



Peace Be on

Ibrahim

Volume 1

The Biography and Memories of the Martyr

Ibrahim Hadi

the Champion without a Tomb



He is Love	5
Why Ibrahim Hadi?	7
Biography	9
His Father’s Love	11
Lawful (Halal) Sustenance	12
Pahlevani and Zoorkhaneh Rituals	14
Champion	17
Solo Volleyball	20
Betting	22
Wrestling	24
Winner	26
Puria Vali	28
Defeating His Own Will	30
Yadallah	33
The Clergyman Mojtahedi’s Islamic Seminary	35
Ties with God	37
The Days of the Revolution	39
The 17th of Shahrivar	42
The Return of the Imam	44
Spiritual Leap	46
The Effect of Words	48
Taking Care of People’s Needs	51
Kurdistan	54
Exemplary Teacher	57
Physical Education Teacher	59
Praying on Time	60
Dealing with a Thief	62
The Start of the War	63
His Second Presence in the War	66

The Rosary	68
The Al-Mahdi Township	70
The Solver of Problems	72
The Group of the Martyr Andarzgu	74
The Martyrdom of Asghar Vesali	77
His Simple Appearance	78
Cham Imam Hasan (a).....	80
The Captives.....	82
The Middle of the Month of Sha'ban	84
Reward	86
Abu Ja'far	88
Friend	92
Anonymity.....	94
Only for God.....	96
In the Presence of Great Men.....	98
Pilgrimage	100
A Grenade	102
Matla al-Fajr.....	103
The Miracle of the Call to Prayer	106
Chafiah	110
A Sense of Humor	112
Two Brothers	114
A Pistol	116
Fath al-Mobin.....	120
Injury	124
Reciting Mourning Eulogies	126
Gatherings for Hazrat Zahra (s).....	129
The Summer of 1361 AHS.....	131
Method of Training	133
A Correct Impact.....	135

The Story of the Snake	138
God’s Satisfaction	140
Purity.....	143
The People’s Needs and God’s Blessings.....	145
One Fifth	149
We Love You	150
The Zayn al-Abedin Operation	152
The Last Days	155
Fakkeh, the Last Rendezvous.....	157
The First Valfajr	160
The Kumayl Channel	164
The Bloody Sunset	167
The Peak of Innocence.....	169
Captivity	172
Separation.....	173
Searching	174
Presence.....	176
Peace be on Ibrahim	179
“The Martyrs are Alive”	181
“Whither then Will You Go”	183
Memorial Grave	185
Last Words	187

He is Love

This writing is not only a reminder of a martyr who was a hero; but, it also tells of a man who was a champion, an athlete, courageous and humane. He became complete by receiving the medal of martyrdom.

We are in an age where our teenagers and young people are influenced by models of low value from the media in the same way that Joseph (a) was faced with a wolf in sheep's clothes waiting in ambush on the narrow path of life and a pit in front of each of his steps. Reviewing the lives of people like Ibrahim can be like a light in a dark night. As Ayatollah Khamenei has said, "With these stars the way may be found."

Ibrahim graduated from the school of "*Guardianship*,"¹ and he became a master in teaching purity, love, and sacrifice. He, who had sipped from the bowl of the water bearer from the "*Pond of Kawthar*,"² was now himself a water bearer for the thirsty. He learned self-control from his Master, Imam Ali (a), not from Puria Vali. How beautifully he drew the image of generosity. He showed that it is possible to travel throughout the whole world without taking a step. It is possible to be completely free from everything and be a slave, but only for God.

Before the advent of Islam, an Iranian youth was usually honored for masculinity, heroism, patriotism, etc. After the emergence of Islam, the youth learned other lessons such as sacrifice, purity, loyalty, honesty, spirituality and martyrdom from the Household of the Prophet (a); and hence, names of the Iranian youth shone on the sky of virtues. The post-Islamic Revolution era and especially the period of the 8-year Holy Defense are clear evidence of this claim.

A review of the status of the young Iranians during this period under the leadership of the spiritual, enlightened man of God, Imam Khomeini (r.a.), is like looking at the sea! Some people enjoy watching its greatness and majesty. Some step forward and get into the water to enjoy more. Some others are not content with these initial steps. They dive into the water to find a pearl or a gem from the depths of the sea and between the ocean cliffs where they are hidden. Many gems were obtained from the sea of the 8-year Holy Defense. They are unmatched, spectacular treasures which have honored Iran and Islam. And, there are many gems under the sea which enthusiastic and new divers have yet to reach.

This is from the grace of God that once in a while a gem is revealed for us to realize how much we still don't know about this unlimited sea! What have we done, or what are we going to do?! Have we followed these men of the earth who angels envy because of their humanity; or, on the contrary, have we chosen the opposite way? Do we follow an immoral person from a different religion and land who has attacked the hearts and religion of our teenagers and youth with a false façade of a beautiful and heroic

¹ "Guardianship" or "Velayat" has different meanings. It may be applied to God, His Prophet (s), the Imams (a) ... [Trans.]

² The Pond of Kawthar is the name of a pond in Heaven. [Trans.]

appearance and is riding on the waves of the media!

The new seedlings from the forests of Iran have roots in *Guardianship*. They have been watered with the pure tears of the eyes. These are tears which have flowed in their blood and their veins from the time of their childhood when they were drinking their mother's milk during the mourning ceremonies for the Master of the Martyrs, Imam Husayn (a). They have the stamp of love for Hazrat Abbas (a) on their hearts and love for the mother of the descendants of the Prophet (s), Hazrat Fatimah Zahra (s).

Our youth are seeking goodness and the good people of the world. Their honesty and love are indestructible. It is possible that evil wishers may have polluted them with their influence; however, a month of Muharram³ is enough to create a tempest in the sea of their existence and conscience and to repel the enemy. At times they may not have an Islamic appearance, but they are Muslims. They need someone like Ibrahim to hand them an ax to break down the evil within.

Let's move on. We have not exaggerated about the Iranian youth. We have talked about a wave from a sea. We are only trying to show a small example by introducing the Martyr Ibrahim Hadi. It is true that gathering memories of him from his anonymous friends after the passing of years was extremely hard. However, the poet Hafez reminds us that, "There are dangers on the way to the house of Leili (my beloved). The condition for the first step is for you to be in love."

By the grace of God, dozens of interviews were conducted with his friends and family. These interviews were used in order to prepare the golden pages of the book of an anonymous Gnostic, a lover, a sympathetic teacher, a young Muslim man from the land of the good people of Iran, a brave but humble hero, and a true helper of Imam Mahdi (a.j.). These pages are presented to you, our dear readers, for you to read and think about them.

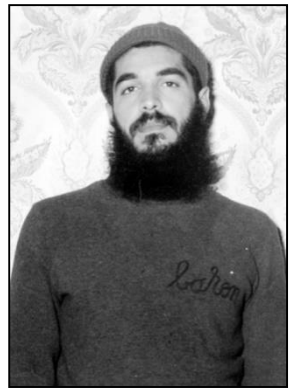
At the end, we thank all those who helped to gather this collection. We are looking forward to your opinions, suggestions, and feedback.

"The caravan left while you were sleeping and the desert was in front of you.

When will you go? Who will you ask to find the way? What will you do as long as you are alive?"

³ The month of Muharram is the time when the Muslims mourn for the martyrdom of Imam Husayn (a). [Trans.]

Why Ibrahim Hadi?



It was the summer of 1386 AHS. I was participating in the sunset and evening group prayers in the Amin al-Doleh Mosque in Tehran. It was a strange situation! All of those who were participating in the prayers were scholars and dignitaries. I was standing in the right corner of the second line.

After the sunset prayer, when I looked around, surprisingly I saw that water was surrounding the place of the group prayer! It was as if the Mosque was an island in the middle of the sea!

The Imam was a shining, elderly man who was wearing a white turban. He stood up facing the crowd and started to speak. I asked the old man who was sitting next to me, "Do you know the leader of the group prayer?" He responded, "He is Haj Shaykh Mohammad Husayn Zahed, the professor of the Clergyman Haqshenas and the Clergyman Mojtahedi." Since I had heard a lot about the spiritual greatness and magnanimity of Shaykh Husayn Zahed, I listened to his words carefully.

There was an odd silence. Everyone was looking at him. He was talking about mysticism and ethics, and he said, "O friends! O comrades! People know us as the elders of mysticism and ethics... but dear comrades! The elders of mysticism and ethics are these people." Then he held up a large picture. I rose up halfway so that I could see it well. It was a picture of a man with a long beard who was wearing a brown shirt.

I looked carefully at the picture. I recognized him completely. I had seen him many times. I was sure that it was him. It was Ibrahim, Ibrahim Hadi!! His words were very strange for me. Shaykh Husayn Zahed who was the master of mysticism and ethics, and who had many scholars as his students, would make such a statement?! He introduced Ibrahim as the master of practical ethics!?

Meanwhile I said to myself, "Shaykh Husayn Zahed... he passed away a few years ago!!" I woke up very excited. It was three o'clock in the morning, the 20th of Mordad, the year 1386 AHS; in accordance with the 27th of Rajab and the start of the prophethood of the

Prophet (s). This was a true, reliable dream which made my limbs tremble. I picked up a paper and quickly wrote down what I had seen and heard. I couldn't sleep anymore. I reviewed the memories which I had heard about Ibrahim Hadi.

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I couldn't forget. I was in the Shohada Mosque on the last night of the month of Ramadan in the year 1373 AHS. Then, we went to the house of Ibrahim Hadi with some old friends from the war. It was a mourning ceremony for the death of his mother. Their house was behind the Mosque in Shahid Movafeq Street. Haj Husayn Allahkaram started speaking about the Martyr Hadi.

His memories were amazing. I hadn't heard anything similar to them before! That night the grace of God included me. I hadn't seen the war. I was seven when he was martyred. But, God wanted me to be in that meeting so that I could get to know one of His pure servants.

These memories were in my mind for many years. I couldn't believe that a soldier could create such an epic and still be anonymous! It was surprising that he himself asked God to stay anonymous! Over the years his body hadn't yet been found and nothing was said about him!

After that, I talked about him in every class and for all the children.

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There is still time left till the Morning Prayer. I can't sleep anymore. I really want to know why Shaykh Zahed has introduced him as a practical model in ethics. The next day I went to the grave of Shaykh Husayn Zahed in the Ibn Babiwayh graveyard. When I saw his picture, I became certain of the truth of the dream which I had seen. I had no doubt that the mystics shouldn't be sought in the mountains or in the closets of the monastery. They are close to us and from us.

I went to one of the friends of the Martyr Hadi that same day. I obtained the addresses and phone numbers of the close friends of this martyr from him. I made my decision. I had to know Ibrahim better and more completely than before. I also prayed to God for success. Maybe this was a mission which God had left to us so that His pure servants could be known.

Biography



Ibrahim was born on the first day of Ordibehesht in the year 1336 AHS in the Shahid Ayatollah Saiedi neighborhood close to the Khorasan Square. He was the fourth child of the family. However, his father Mashhadi Mohammad Husayn loved him in a special way.

He too was aware of the dignity of his father. Although his job was running a grocery store, his father was able to raise his children in the best way. Ibrahim was a teenager when he became an orphan. After that, he continued living like the great men do.

He went to Taleqani Elementary School and to Abu Rayhan and Karim Khan Zand High Schools. He received his high school diploma in the field of Literature in the year 1355 AHS. He started reading other books in addition to his lessons starting from the last years of his high school. Participating in the group of Vahdat Islami for the youth along with accompanying and being the student of a master like Allameh Mohammad Taqi Ja'fari greatly influenced the development of Ibrahim's personality. He showed great courage during the period of the victory of the revolution.

He worked in the Tehran bazaar while he was studying. After the revolution, he worked in the Physical Education Organization and after that he was moved to the Ministry of Education. At that time, Ibrahim stated teaching the children of this country as a devoted teacher.

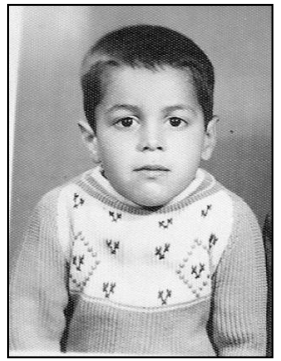
He was a sportsman. He started with the sport of the heroes, the "Pahlevani and Zoorkhaneh Rituals." He was unparalleled in volleyball and wrestling. He never retreated from any arena. He always stood firmly.

He showed his manliness from the high altitudes of the Bazi Deraz and Gilan Gharb Mountains to the burning plains of the south (during the 8-year Holy Defense). His achievements in these regions are still in the minds of the old friends of the war. In the first war maneuver named "Valfajr Moqaddamati," the soldiers resisted for five days in the Fakkeh Channels accompanied by the soldiers of the Kumayl and Hanzaleh battalions, and they didn't succumb.

Finally, on the 22nd of Bahman in the year 1361 AHS, after sending the remaining soldiers back, he went to God alone. No one saw him anymore. He had always asked God to be anonymous, because anonymity is the attribute of the beloved friends of God. God accepted his prayers. It has been many years that Ibrahim has stayed anonymous and alone in Fakkeh so that he may be a sun for the seekers of light.

His Father's Love

Related by: Reza Hadi



We lived in a small, tenant house close to the Khorasan Square. It was the beginning of Ordibehesht, in the year 1336. It had been a few days that our father was very happy. God had given him a son on the first day of this month. He thanked God continuously. Although we were now three boys and one girl in our home, our father loved this new born baby very much. Of course he was right. He was a very cute boy. He chose the name of the baby: Ibrahim. Our father put the name of a prophet on him who was a symbol of patience and a hero in trusting in God and believing in monotheism. This name was very suitable for him.

Whenever family and friends saw him, they would say with surprise, "Mr. Husayn! You have three other children too; why are you so happy about this baby?!" Our father would answer with a special calm, "This boy has an unusual disposition! I am sure that my Ibrahim will be a good servant of God. This boy will keep my name alive too!" He was right.

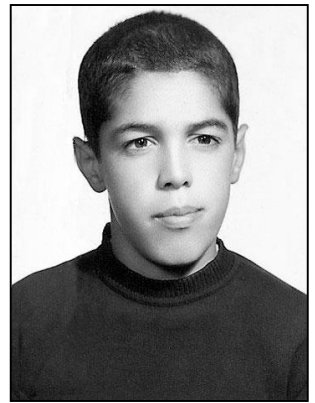
Our father's love for Ibrahim was an unusual love. Although God gave another boy and girl to our family, our father's love for Ibrahim did not diminish.

Ibrahim went to Taleqani Elementary School in Ziba Street. He had a unique behavior. From the time he was in elementary school, he never quit praying. One time he told one of his friends in elementary school, "My father is a very good man. He has seen Imam Mahdi (a.j.) in his dreams several times. When he wanted very much to go to Karbala on pilgrimage, he saw Hazrat Abbas in his dreams. He came to see him and talked to him."

When he was in the last year of his primary school, he told his friends, "My father says, 'Ayatollah Khomeini, whom the Shah has sent into exile since a few years ago, is a very good man.' My father even says, 'Everyone should obey him, because his orders are like the orders of Imam Mahdi (a.j.).'" His friends told him, "Ibrahim! Don't say these things anymore. If the school disciplinarian hears you, he will expel you." Maybe these words were strange for Ibrahim's friends; however, he really believed in his father's words.

Lawful (Halal) Sustenance

Related by: The Sister of the Martyr



The Holy Prophet (s) said, “Help your children to become good people; because, anyone can bring out disobedience from his child.”⁴ Accordingly, our father was not negligent in raising Ibrahim and us other children at all. Of course, our father was a very virtuous man. He used to go to the Mosque and religious meetings. He cared a lot about lawful sustenance.

He knew very well that the Prophet (s) had said, “Worshiping has ten parts. Nine parts of it are obtaining lawful sustenance.”⁵ Therefore, when a group of hoodlums bothered him in the Amiriyeh (Shapur) neighborhood and didn’t allow him to earn a lawful income, he sold the shop which was an inheritance from his parents and worked in a sugar factory. He was a worker there. He stood in front of the furnace from morning till night. It was at that time that he was able to buy a small house. Ibrahim said several times, “If my father raised good children, it was because of the hardships which he went through to earn a lawful income.

Whenever he remembered his childhood, he would say, “My father helped me to memorize the Quran. He always took me to the Mosque with him. Most of the time, we went to the Ayatollah Nuri Mosque near the Sarcheshmeh Intersection. There were religious meetings held there by the name of Hazrat Ali Asghar (a). He (my father) had the honor of serving there.”

I remember in the last years of his primary school Ibrahim did something which made our father very angry. He told him, “Ibrahim! Go out and don’t come back home until nighttime.” Ibrahim did not come home until nighttime. The whole family was worried that what had he eaten for lunch? But, everyone obeyed our father.

It was nighttime when Ibrahim came back. He politely said hello to everyone. I asked immediately, “What did you do for lunch brother?!”

⁴ Nahj al-Fasahah, tradition no. 370.

⁵ Bihar al-Anwar, vol. 103, p. 7.

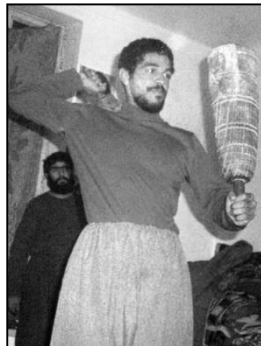
Our father looked unhappy but he was waiting for Ibrahim's response. Ibrahim answered very slowly, "I was walking in the street. I saw an old woman who had done a lot of shopping and didn't know what to do or how to go home. I went and helped her. I took her shopping to her house. The old woman thanked me a lot and gave me a five rial coin. I didn't want to accept, but she insisted a lot. I was sure that this money was lawful, because I had worked for it. At noontime I bought some bread with that money and ate it."

When our father heard the story he smiled satisfactorily. He was happy that his son had learned the lesson of his father and cared about lawful earnings. The friendship of our father with Ibrahim was more than the relationship of a father and a son. There was an unusual love between these two which visibly resulted in the development of Ibrahim's personality.

But this friendly relationship did not last very long. Ibrahim was a teenager when he lost the support of his father. One sad sunset he felt the heavy shadow of being an orphan. From that time on, he continued living as great men do. In those years, most of the friends and acquaintances advised him to participate in sports. He accepted this idea.

Pahlevani and Zoorkhaneh Rituals

Related by: A Group of Friends of the Martyr



It was during his early days in high school that Ibrahim became familiar with the Pahlevani and Zoorkhaneh Rituals. At nights he would go the Zoorkhaneh of Haj Hasan. Haj Hasan Tavakkol, known as Haj Hasan Najjar, was a pious mystic. He had a Zoorkhaneh close to the Abu Rayhan High School. Ibrahim became one of the athletes who came to this environment of sports and spirituality.

Haj Hasan used to start the exercise by reading one or a few verses of the Quran. Then he would relate a tradition and translate it. Most nights he would send Ibrahim into the middle. In a round of exercise, Ibrahim usually recited a chapter of the Quran, the Tawassol prayer, or poems about the Household of the Prophet (a). In this way, he was also helping the Shaykh who read the poems for the athletes to exercise.

One of the important things about this Zoorkhaneh was that whenever their exercise coincided with the sunset prayer, the athletes used to stop exercising and pray the group prayer in the middle of the ring behind Haj Hasan. During the time before the Islamic revolution, besides exercising he also taught the lessons of faith and ethics to the youth.

I won't forget that one time after the exercise had finished, when the athletes were dressing up and saying goodbye, suddenly a man rushed in. He had a small child in his arms. He said with a pale face and shaking voice, "Haj Hasan! Help me! My child is ill. The doctors have said there is no hope. My child is dying. You are a good man. For God's sake pray. For God's sake..." then he started crying.

Ibrahim stood up and said, "Change your clothes and come to the middle." He himself went in too. That night Ibrahim and the other athletes read the Tawassol prayer in a round of exercise. Then he prayed for that child from his heart. That man was sitting in a corner with his child and crying.

