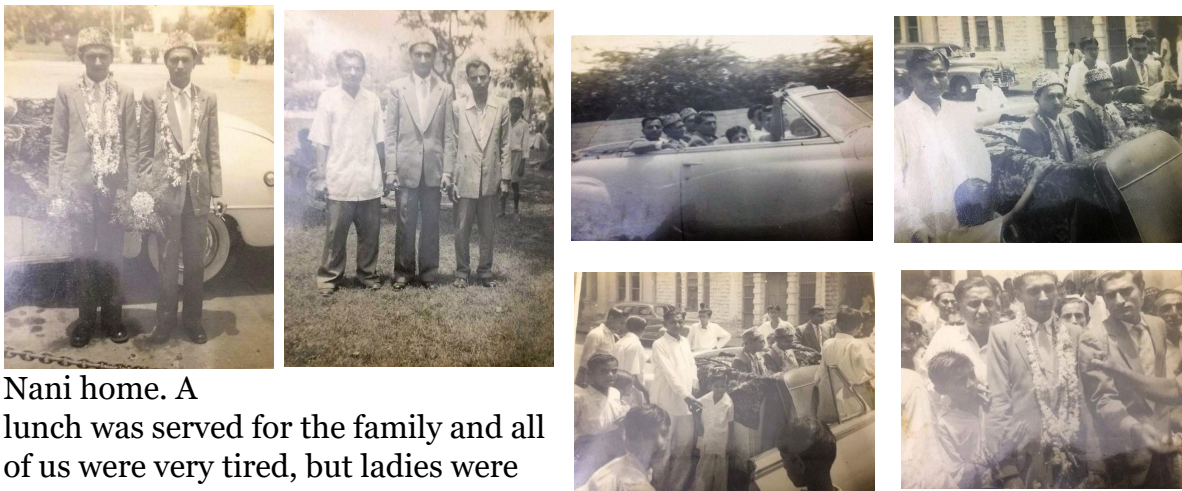
In the early 60s, Pakistani theaters use to play Indian movies, but Dad would only take us to watch English movies. Some that we saw during those days were *Tarzan Fights for his Life*, *King of the Forest*, *Hatari* (starring John Wayne), and several others.

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Some day in December of 1960, my Rauf Mamu came to our home crying and could hardly speak. From Mamu's brief words, my mom understood that my Nana was having chest pains. My mom took me with her while the rest stayed back with my Dad, to my grandfather's house. As we entered, everyone was crying. Suddenly, someone whisked me into another room. I could hardly see my Nana in the bed. A doctor was attempting to diagnose his condition. But my Nana soon passed away in front of us. I must bring up a little lesson learned from this incident, which only became clear to me in later life. During the time when the doctor was assessing my Nana, he clearly knew my Nana was having the heart attack and that it could have been avoided by simply taking some actions, i.e. providing CPR and taking him to a nearby hospital. Instead, the incompetent doctor kept saying that death was imminent and that his patient had only a few minutes to live. In fact, my Nana most certainly died--after 30 full minutes of agony. The lesson I learned was two-fold: never trust one doctor's opinion, and use your own common sense in an emergency.

The wedding was postponed for several months. When the day finally did arrive, all four of us brothers got ready, along with my mom and dad, and left for Nani's house. Both brothers came down and sat in the car that had been prepared for the occasion.

One of my younger brothers was asked to sit with one of the grooms in his lap. The ceremony was in Jinnah Masjid near Burns Road. It was quick and we came to

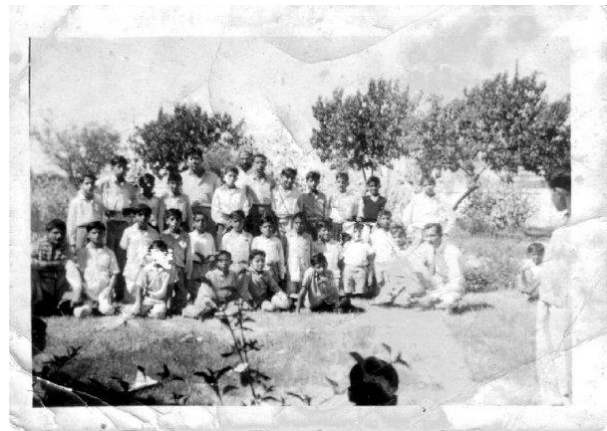


Nani home. A lunch was served for the family and all of us were very tired, but ladies were invited to come to Amna Manzil right opposite to Jinnah Masjid where the brides were supposed to come. Ladies were singing and the two brides were brought in the hall. After the show was over, both brides were brought to Nani's home and then we left for our home, quite exhausted.

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Attending the Jetpur Memon School had been fun from the beginning, offering us new friends and new teachers. From 1960, our first grade we had two teachers who were with us until 1965, the 5th grade, Mahmood Shah and Salaam Subhani. I don't remember my homeroom teacher from first grade but we were together with the girls. Grade II, Miss Khaleda was our homeroom teacher. Mahmood Shah became our class teacher starting third grade. He helped shape our future, always encouraging us to speak and write well in English. In fact, whenever anyone spoke any word of non-English in his class, that student would end up paying one paisa as fine. Just to clarify, one rupee equals to 100 paisa, and at the time we used to get two paisa as our pocket money. So one paisa was a considerable penalty. I remember that starting from this grade both of us brothers were unable to read the black board from our seats and used to complain to our parents. These complaints were to no avail. Mahmood Shah, however, who understood our issue as he wore glasses himself, made sure to seat us in front row. This relocation was a big help. It was in this grade III class in May of 1963 that I stood first. For the first time, Mahmood Shah Sir sent me home on the day of results announcements to purchase a flower garland that was to be presented to our General Secretary Abdullah Kamdar. Later on, two of his sons, Amin and Mahmood became my brothers-in-law.

Mahmood Shah loved picnics and took the whole class to Malir farms sometime in October of 1963. We had lots of fun there. Mahmood Sir took some pictures there, and I ended up buying three of them. Today, I have one left. In those days, Ramadaan was usually observed during the winter months of January through February. I particularly remember the Ramadaan of 1963 because it was then that we started asking our



parents to let us fast during the month. We were only given this opportunity over the weekends. It was very embarrassing in school as most of the children used to fast. Amin Gul became our best friend after many little fights and used to visit our home. He was the one who insisted on our addressing our mom with respect, like saying "AAP" instead to "TUM" or "TUU". He was always fasting during Ramadaan, and I was very unhappy that I was unable to do the same.

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In 4th grade, we were introduced to Lawrence Pinto, our Science teacher, who also taught us to sing. In one of the presentations to the whole school, I was nominated to become a King, while my colleague Yousuf Zakaria played the role of a beggar. Both of us also presented the song that I still remember:

“Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam and the deer and the antelope play”.

Yousuf Zakaria and I were both awarded with a camel brand pen each and I also received another camel brand pen for standing first the previous year in the 3rd grade. I kept the camel pen for many years and I gave my 2nd pen to my Younus Mamu who was very happy to receive this gift.

This Ramadan in 1964 we were allowed to fast for the whole month. While it was not easy going without food, we enjoyed the month fasting and attending Taraweeh (Night Prayers) at night in the Bangi Masjid, a local Masjid in the community.

Since fifth grade was supposed to be the last grade of the JMA School, we started discussing which school we would attend next. Luckily, most of us kids decided to join Bombay Memon Brotherhood (BMB) School near Empress Market Saddar, in August of 1965. Coincidentally, in this year Pakistan and India went to war over the Kashmir issue, which has never been resolved and is still lingering after over 70+ years. Those 17 days of war were very miserable and I really do not want to remember them.

CHAPTER 3

MY PATERNAL GRAND PARENTS

It was the year 1454 when my 13th grandfather accepted Islam, along with some 700 other families. These families started migrating when, predictably, they were asked to leave by the local Hindus. Several years later, my 7th grandfather Natha Juma Motan ended up in Jetpur, India, with his family. He was active in community affairs and was probably holding some position in the Jetpur Memon Association at the time. His name was mentioned as holder of one of the key positions in Jetpur, according to Yahya Hashim Bawany, in his book *My Jetpur*.

Our family acquired its surname probably during the time of Ghani Motan, son of Natha Juma. Every Motan, or Moten, or Moton you encounter has the same grandfather: Ghani Natha Motan. For many years, even after accepting Islam, Memon families used to give both Hindu and Muslim names to their sons.

From what my dad told us brothers and sisters in stories of his ancestors, we came to know that Kassim Ayub Ghani Motan, my dad's grandfather, was physically a very strong person, besides being religious. Even in retirement he uses to pull buckets of water from the well to fill the pond in the Masjid. This pond was used by the people to do their ablution when they came for prayers. He was married three times, and when he passed away in his late 80s, his last wife inherited all his

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fortune, leaving my grandfather, Abdul Karim, and his brothers Noor Mohammad and Shakoor with nothing. All had to start their lives from the scratch.

My dad used to tell us that he played with Kassim, my father's grandfather, when my dad was around 4 or 5 years old. My dad remembered that his grandfather used to spray water on his face when he was done with the ablution for his prayers, telling him:

“Motanria Mastan,” “Tere Lambe Lambe Kaan,” “Teri Ma pakaiy dhan” or “Tera baap musalmaan.”

Abdul Karim, my grandfather, was also married three times in his life time. With his first wife, he had a boy named Musa and a girl named Hanifa. The wife passed away during childbirth. With his second wife, he seems to have had no children, although we do not know if he divorced her for that reason. With his third wife, Abdul Karim had several children, four boys and two girls--Ghulam, Rabia, Usman, Mohammad (my dad), Halima and Omar. Ghulam became very ill in his early life and lost his sense of hearing. Tragically, as a result of this disability, he could never learn to speak. Rabia was married in her late teens to Sattar Suleman Moton. They had six boys and one girl. Usman had nine children. Mohammad (my dad) had ten children five boys and five girls. Halima became ill with TB when she was 17 and died from this illness. A fourth boy, Omar, passed away when he was very young.

Mohammad (my dad) had ten children five boys and five girls, in sequence, Anwar, Ashraf, Munawar, Samad, Gulbano (who changed her name to Aisha), Yasmin, Nasreen, Hasina, Ebrahim and Mahmooda.

CHAPTER 4

MY MATERNAL GRAND PARENTS

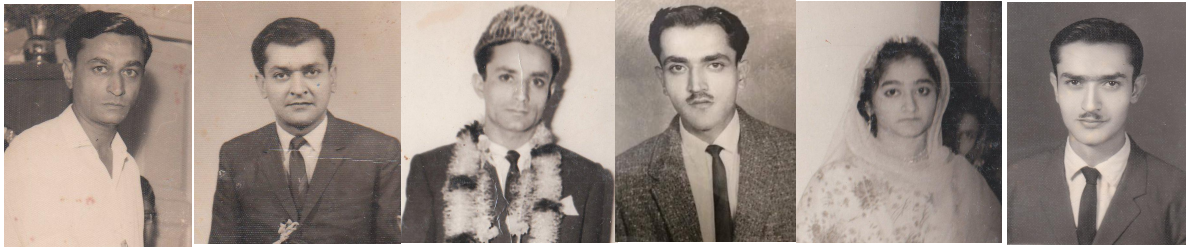
My maternal grandfather (Nana) Tar Mohammad Haji Ahmed Ishaq Mianoor and my paternal grandfather (Dada) were first cousins, being children of Mamu (Maternal uncle) and Phupi (paternal aunt). Nana was Dada's Maumu's son, while Dada was Nana's Phupi's son. Tar Mohammed Miyanoor was born in 1900 and died in 1960. He had seven brothers--Hashem, Tarmohammed, Shakoor, Vali, Suleman, Ebrahim and one other whose name I cannot recall--and two sisters, Ameer and another whose name also escapes me. My Nana was married to Aisha Ahmed Khan Miyanoor (Andha) in 1915, when he was 15 years old and Aisha was 13 years old. My Nani Aisha was born in 1902 and died in 1974. She had four brothers--Latif, Shakoor, Ebrahim and Suleman--and two sisters, who died in childhood.



My mother was born in the 14th year of her parents' of marriage in December of 1929 and was called Khot ji (meaning special). Mom was married to my dad Mohamed Abdul Karim Motan in March of 1953.

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The second child, a son Ghaffar, was born in 1932. The third child, a son Majeed, was born in 1934. The fourth child, a son Younus, was born in 1936. A fifth child, a son Arif, was born in 1940. The sixth child, a daughter Zarina, was born in 1942.



The last child, a son Rauf, was born in 1947.

This picture was taken during Arif Mamu's wedding. You see Nani, Ghaffar Mamu and Momin Mami, with their daughter Najma in the background.



Ghaffar Mamu and her daughter Najma as well as my sister Yasmin in the background.



Majeed Mamu with her three daughters Nasima, Farzana and Farida.



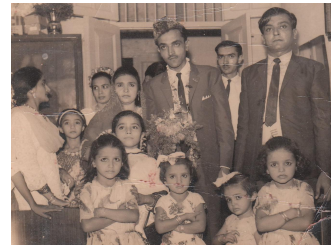
Travel to the Final Destiny

My Younus Mamu on his wedding day with my mom Momin, and aunt Zarina Khala.



Younus Mamu, Roshan Mami, and their son Sohail.

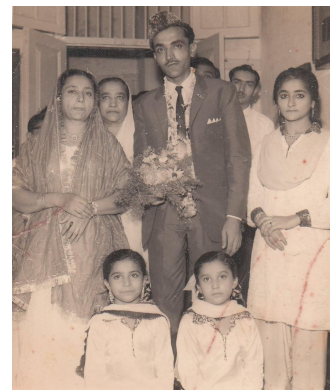
Majeed Mamu, Jiloo Mami and their daughters Nasima, Farzana, Farida, and Fehmida and, of course, my sister Gulbano too.



Jiloo mami, Roshan mami, Mehrun mami, and Momin mami.



My mom, Arif mamu, and Zarina masi during Arif mamu's wedding. Sitting in front my sisters Gulbano and Yasmin.



Younus mamu, with his sons Sohail and Shahid. I took this picture in Aurangzeb Park, near my Nani's house during my visit to Pakistan in 1973.

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My Nani and my mom in 1973.



My mom and my dad in 1973.



Another picture of my mom and my Nani in 1973.

Majeed mamu looking at my album during my visit to Pakistan in 1973.



My mom with my Nani and brother Ebrahim an sister Hasina.



Arif Mamu and his friends came for lunch at our place in Ranchore Lines after his Nikah ceremony. The lunch was served in the open balcony, where we use to play cricket and sleep at night.



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My Nana and Nani finished building their new home in Jetpur in 1947. During the same time, Pakistan was created on August 14th, 1947. It was very difficult to decide to leave India and move to predominantly Muslim Pakistan. When conditions became worse in 1951, they decided start preparing to move. One of the local attorneys suggested pictures be taken of the house to prove ownership so that they could approach the Pakistani Government for reimbursement. Well, the reimbursement was not even enough to purchase a two-bedroom flat in the city. Some of the pictures of his beautiful home in Jetpur are here. My Nana's name was imprinted on one of the pictures. With the help of Photoshop I was able to expand on it. It reads in Gujrati, "Tarmohammad Haji Ahmed Mianoor 1947." I left the last picture expanded, as I was able to recognize three Mamus, one on the left, Ghaffar Mamu, and one on the right, starting with Nana Tar Mohammad Miyanoor, then, looking towards the house, Younus Mamu followed by Arif Mamu:



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CHAPTER 5

1965 TO 1972



The Summer of 1965 was hot as always. Some friends had decided to go to BMB School, while some were thinking about attending some other schools in the area. Two of the 5th Grade class fellows,

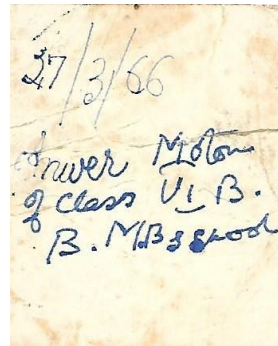


Abdul Sattar and Toufiq Ahmed, applied to one of the Urdu Medium Schools. They were admitted to the 7th grade, so they were able to skip 6th grade altogether. It occurred to me that skipping a grade to get ahead was the way to go. So I decided to find the



location of the Urdu school to investigate it. The school which was running very few summer classes, was located opposite the Tibet Center. If you traveled one mile east on the M A Jinnah Road

from Saeed Manzil, the school would have been on your right. Upon arriving there, I was disappointed to discover that the school consisted of nothing more



than a wooden shack which seem



ed to be about to fall apart any time. Unimpressed to say the least, I

decided to stay with BMB after all. I did not know at the time that I was making the best decision of my life.

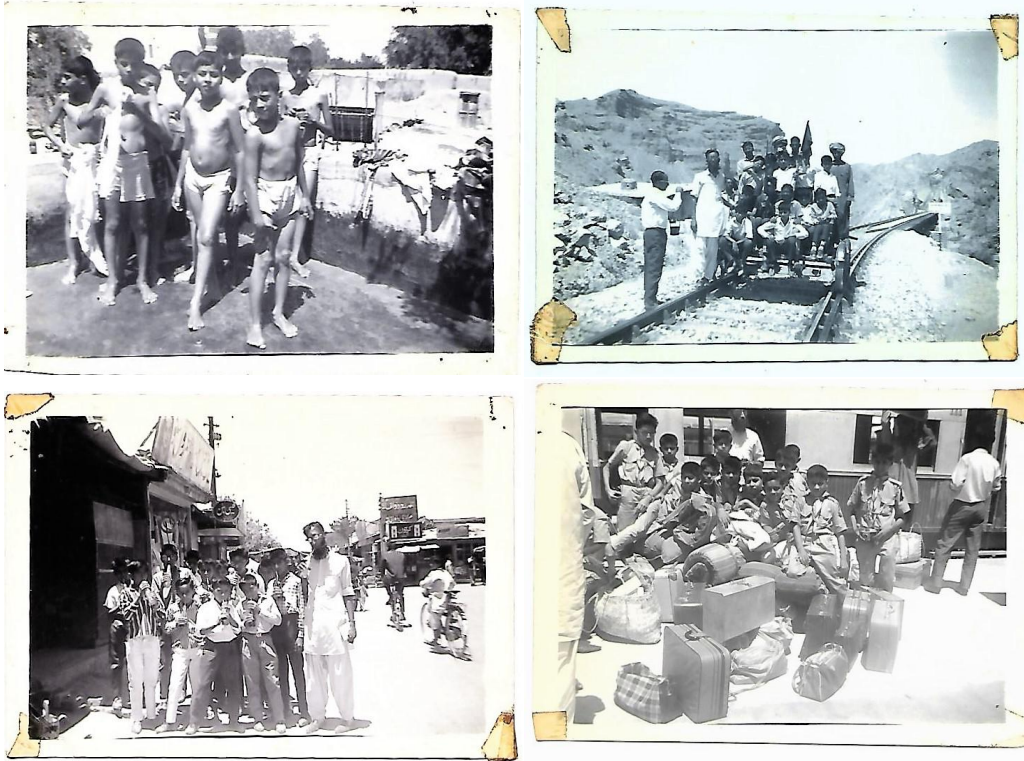
Travel to the Final Destiny

Our classes in BMB School started in August of 1965. Our General Secretary was Mr. Abdul Rehman Chapra and Headmaster was Mr Afsar Hussain. Mr Afsar Hussain ran the boys' section, while Miss Riaz Majid was principal of girls' school. Morning sessions were run for girls while boys' sessions were run in the afternoon.

Our classroom (homeroom) teacher in the beginning was Qamaruddin Ahmed Qadri, who taught history. Amjad Ali, who had come very recently from India, taught Civics part of Social Studies. All boys were allowed to come in the school around 12:45 PM, when the girls were gone from another gate at 12:30 PM. After leaving our books or bags in the class, we used to assemble in the school ground where one student would begin with the recitation of Holy Quran, followed by a Hadith of the day and its translation by any Islamiat teacher. As we dispersed from the assembly, we would walk towards a long alley in front of the Miss Majeed's office where we would gather to perform our Dhur Prayer. One of the students from a higher class would volunteer, usually Jamil Ahmed (Memon) for Adhan (prayer call). Classes would start right after the prayer's completion. Each class was 30 minutes long. A bell would signal the start of the next period. The school was run for each section (as I have said, girls in the morning and boys in the afternoon) for about four hours. We would not leave for home after classes, preferring to play sports until Maghrib prayer or even sometimes as late as Isha prayer. Our activities included basketball, field hockey, volleyball and badminton.

We made many new friends in the new school, and, to this day, we see each other and keep in touch over the social media. The BMB school standards were much higher than standards of the JMA school. We realized during our monthly test that the competition here would be on a much higher level. After the final exam, my rank in the class was 5th. Unfortunately, many of our friends from the JMA School failed and left the school that year. My dad allowed both of us brothers to go to Quetta as part of the scout team. Quetta was a large town in the NWFP province, which was very near the border of Afghanistan. Arranged by our school, the trip cost 85 rupees per person. This was quite a bit of money during those days, and I am sure my dad borrowed some to pay the school rather than deny us our trip. Our Arabic teacher, Ghafoor Sir, and our Quran teacher, Qari Ziauddin Sir, bore the burden of taking us 10 to 12 kids for the trip. It was supposed to be a two weeks trip but it felt like we were away from home for years. My dad dropped both of us with our two carry beds (with clothes arranged within the beds). When all the kids had arrived, we boarded the school bus and headed for the railway station.

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The train left that afternoon headed towards Quetta. Both teachers had taken great pains to arrange for our food and tea. They cooked and served us dinner and breakfast, including hot tea. This was a first trip on a train, so we were just learning how to stay put for the 24 hours it took to get to the Quetta railway station. When we finally arrived, Ghafoor Sir's father and some of his workers were there to pick us up. Once we arrived at Ghafoor Sir's parents' home, we were served a nice lunch, which we enjoyed very much. We were then all moved into the quarters across from the house, where we started setting up our beds and clothes. We were very punctual in making our prayers and early morning exercise after the dawn (Fajr) prayer. Usually, after 8 AM, we went to town to see the sights. At the time, Quetta was a small town, but we enjoyed the rides and food. Two days later, we left for Chamman and Sheikh Wasal. These two places were near the border of Afghanistan. When we reached Sheikh Wasal, we stayed at the railway station and slept the night there. Next morning, it was pleasant and we enjoyed our breakfast, while Ghafoor Sir's elder brother caught a mountain goat and slaughtered it for our lunch and dinner.

Our last trip was to Ziarat, where we visited the home in which Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah spent his last days.

When we came back, our parents were very happy to see us. They felt we had lost some weight and that was probably true. We could hardly wait to taste mom's

cooking after being on the road. I guess this was the first meal that we really enjoyed since leaving on the trip two weeks ago.

Now we were in 7th Grade and we were enjoying the school. My dad was unable to afford the school fees, so I was asked to apply for assistance from Pakistan Memon Welfare Society. They approved my scholarship with the understanding that I would return the full amount after I started working so that other kids like me could benefit. Mr. Abdul Rehman Chapra always believed in the inter-class competition every few months. Every time this competition was scheduled



some of our school workers will come around before the start of the interval and start moving the partitions from Class VII, VIII, IX and X. This rearrangement provided a larger space for all of us to participate in the competition. I remember I won for correct spelling of many English words and was awarded a nice book. One of the competitions concerned Islamic knowledge, in which we were asked many questions on religion, including the Quran and Hadith. Our class fellow, Salim Chapra stood first, and I missed only one of the questions. I'll never forget it: "What is the chapter # of Quran that starts with "Qala Fama Khat bokum"? The answer was chapter (JUZV) # 27.

In the same year, 1967, my dad took both of us brothers to an optometrist, Dr. Docrat, who was a friend of my uncle, Dr Ahmed Moten. This was the first trip after many years of complaining to our Dad, who finally listened to us because of the lecture he received from our Uncle Dr. Ahmed. When we were diagnosed by the optometrist as having very severe myopia, or nearsightedness. Our numbers were high that when we put on our new glasses it was like seeing the beauty of Allah's creation for the first time. We were certainly excited and extremely happy.

Now that we were able to concentrate and focus in the class, I stood 4th in 7th Grade and moved to 8th Grade.

The curriculum of 8th grade was much harder, but now at least we had our glasses and were able to clearly see on the board what our teacher was writing. We had too many subjects in my opinion. I hated history, and geography. We had to take the monthly tests to prove that we had a good understanding of the subjects. I thought I could do better if I kept my notes open during the test. When I was caught copying from my notes, the teacher was very upset. He scolded me for this transgression but, luckily, did not fail me. Despite the light punishment I learned a huge lesson about cheating from this incident. Ironically, the same kids who reported me, started coming to my house for tutoring mathematics. I never

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hesitated to accommodate them. This year our PTI teacher promised to take us to Army Swimming Pool during Summer.

As soon as our finals were over, we started this swimming trip to learn how to swim. Both of us brothers learned very quickly. Once when my dad joined us for the trip he was very impressed with our performance. To show off, I made a nice dive in the six feet of water but came up straight instead of coming out flat so I could do freestyle and move forward. Zaman Sir saw and wanted to step in to help me but my dad stopped him. Because of this, certainly, I learned on my own how to survive by treading water to keep my head above the surface.

One day during our swimming trip, as I was standing outside talking to friends, our class teacher, Sir Amjad Ali, started praising me by telling everyone how well I did in my final exams. I was very happy with the commendation I received from our class teacher. When the results were announced, I stood first in the class. This was a remarkable achievement in my school career.



When we completed 8th grade, I was given permission to go to Lahore with my friends and their family.



I was given 100 rupees, while other expenses were handled at the time by Mr. Ahmed Fazal, father of my friend Taufiq Fazal. It was Taufiq and Mahmood's family who very willingly allowed us to go with them, along with one other friend Salim Sattar. We left from Karachi Cantt train station. In 24 hours, we arrived at Lahore train station, where Ahmed Bhai, with his cook Aslam and another co-worker, came to the railway station to pick us up. Ahmed Bhai was working for the Bawany Group of Industries and was assigned to Lahore managing the Punjab business for Bawanys. He had a nice flat in Shah Alam Market, where we were going to live for our vacation.



Because my dad used to visit Lahore, Rawalpindi, and Gujranwala for his business, he had already suggested few locations in Lahore to visit. They included Anar Kali,

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the tomb of Mogul Emperor Jehangir, Badshahi Masjid, a Sikh Temple, Fort of Lahore, and many other places.

Every day we had an excellent breakfast that included fried eggs, omelets, cooked liver, and hot rotis, along with a hot cup of tea. We would leave around 9 AM with Ahmed Bhai and Marium Bai (mother of Taufiq and Mahmood) to shop in the Bazaar downstairs.

After a nice lunch, we used to leave after the ASR prayer and visit some of the suggested places. One day, we asked Ahmed Bhai if we could go and visit Rawalpindi and Murree. He contacted his friend in Rawalpindi, and the trip was setup for us to leave for Pindi, along with the cook Aslam. We took the train trip to Rawalpindi and stayed there overnight. There was nothing to really see in Rawalpindi, so we left the next day early for Murree. The bus trip from Rawalpindi to Murree took only for few hours, and we arrived around noon. The understanding was to see the Murree Hills until evening and take the late evening bus back to Rawalpindi. Murree is full of extremely beautiful hills, and during July and August the weather is nice and cold.

As we were window shopping at the huge Murree Bazaar, I ran into my Quran teacher Qari Ziauddin, who was accompanied by his students on a trip to the northern Pakistan. He introduced me to his students with high regards and told them how well I did in one of his Arabic shows, presenting myself to a king with some intelligent answers.

We were late to the bus station, but, luckily, we did not miss the last bus leaving for Rawalpindi. Being very tired from the trip, after eating our late meal, we went to sleep. Our train for Lahore was in the late afternoon, so we woke up little late, had our breakfast, and prepared to leave for the train station. Again, we arrived in Lahore late at night and took a tanga (horse carriage) to our place in Shah Alam Market.



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One of Ahmed Bhai's friends in Lahore had invited us for dinner. This gentleman, (I forgot his name now) had a beautiful kothi (house like a palace) in the suburbs of Lahore. We enjoyed the dinner, which included Lahore's signature dish lassi (a combination of milk and yogurt with sugar) and, of course, the sweet dish that concluded the dinner.

Now that all the visits to favorite places in Lahore were completed and we had taken enough pictures, we began visiting Anar Kali Bazaar in the evenings with the cook Aslam. Anar Kali has some nice shops for Lassi and Mango drinks, and we sampled all of them.



It was now time to prepare to leave for Karachi. Ahmed Bhai was impressed with my management skills, noticing that I kept a diary and used to take notes, as well as write down the activities for the day before going to sleep. He assigned me the task of cataloging the numbers and types of luggage and to make sure the count was OK before leaving Lahore station and after arriving in Karachi. Sadly, after all the hard work, I left my diary in the flat before leaving for the train station. Ahmed Bhai very kindly mailed my diary via book post, which I received after many days. Ahmed Bhai also prepared my expense sheet and gave it to me. My dad gave me the money to return to Marium Bai, asking me to convey his many thanks for taking care of me as their own son.

I had purchased few toys for the little brothers and sisters. Among them was a train I had bought for my brother Ebrahim, which all of us played with together.

Many of the pictures we developed from the trip came out fine, and I have them with me to this day.

After we were back, we adjusted our schedule to go to the physical fitness place (Bholoo's Akhara) right after the Fajr prayer more frequently during the week. The supervisor was a Memon who was always busy building his body. But he used to teach us some good workout programs to keep our bodies in shape.



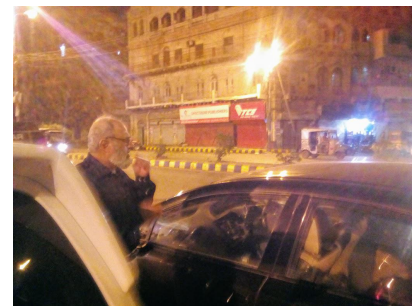
When I started 9th Grade, I took it for granted that I would do well and did not focus much on the studies. I was in love and start wasting my time trying to start a relationship with this girl. I began taking my sisters to school in the morning that the girl also attended. Many times, I would

wait until she would show up. I guess in those days just the eye contact was more than enough.

I started listening to Indian music and convinced my mom and one of the uncles to buy us a radio so that we could listen to an Akashwani radio station. Fortunately, in the place where we lived, the main population of Marwaris used to play Indian music on large speakers in the street. We were able to hear these songs also. Even today, I love those songs from 1969 to 1973. I guess being in a one-sided love affair for so instilled in me the romantic feeling that life was fantastic and beautiful.

It was not long before the results of our first board exam of 9th grade were announced. I received 59% of marks, which by any standard was not very good, but for one who aspired to become an engineer they were a wake-up call. One of the students in the class, Aslam Soorty, who was not known to be one of the five best students, received the top score. I and my brother decided to study in 10th grade with him. We worked very hard during the start of the 10th grade until it ended in 1970. Almost, daily both of us brothers would walk to his house near Capri cinema and spend a minimum of 2 to 3 hours going over the subjects. We found out that Aslam's dad, Ghulam Soorty, visited the states for his advanced studies. Most of the time his dad would have actual conversations with Aslam in English. I was good in mathematics, so I would teach math, while Aslam would review English grammar with us. I started paying attention to other subjects like chemistry and physics too. Since I was a science student, we were not required to take typing lessons. But I also started taking typing and shorthand lessons. My thought was that if one day I went to the US, I could work as a typist or stenographer, rather than do odd jobs.

Final exams were over and my dad was after both of us to find a job and start the work. I was hired as a clerk typist with my uncle Mamoo Majid Tar, who was General Manager with Noor Silk Mills. Their offices were located near Mary Weather Tower. I started my work there week- days from 9:00 AM to 5:00 PM. I started taking the same bus on Bunder Road that my dad used to take in his trips to the market for many years. Even now, the bus stop always reminds me how much hard work my dad had done in his life to give all 10 of us a better life.



Majeed Mamu started teaching me the many different requirements of setting up export documents, encouraging me to type them on the bond paper. By the way, this bond paper ranged in cost from 10 Rupees to 100 Rupees, depending on the subject of the document. If you screwed up in typing, it would be a financial loss for the company. I was very careful and learned to type accurately very quickly.

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The results of our metric were announced one afternoon, and I was listed in the first division. My Mamu was extremely happy, and he immediately sent one of the colleagues to purchase some sweets. We had nice hot tea along with the sweets and enjoyed that evening.

One day, when one of the workers called in sick, my Mamu asked me to order some tea for the other office workers. I went down to a nice restaurant and ordered the tea for the staff. At the time I did not realize the price difference between regular tea sold on a stall nearby and the tea bought from the restaurant. To make the story short, I learned that day that we must live within our means. That evening, my Mamu took me to see the owner of the company, Mr. Haji Noor. He used to sit in his clothing shop in the Kapra Bazaar, which was not far from the office building. Mamu was able to have him reimbursed for the expensive tea.

At the end of the month, my dad, who was expecting my salary, approached my Mamu on the subject. My Mamu said that what I had been doing was just voluntary work, a sort of unpaid internship. My dad was very upset, and the next day, we went to see his boss in Farooq Textile Mills, Mr Ghulam Ahmed Ismail. His office was in Jubilee House, located on McLeod Road, which is now Chundrigar Road. Mr. Ismail placed me in the Share Holders' office, run by a person named Nizam, where I was assigned to type up the shareholders' share certificates. My first cousin Zakaria Moten had just joined the same company as their Export Manager. His desk was in the same huge hall, where I was assigned a Desk. From him I received my first lessons in good office ethics. He was a wonderful person, whom I will miss him forever. He had always provided guidance to all of us brothers in school. During our coffee breaks at the office, sometimes he would take me and my manager Nizam to a nearby café, where we would drink tea and eat minced meat patties.

The month was quickly over, and I received a salary of 125 rupees for my services. Next day, I went to school and picked up my Matriculation Mark sheet. Thanks to Allah, the numbers were GREAT. I scored 94% in math, my favorite subject, but my headmaster told me that Ashraf Sattar received the highest grade, a stunning 95%. Immediately, I decided to attend D.J. Science College. This was one of the best Science Colleges to prepare oneself for Engineering College.



