

God's blessings upon you
From Huseyin Jelil

My lovely, gracious mother, how are you doing?

I caused you tremendous suffering and pain, bringing you a lifetime of agony. As your child, I can only beg that you forgive me and pray for me. I have missed you very, very much. If they allow, and if your financial situation permits, it would be paradise for me to have you visit me one more time, together with my two children. The last time, I was blessed to see my sister when she visited me.

I miss my mother and two sons from the bottom of my heart. I really want to see them one more time. I wrote to you twice, but have yet to receive a reply. Maybe you did not get my letters, or the letter you sent did not reach me.

Anyway, I can figure it out. How about my relatives? Are they all well?

How about my children, Abdusemi, Abdugheni, and Esma?

How about my lovely wife Kamila and my children in Canada? Were you able to stay in contact with my wife Kamila and my children in Canada?

How are they doing? What is my wife Kamila saying about my misfortune? Please ask Kamila to continue to do something for me in Canada. I am starting to lose all hope of returning to my country to see my wife and children. I cannot sleep, thinking of my older handicapped son.

Because I am now in prison, I am not aware of anything happening in the outside world. I pass my days hoping for a miracle that could save me from this place and give me the chance of once more embracing my wife and children in Canada. I worry about my children all day, scratching my head, a

hopeless and helpless person. When I met with my sister last time, she briefly mentioned to me that Kamila would be coming to see me? Have there been any news in that regard? If you know, please let me know, whatever it takes.

Dear mother, you are getting old. Even if this might sound like an empty wish, please take good care of yourself. Please rest well. Do not cry too much for me. I cannot stand this unjust world. It is I, as your son, who is supposed to serve you, who is supposed to support you day and night. But now it is you who is helping my children and looking after them for me. You have raised my two children just as you did all my brothers and sisters. This is painful. I cannot stomach it.

My dear sisters and brothers, please take good care of our mother. Everything can be replaced, but a father and mother cannot. We only have one mother, who is precious to all of us. Think of my situation for a second: I would do everything to be able to see my mother's face - day and night I long to be of service to her, even for a second - but I cannot. So, make sure to cherish our mother while she is alive and use this golden opportunity to be of service to her.

If you get a chance to talk to her on the phone, please send my heartfelt greetings to my wife Kamila.

Dear Kamila: if possible, please contact the embassy personnel in Beijing and let them know of my situation. So far, I have not seen anyone from Canada for nearly two years. I am a citizen of Canada and I belong to that great country.

Rest assured that it is only by virtue of my bad luck that I am now in jail, as I have not done anything wrong in my whole life. I really want to

talk with someone from our embassy in Beijing. I would like to tell them that I am an absolutely innocent person. I want them to know my story. Why are they not coming to see me? I want to ask them why I am in jail for so long. What went wrong? What is the reason? I want to know all this. I couldn't find anyone here who would listen to me. But the personnel from our embassy can ask these questions on my behalf.

I am always dreaming of Mehmet Dalih and my wife Kamila. I cannot go a single minute without thinking of them. So many things are constantly troubling me. On the one hand, there's my children in Kashgar, who grew up without my presence as a father. On the other, there's my children in Canada, living without knowing what has happened to their father. And then my mother, suffering and crying for me day and night. The worst is that I cannot do anything for my mother, children, wife, and relatives. Except to pray for them in my heart.

I pray for my mother all the time. She has been raising my children without me there for years. This is something that I cannot pay back even in a lifetime. Just when I had become someone who could actually do something for his children and family, I ended up in jail for absolutely no reason.

Please pray for me. That is the only thing that I can ask from you.

I can feel in the bottom of my heart that you came to Urumqi many, many times, and that you spent days and nights hoping to see me, to visit me. I am thankful, and I am grateful for the hardships you have endured, in the hot and cold, in the rain and snow. I know you are all going through it. I know the compassion of my mother and my children and all of my relatives.

I only hope this paper proves sufficient to convey my heart to you.

I would like to write down the names of each and every one of my relatives on this paper, and to send them my greetings, from my heart.

[Names all of his relatives one by one.]

Dear mother, please forgive me if I have ever wronged you in any way.

Please forgive me even if I have ever raised my voice in front of you.

Only God can help me reunite with you all.

Respectfully,

Huseyin Jelil

March 10, 2008

No. 5 Sector, No. 6 District, No. 1 Prison in Urumqi