After two weeks, one day Haj Hasan after exercise said, "You are all invited for lunch Friday." We asked in surprise, "Where?!" He said, "The man who came with a sick child has invited us." Then he continued, "Thanks to God his child's problem has been solved. The doctor said that his baby is fine. That is why he invited us for lunch."

I turned around and looked at Ibrahim. He was getting ready to leave as if he hadn't heard anything. I had no doubt that the Tawassol prayer which Ibrahim read with that strange passion had been effective.

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I witnessed many times that Ibrahim became friends with people who didn't have a religious appearance and who weren't caring about religious issues. He attracted them to sports first, and then gradually pulled them to the Mosque and mourning gatherings. One of these people was worse than the others. He always talked about drinking alcohol and other misconducts. He didn't know anything about religion such as praying and fasting. He didn't care about anything either. He even said, "I have never been to a religious meeting or a mourning gathering."

I asked Ibrahim, "Mr. Ibrahim⁶! Who are these people that you bring with you?!" He asked in surprise, "Why? What's happened?!" I said, "Last night this boy came in to the mourning gathering after you. He came and sat next to me. The clergyman was talking. He was talking about the innocence of Imam Husayn (a) and the evil deeds of Yazid. This boy was staring and listening in anger. While the lights were turned off, instead of crying he started cursing Yazid with bad words!!"

Ibrahim was listening in surprise. Suddenly he started laughing. Then he said, "This is not a problem! This boy hasn't been to a mourning gathering and hasn't cried. Be sure that when he becomes friends with Imam Husayn (a) he will change. If we can help these people to become religious, we have done something worthwhile."

Ibrahim's friendship with this boy resulted in him quitting all of his bad deeds. He became one of the good athletes. A few months later on one holiday, I saw the same boy. After exercise, he bought a box of sweets and distributed them. Then he said, "Friends! I owe all of you. I owe Mr. Ibrahim. I am so thankful to God. If I hadn't met you guys, I don't know where I would be now..." We were looking at him in surprise.

We came out with our friends. On the way I was thinking about Ibrahim's actions. How beautifully he attracted people to sports one by one; then he pulled them to the Mosque and mourning gatherings. In his own words, he would throw them into Imam Husayn's (a) lap! I remembered the words of the Holy Prophet (s) to Imam Ali (a) when he said, "O Ali! If just one person is guided by you, it is more valuable than all that the sun shines on."

⁶ Ibrahim is a nickname for Ibrahim. [Trans.]

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One of the other things which was special in this sports club was that the athletes went to other Zoorkhanehs in a group and exercised there.

During one of the nights of the month of Ramadan we went to a Zoorkhaneh in Karaj. I won't forget that night. Ibrahim was reading poems and prayers while he was exercising. Ibrahim was doing pushups in the Zoorkhaneh fashion for some time. A few series of athletes inside the arena changed, but Ibrahim was still exercising. He wasn't paying attention to anyone.

An old man was sitting in a corner and watching the athlete's exercise. He came to me and pointed to Ibrahim. He sadly said, "Sir! Who is this young man?!" I asked him in surprise, "Why is that?!" He said, "When I entered he was doing pushups. I counted his moves with my rosary. He has done them for seven rounds of this rosary; that means seven hundred times till now! For God's sake bring him up! He will pass out!"

When the exercise finished, Ibrahim wasn't tired at all. It was as if he hadn't exercised for four hours! Of course Ibrahim did this to get strong. He always said, "We have to have a strong body so that we can serve God and his servants." He always prayed, "O God! Make my body strong so that I can serve You."

During this same period, Ibrahim bought a heavy pair of the special wood and stone used in the Zoorkhaneh. He became very famous and everyone was talking about him. After a while, he didn't use these in front of others anymore. He said, "These things make a person proud."

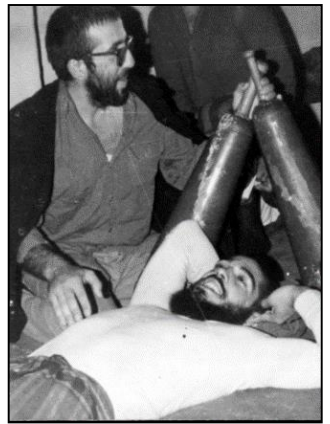
He used to say, "People are in pursuit of knowing who is stronger. If I do heavy exercise in front of other people, I will be putting down my friends. In actuality, I have shown myself off and this is wrong."

After that whenever he was the leader of the exercises, if he saw that someone was tired and couldn't continue anymore, he would change the exercise quickly.

But one time the strong body of Ibrahim showed its power. That was the time when Sayyed Husayn Tahami, the world wrestling champion and one of those who were devoted to Haj Hasan, came to the Zoorkhaneh and exercised with the athletes.

Champion

Related by: Husayn Allahkaram



Sayyed Husayn Tahami (the world wrestling champion) came to our Zoorkhaneh. He was exercising with the athletes. Although it was some time that Sayyed wasn't taking part in the championships, he still had a very athletic body. After the exercises he faced Haj Hasan and said, "Sir! Is there anyone here to wrestle with me?" Haj Hasan looked at the athletes and said, "Ibrahim." Then he pointed to Ibrahim to go in.

Usually in championship wrestling the opponent who falls down on his back or is on the ground loses. The wrestling started. We were all watching. The wrestlers were wrestling for a long time, but neither of them fell down. There was a lot of pressure on both of them; but, neither of them was able to defeat his opponent. This match did not have a winner. After wrestling, Sayyed Husayn kept saying loudly, "Well done! Well done! What a brave young man. What wonders God has wrought (well done) hero!"

The exercise session finished. Haj Hasan was staring at Ibrahim's face. Ibrahim came forward and asked in surprise, "Has something happened sir?"

After a few minutes of silence, Haj Hasan said, "In the old days in this Tehran there were two heroes by the names of Haj Sayyed Hasan Razzaz and Haj Sadeq Bolurforush. They were close friends. No one could defeat them in wrestling. Even more important than this, was that they were pure servants of God. They always started their exercise with a few verses from the Quran and a brief mourning for Imam Husayn (a). They started their exercise with tearful eyes. The sincerity of Haj Mohammad Sadeq and Haj Sayyed Hasan healed sick people."

Then he continued, "Ibrahim! I consider you to be a hero like them!" Ibrahim smiled and said, "No sir! We are very distant from them." Some of the athletes became upset when Haj Hasan praised Ibrahim in this way.

The next day, five athletes came from one of the other Zoorkhanehs of Tehran. It was decided that they would wrestle with our athletes after exercising. Everyone accepted

that Haj Hasan be the referee. The wrestling started after our exercise. Four matches were held. Our athletes won two of the games, and they won the other two games.

However, in the last match they started creating a commotion. They were shouting at Haj Hasan. Haj Hasan was very upset too. I checked and saw that the next game is between Ibrahim and one of them. Since they knew Ibrahim very well, they knew that they'd lose. That was why they had started a commotion, so that if they lost they could say that it was the referee's fault!

Everyone was angry. After a few seconds Ibrahim came into the arena. While he was smiling, he shook hands with all of the guest athletes. Calm returned to our group. Then he said, "I won't wrestle." We all asked in surprise, "Why?!" He paused briefly and calmly said, "Our friendship is worth much more than these words and actions!"

Then he kissed Haj Hasan's hand and by sending Peace Upon the Prophet (s) (Salavat) he announced the end of the games. Maybe we didn't have a loser or a winner that day. But, the true winner was only Ibrahim. When we wanted to dress up and go, Haj Hasan called everyone and said, "Did you understand why I said Ibrahim is a hero?!" Everyone was quiet. He continued, "See everyone! Heroism is what you saw today. Today Ibrahim wrestled with his own will, and he won. Ibrahim didn't wrestle with them because of God. With this act he avoided hatred and a fight. Boys! Heroism is what you saw today."

The stories of Ibrahim's chivalrous behavior continued until the events of the victory of the revolution began to take place. After that most of the athletes became involved in matters related to the revolution. Their presence in this sports club became dimmed. Then, Ibrahim suggested that we gather for the Morning Prayer in the Zoorkhaneh, pray together, and then exercise. Everyone accepted.

After that we gathered in the Zoorkhaneh every morning, prayed a group prayer, and started exercising. At the end we had a little breakfast. Then we went to work. Ibrahim was very happy because of this. From the one side, everyone was still exercising; and, from the other side, they were praying the Morning Prayer in a group. He always spoke of the tradition of the Holy Prophet of Islam (s), "If I pray the Morning Prayer in a group, it is dearer to me than praying and keeping a vigil till morning."

With the onset of the imposed war, the activities of the athletes decreased. Most of them were at the war front. Ibrahim wasn't coming to Tehran very often. One time he came and took his sports equipment. He started exercising in the war zones.

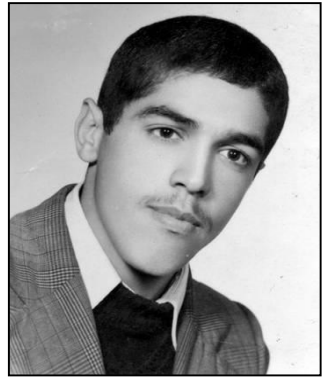
Haj Hasan Tavakkol's Zoorkhaneh was famous in training real heroes. There were many young people besides Ibrahim whose heroism was proven in front of God! They kept their faith with their blood; and, they are the real heroes.

The beautiful, spiritual days of the Zoorkhaneh of Haj Hasan finished in the first years of the 8-year Holy Defense with the martyrdom of the Martyr Hasan Shahabi (the master of the Zoorkhaneh), Martyr Asghar Ranjbaran (the commander of the Ammar Brigade), and Martyrs like Sayyed Salehi, Mohammad Shahrudi, Ali Khorramdel, Hasan Zahedi, Sayyed Mohammad Sobhani, Sayyed Javad Majdpur, Reza Pand, Hamdallah Moradi, Reza Huryar, Majid Faridvand, Qasem Kazemi, Ibrahim and some other martyrs, along with veterans like Haj Ali Nasrallah, Mostafa Harandi, and Ali Moqaddam becoming disabled, and the death of Haj Hasan Tavakkol.

Later on the land of the Zoorkhaneh a residential building was built, and the period of our Zoorkhaneh exercises joined with the memories.

Solo Volleyball

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



From the early days of high school, Ibrahim's strong arms showed that he was a champion in many sports. He always played volleyball during our physical education classes. No one could oppose him. One time he played alone against six people. He was only allowed to hit the ball three times in a row. All of us, including our physical education teacher, witnessed how he won. From that day on, Ibrahim mostly played volleyball alone. During most holidays we played behind the fire station located at the 17th of Shahrivar Street. Many of the contenders could not defeat him.

The best memory of Ibrahim's volleyball was during war time in the city of Gilan Gharb. There was a volleyball court where the soldiers played. One day a few minibuses came to visit the war zones in Gilan Gharb. Their group leader was Mr. Davudi, the head of the Physical Education Organization. Mr. Davudi was Ibrahim's physical education teacher in high school and knew him well. He gave some sports equipment to Ibrahim and told him, "Use these in whatever way you think is best."

Then he said, "Our friends are from various sports fields. They have come to visit." Ibrahim talked a little for the athletes and showed the different parts of the city to them until we got to the volleyball court. Mr. Davudi said, "A few members of the Tehran Volleyball Club are with us. What do you think about having a match?"

The game started at 3 p.m. Five athletes, of whom three were professional volleyball players, were on one side, and Ibrahim was on the other side alone. There were many spectators. As usual Ibrahim stood in front of them with bare feet, pants legs folded up, and wearing a t-shirt. He played so well that it was hard to believe.

They only played one set and it finished in favor of Ibrahim with a ten point difference. Then, the athletes took a picture with Ibrahim. They couldn't believe that a simple soldier could play like the most professional athletes.

One time in the Dokuheh Garrison I talked about Ibrahim's volleyball skills. One of the soldiers went and brought a volley ball. Then he made two teams and called Ibrahim to

come too. At first he didn't want to play. When we insisted he said, "Then, all of you be on one side and I will play alone!"

After the game some of the commanders said, "We have never laughed this much! Each time Ibrahim hit the ball; a few people went towards it. They would bump into each other and fall to the ground!" In the end, Ibrahim won the game with a huge difference.

Betting

Related by: Mahdi Faridvand, Saied Saleh Tash.



It was roughly the year 1354 AHS. We were playing on one Friday morning. Three strangers came and said, “We are from the west of Tehran. Who is Ibrahim?!” Then they suggested, “Let’s play for 200 hundred tomans.” After a few minutes, the game started. Ibrahim played alone against those three. They lost to Ibrahim.

On the same day, we went to one of the neighborhoods in the south of the city. We played for 700 hundred tomans. It was a good game and we won quickly. Ibrahim saw that they were borrowing from others so that they could pay us. Suddenly he said, “One of you come and play alone against me. If he wins, we won’t take the money.” One of them came forward, and they started playing. Ibrahim played very poorly. So poorly that his opponent won!

All of them left very happily. I was very angry and told Ibrahim, “Mr. Ibram! Why did you play like that?!” He looked at me in surprise and said, “I didn’t want to ruin their dignity! All together they didn’t even have 100 tomans!”

The next week the athletes from the west of Tehran came again with two of their friends. Five people played against Ibrahim for 500 tomans. Ibrahim folded his pants up and played with bare feet. He hit the ball in such a way that no one could get it! He won the game with a huge lead.

That night we went to the Mosque with Ibrahim. After praying the clergyman talked about religious orders. He talked about betting and unlawful money. He said, “The Holy Prophet of Islam (s) said, ‘Whoever earns money from illegal ways, will lose it in vain and difficult events.’⁷

He also said, ‘Whoever eats anything from illegal money, his prayers won’t be accepted for forty nights and his supplications won’t be accepted for forty days.’⁸”

Ibrahim was listening to the speech in surprise. After it finished, we went to the clergyman and Ibrahim said, “Today I won 500 tomans from betting in volleyball.” Then he explained

⁷ Muwaiz al-Adadiyah, p 25.

⁸ Al-Hokm al-Zahirah, vol. 1, p. 317.

what had happened and said, "I gave this money to a poor family!" The clergyman said, "From now on be careful! Exercise, but don't bet."

The next week the same boys came again; this time with some stronger helpers. Then they said, "This time let's play for one thousand tomans!" Ibrahim said, "I will play, but I won't bet." They started making fun of him and tried to rouse him. They said, "He is afraid! He knows that he will lose." Another one said, "He doesn't have the money."... Ibrahim said, "Betting is illegal. If I had known this, I wouldn't have played with you in the previous weeks. I gave your money to some poor people. If you want, we can play without betting." After much talking and ridiculing, there was no match.

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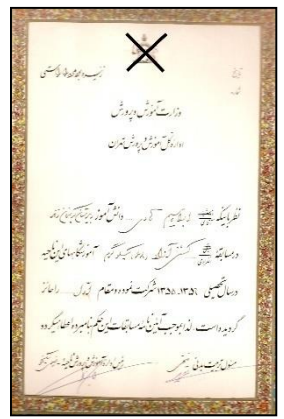
His friend said, "Ibrahim strongly recommended us to avoid betting after that. But, one time we played with the athletes from the Nazi Abad neighborhood and lost a large amount of money! It was the end of the game when Ibrahim arrived. He became very angry with us because of the betting. We didn't have enough money to pay.

When the game finished Ibrahim came forward and took the ball. Then he said, "Is there anyone who will play one on one with me?" There was a boy from Nazi Abad by the name of H.Q. He was a member of the national team and the captain of the Barq team as well. He came forward with a special pride and said, "For what?!" Ibrahim said, "If you lose, don't take money from these boys." He accepted. Ibrahim played so well that we were all surprised. He beat his opponent with a huge difference. However, after that he blamed us very much!

Ibrahim was a professional in many of the sports fields in addition to volleyball. He was a capable athlete in mountaineering. Starting from about three years before the victory of the revolution until the days of the revolution, he went to Tajrish with the boys of the Zoorkhaneh every Friday morning. They prayed the Morning Prayer in Imam Zadeh Saleh. Then they went up the mountain running. They ate breakfast there and came back.

I won't forget that Ibrahim was doing the exercises for wrestling. He wanted to make his legs strong. He put one of his friends on his shoulders and took him all the way up the mountain from the Darband Square to the Doqolu Waterfall! The mountain climbing in the Darband and Kolakchal areas continued until the early days of the victory of the Revolution.

Ibrahim played soccer very well too. And, he was a master in ping pong. He used to play with two hands and two rackets and no one could defeat him.



Wrestling

Related by: The Brothers of the Martyr

Shortly after Ibrahim started exercising in the Zoorkhaneh, he also started wrestling at the recommendation of his friends and Haj Hasan. He signed up in the Abu Moslem gym close to Khorasan Square. He started in the 53-kilogram division. Mr. Gudarzi and Mr. Mohammadi were his good coaches at that time. Mr. Mohammadi liked Ibrahim very much because of his ethics and behavior.

Mr. Gudarzi taught Ibrahim the wrestling techniques very well. He always used to say, "This boy is very calm; but, in wrestling since he is tall and has long and strong arms, when he grabs someone's leg he attacks like a leopard! He doesn't stop until he gets a point." That is why he called Ibrahim 'Sleeping Leopard!'

He said many times, "You will see this boy in the World Championships one day. Be sure!" It was around the year 1350 AHS that he participated in the Tehran Championships for Teenagers. Ibrahim powerfully defeated all the opponents. He was chosen for the national tournament when he was only 15 years old.

The tournaments were held during the early days of the month of Aban. But, Ibrahim didn't participate in these tournaments! The coaches became very angry with him. Later we found out that the tournaments were held in the presence of the crown prince and that he had given the awards. That was why Ibrahim didn't participate in the tournaments.

The next year Ibrahim participated in the school championships and won. In the same year he participated in the Championships of the Tehran clubs in the 68-kilogram division.

The next year when he saw that his close friend had participated in this weight division, he participated in the heavier 74-kilogram division. He was stunning that year; the 18 year old young man became the winner of the club's competitions for the 74-kilogram division. Ibrahim's special flair in foot techniques and timely and accurate use of his strong, long hands made him a competent wrestler.

Ibrahim left his house in the early morning with his wrestling equipment. My brother and I went too. Wherever he went, we went too; until he entered the gym which is located in the Haft Tir Square. We went into the gym too and sat down among the spectators. The gym was crowded. After an hour, the wrestling competitions started. That day Ibrahim wrestled a few times and won all of the games. Suddenly he saw us. We were cheering him among the spectators.

He came towards us angrily and asked, "Why have you come here?!" We said, "No reason. We came after you to see where you are going." Then he said, "What is that supposed to mean?! This is not your place. Let's go home quickly". I asked in surprise, "Why?!" He responded, "You shouldn't stay here. Get up! Get up! Let's go home."

While he was talking, the speaker announced, "The semi-final wrestling match in the 74-kilogram division between Mr. Hadi and Mr. Tehrani."

Ibrahim looked at the wrestling mat and at us. He was silent for a few seconds. Then he went towards the mats. We were shouting and cheering him a lot.

Ibrahim's coach shouted constantly and tried to direct him. But, Ibrahim was just defending. He looked at us out of the corner of his eye too. The coach became very angry and shouted "Ibrahim! Why don't you wrestle? Knock him down." Ibrahim picked up his opponent with a beautiful technique, turned around, and threw him on the mattress firmly. The wrestling match wasn't yet finished when he stood up and came off of the mattress.

That day he was very angry with us. I thought maybe he was angry that we had followed him. As we were talking on the way back he said, "We should exercise to get strong; not to win. If I participate in different matches, it is because I want to learn different techniques. I don't have any other purpose."

I asked, "Is it bad if a man wins, becomes famous, and everyone knows him?!" After a few seconds of silence he said, "Everyone doesn't have the capacity to become famous. More important than becoming famous is to become a real human being."