My dream was to attend D.J. Science College, but we were told by many that admission would not be offered to anyone with a less than 620 on our Mark sheet. We knew that D.J. Science College would accept the best players in competitive

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swimming, table tennis, field hockey and cricket. Both of us older brothers were good in swimming, so we decided to take a chance and attended the swimming team selection process. Several students from different schools attended the competition. Neither of us brothers was selected. Only three students from BVS Parsi School made the final cut.

In late August of 1970, I went to the D. J. Science College to apply for admission. There was a huge line, and students were called in based on their Mark sheet scores. The call started with 710 and below. My total was 609. Both Ashraf Sattar Motiwala and I were in the line waiting for our numbers. I don't remember his exact total but it was in the same range as mine. Our numbers were called later that afternoon. Besides the two of us, another student was also called in, Ghulam Abbas Pyarali Asar. Later on, Abbas became one of our good friends.

At the same time, my youngest sister Mahmooda started BMB Toddler School, which was on the way to my college. I began dropping off both Mahmooda and my brother Ebrahim, who was a year older than my sister, at BMB Toddler School on the way to my college. College was quite different from regular schools. Instead of a home room, we had to run around the campus to different classes. There were some extremely mature teachers who were very theoretical in their approach to teaching. I was not used to this type of teaching but loved it. During our lunch break at noon, both Ashraf Sattar and I would walk to a small stall where we would buy some sandwiches and a coke for lunch. Afternoons were generally for the physics and chemistry lab sessions. I often skipped these sessions.

During this year in College, we started thinking about going to the US for higher studies. My dad's friend Younus Moten started telling us to prepare to go to the US so that we could earn good money and help our parents. One day, Yunus Moten's younger brother Abdullah Moten came back to Karachi for a visit from the US. He was residing in Miami, Florida, during the time. We went to visit him one day with our dad at his apartment near Burns Road. He was a few years older than we were and provided some good feedback on how to apply for admissions in US Schools. This would also provide opportunity for some work so we can earn some money. For that he suggested some jobs training. One of the jobs he mentioned was lathe machine operator. My dad was able to get in touch with one of his clients who owned the Iqbal Engineering Workshop on Lawrence Road.

During this first year, besides attending College, I was swimming at the naval swimming pool. During weekends, both of us brothers were also learning how to operate a lathe machine at Iqbal Engineering.

In the meantime I also applied for my passport. Completing the application was easy and the cost was minimal, 25 rupees for international passport. The only requirement was to get the application form signed by some high authority. The

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father of one of my class fellows happened to be a high-ranking naval officer. Upon my request, his Dad agreed to sign the form for me. One afternoon, I went to see him. At the time he was living in PECHS society.

When I took the bus from Saeed Manzil to head to PECHS, it was full, and I was barely able to hang on to the bus door. During one of the turns in Saddar, the bus veered too near a horse carriage and one of the large nail scraped across my back. Thank God, I was uninjured, except for a torn shirt. Well, I could not go to my friend's place in this condition, so I had to go home first and change my shirt. On the second try I finally reached the place safely. After I got off the bus in PECHS, and asking a few people for directions, I was pointed to the right house. My friend and his Dad were very kind and signed off the document without any hesitation. My parents were really happy that I was taking care of my responsibilities by myself, but they were concerned about the incident on the bus. This was understandable as I had come very near to the death for the second time in life. The first time occurred during my first year of life, when I suffered a severe case of diarrhea and my parents had lost hope of my survival.

Next day, near Khizra Masjid, I was standing in line to apply for my passport. The line was long, but I was not too far from the window. I had bought a 25-rupees stamp to be put on the form and could have submitted my document right then.

Suddenly, a man appeared promising that he would be happy to submit my document for me. Naively, I agreed to his offer and, after giving him my form, left for home. Next day, when I came back to the office, the clerk pulled my record and said that the form was missing the 25 rupee stamp. Without the stamp, he said, he could not continue processing my application. I was extremely disheartened and started looking for this con man. I finally did locate him, but, after making many excuses, the guy got away with cheating me. Before I found him, the clerk had warned me that some individuals are not trustworthy and that I should be careful. But the clerk's advice had obviously come too late.

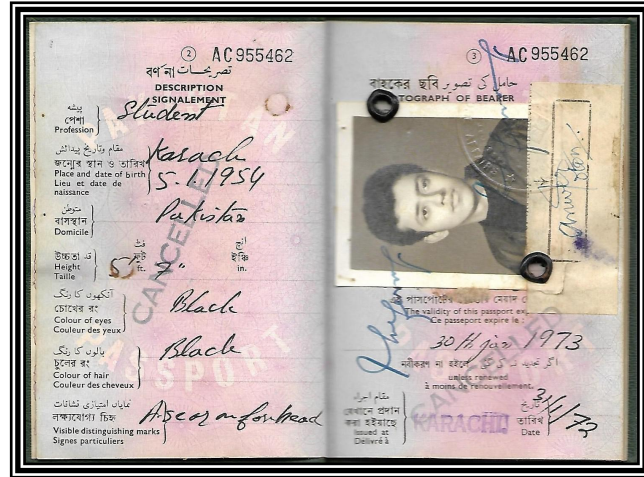
Anyway, when I got home, I told my dad what had happened. He was not upset at all, and said the incident was a learning experience for me. I knew at the time even 25 rupees was too large a sum to lose. Dad gave me another 25 rupees. I submitted my application the next day, this time making sure the stamp was pasted on the form.

A police constable showed up a few evenings later to verify my address, name, and date of birth. Some of my neighbors went with me and signed up as witnesses. I

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was given a receipt with a pick-up date and went to pick up my passport that day. True enough, the clerk handed me my passport. I had taken the first step on my journey to the US.

I came across one of the D.J.Science College students, Qasim Soorty, who was admitted in the college not on academic merit but because he was the best Table Tennis player. He was the youngest uncle of Aslam Soorty, our class fellow from BMB School. Qasim and I started hanging out together regularly. (Unfortunately, I picked up a smoking habit from him.) He and I began concentrating on how we could enter the States. In the evenings, both of us were busy typing requests for I-20's from different colleges and universities in the US.



I was hardly paying attention to my college studies, thinking that since I would leave soon for the US, there was no need to finish my studies. The results from my first year of college were devastating. I had received 2nd Division, missing 1st Division by only 2 points.

I found out other friends, Amin Fatani and Ashraf Majeed, were also applying for colleges in the US. Ashraf's elder brother Arif Majeed (Mohsin) was already in Houston attending the Baptist University there. Finally, the day came when I received my first I-20 from YMCA College. Next day, I was at the US Embassy in Karachi to apply for my English test (EPT). After passing the exam as the college required, I was given the application for a visa.

My dad had saved up some money and made a deposit for purchasing an apartment in a decent little area near Aram Bagh. The single-room house where we were living in Ranchore Lines was definitely not large enough for 10 children and two adults. When he found out that I had already met all my requirements for the US college and that my semester would start in January of 1972 in Chicago, he decided to get his deposit back, promising to give me his life time savings to purchase the ticket and pay for tuition and exchange.

For some reason or other, the situation in Pakistan got worse. Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto had already won the election in West Pakistan, while Mujibur-Rehman was a clear winner in East Pakistan. But Bhutto had enough popular votes in the West wing and decided to become the Prime Minister of Pakistan. West Pakistanis, who

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made up the majority of the armed forces, did not trust Bengalis to represent both wings. India intervened with force and West Pakistan went to war with India, as well as with their own Pakistani brothers in the East Wing. The war ended soon in a humiliating defeat for Pakistan that created the new country, Bangladesh. Ninety-four thousand armed forces personnel became Indian Prisoners. COAS, Lt General Yahya Khan, handed over power to Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, who became the Prime Minister of the West Wing, renamed it to Islamic Republic of Pakistan.

Having completely lost interest in my college studies, I knew I would fail if I did not leave for the States. I had already requested YMCA College to issue me the I-20 for summer term. I received my I-20 at the end of April, 1972, and without wasting any time, I was at the US embassy again submitting my application for a student VISA. My Mamoo (Uncle) Majeed had already provided me a bank guarantee document from his source and my Dad contributed 8,500 rupees to purchase the ticket and pay for the tuition.

I was interviewed by Dr. Thower that evening, who was also a Dean at the University of Miami in Florida. Again, I was given a receipt to pick up my passport from the embassy after a week. I was extremely excited and had already prepared for this move. My friend Amin Gul (Fatani) had been lucky enough to receive his VISAS much earlier and had already left for Chicago, the same place I was planning to go. Ashraf Majeed had some issues with the financing of his trip so both of us were planning for summer term now.

C H A P T E R 6

1972 TO 1985

War was over and those who had been drafted by armed forces had returned to college. I had already taken my EPT test at US Embassy in Karachi and was waiting to receive an I-20 for summer, 1972, as I had already missed the spring session, so I could apply for a US visa. I was in possession of an international passport, and Dad had saved enough for the family to move into another apartment near Aram Bagh, which he had previously paid down on.

Elections were over many months ago. East Pakistan was gone, replaced by a new country called Bangladesh. Schools were nationalized, and an entire generation of students was lost. Urdu became the compulsory language, while English became scarce in private schools. I started missing college and it became very difficult to prepare for the final exam of my second year. I did, however, manage to pay for the admit card and received my enrollment number for that second year.

On the first of May, I went to US Embassy to pick up my passport. When I handed over the receipt to the clerk at the window, he went back for a minute and returned with my passport without saying a word. My thought was I must have been rejected for my visa, but when I opened up my passport, there it was, a four year multiple F1 student visa for the US. Suddenly, it was a beautiful day, and I was very happy. I had the visa and enough money from Dad to leave for the US.

When I came home with the US visas in my passport, my Dad was seemed pleased but a somewhat depressed. He told me that since Pakistani currency had been devalued, the cost to travel to the US had more than doubled. He could no longer afford to send me. I was very nervous and extremely depressed to hear this because not only was I prepared for the final exams of Inter Science (Class XII), but was also faced with having to look for a job in Karachi.

When Zakaria Moten, my cousin's brother and one of the most trusted persons in our family, heard about my predicament, he asked me to visit him the next day. I went to see him in Finlay House, where we worked together during my prior

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Summer holidays. He asked me to visit one of his friends, Sardar Mohammad, a very well-known carpet dealer in Karachi, with whom he had already discussed my situation.

I went to see him near the Liaquet and Motandas market. At our meeting, I found him to be a very receptive and gentlemanly fellow. He told me that he had already discussed with Zakaria Bhai my situation. He also said that he had some funds that his dad setup long time ago to help and assist students like me who were willing to be educated in professional colleges in the US. Without going into more details, he instructed his cashier to pull Rs 10,000 and then placed the money in my hands. My hands were shaking, as I had never seen more than few rupees at one time. He then pulled out a 5 or a 10-rupee note and told me be sure to take a rickshaw and go straight home.

When I got home, I told the fabulous news to my dad, and both of us, our spirits raised, immediately left to pick up my foreign exchange, as well as ticket to Chicago. It was decided that I would leave on May 26th, 1972.

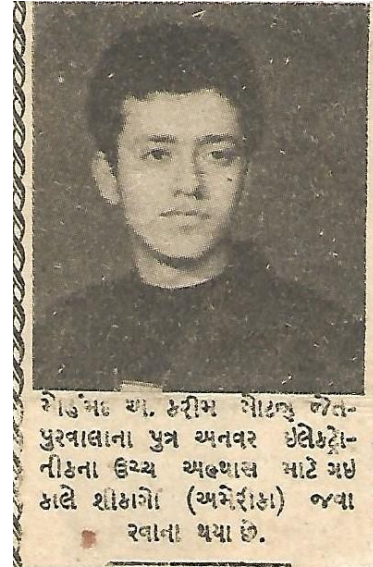
Preparations were completed. All my five Mamus (Uncles) were at my home that night. It was a huge family gathering, including the family of Zakaria Bhai. No one slept, and my mom was crying all night. My dad was proud that he was able to send his son to the US for higher studies, but he kept reminding me about the debt that we owed to Sardar Sahab. According to him, my first priority was to find work and help the family. We got up very early to leave for the airport to make my early flight. Ghaffar Mamoo taught me how to insert a belt in my trousers and tie a necktie. Sardar Sahab had arranged for two cars to take all of us to the airport. On our way to the airport, I got nauseous from all the excitement. Ghaffar Mamoo stopped the driver at a pharmacy and brought me some medication. After taking it, I felt a little better.

In those days, everyone was allowed inside the airport, and I was given a royal send-off by my family, all of whom came in to drop me off. Majeed Mamoo was so proud that he gave me a nice watch to wear. We had lived all our lives in one school dress and a pair of shoes, so this gesture was almost too much to handle. As the flight departed, for the first time it hit me that I would not be able to see my family for many years to come.

I was assured that a telegram has been sent to my friend Amin.

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This being a PIA flight, it stopped every few hours in different countries. Some countries would allow us to get off the plane and walk around in their airport. From Cairo, to Athens, to Frankfurt, to New York. We arrived late in New York, so I missed my flight to Chicago. After we were done with the immigration and customs, I was honestly so tired that I did not realize that we still had not reached Chicago. Anyway, I and my fellow travelers we were hustled to the PIA counter, where we were advised that we are all booked in the early morning flight and that we would be staying at one of the airport hotels. I am sure the hotel was old by any standard and the room small, but it was like a heaven for me who had come from Ranchoरे Lines.



In those days, communication was extremely difficult. There was no email or internet service. I tried to call one of the numbers that was given to me by Aboobaker Ismail. There was no answer, and Amin Fatani had no phone at the time. Now I was at the mercy of Allah to guide me to the right place. Luckily, when we boarded the plane for Chicago, one of the passengers sitting next to me was a physician at Cooke County Hospital in Chicago. He was coming back after visiting his family in Lahore, Pakistan. I told him my story and, graciously, he volunteered to help me reach my destination. As soon as we landed, we took a cab to a known address of 2 West Chicago Avenue, where Amin lived.

The apartment building was at the corner of State Street and Chicago Avenue. As we arrived at the destination, I got out and walked to the building to open up the door, while the doctor waited in the taxi. Of course, the door was locked, and I was told to go to the small cafeteria and ask the owner to let me in. After my humble request to one of the waitresses, she said she did not have the key. Here I was, 9000 miles away from home and no one to assist me. In desperation, I shouted to Amin from downstairs, with many Americans looking at me like I was a nutcase. Thank God, at last I saw a head poke out of from one of the windows. "I am Amin; what do you want?" the man said. This was Amin Moten, who later became a good friend too. I told him I was looking for Amin Fatani and he said that he would get him. Amin Fatani was down right away. I was so glad to see him. He tried to pay the Cab driver, but the doctor said it was OK, he was on his way to Cooke County Hospital anyway.

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I was taken up to apartment #105, occupied by Amin and some of his friends, to whom Amin introduced me. This was the start of my life in the US. For all of the roommates, Sunday was a special day, as it was a holiday from school and work. After the lunch, Amin and his friend Munir took me to McCormick Theater to watch the Indian movie. I was told that at 3 PM they were playing the old movie Daag, starring Dilip Kumar and at 6 PM Gumnam, starring Mahmood, an Indian comedian at the time. Upon my request it was decided that we would go for both shows. As we entered the theater, I could hear Indian songs from 1969 and 1970 playing. They brought back memories of my home in Karachi. Marwaris in the neighborhood would play Indian songs even during small occasion. From the film Jeene Ki Raha, I remember:

- ❖ Aane Se Uske Aaye Bahar
Jaane Se Uske Jaaye Bahar
Badi Mastaani Hai Meri Mehbooba
Meri Zindagani Hai Meri Mehbooba
Aane Se Uske Aaye Bahar
Jaane Se Uske Jaaye Bahar
Badi Mastaani Hai Meri Mehbooba
Meri Zindagani Hai Meri Mehbooba

These were the first two Indian movies I enjoyed. The next day, Memorial Day, Monday, the 29th of May, 1972, one of the roommates, Halim, took me to Lake Shore drive where we took some of my first pictures of Chicago.

When we came back, Amin received a telegram sent by my Uncle Majeed Mamu instructing Amin of my arrival date and time. Too late as I was already there but, it clicked that I had not yet informed my parents of my safe arrival. So we did send a telegram, and I also wrote a letter in the aerogram about my arrival and living with Amin.

Mumtaz, another roommate, told me that his boss was looking for help in the cafeteria of the Playboy restaurant. Being naive, I had no idea what the place was but was excited for the work before the start of the school. So, my short vacation over, I started working as a bus boy at this cafeteria.



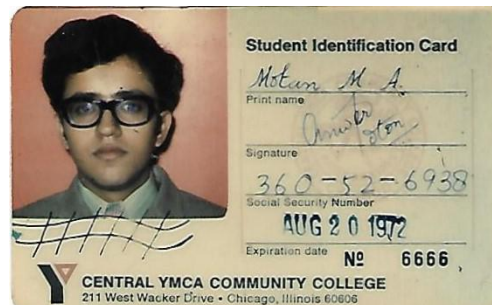
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Mumtaz, a very kind man, taught me about work and at home, he taught me how to cook. He also took me to get my Social Security card, which, at the time, was easy to do. The clerk at the Social Security office took my application and typed up my first Social Security card, which I still have today. I was now ready to start my new life in the US. After working a week, the HR department called me. When they demanded my work permit or Green card, I had no idea what to do.



Surprisingly, that same night, Amin told me that a position of pantry man had opened up on 95th floor of the John Hancock center, where Amin was also working. Without telling Mumtaz I took the job at John Hancock, with a good starting salary of 2 dollars and 50 cents an hour. Mumtaz was really angry because he had to pull the whole shift at the cafeteria by himself.

In summer school, I took six credit hours while working from 3 pm to midnight. My daily routine included leaving for school early in the morning after a simple breakfast of cereal and milk and a cup of tea. The walk to YMCA college was only couple of miles, straight on State Street and, a right on Waugh, and the school was on the left. After returning from school around 1 PM, I prepared my lunch. After lunch, I would leave for work around 3 PM and generally return by midnight. I repeated this routine five days, including Saturday. On Sundays I was off from both work and school, and one day of the week I was off from work.



As the summer session ended, we received a call from Ashraf Majeed. He was stuck in Istanbul and wanted us to purchase a plane ticket back to the US. Amin bought the ticket and sent it to him. Within couple of days, Ashraf was in Chicago. Two more friends of Munir, Shabbir and Iqbal (son of Pak Painter) arrived and started living with us. Now we were too many for the small apartment.

Amin and Munir told me that we might have to move to some furnished apartments because 2 West Chicago Avenue was becoming a dangerous place to live. Many of the Pakistanis residing there had entered the country illegally via the PIA and Pakistani ships. Although we were legal, carried four-year F1 student visa, and were attending schools, if Immigration had raided the area, all of us would get into trouble. So we moved to 1117 North Dearborn. It was decided that Amin,

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myself, Ghulam Abbas (a friend from DJ Science College), and Ashraf would take one apartment, while Munir, Shabbir, Iqbal, and Tony (Tabbo Baluch) would take another apartment. Each of us paid 100 dollars to Amin to cover our rent and groceries. If he came up short any month, we would make up the difference. My net paycheck from each week was around 95 dollars. I began sending between 100 and 150 dollars regularly to my parents to pay the debt, as well as save some money to purchase a better home for them. I was also saving money to pay tuition each semester. I fully intended to finish my college and never wanted to miss school.

In early August of 1972, as we were leaving for school, it started snowing. This was my first snow, and we had lots of fun. After few days, the snow start becoming a nuisance. It would not stop, and the temperatures were unbearable. I started looking for universities in Texas where the tuition was reasonable and the temperatures were bearable.



On our days off, we would go to see Indian movies, cook for the week, and listen to Indian Radio station playing Indian songs. Many times, I would cry and ask Allah to have mercy on me. It was very difficult for an 18-year-old to be so far away from his family while working, going to school, and sending money home at the same time.



Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew were running in the national election, and every day there were Town Hall meetings where Republicans as well Democrats would show up to answer questions from the public. There were processions to end the Vietnam War. In the November, 1972, elections, Richard Nixon and his running mate Spiro Agnew won a landslide victory. I witnessed Nixon and Agnew taking their oaths of office in January of 1973.

The summer of 1973 brought us more roommates. Salim Ghani (Dugan), Razaq Ismail, and Aslam Soorty arrived in Chicago. I had completed 31 hours of studies in engineering and had received an I-20 from South Texas Junior College in Houston, Texas. I owe thanks to my brother Ashraf, who was able to send me my Mark sheet from Class XII. I was planning to go to Texas, along with Ghulam

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Abbas and Razaq Ismail. Amin Fatani had received a scholarship from one of the colleges outside Chicago and he was also planning to leave. The decision was quick. Razaq was able to locate a friend, Mukhtar Chowdry, one of his neighbors in PECHS, who was now in Houston. I had saved up enough money for the school and my parents had paid off my debt, as well as purchased a nice apartment in Adamjee Nagar. This was a much better area at the time compared to Ranchore Lines.



Before going to Houston, we spent little time at my work on the 95th floor restaurant of the John Hancock Building, where I was now serving Beef Wellington, a special dish of our French chef to our customers. This was close to the end of August, 1973. Among the many Pakistanis working there besides myself were Amin Fatani, Iqbal (son of Pak Painters), Salim Admani, Tabo Baluch, and others. I will never forget those beautiful memories of literally working in the sky and watching the clouds float by.



Once in Houston, we stayed at Chowdry Mukhtar's place, where we were introduced to Aboobaker (Lily)



Khan, Zubair Mahmood, and Amin Mahmood. These kids, who were also attending the South Texas Junior College, helped us get the jobs quickly. I started as a busboy at Michael Angelos, an Italian Restaurant just a block from 301 Avondale. where we lived in a single bedroom apartment that cost 40 dollars a piece for the three of us, Abbas, Razak, and me. Wahid Mulla, Chowdry Mukhtar, and Aboobaker Lily were waiters, while Zubair and I were busboys. Our duty was to collect dirty dishes from the tables and bring them back to the kitchen for the dish washer. At the end of the shift, waiters would calculate their tips and pay us our share. We were also earning the minimum wage of \$1.25 an hour, which was much less than what we were paid in Chicago.

I completed my registration at South Texas Junior College, which had been bought by the University of Houston and renamed the University of Houston Downtown Campus. I registered for 12 hours, having received credit for all 31 hours from

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YMCA College. It had been over a year since I left home, and I was missing my family. I also learned that my Dad had lost his voice from smoking cigarettes, as well as lost weight. I wrote a letter to Dr. Ahmed Khan, who was my father's physician after my uncle Dr. Ahmed Moten passed away. I asked him to please make sure that he had no cancer and that he must scare my dad enough to stop smoking.



After almost a month into the school, I really wanted to go back home. I asked my family to send me a telegram stating that Dad was ill and that I must come back. The trick worked. I took the telegram to school and immediately received my refund on tuition and I-20 for spring semester. The money was enough to purchase a ticket for 660 dollars via PANAM. By late September, I was in Karachi. It was so nice to see my family moved into a much better home. My dad was very happy but at the same time very upset that I had “wasted” so much money. He also said that Dr. Ahmed had received my letter and that he had stopped smoking.

Salim Chapra invited many of us to his new place in the Federal Area near



Karimabad. I promised myself that I would keep a running list of all of us BMBians and send a printed list to Salim Chapra. We did collect most of the information from our friends. Since I knew how to punch cards in those days, I was able to print an 80/80 list from these punched cards in the computer lab at school.

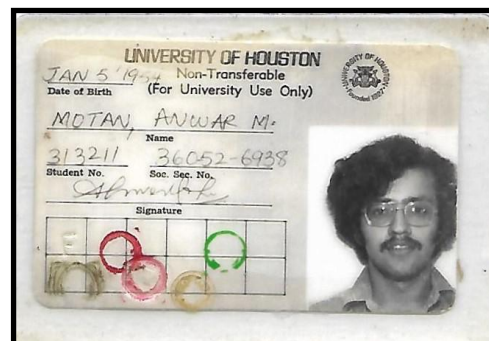
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Most of us in the pictures are still in touch and get together whenever we get a chance. During this vacation I was tagging along with Aslam Merchant, who took me to meet his customers during the day and, in the evening, to meet friends. Ramadan had already started, so during daytime, we had to take it easy. I thoroughly enjoyed that Ramadan and Eid with my family. When I was ready to leave, my youngest sister Mahmooda, who at the time was 6 years old and my favorite of all, asked my mom whether Anwar were really going to leaving us again? That broke my heart. I never wanted to leave my family, but then there was a responsibility that I could not neglect.

The year was 1974 now, and I had returned from Pakistan to start work at Michael Angelos without delay. Already behind one semester now, I started my very first semester at the now University of Houston, Downtown College. My grades were better in mathematics, physics, chemistry, and computer science. But in history, English, and other courses I was barely making C's. I was worried that the University of Houston would not accept less than a 2.5 grade point average. This year I bought used, 1966 Chevy Impala.



During our holidays in 1974 During the summer, we took a trip by car to New York. This was the first time we were able to see many cities and states of the country. We visited many places in New York. In those days there were no charges for visiting monuments like there is today.



I was accepted by the University of Houston for my Bachelor's Degree in Computer Science through their Department of Natural Science and Mathematics. I needed 126 hours of credit to meet the degree requirement. There was a lot of extremely hard work in front of me, having to go to school during the daytime and work at night. Computer Science and Data Processing courses required me to spend many hours

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at a time at Computer Center. It was my burning desire to finish the Bachelor's degree and start my Master's degree.

There were just too many issues at Michael Angelos where I was working. I had tried working for the convenient stores Stop & Go and UTOTEM, but I was not satisfied with either the work or the opportunity they offered. With the help of Anwar Jamal and Haroon, I decided to apply with Safeway. Both Anwar and Haroon had prepared me for the work of a stock man. It involved cutting grocery boxes with a special cutter and then marking the prices on each unit. Feeling comfortable with the process, one day I walked into Safeway Store #904, at the corner of Westheimer and Buffalo Speedway. Fred Gammons, the store manager, happened to be looking for a night stocker and quickly he hired me for five dollars an hour. My first night of work started at 10 PM, October 8th, 1975. This job was a great fit, and I felt a little better. I was able to work nights and attend college during the daytime. Initially, the job was very difficult, but I finally got used to it.



The University of Houston Downtown College offered an Associate's Degree in Natural Science and Mathematics. As I had met their AS Degree requirement, I went ahead and applied and, luckily, was among the first graduates to receive the AS Degree from the Downtown Campus.



The graduation ceremony was held in May of 1976, and many of my friends attended the ceremony.

Fred Gammons, my store manager, became ill and was replaced by Laddie Hankins. When, in talking to me, he learned I was attending school and had only couple of years left to graduate, he asked me to help with the price change download using the ESLS (Extended Store Level Scanning) system.

My pay was increased, and I was able to send more money to my parents. I did not realize at the time that some of the people I met at Safeway Store #904 would become long-time friends. When I left the work in the morning, I would run into a

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lady named Melva Gilbreath. After finding out more about me, she befriended me. There was now a motherly figure in my life once again.

After introducing me to her family one day, she invited me to attend church with her on Sundays. Having attended services at the church at least twice, I came to realization that, after all, Christian thinking and understanding is very close to that of Islam. I was also given a copy of the Holy Bible. Truly, in those days, I had no time to even think of reading something other than my college books. However, I felt that if Christians would just say the first pillar of Islam, most certainly they would be counted as very Noble Muslims. Their charity work impressed me so much that, right before Christmas, I would help distribute donated groceries among the homeless people, as well as to under-served populations of the city.



Hamid Zakaria, a friend of mine, had invited his family here to Houston. We decided to take a trip to California and take his parents with us. At the last moment, we decided to go up to Reno Nevada and visit Hussain, one of our mutual friends, who had joined the US



Armed Forces. This was my first trip to the West Coast. In those days, most of us had very old cars, which we were trying to use only for getting to school



and work. Hamid had just bought a practically new car, a Monte Carlo, for his parents' visit. This car had a wonderfully smooth ride. The decision was to take this car on our trip. The drive along the West Coast was beautiful in those days. We stayed in LA and visited Disneyland. Our next stop was San Francisco, where we met my School friend Yasin Saleh Mohammad and stayed with him. This was another beautiful city, with great looking beaches and piers. The last leg took us to Reno, Nevada, where we spent a couple of days visiting Hussain and his wife.

Time was going fast, and I honestly did not need any complications in my life. There were beautiful girls, and, of course, for a young man there is always a desire for female companionship. Melva always hinted that certain girls were wanting to go out with me. But the good teaching at BMB School, together with certain principles that I followed in life, that saved me from making many mistakes.

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Laddie Hankins was a kind manager. At the beginning of 1977, he asked me to work as a cashier and in the booth, which involved many administrative duties. This assignment marked the beginning of my education in management. I was only working Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, with a higher pay and time and a half for Sunday. This allowed me to pay attention to my studies until end of that year. The year 1977 was also the year that our Sister Gulbano was married to Ebrahim Fatani. Ebrahim and his elder brother Karim, my class fellows in Grade III, used to live right across from the JMA School. All of us brothers had decided to send 500 dollars each to help our dad during this wedding. Luckily, Munawar was in Karachi and was able to attend the wedding. He turned out to be a big help to our parents. I did lot of reflecting while writing this book. I decided to mention my sister's wedding and attach some of the pictures from the event because I intend this book to be the chief source of our family history. From the Nikah to the Valima reception and farewell, I tried to collect all memories and remembrances:



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When I started my last semester in college, I had already alerted Laddie that I would be looking for a white collar job. He was OK with it. Finally, the year was over, and I had successfully passed my courses and completed my requirement for a BS in Computer Science. All along, I always lived legally, holding and renewing my F1 visas with immigration. Now that my days of school were over, I applied for an 18-month training visa that would take me to middle of 1979. Mt thinking was that by then, having gained sufficient experience of the real world, I would probably go back home.



I attended the Graduation Ceremony in January of 1978. From and from the U of H job assistance program I was offered a position with Data Point Corporation, working on their Accounts Receivable System. Well, I had landed my first white collar job. And now I was also maintaining my work with



Safeway over the weekends. There were so many new things to learn. Databus language, for one, was not easy when it comes to financial systems. Accounts Receivable was a brand new subject for me. My major had been computer science, with a minor as mathematics and engineering.

During this time, I met Ebrahim Kermally and his family from Uganda. They were Ismaili Indians who, although they had lived in Kampala all their lives, were kicked out by Idi Amin. They were extremely nice to me, and I started going to their apartment. One day, Zahra Aunty, wife of Ebrahim Kermally, gave me the surprise news that there was certain Sunni girl who was about my age from Kampala with an Indian background. Somehow, I could not say no. So I was asked to meet her

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and her family. Regularly, we started going to their place in the hope that I would get engaged. In the meantime, right after my graduation, my friends invited their family, as well as the Kermally family, to attend a graduation party at our apartment on Glenmont. One of the older gentleman at the party, a retired principal in one of the Schools of Kampala, Uganda, was an uncle of the girl. He was kind enough to give us a nice speech. Haroon, our expert cook and a good friend, decided to cook his favorite Biryani and my favorite AlooChap (small potato Patti with hamburger meat). I discussed the situation with my parents many times, but my mom, especially, never agreed to my getting engaged and married in States. She always insisted that she would find a better match for me in Pakistan, when I came back.

Back to DataPoint Corporation. I accepted the challenge and stayed with them for a while before resigning. Coming to my rescue yet again, Laddie gave me a full time day time job. Money was good, and, honestly, I did not miss my computer science position. I never thought in my life that the time I spent learning math, physics, and chemistry would be a waste in my life. Dumb me, I should have started a commercial enterprise and stayed back home, working for 200 or 300 rupees per month and been happy with my life.

In early 1978, as I was done with my university studies and graduation, my brother Ashraf showed up in Houston. He had received his visa and was invited to come to Chicago by my other brother Munawar. Somehow he decided to move with me in Houston. We were already four roommates: Razaq, Haroon, Sony and I. At night after the dinner, Ashraf gave me the news that the girl I liked in Karachi was now married. I guess she wanted to settle down. I had tried my best during my 1973 visit to propose, but permission to marry was strictly denied by my parents, who lectured me to no end about it. However, the memories came back and a song was playing in the back of my mind:

- ❖ Ajeeb daastan hai yeh Kahan shuru kahan khatam?
- ❖ Yeh manzilein hain kaun si? Na woh samajh sake na hum
- ❖ Ajeeb daastan hai yeh Kahan shuru kahan khatam?
- ❖ Yeh manzilein hain kaun si? Na woh samajh sake na hum
- ❖ Yeh roshni ke saath kyun Dhuan utha chiraag se?

By this time, I had bought a house on West 43rd and Antoine, barely making a down payment with the help of my brother Ashraf, who was already in Houston by then. There were other friends who tagged along and stayed with us in the house. I guess, I was one of the first young men in the community to acquire his own house. Two of my younger brothers, Munawar and Samad, also joined us, forcing all our friends to move out.

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I had already started sending out my newly created resume to many companies. Besides DataPoint Corporation, I also took the job with one of the scientific imaging companies, but nothing came up that was promising enough to build a career on. One of the best things I did was send my resume to the Data Processing Department of the division office of Safeway in Houston, located on Clay and Windfern.

No regrets here. Some good things had resulted from my hard work with Safeway, for I was able to apply for my green card in the latter part of 1978.

In March of 1979, I received my acceptance copy for the green card and, on the same day, booked my ticket to Karachi. My brothers helped me with the shopping, and I left for Pakistan after a long 5 and 1/2 years in the US.

My family was happy to see me after such a long time. There had been many changes. My sister Gulbano was married and divorced in 1977 and had a baby boy, Faisal, a couple of months old at the time. My sister Yasmin was engaged to Amin Kamdar, who had been one of my classmates. Although I had my arguments on this relationship many times with my dad, I had to accept the fact that my dad was not going to change his decision regarding this union. My mom told me about how many girls she had seen and asked for my hand, but none of the families had agreed. Initially, I was very disappointed, but Ebrahim Kermally had promised that they would find a better girl for me if I could not make up my mind. Now here I was with no hope.

