

## Dr. Muhammad Ma'shuq Al-Khaznawi

The following is the historic speech by the sheik of all martyrs, the scholar Dr. Muhammad Ma'shuq Al-Khaznawi on 8/4/2005. That was only 5 weeks before he was abducted by the Syrian regime on 10/5/2005. This great martyr was subjected to barbaric torture until his death for pronouncing these words of truth and justice and his disfigured body was handed to his family on 1/6/2005. God bless his soul and paradise be his place:

Was it a goodbye speech?

Was he talking about himself?

Yes, he spat in the face of his killers in advance.

By the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate

Dear brothers

Dear friends

Everyone knows that I never participated in funerals and those close to me know that I don't even participate in my late father's death anniversary. I am one of those people who do not need to celebrate death like some others do, unless we could turn death into life. That is why I am here today among you: it is not for the first anniversary of Farhad's death, not for grieving for his death. I am here to celebrate his life and the life of his people and nation. I am very happy to be among you to celebrate the life of this man. However, I am also very sad because we have some more than twenty martyrs with their first anniversary passing without any celebration by their nation of their lives.

Farhad is dear to us all. I am saying this with outmost respect for the feelings of his father, mother, wife and daughter. Yes he is dear to us, but who can say that the other twenty and some of our martyrs are not on the same level of Farhad.

Why there anniversaries passed by and you were motionless, sleeping. What is it that makes you sleep? Why don't you believe that live could be given even to the dead like me and you? The rights, dear brothers, are not given as a charity, but they are gained by force.

Every drop of the blood of the martyrs should be there to water the plants of your rights and we should not allow from now on, forgetting your martyrs. The Shiites are not mistaken when they celebrate

Hussein every year, a man who was martyred one thousand four hundred years ago, but still his nation, the Shiites , celebrate his blood, not because the man died, but because they want to revive a group, a nation, the Shiites by the power of his blood.

May be I don't understand the details of what happened to Farhad.

I am one of those people who are very afraid of whips and I don't want to remember them. But since his father invited me to this meeting, I don't know why I am remembering Yasser and Summayah. Yasser, one of the glorious apostles whose torturers promised him all the comforts and freedom if he agreed just to insult Mohammad, but he refused and Summayah also refused, and Summayah, moreover spat in the face of Abu Jahel. That is how the story was told to me. Farhad also was asked to insult his own people and I don't know if he had spat in their faces, but in truth, anyone who demands that someone should insult his own people should be spat in the face..

Allow me to burden you with some details as I am the only clergy man who will speak in this meeting.

Farhad, I have written some words for you, I am not a poet but I can feel my pain and the pain of my people and nation through you, Farhad

All our youth are you

All our women are grieving after you

All the blood vessels of our men are bleeding

All the blood vessels of our men are exploding with pain and wounds

But our men should either die like you or nothing, a dead nation is revived by a man, a nation feeling like dead needs a person who tells her to stand up: you are not dead, that was you Farhad.

I tried to imagine you, who are you? Is it reasonable to go to some man's anniversary without knowing him? Who are you? I tried to imagine your features but I couldn't. Every time I started to imagine your features I heard your cries under the whip and every time I started to imagine your figure I heard the electricity shocks going through your tender body. When I tried to listen I heard your cries. I don't know may be I underestimate you when I say you cried as your likes do not bend and do not cry, but stand tall as mountains against executioners. However, allow me to tell you Farhad and all martyrs of this nation that we are all participants in the crime of shedding your blood because we were asleep for a long time and we handed you

over and we all let you down you and your comrades, we did not enquire about you, we did not pursue your executioners and did not ask for their trial. It is easy to issue an order to release prisoners from prison but it is impossible for any order to bring back to life Farhad and the other twenty something of our martyrs, but you and only you could insist to live and stand strong to ask for your rights as human beings.

When the officer asked the soldier: who are you?

He had to say: we are dogs.

But instead he said: we are humans, and that is why he hit him with his military boot.

Your orders can bring all those to life. If you want to be humans you the people of Farhad

I know that the Allah's victory is close, but we should hope that we are not all dead before that our weakest man stands on your grave and says that here we are reviving our martyrs to revive ourselves with them. Let your mother allow me, Farhad to say: if I had the choice from the angel of death to substitute Farhad with others, probably half of your people should go instead of you because they are already dead and there is no use to call the dead/

Today I am saying that we intend to revive all those you killed, rebuild what you destroyed and put right all what you disturbed. Farhad and others like him will be the seeds for things to come and every one seed will bring a hundred like it and God multiplies for all as He wants. Our women will give birth to thousands like Farhad and those who transgress would find out when they reap the whirlwind.