That day Ibrahim made it to the finals; but, he came home with us before the final match! He showed us in action that rank and position were not important for him. Ibrahim always repeated the famous sentence of the late Imam (r.a.), "Exercising shouldn't become one's goal in life."



Winner

Related by: Husayn Allahkaram

It was the Club Championships for the 74-kilogram division. Ibrahim defeated all the opponents one by one and reached the semi-finals. That year Ibrahim had practiced very well. He powerfully defeated most of his opponents.

If he could win this game he would surely be the winner in the final game. But he wrestled very poorly in the semi-final. In the end, he lost the game by one point! That year Ibrahim came in third place. A few years later I saw the same boy who was Ibrahim's opponent in the semi-final. He came to visit Ibrahim.

He was telling us about his memories with Ibrahim, and we were listening. Then he got to the story of how he got to know Ibrahim, "Our acquaintance goes back to the semi-finals of the Club Championships in the 74-kilogram division. I was supposed to wrestle with Ibrahim."

But, whenever he tried to tell that story, Ibrahim kept changing the subject and didn't let him say what had happened! And in the end, he didn't permit that story to be told! The next day I saw the same man and requested him, "Please tell me the story of your wrestling match."

He looked at me, breathed deeply, and said, "That year I was Ibrahim's opponent in the semi-final. But, one of my legs was injured very severely. I didn't know Ibrahim up until that time. I told him, "Hey pal! My leg is injured. Watch out for me." Ibrahim said, "Ok brother! For sure!"

I had seen him play. He was a master in wrestling. It was Ibrahim's technique to attack the legs, but he didn't get close to my leg at all! Then, I knocked him down with impudence and went to the finals with the happiness of this victory. Ibrahim could have easily defeated me and been the winner; but, he didn't do that."

Then he continued, "Actually, I think he did that on purpose so that I could win! He wasn't upset about his loss either, because the championship had a different meaning for him.

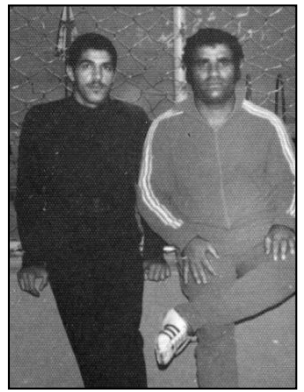
However, I was happy. I was happy because my final opponent was from our own neighborhood. I thought everyone is generous like brother Ibram. But in the final game, even though I told my friend that my leg was hurt, he grabbed my injured leg in the first move. I called out in pain from deep inside. Then he threw me on the floor and I lost.

That year I was second and Ibrahim third. But I was sure that the championship was Ibrahim's right. From that day I have been friends with him. I have seen strange things from him. I thank God that he has given me such a friend."

After he finished talking, he said goodbye and left. I went back too. On the way I was only thinking about his words. I remembered in the army headquarters of Gilan Gharb a sentence was written on one of the walls for each soldier. They had written for Ibrahim, "Ibrahim Hadi, a soldier with the characteristics of Puria Vali."

Puria Vali

Related by: Iraj Gerai



It was the Club Championships in the year 1355. The winner of the games would receive a cash prize and also go to the Country Selection Tournament. Ibrahim was at the height of his preparedness. Whoever saw one of his matches confirmed this matter. His coaches said, "This year in the 74-kilogram division no one can oppose him."

The games started. Ibrahim defeated everyone one by one. He played four matches and reached the semi-finals. He either "fell" his opponents or won with a high point advantage. I told my friends, "For sure, one wrestler from our club will go to the National Team." In the semi-final game, although his opponent was very famous, Ibrahim won. He went to the finals with a strong lead.

His final opponent was Mr. Mahmud K. That year he was the winner of the World Army Championships. Before the final started, I went into the locker room to Ibrahim and said, "I have seen your opponent play. He is very weak. But for God's sake, just be careful dear Ibrahim. Wrestle well. I'm sure that you will be chosen for the National Team this year."

The coach was giving Ibrahim his last recommendations while Ibrahim was tying his shoelaces. Then they went together to the mat. I went quickly and sat down among the spectators. Ibrahim went on the mat. His opponent entered too. The referee hadn't come yet. Ibrahim went forward and shook hands with his opponent with a smile.

His opponent said something which I didn't understand. Ibrahim shook his head in confirmation. Then his opponent pointed somewhere among the spectators in the back! I turned back and looked. I saw an old woman sitting alone on top of the bleachers with rosary beads in her hands.

I couldn't understand what they had said or what had happened; but, Ibrahim started wrestling very poorly. He was just defending. Poor Ibrahim's coach, he shouted and directed him so much that his voice cracked. Ibrahim did not seem to hear any of the shouting from his coach or me. He was just wasting time!

Then, Ibrahim's opponent, who was afraid in the beginning, became brave. He started attacking continuously. Ibrahim was calmly defending. The referee gave the first and then the second warning to Ibrahim. In the end Ibrahim got three warnings and lost, and his opponent was the winner of the 74-kilogram division! When the referee lifted his opponent's hand up, Ibrahim was happy! It looked as if he had won! Then, both wrestlers hugged each other.

Ibrahim's opponent bent down and kissed Ibrahim's hand while he was crying! Both wrestles were leaving the hall. I jumped down from the platforms and went to Ibrahim angrily. I yelled at him, "Wiseman! What kind of wrestling was that?" Then I punched him in the arm because of my anger and said, "If you don't want to wrestle, tell us and don't waste our time."

Ibrahim said calmly with his smile which was always on his lips, "Don't be so obsessed!" Then he quickly went into the locker room, put on his clothes, put his head down, and left. I was punching the doors and walls because of my anger. Then I sat down in a corner. Half an hour passed. I became a little calmer. I got up to go.

In front of the gym was still crowded. Ibrahim's final opponent was standing there with his mother and many from his families and friends. They were very happy. Suddenly that man called me. I turned around and asked with a frown, "Yes?!" He came towards me and said, "You are Mr. Ibram's friend, right?" I asked angrily, "What do you want?!"

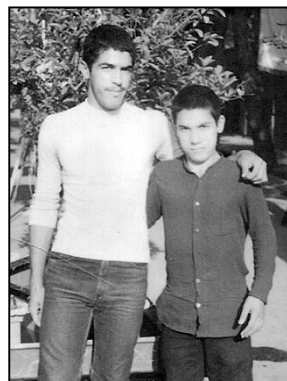
Without introduction he said, "What a generous friend you have. Before the match I told Mr. Ibram, "I have no doubt that I will lose. But, watch out for me. My mother and brothers are sitting on top of the bleachers. Do something that I won't be too embarrassed."

Then he continued, "Your friend did a wonderful job. You don't know how happy my mother is." Then he cried and said, "I have recently gotten married. I needed the cash prize of the competition very much. You don't know how happy I am."

I didn't know what to say. I was silent for a few seconds and looked at his face. I finally realized what had happened. Then I said, "Dear friend! If I was in place of brother Ibram, I wouldn't have done such a thing after so much practicing and suffering. This is what the great people like Mr. Ibram do." I said goodbye to that man. I looked at the happy, smiling old woman out of the corner of my eye and left. On the way, I was thinking about what Ibrahim had done. This kind of generosity was not compatible with wisdom! I was thinking that when Puria Vali found out that his opponent needed to win the championship and that the ruler of the city had harassed him, he lost to his opponent. But, Ibrahim... I remembered the hard practicing that he had done during this time. I remembered the smiles of that old woman and the happiness of that young man. Suddenly I started crying. What a human being this Ibrahim was!

Defeating His Own Will

Related by: A Group of Friends of the Martyr.



There was a heavy rainfall in Tehran. The Hefdah Shahrivar Street was full of water. A few old men wanted to cross the street. They didn't know what to do.

Ibrahim came along at that time. He folded up his pants and carried the old men to the other side of the street on his shoulders. Ibrahim often did these like this. He didn't have any goal other than to defeat his own will. He especially did things like this whenever he became very famous among the people!

We were walking with Ibrahim. It was one summer evening. We came to an alley where the boys were playing soccer. When we were passing by one of the boys kicked the ball very hard. The ball hit Ibrahim straight in the face with such force that Ibrahim had to sit down on the ground for a few seconds. Ibrahim's face was very red.

I was very angry. I looked at the boys. All of them were running away to avoid being beaten by us. While Ibrahim was sitting on the ground, he put his hand in his bag and took out a bag of walnuts. He called out, "Boys! Where did you go? Come and have some walnuts!" He put the bag of walnuts next to the soccer goal and we moved on.

As we continued on our way, I said in surprise, "Brother Ibrahim! Why did you do that?!" He said, "The poor boys were scared. They didn't do it on purpose." Then he went back to our previous discussion and changed the subject! But, I knew that great men live like this.

We were in the gym for wrestling. We were getting ready for exercise. Ibrahim entered. A few minutes later another of our friends came in. When he entered, he said without introduction, "Dear Ibram! Your style and body have become very attractive! On the way when you were coming, two girls were behind you. They were talking about you continuously!" Then he continued, "You are wearing a stylish shirt and pants. You have a sports bag in your hand too. It is obvious that you are an athlete!"

I looked at Ibrahim. He was thinking and had become upset! It seemed he wasn't expecting such a thing. The next session I went to exercise again. When I saw Ibrahim, I

started laughing. He was wearing a long shirt and loose pants! Instead of a sports bag, he had put his clothes in a plastic bag! From that day on he came to the gym like this!

The other athletes used to say, "What kind of a person are you?! We come to the gym to be athletic looking and to wear tight clothes. Why are you in shape physically, but wearing these kinds of clothes?" Ibrahim didn't care about what they said.

He advised his friends, "If exercising is for God, it will be an act of worship. But if it is for any other intention, it will be to your detriment."

I was in a grass field playing soccer. Suddenly I saw Ibrahim standing close to the bleachers. I went to him quickly. I said hello, then happily I said, "What a surprise! You have come here!?" He had a magazine in his hand. He raised it and said, "They have printed your picture!"

I was very happy. I went forward and wanted to take the magazine from him. He pulled his hand back and said, "There is one condition!" I said, "Whatever it is, I'll accept it."

He asked again, "Will you accept what I say?" I said, "Yes, I'll accept it." He gave the magazine to me. The middle page was a big, tall picture of me. Next to it was written, "The new phenomenon in youth soccer."

They had written a lot about me. I sat down next to the bleachers. I read the page again. I flipped the pages of the magazine a few times. Then I raised my head and said, "Bravo dear Ibram! You have made me very happy. By the way, what was your condition?!" He asked softly, "Will you accept it whatever it is?" I said, "Yes! Tell me." He was silent for a few seconds then said, "Don't go after soccer anymore!!"

I froze. I said in surprise and wonder, "Don't play soccer anymore?! What does that mean? I am just becoming famous!!" He said, "Not that you shouldn't play. But don't go into professional soccer." I asked him, "Why?!"

He came forward and took the magazine. He showed me my picture and said, "See this color picture! This is your picture in sports clothes and shorts. This magazine is not just in my and your hands. It is in the hands of everyone. Many girls may have seen or see this picture."

Then he continued, "Since you go to the Mosque, I am telling you these things. Otherwise I wouldn't say anything to you. First go make your beliefs strong, then go into professional sports, so that you won't create any problems for yourself."

Then he said, "I have things to do." He said goodbye and left.

I was very shocked. I sat down and thought deeply about Ibrahim's words. These words were unlikely from a person who was always joking and saying normal things. However,

later on I came to understand his words. That was the time when I saw some boys who didn't have strong beliefs who used to come to the Mosque. They went into professional sports. They gradually stopped praying because of the influence of their environment!

Yadallah

Related by: Sayyed Abulfazl Kazemi



Ibrahim was working in one of the stores of the bazaar. One time I saw Ibrahim in circumstances which shocked me very much! He was carrying two big filled boxes on his shoulders. He put the boxes down in front of a store. When he finished the delivery, I went forward and said hello. Then I said, “Mr. Ibram this is not appropriate for you. This job is for manual laborers; not you!”

He looked at me and said, “There is nothing wrong with working. Not working is bad. This work which I’m doing is good for me. It makes me sure that I am nothing. It takes away my pride!”

I said, “If someone sees you in this state, it is not nice. You are an athlete... many people know you.” Ibrahim laughed and said, “Always do that which if God sees you, He will like you; not the people.”

We were sitting with some friends and talking about Ibrahim. One of the friends who didn’t know Ibrahim took his picture from me and looked at it. Then he said with surprise, “Are you sure his name is Ibrahim?!” I said with wonder, “Yes. Why is that?!”

He said, “I used to have a store in the Soltani Bazaar before. Ibrahim used to stand at the beginning of the entrance to the bazaar two days a week. He would put a bag for carrying loads on his shoulder and carry goods.

One day I asked him, ‘What is your name?’ He said, ‘Call me Yadallah!’ A while later one of my friends came to the bazaar. When he saw Ibrahim, he said with surprise, ‘Do you know him?!’ I said, ‘No! Why is that?!’ He said that Ibrahim is the champion in volleyball and wrestling. He is a virtuous man. He does these things to break his will. I have to tell you that he is a very great man! After that day, I didn’t see him anymore!”

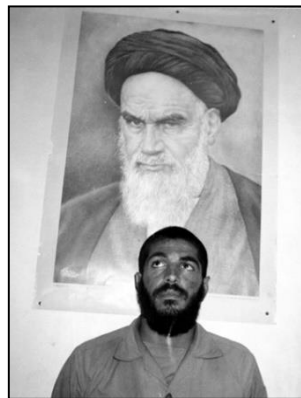
That man’s words made me think. This story was very surprising for me. This kind of fight against one’s own will was not reasonable at all.

After some time I saw one of my old friends. We talked about the things Ibrahim had done. He said, “Before the revolution, Mr. Ibram came after us one day at noon. He took me, my brother and two other people to a restaurant for kebab. He ordered the best food, salad and soft drinks. It was very tasty. I hadn’t eaten such good food before.

After eating Ibrahim asked, "How was it?" I said, "It was perfect! Thank you." He said, "I have been carrying loads in the bazaar from this morning until now. The good taste of this food is due to the fact that I went through trouble to make this money!!"

The Clergyman Mojtabehi's Islamic Seminary

Related by: Iraj Gerai



It was the last years before the revolution. Ibrahim was doing something else besides going to the bazaar. Almost no one knew anything about it. He himself didn't say anything either. But his behavior and manners had completely changed. Ibrahim was more spiritual. In the mornings he would take a black plastic bag in his hand and go towards the bazaar. There were a few books in it.

One day I saw Ibrahim as I was passing by at the top of the street. I asked him, "Brother Ibram! Where are you going?" He said, "I am going to the bazaar." I picked him up. On the way I asked, "It has been a while that I see this bag in your hand. What is it?!" He said, "Nothing, a book!" He got off on the way at Naeb Alsaltaneh Street. He said goodbye and left. I was surprised. Ibrahim's workplace wasn't here. So where was he going?!

I followed him curiously until he went into a Mosque. I followed him in. He sat next to a few other young people and opened his book. I realized that he was studying the lessons of the Islamic Seminary. I came out of the Mosque.

I asked an old man who was passing by, "Excuse me! What is the name of this Mosque?" He responded, "The Clergyman Mojtabehi's Islamic Seminary." I looked around with surprise. I didn't think Ibrahim had become a student of the religious studies.

There was a tradition from the Prophet (s) written on the wall, "The skies, the earth and the angels ask for forgiveness for three groups night and day: the scholars, the people who are in pursuit of knowledge, and generous people."⁹

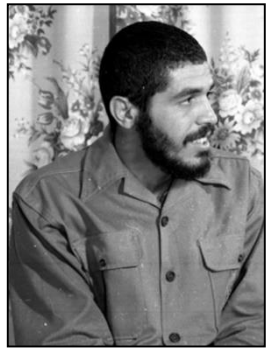
That night when I came out of the Zoorkhaneh I said, "Brother Ibram! You go to an Islamic Seminary, and you didn't tell us anything?" He turned around suddenly in surprise and looked at me. He realized that I had followed him. He said very softly, "It is a pity for a human being to just spend his life eating and sleeping. I'm not an official student. I just go to learn. In the evenings I go to the bazaar. But for now don't tell anyone anything."

⁹ Mawaez al-Adadiyah, p 111.

This was Ibrahim's routine up until the victory of the revolution. After the victory of the revolution Ibrahim had so many responsibilities that he could no longer do the things which he had been doing previously.

Ties with God

Related by: Reza Hadi



One afternoon when Ibrahim was coming home from work he entered our alley and saw the neighbor's boy for a second. He was talking with a young girl. When the boy saw Ibrahim, he immediately said goodbye to the girl and left. He didn't want to see Ibrahim.

The same thing happened again a few days later. This time when he wanted to say goodbye to the girl he saw that Ibrahim was getting close to them. The girl quickly went to the other side of the street, and Ibrahim stood in front of the boy.

Ibrahim said hello and shook hands with the boy. The boy was afraid. But Ibrahim had a smile on his face as usual. Before letting his hand go, he started talking with a special calmness, "These things haven't happened before in our alley and neighborhood. I know you and your family well. If you really want to marry this girl, I will talk to your father that..."

The young boy jumped into the middle of Ibrahim's words and said, "No! For God's sake don't tell my father. I was wrong. I made a mistake. I'm sorry..." Ibrahim said, "No! You didn't get what I am saying. Look, your father has a big house. You are working in his store too. I will talk to your father in the Mosque tonight. God willing you will be able to marry this girl. What else do you want?"

The boy's head was down. He said shamefully, "If my father finds out, he will be very angry." Ibrahim responded, "Don't worry about him. I know him. He is a reasonable and good man." The boy said, "I don't know what to say. Whatever you say." Then he said goodbye and left.

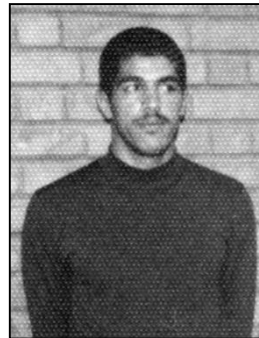
After praying that night, Ibrahim started talking with the father of that young man. First he talked about marriage and that if someone had the necessary conditions for marriage and found a good spouse he should marry. Otherwise, if he sins, he will be held accountable before God. The elders in the family are the ones who should help the young people for this matter.

The man confirmed Ibrahim's words. But when the conversation became about his own son, he frowned! Ibrahim asked, "Sir! Has your boy done something wrong if he wants to

keep himself clean and doesn't wish to sin; especially in the current situation of this society?" After a few seconds of silence, he said, "No!"

The next day Ibrahim's mother talked to the young man's mother. Then she talked to the girl's mother, and then...

One month had passed from that meeting. It was nighttime when Ibrahim was coming back from the bazaar. The end of the alley was lit up. Ibrahim had a smile of satisfaction on his lips. He was satisfied because he had changed an immoral friendship into a divine marriage. This marriage has lasted up to now; and, this couple believes that they owe their marital life to the good behavior of Ibrahim.



The Days of the Revolution

Related by: Amir Rabiee

Ibrahim loved Imam Khomeini (r.a.) in a special way from the time of his childhood. The bigger he became the more this affection increased until the years before the revolution when it reached its peak. It was the year 1356 AHS. There was still no news of the conflicts and issues related to the revolution.

One Friday morning we were coming back home from a religious meeting which had been held in Jhaleh (Shohada) Square. We were not far from the square when some of our friends joined us. Ibrahim started talking to us about Imam Khomeini (r.a.). Then he shouted in a loud voice, "Peace be upon Khomeini." We joined in with him. A few other people joined us too.

We were chanting and moving along until we came to the Shams intersection and several police cars came towards us. Ibrahim dispersed everyone quickly. We spread out into the allies.