During this vacation, I used to go with my dad to his place of work, and some days Zakaria Moten would take me to his new place of work. Zakaria Moten had already set up his own export consulting business. One day, as Dad and I took the Kathiawar bus from Adamjee Nagar to my Dad's work place, he mentioned something that was very disturbing. He told me that he was very surprised as well as disappointed when my younger brother said negative things about me during his visit to Pakistan in the previous year. He had told my dad that I was wasting my time in US, adding words to the effect, "Look at him, he now has green card, and he is visiting Pakistan to get engaged." But my dad clearly knew what kind of help I had provided to the family. Moreover, I had finished my schooling in the least amount of time, 4 1/2 years, accomplishing this after completing only 11th grade in Pakistan, and without having taken my final exam for 12th grade. Dad was really proud of me. The lesson I learned from this incident was:

"There will always be family members and relatives who will be jealous of your position, your education, or of your living standards. Do not pay any attention. Do what is right".

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While at our home, a pregnant lady, named Rukhsana, who was a friend of my sister, showed up at home. She liked me very much, and I was also impressed with her behavior. I asked my sister if Rukhsana had any sisters, and she said “Yes.”

It had been our regular practice to call Momin Siddiq, a friend of Mom’s, whenever we wanted to talk to our family. Momin Siddiq would in turn ask my mom to come to her house. When we called again in 30 minutes or so Mom would be there. I wanted to talk to some of friends desperately so I asked my sister if I could use their phone.

A huge change in my life was about to happen. As I entered the home, I saw two young women sitting on one of the sofas across the room from me. Then Rukhsana, whom I mentioned earlier, showed up. I asked Momin Bai if I could use their phone. She welcomed me and showed me the phone. The phone was in a corner of the room, and these three young women were on the opposite side. While I was talking to my friend, I was able to hear them talk. When I had finished, Momin Bai introduced me to the ladies. Suddenly it clicked that this visit had been a blessing from Allah. The ladies, the daughters of Ebrahim Shawoo Bawaney, were visiting their aunt (Phuphi Momin). I introduced myself and learned that the older of the



two girls was named Yasmin and the younger one Firdous. Allah knows best. Somehow, I started talking to Yasmin in English, who replied in the same language. In few minutes of conversation, we clicked and I asked my sister more about them. Later on I found out that this



meeting had been arranged by my sister and Momin Siddiq. Both girls, along with two of her other sisters, four in all, had been brought up in India. Yasmin, a graduate of St. Joseph College, spoke fluent English. She was different from other Desi girls. Giving me some lame excuses, my mom insisted that I talk to Momin Siddiq to come to an understanding. If the girl were interested and liked me, then we must proceed with a proposal. Within a day, my mom received the positive feed- back and she proposed her for me.

Now came the toughest days of my life. I had no idea how profoundly my future would be affected. I was asked to provide some documents, along with my paper (approval of my green card) and wallet, containing the licenses and many credit cards. I did this and was invited to Momin Siddiq’s place in couple of days to meet

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with Yasmin's family. Her brother-in-law, Arif, son of Momin Siddiq and Rukhsana's husband, also came to visit Karachi from Doha, Qatar, where he worked. We met for few minutes before our final meeting with Yasmin's family that night. When I visited Momin Siddiq's house one more time, I saw many men sitting next to each other. I was introduced to them. I met Haji Ebrahim Shawoo (Yasmin's Dad), as well as all his brothers, Zakaria Shawoo, Razak Shawoo, Salam Shawoo, Bashir Sahwoo, Yunus Shawoo, and Iqbal Shawoo. Zakaria Shawoo was very talkative, and he made me very comfortable. There were many questions raised, including why I did not have a green card (meaning a physical copy as I had only an approval document with me). I think I answered all the queries very favorably. Then we enjoyed family talks while



sipping cup of coffee. Next day, my wallet was returned, along with my paper green card. I told my mom that it was over and that I would rather find a nice girl in Houston. I was very disappointed. In the back of my mind, I wondered whether I was



really a bad looking boy who was unable to find a match. After a couple of days had gone by with no

word from Yasmin's family, my mom became a little nervous and went to see

Momin Siddiq in person. She brought back the good news that Yasmin's parents were seriously thinking about getting us engaged. Once again, a flame of light shone in my life. In the meantime, my sister Yasmin's wedding day was setup. I had only few days left of my vacation, so I was unable to stay for her wedding.

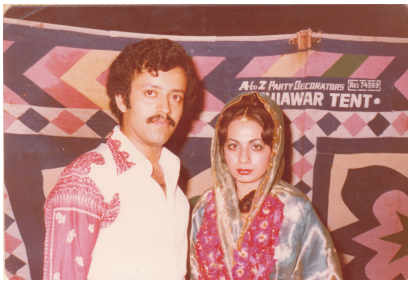


Finally, my mom was told to bring me and a few of our family members to their house.

This is a formal "Yes" in our tradition, where the boy is invited to the girl's home. My brother Munawar was also by now in Karachi. He was also planning to get married to his high school sweetheart, Rahima, daughter of my cousin brother Zakaria Moten. My mom and all my sisters, along with Zubeida Moten (a cousin sister), my brother Munawar, and I left to attend this traditional and formal process of saying "Yes" at Yasmin's house. I had borrowed a car from Haji Iqbal, who I knew from Houston and now was settled in Karachi.

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The house at 66 Jamshed Road was once known as Africa House and later bought by Mohammad Shawoo Bawaney and renamed 66 Bawaney House, Jamshed Road. It was already full of a lot of people who had been invited to our reception. As we were asked to sit in their formal room, I saw everyone arriving to join us. Finally, Yasmin, in her beautiful dress, showed up. Seeing her for the first time so close to me, honestly, it was like love at first sight. Both of us were given a glass of milk with sugar, pistachios, and almonds to drink. We exchanged our flower garlands. I had brought the instant picture camera with me and my brother Munawar had quite a few film rolls with him. It was a hit, as you could see the pictures within minutes of taking the picture.



I excused myself and requested Yasmin's mom's permission to take her out for couple of hours. After little resistance, she agreed and off we went.

My family, as well as Yasmin's family, decided to have a small engagement party at our house.



The day was picked, and both of us discussed over the phone how we would dress for the occasion. My family and I had to work really hard to prepare this small gathering on our roof top. We had rented some of needed items from my dad's friend Yousuf Lakhani who was managing the Kathiawar Memon Tent House. I knew him well. I used to visit his shop to call Yasmin, as well as my friends.

He used to speak so fast that sometimes it was difficult to understand him, but he was a thorough gentleman and always respected my dad and all of us brothers. He told me that he had several sons in the US too. Of course, later in life, one of his sons, Hashim Lakhani, settled in Houston and became a very well-known businessman.

He took our order and was able to send these items in time. We setup the tent and the stage and rolled some of the carpet-looking Satrangis. It was a nice gathering and the first time we exchanged our rings.

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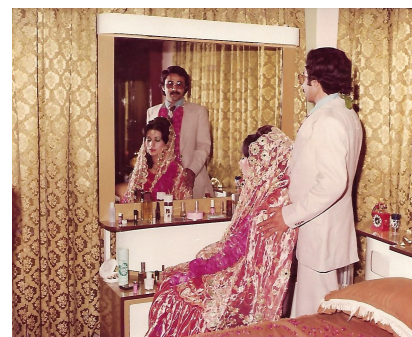
There was so much to discuss and plan for the wedding and moving to Houston. We were seeing each other almost every night and talking on the phone every day. We were in love and never wanted to be separated.

There were some members of the family who were not happy with our engagement. It is of no use to even bring up their jealousies and shortsightedness. I promised Yasmin that I would secure for her a US student visa so that we could leave quickly after the wedding to Houston. Because it required my being separated from Yasmin, I returned to the US with a heavy heart. Upon my arrival back in Houston, there already was a letter waiting. I had brought copies of her documents to apply for an I-20 from the University of Houston Downtown College, and to sit for the TOEFL(Test of English as a Foreign Language). The I-20 was issued within days, and she was able to take the TOEFL at the US Embassy. To everyone's surprise, including her family, she passed the TOEFL with flying colors and quickly applied for the student visa. I was not surprised, as I had full confidence in her intelligence and education. She was educated in India and attended one of the best colleges, St. Xavier's in Mumbai. She knew English, Hindi, French, and Urdu. During the interview at US Embassy with Dr. Thower, Dean of University of Miami, she told Yasmin that she would show her essay to her students at the University. Dr. Thower congratulated on her achievement and wished her well.

Here is the lesson learned:

“Always be focused on what you think is right and never pay attention to others who have no business in your lives in the first place.”

My sister Yasmin was married to Amin Abdullah in spite of resistance and the difference in ages between my sister and Amin.



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Within days, my beloved Yasmin called me with the best news of my life. She had



received a four-year student visa with her first semester starting in January of 1980. In November of 1979, I took off for Pakistan once again. My father-in-law, a most gracious person, agreed to the 17th of November, 1979, as our wedding day. Haji Iqbal, one of my best friends, and Razak Bawaney, (Raja, son of Sattar Bawaney - Press Wala), were among the right hand men



who helped me in prepare for the wedding. Thank God, Farook Vali volunteered to take the pictures.

The Jetpur Memon Association had set a restriction on dinner parties, and, honestly, I was not able to afford any large expenses. Yasmin, supported me 100% in our decisions.



The day came when we were to go to Memon Masjid, Boulton Market, after the ASR Prayer. My dad and my Mamu Majeed had already prepared the paper work for the Nikah, and off we went for the Masjid. Haji Iqbal drove my family (men only)

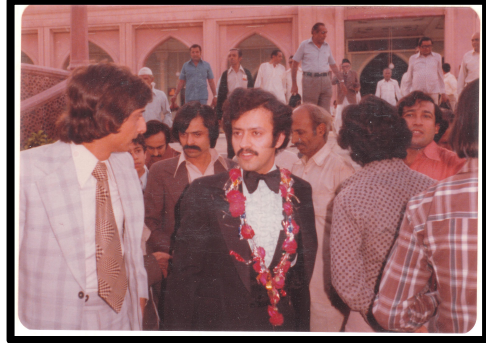


to the Masjid, which was quite far from our place. After the ASR Salat was completed, I was hustled to the front and asked to sit down where the Imam was to perform our Nikah. All the paper work was ready, along with the witnesses, my maternal uncle Majeed Mamu and paternal uncle Usman Chacha. On the ladies' side were Zakaria Shawoo Bawaney and Yasmin's dad Ebrahim Shawoo Bawaney. The Imam recited a few verses from the Quran regarding the wedding and also explained the Hadith (saying of Prophet Muhammad SAW) on the subject. He then called for the witnesses who were agreeing to this marriage.



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The Imam then turned over to me and asked three times if the marriage contract was acceptable, to which I replied (YES - Qubool hai) three times. After asking the prayer for a better life for both of us, the ceremony was adjourned. All my family members, as well as Yasmin's family, congratulated me on the day. As we were walking out, all my friends were there. You can see Razak Bawaney (my best man, now deceased), Haji Iqbal, Arif Rehmatullah (Balagam), with his head turned towards Hanif Sulaiman (now deceased). My friend and colleague Farook Vali, the photographer, is, of course, missing in every picture. I will never be able to repay him. What a wonderful man he was and is. May Allah bless him with all happiness in his life. Amen.



It had mixed feelings about this life-long commitment. I was happy that, finally, I was getting married to a person who I did not just like but whom I adored with all my heart and soul. We were going to be life partners until we died and promised to live for each other in good or bad times.

After the Nikah, we were to attend a small gathering of both our families at Kathiwar Hall. We left for the hall with my family. This was largely a ladies' gathering. The Masjid was men's gathering.

Both Yasmin and I started preparing to leave for Houston after only three days. We were excited to start our new life. Yasmin was a little uneasy and felt depressed about having to leave her family behind. As we landed in New York and finished our immigration and customs screenings, we were ready to board our flight to Houston. As we walked to the airline counter, someone tapped me on my shoulder. As I turned around, an officer flashed his customs badge and asked me to accompany him with my luggage. He and another officer whisked me into one of the rooms and asked me to empty my pockets. One of them started questioning me, while the other one went through my luggage. Finally, they determined I had nothing that was not mentioned in the declaration form. The first officer simply told me that I could leave. I took off quickly and thanked God it was not too late. I was able to find Yasmin in the elevator going up to the departure lounge. I told her what happened as we stood in line for the Delta airlines flight for Houston.

As we got off in Houston, my brother Ashraf, a few friends, and Ebrahim Kermally and his wife Aunt Zehra, along with their son, were there to pick us up. We were driven in a nice Lincoln car to our home on West 43rd. Aunt Zehra had prepared some traditional custom before entering our home. Both of us were so tired after

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the meal that we went to sleep. The next day was my only day off, and I had so many things to teach Yasmin. I will always be thankful to my brother Ashraf and my friends Haji Iqbal and Haroon, who were always there to help me and my newly married wife.

Within a week of coming back, I received a call from David Weierman, Data Processing Manager in our Corporate Office, while I was running the booth. He was very kind and asked me if I were ready to move to their Department as a Programmer working with RPG and Assembler. I accepted the offer of \$18,500 starting salary; later on I was given a date to start working in the Data Processing Department. This was the start of my Career in Information Technology. Dave was couple of years older than I and also worked with Safeway information while finishing his Bachelor's degree in natural science and mathematics just like me. Because of this, he respected me very much and started teaching me the ins and outs of data processing. Our offices were right outside the computer room. The department consisted of the Data Processing Manager, Dave Weierman, Herb Gray, Operations Manager, two computer operators, and me, a computer programmer. We were on an IBM 370 mainframe running DOS/VSE, having just transitioned from an IBM 360 Mainframe.



In the days ahead, I attended many mainframe hardware courses, as well as visited Safeway headquarters in Oakland, near San Francisco, California. Within six months of my training, we were given the huge project of converting from 370 DOS/VS to 370 DOS/VSE. My responsibilities included compiling of all available local systems, HR and Payroll. The rest of the systems like A/R, A/P, Buyers, PO, and invoice management systems were supported by the headquarters. We used to receive the tapes to install and test. Once I got the hang of managing the Data Processing Department, I started sending out my updated resume. In the meantime, Yasmin went for her doctor's visit, where she found out that she was expecting. This was wonderful news, and we immediately informed our families. Munawar had already moved out of, and other brothers wanted to take their share of the value of our house and live on their own. I told my dad about the situation and he was very clear in his advice to me. We had borrowed money on the credit cards for several weddings during 1979. He said sell the house, pay your debts, and

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distribute the money to my brothers. I did as my father directed. Yasmin and I moved into a lease-to-buy apartment. These were brand new apartments (Lamonte Park) on Watonga near Mangum, which was not far from where we lived on West 43rd. Here is a picture us in our apartment, with our American godmother Melva Gilbreath and John Gilbreath.



While Yousuf, a friend from Dallas, his wife, and their toddler were visiting us in Houston, we used to go to the China Palace restaurant. Their fish was one of the specialties and we always enjoyed it. As we came home and were preparing to go to sleep, Yasmin started feeling pain in her abdomen. She was in her 8th month. When we called her gynecologist, she asked us to bring her over. We had to leave for the hospital right away. Yousuf was driving while his wife Nusrat was calming her down. I was sitting right next to her in the back seat and hoping we would get to the hospital quickly. It was a long drive from Mangum in North West Houston to HWY 6 and I-45. When we finally arrived, Yasmin was immediately taken to Emergency for a quick check. After making her comfortable and running a few tests, the hospital team concluded that this had been a false alarm. The baby must have kicked her in her belly creating the pain. Her due date being the 25th, the doctor decided to schedule a C-Section for the 26th. I was with her the whole time and took many pictures of our newborn. We had already chosen the name of Shermeen if it were a girl, and if by chance it had been a boy, the name Noumaan. So my most beautiful daughter Shermeen was born on the 26th of December, 1980, while we lived in that apartment. I did receive a small salary increase based on my end of year of evaluation. Certainly, this additional income was most welcome in view of the new addition to our family. Our best friends at the time, Rafiq Loya and Aisha Loya, were extremely supportive during the whole time, as well as our bachelor friends at the time, Hamid Zakaria and Masoud Haroon Moten.

Both Yasmin and I started looking for a newer home in Katy. We found some new Town homes being built in the Silver Mill subdivision, near Barker Cypress and I-10. These new homes were attractive and large enough for our family. This time, I acted on my dad's advice and did not allow anyone else other than Yasmin and I to sign off on the purchase contract. The mortgage rates were very high, running between 14 and 16 percent. The price of the new home was around 54,000 dollars, and my payment, with taxes and insurance, came to around 750 dollars per month, almost 50% of my monthly income from Safeway. Yasmin decided to take a trip to Pakistan with Shermeen to visit her and my family.

Here are couple of pictures of my family in Pakistan.



In our new home in Katy with Shermeen.



I decided to take a second job in the evenings as a sales person and found one at Foley's. This department store, which was being built in the West Oaks Mall, was hiring to staff their electronics department. Initially hired to work selling jeans of all things, 60 days later I was moved to the Electronics department, where I was able to sell all electronic items, including computers. Foley's was paying me commission as well as pay for working 20 hours. After working there for about a year and a half, I was tired. In the mean time we had one more child, our son Noumaan, on 10th of June, 1983. Most of my family members were taken aback by the birth of a son, as their prediction for some reason had been another girl. Although both of us had made many prayers to Allah for a healthy boy, we would have been extremely happy with another daughter. Daughters are the apple of a father's eye, and certainly Shermeen had given us a beautiful life by just being part of the family. I decided to start sending out resumes to find work in the data processing departments of other companies. I finally got an interview with the Credit Bureau of Greater Houston for the position of Assembler Programmer for their online system. It was a huge challenge but the pay was good, and we were doing well with two kids. We were also able to take care of my parents' expenses. The best thing was there was no need for me to work a second job. Finally, we were able to comfortably manage our finances.

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Noumaan brought an added dimension to our lives. Our family of three became very busy now that we were four. In the beginning, Shermeen did not like another child in the house, but she got used to her brother. At this time, it is worth mentioning that our faith ensures us that Allah provides the ways and means for your livelihood (Rizq) and will increase your resources in proportion to your responsibilities. There were some difficult times, and I am proud of my wife, who never ever complained or stopped me from sending monies to my parents. In fact, she forced me to become disciplined and start sending money regularly, so my parents never had to worry about it. This discipline has been extremely helpful in the sustaining our livelihood. Allah increases your wealth and provides better health when you spend money towards charity. And charity begins at home.

Yasmin and the kids left for Pakistan to spend some time with the family. She is a very courageous woman and took care of both kids. I can only imagine how extremely difficult it is to manage even one child as you travel abroad, and she managed both. Unfortunately, the shortsightedness of my family, especially my mom and elder sister, did not help. Again, my intention is for the next generation to learn from this incident. My mom's expectation was that the daughter-in-law, who is there only for few weeks to see her own parents, must live with her and help in the daily chores. Whether this thinking came from our culture and tradition carried from our Hindu background or local community expectations, it was completely wrong and unacceptable. Yasmin was treated unfairly, and my brothers were no help either. Instead of understanding the issue, at least one of them pressed the issue, creating even more ill-feeling. This trip was only the start of an ever-worsening situation. We must learn to respect our daughters-in-law and treat them just like our own daughters. After all, they have left their families and chose to start a new life with a complete stranger.

It is also worth mentioning that while working at Safeway, one day I received a call from a major diamond re-seller, in Houston. The call was from a security investigator with the store, who wanted desperately to visit me. As he came into my office, he showed me that some diamond rings were fraudulently charged on American Express. When they got in touch with this individual, he told them that I was a person of bad character and that they should investigate me. Fortunately, the company politely told me that they had the CCTV pictures and only wanted to verify they weren't of me. Some how, even a police officer showed up to our home in my absence and my wife told him that he does not live there. Unfortunately, the person who defamed me was a family member. Again, the lesson learned here is:

“There will always be family members and relatives who will be jealous of your position, education, or of your living standards. Do not pay any attention. Do what is right. If you earn good halal (legal) money you have the right to enjoy it, but don't forget to pay in charity”.

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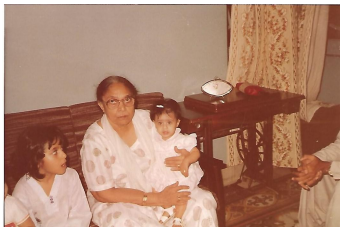
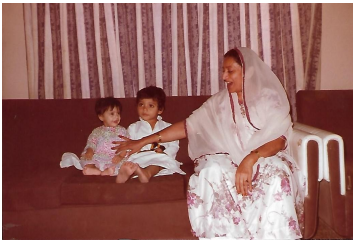
It was only three months into my new job at the credit bureau when I received a call from Joy Richardson of Hospital Corporations of America (HCA) in Nashville, Tennessee. I had filled out an application for a Project Leader position at King Faisal Hospital and Research Center in Riyadh with their American contractor HCA. I was shocked but delighted to receive the call. Shocked, because I never thought to receive any calls for a job in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia and delighted because I always prayed for a better opportunity to keep both my family and parents' family always happy and healthy. The main reason I pursued this position was that I wanted to provide a safe place for my kids, a place where they could practice religion without any fear, attend prayers in Masjid, and learn our holy book Quran.

CHAPTER 7

SHERMEEN MOTAN GHAZI AND NOUMAAN MOTAN
CHILDHOOD IN PICTURES



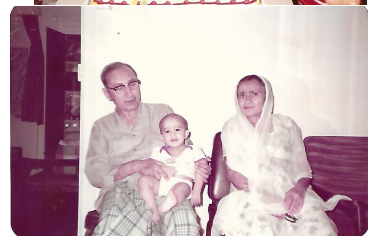
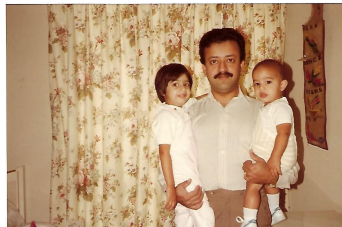
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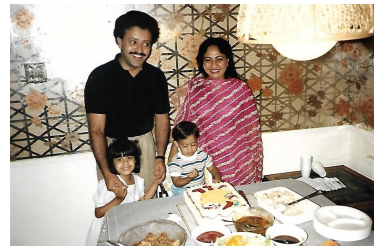
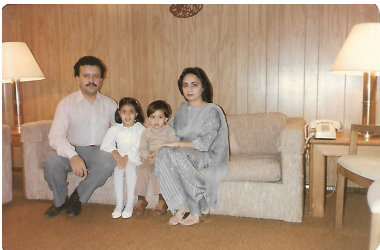


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CHAPTER 8

1985 TO 1998 - LIFE IN SAUDI ARABIA

HCA interviewed me over the phone and two days later asked me if I could come to Nashville over the weekend with my family. I agreed, and one Friday we took off to Nashville for my job interview. This visit was a two-day crash course involving orientation to both life in the Kingdom, as well as to my position. The first words we learned were the meaning of IBM, Insha Allah (if God willing), Bukra (tomorrow or next day), and Maalish (never mind)].

As I was handed a copy of the contract, I was excited to see the jump in my salary from 32K to 54K. They also explained that housing would be free, with no charges for electricity, water, or any other utilities. The kids' schooling would be in private American schools, and expenses would be absorbed by the company. Besides the pay and benefits, they would pay air fare to Houston, our point of origin, for the whole family once a year, as well as a ticket for me to attend one conference of my choice per year in the US. The cherry on the cake was the vacation package: forty-five days of paid vacation per year, including a round trip ticket for the whole family, plus 10 days of time off during Haj and seven days during Ramadan. Both Yasmin and I quite excited about this new adventure. On Monday, I notified my boss that I was going to take this job, leaving on good terms with the company in two weeks. This was end of March, 1985. I had no idea how long the issuance of visas would take or what else would be required for us to fly to Saudi Arabia. With the process underway, at the end of two weeks, I received the call from Nashville saying that my family visas were denied and that HCA would have to re-apply. After several more weeks, the visas were again denied. This time, HCA provided me the option to take the job and leave by myself, leaving the family behind temporarily. I had to refuse this proposal, so HCA started making different proposals, including that I find another job in Houston. Certainly, I was not ready

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for this. I had stopped paying my mortgage in the hopes that we would be leaving for Saudi. The housing market was so bad at the time that I knew I would not be able to sell the house. This house, which I had bought for 54K had lost its value to the tune of 27K, for a net loss of 50%. We were finally forced by the bank who held



the mortgage to vacate the home. Two weeks later we moved to a furnished apartment on I-10 and Kirkwood called Lafayette Executive homes.

It was a different life living in a apartment complex with the family. There was nice pool where Shermeen enjoyed swimming and two-year-old Noumaan learned to swim. In the meantime, I kept my contact with HCA, looking at different options, as I had no intention to look for another job in Houston.

Instead of being depressed, we decided to take kids to Disney Land in Orlando. My brother Ashraf, who had already moved to Orlando, and he agreed to welcome us. We did all the packing and left all our luggage at Rafiq Loya's place. Somehow, we had the feeling that we would have our visas in the next two to three weeks. Ashraf welcomed us in Orlando. He was very kind and put us up in his apartment. We took trips to



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Disney World every day until we grew tired of it. Noumaan and Nida (Ashraf's daughter) were very young, and Noumaan used to get sick in the car, as it was always so hot in Orlando.

Finally, it happened. HCA came up with the idea that they would pay for tickets to Karachi for my whole family, so I could them in Pakistan. My ticket was issued up to Riyadh, where I would start my job. They also suggested that applying for family visas would be much simpler when I was there.

We started packing. We had close to 10 boxes and six pieces of luggage. Our tickets were sent from HCA through FedEx, along with the passports. Thanks to my brother Munawar and a nephew Yaqub Moten, who helped us to take us to the airport. I was given assurance that FedEx would find me at the airport to deliver my tickets and documents. So we left and arrived at the Airport. Munawar somehow was able to arrange with the person at the ticket counter to get all my luggage checked in, even though the tickets allowed only two pieces per ticket. Now we had to wait for FedEx to arrive. There were no cell phones in those days, but I was in constant touch with HCA using public telephones.

At last, the FedEx guy showed up with the package and we were ready to board the plane. As we arrived in Karachi, all the customs officers became suspicious of me after seeing so many luggage pieces and boxes showing up on the belt in my name. They opened several boxes. Some of our crockery was trashed. The custom officer sympathized with us and let us go after hearing that I was returning home after an absence of 13 years. We came to our Dad's home in Adamjee Nagar. I was very happy to see my family, who had arranged for us to stay with them. It was very difficult for me to make my dad understand that it would be better to move the boxes and the luggage to my mother-in-law's because our home was so small. After many arguments, we were able to take all the boxes and luggage to my mother-in-law's. I left for Riyadh after couple, while my family moved in with my in-laws. Another lesson: Remember to provide space for your children and their spouses to make their own decisions instead of insisting that they comply with your own traditions and obsolete culture.

Finally, I landed at the beautiful and newly built Riyadh King Khalid International Airport. A Saudi gentleman, Ahmed, from the hospital was waiting outside to pick me up. He took me to King Faisal Specialist Hospital and Research Center, which was a huge compound, one of the largest compounds in Riyadh at the time. I was assigned a small three-bedroom townhouse in Medical City Village (MCV), right across from the hospital. I was told that enough groceries were in the fridge and that if I wanted anything more, the A&P grocery store (later named Al-Azizia Super Market) was within walking distance.

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I must tell you how impressed I was with the hospital, the compound, and the amazing city. New highways and buildings were under construction everywhere. After calling Yasmin, I and did some grocery shopping and was now ready to cook a meal. I just had bought some minced meat, as it was easier for me to cook. I had some rice and many spices that Yasmin had given me. Now I began to get into the routine of cooking again from when I was a bachelor. Even while cooking the minced meat, I suspected it might have gone bad, but I did not care, as I was so hungry. Finally, I had my minced meat with rice ready to eat. The meat tasted funny and was very salty. But, being hungry, it did not matter much at the time. After I did the dishes, I pulled the trash can out and, for some reason, picked up the plastic package of minced meat, and read the label more closely. Now it made sense. It was minced meat all right, but from a camel. Not paying particular attention to the label out of habit, I had assumed minced meat was minced meat. What a joke, I must have added so much cilantro that it killed the smell of what had turned out to be camel meat. In a way, I felt better that at least the meat had not been tainted as I suspected.

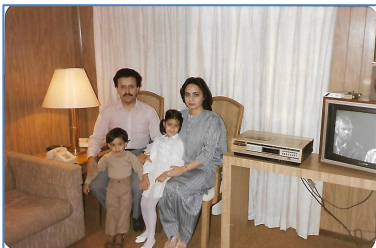
I was tired and had plans to get to work early the next morning, so I went to sleep. There were so many unknowns in my mind that I tossed and turned for some time before finally dozing off. I woke up early, prayed, had breakfast, and started getting ready to go to work. As I said, the hospital was right across from MCV and I took the tunnel to hospital. This tunnel was made underground to connect the MCV housing the main hospital compound. I was to show up at the HR department, which was on the first floor of the main building, next to the CEO's office. Everyone that I met was from the US. They were very respectful and excited to see me joining the hospital from Houston. After a half-day tour of the hospital I was confident that I could manage to get around the place on my own. I was taken to the Computer and Hospital Information Center (CHIC). This was a small building situated in the back of the hospital. I later found out that this building had been a SITE office during the construction of the hospital. As the hospital was only for the Royalty family, they must have budgeted generously for this hospital and brought in mostly American physicians to practice as consultants. As I entered the office of the Data Processing Manager (Salwa Al-Jasser), I was expecting a lady with the typical Hijab. But, instead, she was a pretty lady wearing an American outfit who spoke fluent English. I introduced myself and sat down to see what kind of assignments I would receive. My position was Medical Applications Project Leader. As I had no knowledge of hospital applications, so there was so much to learn. She told me that she was very excited to see me as she was looking for a person who knew Assembler and RPG at the time. She promised me that hospital applications were very simple and that most of the Admission/Registration application, called Hospital Care System (HCS), was bought from IBM. She was very kind and provided me with the user and technical guides. She also guided me to one of the experts in in the HR department who then

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assisted me in applying for my family's visas the same day. The papers were turned in and within two weeks visas were issued for the family. The company even paid for their tickets. I called Yasmin to give her the news. With Eid-ul-Adha less than a week away, my family was ready to come celebrate with me. They arrived a day before the EID.

They were very impressed with the compound, as it felt as though we had never left the US. There were tennis courts, swimming pools, jogging tracks, exercise rooms, a small grocery store, as well as many activities for the kids. I think here I must mention how some members of the extended family, were against my going to Saudi Arabia. In fact, one elderly person in the community in a gathering told me that Saudis invite people on visas but never allow them to leave, often forcing them into labor services. Of course all of that proved to be false. I guess the gentleman never realized that educated folks are well respected in Saudi Arabia and they certainly enjoy respect and brotherhood from their colleagues.

Yasmin and I became very busy and scheduled kids in activities. Shermeen at the time was 4 1/2 and Noumaan was 2, and we were told by American School that



they would not accept kids under 5. Yasmin and I decided to get Shermeen enrolled in the British school and Noumaan into a nursery school program within the compound. The day we came back from the British school after completing Shermeen's paper work for



admission, I must have ran red light without realizing it. Sand storms are so strong in Riyadh, and many times the lights are not very visible. A policeman stopped me. When he saw the family with me, he asked "Do you know what you did?" I replied that I didn't know. He told me that I had run a red light, and, after warning me to pay more attention to traffic signals, let me go. I was driving a friend's car and had my American license with me. There was no paper work with us, as we were new in the Kingdom. When I told the story to my Saudi friend who had given me his car for this chore, he was shocked. He said that I was very lucky; otherwise, I would have been in jail for running the red light and having no documents. This was a lesson learned in the Kingdom.

The year 1986 was extremely busy for me. I was given the project to check out some packages at the pharmacy conference in Boston for the Inpatient Pharmacy Department Pharmacy. I had to take off to Boston to attend this Pharmacy Conference with Steve Sherling, who was the senior pharmacist and manager of the Pharmacy Inventory Department. Later on, we were joined by Sulaiman Al-

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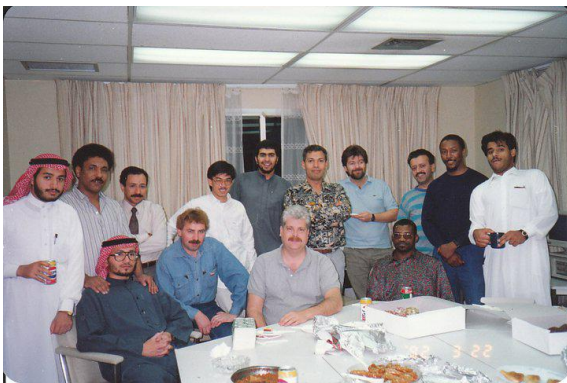
Salamah, the Director of Pharmacy. In Riyadh, I was busy installing a mainframe laboratory package developed by the University of Alabama demonstrating it to our lab customers.

This was the year when we started taking advantage of living in Saudi Arabia. As I mentioned earlier my first priority was to teach our religion to our children and help them become more mature in the Islamic society. As often as I could, we took our children to Masjid, and they were also taking lessons from a Quran teacher at home. The reason I am bringing this up is that later on I will try to explain the misconceptions involved in providing for your children an environment where they can easily practice and learn religion, even though there is no guarantee that they will utilize the knowledge and teachings. It is truly up to the kids how they would like to lead their lives. Once they become adults, children do not always see eye to eye with their parents, whom Allah chose to show them the right path. As parents, our responsibility is to guide them and advise them to the extent possible and provide the safety they deserve. But it is very difficult to control the friends they choose to associate with, who may play a significant part in determining the type of adults they become.