Two weeks passed. We came out from that Friday morning meeting again. Ibrahim stood in front of the cinema in the corner of the square. Then he shouted, "Peace be upon Khomeini," and we continued with him. The people who were coming out from the meeting repeated this with us. It was an exciting scene.

A few minutes later, before the police came, Ibrahim dispersed the crowd. Then we got in a taxi and moved towards the Khorasan Square. When we had moved forward a couple of intersections, I realized that they are stopping the cars and checking the passengers one by one. A few cars from SAVAK and about 10 officers were standing around the street. The face of the officer who was checking the cars was familiar. He had been in the square among the people!

I pointed him out to Ibrahim. He noticed what I meant. Before they got to our taxi he opened the door and quickly ran towards the sidewalk. The officer who was in the middle of the street raised his head and saw Ibrahim. He shouted, "That's him! That's him! Catch him..."

The officers ran after Ibrahim, and Ibrahim ran into an alley. They followed him. When the officers were distracted enough, I paid the taxi and got off. I went to the other side of the street and continued on my way...

It was noontime when I got home. I didn't have any news from Ibrahim. There was no news of him until night. I called a few friends too. They didn't have any news either. I was very worried. It was around 11 p.m. when I was sitting in the yard and suddenly I heard a sound from the street.

I ran to the door and saw in surprise that Ibrahim was standing behind the door with the same face and everlasting smile. I jumped into his arms. I was very happy. I didn't know how to express my happiness. I asked him, "How are you brother Ibrahim?"

He breathed deeply and said, "Thank God. You see that I am at your service; healthy and in good shape." I asked him, "Have you eaten dinner?" He said, "No, it's not important." I quickly went into the house and brought the bag of bread and some of our dinner. We went into the Ghiasi (Shahid Saiedi) Square. After eating a few bites he said, "A strong body is useful at these times. God helped. Although there were several of them, I escaped from them."

That night we talked a lot about the revolution, the Imam,... Then we agreed to go to the Lorzadeh Mosque at nights to listen to the speeches of the Clergyman Chavoshi.

It was night when Ibrahim, three other friends, and I went to the Lorzadeh Mosque. The Clergyman Chavoshi¹⁰ was very brave. He said some things in his speech which many people didn't have enough bravery to say. He narrated the tradition from Imam Musa Kazem (a) where he said, "A man from Qom calls people to what is right. A strong group, whose members are like pieces of iron, gathers around him."¹¹

This was very strange for people. His revolutionary talks continued. Suddenly I heard a sound from the door of the Mosque. I turned around and saw that the SAVAK forces had entered from the front door of the Mosque and were hitting anyone who passed by with clubs. The crowd flooded to get out of the Mosque. The officers with their batons hit everyone who passed by with severe blows. They didn't even have mercy on the women and children.

Ibrahim was very angry. He ran to the door. He fought with a few of the officers. Those cowards! A few of them together started hitting Ibrahim. During this conflict, the way opened. Many women and children left the Mosque. Ibrahim fought with them bravely.

¹⁰ The Clergyman Chavoshi was one of the revolutionary scholars who was killed by the Monafiqeen.

¹¹ Bihar, vol. 60, p. 216.

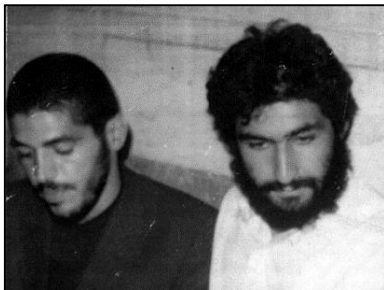
Suddenly he hit a few of the officers and ran away. We escaped from the Mosque following him.

Later we found out that they had taken the clergyman that night. A few people were martyred and injured. The blows which struck Ibrahim's back resulted in a severe backache, which he had until the end of his life. It even had a great impact on his wrestling.

With the start of the events of the year 1357 AHS, all of Ibrahim's thoughts became focused on issues related to the revolution and the Imam (r.a.). He was distributing cassettes, declarations, etc. He did these things very bravely. In the middle of the month of Shahrivar, he took many of the boys to the Qaytariah Hills and participated in the Eid Fitr group prayer which was led by the Martyr Mofatteh. After the prayer it was announced that a march will be held going towards the Jhaleh Square on Friday.

The 17th of Shahrivar

Related by: Amir Monjer



It was the morning of the seventeenth. I went after Ibrahim. We went on a motorcycle to the same religious meeting close to the Jhaleh (Shohada) Square. The meeting finished. A lot of noise was coming from outside. At midnight Military Rule had been declared. Many people didn't know about it at all. There were many soldiers and officers stationed around the square.

A large crowd was moving towards the square. The officers were shouting over their loudspeakers, "Disperse!" Ibrahim quickly came out of the meeting. Immediately he came back and said, "Amir! Come and see what's happening!?"

I came out. As far as one's eyes could see the crowd was coming towards the square from all sides. Their slogans changed from "Peace be upon Khomeini" to slogans about the Shah. The shout of "Down with the Shah" was resonating. The crowd flooded towards the square. Some people said, "The SAVAKIES have surrounded the square from all four sides..."

After a few seconds, something happened which few could believe! The sound of shooting was coming from all sides; even from the helicopter which was in the sky and further away from the square. I quickly went and brought my motorcycle. I found a way out from an alley. There wasn't an officer there.

Ibrahim quickly brought one of the injured people. We took him to the Sevom Sha'ban Hospital together and came back quickly. We went to the hospital about eight times till close to noontime. We were taking injured people and coming back. Almost all of Ibrahim's whole body was drowned in blood.

One of the people who had been injured was close to the gas station. The officers were watching from far. No one dared to pick up the injured man. Ibrahim wanted to go towards him. I stopped him and said, "They are using the injured man as a trap. If you move, they will shoot."

He looked at me and said, "Would you say that if it was your brother?!" I didn't know what to say. I just said, "Be very careful." The sound of shooting had become less. The officers had moved back a little bit. Ibrahim quickly crawled into the street moving on his stomach. Then, he was lying down next to the injured man.

He took the injured man's hand and put the young man on his back. Then he came back crawling on his stomach again. Ibrahim showed an unusual courage. Then he put that man on my motorcycle along with another person and I left. When I came back, the officers had closed the alley. The Military Rule had become more intense. I lost Ibrahim! I went back home any way that I could.

In the evening I went to Ibrahim's house. His mother was worried. No one had any news from him. We were very upset. Late that night, they informed me that he had come back. I was very happy. With his strong body he had been able to escape from the officers.

The next day we went to the Behesht Zahra (graveyard) and helped for the funeral and burial of the martyrs. After the 17th of Shahrivar, we held meetings each night in one of the friends' houses to coordinate programs. For a while, the meeting was on the roof of Ibrahim's house. For a while, in Mahdi's house... Everything was discussed in these meetings; especially religious and political issues of the day. These continued until it was announced that Imam Khomeini (r.a.) was coming back to Iran.

The Return of the Imam

Related by: Husayn Allahkaram



It was the beginning of the month of Bahman. With the coordination which had been carried out, the responsibility of one of the teams for protecting Imam Khomeini (r.a.) was given to us. On the 12th of Bahman, our team was deployed with arms at the end of Azadi Street (which lead to the airport). I will never forget the scene when the car of the Imam (r.a.) entered. Ibrahim was circling around the candle of the Imam's (r.a.) existence like a butterfly.

Immediately after the Imam's (r.a.) car had passed by, we collected the boys and went to Behesht Zahra with Ibrahim. The security of the main door of Behesht Zahra from the Qum road was given to us. Ibrahim stood next to the door, but his heart and soul were in Behesht Zahra where the Imam (r.a.) was talking.

Ibrahim used to say, "The owner of the revolution came. We are obedient to him. From today whatever he says, that will be done." From that day Ibrahim couldn't sleep or eat. During the period of the "Ten Days of Dawn," it had been a few days that no one had any news from him until I saw him again on the 22nd of Bahman.

I immediately asked, "Where were you dear Ibram?! Your mother is very worried." He paused and said, "During this time my friend and I were trying to find the identity of the anonymous martyrs, because there wasn't anyone to take care of the martyrs in the coroner's office."

It was the night of the 22nd of Bahman. Ibrahim and a few other revolutionary youths took action to take over the local police station. That night after taking over Police Station number 14, we patrolled in the streets.

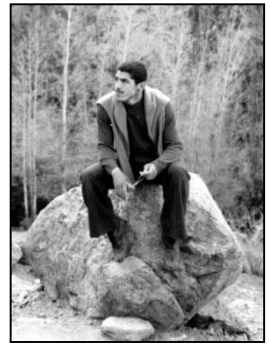
The next morning the news of the victory of the revolution was announced from the national radio. Ibrahim went to the Refah School for a few days with Amir. He was one of the guards of the Imam (r.a.) for a while. Then he was a prison guard at the Qasr Prison for

a short time. During this period, he also cooperated in the work of the Committee¹²; however, he was not an official member of this organization.

¹² The Committee was responsible for maintaining the safety of the society after the revolution.

Spiritual Leap

Related by: Jabbar Sotudeh, Husayn Allahkaram



It may be seen in the lives of many great scholars that they have abandoned a big sin. This results in their rapid spiritual growth. This control of ones will is more necessary in the sensual desires. Even in the story of Hazrat Joseph (a) God says, "Surely he who guards (against evil) and is patient (is rewarded) for surely Allah does not waste the reward of those who do good."¹³ This verse shows that this is a general law, and it does not just apply to Hazrat Joseph (a).

One month had passed since the victory of the revolution. Ibrahim's face and stature had become even more attractive. He came to work every day wearing a beautiful suit. His workplace was in the north of Tehran. One day I noticed that he was very upset! He talked less and was thinking to himself.

I went to him and asked in surprise, "Brother Ibram! Has something happened?" He said, "No! It is not important." But it was obvious that there was a problem. I said, "If there is any problem, tell me. Maybe I can help."

He was silent for a bit. Then he calmly said, "It has been a few days that a girl without a head covering has been bothering me in this neighborhood! She has said I won't let you go until I get you!"

It made me think. Then suddenly I laughed. Ibrahim raised his head in surprise and asked, "Is it something to laugh at?!"

I said, "Brother Ibram. I was afraid. I was wondering what had happened!?"

Then I looked at his appearance and said, "With this style and look that you have, it is not that strange!" He said, "What do you mean?! You mean she has said this because of my style and look?" I smiled and said, "Have no doubt!"

When I saw Ibrahim the next day it made me laugh. He came to the workplace with his head shaved and not wearing his suit! The next day he came to work wearing a long shirt

¹³ Quran, 12:90.

and with an untidy appearance. He was even wearing baggy pants and slippers! Ibrahim continued this way for a while. Finally, he was released from that devil's temptation.

Paying attention to small things and being careful in action in different issues were two of Ibrahim's features. These features distinguished him from his friends. It was the month of Farvardin in the year 1358 AHS. We went on a mission with Ibrahim and the men from the Committee. We heard that a person, who had been involved in military activities before the revolution and was wanted, was seen in an apartment complex. We had the address. We went to the stated building in two cars.

We went into the apartment and the suspect was arrested without a conflict. Then, we wanted to come out of the building. A large crowd had gathered to see this person. Many of them were residents from the same building.

Suddenly, Ibrahim came back into the building and said, "Wait!" We asked in surprise, "What has happened?!" He didn't say anything and opened the cloth which he had tied around his waist. He covered the face of the man who had been arrested.

I asked him, "Ibrahim what are you doing?!" While he was covering the man's face, he answered, "We have arrested this man because of a call and a report. If what they have said is not correct, he will be shamed and can't live here anymore. Everyone here will look at him as someone who is a suspect. But no one will recognize him now. If he is released tomorrow, there won't be any problem."

When we came out of the building no one recognized the suspect. I was thinking about how Ibrahim pays attention to small things. The personality and dignity of people were important for him.

The Effect of Words

Related by: Mahdi Faridvand



A few months had passed since the victory of the revolution. One of our friends told me, "Go with Ibrahim to the Physical Education Organization tomorrow. Mr. Davudi (the head of the organization) wants to see you!" Tomorrow morning we got the address and went to the organization. Mr. Davudi who was Ibrahim's teacher in high school greeted us warmly.

Then with a few other people we went into a hall. He spoke for us and said, "You are both athletic and revolutionary. Come and take a responsibility in the organization..." He told Ibrahim and me, "We have put the responsibility of inspecting the organization for you." After a short discussion, we accepted. Our job started from the next day. Whenever we had a problem we corresponded with Mr. Davudi.

I won't forget how one morning Ibrahim entered the Inspection Office and asked me, "What are you doing?" I said, "Nothing, I am writing an order of dismissal from a position." He asked, "For who?!"

I explained, "There is a report that the head of one of the federations comes to work with a very repulsive appearance. He has a very inappropriate behavior with employees; especially with women. They have even said that he has made comments in opposition to the revolutionary movement. His wife doesn't even wear a scarf!"

I was writing the report. I said, "We should definitely send one transcript to the Revolutionary Council." Ibrahim asked, "May I see the report?" I said, "Here, this is the report, and this is the order of dismissal from his job!"

He looked at the report carefully. Then he asked, "Have you talked with this man yourself?" I responded, "No, there is no need. Everyone knows how he is!"

Ibrahim said, "That is not right. Haven't you heard that only a liar approves of whatever he hears?" I said, "But the employees of that federation have reported..."

He jumped in the middle of my words and said, "Do you have the address of this man?" I said, "Yes, it is here." He continued, "This evening come and let's go to his house. Let's see who this guy is. What does he have to say?" After a few seconds of silence I said, "Ok."

I took the address after work in the evening and we went by motorcycle. His address was above the Sayyed Khandan Bridge. We were looking for his house in the alley when the man arrived. I recognized him from the picture which was in the report. He stopped his Benz in front of a house. A woman got out of the car and opened the door. She was practically without any scarf. Then, that man entered with the car. I said, "Did you see Mr. Ibram?! I told you that this man has a problem." He said, "We have to talk with him. Then you can judge."

I drove the motorcycle to the front of the house and parked it. Ibrahim rang the bell. The man was still in the yard, and he came and opened the door. He was a husky man with a shaved beard and mustache. He was very surprised when he saw us in that neighborhood! He looked at us and said, "May I help you?!" I said to myself, "If I were in place of Ibrahim, I would really ruin his mood."

But Ibrahim with his enduring calmness said hello with a smile on his face, and then he said, "I am Ibrahim Hadi, and I have a few questions. That is why I have come here."

The man said, "Your name is very familiar. I've heard your name the last few days. I think it was in the Organization, in the inspection part; is that correct?!" Ibrahim laughed and said, "Yes!"

The poor man became very nervous. He kept insisting for us to come in. Ibrahim said, "Thank you very much. We just wanted to speak with you for a few minutes and then we will leave." Ibrahim started talking. He talked for about an hour, but neither of us felt the time go by. Ibrahim talked about everything and he brought an example for each item.

He said, "Look my friend! Your wife is for yourself and not for showing off to other people! Do you know how many young people fall into sin when they see your wife without a scarf?! In addition, you shouldn't use bad words or bad jokes, especially with women employees, when you are responsible for the employees! You were a champion in your own sports field. But the real champion is a person who prevents himself from doing bad deeds."

Then he talked about the revolution, about the blood of the martyrs, about the Imam, about the enemies of the nation. The man confirmed whatever he said. At the end of his words he said, "Look my dear sir! This is your order for dismissal from your job."

The manager was shocked. He swallowed and looked at us with surprise. Ibrahim smiled and tore the letter! Then he said, "Dear friend, think about my words!" After that, we said goodbye, got on the motorcycle and left. When we got to the top of the street, I looked back. The man hadn't yet gone into his house, and he was still looking at us.

I said, "Mr. Ibram! You talked very nicely. It affected me too." He laughed and said, "No! We're not effective, only God is. God put these words in my mouth. If God wants they will be effective."

Then he continued, "Be sure that nothing will affect people like good behavior. Haven't you read that God tells his Prophet (s) in the Quran, 'Had you been rough, hard hearted, they would certainly have dispersed from around you.'¹⁴ So, we need to learn at least this behavior of the Prophet (s)."

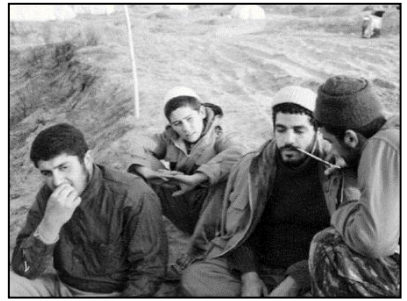
After one or two months, there was a new report from the same federation. The manager had changed a lot! His ethics and behavior had changed greatly in the workplace. His wife even came to his workplace wearing a scarf!

I saw Ibrahim and gave him the report. I was waiting for his reaction. After reading the report he said, "Thank God." Then he changed the subject. But I had no doubt that Ibrahim's sincerity had been effective. His sincere words had changed the head of the federation.

¹⁴ Quran, 3: 159.

Taking Care of People's Needs

Related by: A Group of the Friends of the Martyr



“The servants (of God) are my family. So, the most beloved people to me are the ones who are kinder to them and struggle to take care of their needs.”¹⁵

It was strange. There was a large crowd in front of Shahid Saiedi Street. Ibrahim and I went forward. I asked, “What has happened?!”

A man said, “This boy is retarded. He is here every day. He fills a bucket from the dirty water from the ditch, and pours it on well-dressed, attractive people!”

People dispersed slowly. A man wearing a handsome suit had been soaked by that boy. The man said, “I don’t know what to do with this retarded boy.” Then he left.

We were left with the boy. Ibrahim asked the boy, “Why do you make people wet?” The boy laughed and said, “I like it.” Ibrahim thought a little bit, and then he said, “Has anyone told you to pour this water?”

The boy said, “They give me 5 rials, and they tell me who I should pour water on.” Then he pointed to the other side of the street. Three young profligate, unemployed men were laughing. Ibrahim wanted to go towards them, but he stopped.

He thought a little, and then he said, “Boy! Where is your house?” The boy showed us the way to his house. Ibrahim said, “If you don’t bother people anymore, I’ll pay you 10 rials each day. Ok?” The boy accepted. When we got to their house, Ibrahim talked with the mother of that boy. In this way, he resolved a problem for the people.

We were working in the Inspection Department of the Physical Education Organization. After we received our salary and our working hours had finished, Ibrahim asked, “Have you brought your motorcycle?” I said, “Yes. Why is that?!”

He said, “If you’re free, let’s go shopping.” He spent most of his income. He bought rice, meat, even soap and... He bought everything. It was as if they had given him a shopping

¹⁵ This is a ‘Tradition from God’ related by Imam Sadiq (a).

list! Then we went to the Majidieh part of town together. We went into an alley. Ibrahim knocked at the door of a house.

An old woman who didn't have an appropriate scarf on came to the door. Ibrahim gave her all of the purchases. There was a cross hanging from her neck. I was very surprised! On the way back I said, "Brother Ibrahim was this woman Armenian?!" He said, "Yes. Why is that?!"

I went to the side of the street, stopped the motorcycle, and said angrily, "There are many poor Muslim people, and you are helping Christians!"

He was sitting behind me as he said, "There are people to help Muslims. Plus, the Imdad Committee (Aid Committee) has started its work too. It will help them. But these poor people don't have anyone. This helps to reduce their problems, and their hearts will be warm to the Imam and the revolution."

26 years had passed since his martyrdom. The information for the book was collected and ready to be published. One of the people who prayed in the Mosque spoke to me and said, "If you need any help for Ibrahim's memorial ceremony, I can help."

I asked in surprise, "Do you know the Martyr Hadi?! Had you seen him?!" He said, "No. I didn't know anything about the Martyr Hadi until last year when the memorial ceremony was held. But, I am very much beholden to Mr. Ibram."

I was in a hurry to go, but I went closer to him. I asked with surprise, "What right does he have on you?!"

He said, "During last year's memorial ceremony, you handed out a key chain with Ibrahim's photo. I took it, and put my car key on it.

A few days ago we were coming back from a trip with my family. On the way we stopped at a motel.

When we wanted to get in the car, I saw with surprise that I had left the key in the car! The doors were locked. I asked my wife, 'Do you have the spare key?' She said, 'No. my bag is in the car!' I was very upset. Whatever I did, the door wouldn't open. The weather was very cold. I told myself that I can break the car window. But the weather was cold, and the way was long.

Suddenly I saw Ibrahim's picture. It was as if he was looking at me from the key chain. I looked at him for a while and said, 'Mr. Ibram! I have heard that you solved people's problems when you were alive. A martyr is always alive.' Then I said, 'God! Because of the dignity of the Martyr Hadi, solve my problem.'

At the same time, my hand went into my pocket. I took the house keys out of my pocket. I put one of these keys in the car door lock without thinking. With a shake the door opened. We got in the car happily. I thanked God. Then I looked at Mr. Ibrahim's picture and said, 'Thank you! I hope that I can compensate.'

I hadn't started the car yet when my wife asked, 'Which key opened the car door?' I said, 'You are right. Which key was it?!' I got out of the car and tried all the keys. I tried them a few times. But none of the keys would go in the lock!! While I was standing there, I breathed deeply. I said, 'Mr. Ibram, thank you! You are solving people's problems even after your death.'"

Kurdistan

Related by: Mahdi Faridvand



It was the summer of 1358 AHS. We were standing in front of the Salman Mosque after the noon and afternoon prayers. I was talking with Ibrahim. Suddenly one of our friends came up in a hurry and said, “Have you heard the message of the Imam (r.a.)?!”

We asked with surprise, “No! What has he said?!” He said, “The Imam has ordered to bring the soldiers of Kurdistan out from under the siege.”

Mohammad Shahrudi immediately came and said, “Qasem Tashakkori, Naser Kermani and I are going to Kurdistan.” Ibrahim said, “We will come to.” Then we all went to get ready to go.

It was 4 p.m. We were eleven people who were going towards Kurdistan in a Blazer. All the ammunition we had included a zh-3 shotgun, four guns, and a few hand grenades.

Many roads were closed. We had to go on dirt roads a few places. But with God’s help, we got to Sanandaj the next day at noontime. We entered the city without knowing anything. We stopped in front of a newsstand. Ibrahim got off to ask for the address of the Army Headquarters. Suddenly he shouted, “Impious man! What is this that you are selling?!”

I looked in surprise. I saw that there were several rows of alcoholic beverages next to the newsstand. Without pausing, Ibrahim loaded the gun and shot at the bottles. The bottles of alcohol broke and poured on the ground. Then he broke the rest of the bottles and angrily went to the young man who was the owner of the kiosk. The young man was very frightened. He had hid himself in the corner of the kiosk.

Ibrahim looked at his face. He said calmly, “Young man! Aren’t you Muslim? What are these unclean things that you are selling? Hasn’t God said in the Quran that these impurities are from Satan and that you should avoid them?”¹⁶ The young man shook his head in agreement. He kept saying, “I was wrong. Sorry!” Ibrahim talked to him a little, and then they came out together.

The young man showed us the Army Headquarters, and then we moved on. The sound of shotgun bullets broke the silence of the city. Everyone was looking at us in the streets. We

¹⁶ This refers to Quran, 5:90.

moved through the streets without knowing anything. Finally we got to the Army Headquarter in Sanandaj.

There were sacks full of dirt in front of all the walls of the Army Headquarters. It looked more like a military fort! No part of the building could be seen. Our knocking was useless, and no one opened the door. They were saying from behind the door, "The city is in the hands of counter-revolutionaries. Don't stay here. Go to the airport!"

We said, "We have come to help you. At least tell us where the airport is!?"

One of the soldiers came on the edge of the wall and said, "There is no security here. They might shoot at your car too. Get out of the town quickly from this side. If you go forward a little bit, you will reach the airport. The revolutionary forces are there."

We went to the airport. It was there that we found out what was going on in Sanandaj. Everywhere was in the hands of the counter-revolutionaries except for the Army Headquarters and the airport. There were three battalions of military soldiers and about one battalion of army soldiers. Mortar bombs were being fired from inside of the city towards the airport.

We saw Mohammad Borujerdi there for the first time. He was a young man with a golden beard and hair and an attractive, smiling face. Brother Borujerdi managed the forces in that situation very well. Later I found out that he was the Commander of the Army in the south of the country.

The next day we had a meeting with brother Borujerdi. The military commanders were there too. He said, "According to the message of the Imam many forces will come. The counter-revolutionaries are also very frightened. They have two important headquarters in the city. We need to have a plan for attacking these two headquarters."

Different things were discussed. Ibrahim said, "As can be seen in the city, the people are not in contact with them at all. It is better if we attack one of the headquarters. If we are successful, we will go to the next headquarter."

Everyone accepted this plan. It was agreed that we should prepare the forces for the attack. But that same day, the army was sent to the Paveh region. Only the soldiers were left in his command.

Ibrahim and the other friends visited each of the soldiers' trenches. They talked to the soldiers and helped their morale. Then they got a pickup truck full of watermelons and distributed them between the soldiers! In this way their friendship increased with the soldiers. They increased the readiness of the forces with different programs.

One morning Mr. Khalkhali joined in too. In addition, a few other soldiers came from different cities to the Sanandaj Airport.

After the necessary preparations were made, the ammunition was distributed among the soldiers. We attacked one of the headquarters of the counter-revolutionaries in the city before noontime. It became surrounded faster than we had thought, and we captured most of the counter-revolutionaries.

We found a large amount of ammunition. There were also many dollars, passports and fake birth certificates! Ibrahim put all of them in a sack and gave them to the person in charge in the army.

The second headquarters of the counter-revolutionaries was seized with no conflict. The city was in the hands of the revolutionaries once more. After this incident, the commander of the soldiers said, "If we had waited even a few more years, my soldiers would never have had the dare to attack like this. We owe this to brother Hadi and his companions. They increased the morale of the soldiers by their friendship with them."

During that period, the commanders taught many military techniques and methods of battle to Ibrahim and others. This made them into well trained forces the benefits of which were seen during the period of the 8-year Holy Defense.

The events of Sanandaj didn't take very long, although there were still small clashes in other parts of Kurdistan. We returned to Tehran in Shahrivar of 1358 AHS. Qasem and a few others stayed in Kurdistan and joined the forces of the Martyr Chamran.

After we returned, Ibrahim went from Inspection in the Physical Education Organization to the Department of Education. His request was not accepted in the beginning. But, after much follow up he was finally successful. He entered an organization which really needed and needs people like Ibrahim.

Exemplary Teacher

Related by: Abbas Hadi



Ibrahim used to say, “If we want this revolution to remain stable and for the next generations to be revolutionary people, we have to work in the schools; because, the future of the revolution will be in the hands of people who haven’t felt the era of tyranny!”

When he saw that people who were not revolutionary entered the schools as teachers he became very upset. He used to say the best and most elite revolutionary forces should work in schools; especially in high schools! So he left his job which had few difficulties and went into a troublesome job with a lower income!

The only thing he never thought about was his material life. He used to say, “God provides our sustenance. The blessings from the money are important. A job which is for God has blessings.”

Anyway, he started teaching in two schools. He was a Physical Education teacher in the Abu Rayhan High School (District 14), and an Arabic teacher in one of the disadvantaged middle schools (District 15) in Tehran. His teaching Arabic didn’t last too long. He didn’t go to the middle school from the middle of that year! But, he wouldn’t say why he was not going to that school!

One day the headmaster of the middle school came to me. He spoke with me and said, “For God’s sake! You, who are Mr. Hadi’s brother, talk to him for him to come back to the school!” I asked him, “What has happened?!”

He paused a little, and then he said, “The truth is that Ibrahim gave one of the students his own money to buy bread and cheese for the class for the first session every day! Mr. Hadi believed that these were students from deprived areas. Most of them were hungry in class. A hungry child couldn’t understand the lessons.”

The headmaster continued, “I reproached Mr. Hadi. I told him, ‘You have disrupted the school discipline.’ In fact, there was no problem in the school discipline at all. Then I shouted at him and said, ‘You are not allowed to do these things here.’”

Mr. Hadi has gone and filled his hours by going to another school. Now all the students and parents have asked me to bring him back. Everyone praises his morals and teaching.

During this short period, he has provided school supplies for many of the poor and orphan students from the school which I didn't know about either."

I spoke with Ibrahim. I told him the words of the headmaster; but, it was useless. He had filled his time by going to another school.

In the Abu Rayhan High School, Ibrahim was not only a Physical Education teacher; he was also a teacher in morals and good behavior for the students. The students, who had heard how their teacher was a hero and champion, loved him.

At that time most revolutionaries didn't care about their appearance; but, Ibrahim went to school with a good appearance and wearing a suit. His beautiful and bright face, impressive speaking, and correct behavior made a complete teacher out of him. He was very good at administrating the classroom. He laughed at the right time and was serious at the right time. He went into the yard during break times. Most students gathered around Mr. Hadi. He was the first person who came to school, and the last one who left. There were always many students around him.

Ibrahim chose the best place to serve the revolution at that time when the political currents were active. I won't forget that some of the students were under the influence of different political groups. One night he invited them to the Mosque. He held a Question and Answer Meeting with the attendance of a few revolutionary friends who were experts in these issues. That night all of the student's questions were answered. When that night's meeting finished it was 2 a.m.!

Mr. Hadi was chosen as the Exemplary Teacher in the academic year of 58-59 AHS, although it was the first and last year of his teaching. In the beginning of the month of Mehr in the year 59 AHS, Ibrahim's conscription was issued. Due to the war conditions he couldn't teach anymore. In that year Ibrahim had been very busy; teaching in schools, working in the Committee, doing traditional sports and wrestling, going to the Mosque and reading eulogies in the religious meetings, and participating in many other programs of the revolution. Each of these activities required several people!

Physical Education Teacher

Memories from the Martyr Reza Huryar



It was Ordibehesht in the year 1359 AHS. I was the Physical Education teacher in the Shohada High School. The Abu Rayhan High School was close to our high school. Ibrahim was their Physical Education teacher. I went to see him. We talked for a long time. I became enthusiastic about Ibrahim's morals and ethics.

It was at the end of the school time. He asked, "Shall we play volleyball together?!" This made me laugh. I had participated in the World Championships with the National Team. I considered myself to be a person who had a style in playing. Now this man wants...! I accepted. I told myself, I will play weakly so that he won't be ashamed!

He hit the first service. It was so strong that I couldn't get it! The second one, the third one... My face was pale. I was ashamed in front of the students! He had a strange, strong hand. It was really hard to catch his services. There were students all over the field. He looked at me. This time he hit more slowly. I got the first point, the next point, and the next time...

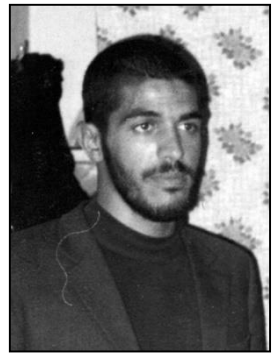
He didn't want me to be ashamed. He ruined his services on purpose! I reached Ibrahim's score. One of us had to get two points to win. My dignity was preserved! I threw him the ball to shoot the service. He took the ball in his hand. He wanted to throw it when a sound came. Allah Akbar... It was time for the noontime prayer. He put the ball on the ground, faced Qiblah, and started reciting the Call to Prayer loudly. His voice resonated in the high school.

The students left. Some of them went to make the minor ablution and some went home. He started praying in the yard. The students stood behind him. A crowd formed in the yard. We all followed him in praying. When the prayer finished he turned back to me, shook hands and said, "Mr. Reza, a competition is beautiful when it is with friendship."¹⁷

¹⁷ The commander-sportsman Reza Huryar went with the deaf volleyball team to the World Championships before the revolution and was a champion (although he wasn't deaf!). Reza joined his martyr friends in the Karbala 5 operation.

Praying on Time

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



The axis of all of Ibrahim's activities was praying. Ibrahim prayed on time even under the most difficult conditions. He usually participated in the group praying in the Mosque. He invited others to the group praying too. He was an example of the tradition from the Commander of the Faithful (Imam Ali) (a) where he said, "Whoever frequents the Mosque will benefit from the following: a brother who will be friends with him on the path of God, new knowledge, a blessing which he was awaiting, advice which will save him from destruction, words that guide him, and avoidance of sins."¹⁸

Even before the revolution, Ibrahim prayed his morning prayers in the Mosque in group prayers. His behavior reminded us of the famous quote from the Martyr Rajae, "Don't tell prayer that I have work to do. Tell the work that it is time for praying."

The best example was their holding group prayers in the middle of the Zoorkhaneh. Whenever it was time for prayer in the middle of exercising, he would stop the exercising and set up group praying. Many times when he was travelling or at the war front, Ibrahim said the Call to Prayer when it was praying time. He would stop the car and encourage everyone to pray group praying.

Ibrahim's loud voice and his beautiful Call to Prayer attracted everyone. He was an example of these luminous words of the Prophet (s) when he said, "God has promised that he will take people who say the Call to Prayer and people who make the minor ablution and participate in group praying in the Mosque to heaven without calculation."¹⁹

From that time Ibrahim was friends with most of the young people who came to the local Mosques. He bought a cloak for himself from a young age, and most of the time he used that cloak in praying.

It was the year 1359 AHS. The Basij program continued until midnight. Two hours were left to the Morning Prayer when the work finished. Ibrahim gathered everyone. He talked about his memories from Kurdistan. His memories were both interesting and funny. He

¹⁸ Mava'edh al-Adadiyah, p. 281.

¹⁹ Mostadrak al-Vasayel, vol. 6, p 448.

kept everyone up until the Morning Prayer, and the group went home after the Morning Group Prayer.

Ibrahim told the head of the Basij group, “If these people had gone home at that time, it wasn’t clear whether they would get up for the Morning Prayer or not. You must either finish the work of the Basij sooner, or keep everyone till praying time so that their prayer won’t be late.”

During the day Ibrahim was a very humorous man, and he talked very simply. But at nights, he usually woke up before praying time and prayed the Night Prayer (which is not obligatory). He tried to do this secretly. As Ibrahim got closer to the end of his life, his awakening before dawn became longer. It was as if he knew that it has been said in the traditions that the sign of being a Shi’a Muslim was to awaken before dawn and pray the Night Prayer.

He was committed to reading the Kumayl, Nudbah and Tawassol supplications. He also read the supplications for each day after the Morning Prayer. And, every day he read Ziarat Ashura, or at least the last part of it (saying hello to Imam Husayn (a)).

He always whispered the verse “Wa Ja’alna...”²⁰ One time I said, “Mr. Ibram! This verse is for protection against the enemy. There are no enemies here!” Ibrahim looked at me meaningfully and said, “Is there an enemy bigger than Satan?!”

One time we were talking about teenagers and the importance of praying. Ibrahim said, “When my father passed away, I was very upset. The first night after the guests left, I pouted with God and slept without praying. As soon as I fell asleep, I saw my father in my dreams!

He opened the door to the house. He came angrily straight towards my room, and stood in front of me. He stared at me for a few seconds. At that moment, I woke up suddenly. My father’s look held much meaning! It wasn’t yet late to pray. I got up, made the minor ablution, and prayed.

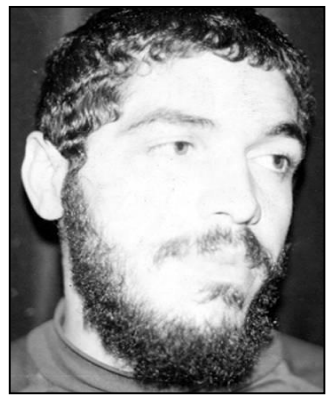
One of the other things which was very important for him was the Friday Prayer. From the time that the Friday Prayer started, he was either in Kurdistan or at the war front. But whenever Ibrahim was in Tehran, he participated in the Friday Prayer. He said, “You don’t know how much reward and blessings the Friday Prayers have.” Imam Sadeq (a) said, “There is no one who takes a step towards the Friday Prayer, except that God forbids the fire from him.”²¹

²⁰ Quran, 36:9.

²¹ Namaz Dar Ayin Hadith, p. 101, tradition no. 215.

Dealing with a Thief

Related by: Abbas Hadi



We were sitting together in a room. We had guests. A sound came from the street. Ibrahim looked out of the window quickly. Someone took his sister's husband's motorcycle and was escaping! He shouted, "Get him... thief... thief...!" Then he ran to the door quickly. One of the neighbors kicked the motorcycle. The thief fell to the ground with the motorcycle!

A piece of iron which was on the ground cut the thief's hand, and he was bleeding. The face of the thief was full of fear and anxiety. He was in pain. Ibrahim came forward. He picked up the motorcycle, turned it on and said, "Get on!"

They went to a clinic with the same motorcycle. They dressed his wound there. Then they went to the Mosque together! After praying Ibrahim sat next to him and asked, "Why do you steal?! Um, unlawful money..." The thief was crying. Then he said, "I know these things. I'm unemployed. I have a wife and children. I have come from another city. I was forced to do so."

Ibrahim thought a little bit. He went to one of the people praying in the Mosque and spoke with him. He came back happily and said, "Thank God! A suitable job has been found for you. You can go to work from tomorrow. Take this money. Ask God to help you. Always look for lawful money. Unlawful money burns the life. Even if lawful money is little, it has blessings."

The Start of the War

Related by: Taqi Mesgarha



It was Monday morning, the thirty-first of Shahrivar, 1359 AHS. I saw Ibrahim and his brother. They were busy moving. I greeted them and said, “This afternoon Qasem is going to Kurdistan with a car of supplies. We are going with him too.”

He asked with surprise, “Is there any news?!” I said, “There might be fighting again.” He said, “Ok. If I am able, I will come.”

Noontime that same day, with the attack of the Iraqi airplanes, the war started. In the streets, everyone was looking at the sky. We were at the beginning of the street at 4 p.m. Qasem Tashakkori came with a jeep full of supplies. Ali Khorramdel was there too. I got in the car.

Ibrahim arrived when it was time for us to go. He got in too. I said, “Brother Ibram! Weren’t you busy moving?!” He said, “We put the furnishings in the new house and I came.”

It was the second day of the war. We got to Sarpol Dhahab before noontime passing over several dirt roads with great difficulty. No one could believe what we were seeing. People were escaping from the city in groups. The sound of blasts from cannons and mortar bullets were coming from the city. We didn’t know what to do.

In entering the city we had to go through a mountain pass. We saw the soldiers from the army waving at us from far! I said, “Qasem! They are signaling for us to come faster!”

Suddenly Ibrahim said, “Look over there!” Then he pointed to in front of us. From behind the hills the Iraqi tanks could be seen completely. They were shooting constantly. A few bullets from the tank hit around the car; but, thank God nothing bad happened.

We came out of the pass. One of the army soldiers came forward and asked, “Who are you?! I was repeatedly signaling for you not to come; but, you were pressing on the gas.” Qasem asked, “What is going on here? Who is the commander?!” The soldier answered, “Mr. Borujerdi is in the city with the soldiers. This morning the Iraqis captured most of the city; but, with the attack of our soldiers they moved back.”

We moved on and went into the city. We parked the car in a safe place. Qasem prayed a two cycle prayer there! Ibrahim went forward and asked with surprise, "Qasem! What prayer were you praying?!"

Qasem answered calmly, "In Kurdistan I have always asked God that when I fight with the enemies of Islam and the revolution that I won't be captured or disabled. But, this time I have asked God that I become a martyr! I can't tolerate the world anymore!" Ibrahim listened to him very carefully.

Then together we went to Mohammad Borujerdi. He knew Qasem from before. He became very happy. After a short talk, he showed us a place and said, "Two soldier battalions went there and they don't have a commander. Dear Qasem! Go and see if you can bring them into the city?" We went together. There were many armed and ready soldiers, but they were scared. They were not prepared for such an attack from Iraq.