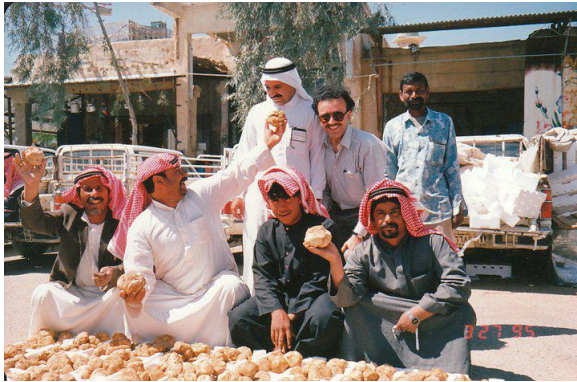
Some of the children of families we left in Houston, became Scholars of Islam, while many went astray. I will never regret spending many years in Saudi Arabia because it enriched my understanding of our own religion. I started taking Arabic classes. The Saudi Ministry had provided me copies of both Sahih Al-Bukhari and Sahi Al-Muslim, authentic Hadiths in Islam. It became our practice to read these books to our kids before they went to sleep. I also received English translations of the works of many scholars of the time. Most important of all, at least once and sometimes twice a year we went for Umrah. Many times we spent some days of Ramadan in Haram and completed two Hajj during our stay. May Allah accept all our good deeds and hope our next generation learns from our life experience. My intention to live in Saudi Arabia had been two-fold. First, to improve our standard of living and, second, to make sure the religious roots and base were strong enough for our children. My hope was that in time my children would come to understand and start doing their own soul searching, just like I learned and I did. We are all human beings after all and tend to make mistakes in our lives. Those who learn from their mistakes survive better on this Earth and tend to help others as well.

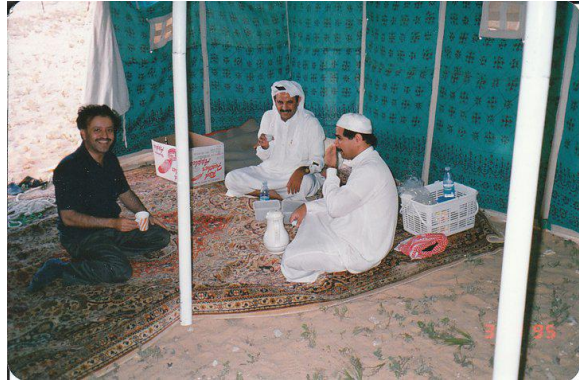
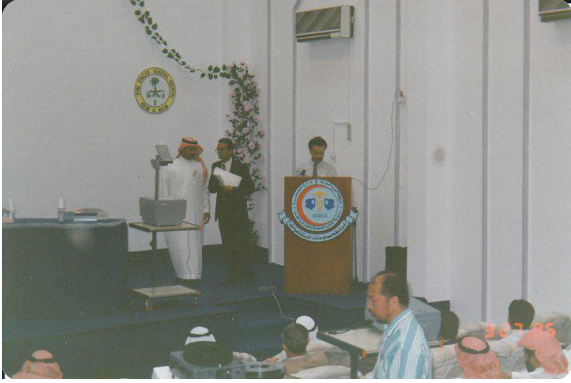
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Some memories of KFSH parties and conferences where we met with colleagues and friends:



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MUMBAI, INDIA - 1986

That same year, we took a trip to Mumbai, India, and met many of Yasmin's relatives and friends. We visited many places, from the Mumbai Zoo to the Hanging Gardens, to Juhu beach. We met with many of her teachers and even visited the school and college she attended. One day, one of the female teachers and her husband took us to Lonawala Khandala, a nice hillside place outside Mumbai. While coming back, we stopped in the village of Khapoli. The teacher's husband was a converted Muslim and his family still lived in this village. As we entered the home, his family greeted us cordially. To my surprise they were Luana Hindus and spoke a typical dialect of Sindhi that was close to Cuchi Memon. They were very impressed when I spoke in Memoni with them.



As this was only a two-week vacation and we went out every day. Abdul Mama and his family lived near Zakaria, Masjid, in a poor neighborhood, but had the heart of millionaires. They made us feel at home. Abdul Mama's kids were always there to take us many places. We were at the beach, enjoyed the Pani Puri (Gol Guppa),

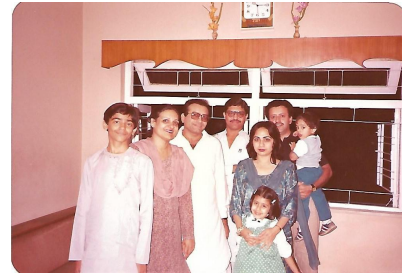


coconuts and even took the horse cart (Tanga) trip on one of the main roads near the beach. We visited Yasmin's dad Ebrahim Shawoo's building in Andheri. Each day of the week we were invited by someone in Mumbai for dinner. Two brothers, Razak Bhai and Siddiq Bhai were very close to my in-laws. We had the honor of visiting both of their families. Each one gave us the most respect and welcomed us into their homes. We had some delicious dinners at their places. Yasmin knew some of the ways in and out in Mumbai, so we were in good hands, taking trains to

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and from our hotel. Usually, I had to carry Noumaan, as he used to go to sleep before we reached home.

One day, we decided to see an Indian movie and went to one of the known theaters of Mumbai near Maratha Mandir. It was a so-so movie.



While on our way back to Riyadh, Yasmin picked up a few magazines from Mumbai and kept them in the suitcase. While going through the luggage, the customs officer was very upset to find these magazines because the Kingdom does not allow any pictures of females without Hijab. We were really in trouble, and the guy was ready to ship us back to the US. Somehow, when I explained to his boss that we were very new in the Kingdom and did not realize the rules were so strictly enforced, he was satisfied and returned our passports.



Having to use up our vacation days, we decided to go to Orlando, Florida, where my brother Ashraf was. We stayed with him and took many trips to Disney World. We enjoyed every minute of this fantastic trip.

Iftikhar Qureshi and his wife Bushra very kindly took us for Umrah and Ziarat on a trip to Makkah and Medinah. This was a learning experience, as we were planning to do Haj the same year.



I had saved up enough to invite my parents to do the Haj. I was able to send enough money for them to travel to the Kingdom. Both Yasmin and I registered for the Haj as well. In Riyadh, many of our hospital friends were registered for the Haj too. We had planned on hiring a Bengali Guide (Muallim), who was known to be very helpful in providing the accommodations, meals, and transportation during the five days of Haj. We took a bus to Taif, where we joined the group to fly to Jeddah. It had already been an exhausting trip. When we met our Guide (Muallim), he had setup the accommodations on a small hill with many tents. The rest rooms were very old-style and setup outside the tents. There were just too many issues, and the



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place was extremely crowded. After making a couple of trips up and down the hill, I was exhausted and started feeling dehydrated. Some physicians from our hospital who were accompanying us for the Haj checked me out and recommended I keep drinking water. By late night, however, I was feeling pretty bad. One of the doctors told Yasmin to take me back to Riyadh, suggesting we do Haj next year. We were hurriedly taken to Jeddah airport, where we bought the tickets back to Riyadh. On the trip from Mina to the Jeddah airport, the driver was kind enough to take us from Arafat and Muzdaliffah. He congratulated us as though we had completed our Haj obligation. He said that Allah is Great and knew our intentions were good. In the meantime, we had already alerted a doctor of the incident, and he was ready at the Riyadh airport to pick us up. When we arrived, he took us straight to the hospital emergency room and, after running some blood tests, set me up with the needed IVs. I must have dozed off for a few hours. When I awoke, the Doctor where I was being treated, expressed his displeasure with the doctors in Mina, who did not bother to provide me the needed care to overcome the dehydration. Anyway, I was released and came home. I had notified my hospital's passport office to cancel my Haj trip, as I had come back in the middle of it. Here, I must say, my wife Yasmin was by my side, as in every bad moment in my life, and made sure I received the full attention during this incident.

My parents completed the Haj and I was very thankful to Allah for mercifully keeping us all healthy and safe. Here is a picture in which both of them are enjoying themselves returning from Haj.



At work we had made the decision to purchase our inpatient pharmacy software from MegaSource Corporation. I and my team became busy with the implementation of this system on the IBM mainframe. We had to provide the education and training, as well as the implementation roll-out plan for the pharmacy department. The project went very well, and I received many commendations from hospital's management. At the same time, I wrote the specifications for an in-house developed of ADT system in Exec COBOL over CICS and started developing the code for this system to replace old IBM HCS package. A contractor named Joe Velez, a very experienced programmer in CICS COBOL, guided me in the development. By 1987 we had this second product available in 1987 for implementation.

We took another trip to the US in April of 1987. We enjoyed our trip to Houston. Besides meeting with all our friends, we opened up a stock portfolio with Merrill Lynch.

We departed for another attempt at the Haj in July. This time we paid a little more money and went with Abdulaziz Al-Khogeer. We took the non-stop flight from

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Riyadh to Jeddah and took the cab to Makkah. When we arrived at the hotel, the manager was unable to locate our computerized ID cards and repeatedly asked us for the telegram confirming our reservations. He would not assign us the room without this confirmation, so we decided to leave the luggage at the hotel and go to perform our initial Umrah. Both Yasmin and I made many DUAs to Allah for our safety and a pleasant journey of Haj- the 4th pillar of Islam. The whole time I was worried that the hotel would not have my card ready and that I did not have a copy of the telegram. When we came back, I talked to one of the Guide (Muallim) who was going to take us to Mina. He said that he has seen the computerized card in the other branch of the Adulaziz Al-Khogeer hotel. He left right away and came back in half an hour with our badges. We thanked Allah for all his mercy and guidance. We boarded the air-conditioned buses that were ready to take us to Mina, having completed our obligatory Umrah, Nawafil, and Tawaf.

Within an hour of the bus trip we arrived in Mina in front of the Abdulaziz Al-Khogeer Hotel. This hotel used to be right in front of the Jumrat, which was the most convenient place to perform our Haj obligations. We were on the first floor, each room of which had accommodations for four males and four females. You could see the Jumrat from each air-conditioned room. The ground floor had three huge dining rooms, one serving Indian-Pakistani food and two others, one featuring South African food and the other cuisine of Malaysia. The next day we had to leave Mina and travel to Arafat where we had air conditioned tents. During the whole trip we busied ourselves asking prayers for forgiveness from Allah, including prayers offered on Jable-Rehmat. We were able to focus our attention on our religious duties because the accommodations and food were more than adequate. Compared to our first experience in the prior year, this trip was paradise. Right around Magrib time, we left Arafat for Muzdallifah, staying there overnight to finish our Magrib and Isha prayers. If you come during any time, Muzdallifah is only a 20 minutes to 30 minutes' walk from Arafat, yet it took us almost all night. We did our Magrib and Isha at one place, collected our stones for hitting Jumrat in Mina, and left for Mina at the crack of dawn after finishing the Fajr prayer. With the main rituals completed, it was time for the hardest one, that of hitting the Jumrat (Shaitaan or Saitan). The Mina hotel was a blessing. As we saw the crowd thinning, we would run for Jumrat, and, after finishing the hitting, come out through the exit and head back to our hotel. Guide (Muallim) had already advised that our sacrifices were completed. So we finished the shaving of our heads, removed our Ehrams (two simple towels that covered our bodies) and took a shower. The Jumrat-hitting ritual is performed for three consecutive days. We took the opportunity during the second day to go to Makkah to finish our Tawaf-eWida. As soon as we were done with the third and final day of hitting the Jumrat, both Yasmin and I picked up our luggage and left for the main highway. The conductors of most of the passing buses shouted that they were in route to Makkah, carrying people to do their Tawaf. With this ritual behind us, technically, we had completed

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our Haj, so we were ready to leave for Jeddah to take our flight to Riyadh. Suddenly an empty bus drove up whose conductor was shouting Jeddah, Jeddah. We stopped him and took off for Jeddah airport. It was only 3 PM and our flight to Riyadh was late in the evening. As we came to the (Saudia) Saudi airline counter, we saw that there was a flight leaving for Riyadh at 3:30 PM. The gentleman very kindly and changed our tickets to the earlier flight, so we arrived in Riyadh around 5 PM. We took a cab to the home of one of our cardiologist friends, Dr. Sriram Ranganathan and his wife Jayshree, who had been taking care of our kids while we were gone. Once home with the kids, we called our families and informed them that we had returned from the successful completion of our Haj. by the Grace of Almighty. It was a unique experience that I think every Muslim who is in good health and can afford must enjoy to celebrate the blessings of Allah.



Every few months now we became busy travelers. Every year, we were going for Umrah-Ziarat, Karachi, Pakistan, and twice to the US. During one of our Umrahs after Haj, we did the Ziarat of the surroundings of Makkah. Here is one picture of use standing in front of the Jumrat in Mina.



In 1988, my youngest sister Mahmooda was married to Mahmood, another son of Abdullah Kamdar. Abdullah Kamdar was so impressed with our teacher Mahmood Shah that he had named his son Mahmood, while we, equally impressed with our teacher, named our youngest sister as Mahmooda. Never, even in our dreams, did



we think that one day those two would marry. While we were making to get Mahmooda's wedding arrangements, my brother Samad was also preparing for his wedding. He was engaged to the daughter of Ghaffar Moulana. This was fortunate because we were able to combine the two ceremonies at less expense. My family and I took off to Karachi to



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prepare. At the time, I had nowhere to live in Karachi, so I turned to my brother-in-law Munaf Bawany and his mother, who graciously allowed us to live in their Bungalow in Adamjee Nagar. This time, we had money, and I told my parents to fully enjoy the wedding of our brother and sister. We were got a little carried away with our spending, but it was worth it because the whole family had some good times. Right after the wedding my wife and I invited both families, as



well as my in-laws, for a wedding reception in Chinese.

This year, we also attended the Eid Al-Adha (Bakra Eid) in Karachi.



You can tell how happy my mom is when we slaughtered a nice Cow for our EID Meal.



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In October of 1989, we started planning for a trip to Pakistan, Singapore, and Thailand. The travel agency at King Faisal Hospital used to manage these types of trips. We never worried about the flights, or hotels, or rent-a-cars. We used to split our tickets for the US into smaller trips. We were young then, and it was much easier to handle two kids, who were always excited about traveling. In December, 1989, the first leg of our trip took us to Karachi. Yasmin and the kids had left little early so she could look for an apartment. Once I came to Karachi, she had already found a building under construction at the corner of Shaheed-e-Millat and Khalid Bin Waleed Road (Medicare Hospital on one corner, Manya colony on one corner). The apartment building was named Gold Valley. The units were getting booked for 500,000 rupees. The rate of exchange for dollars at the time was 20 to 1. When we did some more research, we found that all apartments were sold, up to 3rd floor (the 4th if you counted Mezanaine). We liked the apartment on the 3rd floor (3C or 305), but it was already booked by one of the Memon family. I brought this subject with my brother-in-law (Hum Zulf) Iqbal Motiwala. Within a day he was able to locate the owner of 305. He and his friend Najib Moti also found out that the owner was ready to sell the apartment for 900,000. I knew Najib Moti from our JMA school, where he had been in my brother Munawar's class. A meeting was arranged at Najib's elder brother Jabbar's place, where we went brought our 300,000 deposit. We finally agreed on a price of 825,000, together with the down payment of 300,000. I had already paid 350,000 in advance to my brother for the purchase, but, unfortunately, was not able to get that money back so quickly from him. I had to sell some of our stocks and gold and make up the rest of the money in cash. The full amount was paid within the next few days. This gave us enough time to complete the paper work with the builder (Liaquet Bhai). We decided that we would come back in January of 1990, when the apartment would be ready and we would receive the keys.

From then on, we visited Karachi every year during Ramadan to celebrate EID with our parents. Every year, Dad, Noumaan, my nephew Faisal, and I used to go together for EID prayer on the Kathiawar School grounds in Adamjee Nagar. These were some of my best days of my life. I visited with Dad as much as I could. When we finished our prayers, I used to hand him a bundle of five-rupee notes, which he loved to distribute to all of the needy people outside the prayer ground.

SINGAPORE - 1989

We were to leave for Singapore from Karachi airport. Our flight was postponed because of technical reasons until the next morning. Deciding to stay at the airport, the four of us dozed off for a while on the benches. Next morning, the flight departed per the new schedule, and we were on our way to Singapore airport. The airport was beautiful. We passed through customs and immigration in only few minutes and took a cab to our hotel in downtown Singapore city where we had reservations. A guide arranged by the hotel took us to several places. On one trip we enjoyed an exciting ride in an electric-powered cable cart between some of the largest peaks in Singapore.

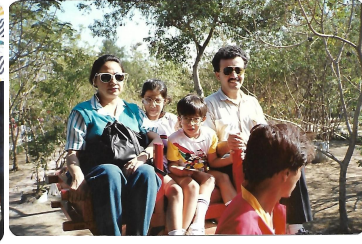


We also enjoyed some of the night life and we traveled to shopping malls using the underground and above-ground train systems. It was a little surprising to us that, Singapore, besides being one of the cleanest countries we visited, also had train systems that ran on time.



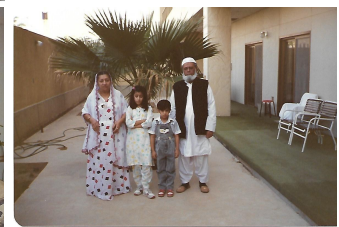
BANGKOK, THAILAND - 1989

Our next stop was to Bangkok Thailand. As we landed, the airport was very busy, with very long lines everywhere. After a long delay getting out of the airport, we took the cab to our hotel. At the time, Bangkok, like Karachi, was a very polluted city, and the three-wheeled rickshaw made too much noise. I became sick and had to be seen at the nearby emergency center. The place was clean and the doctor gave me some pills to fight the allergies and nausea.



Here we also arranged for a guide and took many trips to the Bangkok zoo and shopping places. Bangkok at the time was very famous for copying brand name clothes, and we purchased many clothes for the kids and I. We were able to find some Indian restaurants in the heart of the city and enjoyed some of the foods of Delhi.

My first priorities were to apply for re-entry again to Karachi, get the keys to our apartment, and apply for my parents' visas to Riyadh. We were very busy in Karachi and came back with the intention of coming back in July, 1990. My parents received the visas, and I provided the round trips tickets for them. They arrived by the end of January, 1990. It was quite cold in Riyadh, but they enjoyed their time there. I had already arranged for their Umrah tickets, and we left in the afternoon on a Wednesday with the intention of Friday prayers in Medinah. Late that evening we were in Makkah and were able to catch the Maghrib/Isha prayers after checking into the hotel. We went for the dinner first and came back to Haram for



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our Umrah. One of the best moments was the Tawaf, with my dad on my right and my mom on my left.

We completed our rituals for Nawafil in front of Maqam-e-Ebrahim and drank lots of Zam Zam water. My mom was not ready for Sai, so we had to get some transportation for her in the form of a wheel chair. Soon enough after the Sai, we finished drinking our Zam Zam water and made lots of duas for the whole family, including all our brothers and sisters and their children. Then we came back to the hotel and went to sleep. Early in the

morning, we went for Fajr prayer and did our breakfast. I had already arranged for a taxi cab to take us to Medinah after Dhur prayer. We came to Medinah around the time of the Maghrib prayer. After checking into the hotel, we did our Maghrib/Isha in the Masjid. I took my Dad for the Ziarat (visit) while my mom waited for us. Next morning, after Fajr prayer and breakfast, I took my mom for



Ziarat and left her there. My dad and I went through the different parts of the Masjid, including places where the Prophet, peace be upon him, made his prayers and the small part of the Masjid that is called part of the heaven. As soon as my mom came back, we left for Jannatul-Baqi, one of the largest graveyards, in the back of the Masjid where many of the Martyrs of War, 3rd Caliphate Uthman bin Affan, the Prophet's son Ebrahim, and many of his wives are buried. After our Dhur prayer and lunch, we left for the airport to return to Riyadh. This had been a most satisfying trip for me and a very peaceful trip for my parents.

As soon as my parents left for Pakistan, we prepared for our first trip to Doha, Qatar, where one of my sisters-in-law had been residing for many years. This was in March of 1990.

We were very excited about our trip to Karachi that summer, as we would be living in our own home in Karachi for the first time. In early July of 1990, Yasmin and the kids left for Karachi. I was going to join them a few days later. I am so thankful to my wife for her dedication. She had bought every item for the home with her brother, and the beautiful house was our home now. You could see the whole city of Karachi from both Varandas. From from the large window in the middle room, you could view Quaid-e-Azam's tomb. The two bedrooms with the Varandas were air- conditioned. We took the room on the left, while kids enjoyed their bedroom on the right. There was plenty of space in the house.

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PICTURES OF OUR HOME IN KARACHI - 1990:



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After all the shopping with our parents for Hasina's wedding in Riyadh, we were now ready for her wedding.



For the second time, I was able to spend as much as my parents needed to celebrate this wedding properly. My younger brother Ebrahim and I used to motor all around the city in my rental car and place the orders for the wedding dinner and other functions. Hasina was very happy and so were my parents, as she was the last sister to be married off.

The preparations had gone very well, and my wife and I decided to prepare the bride at our place. She enjoyed getting ready in a nice cool bedrooms. Once she was ready, we took her in our car to my parents' place, where we were going to do all other transitional chores for her wedding.

I had hardly any vacation left for myself after our vacation in Karachi. As we boarded the plane in Karachi, the captain came to us and announced that Kuwait had been taken by Saddam Hussain of Iraq. At the time, we did not realize how bad it was going to get in few years. When we came back to our home in Riyadh, I was ordered to leave for US for an important meeting. I took off within that week. In summary, 1990 had been devoted almost entirely to travel, and we enjoyed each one of our trips.

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In early March of 1991, we decided to visit Yasmin's elder sister Rukhsana Apa and her husband Arif Bhai in Doha Qatar. Doha has some nice cor-niches and beautiful beaches. It is as hot as Riyadh, yet in March it is nice and cool. We took many trips to beaches and the nearby new city under construction on the beach.

LONDON ENGLAND - JUNE 1991



With our summer vacation approaching in June, 1991, we decided to visit London, England, and, afterwards, Houston, Texas.



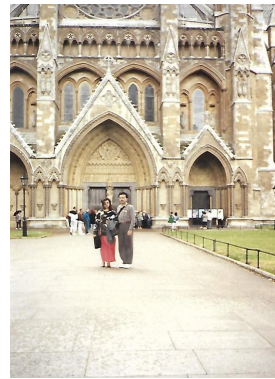
Earlier that year when we were in Karachi, one of Yasmin's uncles (Phupha) had advised us of a nice furnished apartment in London. So we had asked our travel agent to book a flight to London, as well as motel accommodations. Our ride was waiting for us, and we were taken to the hotel/motel. The apartments



were nicely furnished and located in Central London, only walking distance from train stations, called tubes. The weather was fantastic and the days long



enough to allow time for more fun. We already had picked up the map of London and a guide for the trains. Within a day, we became familiar with the stations and train routes and were totally independent. We made our plans for different places of interest and started doing



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our own trips. From the Madam Tusau Museum, to London Bridge, to Big Ben, and many places. Food was plentiful, and we enjoyed British fish and chips everywhere we went. I think the pictures speak for themselves. Here they are.



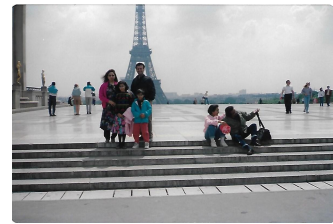
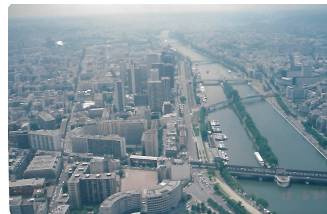
My Dad called me one day and said that several policeman were at his home in Pakistan inquiring about Dr. Mohammad Abdul Karim Moten and Dr. Ebrahim Moten, but luckily my Dad's Boss was able to get this subject closed. Later on I found out that a family member had filed for insurance claim in US showing that they were treated by two Physicians during their vacation in Pakistan, one being my Dad and other, my youngest brother Ebrahim.

Before we leave 1991, I must say that again the same family member pulled a fast one on me after being caught in fraudulent activities in US and ended up in Prison. His wife called me in Riyadh, begging for assistance. I sent her \$3,000 each month for two months. Till today, there has been no recognition and no appreciation.

PARIS FRANCE - JUNE 1992



Summer vacations were very near and all of us were very excited about our latest trip in June, 1992, to Paris France, Zurich, and Geneva Switzerland. Our first stop was Paris, as we

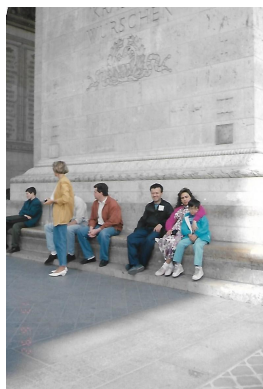


arrived at Charles de Gaulle international airport. Here we did the same routine of picking up the city map and learning the train routes. Crocadero is one of the most important train stations for visiting most of the noteworthy places in Paris.

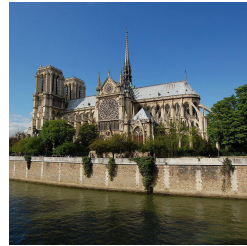
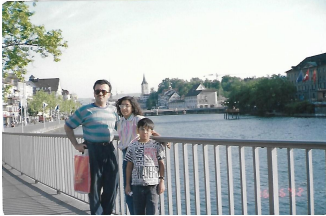
Paris has many important cultural institutions: Its Louvre museum is the most visited in the world; its Musée d'Orsay is noted for its collection of French Impressionist art, and its Pompidou-center Musée National d'Art Moderne has the largest collection of modern and contemporary art in Europe.



The central area of the city along the Seine River is classified as a UNESCO Heritage Site and includes many notable monuments, including Notre Dame Cathedral, the Sainte-Chapelle, the former Universal Exposition Grand Palais, Petit



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Palais and Eiffel Tower, and the Basilica of Sacré-Cœur in Montmartre, as well as
the famous Champs-Élysées.



ZURICH, GENEVA - SWITZERLAND - JUNE 1992



Our next trip was to Zurich, Switzerland. Most of Zürich's sites are located within the area on either side of the Limmat, between the main railway station and Lake Zürich.



The churches and houses of the old town are clustered here, as are the most expensive shops along the famous Bahnhofstrasse.



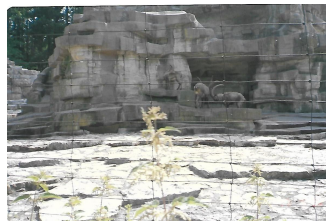
The Lindenhof in the old town is the historical site of a Roman castle, and the later Carolingian Imperial Palace. We had hired a guide for Zurich and the trip to



Mount Titlis. Titlis is a mountain in the Uri Alps, located on the border between the cantons of Obwalden and Berne. At 3,238 metres (10,623 ft) above sea level, it is



the highest summit of the range north of the Susten Pass, between the Bernese Oberland and Central Switzerland. It is mainly accessed from Engelberg (Obwalden) on the north side and is famous as the site of the world's first rotating



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cable car. The cable car system connects Engelberg (996 m (3,268 ft)) to the summit of Klein Titlis (3,028 m (9,934 ft)) through the three stages of Gerschnialp (1,262 m (4,140 ft)), Trübsee (1,796 m (5,892 ft)), and Stand (2,428 m (7,966 ft)). The last part of cable car way leads above the glacier. At Klein Titlis, it is possible to visit an illuminated glacier cave from an entrance within the cable-car station, which also includes shops and restaurants. The Titlis Cliff Walk, the highest elevation suspension bridge in Europe, provides panoramic views across the Alps.

Our next trip was to Geneva. The only reason we went to Geneva was that our flight to Riyadh was leaving from there in two days. The city is full of museums and cathedrals, with a beautiful Lake Geneva in the middle of the city.



ISTANBUL TURKEY - JUNE 1993

Dr. Aftab Sheikh and his family were planning to visit Turkey, while our plan for the summer of June, 1993, was also to visit Turkey, as well as Greece. We decided to make full use of 20 days of leave and spend 10 days in Istanbul and 10 days in Athens. We made the reservation in the same hotel as Dr. Sheikh, so our families could spend a little time in Istanbul together.



Neolithic artifacts, uncovered by archaeologists at the beginning of the 21st century, indicate that Istanbul's historic peninsula was settled as far back as the 7th millennium BCE. That early settlement, important in the spread of the Neolithic Revolution from the Near East to Europe, lasted for almost a millennium before being inundated by rising water levels. The first human settlement on the Asian side, the Fikirtepe mound, is from the Copper Age, with artifacts dating from 5500 to 3500 BCE. On the European side, near the point of the peninsula (Sarayburnu), there had a Thracian settlement during the early 1st millennium BCE.



Modern authors have linked it to the Thracian toponym Lygos, mentioned by Pliny the Elder as an earlier name for the site of Byzantium. The history of the city proper begins around 660 BCE, when Greek settlers from Megara established Byzantium on the European side of the Bosphorus. The settlers built an acropolis adjacent to the Golden Horn on the site of the early Thracian

settlements, fueling the nascent city's economy. The city experienced a brief period of Persian rule at the turn of the 5th century BCE, but the Greeks recaptured it during the Greco-Persian Wars. Byzantium then continued as part of the Athenian League and its successor, the Second Athenian Empire, before gaining independence in 355 BCE. Long allied with the Romans, Byzantium officially became a part of the Roman Empire in 73 CE. Byzantium's decision to side with the Roman usurper Pescennius Niger against Emperor Septimius Severus cost it dearly; by the time it surrendered at the end of 195 CE, two years of siege had left the city devastated. Five years later, Severus began to rebuild Byzantium, and the city regained—and, by some accounts, surpassed—its previous prosperity.

Istanbul is a very modern city and once you go to the Asian side you will notice the difference. Our first visit was to the famous Blue Mosque, which was walking distance from our Hotel. Right across from the Blue Mosque sits what was originally a church, and later became a mosque, and today (since 1935) is a museum, the 6th-century Hagia Sophia (532–537) in Istanbul (Constantinople). Built by the Byzantine emperor Justinian the Great, it was the largest cathedral ever constructed in the world for nearly a thousand years, until the completion of the Seville Cathedral (1507) in Spain.

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ATHENS GREECE - JUNE 1993



Our next trip was to Athens, Greece. As we came out of the Athens Airport after immigration, customs and money exchange, there were many cabs standing for service.

After showing the hotel address to one of the cab drivers, he took us to the right place in downtown Athens. I always used to wear a small hand carrier on my shoulder, where I would keep our passports, airline tickets, and money.



I saw 200 drachmas (Greek money)

on the meter, so I pulled out a



1000- drachmas note and handed it to the driver, expecting a 800 drachmas in change. The driver was shifty and quickly dropped the 1000 Drachmas note on his left side and presented 100 Drachmas note to me, saying 100 more please. I was shocked to realize that he was a big cheat. I leaned over to his left side and quickly grabbed my 1000-drachmas note, while holding his 100 drachmas in my hand. I told the guy that cheating started in Pakistan, where I was born, so don't try to cheat me. I told my

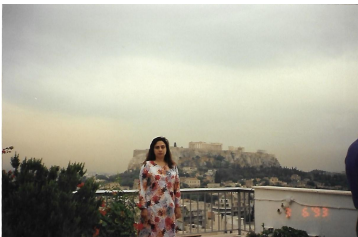


wife and kids to get out of the cab. I saw that one of the hotel attendants was helping with our luggage. As I was getting out of the cab, I shouted at the other attendants to call the police. Realizing there would be consequences for his behavior, when all of us were out of the cab, including our luggage, the driver sped

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off. As it turned out, we ended up with 50 drachmas more than what we started with at the airport. Though the start of the trip had been ugly, but I asked the family to calm down and enjoy the trip.

The oldest known human presence in Athens is the Cave of Schist, which has been dated to between the 11th and 7th millennium BCE. Athens has been continuously inhabited for at least 7000 years. By 1400 BCE the settlement had become an important center of the Mycenaean civilization. The Acropolis was the site of a major Mycenaean fortress, whose remains can be recognized from sections of the characteristic Cyclopean walls. Unlike other Mycenaean centers, such as Mycenae and Pylos, it is not known whether Athens suffered destruction in about 1200 BCE, an event often attributed to a Dorian invasion. Athenians always maintained that they were "pure" Ionians, with no Dorian element. However, Athens, like many other Bronze Age settlements, went into economic decline for around 150 years afterwards.



Statue of Theseus at Theseio. Theseus was responsible, according to the myth, for the synoikismos ("dwelling together")—the political unification of Attica under Athens.

Iron Age burials, in the Kerameikos and other locations, are often richly provided for and demonstrate that from 900 BCE onwards, Athens was one of the leading centers of trade and prosperity in the region. The leading position of Athens may well have resulted from its central location in the Greek world, its secure stronghold on the Acropolis, and its access to the sea, which gave it a natural advantage over inland rivals such as Thebes and Sparta.

Delian League, under the leadership of Athens before the Peloponnesian War in 431 BC

By the 6th century BCE, widespread social unrest led to the reforms of Solon. These would pave the way for the eventual introduction of democracy by Cleisthenes in 508 BCE. Athens had by this time become a significant naval power. Its large fleet and assisted in the rebellion of the Ionian cities against Persian rule. In the ensuing Greco-Persian Wars, Athens, together with Sparta, led the coalition of Greek states that would eventually repel the Persians, defeating them decisively at Marathon in 490 BCE, and crucially at Salamis in 480 BCE. However, this did not prevent Athens from being captured and sacked twice by the Persians within one year, after a heroic resistance at Thermopylae by Spartans and other Greeks led by King Leonidas, after both Boeotia and Attica fell to the Persians.

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The decades that followed became known as the Golden Age of Athenian democracy, during which time Athens became the leading city of Ancient Greece, with its cultural achievements laying the foundations for Western civilization. The playwrights Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides flourished in Athens during this time, as did the historians Herodotus and Thucydides, the physician Hippocrates, and the philosopher Socrates. Guided by Pericles, who promoted the arts and fostered democracy, Athens embarked on an ambitious building program that saw the construction of the Acropolis of Athens (including the Parthenon), as well as empire-building via the Delian League. Originally intended as an association of Greek city-states to continue the fight against the Persians, the league soon turned into a vehicle for Athens' own imperial ambitions. The resulting tensions brought about the Peloponnesian War (431–404 BCE), in which Athens was defeated by its rival Sparta.

By the mid-4th century BCE, the northern Greek kingdom of Macedon was becoming dominant in Athenian affairs. In 338 BCE, the armies of Philip II defeated an alliance of some of the Greek city-states, including Athens and Thebes, at the Battle of Chaeronea, effectively ending Athenian independence. Later, under Rome, Athens was given the status of a free city because of its widely admired schools. The Roman emperor Hadrian, in the 2nd century AD, constructed a library, a gymnasium, an aqueduct, which is still in use, several temples and sanctuaries, a bridge, as well as financed the completion of the Temple of Olympian Zeus.

By the end of late antiquity, the city experienced decline, followed by a recovery in the second half of the Middle Byzantine Period, in the 9th to 10th centuries CE, and was relatively prosperous during the Crusades, benefiting from Italian trade. After the Fourth Crusade, the Duchy of Athens was established. In 1458 it was conquered by the Ottoman Empire and entered a long period of decline.



The Temple of Olympian Zeus with river Ilisos, by Edward Dodwell, 1821

The Entry of King Otto in Athens, Peter von Hess, 1839.



Following the Greek War of Independence and the establishment of the Greek Kingdom, Athens was chosen as the capital of the newly independent Greek state in 1834, largely because of historical and sentimental reasons. At the time it was a town of modest size, built around the foot of the Acropolis. The first King of Greece,

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Otto of Bavaria, commissioned the architects Stamatios Kleanthis and Eduard Schaubert to design a modern city plan fit for the capital of a state.

The first modern city plan consisted of a triangle defined by the Acropolis, the ancient cemetery of Kerameikos, and the new palace of the Bavarian king (now housing the Greek Parliament), so as to highlight the continuity between modern and ancient Athens. Neoclassicism, the international style of this epoch, was the architectural style through which Bavarian, French, and Greek architects, such as Hansen, Klenze, Boulanger, or Kaftantzoglou, designed the first important public buildings of the new capital. In 1896, Athens hosted the first modern Olympic Games. During the 1920s a number of Greek refugees, expelled from Asia Minor after the Greco-Turkish War, swelled Athens's population; nevertheless, it was most particularly following World War II, and from the 1950s and 1960s, that the population of the city exploded, and Athens experienced a gradual expansion.

In the 1980s it became evident that smog from factories and an ever-increasing fleet of automobiles, as well as a lack of adequate free space due to congestion, had evolved into the city's most important challenge. A series of anti-pollution measures taken by the city's authorities in the 1990s, combined with a substantial improvement of the city's infrastructure (including the Attiki Odos motorway, the expansion of the Athens Metro, and the new Athens International Airport), considerably alleviated pollution and transformed Athens into a much more functional city. In 2004, Athens hosted the 2004 Summer Olympics. Athens has a beautiful coastline and few islands that are worth visiting.



DUBAI AND BAHRAIN - OCTOBER 1994:

Yasmin and the kids stopped in Dubai on the way to Karachi. I left two weeks later and also stayed in Dubai. It was Karim Vali who picked me up from the Dubai Airport and took me to his place. Karim Bhai is my wife's uncle, as well as an elder brother of a friend from Houston, Wahab Vali, and son of a very well-known Memon from Karachi, Ghaffar Vali. Dubai at the time was under construction and choked with traffic. Rich folks from Karachi were pouring their life savings into the real estate of Dubai.

Same year, both my CIO and I decided to write a paper for the work we had done together to integrate and install application clients on the personal computer. Customers enjoyed bringing up their application from their desktops, and we finally were able to get rid of the 3270 IBM large monitors, saving millions of riyals in the lease agreement with IBM.

The paper was accepted and both of us went to Bahrain to present the paper at the conference. This was my first research paper, together with lessons learned, from a well-conceived project. We received the appreciation of the attendees at the conference. Starting in 1994, we were able to present many papers in Saudi Arabia and other countries too. You may review those papers on my site:

<http://anwarmotan.com/my-papers-and-interviews/>

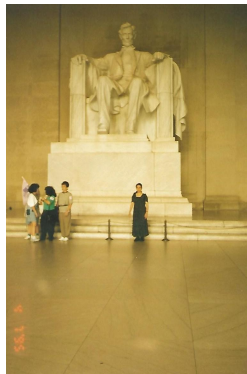
Bahrain was another beautiful place to visit. At the time, this small country was under construction and many of the residents were Pakistanis and Indians.

WASHINGTON, ORLANDO AND HOUSTON - JULY 1995:



In the summer of 1995, we took a trip to the US and visited Washington, Orlando, and Houston. The plan was to celebrate the 4th of July in Washington to see the fireworks over DC. As usual, our kind travel office at King Faisal found hotels in DC and Orlando that from which important monuments,

particularly in DC, were within walking distance. For some that were farther away, like the White House, we bought the trip from the hotel. In those days, we had no concept of selfies so Noumaan was our photographer and was always the only one in his pictures.



Travel to the Final Destiny

Washington, D.C., formally the District of Columbia and commonly referred to as "Washington", "the District", or simply "D.C.", is the capital of the United States.

The signing of the Residence Act on July 16, 1790, approved



ed the creation of a capital district located along the Potomac River on the country's east coast. The U.S. Constitution provided for a federal district under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Congress, so the District is not a part of any state. The states of Maryland and Virginia each donated land to form the federal district, which included the pre-existing settlements of Georgetown and Alexandria. Named in honor of President George Washington, the city of Washington was founded in 1791 to serve as the new national capital. In 1846, Congress returned the land originally ceded by Virginia; in 1871, it created a single municipal government for the remaining portion of the District.



CAIRO AND LUXOR EGYPT - MARCH 1996

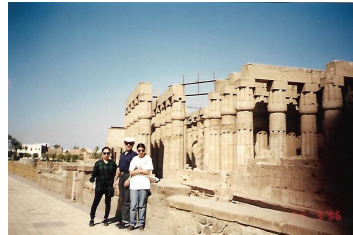
Some of our friends recommended to take a trip to Cairo and Luxor in Egypt.



During our Spring vacation, in March, 1996, we planned to visit Cairo and Luxor. Again, our travel agent made all the bookings for the hotel and our trips via train to Luxor. We stayed at the Hilton Nile, located on the river Nile. Cairo is a beautiful city. As we checked into the hotel, we came across one of the guide who proposed a full-day trip around Cairo. We woke up the early the next day to prepare. We visited ancient Cairo, the Pyramids, the mummy museum, and many other places.



Cairo is located in northern Egypt, known as Lower Egypt, 165 kilometers (100 miles) south of the Mediterranean Sea and 120 kilometers (75 miles) west of the Gulf of Suez and the Suez Canal. The city is situated along the Nile River, immediately south of the point where the river leaves its desert-bound valley and branches into the low-lying Nile Delta region.



Travel to the Final Destiny

Although the Cairo metropolis extends away from the Nile in all directions, the city of Cairo resides only on the east bank of the river and two islands within it on a total area of 453 square kilometers (175 sq mi).



Until the mid-19th century, when the river was tamed by dams, levees, and other controls, the Nile in the vicinity of Cairo was highly susceptible to changes in course and surface level.



Over the years, the Nile gradually shifted westward, providing the site between the eastern edge of the river and the Mokattam highlands on which the city now stands. The land on which Cairo was established in 969 (present-day Islamic Cairo) was located underwater, just over three hundred years earlier, when Fustat was first built.



Low periods of the Nile during the 11th century continued to add to the landscape of Cairo; a new island, known as Geziret al-Fil, first appeared in 1174, but eventually became connected to the mainland. Today, the site of Geziret al-Fil is occupied by the Shubra district. The low periods created another island at the turn of the 14th century, occupied by Zamalek and Gezira. Land reclamation efforts by the Mamluks and Ottomans further contributed to expansion on the east bank of the river.



Because of the Nile's movement, the newer parts of the city—Garden City, Downtown Cairo, and Zamalek—are located closest to the riverbank. These areas, which are home to most of Cairo's embassies, are surrounded on the north, east, and south by the older parts of the city. Old Cairo, located south of the center, holds the remnants of Fustat and the heart of Egypt's Coptic Christian community, Coptic Cairo.



The Boulaq district, which lies in the northern part of the city, was born out of a major 16th-century port and is now a major industrial center. The Citadel is located east of the city center around Islamic Cairo, which

Travel to the Final Destiny

dates back to the Fatimid era and the foundation of Cairo. While western Cairo is dominated by wide boulevards, open spaces, and modern architecture of European influence, the eastern half, having grown haphazardly over the centuries, is dominated by small lanes, crowded tenements, and Islamic architecture.

The northern and extreme eastern parts of Cairo, which include satellite towns, are among the most recent additions to the city, as they developed in the late-20th and early-21st centuries to accommodate the city's rapid growth. The western bank of the Nile is commonly included within the urban area of Cairo, but it composes the city of Giza and the Giza Governorate. Giza has also undergone significant expansion over recent years, and today the city, although still a suburb of Cairo, has a population of 2.7 million.[68]

The Cairo Governorate was just north of the Helwan Governorate from 2008, when some of Cairo's southern districts, including Maadi and New Cairo, were split off and annexed into the new Governorate, to 2011, when the Helwan Governorate was reincorporated into the Cairo Governorate.



An Egyptian friend of mine, Mukhtar Anwar, promised us to take us to the railway station in Cairo to go to Luxor. It was a beautiful overnight trip. Dinner was served, and we were made really comfortable. We were in Luxor early in the morning, and the cab driver took us to the hotel that we had booked. After breakfast we took the guided tour to the Kings and Queens Valley across the Nile.



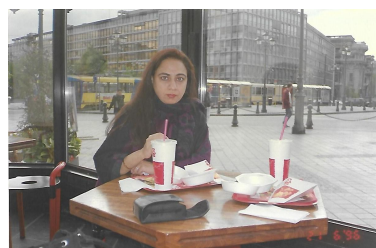
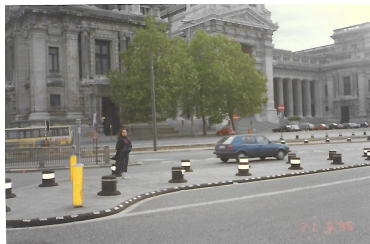
Most of the site seeing was underground, and it was not easy to go down where the mummified Kings and Queens were buried.

Travel to the Final Destiny

LONDON – ENGLAND, BRUSSELS – BELGIUM, AMSTERDAM –
NETHERLANDS, FRANKFURT – GERMANY, VIENNA – AUSTRIA AND
PRAGUE – CZECH REPUBLIC - JUNE 1996.

As our children were old enough to live on their own and as my wife's brother was in Saudi Arabia, we decided to leave them in Riyadh with his family and take a trip to London, Brussels, Amsterdam, Frankfurt, Vienna, and Prague. We decided to fly to London and take Euro Star Rail to Brussels and then travel through Europe, using Euro Rail. We intended to stay two to three days in each city and return in two weeks.

We had visited London earlier, so, as there was nothing new to see there, we took the Euro Star to Brussels, Belgium, the next day. It was a beautiful ride, fast and most smooth, and we were served food on the train. Eurostar is a high-speed railway service connecting London with Avignon, Brussels, Lille, Lyon, Marseilles, and Paris. All its trains traverse the Channel Tunnel between the United Kingdom and France, which is owned and operated separately by Eurotunnel. It was only a two hour and 40-minute ride to Brussels, with a short stop in Lyon, France.



The city of Brussels is the location of many national institutions. The Royal Palace, where the King of Belgium exercises his prerogatives as head of state, is situated alongside the Brussels Park. The Palace of the Nation is located on the opposite side of this park and is the seat of the Belgian Federal Parliament. The office of the Prime Minister of Belgium, colloquially called Law Street (Dutch: Wetstraat , French: rue de la Loi), is located adjacent to this building. This is also the place

Travel to the Final Destiny

where the Council of Ministers holds its meetings. The Court of Cassation, Belgium's main court, has its seat in the Palace of Justice.

Other important institutions in the City of Brussels are the Constitutional Court, the Council of State, the Court of Audit, the Royal Belgian Mint, and the National Bank of Belgium.

The city of Brussels is also the capital of both the French community of Belgium and the Flemish community. The Flemish parliament and Flemish government have their seats in Brussels, as do the parliament of the French community and the government of the French community.



AMSTERDAM:



Amsterdam is in the western Netherlands, in the province of North Holland. The river Amstel ends in the city's center and connects to a large number of canals that eventually terminate in the IJ. Amsterdam is about two meters (6.6 feet) below sea level. The surrounding land is flat, as it is formed of large polders. A man-made forest, Amsterdamse Bos, is in the southwest. Amsterdam is connected to the North Sea through the long North Sea Canal.



Amsterdam is intensely urbanized, as is the Amsterdam metropolitan area surrounding the city. Comprising 219.4 square kilometers (84.7 square miles) of land, the city proper has 4,457 inhabitants per km² and 2,275 houses per km². Parks and nature reserves make up 12 percent of Amsterdam's land area.

Amsterdam has more than 100 kilometers (60 miles) of canals most of which are navigable by boat. The three main canals are Prinsengracht, Herengracht, and Keizersgracht. In the Middle Ages, Amsterdam was surrounded by a moat, called the Singel, which now forms the innermost ring in the city, and makes the city center a horseshoe shape. The city is also served by a seaport. It has been



compared to Venice due to its division into about 90 islands, which are linked by more than 1,200 waterways.

FRANKFURT:



Frankfurt is the largest financial center in continental Europe. It is home to the European Central Bank, Deutsche Bundesbank, Frankfurt Stock Exchange, and several large commercial banks.

The Frankfurt Stock Exchange is one of the world's largest stock exchanges by market capitalization and accounts for more than 90 percent of the turnover in the German market.

In 2010, 63 national and 152 international banks had their registered offices in Frankfurt, including Germany's major banks, notably Deutsche Bank, Commerzbank, DZ Bank and KfW, as well as 41 representative offices of international banks

Frankfurt is located on both sides of the Main River, southeast of the Taunus mountain range. The southern part of the city contains the Frankfurt City Forest, Germany's largest city forest. The city area is 248.31 km² (95.87 sq mi) and extends over 23.4 km (14.54 mi) east to west and 23.3 km (14.48 mi) north to south. The city center is north of the River Main in the Altstadt district (the historical center) and the surrounding Innenstadt district. The geographical center is in the Bockenheim district, near Frankfurt West station.



Frankfurt is the center of the densely populated Frankfurt Rhine-Main Metropolitan Region, with a population of 5.5 million. Other important cities in the region are Wiesbaden (capital of Hessen), Mainz (capital of Rhineland-Palatinate), Darmstadt, Offenbach am Main, Hanau, Aschaffenburg, Bad Homburg vor der Höhe, Rüsselsheim, Wetzlar, and Marburg.

VIENNA:



Vienna is located in northeastern Austria, at the easternmost extension of the Alps in the Vienna Basin. The earliest settlement, at the location of today's inner city, was south of the meandering Danube, while the city now spans both sides of the river. Elevation ranges from 151 to 542 m (495 to 1,778 ft). The city has a total area of 414.65 square kilometers (160.1 sq mi), making it the largest city in Austria by area.



Vienna lies within a transition of oceanic climate and humid subtropical climate (hovering just below 22 °C in July and August), and features, according to the Köppen classification, a Cfb (oceanic) -climate. The city has warm summers, with average high temperatures of 24 to 33 °C (75 to 91 °F), with the maximum exceeding 38 °C (100 °F) and lows of around 17 °C (63 °F). Winters are relatively dry and cold with average temperatures at about freezing point. Spring and autumn are mild. Precipitation is generally moderate throughout the year, averaging 550 mm (21.7 in) annually, with considerable local variations, the Vienna Woods region in the west being the wettest part (700 to 800 mm (28 to 31 in) annually) and the flat plains in the east being the driest part (500 to 550 mm (20 to 22 in) annually). Snow in the winter is not uncommon, but rare compared to Western and Southern regions in Austria.



CZECH REPUBLIC:

The Czech Republic lies mostly between latitudes 48° and 51° N (a small area lies north of 51°), and longitudes 12° and 19° E.



The Czech landscape is exceedingly varied. Bohemia, to the west, consists of a basin drained by the Elbe (Czech: *Labe*) and the Vltava rivers, surrounded by mostly low mountains, such as the Krkonoše range of the Sudetes. The highest point in the country, Sněžka at 1,602 m (5,256 ft), is located here. Moravia, the eastern part of the country, is also quite hilly. It is drained mainly by the Morava River, but it also contains the source of the Oder River (Czech: *Odra*).

Water from the landlocked Czech Republic flows to three different seas: the North Sea, Baltic Sea, and Black Sea. The Czech Republic also leases the Moldauhafen, a 30,000-square-metre (7.4-acre) lot in the middle of the Hamburg Docks, which was awarded to Czechoslovakia by Article 363 of the Treaty of Versailles, to allow the landlocked country a place where goods transported down river could be transferred to seagoing ships. The territory reverts to Germany in 2028.



Phytogeographically, the Czech Republic belongs to the Central European province of the Circumboreal Region, within the Boreal Kingdom. According to the World Wide Fund for Nature, the territory of the Czech Republic can be subdivided into four ecoregions: the Western European broadleaf forests, Central European mixed forests, Pannonian mixed forests, and Carpathian montane conifer forests.

There are four national parks in the Czech Republic. The oldest is Krkonoše National Park (Biosphere Reserve), and the others are Šumava National Park (Biosphere Reserve), Podyjí National Park, Bohemian Switzerland.



The three historical lands of the Czech Republic (formerly the core countries of the Bohemian Crown) correspond almost perfectly with the river basins of the Elbe (Czech: *Labe*) and the Vltava basin for Bohemia, the Morava one

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for Moravia, and the Oder river basin for Czech Silesia (in terms of the Czech territory).

Yasmin, loved the shopping for her favorite crystal pieces. To this day, we have her collection in our home. We went to see the Diamond factory and she bought few for herself too.

JORDAN – AMMAN AND JERISH, SYRIA – DAMASCUS AND ISRAEL (EAST JERUSALEM – BETHLEHEM, MASJID AL-AQSA, DOME OF THE ROCK) - APRIL 1997

This year we had decided to leave Saudi Arabia go back to Houston. We wanted to be in Houston while our kids were starting with their college educations. One of the areas that we had not visited so far in the Middle East was the area of Jordan and Syria. Initially, there was no plan for visiting Israel, as I was still working in Saudi Arabia. The fear was that the Saudi government would not allow us to get into the Kingdom again if our passports were stamped by the immigration services of Israel.



Our hospital travel agency had booked us for a flight to Amman, Jordan. From there we were booked for Damascus, Syria, and then back to Riyadh. It was a two-week trip. A Saudi colleague of mine who had some relatives in Damascus and he was very kind to inform them of our itinerary. I was provided with his phone number.



We came to Amman and stayed at our pre-arranged hotel. We were all impressed with this modern city in Middle East. As you look over the city from the hotel, it appears a very white city. The outside walls are kept white throughout the city, which is beautifully maintained. They do have all the American food chains. Everywhere, you will see MacDonal'd's as well as Burger King and Kentucky Fried Chicken.



Here we were able to get a cab driver who agreed



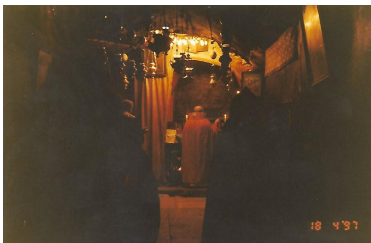
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to take us to different monuments in and outside of Amman.

On our first day trip, we discussed with him the possibility of a taking trip to Jerusalem. He asked us if we had American passports. When we responded that we did, he explained that it was very simple to visit Masjid Al-Aqsa and Quds (Dome of the Rock). He reminded us to tell the immigration officer not to stamp the passports. After visiting many places in Amman, including the huge Grave of Prophet Shoab AS, Munt Toor (Kohi-Toor), and the huge Valley of Prophet Moses, as well as the Caves of Kahaf, we were ready to take off to the border of Jordan and Israel early the next morning, after the Fajr prayer. After the cab driver dropped us off at the bus station, we bought our tickets and were on our way to Israel. It took less than 10 minutes to get to the other side of the river Jordan, which was Israel. A quick trip through immigration and customs was completed. There were only ladies in the immigration and customs, and they were extremely courteous. One of them asked us where I worked, and, as I told her that I was working in Saudi Arabia, right away she said that she would prepare a document to turn in when we left.

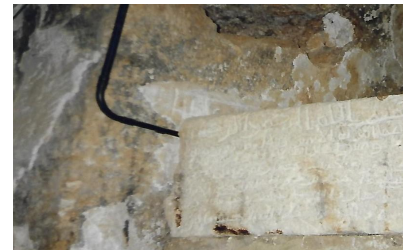
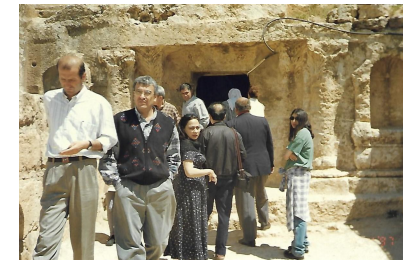
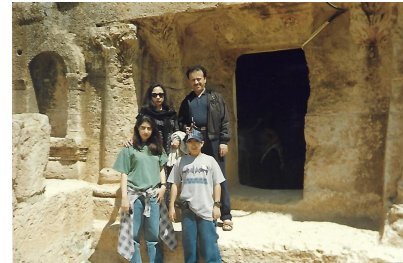
As we came out, one of the male immigration officers ran towards us and warned us of the Palestinian cab drivers. He knew we were a family and thought someone would try to cheat us. He told us to call the police if we ran into any issues. He also waited until we hired a cab and he wrote down the license plate number.

The Palestinian cab driver was a gentleman and spoke



English, Arabic, and Hebrew, which was a big help, as we were stopped every few miles before reaching the city of Jerusalem. After driving several miles, we went passed an Army Post. The cab

driver told us that the country of Jordan extended only to that point. The Israelis had taken many square miles, keeping the Jordanians on the other side of the Jordan River after 1967 War. After passing the Jewish settlements near Mount Gonaim, we finally reached the Mount of Olives. The driver stopped while we took some pictures overlooking the Haram (City of East Jerusalem). Our first stop was at the Church of Bethlehem, where we stopped for 30 minutes and took pictures.



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We were also allowed to go in the basement here and watch the prayers in progress where the Prophet Essa AS (Jesus) was born.





JERUSALEM



tablets, probably meaning "City of Shalem" after a Canaanite deity, during the early Canaanite period (approximately 2400 BCE). During the Israelite period significant construction activity in Jerusalem began in the 9th



(/dʒəˈruːsələm/; Hebrew: יְרוּשָׁלַיִם  *Yerushalayim* [jerufaˈlajim]; Arabic: الْقُدْس  *al-Quds* [alˈqʊds])^[1] is a city located on a plateau in the Judaeen Mountains between the Mediterranean and the Dead Sea. One of the oldest cities in the world, Jerusalem was named as "Urusalima" on ancient Mesopotamian cuneiform

century BCE (Iron Age II), and in the 8th century the city developed into the religious and administrative center of the Kingdom of Judah.^[5] It is considered a holy city in the three major Abrahamic religions of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

Israelis and Palestinians both claim Jerusalem as their capital, as the State of Israel maintains its primary governmental institutions there, while the State of Palestine ultimately foresees the city as its seat of power; however, neither claim is widely recognized internationally.



During its long history, Jerusalem has been destroyed at least twice, besieged 23 times, attacked 52 times, and captured and recaptured 44 times.^[6] The part of Jerusalem called the City of David was settled in the 4th millennium BCE.^[7] In 1538, walls were built around Jerusalem under Suleiman the Magnificent. Today those walls define the Old City, which has been traditionally divided into four

quarters, known since the early 19th century as the Armenian, Christian, Jewish, and Muslim Quarters.[8] The Old City became a World Heritage Site in 1981, and is on the World Heritage list as endangered. Modern Jerusalem has grown far beyond the Old City's boundaries.

After showing us the Wailing Wall, the cab driver dropped us off near the Bazaar where the Haram was. As we walked through the market place, it reminded me of the old Makkah, where there were shops all around the Haram. Since the expansion the shops have been removed, the Haram of Makkah is a huge place now. Suddenly, two Israeli soldiers aimed their machine guns over the head of my daughter who was walking a little ahead of us. I quickly jumped in and said they are my children and that we are visiting the Masjid. After we showed them our passports, they kind of went away. When we opened the door of the Haram, the person inside asked us who we were? That day was a Friday, and there was lot of checking at the gates. I did not show my passports and, instead, told them we were visiting from Pakistan. The guy was impressed and he welcomed us inside. First, we visited the Quds (Dome of the Rock) and the guide



showed us the the Big Stone (Sakhara), only a little of which is said to be above the ground. We viewed some of the Prophet Saw's facial hair kept in the jar and were later taken downstairs in the basement, where, supposedly, our Prophet had performed a congregational prayer. We made our



Nawfiles (Prayers) every place we could think of. Lastly, we visited Masjid Al-Aqsa, right across from the Dome. After making our Dhur prayer, we left quickly, as we had been told by the cab driver not to miss the last bus returning to Amman. Most of the Palestinians we met were happy in Israel, as they had work and better living conditions. As we rushed out of the Masjid, right next to the Wailing Wall was an open area Restaurant where we had our lunch. The cab driver was waiting for us at the place we had agreed on, and we were on our way to the bus stop. Upon arriving at the border, we paid the final departure fees and we were ready for the bus trip to Amman. Once on the other side, our Jordanian cab driver had fun with his friends over Qhawa and Shisha. We were back at the hotel in an hour, thankful

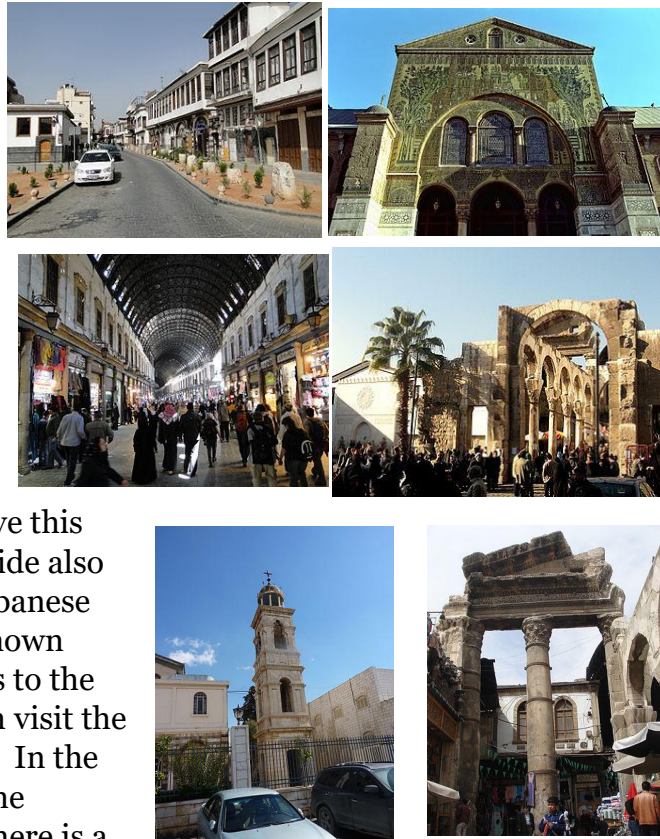
Travel to the Final Destiny

to Allah for having arrived safely. Next day, our cab driver took us to Jerash, one of



the ruins outside Amman. The place was excavated not too long ago, revealing that the city was of Roman design. From Amman, we took a flight to Damascus, Syria.

Once we reached the hotel, I called my colleague's friend, who promised to pick us up in the morning from our hotel. Syria being ally of old Soviet Republic, has been under many sanctions. Everywhere, people will ask for bribes. Early in the morning, we met our guide and rented a cab for the whole day, visiting many Masjids and Churches. We went to the biggest and oldest bazaars of Damascus and bought some hand-made furniture. Until today, we have this furniture in our home. Our Our guide also us to the city of Malula, near the Lebanese border. This place has the oldest known churches in Syria. Our best trip was to the old city of Damascus, where you can visit the three layers of Abrahamic religions. In the basement you can see the ruins of the prophet Moses' synagogue, where there is a graveyard. The tombs of the prophet Yahya AS and the prophet Zakaria AS are there. Numerous other prophets were buried in the same grave yard. When Imam Hussain AS was killed, Shimar, the commander, took his head and brought it to Yazid (governor of Syria at the time). His head is also buried in this grave yard.



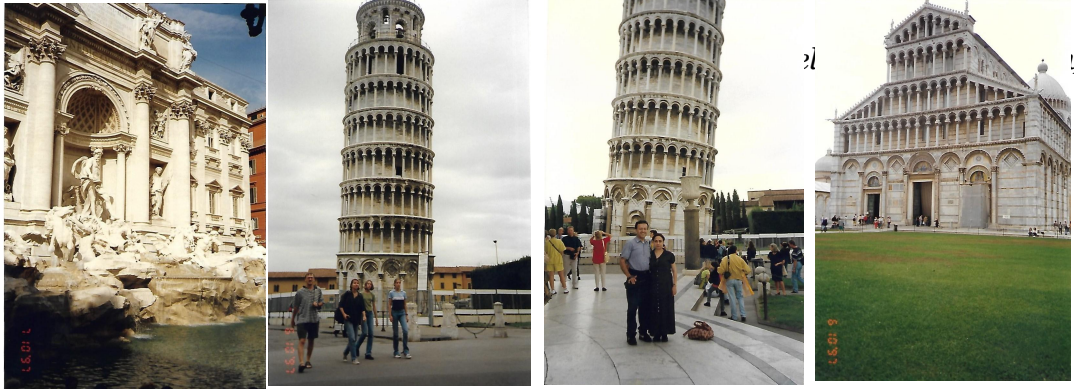
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VENICE, FLORENCE, PISA, ROME, AND VATICAN CITY - ITALY - OCTOBER 1997:

After our Jordan, Syria, and Israel trip in April, we planned for some more vacationing. My wife's brother Shoaib Shawoo and his family were also in Riyadh now. Shoaib Shawoo, with his excellent background and experience in radio chemistry, as well as being a gold medalist carrying a Masters Degree in Chemistry, he received a job at King Faisal Specialist Hospital and research center's radio nuclide department. Since Shermeen and Noumaan were adult enough to stay with Shoaib and his family, we decided to take a trip in October to make use of my remaining vacation time. I think that in the back of our minds we felt the kids would be fine, as Shermeen would finish her 11th grade and Noumaan his 9th grade in summer of 1998.

We decided on a trip to Italy, picking up Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome and Vatican City. This was the first time we had left our kids behind while on an extended vacation trip. For we had only left our kids for only few days to do our Haj in 1986 and 1987.





Travel to the Final Destiny

January 1998 – We visited Karachi. During this visit, I did tell my family that I would be leaving Saudi Arabia in August, so the children could finish high school in the US and attend college there. My dad was very upset upon hearing this because he knew I would not be able to visit him from the US as often as I had from Saudi. This was my best trip, as I was able to spend much time with my dad.

April 1998 – We received a call from Yunus Moten that my dad was not feeling well. He also informed me that dad's chest XRAY results were not good and that I should come home. I took the next flight to Karachi. Dad had lost weight and, clearly, he was in pain. I talked to my friend Dr. Mohammad Zafar, (a class fellow from DJ Science who had also practiced at King Faisal Hospital), who arranged an appointment with Dr. Majid Memon, most Senior Oncologist practicing at Agha Khan Hospital. Dr. Zafar and I took my dad to see Dr. Memon the next day. He arranged for a CT, a biopsy, and several lab tests. It was Thursday and the result was supposed to be announced on Monday, May 18th, 1998. During this time, my Dad had asked me to make sure his home goes to my divorced sister after his death as well as my mom's. After promising my dad that I would be back in a week or so to start whatever treatment was recommended, I left for Riyadh early Saturday morning. Next day, May 7th, as I was preparing to get to work, again Yunus Moten called me and gave me the worst news of my life. I had lost my dad early that morning.

I had to re-apply for exit-entry visas the same day for Yasmin and me. I came to Karachi, leaving our kids with my wife's brother Shoaib in Riyadh. My mom and the family were clearly grief-stricken by the incident. My nephew Faisal and my cousin Younus were there in Karachi to assist me in performing the last rituals in the Masjid. All my Dad's friends were there in the Makkah Masjid, where we had arranged for the prayers. Siddiq Zakaria Moten, Younus Zakaria Moten, Majeed Omar Moten, Amin Omar Moten, Yahya Hashim Bawany, Zakaria Siddiq, Bashir Chara, and many other relatives and my friends were all there to mourn my dad's passing. I will never forget the sad face of Siddiq Zakaria Moten, who grabbed me and started crying on my shoulder. He definitely missed my dad until the day he died.

I went to Agha Khan hospital to receive dad's test results. Though he had advanced lung cancer, he never ever complained about his pain. He had quietly left this life after the Fajr prayer in front of my nephew Faisal, sister Gulbano (Aisha), and my mom.

My brother-in-law Mahmood Kamdar, whom I treat as my own brother, took me to the graveyard. It was very difficult to see dad's grave, now covered with dirt. I guess this is our **Travel to the Final Destiny**. One day you are alive and well, and the next moment you have to leave this world forever. There is no exemption

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from mortality, no matter how healthy or wealthy you are? Your last breath was written when you were conceived in your mother's womb.

During this visit, I also worked with one of the local attorney, Iqbal Shawoo, son of Latif Shawoo to draw up the will as dictated by my Dad before his death. I made sure that the clause was there that the existing home will not go to my sister Aisha until my mom passes away too. It was very unfortunate in later years when the home was sold by my mom and the money was used for her, sister Aisha and her son for travel to US as well as some other expenses. But, now I understand my mom had full rights to do that as she was living at the time and with her consent, mom spend the monies as she felt. Here I would say, my sister Hasina was very fortunate to purchase the same house for herself and her family and they are still living there.

HOUSTON, TX - USA - LEFT FOR US WITH FAMILY - AUGUST 1998:

I had already notified my CIO Hamad Al-Daig a year in advance of my departure, when my children would be finished with their schooling in Riyadh. The Saudi American International School (SAIS) in Riyadh, which both of our children attended, went only to the 9th Grade. We requested that Shermeen continue her 10th and 11th grade from Minarat-ur-Riyadh, an Arabic-English School, as Noumaan would finish his 9th and last grade at SAIS.

We attended Noumaan's graduation ceremony at SAIS when Shermeen had also completed 11th Grade. This was in the summer of 1998. All of us were still depressed and filled with mixed emotions after losing my dad, and now we were planning to leave Kingdom after working over 13 years. Yasmin began sorting out items that we were going to take with us and started advertising items for sale. Within days, we had sold most of the items that we did not need to take with us. I had already found one buyer for our four-wheel drive Isuzu, who allowed me to keep the car until mid- July, 1998.