Qasem and Ibrahim went forward and started talking. They talked to them in such a way that they became filled with fervor. At the end of their talk they said, "Whoever is a real man, ardent, and doesn't want these Ba'athists to reach to his wife and daughter, come with us."

Their words motivated almost all of the soldiers to come. Qasem arranged the forces, and we entered the city. We started building entrenchments. A few of the soldiers said, "We have some M40 Recoilless Rifles too."

Qasem found a suitable place and pointed it out. They transferred the Rifles there and started shooting. By shooting with these, the Iraqi tanks moved back. Our soldiers became greatly encouraged.

It was sunset of the second day of the war. Qasem chose a house as headquarters which was close to the trenches of the soldiers. Then he told me, "Go tell Ibrahim to come and let's read the Tawassol supplication." It was Wednesday night. I started moving, and Qasem started praying the sunset prayer.

I wasn't very far away when a mortar shell exploded in front of that house. I told myself, "Thank God that Qasem went into the room." However I went back. Ibrahim who had heard the sound of the explosion came towards us quickly. We entered the room. We couldn't believe what we saw. Shrapnel the size of a lentil had passed through the window and entered his chest. Qasem had reached his aspiration while he was praying!

Mohammad Borujerdi became very upset when he heard the news. That night we read the Tawassol supplication next to Qasem's body, and the next day we sent his body to Tehran.

The next day we went to the command headquarters. They told us, "Be responsible for the ammunition storehouse." Then they turned a school over to us which was almost full of ammunitions. We stayed there for one day, and since it wasn't secure there, they took the ammunitions out of town. Ibrahim said jokingly, "Everyone, remember God here very much; because, if a mortar shell hits here nothing will be left from us!"

When the ammunition storehouse was emptied, we went to the front line of the conflict. The trenches had been formed to the east of Sarpol Dhahab. A few of the trained commanders like Asghar Vesali and Ali Qorbani were responsible for the fighting forces. They had a group of guerrilla fighters in the Paveh Region named 'Dastmal Sorkhha'. Now they had come to Sarpol Dhahab with those same forces.

We walked in the city and found a few of our friends like Mohammad Shahrudi, Majid Faridvand, and... We went together to the place of conflict with the Iraqi forces. In a trench at the top of the hill the commander of the forces told us, "The hill which is in front of us is our battlefield with the Iraqi forces. The Iraqis are in the next hills too."

A few minutes later an Iraqi soldier was seen from a distance. All the forces started shooting. Ibrahim shouted, "What are you doing?! You are finishing the bullets! Everyone became silent. Ibrahim who had been in Kurdistan for a while and learned the military training well said, "Wait until the enemy gets close to you and then shoot."

Meanwhile, the Iraqis started shooting from the bottom of the hill. RPG and mortar bullets were shot towards us constantly. Then they moved towards our trenches. In seeing this scene, the forces that were holding a gun for the first time ran towards the back trenches. We were very afraid. The commander shouted, "Wait! Don't be Afraid!"

A few moments later the sound of the shooting of the Iraqis lessened. I looked out of the trench. The Iraqis were very close to our trenches. Suddenly Ibrahim with a few other friends attacked the Iraqis! They were shouting "Allah Akbar" (God is great) as they were running out of the trenches! After several minutes a few Iraqis had been killed and injured. Eleven of the Iraqis were capture by Ibrahim and his friends. The rest of them ran away. Ibrahim quickly moved them towards the city. Because of Ibrahim's action, the morale of all the soldiers improved. A few people were constantly taking photos of the captives, and some were taking photos with Ibrahim!

An hour later we entered the city of Sarpol. It was there that it was reported that since the road was closed Qasem's body was still in the garrison. We left, and on the fifth day of the war we arrived in Tehran with Qasem's body and in his own car. A magnificent funeral was held in Tehran, and the first martyr of the 8-year Holy Defense from our neighborhood was buried. Many people came. Ali Khorramdel was shouting, "My martyr commander, your way will be continued!"

His Second Presence in the War

Related by: Amir Monjer



On the eighth day of Mehr we went to the war zone with the Deputy of Operations of the Army Forces. On the way, we stopped for a short time at the headquarters of the Hamedan army.

It was time for the Noon Prayer. We met brother Borujerdi there. He was going to the war zone with forces from the army. Ibrahim was reciting the Call to Prayer, and the forces were getting ready for prayer. A wonderful spiritual state was excited in everyone who was present. Mohammad Borujerdi said, “Mr. Amir, where is this Ibrahim from?!”

I said, “He is from our own neighborhood; close to Hefdah Shahrivar Street and Khorasan Square.” Brother Borujerdi continued, “What a voice he has. I have seen him one or two times in the war zone. He is a bold and courageous man.” Then he continued, “If you can, try to bring him to us in Kermanshah.”

The group prayer was held and we moved on. It was the second time that we went to Sarpol Dhahab. Asghar Vesali had arranged the forces, and the region reached a stability and sustainability.

Asghar was one of the very brave and valiant commanders. Ibrahim liked him very much. He always said, “I haven’t seen guerrilla troops which are so brave, valiant, and with as good a management as Asghar’s. Asghar has even brought his wife to the war zone; and, he visits all of the war zones with his own Paykan car which is more like an arsenal of ammunitions.” Asghar had the same feeling towards Ibrahim.

One time when he wanted to go for reconnaissance and an operation, he told Ibrahim, “Be ready for us to go on a reconnaissance mission.” When Asghar came back from the reconnaissance he said, “I had fought in Lebanon before the revolution, and I was in Kurdistan during the whole time of the fighting in 1358 AHS. Although this young man hasn’t passed any military courses, he is both very experienced and understands military issues very well.”

Because of this, he got help from Ibrahim in designing operations. In one attack they destroyed eight enemy tanks without any casualties and captured a number of the enemy forces.

Asghar Vesali prepared one of the buildings of the Abudhar garrison for volunteers and combatants. By recording the names and specifications of the soldiers, and dividing them up, he was able to establish a good discipline in the city.

Ibrahim and the other combatants started doing the Zoorkhaneh Rituals when the city was a little calmer. Every morning Ibrahim beat on a pan and chanted with his warm sound. Asghar stood in the middle of the exercise ring, and the 3g gun was the bar for the sport! The soldiers made sports equipment with the cannon shells and a few other weapons.

One of the commanders said, "In those days many people who stayed in the city, the nurses of the hospital, and the soldiers came to the Zoorkhaneh sport place in the mornings." Ibrahim chanted with his loud voice and Asghar stood in the middle. In this way they gave a spirit of life and hope. Indeed Ibrahim was an amazing man.

Imam Sadeq (a) said, "For all good deeds that a servant does, a reward has been determined in the Quran; except for the Midnight Prayer! That is because it is so important that God hasn't stated its reward, and He has said, "Their sides separate from the bed (and they leave their place of rest), and no one knows what I have stored for them as a reward for what they have done."²²

During the short period in Sarpol Dhahab, Ibrahim woke up one or two hours before the Morning Prayer and left his sleeping place in order to check the soldiers. However, I was sure that he enjoyed being up at dawn and praying the Midnight Prayer. One time I saw Ibrahim when there was still one hour left to the Morning Prayer. He had prepared a container of water with difficulty and used it for making the major ablution and reciting the Midnight Prayer.

²² Mizan al-Hikmah, tradition no. 3665.

The Rosary

Related by: Amir Sepehrnejhad



It was the 12th of Mehr, 1359 AHS. It had been two days that Ibrahim was missing! I went to the headquarters for the prisoners of war to get news, but it was useless. I was awake until midnight, and I was very upset. I didn't have any news from my closest friend. I went into the compound after the Morning Prayer. There was a strange silence in the Abudhar garrison.

I sat on the ground of the compound. I went over all the memories I had with Ibrahim. The sky was still dark. The door of the garrison opened with a sound and a few people entered. I unconsciously looked at the garrison door. In the twilight I stared at their faces.

Suddenly I jumped up! It was him. One of them was Ibrahim. I ran and after a few seconds we were hugging each other. The happiness of that moment could not be described. An hour later we were sitting with the other soldiers. Ibrahim told us what had happened these three days.

He said, "We went forward in a vehicle. We didn't know how far the Iraqis had come towards us. We came under siege next to a hill. About one hundred Iraqis were shooting from the top of the hill and from the field. The five of us had taken refuge in a ditch next to the hill and were shooting.

We resisted until sunset. The Iraqis retreated when it became dark. Two of our companions who knew the way had been martyred. We came out from where we had taken cover, and no one was around. We went to the back of the hill, between the trees. We hid the bodies of the martyrs there. We were tired and hungry. I guessed the direction for prayer from the sunset and we prayed.

I told my friends after praying, 'Let's say the rosary of Hazrat Fatimah (s) with careful attention for our release from this difficulty.' Then I continued, 'The Prophet (s) taught this rosary to his daughter when she was caught up with great problems and difficulties.' After we had said the rosary, we went back to our previous place of cover. The Iraqis were not there, but we had little ammunition.

Suddenly I saw a few Iraqi corpses next to the hill. We took their guns, cartridges and grenades. We found some food too and became ready to move. But which way?! The sky was dark, and there was a flat plain around us. I was holding the rosary beads in my hand and reciting God's names constantly. In the midst of the enemy, fatigued, a dark night, and... but we had a strange calm! At midnight we found a dirt road in the middle of the plain. We walked along it.

We came to a military area in which was a radar device. Several guards were around it. A few trenches could be seen inside of the headquarters. We didn't know where we were, and we had no hope of staying alive. That was why we came to a strange decision! I asked God to help me make a decision using the rosary beads, and the answer was good. So we started!

With God's help we were able to bring a chaos to that military headquarters by throwing grenades and shooting bullets. When their radar stopped working, the three of us escaped from there. After an hour we continued on our way. We found a safe place near morning and rested. We rested the whole day.

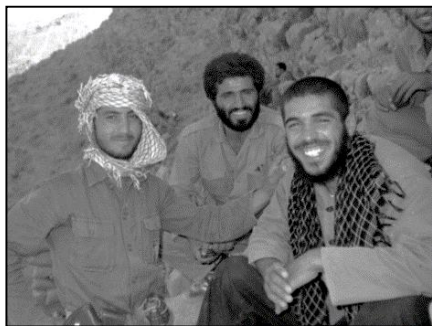
It was unbelievable. We had a strange calmness. When the sky grew dark, we continued on our way and With God's help we found our forces."

Ibrahim continued, "The only thing we saw during this time was the grace of God. The rosary of Hazrat Zahra (s) opened the knots of many problems."

Then he added, "The enemy is afraid of our forces because of their lack of faith. We should expand our irregular battles as much as we can in order to prevent the enemy attacks.

The Al-Mahdi Township

Related by: Ali Moqaddam, Husayn Jahanbakhsh



One month had passed from the start of the war. Ibrahim, Haj Husayn and a few other friends went to the Al-Mahdi Township which was close to Sarpol Dhahab. They initiated protective trenches in face of the enemy. The morning group prayer finished. I realized that the forces are looking for Ibrahim!

I asked in surprise, “What has happened?!” They said, “There is no news from him since last night!” Along with the forces, I started to search the trenches and scout positions; but, there was no news from Ibrahim! An hour later one of the scouts said, “A few people are coming towards us from the grove in front!” This grove was exactly in front of the enemy. I immediately went to the look-out trench and watched along with the other soldiers. Thirteen Iraqis with their hands tied were coming towards us in a line!

Ibrahim and another person were behind them. They were carrying many guns, grenades, and cartridges. No one could believe that Ibrahim with just one other person had created such an epic; especially in such a situation that there was little ammunition or weapons in the Al-Mahdi Township. Some of the forces didn’t even have a gun.

One of the soldiers had become very excited. He came forward, slapped the first Iraqi captive in the face, and said, “Mercenary Iraqi!” Everyone was silent for a moment. Ibrahim passed by the row of captives and stood in front of the young man. He put the guns down on the ground one by one.

Then he shouted, “Why did you slap him in the face?!” The young man who was very surprised said, “What has happened? He is the enemy.” Ibrahim stared at him and said, “First of all he was an enemy, and now he is a captive. Secondly, these people don’t know why they are fighting with us. And, now you have to act like this?!”

After a few seconds of silence, the young soldier said, “I’m sorry. I got excited a little bit.” Then he went and kissed the forehead of the Iraqi captive and apologized. The Iraqi captive who was watching our behavior carefully stared at Ibrahim. The surprised look of the Iraqi captive communicated many words!

Two months after the start of the war Ibrahim came home on leave. We went with friends to visit him. Ibrahim talked about the memories and events of the war during that visit; but, he didn't say anything about himself until he spoke of the prayers and worshiping of the forces.

Suddenly Ibrahim laughed and said, "In the very first days, five young men joined us in the Al-Mahdi area. They had come together to the war front from a village. A few days passed. I noticed that they don't pray, until one day when I spoke with them. These poor men were very simple. They were illiterate and didn't know how to pray. They had come to the front just because of their affection for the Imam.

One the other hand they themselves liked to learn how to pray. I taught them how to make the minor ablution and I called one of the soldiers and said, 'This man is your prayer leader. Do whatever he does. I will stand next to you and say the sentences of the prayer loudly so that you can learn.'"

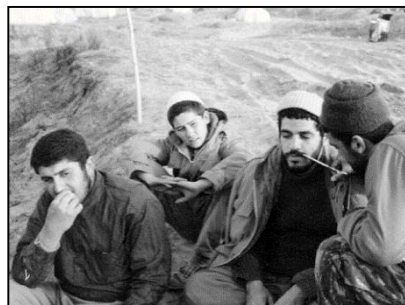
When Ibrahim got to this part of the story, he couldn't stop laughing. After a few minutes he continued, "In the first cycle of the prayer, in the middle of reading the verses from the Chapter Hamd, the prayer leader started scratching his head.

All of a sudden, I saw that those five people started scratching their heads!! I really wanted to laugh, but I controlled myself. Next, when the prayer leader sat up after the prostration, the Mohr was sticking to his forehead, and then it fell down.

The prayer leader leaned to the left so that he could pick up his Mohr. Unexpectedly, I saw all of them lean to the left and stretch out their hands! It was at this point that I couldn't control myself anymore, and I started laughing!"

The Solver of Problems

Related by: One of the Martyr's Friends



Someone asked the Prophet (s), “Which of the believers has more faith?”

He answered, “A person who fights in the way of God with his life and money.”²³

The commander Mohammad Kothari (the former Commander of the Hazrat Rasul (a) Army) in describing his memories of Ibrahim said, “In the first days of the war, I told Ibrahim in Sarpol Dhahab, ‘Brother Hadi, your salary is ready. Come and get it whenever you think the time is right.’ In response he asked in a low voice, ‘When do you go to Tehran?!’ I said, ‘On the weekend.’ Then he said, ‘I will write down three addresses. When you go to Tehran give my wages to these three families!’ I did this. Later I found out that all three families were poor but respectable families.”

I was returning from the front. When I got to Khorasan Square I didn't have any money left. I was going towards my home and thinking, “When I get home my wife and children will want money from me. What should I do for the rent?! Who can I go to? Who can I ask for money?” I wanted to go to my brother's house, but he wasn't in a good situation either.

I was standing at the Aref intersection. I told myself, “God is the only one who has to help me. I don't know what to do at all!” I was thinking about these things when suddenly I saw Ibrahim coming towards me on a motorcycle. I became very happy. When he saw me, he got off the motorcycle and hugged me.

We talked for a few minutes. When he wanted to go he asked, “Have you received your wages?!” I said, “No, I still haven't gotten them. But it is not important.” He put his hand in his pocket and took out a bunch of money. I said, “I swear to Mr. Ibram's life that I won't accept it. You need it yourself.” He said, “This is a loan. Whenever you have gotten your wages, you will return it.” Then he put the money in my pocket, got on the motorcycle and left.

²³ Al-Hokm al-Zaherah, vol. 2, p.280.

That money had many blessings. It solved many of my problems. I didn't have any financial problems for a while. I prayed for him a lot. God brought Ibrahim that day. He was the solver of problems as usual.

The Group of the Martyr Andarzgu

Related by: Mostafa Saffar Harandi



Shortly after the war had started, the army command for the western region held a meeting. It was decided that the volunteer forces and the army forces be spread out in different areas. Thus, a group of forces went from Sarpol Dhahab to Sumar, a group went to Mehran and Saleh Abad, and a group went to Bostan.

According to the decisions which were made in the meeting Husayn Allahkaram was chosen as the Commander of Gilan Gharb and Naft Shahr. He went to the Gilan Gharb region with a few companies from the eighth and ninth battalions of the army. Ibrahim, who had an old friendship with Haj Husayn from the time of the Zoorkhaneh, went to Gilan Gharb with him and was appointed as the Deputy Assistant of Operations.

Gilan Gharb is a city between different mountains. It is located fifty kilometers away from Naft Shahr and the border line; and, it is seventy kilometers to the south of Sarpol Dhahab. Iraq had captured the areas close to this city and most of the surrounding altitudes.

In the first days of the war the Iraqi Fourth Army entered Gilan Gharb; but, due to the resistance of the brave men and women of this city they were forced to escape. During that attack one of the women of this city killed two of the Iraqi forces with blows from a sickle!!

After that, some of the people of the city left. The rest of the people came to the city in the days and went to the tents along the Islam Abad Road at nights. The Dholfaqar Army Brigade was deployed in the Ban Siran area close to Gilan Gharb. A short time had passed since the activities of the Gilan Gharb army had begun. During this period, they were only defending against possible enemy attacks, and no special movement was seen from the forces.

A meeting was held. The forces suggested that a guerrilla group be set up in Gilan Gharb, like the irregular wars of doctor Chamran in the south and the guerrilla wars of Asghar Vesali in Sarpol Dhahab. The task of setting up a group was carried out. Then the responsibility of the group was assigned to Ibrahim and Javad Afrasiabi.

The men suggested that the name of Doctor Beheshti be used as the name of the group. But Ayatollah Beheshti refused during the visit that he had to the region. He said, "Since you do guerrilla work, put the name of the Martyr Andarzgu on the group, because he was the founder of the guerrilla and Islamic movements."

Ibrahim put big pictures of the Imam (r.a.), Ayatollah Beheshti and Ayatollah Khamenei in the headquarters. The group started its activities. The forces of this irregular guerrilla group were irregular just like its name. There were all kinds of people in it, from teenagers to older people, from illiterates to graduates with Ph.D.s, from very religious forces and people who prayed the Midnight Prayer to people who learned how to pray while in that group, from forces that had gone to religious schools to repented communists... So, all kinds of forces gathered together in a very intimate and appealing atmosphere. The members of this group of nearly forty people were common in one thing; and, that was their bravery and high spirits.

Ibrahim who had the responsibility of the group in practice always said, "We don't have a commander." He led the group very well through kindness and friendship. The group management system was such a way that all the jobs were done spontaneously. Almost no one ordered anyone else. Most works were carried out in thinking together. Most of all Javad Afrasiabi and Reza Gudini were the constant companions of Ibrahim.

One of the daily programs of the group was to help the local people and to solve their problems. Many local forces from Gilan Gharb were attracted to this group in this way. The activities of the group mostly involved forming intelligence and operation teams. Crossing the heights and providing accurate and correct maps of the enemy's area was one of their other activities. Ibrahim's method in intelligence was very strange. He crossed the heights with the forces at midnight.

They would take position behind the enemy forces and gain very accurate information about their deployment and equipment locations. He said, "If this isn't done, it is unclear whether we can succeed in our operations. So our information should be accurate and correct."

Ibrahim also taught his methods to other forces. He used to say, "In issues of intelligence, the forces must have courage. If there is fear in a person's being, he can't be a successful force." Then he talked about the exactness and precision of action of the forces.