I applied for a consulting position with RCG and was interviewed over the phone. The offer was good, and I accepted the position with a no-travel clause in the contract. My job was going to start September 8th, and I was paid from King Faisal up to September 21, 1998.

King Faisal paid me for the relocation and also prepared my pension. We had contacted one of the relocation companies, who provided full packing at home, as well as air cargo. They picked up all our boxes and provided a date of August 21st, 1998, for delivery in Houston.

We were invited to many parties by our colleagues at King Faisal, including a beautiful party from the IT department. We booked our flights to Houston for August 8th, 1998. I had notified my brother Ashraf of my arrival and asked him to keep an eye a home in the northwest part of town, where we had lived before going to Saudi Arabia.

CHAPTER 9

1998 TO PRESENT

Our flight arrived on time in Houston, and my brother Ashraf's family was already there to welcome us. We stayed with them at their apartment, which was also in northern part of town.

Next day, we booked our own apartment at the Lafayette Executive Apartments on I-10 and Kirkwood. Ashraf started showing us many houses in that part of town, but, somehow, none of them seemed the right fit for our family. We bought a new Nissan Sentra for 14,000 dollars cash, which seemed a fair price. Now we were completely independent. We also registered our children with Lagham Creek High School, which started in the 4th week of August, 1998. I was now busy dropping both of my kids off at school, as well as picking them up around 3 PM.

Yasmin was able to locate an inventory home in Savannah Estates, near West Little York and Addicks Satsuma. That house seemed better than most of the homes we had seen so far. It was a new home in a new sub division, reasonably priced at 154K. I requested the builder to list my brother as the Realtor so he could get the commission. We made a considerable down payment and waited for the mortgage to be approved. Our down payment and bank account ensured the loan's approval, and we moved into our new home on September 1, 1998. Now the school bus would be picking up and dropping off my kids.

After a few trips to Finger's furniture store and watching for sales, we bought all our furniture. Now we were just waiting for our other things to arrive from Saudi Arabia.

I started my work on September 8th, 1998, with RCG Consulting. The first few days of driving were little odd for me, as I was used to walking to work in Saudi Arabia. Now, even if I needed only a loaf of bread, I had to drive to get it.

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We received our shipment from Saudi Arabia within two weeks of moving into our new home. All of us were busy unpacking our stuff and setting it up in the new home. Nothing was missed in the shipment, except some special Asian brooms. We had already setup the automatic call for prayer, so we could make our prayers in time. We started meeting so many of our friends after many years of disconnect. We enjoyed coming back home.

In 1999, Shermeen graduated from high school.



I replaced my Nissan Sentra with a new Oldsmobile Alero, and a few days later bought an Oldsmobile Silhouette Van for Yasmin. This provided a good opportunity to teach Shermeen how to drive on Yasmin's old Ford Escort. She learned very quickly and soon received her driver's license. She also applied to the University of Houston and was admitted in the undergraduate MIS program. Noumaan had another two years to finish high school and prepare for college. He also received his license on his birthday June 10th, 1999. We had to buy him an older model car. Now I was paying insurance for four cars, as well as medical and home insurance. In the meantime, the kids wanted to visit Saudi Arabia. With the assistance from ex-CIO and brother-in-law Shoaib, we received the visas and prepared to enjoy some time in Riyadh. We performed our Umrah and did the Madinah trip while we were there. We came back in time for the kids to start school.

Initially, I was assigned the year 2000 project with Bank of America, and later, I was assigned to Memorial Herman for their due diligence in preparing for the year 2000.

I was offered a permanent position with Memorial, which I did not accept. For some reason as I felt loyal to RCG. This was a big mistake because soon the project came to an end, and I was given my paycheck up to the end of January, 2000, on 1st,

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of January 2000. The other BIG mistake I made was an investing 126K with my long-time friend Rafiq Loya. Later on, I found out he was cashing my checks and paying off his debt, while making stupid excuses. This loss made a substantial dent in my savings since I had already paid a huge down payment on the house, bought four cars, and furniture. Now I was unemployed and only collecting unemployment.

Every day I was busy applying for work in many hospitals' IT departments, but no one was looking for new staff, as the anticipated Year 2000 issues never materialized, creating a glut of IT professionals on the market.

I was desperate after two months and accepted low-paying Applications Manager position at Harris County Hospital District in May of 2000. The job was extremely easy for me, as I knew all of the healthcare applications and the workflows. Within two months, I was called into CIO's office and offered a management position overseeing all IT Ancillary areas of the hospital. This was a challenging position, in which I became responsible for Laboratory/Pathology, Pharmacy, Radiology, Cardiology, Pulmonary Lab, GI Lab, and several other smaller areas. Initially, I was given one Pharmacy support person. Lab and Radiology had their internal IT support staff, and I was asked by my CIO to consolidate these areas into my section.

Loya never answered his phone calls, deliberately avoiding me. He finally showed up one day, writing many checks and asking me to deposit them only in certain months and only after he called and asked me to do so.

In the meantime Noumaan finished his high school and was ready for college. He also received his approval for admission to the U of H and started his freshman year in August of 2001.

Loya came back with a proposal to purchase an apartment complex for 2.5 million, along with another person, Farook Samad. I was not asked to make any down payment, but, instead was asked to become the president of the corporation. They promised to split the profit three ways each month. Both of them claimed that once we sold the complex in a couple of years, we would make good money and that Loya would pay my debt as well as my fair share of the sale. For many months I received payments as promised, so at least I was getting my money back. After 18 months, however, they started making excuses. They told me that we were below our occupancy rate and that we were losing money. There were even reports of two murders in the complex. A few months later, I found out that the apartment complex was sold for 3.4 million dollars. Farook Samad would not answer any phone calls, and I was surprised that being the President of the corporation, I was not even asked to sign any papers regarding the sale. Loya and I felt cheated and discussed the situation with one of the lawyers. The lawyer reviewed with us the

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documents that spelled out the whole story. I had not been president since two months into the original transaction. They made all their profits and took off. I in the meantime, Loya would make a 200 or 250-dollar payment once in a while. Later on I learned that he was making these payments every few months to avoid facing a law suit. He owed me close to \$87,000 now, after deducting payments I had received from the apartment.

I was well paid at my work and I was very happy with the position and responsibility. The only drawback was that I was unable to submit any papers to conferences for the work that we were doing at Harris. However, I was getting 38 days of paid vacation per year and enjoying vacations in Saudi Arabia and Pakistan.

During this time, my mom, along with Aisha and her son Faisal, moved to the US. Initially, they lived in Chicago. Later on, they moved to Baltimore, Maryland, in spite of my objections.

MY MOM'S VISIT TO HOUSTON:



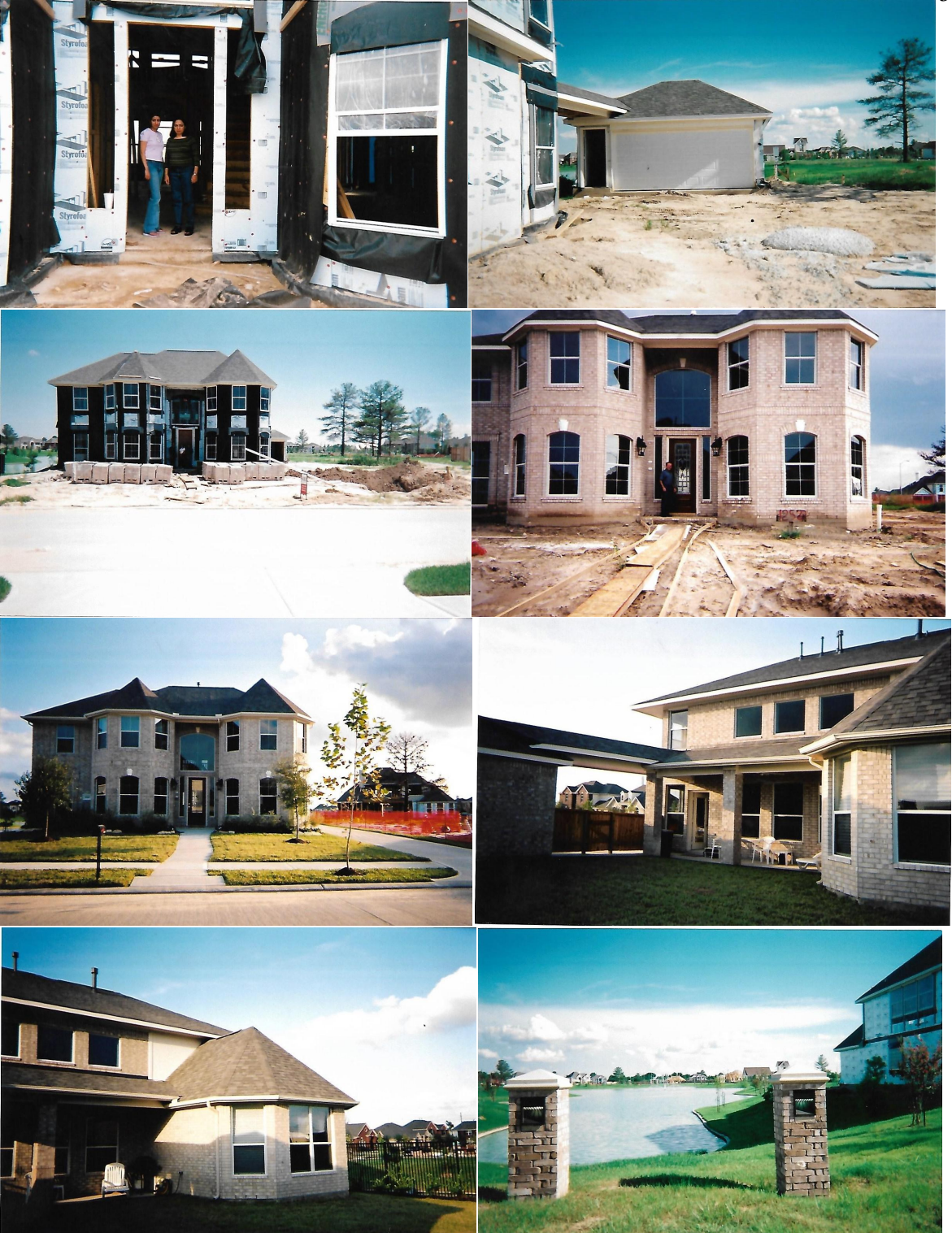
In 2001, many new things happened in our lives for the good. Yasmin was not happy with the tract home we bought after paying so much down and real estate fees. She was looking for a better place where she could build the house of her choice. One day Shermeen came home and told us that she has seen a place near Eldridge and West Little York where they had started ground-breaking work. I was surprised because it was a place within the city, where it was difficult to find land.

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We went to see the place in the evening and, sure enough, someone's farm being turned into a beautiful sub-division with a lake in the middle. After looking into it more closely, we decided to build a four-bedroom house on one of the streets nearest to West Little York. Located on a culdesac, the house would cost us 250K to build, including the changes we wanted. When we came home we began looking into what a lot on the lake would cost. The price difference was around 57K. We finally signed the contract after offering a Bakra Eid prayer for the lake lot and the 3695 model.



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We found a Realtor who offered to charge less than 1.5% in real estate fees to sell our existing home and pay us 2500 dollars from the new house after she received real estate fees from the builder. So, overall, we were making money by moving into the new home. While our house was getting built we went on vacation to Karachi.

When we came back, the home was ready and we signed our mortgage papers after paying close to 70K as a down payment and taking a 15-year mortgage. Along the way, I made some stupid mistakes, refinancing twice, once to get the mortgage on a flexible rate and again switching back to a lower fixed rate for just 10 years. Again, you learn lesson from your own mistakes. This time, at least I was able to pay off early in 10 years instead of 15 years.

That same year Noumaan graduated from High School:



Between our new CEO and new CIO for the Harris County Hospital District, it became very difficult to manage projects. We found out that the new CIO wanted to keep the status quo while completing her two-year consulting contract.

When Philip Bradley became the acting CIO in 2003, we started working on both maintenance and new projects one more time. Shermeen, in the meantime, graduated with two degrees, a BS in Finance and a BS in MIS from the University of Houston. Her convocation was held in the same building and the same place in 2003 as it was for me in 1977, when I graduated from the Department of Natural Science and Mathematics with a major in computer science. Having already started working in the networking department at U of H, in her last semester she was hired by a major company as a full time employee.

A couple of years later, Tim Tindle, who was our consulting contractor when I had joined the company, came back as a permanent CIO, while Philip became the VP of Applications Support.

Under Philip and Tim, we started several large projects to install Epic applications. Life was busy, and when you are busy you have to take vacations. We were able to take our vacations in Saudi Arabia visiting in-laws in Riyadh, as well as my CIO from King Faisal and my former team in the IT department there. These vacations also provided the opportunity to do our Umrah in Makkah and Ziarat in Madinah. We made the Saudi trip every other year and went to Karachi almost every year. Fortunately, we had our home there in Karachi. Most of the time we took a cab from the airport to our home. Many times Yasmin's sister Banu Ma and her husband Iqbal Moti would come and pick us up, but we tried our best not to bother anyone.

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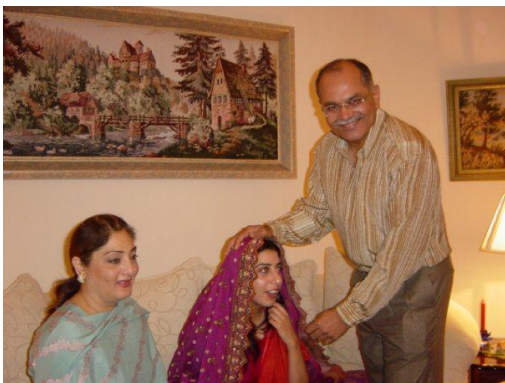
While Noumaan was attending college, Shermeen mentioned that the family of Tauseef, one of her friends, wanted to visit us. This was a surprise, as she had just learned a huge lesson from a prior friendship. We had met the boy and the family during Shermeen's graduation from the U of H. So we invited their family to our place. We all decided to visit the Tauseef's family in Karachi during our next trip, but, in the meantime, asked Shoaib (Yasmin's brother) and his family to visit Tariq Bhai and his family as they were in Karachi at the time.

Though my brother's reports were quite favorable, I was very scared because of two reasons, one being Shermeen's bad experience in a prior relationship and the second being that the family were non-Memon, although I must repeat here that I do not agree with many of the cultural practices in Memon families, including the Saas Bahu (Mother-in-law/Daughter-in-law) issues. While the response in the Istikhara was very positive, we asked Shermeen to do Istikhara too.

We went to Pakistan, where Tariq Bhai invited to the golf club. We had learned previously that Tariq Bhai was a prominent member of the Pakistan Army and in fact was a Lt General, posted as Core Commander for Karachi. It was an excellent gathering, and we were very impressed with the family members. The marriage proposal was accepted and we decided that the Nikah and Shadi would be held in Houston and the Valima in Karachi a year later.

Shermeen's Engagement - Nikah, Houston TX, September 12th, 2004:

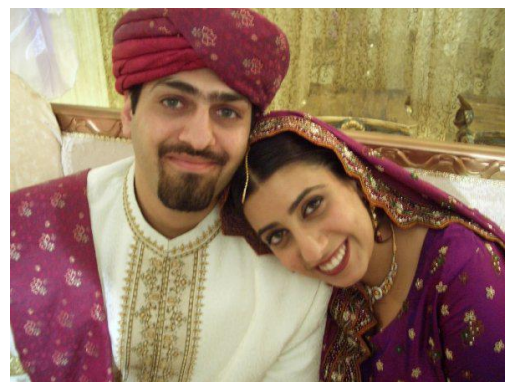
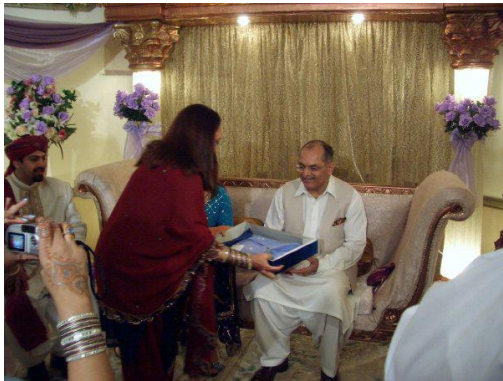
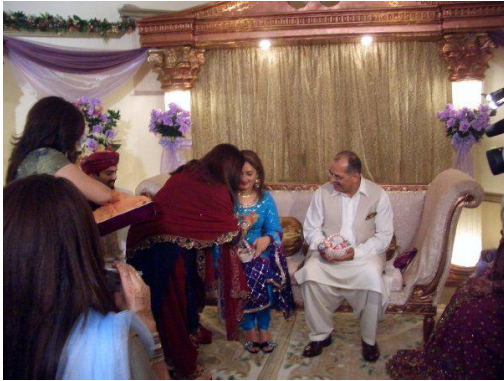
With Tariq Bhai and Afshan Bhabhi in Houston, the date was set for the Nikah-Shadi to be celebrated on September, 12th, 2005. All of us went to see Saeeda's wedding hall in the southwest part of Houston. Everyone agreed that the hall was large enough for two hundred guests. The day arrived when my little girl was going to be married.



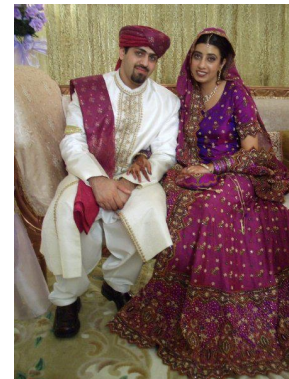
We arrived at the hall in time in my Mercedes. I was not surprised to see that the groom and his family were already there. It was a very nice gathering of our families. Unfortunately, one of my brother (the same person who carried some

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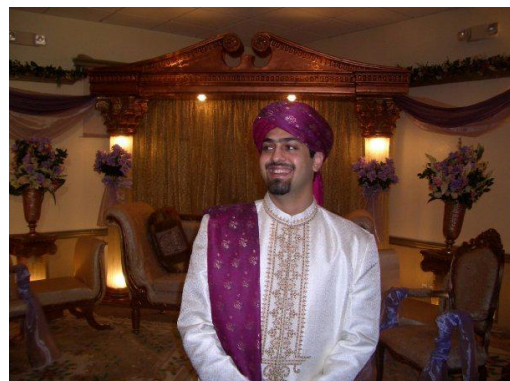
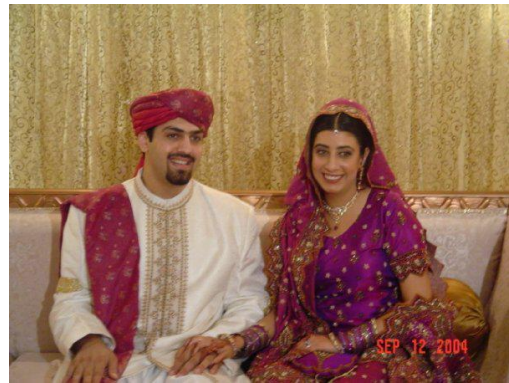
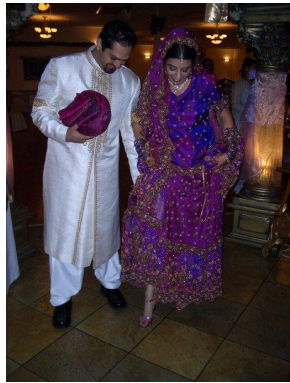
unknown grudge against I and my family) threatened to keep my family from attending the Nikah and Shadi.



My brother Ashraf and his family were the only attendees from my side of the family. This was another lesson learned: No matter how much you do for the family, there will always be one member who is jealous of your status, education, or good fortune and try to demean you.



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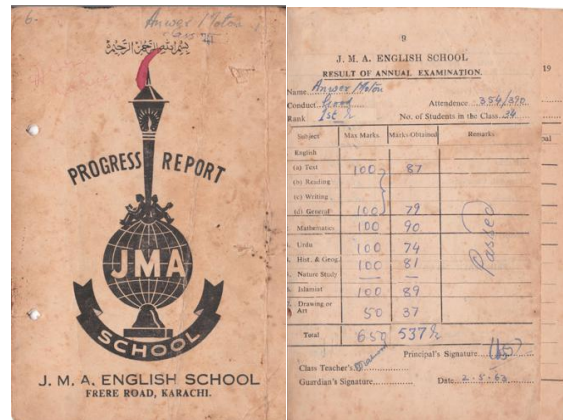
Shermeen's Valima in Karachi, Pakistan, August 6th, 2005:

Tariq Bhai and Afshan Bhabhi had booked the golf course for Tauseef and Shermeen's Valima. We had invited everyone from our side to attend the Valima. All my sisters and their families attended. My brother Ashraf and his family, who had helped in arranging for Shermeen's Nikah and Shadi, were also invited to the Valima in Karachi. They, as well as many of my school friends, attended with us.

We went to visit Karachi, Pakistan, in July of 2007. On this trip we left our kids behind. During my visit, I found out that one of the mentors, Yahya Hashim Bawany who assisted me in writing my first book Yahya Hashim Bawany, had passed away. Zakaria Siddiq took me to his house, and we sat with his wife for a little DUA for our friend Yahya Bhai. Unfortunately, I will not get a copy of his last book, which was on the Memon Script writing. I do, however, have a copy of his documents, which he was kind enough to give me. He was a very knowledgeable person, and he will forever be missed.

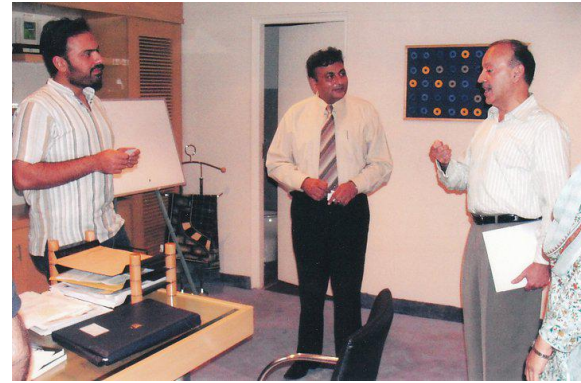
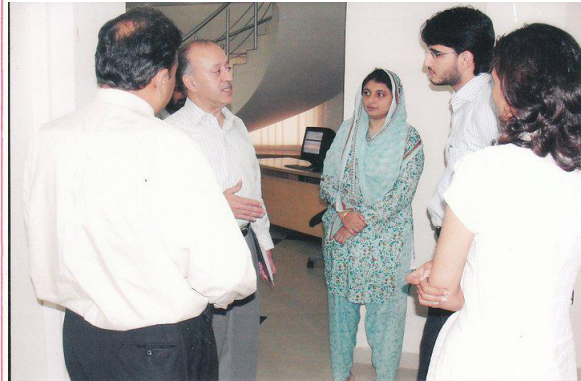
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During the time in Karachi, Zakaria Siddiq invited me to attend a function in our Jetpur Memon Association School, where I was asked to give a short speech to the students and teachers of the school. I took a copy of my oldest report card from 1963 (I started JMA in 1960) and showed it to the principal, teachers, and students. They were very impressed that I had kept the document. I gave my short speech to the students and later on showed the principal some of the classrooms we had been in. We were given a nice lunch after the function. This is where I met with Dr. Saira Bano of Kalsoft. Having heard my speech, she requested that I attend Kalsoft, for an interview to be published on their site. Here are some pictures that we took during the function at JMA:



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Dr. Saira Bano called me from Kalsoft and proposed a date for the visit, which I agreed to. My interview was published, and I was presented with a plaque. Here are some pictures from that visit:



I was able to take month-long vacations during which I visited my mom and sisters in Pakistan, as well as my mother-in-law in Saudi Arabia.

After we came back, Tauseef and Shermeen bought their own place, a nice condominium in the Houston Medical Center. One night they announced to our surprise and delight that Shermeen was expecting and that the due date was December, 26th, 2007. Tauseef's parents were also informed. Everyone was very happy and excited in anticipation of the new arrival.

Tariq Bhai and Afshan Bhabbi arrived in Houston the later part in 2007, and all of us started pampering Shermeen. On December 21st, 2007, a week earlier than planned, she was in the hospital, expecting the arrival any time. Again, we also notified our close family member Ashraf and his family to be there too. Tisha Noor, our granddaughter, finally arrived, and it was the best moment of our lives. We even forgot to ask Shermeen how she was feeling.

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Pictures of our favorite granddaughter her proud grandparents:



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I went to visit to my mom once when she was with my sister Aisha in Baltimore. This was the same sister who, with one of my brothers, had decided to go against my family just because I was unable to keep my mom with us. They knew the reason was that my wife had gone through several surgeries and, having her own issues, needed help from me and Noumaan. Given the circumstances, it was impossible to take care of my mom, who at the time needed constant attention. The second time I went to see Mom in Buffalo, where she was living with my younger brother Ebrahim's family. Each time she requested me to send her back to Pakistan to live with my sister Yasmin. She also said that she did not want to die here in the US. She was afraid to be buried in a box and wanted to spend her remaining life with my sisters. She asked me to pay for both her ticket that of my nephew, who would take her to Karachi. She also requested that I must not stop my financial assistance to her on a monthly basis. I assured her that I would never do that. And I never did, even when the same brother twisted the whole situation and blamed my wife, instead of keeping and helping my mom himself, which he was quite capable of doing. This is the way this world is. Everyone thinks of their own benefit, and our culture still carries the remnants of Hindu culture, in which it is customary for eldest son must keep the parents with his family. Islam certainly does not force this in any way. In fact, all the children, sons or daughters, are responsible for taking care of their aging parents by providing a safe place with them, or, at the minimum, financial assistance to ensure they are comfortable. It was sad when my mom told me in her last days that none of the brothers provided any financial help to her except for me. She kept saying that she had enough money from me but that she would have felt better if she were given even an extra 50 dollars a month. Who cannot afford 50 dollars a month to support their parents? Instead, the same brother chose to write bashing emails to my wife and copying them to the whole family. It's a shame that he never had the courage to sit and talk face to face with me or, at a minimum, help our mom.

I will never feel bad because in the eyes of Allah, I, with the great help of my wife, saved enough so that my parents could live comfortably. Again, this is only to provide guidance to the next generation, who should think about what your parents did for you when you were little kids, when you were sick or when you were scared of the darkness. They provided the comfort that you needed all your life. Even so, when you are 32 years old and married and have two kids, it is very difficult to share your already limited income. But by the grace of Allah when you spend more for your own parents and pay your Zakat and pay in Charity, Allah multiples your wealth several fold in ways you don't even realize. During my whole life, I was provided more and more, and His bounty continues even today in retirement. It is definitely due to the blessings of Allah and the many DUAS that your parents made for you.

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It was a nice family get together in 2009 during EID AL FITR, and my brother Ashraf and his family enjoyed the EID with us, as they did every year. Unfortunately, however, due to Yasmin's major knee surgeries, we have not been able to invite family members outside of the immediate family during the EID. There has been no reciprocal invitation either.

The year 2010 was very challenging for us. Our son Noumaan decided to live by himself. He was facing many challenges in his life, and for me and Yasmin, it was very difficult for us. We always asked Allah for his guidance for us as well as for him. I am bringing these incidents truthfully, again in the hope that future generations will learn from them. Every family has its own issues, but seldom does anyone have the courage to mention them for the enlightenment of others. Our family had our problems, but I will never be able to thank Allah enough for what he had given us, a true happy life for us and our children and grandchildren. A pure test from Allah is how well we face adversity.

HIMMS 2012 - Paper: Dr. John Riggs, our Medical Director has always been impressed with how we completed the integration of Results from many systems as well display of images from them in our Medical Records Application, EPIC. Both of us decided to do a paper and present it in our next HIMMS Conference. So, we did. I prepared the paper and presentation and he edited and submitted. It was approved. Dr. Riggs presented the paper while I answered all the technical questions and it was well accepted in the Conference.

In July of 2013, Harris Health System was awarded HealthCare's most Wired Winner 2013 and I attended the Ceremony along with my CIO. The Award was handed to me on my retirement by my boss and now it has a home in my home-office



Cardiac Surgery - November, 2013: While Yasmin and I started walking in the evenings since 1985, we thought we were in better health, until one day in 2013

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Yasmin felt pain in her left arm. We consulted Cardiac Physicians many times but no one was able to diagnose the symptoms. Again, the pain kept its pace and we started from ECG/EKG to Echo to Treadmill and Nuclear MRI tests. She never gave up and insisted a better outcome. The Cardiac Physician finally requested for Calcium score test that did the trick and provided enough justification for a Cardiac Cauterization. The results were very much positive, 98% blockage in the main artery while the others were around 80%. She was immediately, scheduled for a Robotic Cardiac Surgery. This was recommended as the idea was to keep the injury to a minimum and provide faster recovery.

The day arrived, November 18th, 2013 and we were there in the Methodist hospital, Medical Center under the best Cardiac Surgeon. Surgery went well and took almost 6 hours to complete and she was kept in the ICU. I came home that night, had my dinner and went to sleep. Next morning woke up early and as I was preparing to leave for the hospital, received a call from the hospital. When I answered the phone, it was Cardiac Surgeon on the other side who was little nervous. He explained that Yasmin's EKG was abnormal and they were taking her to the Operating room for a Cardiac Cauterization to see the cause of this abnormal EKG.

I took off to the hospital right away. When I came out of the Elevator on 2nd floor of Methodist, Dr. Ramchandani, Yasmin's Cardiac Surgeon was also there with another Cardiac Surgeon waiting for me. His finding was not good and he explained that even though the robotic surgery was successful, one of the bypass artery was now putting more pressure on the subsection artery and that they will have to do an open heart next morning.

Yasmin was still under the influence of Anesthesia, agreed after one of the resident physician explained her and she signed the consent. Shermeen and Tauseef were always there for us helping me in my time of need. Other family members chose to stay away for unknown reasons. At last, her open heart surgery went well and the Surgeon provided a better prognosis. Days ahead, were no doubt challenging for us and I tried my best to stay with her and help her as we came home after 5 days in the hospital. One of her sister Hawa Ma had the US Visa on her passport and I sent her the airline ticket so she can come and help us out too.

Within two days, she was here. Yasmin and I in the meantime decided that I will go to work as long as her sister was here and I can take two more weeks when she returns back. Yasmin, after many surgeries in life, has build more courage to fight, yet I think she is very much exhausted and tired to handle any more nature's tests. Recovery, went well and it has been several years now and she had continued her walks with me and feel much better.

TABISH Birth: November 21st, 2015:

Shermeen and Tauseef were very excited in late May 2015 when they announced for new arrival in January of 2016. She kept herself too busy with her work and started preparing for her new baby. Late October, she was told that there were some issues with the pregnancy and the OB/Gynecologist warned her for early delivery. True enough, Tabish Abaan, a boy, arrived 21st of November, 2015. He was a tiny little baby, but a big fighter who stayed in the hospital until January 5th, 2016. The day he came home coincided with my own birthday and we were all extremely happy with our new grandchild.



Late in 2015, I notified my boss that I would most probably be retiring in December of 2016. We had already completed our trip to Saudi and Pakistan in 2014, and we started planning for an Umrah trip in November of 2016. I wanted to take as much vacation as possible because Harris only paid 50% of your vacation pay when you left or retired. I had already promised my mom that I would be visiting her in Karachi as soon as I retired in December, 2016.

We enjoyed our trip to Saudi Arabia in November of 2016, during which I was able to spend some time with my colleagues from King Faisal Hospital and Research Center. The hospital was so much different now from when I left in 1998. Many new buildings, as well as new medical departments had been added or expanded, so that the Research Center now was four times the size it was during my time there. My meeting with Hamad Al-Daig, my former CIO, and Amir Al-Rashid, my favorite employee, went very well. Both Hamad and Amir retired young. In the Kingdom, when Saudis complete their 20 years with government entities, they are entitled to full retirement.

Two weeks had certainly not been enough. Now we were back in Houston. As my boss, David Layman, and my colleagues were preparing for the retirement party,

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he asked me if I would ask my family to join too. The date was decided as December 8th, 2016, on a Thursday afternoon, so everyone could attend. On the day of the party, we arrived at the administrative offices cafeteria that had been exclusively booked in our honor. I had no idea that so many of our Harris colleagues had been invited. Speeches and a dinner had been arranged in our honor. I was very thankful to all my colleagues who took great pains to arrange a Halal meal for the whole family.

I had already arranged to present gifts to the CIO, Tim Tindle, my boss, David Layman, the Administrative Director of Ancillary Systems, and for all my staff. They all loved it.

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Some Pictures from the Retirement Party, December 8th, 2016:



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I left for Pakistan on January, 26th, 2017, after arranging for automatic bill payment, as well as security for our home with ADT and our neighborhood police while we were away.

As usual, the weather in Karachi was excellent and we enjoyed our trip. Our main objectives were to meet my mom and fix my house, which needed some maintenance after 27 years. My brother-in-law Iqbal Moti had promised to assist me in the renovation when he was visiting us in Houston earlier. For the next eight weeks we were busy helping the maintenance crew and visiting my mom. Whenever my mom would see me coming into her room, she would always say the same two things, #1) My eyes have been watching the entrance for your arrival and #2) Did you eat today, you look so thin? Oh Allah, I will always miss her for showing so much love for all us brothers and sisters.

During the eight weeks I was in Karachi, I told our sister Yasmin for the first time that as I was retired and that it would be very difficult for me to continue sending her the 6000 dollars a year, approximately 500 dollars a month. I gave her 5000 dollars for 2017 expenses and asked both of my sisters, Yasmin and Mahmooda, to budget carefully. I could not have known at the time that our mom would pass away four months into this year. Having previously discussed the burial expense with Mahmood Bhai, we had set aside sufficient funds to cover the cost, 200 to 250,000 Rupees, of the burial and other expenses.

It was a blessing to meet mom for these two months. As she did every year, she requested that I make sure every child in the family were paid for the coming Eid. Our sister Yasmin agreed to pay out of the same funds. One thing she confided to me and Yasmin, and this I will never ever forget, was her hope that Noumaan would get better and be married and that I would once again be proud of him.

She was a most courageous lady, taking care of all 10 of us, providing three meals a day, often skipping her own meal to feed us. When you have 10 kids it is very possible that some will feel neglected. She was worried about this and asked me to please request all of us to forgive her and pray for her Magfirat. She also told me to tell each one of her children that she loved every one of them very much and that she never intentionally discriminated against any one of them. She asked me personally for Munawar to forgive her.

I tried to spend as much time with her as humanly possible. Both Yasmin and I arrived in Karachi without telling her (only our sister Yasmin knew) and went straight to the wedding hall where there was a Valima for Ebrahim's (Mahmooda's son and my nephew) wedding. Mom, along with everyone else, was extremely happy to see us. Unfortunately, 2-3 days later in the middle of the night, mom fell

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and injured her left knee. She had suffered an injury to her right leg several years previously. As Iqbal Moti's mother had suffered the same type of injury, we asked his mom's Physician's support for our mom. We did a portable Xray at home, the technicians coming from Blue Cross Xray and Lab. The Xray reports showed that the first injury had not fully healed from the last surgery and that the left femur was crushed near the knee. The consulting surgeon would not recommend any surgery, as her osteoporosis was extremely advanced but her lab results were very normal. A few days, later as I was sitting with her and chatting with mom and our sisters, Bai showed up with her daughters Uzma and Hina. I did not recognize Hina and had no idea she was a resident physician at Liaquet hospital. Upon learning this, I asked her to look at mom's Xrays to get a second opinion. She also advised against surgery. From that day, Hina visited mom very often and also arranged for a surgeon to visit with her to remove the dry gangrene from her right foot, while I held mom's right hand to console her. I am very thankful to Dr. Hina for all her generous attention to the treatment of our mom while I was there and afterwards.

One day Ilyas Ahmed, one of our BMB class fellow and a friend decided to take a trip of Karachi and visit those places of our childhood. It was after the FAJR prayer when both of left to visit these places. Our route was our old BMB School near Empress Market, to Frere Road (JMA School, Jameel Memon's home, to Ratan Talab (Ashraf Majid's home) to my Nani home, to Urdu Bazar and pass by Women's College near Salim Chapra's home where we use to play near Hajra Bai Manzil, to Burns Road (BMB Toddler and Farook Habib and Ilyas homes).



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Then we took off for Saeed Manzil we turned towards Jubilee Cinema and Rancho Lines. It was a beautiful morning and nothing had changed except both of us are now in our sixties. We stopped near the Jubilee cinema, where I made a



small movie of the road that we use to take for many years to go to our JMA and BMB Schools. The next stop was famous Hothi Market and Ilyas parked his car near the school and we took off on foot. As we entered the Hothi Market, I was expecting huge crowd to purchase their fish or meat or vegetables. The place was in shambles and looks like our city authorities are not even interested in maintaining famous places of Karachi. At the corner, the Barber shop was still there where my Dad used to take us for our hair cuts. Barber shop at the time had only ceiling fans and now it has some air-conditioning. This was where the street started where we lived for most of our childhood - Ghazdarabad. As we came near to the building where we lived last, my feeling was very different. I was in the past, jumped into the entrance of the building and started going up so quickly like I was in my childhood. Ilyas was right behind me. For few minutes, I expected to hear all my nine brothers and sisters shouting and playing. Main door was closed and I rushed to knock at it. There was no smell of cooking bread or food that you could literally smell and tell what was cooked for that day. Tears came in my eyes and alas no one was there to greet me. Suddenly, I had to come out of my dream, when Ilyas asked me if he could take some pictures. I did one of my own selfie for our memories to remember. Never forget our past, but learn lessons from it. Nothing is impossible to dream, it is your consistent hard work and dedication for life, will get you there.



We returned to Houston 21st of March and kept ourself busy. On 1st of May, 2017, only after few weeks, I received a call early in the morning from my brother-in-law Iqbal Moti consoling me about my mother's death. Both of us soon realized that I had not been informed of my mom's passing. Evidently, my sisters had tried to reach me. I had missed their voice message because I left my cell phone in the living area before going to sleep. Immediately, I called Mahmooda, who confirmed that mom had passed away that morning. She had been bathed and wrapped in a

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burial cloth to be taken to Masjid for Janaza prayers. I also called my sister Yasmin, who was also at Mahmooda's place, along with everyone else. After hanging up, I tried to reach all brothers and sisters. They were all informed in time.

The night before she passed away, I had been on a video conference with her. All our sisters were there, along with Rauf Mama, and Mom was given banana shake for the evening meal. They had recited all Kalimas and recited Yasin in her ear before she went to sleep. Her caretaker Saeeda, a wonderful lady, took care of her 24 hours a day. Mom woke up that night around 3 AM asking for water and then, after drinking water, dozed off. Around 9 AM, when Saeeda, having prepared mom's breakfast, tried to wake her up, she did not respond. So they called the doctor at home.

The doctor announced the verdict around 9:30 AM, May 1st, 2017, informing everyone that mom must have died three to four hours earlier. This would have put her time of death at 6 to 6:30 AM, around the time of Fajr prayer.

The next day, Noumaan, moved in with us, having become ill and out of work. He soon was living a happy life again, and we were providing the support that he deserved. We observed that he had lost weight, so I started taking him to his PCP for proper evaluation. We found out, he was severely diabetic and was not taking care of himself. PCP recommended for a visit to a GI specialist where he went through many tests including MRI of the abdomen. The results were devastating. His pancreas were not producing enough insulin and he was not taking enough insulin to burn his sugar. This resulted in Pancreatitis where he was in excruciating pain in his abdomen. Months later, GI suggested he could insert stent in his pancreas. The procedure was setup in an outpatient setting in September. GI was able to stent one area while he was unable to stent the major portion of the pancreas as his ducts were completely shut off.

After six months of living with us, our son Noumaan at the age of just 34 years passed away in his sleep on October 24th, 2017. When I was discussing with the GI, he was telling me that the pain must have been very severe, yet he never complained and took every day as the next day would be better for him. He most certainly did and he went back to Allah, a much better place where he does not have to worry about worldly affairs. Now that he is gone for ever, we will miss him for life and will never be able to erase the grief from our hearts. May Allah forgive all his sins and place him in the highest place in Heaven. Amen.

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This is my son, Noumaan during past EID. And from the moment he was born to the moment he left this earth, he was adored. Loved not only by his family but also by those whose path he crossed. He was inquisitive, playful and intelligent. He was kind and loving with a smile that lit up a conversation, lit up a room, and warmed a heart. He loved books, especially books about spirituality, holistic living, books to help him understand the injustices in the world, and ways that he could find himself. Noumaan had a devotion for animals especially his two dogs and spent time training them and caring for them.



This is Noumaan's story and I ask that you share it with your loved ones and friends, because:

- ❖ The horrible stigma that many young people die to be dispelled. Our son was beautiful, intelligent, educated and well spoken. He was given every opportunity a child should have. We are hard working parents who have raised our children with morals and values. We are normal people who have always given the best to our children. Noumaan worked from the age of 16 and supported himself up until to the last day before his death. He was our beloved

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son. And we will forever wonder if there was anything we could have done differently.

- ❖ If this can happen to Noumaan then it can happen to anyone. He started his Umrah when he was only 2 years of age. We spent most of the Ramadaan in Riyadh and EID in Karachi with my parents. He enjoyed the company of my parents. We made 40 trips to different countries and he use to enjoy each time we went to different place. He took many videos and pictures and some are part of this book in his memory.

Again, my last words here are to please keep an open mind. We are not angels and we make mistakes. Those who are able to acknowledge their mistakes before Allah and ask for repentance will be rewarded. My intention here was to truthfully convey my experiences and urge others to learn lessons from their own mistakes. I sincerely hope and pray that readers will learn from my experiences. I am very thankful to my wife for always supporting me and truly guiding me the right way.



CHAPTER 10

OUR JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD

In most of my childhood dreams, I saw myself sitting on a flying carpet. I guess at the time I had no idea that I and my family would be visiting so many countries and seeing different societies and different cultures. Here is the chronology of our visits:

- ❖ December 1960 – My first picnic that I can remember – The teachers of Sir Syed Ahmed English School took us to Hawks Bay in Karachi.
- ❖ The teachers of Jetpur Memon English School took us to Malir Farms in Karachi.
- ❖ June 1966 – Visited Quetta, Sheikh Vasal, Chaman and Ziarat Pakistan (Member of Scout Team)
- ❖ July 1968 – Lahore, Rawalpindi, Muree and Islamabad Pakistan
- ❖ May 27th, 1972 – Came to Chicago, IL USA
- ❖ August 1973 – Moved to Houston, TX USA
- ❖ September 1973 – Visited Karachi Pakistan
- ❖ December 1975 – Drove from Houston to New York
- ❖ July 1975 – Drove from Houston to Reno Nevada
- ❖ April 1979 – Visited Karachi Pakistan – Engagement
- ❖ November 1979 Visited Karachi Pakistan – Wedding
- ❖ February 1980 – Visited California during IBM training
- ❖ January 1984 – Visited California for Job interview with family
- ❖ July 1985 – Went to work for King Faisal Hospital in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia
- ❖ Between 1985-1998 we went to visit Pakistan twice a year and did Umrah (Short pilgrimage to Makkah and Medinah twice a year). We use to spent time in Makkah during our Wedding Anniversaries and during Ramadaan.
- ❖ February 1986 – Went to Mumbai, India
- ❖ April 1986 -Orlando Florida US
- ❖ July 1986 – Went for Hajj and also sent my parents for Hajj
- ❖ April 1987 – Houston TX USA
- ❖ July 1987 – Went for Hajj again
- ❖ December 1987 – Houston TX USA
- ❖ August 1988 – New York, Disney Land - LA, Houston TX USA
- ❖ December 1989 – Went to Thailand and Singapore

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- ❖ January 1990 – Invited parents to Saudi Arabia and went for Umrah together. One of the best moments was the Tawaf with my dad on my right and my mom on left.
- ❖ March 1990 – Doha Qatar
- ❖ March 1991 – Doha Qatar
- ❖ June 1991 – London England and Houston TX USA
- ❖ June 1992 – Paris France, Zurich and Geneva Switzerland
- ❖ June 1993 – Turkey and Greece
- ❖ October 1994 – Dubai, Karachi and Bahrain
- ❖ June 1995 – Washington, Orlando and Houston
- ❖ March 1996 – Egypt – Cairo and Luxor. Egypt – Cairo and Luxor
- ❖ June 1996 – London England, Brussels Belgium, Amsterdam Netherlands, Frankfurt Germany, Vienna Austria and Prague Czech Republic
- ❖ April 1997 – Jordan – Amman and Jerish, Syria – Damascus and Israel (East Jerusalem – Bethlehem, Masjid Al-Aqsa, Dome of the Rock)
- ❖ October 1997 – Italy – Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome, Vatican city
- ❖ January 1998 – Visited Karachi. During this visit, I told my family that I would be leaving Saudi Arabia in August, so the children could finish their high school in US and start college. My dad was very upset after hearing this because he knew I would not be able to visit him as often from US. This was my best trip, as I was able to spend so much time with my dad.
- ❖ April 1998 – Received a call from a cousin that my dad was not feeling well. He also informed me that the chest Xray results were not good and that I should come home. I took the next flight and I was in Karachi. Dad had lost weight and clearly was in pain. I talk to my friend Physician, and he arranged the appointment with the most senior oncologist, practicing at a very renowned Hospital. We took my dad to see the Oncologist next day. He arranged for CT, a biopsy, and several lab tests. It was Thursday and the result was supposed to be announced on Monday, May 18th, 1998. I promised my dad that I would be back in a week or so and would start whatever treatment was recommended and left for Riyadh early Saturday morning. The next day, as I preparing to go to work, again Yunus Moten called me and gave me the worst news of my life. I had lost my dad early that morning.
- ❖ May 1998 – Lost my dad May 17th. Visited Karachi and also received Dad's results from the hospital. Though he had advanced lung cancer, he had never complained for his pain. He quietly passed after the Fajr prayer in front of my nephew Faisal, sister Gulbano (Aisha) and my mom.
- ❖ August 1998 – Left for US with family
- ❖ July 1999 – Umrah in Saudi Arabia and visited Karachi Pakistan
- ❖ Between 1998 and until the writing of this book, we have been visiting Pakistan quite often during our vacation and going for the Umrah (short pilgrimage to Makkah and Medinah) every other year.

CHAPTER 11

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MY CERTIFICATIONS

It was in August of 1959 when my Dad admitted me into Sir Syed Ahmed teaching School near my maternal grandmother's home. I still remember that day when my mother woke me up for the first day of school. My Dad and I walked from our home towards this school. Someone was waiting for my Dad when we arrived at the school building. He was a friend of Dad and friend of the School's principal. Soon, the paper work was done, school fees totaling 5 rupees was paid and I started my first day. The Jetpur Memon Community was in the process of building a Memon Community school and it was ready in 1960. My maternal uncle Majeed Mamu, along with my Dad and I and my younger brother Ashraf, were admitted into this school in August of 1960. My younger brother was admitted into the same class as I was in, with the understanding that I would tutor him and take him under my wing. We stayed there until 1965, attending the last class of the school, which was 5th grade. From there, we two brothers were moved to BMB Boys School in August of 1965. In the first year, we had our Headmaster, Afsar Hussain, a very English-literate scholar, who was dedicated to the students of BMB. Unfortunately, he had to leave in 1967, and Khwaja Qamruddin Ahmed Qadri, a history teacher, took over as Headmaster of the school. Here for the second time I stood first in 8th grade in 1968 as I did in 3rd Grade in JMA, and I was allowed to go to Lahore with friends and their families. It was a wonderful trip, and we also visited Rawalpindi, Islamabad and Murree. In Murree, I met my Islamiat teacher, Qari Ziauddin, who was also visiting Murree with his Scout Group. In the 9th grade, I joined the science group, with the intention of becoming an Engineer.

I did very well in 10th grade and was admitted to the DJ Science College. It was very difficult to join DJ, as the requirements were extremely high and they only accepted the cream of the crop of Karachi students, those who graduated from the Board exam of 10th grade with high ranks. This was the start of my career, and soon enough, with the encouragement from several friends and family members, I started to apply for USA. Over the period of 44 years and even now I think we are always a student and learning new things every day. You can always visit my site to review my certifications just to keep up with work and technology changes: <http://www.anwarmotan.com/certifications/>

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CHAPTER 12



MY PAPERS AND INTERVIEWS

Interviews Awards and Presentations:

Healthcare has been very exciting. I started my first healthcare information technology experience at King Faisal Specialist Hospital and Research Center in 1985, and since then I have submitted several papers and have been interviewed several times:

Interview – Sandscript – KingFaisal Specialist Hospital & RC – 1998

Interview for Cardiology Integration with Electronic Medical Record (EMR)

Interview with KalSoft

HIMSS 12 Presentation

Healthcare's most prestigious award presented to Harris Health System. We went to San Diego to receive the AWARD – July 2013

My Papers submitted in the Conferences:

Al-Daig Hamad, Motan Anwar M. Integration of Hospital Information system Applications and Single workstation strategy. The 8th International Computer, Information technology & business systems exhibition & Conference for the Middle East. Manama Bahrain.

Motan Anwar M., Al-Daig Hamad. Introduction of computerized Pharmacy System in a Multinational Environment. Eighteenth Annual Symposium on Computer Applications in Medical Care. Washington D.C. USA.

Motan Anwar M., Al-Daig Hamad, Payne Thomas MD – Health Level 7 (HL7), an emerging solution for exchange of data in Health Industry. 1994 Symposium on Open Systems, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

Motan Anwar M., Al-Daig Hamad, – Selection, implementation and integration of hospital information system applications in a tertiary care hospital. Symposium on

hospital information systems (HIS) March 1995 Hafr Al-Batin, Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

Motan Anwar M., Al-Daig Hamad, Al-Rashid Amir, Setting up the Infrastructure – How to plan the Physical Layer? The 9th International Information technology & systems exhibition for the Middle East May 1995, Manama, Bahrain

Anwar Motan, Soumitra Sengupta PhD, Dean F. Sittig PhD, Hamad Al-Daig – Using the World Wide Web in the Health Field. Computer and Information Technology in the Health Field Symposium – 1995 – Riyadh KSA.

Benefiting from Internet in Pharmaceutical Industry. Pharmacy Conference – King Faisal Hospital and Research Center – 1995

Soumitra Sengupta PhD, Dean F. Sittig PhD, Hamad Al-Daig, Anwar Motan – Towards building Electronic Medical Records. Computer and Information Technology in the Health Field Symposium – 1995 – Riyadh KSA.

Motan Anwar M., Al-Daig Hamad, – Scope of Health Level 7 (HL7), Second Symposium on Computer and Information Technology in the Health Field – 1998 – Riyadh KSA.

Motan Anwar M., Harry Harrison, Project Manangement in integrated healthcare delivery, PMI Houston Chapter, 1999 – Houston TX

CHAPTER 13



STORY OF MY DAD MOHAMMAD A. KARIM MOTON IN HIS OWN WORDS

My dad, Mohammad Abdul Karim Moton, was interviewed by Yahya Hashim Bawany, one of the Memon writers and good friend of Dad's. Several years later, after Dad's death in May of 1998, he gave me a copy of the interview on a cassette. All of my memories of Dad came back, and I thought it would be appropriate to dedicate a chapter to him using the interview, combined with the stories that he had shared with me. I will recreate the story of my dad's life as though he were writing his own biography, as I have done.

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I was born February 8th, 1928, in Jetpur, India to Abdul Karim Moton and Aisha Bawany. My siblings included, in sequence, Ghulam Ahmed Jan, Rabia, and Usman, all born before me,



and Halima, the youngest. A son Omar, born after Halima, died in childhood. At the time, my eldest brother Ghulam Ahmed Jan could not hear or speak, due to an illness he suffered during his first year of life.



Aisha Bawany, my mom, was my dad's third wife. He had two children, Musa and Hanifa, with his first wife, from whom he was divorced. His second wife died during the child birth.

Rabia (we called her Bai), my older sister, was married and living with her husband in Rangoon. My memory goes back to 1940, when Bai came to Jetpur in 1940. At the time I was 12 years old. I was already missing my mom, whom I had lost the previous year. My mom had contracted TB and had a severe rash on her right hand that I used to help clean every day in the evening. One day, as I was helping her clean her wound, she coughed and asked me to get her some water. When I came back with the glass of water in my hand, she had already collapsed. My dad came running when he heard me screaming. He checked her pulse and said we had lost her.

Bai was worried about my studies. She asked me which grade I was in and I replied 1st Grade. She was a little upset when she heard this and told me that I was really behind in my studies. She asked my dad to send me to boarding school in Rajkot, India. I was admitted to Shourastar Primary and High School in Rajkot, in first grade English, and went to live in the boarding school in Rajkot. I was a very good student and stood first in the class for the first time in Class I. Ismail Gul at the time was our physical health teacher and Faiz Mohammad was our drill master. When Ismail Gul saw me doing body building exercises, he made me the dining room monitor. Obviously, my friends and I were extremely happy with the decision because from then on we all were well fed.

Unfortunately, after I became the monitor, I was not serious about my studies. Our superintendent was very worried that I was missing my school. He also thought that I was talking too much and decided to send me back to Jetpur in late 1944 or early 1945. In Jetpur, as there was nothing to do, my time there was wasted. One of the ladies in the neighborhood used to make Rotis for us, and my dad would cook goat meat. This would be plenty for our two meals.

As you entered the gate of our house, you saw that it actually consisted of three livable houses and a huge courtyard. My grandfather was very rich and had built a house for each one of his sons, Abdul Karim, the eldest, Noor Mohammad, the middle son, and Shakoor, the youngest. Our house was very big and had 18 to 20 rooms. Because everyone else had moved out, it was only my dad, my elder brother Ghulam, my sister Halima, and I in that big house. After my brother Usman married, he left the house and moved to Dhaka. I was injured one day when one of the buildings partially collapsed on me. My head injury required many stitches but I survived. This accident, as well as the loneliness of Jetpur and the loss of my mom, brought on depression and anxiety attacks. My dad tried to console me on those when he found my pillow wet from my crying during the night. I think he himself was in severe depression, and I could see he was concerned about me, my sister Halima, and my deaf brother Ghulam.

My sister Halima, who became ill from TB, also had the same issues I had. Many times, my dad and I had to clean her up, as she was unable to manage her bowel movements. One, at the age of just 16, she died. Due to my depression, I was taken to one of the Mazars - Grave of Minradatar, where I was chained and treated by the Mulla of the Mazar - Grave taker. Later on, I found out that my older brother had objected to my being sent to the Mazar for no good reason that he could see. Clearly upset, he began fighting with my dad. During this time, my dad had a severe heart attack and died.

After the Mulla of the Mazar had treated me for few months, I was feeling better. I left for Mumbai and got a job paying 100 rupees as a security guard, watching the grain bags as they were loaded on the truck. I used to sleep in the room next to the warehouse. One day my boss found me sleeping during the loading of the truck and terminated me.

I then went to Rangoon to live with my sister. Again I experienced mental issues of which I have only vague memories. I woke up one day in a hospital where a British Doctor, a Dr. Cherry, had been treating me for my unusual behavior. Evidently, I had been receiving



electric shocks, which though extremely painful, finally brought me back to my senses. It was my brother-in-law, Abdul Sattar Sulaiman Moten, who had provided for my treatment in one of the best hospitals in Rangoon.

Life in Rangoon was much better because I was in the company of relatives. My sister very kindly took care of me. My brother-in-law started taking me to his work in Mimbu, about 100 km from Rangoon. His family, who had many oil wells, was very rich. Later on, I was given the responsibility of maintaining and providing security for some of his properties. Many Burmese workers, men and women, as shown in the picture above, were responsible for different aspects of the family enterprise. One time my brother-in-law took me to his match factory in Ahmedabad Surat. On our way back, I became very ill and had to stay home for a while.

During my work at the oil field, I had fallen in love with a Burmese girl. Her parents did not like the idea and filed a complaint with my brother-in-law. I was really enjoying my time here, but after this incident, I was asked to leave Rangoon. I came to Mumbai and applied for a permit to come to Karachi in 1948, where I started living with my brother Usman. He asked me to get a small place in Shikarpuri market. Life was very difficult there, but I was confident that, long term, my goal was to become a broker.

One day, I ran into Ali Changa Moten (one of my distant cousins) who invited me to go with him to Sukkur, where his family had their business. After 13 to 14 months of working with them, I came back to Karachi.

My brother Usman and his family left for Dhaka, where he started working for Adamjee Jute Mills. I visited my cousin's brother Baqi Moten. Often after dinner, I would spend the night at his place. My Bhabhi use to give me 10 rupees to purchase meat and vegetables for the day. I never returned the left over change from the 10 rupees, keeping this money for my expenses. One day my cousin said that he was happy that I was earning for my expenses, but did I think that purchasing groceries was a career. "You have to get a job and start working," he said. So I found a job at a clothing shop for 45 rupees per month.

One day, during the month of Ramadaan, I left at noon for home and did not come back to work until Asr prayer. The boss was angry and said that my behavior was unacceptable. I could not accept his advice and, after asking to be paid for my seven days of work, came home. I was really interested in the brokerage, as I knew there were no restrictions and that, best of all, I would become independent. My cousin Baqi asked me to start work with him and his partner Ghulam Sattar Bawany. I was responsible for delivery of goods, contracts, and deposits. Every Sunday, I was responsible for picking up the brokerage and bringing it to my

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cousin and his partner. The brokerage was often 1200 rupees or more, and they used to give me 10 rupees for my part of the work. Unhappy with this arrangement, and I began looking for an opportunity in brokerage for myself. One of my friends, Usman Dada (Osoo), was interested in getting into the same business, so we decided to start together. Haji Kassim, elder brother of Osoo, asked Seth Mama Vali to give both of us a break so we could be on our own. Seth Mama Vali provided that first break and we picked up a good brokerage from our first transaction. Seth Mama Vali was kind and suggested both of us to go and inquire of Ismail Seth at the Yakub trading company as to any opportunity. Suddenly, we were given many opportunities to sell some of the future items for Ismail Seth. For each transaction we were paid well. Thus began of our career in brokerage business.

One day, we were given 5000 yards of Diamond Brocade to sell for 11 Annas (16 Annas make one Rupee). By evening, we had found a party who was willing to purchase this material for 10.5 Annas and advised Ismail Seth of the offer. Ismail Seth agreed and asked us to confirm the sale. Another broker sitting in the office objected, saying that he was ready to purchase at 10.75. However, Seth disagreed and gave us this opportunity. We were very thankful to Ismail Seth to provide so much help in starting our own business. The next payment from our transaction was 2800 rupees, of which my share was 1400 rupees. I could not believe that I was making so much money. I went to my Aunt (Mami Momin), wife of Ahmed Haji Abullah Bawany. She asked how I was doing. When I gave her 1400 rupees to save for me, she was extremely happy and promised that if I could bring more money, she could have me married off. I gave most of my earnings for next three months to her. She sent my proposal for the daughter of Habib Tabba, who was a very rich person at the time. They invited me for the interview at Ghani Khattara (Moten)'s place. However, they did not accept the proposal because after the interview they had found out about my past. In the meantime, Ghani Kattara asked my Mami to send the proposal for the daughter of Tar Mohammad Haji Ahmed Mianoor.

Later on, I found out Ghani Kattara's son Majeed was engaged to Momin, the daughter of Tar Mohammad. Somehow the engagement was broken, but Ghani Kattara, knowing the family very well, recommended my proposal. The other person who promised get my proposal accepted was Noor Bai Changi (Ali Changa's mother). She was very upset that Habib Tabba's family denied my proposal for his daughter. She had been impressed when I was working for their business in Sukkur and knew me to be an honest person. She, along with my Mami, took my proposal for their daughter Momin to the Tarmohammad Mianoor family. They were initially not happy as they found out that my dad had some issues in Jetpur. One day, as I was in the market busy with my work, Ghulam Changa stopped me and told me that Tarmohammad Mianoor was there to interview me. Tarmohammad Bhai took me to a Tea shop, where and we both sat down for a chat.

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He asked me how much I was making in the brokerage, and I told him I was making 200 to 300 rupees per month. In all honesty, in the previous month, I was very lucky and had made around 2800 rupees. I am sure if the question had been asked of someone else, they would have said a higher number, but I answered his question honestly. Somehow, I knew he liked me. He also told me that my grandfather and his mother were brother and sister, which meant my dad and he were first cousins (siblings of Mama and Phui).

One day, when I went to see my Mami again, there were two other ladies in the house, Rabia Bai, wife of Mohammad Sulaiman Seta, and Khatu Bai, wife of Majeed Sulaiman. My Mami said that the proposal with Momin was accepted by her parents and congratulated me. I was in denial, hardly believing that my life was going to be okay from then on.

I was married in March of 1953 and I started living with my Mami. A month later, she took my wife shopping

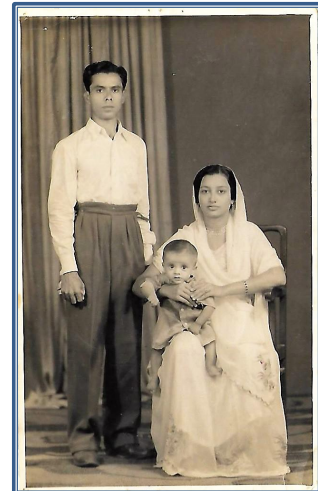


and bought all the kitchen items for her, saying that now we could cook our



own meals. Six months later, she called me and asked me to sit and talk with her. She advised me that this house did not belong to her and that if she died, I would be kicked out into the streets. It was better for me to get my own place. I started looking for an apartment in Rancho line with a broker and found a place for 1500 rupees.

This was my first home of my own, in which I started my life. My son Anwar was born in January of 1954.



After my son Samad was born in 1958, I received the news of that my brother Ghulam was still in India living in Rajkot. One of my contacts, Amin Godil, was helping my brother. who was living at one of the train stations. As he as was unable to speak, people used to give him money to live on. I started sending 100 rupees every month through Zakaria Kamdar to Amin Godil. Finally, one day, Amin Godil wrote me a letter advising me that rather than money, what my brother needed was a home. So I decided to leave for India in 1962. My visas to India were ready at the same time my wife gave birth to my 6th child, a daughter whom we named Sher Bano. She was extremely sick and weak, and I advised my wife and one of her brothers that if, God forbid, she dies during my absence to take care of her funeral.

So I left for India via train. Early the next morning, we arrived at Rajkot. I took the Tanga to Amin Godil's office in the Saddar area. It was 7:30 in the morning and, of course, the office was closed. The tanga man said he knew where Amin Bhai's house was and took me there. Amin Godil and his brother were living there. His family at the time was visiting Pakistan. I was very hungry and asked if they had eaten breakfast. Amin Bhai smiled and asked one of the lady workers to prepare the breakfast, as his brother went to purchase butter. We had a good breakfast with hot tea. Around 9 AM we left for the office. Amin Bhai told me that my brother usually showed up to drink water at his place in the morning. We



waited all morning but that day he did not show up. We left for home for lunch, and after little rest, we started walking towards the office. While we were on our way, I saw my brother coming towards us. His condition was very bad, torn up clothes and no shoes on his feet. He recognized me right away and smiled. I was cried as he gave me a huge hug and would not let me go. Amin Bhai asked me why I was crying, that I should be happy to see my brother. I told him that he had no idea what my brother is telling me with his sign language. He had been looking everywhere for me and that

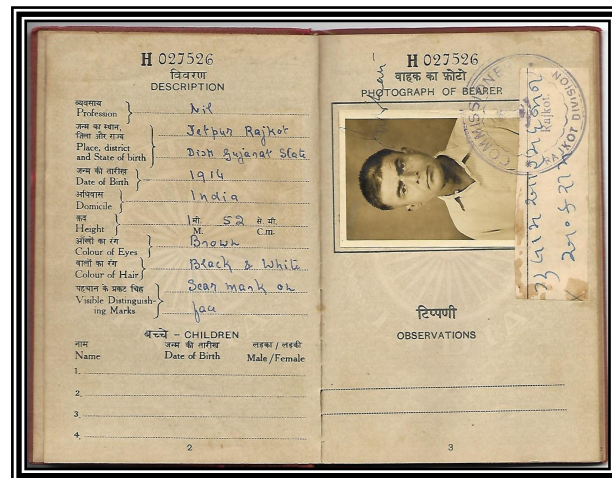
his feet were extremely tired. Amin Bhai warned me not to walk with him yet because if the locals realized he was your brother, they would become our enemies. My brother was a source of their income. As he was deaf and could not speak, locals used to pay him money all day. Local thugs would then take all his money from him at night while he slept.

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We stopped by a Chai wala place. My brother was following me. As soon as we entered the shop, the waiter began shouting at my brother to stay away. When I told the waiter that he was my older brother, he apologized, saying he was very sorry for the ill treatment. After stopping by for the tea, we came back to the office. My brother Ghulam asked me about our brother Usman and our sister Rabia with the glasses. We were constantly talking in sign language, and Amin Bhai was amazed. I told my brother that Usman was in Dacca now while Rabia was married and living in Rangoon.

Amin Godil was very impressed and he kept asking me if I understood what my brother was telling me in sign language. I told him that I understood every bit of it. I asked him if he would like to test my brother. He said yes and asked him to purchase two cigarettes for him. I told him that if he were to specify a brand, my brother would purchase only that kind. So he asked me to purchase two cigarettes of the Cavendar brand. I, in turn, ask my brother in sign language to purchase two Cavendar brand cigarettes. Sure enough, my brother returned in a few minutes with both the right cigarettes and the change. A lesson I have learned is that a human being cannot be classified as crazy just because he is handicapped. By the same token if someone has gone crazy, it is because of a mental illness, exaggerated by the depression and some other psychiatric issues. With proper medical treatment, anyone can become normal and can enjoy the life.

Next day, I was preparing my brother's passport and getting ready to leave as soon as I could. As I and Amin Godil were walking towards the office, we encountered an older Hindu lady who was standing with some food in her hand. Amin Godil told me that this lady stood in the hot sun every day waiting for my brother to show up so that she could provide him food. I went up to her and asked why she was standing in the sun. She kindly replied that she was waiting for the deaf person to show up so she could give him food. That is when I realized and my Imaan (Faith) became firm that Allah provides Rizq to all his creation without any prejudice. It is just our faith that has become so weak that instead of trusting in him, we put all our trust in our children or family members for our rainy days. After the Friday prayer, I was introduced by Amin Godil to an attorney named Kassam Bhai. When I began talking to him, he recognized me from the boarding school. I told him that I was there to take my brother Ghulam Ahmed Jan to Pakistan with me. When he saw my brother, he said that he knew him and thought he was really a Hindu. I had to convince him



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that he was our eldest brother, who lost his hearing in his childhood and was actually a Muslim. Kassam Bhai was kind enough to a couple of required signatures from a local Hindu priest. We received my brother's passport, including visas to Pakistan within the next two days. I told Amin Godil immediately that we were ready to take off for Pakistan. We bought the tickets and took a train to Mesana, India. During the trip, I had my brother sleep in the bed above me. But though I was also feeling very tired, I was scared to go to sleep, so I asked the Hindu couple in the seats in front to keep an eye on my brother so I might catch some sleep. The next day we were in Mesana. From there we took the train for Hyderabad/Karachi. We arrived in Karachi around 4:30 or 5:00 AM. From there we took a rickshaw home. It felt good to be home, especially when I found out that my sick daughter Sher Bano was feeling much better and that the family had changed her name to Yasmin.

My brother had issues with his prostate and had to go to the restroom many times in the night. We were living in a very small room to room flat and his repeated trips were very disturbing to the whole family. My wife was so upset that I finally decided to move him to Apna Ghar, one of the Sattar Edhi's places near Bulton market. A few months later, I was able to get him admitted to the Hyderabad mental hospital. Of course, he was not crazy but could not talk or listen to anyone. But he lived a very satisfying life there. In the meantime, I was praying for a little bigger place so I could bring my brother back home to live with us. Finally, one day I was able to make a deposit for a newer house near Aram Bagh. This flat was still under construction, and I was told it would take few months to complete.