That was why the best and most elite intelligence and reconnaissance forces were trained in this group; and even brave commanders. As the Commander of the 313th Horr Brigade, who was responsible for information and operations of the Najaf Headquarters, said, "Ibrahim with his methods was the founder of this brigade; although he was martyred before its formation."

The Martyr Andarzgu guerrillas, during its one year of activity, carried out fifty-two small and large operations with its irregular forces. They brought the 4th Division of the Iraqi Army to its knees in the west and imposed heavy casualties on them. In this small group, great people were trained to whom our 8-Year Holy Defense owes its courage.

They picked clusters from the harvest of the existence of Ibrahim. They were proud of being his companion. People like: the Martyr Reza Cheraghi who was the brave Commander of the 27th Division of the Hazrat Rasul (s) Army, the Martyr Reza Dastvareh who was the Deputy Chief of the Army, the Martyr Hasan Zamani who was the axis responsible for the Army, the Martyr Sayyed Abulfazl Kazemi who was the Commander of the Maysam Battalion, the Martyr Reza Gudini who was the Commander of the Honayn Battalion, the Martyr Mohammad Reza Ali Awsat who was the Assistant Director of the Moslem bin Aqil Brigade, the Martyr Daryush Rizehvandi who was the Commander of the Malek Battalion, the Martyrs Ibrahim Hesami and Hashem Kalhor who were the Assistant Directors of the Meqdad Battalion, the Martyrs Javad Afrasiabi and Ali Khorramdel who were responsible for the intelligence of the Army, and also several big Commanders of the 8-Year Holy Defense who are now among the honors of the Islamic System.

The Martyrdom of Asghar Vesali

Related by: Ali Moqaddam



In the month of Muharram, 1359 AHS, an important event took place. Asghar Vesali and Ali Qorbani came with their forces from Sarpol Dhahab to Gilan Gharb. It was decided that after scouting the enemy's positions from the north side of the city, to start an operation.

Those days were the first days after forming the Andarzgu Group. Some of the enemy's positions were identified. On the night of Ashura everyone gathered in the Army Headquarters. A great mourning ceremony was held.

Many remember Ibrahim's reading of eulogies in that gathering. He read with an amazing passion, and Asghar Vesali was standing in the middle of the mourners. On the day of Ashura, Asghar and a few others went to the Barr Aftab region for reconnaissance. About noontime it was reported that they were fighting with some Iraqi forces that were in ambush. Additional forces made their way to them. The enemies retreated quickly too, but...

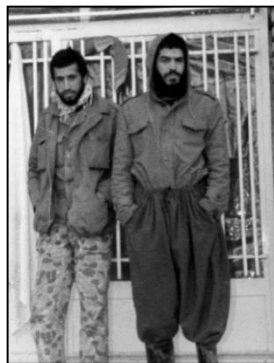
Ali Qorbani had been martyred. There was no hope of Asghar surviving because of the severity of his injuries. We moved Asghar Vesali back from the front quickly, but he joined the other martyrs too. After Asghar's martyrdom I saw Ibrahim who was crying loudly. He said, "No one knows what a Commander we have lost. Our revolution needed people like Asghar very much." Asghar was martyred at noon on the day of Ashura, before the fortieth day after his brother's martyrdom. Ibrahim came to Tehran for the funeral and brought Asghar's Paykan car which had been left in Gilan Gharb. There were hardly any parts of his car which hadn't been hit by shrapnel!

After the funeral of the Martyr Vesali we quickly went back to the region. Ibrahim said, "Asghar saw his brother in a dream a few nights before his martyrdom. His brother had told him, "Asghar, you will be martyred on the day of Ashura in Gilan Gharb."

The next day the forces in the group held a mourning ceremony for Asghar. Then, they promised each other to stay in the front until the last drop of their blood and to take revenge for Asghar's blood. Javad Afrasiabi and a few others said, "Just like other people who are in mourning, we will not trim our beards until we punish Saddam for his actions."

His Simple Appearance

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



In the early days of the war Ibrahim was a role model for many of the forces. Many were proud of being friends with him. However, he always acted in such a way to try not to stand out. For example, he didn't care about the military uniform. He wore a long shirt and loose pants (Kurdish style). In this way he could be closer to the local people and could control his will. He was simple and undecorated.

When we saw him for the first time, we thought that he was a servant and ... for the soldiers. But after a while, we understood his personality. Ibrahim was a person who broke the traditions of the society. Instead of paying attention to appearances, he thought more about people's inside. The soldiers followed his behavior.

He always said, "More important than making uniforms and a standard military appearance is that we care about the education and the spirituality of the forces. We have to be friends with the forces as much as we can." The result of this kind of thinking could be seen completely in the operations of the group, although some disagreed with his thoughts.

He had bought some material which looked like leopard skin. He gave it to one of the tailors and said, "Sew Kurdish pants for me (loose pants)." The next day he got the clothes and wore them. He looked very handsome. He left the Headquarters. He came back after an hour. He was wearing a soldier's uniform!

I asked, "Where are your clothes?!" He said, "One of the Kurdish soldiers liked my clothes, and I gave them to him as a gift!" He gave his watch to another person. That person had asked him the time, and he had given him his watch! These simple things made many of the local Kurds infatuated with Ibrahim's morals, and they joined the Andarzgu Group.

At the same time that Ibrahim had a simple appearance, he was completely aware of political issues. He analyzed the political currents very well. A while after the pictures of the Imam (r.a.) and the Martyr Beheshti were hung in the Headquarters, an order came to close and stop giving supplies to the Group which had been issued by the office of the Commander in Chief in the West of the country which at that time was managed by Bani Sadr.

However, the Commander of the Military in that region announced that the presence of this group was necessary in the region. He said that all of their attacks were designed and implemented by this group. This Commander followed this issue up and after a while prevented this order from being carried out.

One morning they announced that Bani Sadr wanted to visit Kermanshah. Ibrahim, Javad, and a few others from the forces along with Haj Husayn went to Kermanshah. The military commanders were waiting for Bani Sadr with a decorated appearance.

But, the appearance of the forces from the Andarzgu Group was interesting. They went to welcome Bani Sadr with the same Kurdish pants and their usual appearance! However, their goal was something else. They said, "We want to speak with this person and see which military insight he is using to manage the war!?"

That day we waited for a long time. In the end they announced that the president wouldn't come to Kermanshah because of damage to his helicopter. After a while Hazrat Ayatollah Khamenei (May God protect him) came to Kermanshah. At that time he was the Friday Prayer Leader of Tehran. Ibrahim brought all the forces with him. They met with him with the same simple and undecorated appearance; and, they hugged and kissed him one by one.

Cham Imam Hasan (a)

Related by: Husayn Allahkaram



We prepared for the first operation to penetrate into the depths of the enemy's position. Ibrahim, Javad Afrasiabi, Reza Dastvareh, Reza Cheraghi and four other people were chosen. Then two local Kurds who knew the area very well were added to us. We took food for one week, which mostly consisted of bread and dates. We packed enough weapons, explosives, and anti-vehicle mines in our backpacks and moved out. We crossed the altitudes and then the Imam Hasan (a) river. We entered the Cham²⁴ Imam Hasan (a) region. A brigade of the Iraqi military was deployed there. We hid between the furrows and among the hills.

The enemy didn't think that the Iranian forces could cross these altitudes. Therefore, we were easily able to be busy preparing the map. We were in that region for three days. Heavy rains stopped our work a little bit; but, with the efforts of the forces good maps were prepared for the region.

After the reconnaissance was finished and the maps prepared, we went to the military road. We put a few anti-vehicle mines in it. Then we quickly moved to come back to the location of our forces. We hadn't gone very far when the sound of several explosions came. We saw the enemy's vehicles and the armored personnel carrier which were burning on fire.

We quickly moved away from the danger zone. After a few minutes we realized that the enemy tanks with the forces on foot were chasing us. We reached the Imam Hasan (a) River by crossing from inside the furrows and among the hills. After passing the river the tanks were not able to chase us. We found a suitable place on the other side of the river and rested.

After a few minutes the sound of a helicopter could be heard from far! We hadn't thought about this one. Ibrahim immediately put the maps in one backpack, gave them to Reza, and said, "Javad and I will stay. You go back quickly." Nothing could be done. We gave them the extra cartridges and a few grenades, and then we separated from them sadly and moved on.

²⁴ Cham: The River and its surroundings in the local language.

This entire mission was to obtain these maps. These would greatly help in the victory of the next operations. From far we saw that Ibrahim and Javad were constantly changing their position and shooting at the helicopter with their 3g guns. The Iraqi helicopter was shooting at them constantly and circling.

After two hours we got to the altitudes. No more sounds were coming. One of the soldiers who loved Ibrahim very much was crying. We had no news from them. We didn't know whether they were alive or not. I remembered that yesterday when we were hiding among the furrows and didn't have anything to do, Ibrahim had started a game with a special calmness. Then he had taught some words in Farsi to the Kurds of the group. He was so calm that we hadn't felt at all that we were among the enemy's stations. When it was praying time he wanted to recite the Call to Prayer in a loud voice! But due to the insistence of the others, he recited the Call to Prayer in a soft voice. Then he started praying with a special spiritual state.

During this time Ibrahim had a bravery which removed fear from the hearts of others. It was nighttime. From the last time that we had seen Ibrahim a few hours had passed. We got to the meeting place. We had agreed for Ibrahim and Javad to come to this place before daylight.

We rested for a few hours, but they didn't come. The sun was gradually coming up. We had to get out of this place. The forces were repeating the Names of God and reading supplications. We were getting ready to leave when a sound came from far. We armed our guns and sat down. After a few second we realized from the sounds that they were from Ibrahim and Javad. Happiness was evident in everyone's face. We went to help them with fresh forces. We moved out of that region quickly.

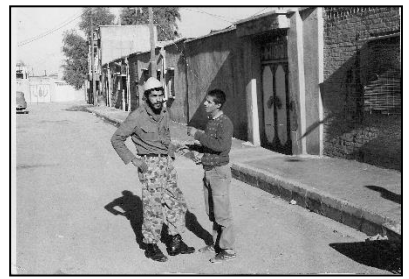
The maps obtained from this mission were very useful in the next attacks. These couldn't have been obtained without the epic help of members of the group such as Ibrahim and Javad.

The next evening Ibrahim and Javad were with the others, ready and strong as usual. With Reza we went to Ibrahim. I said, "Brother Ibram, What did you do yesterday when the helicopter arrived?"

He responded with his special and everlasting calmness, "God helped. Javad and I separated from each other. We changed our positions constantly and shot at the helicopter. And, the helicopter circled constantly and shot at us. When its bullets finished, it went back. We moved towards the altitudes quickly before the soldiers on foot arrived. However, a few small shrapnel hit us for this memory to remain with us!"

The Captives

Related by: Mahdi Fardivand, Morteza Parsaian



One of Ibrahim's characteristics was to respect others, even prisoners of war. I often heard these words from Ibrahim, "Most of our enemies are ignorant people. They should see true Islam from us. Then you will see that they will turn against the Ba'ath party." Thus, in many operations before shooting at the enemy, he would think about how to capture their forces. He had a very correct behavior with the captives.

Three Iraqi captives were brought into the city. There wasn't a place to keep them yet. We gave Ibrahim the responsibility of protecting them. Anything that came from the Procurement Department for us, or anything that we ate, Ibrahim gave to the captives too. This caused everyone, even the captives, to be attracted to his behavior. He knew some Arabic. When he didn't have anything to do, he would sit and talk with the captives.

Ibrahim was with them for two days before the car for taking the captives came. They asked Ibrahim, "Will you come with us too?" When they received a negative reply, they became very upset. They were crying, begging, and saying, "Keep us here. We will do whatever you want. We are even ready to fight the Ba'athists!"

The operations in the Bazi Deraz altitudes started. Two of us went a short distance into the altitudes. We were separated from the rest of our forces. We came to a trench in which there were a few Iraqis. I pointed with my gun for them to go out. I didn't think that they were so many! We were two people and they were fifteen. I said, "Move." But they wouldn't move at all!

They were positioned in such a way that it was possible for them to attack us at any moment. Or, maybe they didn't think that we were just two people!

I shouted again, "Move." I pointed with my hand. But, all of the Iraqis looked at their officer who was standing behind them! The Ba'athist officer raised his eyebrows. He meant that they shouldn't go! I was very frightened. I hadn't been in such a situation before this. My mouth had a bitter taste in it due to my fear. I told myself that I should shoot at all of them in a second. But that wasn't the right thing to do.

It was possible that something bad could happen at any moment. I held the gun tight because of my fear. I asked God to help me. Suddenly I saw Ibrahim from behind the

trench. He was coming towards us. I became amazingly calm. When he arrived, while looking at the captives, I said, "Mr. Ibram, help!" He asked, "What has happened?!"

I said, "The problem is the Iraqi officer. He doesn't want them to move!" Then I pointed to the officer with my hand. His uniform and rank were different from the others, and it was completely obvious. Ibrahim put his gun on his shoulder and went forward. He took the officer's collar with one hand and his belt with the other hand. Then, he picked him up in a second! He brought him to the front of the precipice which was a few meters ahead.

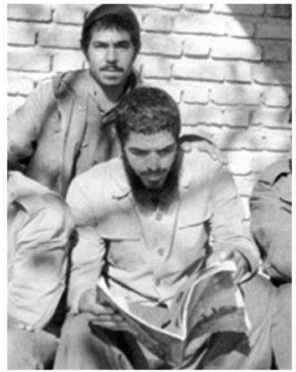
All of the Iraqis sat on the ground and raised their hands because of their fear. The Ba'athist officer begged Ibrahim continuously and said, "Al-Dakhil! Al-Dakhil! (I seek refuge! I seek refuge!) Irham! Irham! (Have mercy! Have mercy!)" He was moaning constantly.

I was so excited that I was about to burst. All of my fear of a few seconds ago was gone. Ibrahim put the Iraqi officer back among the other captives. That day God sent Ibrahim to help us. Then, we transferred the captives and the Ba'athist officer down from the altitudes.

The Middle of the Month of Sha'ban

(The Birthday of Imam Mahdi (a.j.))

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



In the afternoon of the middle of the month of Sha'ban, Ibrahim entered headquarters. There had been no news from him since midnight. Now that he came in, he had brought an Iraqi captive with himself! I asked, "Mr. Ibram where were you? Who is this captive?!"

He said, "I moved towards the enemy at midnight. I hid along the side of the road. I paid attention to the movement of the Iraqi cars. When the road was quiet, I saw an Iraqi jeep which was coming towards me with just one person in it. I went into the middle of the road quickly. I captured the Iraqi officer and came back.

In the middle of the way I told myself, 'This is my gift for Imam Mahdi (a.j.)' But then I regretted my words. I said, 'I am not good enough to give Imam Mahdi (a.j.) a gift.'"

That same day we gathered with our friends. There was talk about different topics until someone asked Ibrahim, "In your opinion who are the best Commanders in the front, and why?!"

Ibrahim thought a little and said, "In the Army Forces, there is no one like Mohammad Borujerdi. Mohammad did something which no one had even thought of. With the existence of all those problems, he was able to set up the "Pishmarg Muslim Kurd Group" and calmed down Kurdistan in this way. Among the Commanders, there is no one like Major Ali either. He is even more unassuming than the volunteer forces. Mr. Sayyad is a young Hezbollah and Believer before he is a military man.

However much you search in the Air Forces, you can't find anyone better than Captain Shirudi. Shirudi, with his own helicopter, stopped a few Iraqi counterattacks in Sarpol Dhahab. Although he is the Commander of the Air Base, he lives so simply that you would be surprised! When they brought a few pairs of sport shoes from the Physical Education Organization, I gave one to Shirudi. Although he was a Commander, he didn't have suitable shoes."

The same day the conversation turned to talking about our wishes. Everyone said something. Most of the friends' wishes were to become a martyr. Some people like the Martyr Abulfazl Kazemi said jokingly, "God separates the good and pure servants. So, we

sin constantly so that the angels won't come to us! I want to be alive for a long time." The friends laughed.

Then it was Ibrahim's turn. Everyone was waiting for Ibrahim's wish. Ibrahim paused a little bit and said, "My wish is to become a martyr, but not now! I like to become a martyr in battle with Israel!"

It was early morning. I went back from our trenches towards Gilan Gharb. I entered army headquarters. Unusually, no one was there. I searched a little, but it was useless. I was very afraid that God forbid the Iraqis had captured the city! In the yard I shouted, "Isn't anyone here?!" The door of one of the rooms opened. One of the soldiers pointed for me to come there!

I entered the room. Everyone was sitting quietly facing Qiblah (the direction for praying)! Ibrahim was sitting in the adjoining room and reading eulogies with a plaintive voice. He was weeping for himself. He was speaking softly with Imam Mahdi (a.j.). There was such an extraordinary anguish in his voice that everyone was crying.

Reward

Related by: Qasem Shaban



One of our penetration operations in the western region finished. We sent the forces back. After the end of the operation we searched each trench. No one was left behind.

We were the last people who were going back. It was one a.m. in the morning. The five of us walked for a while. I told Ibrahim, "Mr. Ibrahim, we are very tired. If there isn't any problem, let's rest here." Ibrahim accepted and we rested in a suitable place. I hadn't yet fallen asleep when I felt someone is getting close to us from the enemy's side!

I jumped up suddenly. I looked to that side. I was right. It could be seen clearly under the moonlight. An Iraqi was coming towards us carrying someone on his shoulders! I called Ibrahim very softly. I looked around carefully. There was no one but that Iraqi!

When he got very close to us, we jumped out of the trench and stood in front of him. The Iraqi soldier was very frightened. He sat down right there on the ground. Unexpectedly, I realized that it was one of our volunteer Basiji forces that was on his shoulders. He had been injured and left behind!

I was very surprised. I put the gun on my shoulder. Then with the help of the others, we took the injured man from the Iraqi's shoulders. Reza asked him, "Who are you? What are you doing here?!"

The Iraqi soldier said, "After you left, I was patrolling among your trenches and where you had been. Suddenly I saw this young man. Your soldier was in a lot of pain. He was calling to the "Leader of the Faithful," Imam Ali (a), and to Imam Mahdi (a.j.). I told myself, 'Because of Imam Ali (a), while it is dark and the Ba'athists haven't yet come back, I will take this young man close to the Iranian trenches and return.'"

Then he continued, "Don't think the Ba'athist officers are the same as us Shi'a soldiers who are forced to come to the front."

I was very surprised. Ibrahim told the Iraqi soldier, "If you want, you can stay and not go back. You are our Shi'a brother."

The Iraqi soldier brought out a picture from his pocket and said, "These are my family. If I join your forces, Saddam will kill them." Then he stared at Ibrahim's face in surprise! After

a few seconds of silence, he asked with his Arabic accent, “Anta Ibrahim Hadi?! (Are you Ibrahim Hadi?!)”

All of us were silent. We looked at each other in surprise. This sentence didn’t need a translation. Ibrahim asked with rounded eyes and a surprised smile, “Where have you learned my name?!”

I said jokingly, “Brother Ibram, you hadn’t told us that you have friends among the Iraqis too!” The Iraqi soldier said, “One month ago they sent your picture along with a few other Commanders from your forces to all military units and said, ‘Whoever brings one of the heads of these Iranian Commanders, will receive a big reward from Saddam!’”

During this same period, news arrived that the Western Army Command had chosen a Commander for the Andarzgu Group. He was on his way to Gilan Gharb with his mandate. We were all waiting, but there was no news of the new Commander. Then, the news arrived that Jamal Tajik, who had been working in the group as one of the volunteer Basiji forces, was that Commander!

We went to Jamal with Ibrahim and a few others. We asked him, “Why didn’t you introduce yourself?! Why didn’t you say that you are the group Commander?”

Jamal looked at us and said, “The responsibility is to get the jobs done. Thank God, the jobs are done here in the best way. I truly enjoy being among you. I thank God that He introduced you to me. Don’t tell anyone so that the others won’t look at me in a different way.”