My son Anwar was in Inter Science in D.J. College when he told me that his visas for the US were ready and that he would need 8,500 rupees to buy a ticket and exchange. I had saved only enough money to the purchase the new flat, but I was ready to take this chance and send Anwar to the US. I received the refund of my deposit on the flat and told my son to prepare for the trip. While he was making his preparations, a devaluation of Pakistani currency was announced by the government of Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto. This increased the expense to 18,000 rupees. No one was able to help us with the money for my son's departure. When I raised this issue with my nephew Zakaria Moten, he asked me to send my son Anwar to him to meet one of his friends, Sardar Mohammad, who was in the carpet business in Karachi. When Sardar Saheb heard of the need, he immediately gave us the additional 10,000 rupees required for the trip. I asked him what would happen if I were unable to pay back this much money. Sardar Saheb was a very kind young man and told me not to worry. If I pay, he said, the amount you return will go back to my grandfather's education fund to assist other kids like Anwar.

So Anwar left for Chicago in May of 1972 and attended school there while working full time. He returned all the money for Sardar Saheb, as well as gave us enough to

purchase the place in Adamjee Nagar for 22,000 rupees. He visited Karachi in August of 1973, making me promise not work anymore, for he would be sending money every month. You are interviewing me today in 1996. Anwar has not stopped paying for our monthly expenses, and, by the Grace of Almighty, he is married to Ebrahim Shawoo Bawany's daughter Yasmin and has two kids, Shermeen and Noumaan. These days, he is working as a consultant in Saudi Arabia for one of the biggest hospitals in Riyadh, King Faisal Specialist Hospital and Research Center.

Early in 1982 I was able to purchase another flat on the first floor for 17,000 rupees and brought my brother back from Hyderabad to live with us in this new flat. My brother used to sit downstairs near the Zakaria Bhai's cloth shop and enjoy his life. One day, he complained about stomach trouble and was staining his pajamas. I discussed this with Zakaria Bhai downstairs in the clothing shop, and he gave me the inside story. He said that some of the folks here think that if they feed a deaf person that their luck will change. One of the locals was giving my brother roasted garbanzos and Siddik Lakhani's wife Zubaida was providing food every day. This unusual habit was upsetting my brother's digestive system. I had to catch both of them and request each one of them to stop what they were doing.

My brother was a little hefty, so I decided to make him walk after our daily Fajr prayer. One day, as we were coming back from the walk, I lost sight of my brother. Later on, I was able to locate him at Edhi's place. The police must have picked him up, when they saw Edhi's card in his pocket, they took him to Edhi's place.

Yahya Hashim Bawany who did the above interview of Mohammad Abdul Karim Moton also added few lines of his beautiful thoughts as below:

“My name is Yahya Hashim Bawany and I interviewed my friend Mohammad Abdul Karim Moton, who was a self-made person. He had gone through so many hardships, ups and downs in his life, yet the central idea of his thinking was that humans must not worry so much about of their issues in life. They must keep working hard and stay happy in their lives. We used to sit with him and talk for many many hours, and I always saw a beautiful smile on his face. He never gave up on life and took full advantage of what Allah has provided us in this life. He loved to recite poetry (Ashar in Urdu language).

KABEERA TERI KUTYA GAL GATYUN KE SATH
JO HONA THA SO HOEY GA TU KAHE KO UDAS

The meaning of his favorite poetry was that if you are forced into bad company, do not get anxious and depressed, just do not accompany these people in their bad deeds and mind your own business.

KON SEH SAKTA HAI HAYAT-E-JAWIDAN KI TALKHIAN
ZINDAGI PER MAUT KA KITNA BARA EHSAN HAI

My friend Mohammad loved his children, his wife Momin Bai, as well as his brothers Ghulam and Usman and worked very hard in his life to maintain sanity in the family. After looking at his life it reminds me of a Shair from the poet Iqbal:

NIGAH BULUND SUKHUN DIL NAWAZ JAAN PURSOZ
YEHI HE RAKTHE SAFAR MEER KARWAN KE LIYE

He was a very honest man and never tried to cheat or bribe anyone. Although, he was poor by any standard but never stopped paying in charity. He never forgot anyone who did good to him and always tried to return back in as much as he could.

I request whoever has read or listened to my interview of my friend Mohammad Abdul Karim Moton, please make a prayer for him for his forgiveness and ask Allah to place him in the highest place in Heaven. Ameen and WAMA ALAINA ILLAL BALAG.”

CHAPTER 14

LESSONS LEARNED

We were all preparing our clothes and shoes for the EID scheduled the next day, the 14th of February, 1964. At the time we had no idea that this was Valentine's Day in the US. After the EID rituals, EID prayers, and a fantastic breakfast, four of us brothers prepared to go out with our dad. Our first stop was the home of our Nani, (maternal grandmother), where we used to meet her and our Mamoos (maternal uncles). The traditional gift of one rupee for each of us was turned down by our dad, who understood my poor Nani's financial situation. Our next stop was my dad's aunt Momin Mami's place in the Pak Mansion area. She was a very kind hearted woman who would always give each of us two-rupee brand new notes. After some hesitation my dad would allow us to keep it. The next stop was the home of Aiwoor Mami, another of my dad's aunts. From there, we visited my dad's cousins Bha Ghaffar and Hashim Shakoor Motens. Once we left their apartment building, Dad would make a tea stop at the Radio Hotel, which was right next door. All four of us would get a cake made in the shape of a ship, which we very much enjoyed. The Radio Hotel had a big sitting area outside, where all the elderly Memons would tell stories, jokes, and tales of their misadventures while sipping their tea. Dad would take part of their recreation time to introduce us to each one, telling them our names and saying this is your such and such uncle, as though we would remember. While we were meeting and talking to these folks, my dad asked one of his friends to look after the four of us and quickly ran towards a man in a Jinnah Cap. Later I learned the man was the broker Ghani Adamjee, a broker (dalal). Dad and Ghani began arguing over brokerage monies until, finally, other people intervened. We then headed towards the Jetpur Memon Association, which was a mile from the Radio Hotel.

When we reached the Association, there were many folks with their children. We were forced to meet everyone again in the same rituals as earlier. Abdullah Kamdar, a prominent young man who was the General Secretary of the Association, congratulated everyone on this occasion and gave a speech. As we went inside the building, we met with my mother's Mamoo (uncle) Latif who was very kind to us. He took us to the library, asking us to stay very quiet. I remember picking up a Life Magazine because it had lots of pictures. We were able to read English somewhat at the time but with some difficulty. Life Magazine had pictures of President John F. Kennedy, who had been assassinated earlier in November,

1963. My dad explained that former Vice President Johnson was now the President. While going through the magazine, I came across many excerpts from his speeches. One of the quotes, which I did not understand at the time but which I'm reminded of again and again was, "Don't ask what your country can do for you, but ask yourself what you can do for your country".

Many years later, these words I interpreted as to always help others without expecting anything in return. Charity begins at home, and I always looked for the opportunity to work and help my family. By the end of 1967, we were 10 brothers and sisters, Mom, Dad, and an uncle, a total of 13 family members supported by one wage earner, my Dad. It was the most difficult time of our lives. Dad was never able to make enough money. Almost every morning he would ask one of us brothers to go and borrow 10 later 20 rupees from a shopkeeper in the neighborhood so that we could purchase some groceries for the day. I did work in Pakistan but only during Ramadan or summer holidays and did not make enough to support my family. Once I was in the US, I never ever stopped sending money to my family. After I was married, I adopted the lifetime habit of sending money regularly to my family every month. The credit really goes to my wife, who always made sure my parents were financially well off and happy. Though my dad passed away in 1998, some 18 years ago, my mom's expenses, instead of going down, have increased from 150 dollars a month to 500 dollars a month and Allah (God) has always repaid me many fold. Mom has always been happy and now was at peace after moving back to Pakistan and recognizing her own mistake to move to US in the first place. I guess you learn your lesson after going through hardships and rough times. Here at the end of the year 2016, having deciding to retire on December 9th, I will try to put together the lessons I have learned in my life so the generations after me can learn from my mistakes and enjoy their lives they were meant to:

- Always be focused on what you think is right, and never pay attention to others who in the first place have no business in your life.
- Always allocate some of your income to charity, which begins at home (particularly with your parents). Allah will repay you in many fold.
- Earning HALAL (legal in term for religious values) is not easy, but if you work hard towards that goal, you will always be financially stable. There is nothing wrong if your earnings are less but keeping Halal flowing in will always keep you happy.
- Never invest monies with friends and family. If you do, make sure you write it off as an expense and forget about it.
- There will always be family members and relatives who will be jealous of your position, education, and living standards. Do not pay any attention. Do what is right. If you earn good Halal money you have the right to enjoy it, but don't forget to pay in charity.

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- Your spouses will always discourage you from supporting your parents (I thank Allah that it is the opposite with me), but remember, all Abrahamic religions, Islam, Christianity and Jews always stress Charity as a virtue.
- Never feel guilty; your responsibility ends when your kids are 18 or over and have completed their high school. They have to carry their own baggage as you did.
- Do not slow down when you are young. Work as hard as you can from age 18 until at least 62. Old age is for retirement and taking it easy. This is when you have time to enjoy your grand kids and spent your valuable time with them to shape their future.
- Prayer is not a “spare wheel” that you pull out when in trouble, but it is a “steering wheel” that directs one on right path through out life.
- Friendship is like a book. it takes a few seconds to burn, but it takes years to write.
- All things in life are temporary. If they are going well, enjoy them, they will not last forever. if they are going wrong, don’t worry, they can’t last long either.
- Old friends are gold! new friends are diamonds! if you get a diamond, don’t forget the gold! to hold a diamond, you always need a base of gold!
- Often when we lose hope and think this is the end, Allah smiles from above and says, “relax, sweetheart; it’s just a bend, not the end!”
- When Allah solves your problems, you have faith in his abilities; when Allah doesn’t solve your problems, he has faith in your abilities.
- A blind person asked Allah: “can there be anything worse than losing eye sight?” he replied: “yes, losing your vision!”
- When you pray for others, Allah listen to you and blesses them, and sometimes, when you are safe and happy, remember that someone has prayed for you.
- Worrying does not take away tomorrow’s troubles; it takes away today’s peace.

Last but not the least, a very important Lesson from my own life that we allowed our children to live their own life. Both my wife and I were there to advice when ever they needed one. Both of the children chose whatever was important in their lives that made them happy. Happiness is more important than just acquiring money in life. We must provide our next generation to be happy in their life and each one of them should be able to chose whatever profession makes them happy in their life. The outcome was obvious for us, yet we were contended that both of the children are happy in their lives.

MY FINAL THOUGHTS:

This is combination of some of the great writings from some great Muslims and my own views from living here on this earth. It is very important for all of us to accept that we are all human beings and have the same emotions as everyone else. If you hurt someone by your tongue, meaning bashing, demeaning or even writing against him or her it is going to have a long lasting bad impact on that person. We must learn to respect each other and listen to their points of view. You will run into some- one who will become your enemy no matter what you do for the person, but it is important that we must not give up on our effort to help our enemy to understand our common humanity. There should be no distinction between color, creed or religion. The majority believes in some Creator, and even atheists must sometimes wonder how this universe got created? Not just this universe; we have learned that there are many universes called galaxies and that there are gigantic clusters of galaxies.

We live in in Milky Way, one of the galaxies that contains billions of stars like our sun, which lies at the center of our solar system. The adjective "milky" describes how the galaxy appears from Earth – a band of light seen in the night sky formed from stars that cannot be individually distinguished by the naked eye. The Milky Way is just one of many galaxies.

The Milky Way is a barred spiral galaxy with a diameter between 100,000 light-years and 180,000 light-years. The Milky Way is estimated to contain 100–400 billion stars. There are probably at least 100 billion planets in the Milky Way. The Solar System is located within the disk, about 26,000 light-years from the Galactic Center, on the inner edge of one of the spiral-shaped concentrations of gas and dust called the Orion Arm. The stars in the inner $\approx 10,000$ light-years form a bulge and one or more bars that radiate from the bulge. The very center is marked by an intense radio source, named Sagittarius A*, which is likely to be a supermassive black hole.

Stars and gases at a wide range of distances from the Galactic Center orbit at approximately 220 kilometers per second. The constant rotation speed contradicts the laws of Keplerian dynamics and suggests that much of the mass of the Milky Way does not emit or absorb electromagnetic radiation. This mass has been termed "dark matter." The rotational period is about 240 million years at the position of the Sun. The Milky Way as a whole is moving at a velocity of approximately 600 km per second with respect to extra galactic frames of reference. The oldest stars in the Milky Way are nearly as old as the universe itself and thus were probably formed shortly after the Dark Ages of the Big Bang.

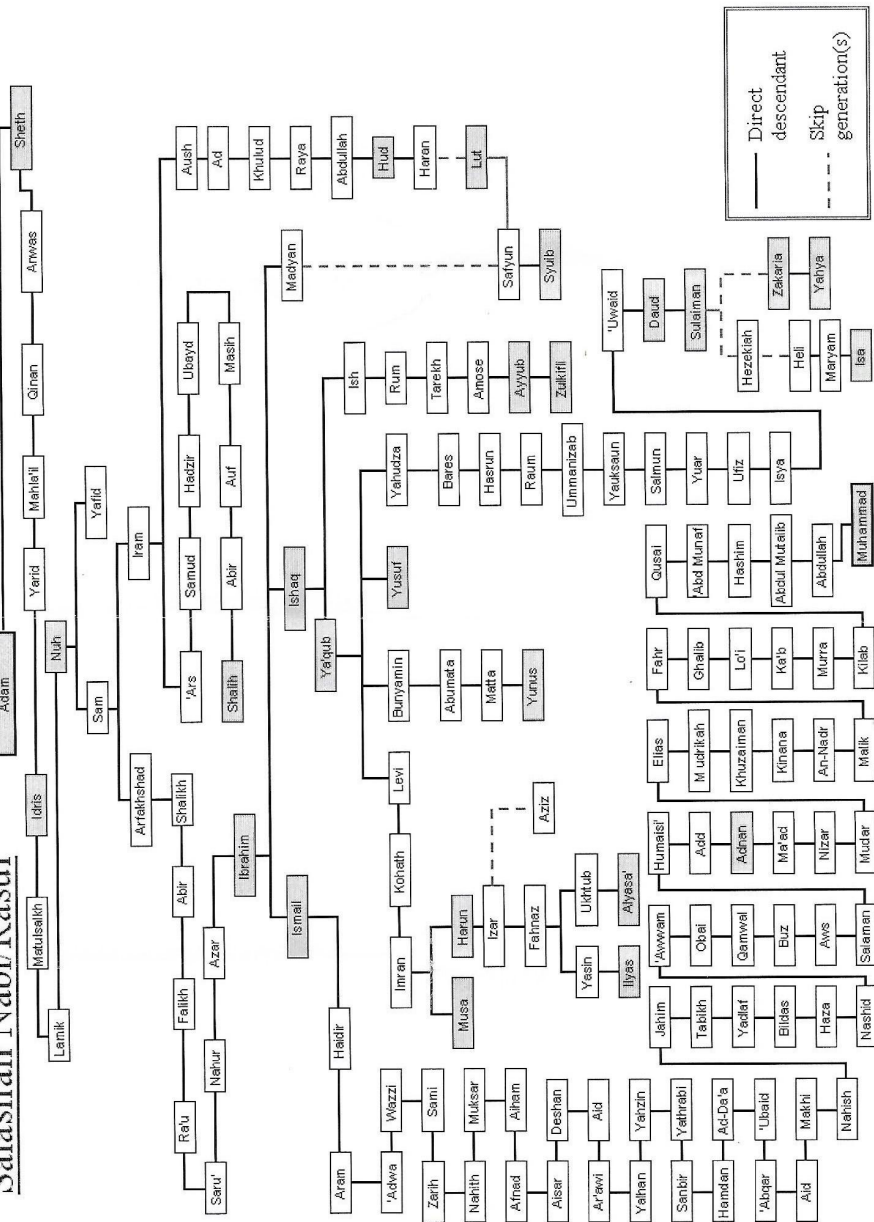
The Milky Way has several satellite galaxies and is part of the local group of galaxies, which is a component of the Virgo Supercluster, which is itself a

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component of the Laniakea Supercluster. The universe was already far too big to understand. But scientists just found that it's actually much bigger than we'd previously thought. The observable universe is made up of at least two trillion galaxies and not 100 billion galaxies as previously thought, according to a new study. That's 20 times more than had previously been thought. Even if humans are able to fly with the speed of light, 300,000 Kms per second today it will take them millions of years to get to the core of these galaxies or beyond. So how can you deny that there is a Creator who has been responsible for all these wonders?

Every few hundred or thousands of years, humans have received someone who, within the boundaries of religion, helped the people in those societies to live peacefully. Here is a small chart that depicts the arrival of these prophets who urged humanity to live in peace.

Salasilah Nabi/Rasul



Yet human beings forget easily and destroy their own brothers and sisters so easily, as if they were the only ones with the right to live.

For the sake of better knowledge, we know from many sources that Adam was the first human being sent on this earth with his wife Hawa (Eve). Every few years, Allah did send one of his prophet to remind human beings of our real purpose on this earth, from Noah to Saleh to Ebrahim. Approximately, 124,000 prophets have been sent so far. Ebrahim had two sons, Ismail (Ishmail) (the elder) and Ishaq (Isaac). From the Ishaq lineage came Yakub (Jacob) (his title was Israel) with his 12 sons. One of the sons was Prophet Yousuf (Joseph), who was the youngest and was treated badly by his older brothers. Prophet Musa (Moses) was born to one of

the 12 others named Imran. Moses is the prophet of Jews, and it is well known that the lineage of Ishaq produced many prophets, while the other side, Ismail, had none for many years. Prophet Muhammad (SAW) was born after many years in the lineage of Ismail.

Abrahamic religions, Judaism, Christianity and Islam come from the teachings of Prophet Abraham and how his descendants improved religious knowledge and thoughts and collectively established jurisprudence. Jurisprudence is the study and theory of law. It includes the principles behind the law that establish the law. Scholars of jurisprudence, also known as jurists or legal theorists, hope to obtain a deeper understanding of the nature of law, of legal reasoning, legal systems, and of legal institutions.

Then came the distribution of the religion among different people for the benefit of their societies. Each culture adapted changes and each one had its followers. It happened in Islam as well. Some scholars agree that there are no Muslims (followers of Islam), but simply that they were renamed as Shia, Suuni, Dev Bandi, Barelvi, Wahabi, etc.

Let us go back to the time 80 years after the death of Islamic Prophet Muhammad, peace be upon him. At the time there was not a single companion of the Prophet left alive at the time. There were people who had seen and met the companions though. At the time, Imam Abu Hanifa or Imam Malik or Imam Jafar Sadiq were not even born. There was no one who had written fiqh (jurisprudence). This time there was no book available on Hadiths (the Prophet's sayings) and Imam Bukhari or Imam Muslim were not going to be born for another 125 years. Different sects like Dev Bandi, Barelvi, and Wahabi were 1250 years away from being established. There was no one even thinking to write down the sayings and practices of the Prophet because he had warned Muslims that "if you have anything written other than Quran, erase it or destroy it". It is well known that Caliph Abubaker and Othman had destroyed all the written documents containing hadiths. During the last Haj, the Prophet requested each Muslim to quote from and explain the Quran to others, even if it were only a single sentence. So many of the companions left for different countries to propagate the religion of Islam. Some had seen the Prophet holding hands together during prayers, while some had seen him leaving them at his side. These practices were picked up by their followers. Some saw him raise his hands up (rafa dain), while some saw him leave his hands to his side.

Now let us go back to 120 years after death of Prophet in Madinah. Imam Malik, as well as Imam Jafar Sadiq, both are there now. They both are busy writing fiqh (jurisprudence). At the same time, Imam Abu Hanifa is also busy writing the fiqh in Iraq. There was no television or Internet, and it used to take months to journey back and forth between Madinah and Iraq. A few years later, Imam Shafai does the

same writing in Palestine, while Imam Ahmed Bin Janbel also does the extensive writing on fiqh in Baghdad.

Think about it. Imam Jafar and Malik are in Madinah, and within Masjid Al-Nabvi people are following both traditions. Some are clasping their hands together and some are leaving them at their sides during prayers.

During that time Noumaan Bin Sabith (Abu Hanifa), comes to Madinah to become the student of Imam Jafar Sadiq. Within no time he became so popular in Madinah that when Imam Malik met him, he would get up and hug him. Imam Jafar is keeping hands on the side while Imam Abu Hanifa is clasping hands together in prayer. When someone asked Imam Malik why he stood up to meet Abu Hanifa, he said that had to show respect to a person who loved our Prophet so much. Remember, Imam Malik only did one Haj and preferred never to leave Madinah because he was afraid of dying outside that city. He prayed every prayer in the Masjid Al-Nabvi and did not wear any shoes as he was afraid to put his shoe steps over some place where the Prophet had walked.

Hundreds of times I have seen each of the sect calling the other sect kafir (non-believer). These days, many sects have been teaching 10 and 12-year-old kids to wear suicide vests and blow themselves up in places of worship - Masjids and schools of other sects. What a tragedy? This is not Islam. Islam never teaches to kill anyone. Islamic courts decide on who gets the death sentence and that the punishment has to be carried out humanely. It is more acceptable that our religious scholars use the appropriate knowledge from Quran and their best judgment to establish laws for the society. It has been recommended in the Quran 756 times for scholars to use their best judgment to come up with the rules and regulations for a better society. If you read and understand Surah (chapter) Rome Ayat (sentence number) 31 and 32, it clearly says: 30:31 and 32

“[Adhere to it], turning in repentance to Him, and fear Him and establish prayer and do not be of those who associate others with Allah

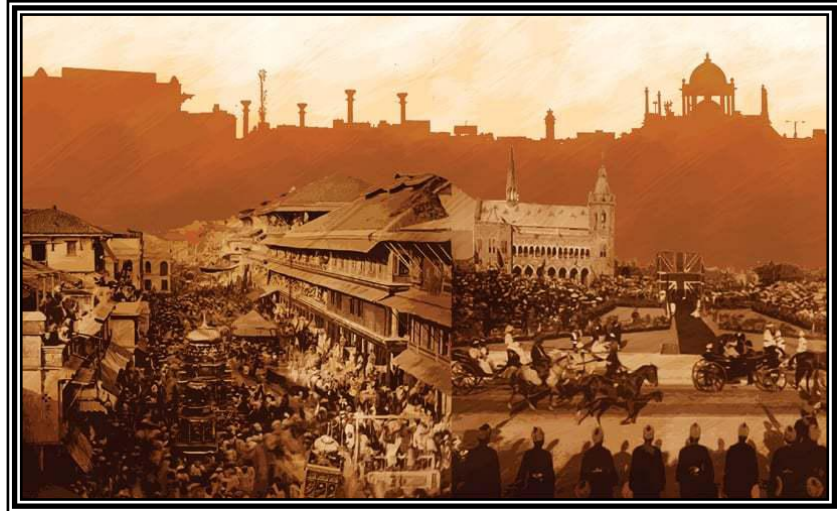
[Or] of those who have divided their religion and become sects, every faction rejoicing in what it has.

CHAPTER 15

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STORY OF KARACHI - MY HOME TOWN

In my first book, I did insert an article about my forefathers' home town Jetpur, in Gujrat India. This time I decided to say something about my own home town Karachi, Pakistan. Karachi is a complex creature. Pakistan's largest city, it is also the country's most diverse and pluralistic metropolis



But it is a tense place, with a high crime rate. Here, political, economic, and ethnic tensions are always threatening to break out from their uneasy slumber.

Karachi's history has mostly been documented and told from the 19th century onwards. Or mainly from the period when, in the mid-1800s, British colonialists occupied what was then a dusty and rugged fishing town ruled by a Muslim Sindhi-Baloch dynasty (the Talpurs).

The British then began turning this town into a proper city and an important trading post. That is why Karachi is treated as a relatively 'new city'.

Karachi did not evolve like most 'historical cities' of South Asia, such as Lahore and Delhi.

The earliest traces of Karachi may go back to the Greek period, but its modern history begins with the British rule

Till the 17th century, it was a barren land of rolling sand dunes and thorny shrubs. It hardly ever rained here, and the weather was hot and sultry for eight months of the year. The winters were sunny and pleasant, but short.

Under the British, Karachi rapidly evolved from being a dusty little town to becoming a prosperous, diverse, and one of the most stable cities in British India.

Karachi's reputation as a robust center of trade and pleasure remained intact till the early 1970s. The situation began to go downhill from there onwards. An ever-increasing population and haphazard planning put the city's resources under tremendous pressure, triggering ethnic tensions and conflict and an increasing crime rate. This trend is yet to be effectively arrested.

The question historians have asked is, how did such a 'new city' expand so quickly? What made people settle here and eventually turn it into a gigantic metropolis?

Unlike most major cities of the world, Karachi was nothing more than an insignificant dot on maps before the 19th century. It was an inhospitable place, sprinkled only with a few inconsequential fishing villages.

But it had a natural harbor. Yet this harbor did not gain any significance before the Talpur dynasty built a small fort near it, and before the British turned this fort into a thriving trading hub.

Nevertheless, Karachi does have a history which precedes both the Talpurs and the British.

Its natural harbor was first mentioned by a passing army of Greek king and warrior, Alexander the Great, in 325 BC.

The army was exiting India through the Indus River in present-day Pakistan. One of Alexander's commanders, Nearchus, sailed all the way down to the mouth of Indus which empties the sweet waters of the river into the Arabian Sea.

Some historians suggest that the commander's army arrived at a place they named, 'Morontobara', which is the present-day Hub area in the far north of Karachi.

Morontobara in ancient Greek means, 'woman's harbour'. Historians have concluded that the area at the time was a fishing village, most probably ruled by a matriarch.

While on their way to the Makran coast (in Balochistan), Nearchus and his men arrived at a place where today stands the busy Karachi port.

A great sea storm was raging at the time, but the commander was impressed by the harbor. He also noticed a small village here and called its inhabitants 'the fish-eating people'.

Much of this information was derived by historians from the surviving texts of ancient Greeks about Alexander's invasion of and exit from India thousands of years ago.

After this, the area which today is called Karachi vanishes from ancient writings. There is no mention of it.

However, it reappears hundreds of years later in 711 CE, when the Arab commander, Mohammad Bin Qasim, invaded Sindh (by sea).

His forces entered Makran from where they reached a small port city which Arab writers called Debal.

According to M. Usman Damohi 's Karachi: In The Mirror of History and many other historians and archeologists, Debal is Manora, a coastal area of present-day Karachi. Debal was a small fishing and trading post and its inhabitants were largely Hindu. There were many Buddhists here as well.

Sindh at the time was under the rule of Hindu king, Raja Dahir. The locals called Debal, Diwal, a word derived from Sanskrit, meaning the abode of God.

After defeating an army at Debal, Qasim moved north into Sindh.

Eighth-century Arab historian, Ibn-i-Hawqal, described Debal as a dry and arid land that supported little agriculture. But he adds that the inhabitants of the city were very enterprising. They lived in houses made of mud and maintained fishing vessels. They mostly spoke ancient Sindhi and a dialect of Balochi.

Some 800 years later, in 1554, an admiral of the Turkish Ottoman Empire, Syed Ali Reis, visited Debal and opened trade with the inhabitants. In 1568, a Portuguese fleet attacked Debal.

This suggests that the city was not under the direct control of the mighty Mughal Empire of India. The Portuguese destroyed Ottoman ships anchored there. By now the population of the city also had Muslims, but the majority were still Hindus. Almost all of them spoke Sindhi and Balochi.

This area once again vanishes from history books until the arrival of the British.

According to some 19th-century British travelers, the city (in the 18th century) was being called Kolachi Jo Goth ('Kolachi's village' in Sindhi). Historians have concluded that Kolachi was probably a descendant of the matriarch that the Greeks had first mentioned. The matriarch was from a fishing village around a freshwater well. This place was called Meethadar (sweet water door) when Sindh was being ruled by the Talpur dynasty.

The Talpurs had constructed a wall around the most populated area in the city which today is Karachi's impoverished and troubled Lyari area. The fort had two doors, Meethadar and Kharadar. Kharadar faced the sea and means saltwater door. Both names have survived till this day.

British travelers and officers who came here at the time called the town, Kurachee. They observed that a majority of the city's population was involved in the fish trade and lived in the walled area (Lyari).

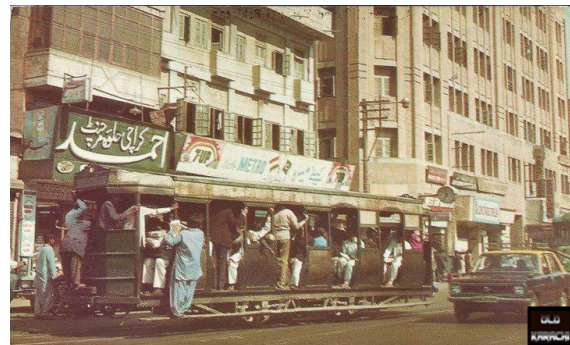
Outside the walls the area was largely arid and sandy, with few animals and birds, such as dogs and fox, eagles, and crows. There were some tiny fishing villages near the sea.

The British writers observed that crime was rife in the city, and houses (made of mud) were built close together. There was no sanitation or any idea of garbage disposal or collection. Men and women were aggressive and loved to wear 'gaudy clothes'.

The writers also noted that though alcoholism and rowdiness was high among men, they were hardworking, and that the city's Hindu and Muslims coexisted peacefully.

Travel to the Final Destiny

There were many Sufi shrines, Christian Churches, Jewish Synagogue and Hindu temples here as well. In 1839, the British attacked the city and made it a part of British India. And from here begins Karachi's modern history.



A view of Burns Road and a view of Bunder Road that I remember from 60s.

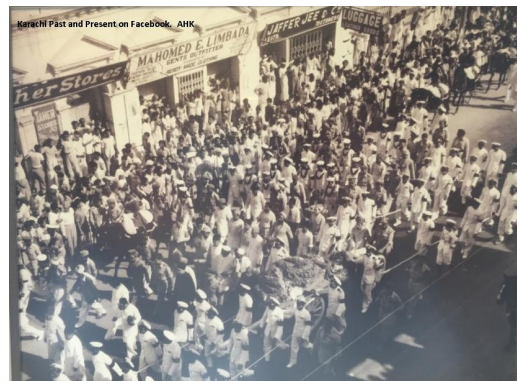
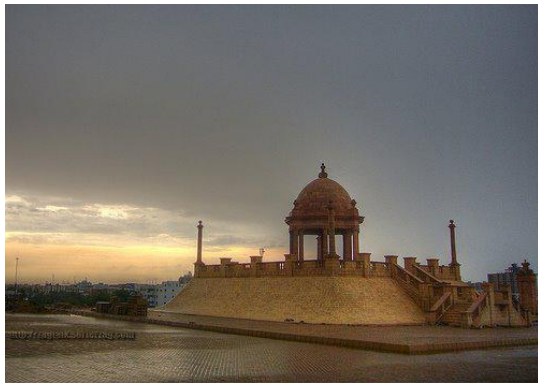
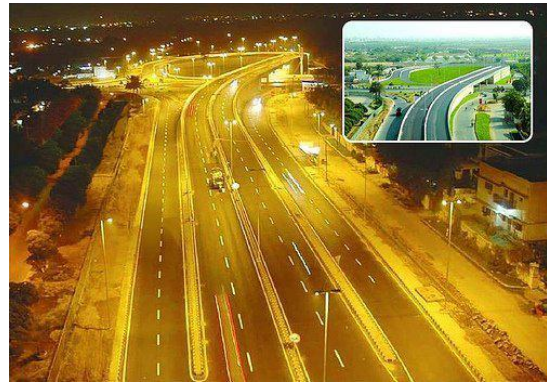


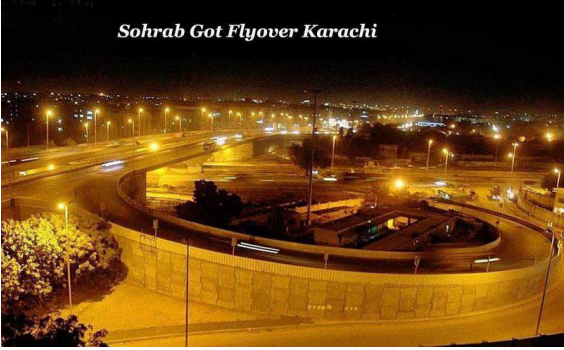
This was the beautiful dress of Karachi Traffic Cops in 60s.



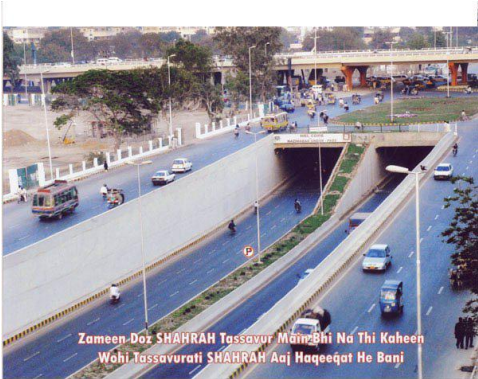
A View of Karachi now near Quaid Tomb during Monsoon season 2017.

Travel to the Final Destiny

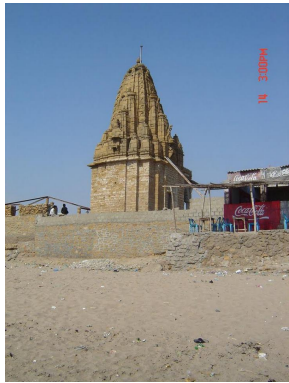




Sohrab Goth Flyover Karachi



Zameen-Doz SHAHRAH Tassavur Maimchi Na Thi Kaheen
Wohi Tassavurati SHAHRAH Aaj Haqeeqat He Banj



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Anwar Motan is a Memon originally from Pakistan. At the age of 18, he left for higher studies in the US where he earned his Bachelor's degree in Computer Science through the Natural Science and Mathematics department at the University of Houston. He is retired at the age of 63 after working 44 years in the US workforce and several in Karachi, Pakistan. He worked for Safeway Stores, Inc., in their Division office as a programmer analyst for over 9 years, then took some consulting work in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia at King Faisal Specialist Hospital and Research Center in Riyadh for 14 years. Last, he worked with the Harris Health System for 17 years in its IT department before taking retirement on the 9th of December, 2016. He is keeping busy spending time with his grandchildren, writing this book.