After some time, Jamal was martyred in the Matla al-Fajr Operation when he was the Commander of one of the line-breaking Battalions.

Abu Ja'far

Related by: Husayn Allahkaram, Farajallah Moradian



During the final days of the year 1359 AHS, it was announced that the forces had carried out another operation in the Bazi Deraz altitudes. It was decided that the Andarzgu Group should penetrate into the depths of the enemy's position at the same time.

In addition to Ibrahim for this job, Wahhab Qanbari²⁵, Reza Gudini and I were also chosen. Shahrokh Nurraee and Heshmat Kuhpaykar from the local Kurds accompanied us. We picked up the necessary equipment such as food, weapons, and a few anti-vehicle mines.

When it grew dark, we moved towards the altitudes. By crossing the altitudes, we came to the Dasht Gilan field. When the sun rose, we established ourselves in a suitable place and hid. During the day we rested, investigated the enemy's position, and scrutinized the roads in the plain.

We prepared a map of the region the enemy had infiltrated. The plain in front of us had two roads. One was an asphalt road (Dasht Gilan Road); and, the other one was a dirt road, which was used only for military activities. The distance between these two roads was about five kilometers. An Iraqi company was responsible for their security and was deployed on the hills and the area surrounding the roads.

When it grew dark, we moved out after praying. Reza Gudini and I went towards the asphalt road; and, the other forces went towards the dirt road. We took shelter next to the road. When the road was empty, we quickly went on the road. We put two anti-vehicle mines in the holes in the road. We covered them with some dirt and moved towards the dirt road quickly.

From the transfers of the enemy forces, it was obvious that the Iraqis were still fighting in Bazi Deraz. Most of the Iraqi forces and vehicles were going in that direction. We hadn't yet reached the dirt road when we heard the sound of a terrible explosion from behind us. We both abruptly sat on the ground and turned around!

²⁵ He was one of the founders of the Kermanshah Army. He was from the local Kurds. Wahhab had a university education and was knowledgeable about the Quran and the Nahj al-Balaghah. Many of the forces believed that Kermanshah not entering the Kurdistan disturbance was due to his management and courage. Wahhab received the reward for his efforts and joined his martyred friends.

An Iraqi tank had gone on the mines and was burning. After a few seconds the bullets in the tank started exploding one by one. The whole plain was lit up by the burning tank. A strange fear and anxiety had risen in the hearts of the Iraqis. Most of the Iraqi guards were shooting aimlessly.

When we got to Ibrahim and the others, they had carried out their missions too. We moved towards the altitudes together. Ibrahim said, "We have a lot of time till morning. We have weapons and ammunition too. Let's ambush the enemy and put more fear in their hearts."

The words of Ibrahim hadn't finished yet when suddenly the sound of an explosion came from the dirt road. An Iraqi vehicle had gone over a mine and been destroyed. We were happy that the operation had been successful.

The sound of the shooting of the Iraqis intensified. They realized that our forces had penetrated their positions. Thus, they started shooting mortars and flares. We went towards the mountain quickly. There was a hill in front of us. Suddenly an Iraqi jeep came towards us from behind it. It was so close that there was no time to make a decision!

The forces went into the trenches quickly and shot at the jeep. After a few seconds, we moved towards the Iraqi jeep. A high-ranking officer and his driver had been killed. But, their wireless operator had fallen to the ground injured. A bullet had hit his leg, and he was moaning constantly.

One of our soldiers loaded his weapon and went towards the wireless operator. The young Iraqi was continuously saying, "Al-Aman! Al-Aman! (Give me safety! Give me safety!)" Ibrahim shouted involuntarily, "What do you want to do?!"

He said, "Nothing. I want to make him comfortable." Ibrahim responded, "My friend, as long as we were shooting he was our enemy; but, now that we have come to him he is our captive!"

Then he went towards the wireless operator and picked him up from the ground. He put him on his shoulders and started out. We all looked at Ibrahim's actions in surprise. One person said, "Mr. Ibrahim, do you know what are you doing?! We must walk thirteen kilometers along narrow paths from here to reach our positions." Ibrahim turned around and said, "God has given me this strong body for such days!"

Then he moved towards the mountain. We quickly picked up the provisions from inside the jeep and the wireless device of the Iraqis and moved out. At the foot of the mountain, we rested a little bit and dressed the injured Iraqi's wounded foot. Then we continued on our way again.

After seven hours of climbing the mountain, we got to the front line of the battle. On the way, Ibrahim talked to the Iraqi captive; and, he was thanking Ibrahim constantly. At the time for the Morning Prayer, we prayed in a group in a safe place. The Iraqi captive prayed the group prayer with us!

That was when I found out that he was Shi'a too. After praying we ate a little food. Whatever we had we divided equally between everyone; even the Iraqi captive. The Iraqi captive who hadn't expected such good behavior introduced himself and said, "I am Abu Ja'far. I am Shi'a and live in Karbala. I didn't think that you are like this..." He talked a lot, but we only understood some of his words. It was still a little dark when we arrived at the Ban Siran Cave close to there and rested.

Reza Gudini went towards our forces to bring help. After an hour Reza came back with equipment and forces to help. He called to everyone. I asked, "Reza what's up?!" He said, "When I was coming back to the cave I was unexpectedly shocked! An armed person was sitting in front of the cave. First I thought he was one of you. But when I came forward, I saw with surprise that Abu Ja'far the Iraqi captive is holding a gun and guarding! As soon as I saw him, my face went pale. But Abu Ja'far said hello and gave me the gun."

Then he said in Arabic, "Your friends were sleeping. I became aware of an Iraqi patrol which was passing by here. So, I was careful that if they came forward, I would shoot them!"

We went to Headquarters with the forces. We kept Abu Ja'far with us for a few days. Ibrahim went to the hospital due to the pressure which had been on him on the way. A few days later Ibrahim came back. Everyone was happy to see him.

I called Ibrahim and said, "The forces from the Western Army have come to thank you!" He asked in surprise, "Why is that? What has happened?" I said, "When you come, you will understand!"

We went to the Headquarters with Ibrahim. The person in charge started talking, "Abu Ja'far, the Iraqi captive whom you brought back with yourselves, was the wireless operator of the Fourth Iraqi Army Headquarters. The information which he gave us about the arrangement of their forces, their Brigade Headquarters, the Commanders, their ways of penetration, and ... are very, very valuable."

Then he continued, "This captive has been talking for three days. All of his information is correct and true. He has been in this region from the first days of the war. He has even told us all the passageways of the Iraqis and all of their wireless passwords. That is why we have come to thank you, because of the important job that you have done."

Ibrahim smiled and said, "It is not us who are affective. This was God's work."

The next day they sent Abu Ja'far to the camp for the prisoners of war. No matter how much Ibrahim tried for Abu Ja'far to be able to stay with us, it was useless. Abu Ja'far had said, "Please keep me here. I want to fight the Iraqis!" But it wasn't permitted.

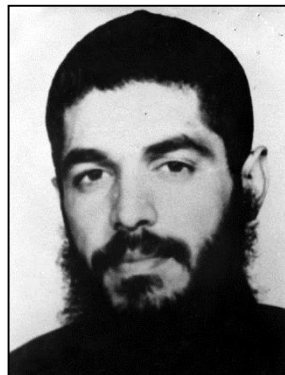
After a while, I heard that a group of the Iraqi captives have come to the front under the name of "Tawwabin" (those who repent). They fought the Iraqis with the forces of the Badr Brigade. It was in the afternoon. One of the senior members of the group came to see me. He said happily, "I have interesting news for you. Abu Ja'far that Iraqi captive is working in the Badr Brigade Headquarters!"

This operation was close to us. After the operation, we went to the Badr Brigade's position with friends. We told ourselves, "We will find Abu Ja'far and add him to the forces of the group." Before we entered the building of the Brigade, we saw a sight which was unbelievable. The pictures of the martyrs of the Brigade were hanging on the wall. The picture of Abu Ja'far could be seen among the martyrs of the latest operation of the Badr Brigade!

My head was hot, and I had a strange feeling. I looked at his face in amazement. We didn't enter the building after all. We came out of the Brigade Headquarters. All of the memories of that night were passing through my mind: attacking the enemy, the self-sacrifice of Ibrahim, the Iraqi wireless operator, the prisoners of war camp, the Badr Brigade, ... and then martyrdom. Good for him!

Friend

Related by: Mostafa Harandi



He was very impatient. His sadness was clear in his expression. I asked him, “Has something happened?!” Ibrahim answered with sadness, “Last night we went for reconnaissance with the forces. On the way back, right next to the enemy’s position, Mashallah Azizi²⁶ went on a mine and was martyred. The Iraqis shot at us. We were forced to move back.”

I finally understood the cause of his sadness. When it became dark, Ibrahim moved out. He came back in the middle of the night, and he was happy and cheerful!

He was shouting constantly, “Medic... Medic... come quickly. Mashallah is still alive!” All of the forces were happy. We put him in an ambulance. But Ibrahim was sitting in a corner and thinking! I sat next to him. I asked in surprise, “What are you thinking about?!”

He paused a little bit and said, “Mashallah fell down in the middle of the mine field, close to the Iraqi’s trenches. But when I went to get him, he wasn’t there. I found him a little bit farther away. He was out of the enemy’s sight in a safe place! He was sitting waiting for me.”

“I had lost a lot of blood from my foot. I was numb. The Iraqis were sure that I was not alive. I had a strange feeling. I was just whispering under my breath, ‘Ya Sahib al-Zaman (a.j.) Adrikni.’ (O “Owner of the Time,” help me.)

It had become dark. A handsome, radiant young man came to me. I opened my eyes with difficulty. He picked me up slowly. He came out of the mine field. He put me down on the ground in a safe corner; slowly and calmly. I didn’t feel any pain! That man talked with me for a long time. Then he said, ‘Someone will come and rescue you. He is our friend!’ After a few seconds Ibrahim came, with his everlasting strength.

²⁶ The honorable, disabled veteran Mashallah Azizi (the person on the left in the picture) was one of the sincere and virtuous teachers in Gilan Gharb. A detailed description of the story of how he became disabled has been published in the book “Vesal” by the Martyr Hadi Group.

He put me on his shoulders and started walking. That beautiful, luminous man introduced Ibrahim as his friend. How blessed he is.” Mashallah had written these things in his notebook in the Gilan Gharb front.

Mashallah was in the region for several years. He was one of the sincere and virtuous teachers of Gilan Gharb, who was bravely present in the war fronts and all of the war operations from the first days of the war until the last day of the war. After the war ended, he joined his martyred friends in a driving accident.

Anonymity

Related by: Mostafa Harandi



He came back before the Morning Prayer. The martyr's body was on his shoulder. Fatigue was clear in his face. In the morning, he got a letter to go on leave. Then we left with the martyr's body. Ibrahim was tired and happy. He said, "A month ago we carried out an operation on the Bazi Deraz altitudes. Just this one martyr had been left behind. Now after calmness has returned to the region, God helped and we were able to bring him."

The news had reached to Tehran very quickly. Everyone was waiting for the martyr's body. The next day a magnificent funeral procession was held starting from Khorasan Square. We wanted to stay in Tehran for a few days; but, we received the news that another operation was starting. We arranged to start out from the Mosque the next night.

We stood in front of the Mosque with Ibrahim and a few other friends. The prayer had finished. We were talking and laughing. An old man came forward. I knew him. He was the martyr's father. He was the father of the boy whom Ibrahim had brought his body back from the altitudes. We said hello and he responded.

Everyone was silent. He was a stranger to our young group. It seemed that he wanted to say something, but ... After a few seconds he broke his silence and said, "Mr. Ibrahim, thank you. You went to a lot of trouble. But my son ...!" The old man paused briefly, and then he said, "My son is upset with you!!"

The smile left Ibrahim's ever-smiling face. His eyes were round in surprise. But why?!

The old man had a lump in his throat. His eyes were wet with tears. His voice was shaky and tired. He said, "Last night I saw my son in my dreams. He told me, 'During the time that we were fallen on the ground of the front and anonymous, the mother of the children of the Prophet (s), Hazrat Zahra (s), visited us every night. But now she doesn't come anymore!' My son told me, 'The anonymous martyrs are the special guests of Hazrat Seddiqeh (Fatimah Zahra) (s)!'"

The old man didn't continue. Everyone was silent. I looked at Ibrahim. Large tears were dropping from the corners of his eyes and flowing down. I could read his mind. He had found what he was missing; "Anonymity!"

After this event, Ibrahim's outlook to the war and the martyrs changed. He said, "I have no more doubt that the martyrs of our war are like the companions of the Prophet (s) and the Commander of the Faithful (Imam Ali) (a). Their position is very high before God."

I heard him say many times, "If anyone wished to be with Imam Husayn (a) in Karbala, now is the time to be tested." Ibrahim was sure that the 8-year Holy Defense was a place for reaching to the goal, to bliss, and to human perfection.

That is why he spoke of the martyrs wherever he went. He talked about the forces and the war soldiers. His ethics and behavior were changing day by day, and he was becoming more spiritual. In the Andarzgu Headquarters, he would usually sleep the first two or three hours of the night, and then he would go out! He would come back at praying time and wake up the forces for the Morning Prayer.

I told myself, "It has been a while that Ibrahim doesn't stay here at nights!?" One night I followed him. I saw that he went to the kitchen of the Army Headquarters to sleep.

The next day I asked some questions from an old man who was working in the kitchen. I found out that the workers in the kitchen all prayed the Midnight Prayer. That was why Ibrahim went there. If he prayed the Midnight Prayer in the Headquarters, everyone would find out.

Towards the end, Ibrahim's movements and behavior reminded me of the tradition of Imam Ali (a) when he told Nuf Bokali, "My Shi'a (followers) are people who are worshipers at nights and (like) lions during the days."

Only for God

Related by: One of the Martyr's Friends



I went to visit my friend. He had been injured in an operation in the western region. His foot was severely injured. When he saw me he became very happy and thanked me. But I couldn't understand his reason for thanking me! My friend said, "Dear Sayyed, you went through a lot of trouble. If you hadn't brought me back, I would surely have been captured!"

I said, "What are you saying?! I came back with the car of ammunition sooner than the others and went on leave." My friend said in surprise, "No, it was you. You helped me, and you dressed my wound!" No matter how much I said that I hadn't done it, it was useless.

Some time passed. I thought again about my friend's words. Suddenly something came to my mind. I went to Ibrahim! He had been in this operation too and come on leave. We went to my friend's house with Ibrahim. I told him, "The person who you should thank is Mr. Ibrahim, not me! I am not the kind of person who can carry someone for eight kilometers across the mountain. That's how I realized who had done it! It must have been a person who doesn't talk too much, is my size, is physically strong, and knows me. I understood he (Ibrahim) must have done it!"

But Ibrahim didn't say anything. I said, "Mr. Ibrahim, I swear to my ancestor²⁷ that if you don't talk I will get angry with you." But Ibrahim was very upset at what I had done. He said, "Sayyed, what should I say?!" Then he paused and continued calmly, "I was coming back with empty hands. This man was lying in a corner. There wasn't anyone behind me. I was almost the last person. In that darkness, I dressed his bleeding foot with boot straps and we moved on. On the way he called me Sayyed. I realized that he must be one of your friends. Thus, I didn't say anything, until we got to the medics."

After that Ibrahim was very angry with me. He didn't talk to me for several days! I knew the reason. He always said, "An action which is for God doesn't need to be told."

We went into the enemy's territory with a reconnaissance group. We were busy doing reconnaissance work when we suddenly noticed the presence of a flock of sheep. The

²⁷ The Holy Prophet (s).

shepherd of the flock came forward and said hello. Then he asked, "Are you Khomeini's soldiers?!"

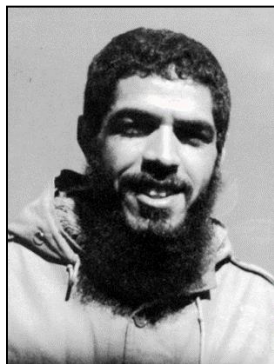
Ibrahim came forward and said, "We are the servants of God." Then he asked, "Old man, what do you do in these plains and mountains?!" He answered, "I live." Ibrahim asked again, "Old man, do you have any problems?!" The old man smiled and said, "If I didn't have any problems, I would have left here."

Ibrahim went over to our supplies. He gave the old man a box of dates, a few breads, some of the food of our group, and said, "These are gifts from Imam Khomeini (r.a.) for you." The old man became very happy. He prayed (for us) and we left. Some members protested to Ibrahim, "We have to be in this region for one week, and you have given most of our food to that old man!"

Ibrahim said, "First of all, it isn't clear how long our mission will take. Secondly, be sure that this old man won't be our enemy anymore. Have no doubt. A deed for God's sake always works." Our work finished very quickly in that reconnaissance mission, despite the fact that our supplies had greatly diminished. We even had extra food at the end.

In the Presence of Great Men

Related by: Amir Monjer



It was the first year of the war. I came on leave. We were going from Sar Asiab Square to Khorasan Square on a motorcycle. Ibrahim was sitting on the back of the motorcycle. We passed by a street when suddenly Ibrahim said, "Amir, stop!" I quickly stopped at the side of the street and asked in surprise, "What has happened?!"

Ibrahim said, "Nothing. If you have time, let's go visit a servant of God!" I said, "Ok, I don't have anything special to do."

We entered a house with Ibrahim. He said "Ya Allah"²⁸ a few times, and we entered a room. A few people were sitting there. An old man wearing a black cloak was sitting at the head of the gathering. Ibrahim and I said hello and sat in a corner of the room. The man's talk with one of the young men who was present finished.

He turned to us and said with a smile on his face, "Mr. Ibrahim, have you lost your way? I am surprised to see you here!"

Ibrahim was sitting with his head down. He said politely, "I am sorry sir. We don't have much time to be able to come and visit you." From their talk together, I realized he knew Ibrahim very well. The man spoke with the others a little.

When they had left, he faced Ibrahim and said in a modest tone of voice, "Mr. Ibrahim, counsel us some!" Ibrahim turned red from embarrassment.

He raised his head and said, "Sir, for God's sake, do not embarrass me. Please do not talk like this." Then he said, "We have come to visit you. God willing, we will come to the weekly meeting." Then we got up, said goodbye, and left.

On the way I said, "Dear Ibrahim, you should have given this man some counsel. You didn't need to turn red and yellow!"

²⁸ "O God." When a person wishes to enter a house, he says this in order to announce his presence to the host.

He angrily jumped into the middle of my words and said, “What are you saying dear Amir? Did you recognize this man at all?!” I said, “No. Who was he?!” He told me, “This man is one of those who are dear to God, but many people don’t know this. He is Haj Mirza Ismail Dulabi.”

Many years passed before people came to know Mr. Dulabi. When I later read the book “Tubaye Mohabbat”²⁹ I realized what great words he had said to Ibrahim.

One of the important missions in the west of the country finished. After the necessary coordination, most of the forces went to visit Hazrat Imam Khomeini (r.a.). Although Ibrahim had been in that operation, he didn’t come to Tehran! I went and asked him, “Why didn’t you go?!”

He said, “It is not possible for all of the forces to empty the front. A few people have to stay behind.”

I asked him, “You really didn’t go for that reason?!” He paused a little bit and said, “We don’t want a leader in order to see and watch him. We want a leader to obey him.” Then he continued, “If I wasn’t able to see my leader, it is not important! What is important is that I obey his command and that my leader be satisfied with me.”

Ibrahim was very sensitive about “Velayat Faqih.”³⁰ He had strange ideas about the Imam (r.a.). He said, “Among the old and new great men and scholars, no one had the dare and bravery of the Imam.” Whenever a message from the Imam (r.a.) was broadcasted, he would listen carefully and say, “If we want this world and the hereafter, we must act upon the words of the Imam.”

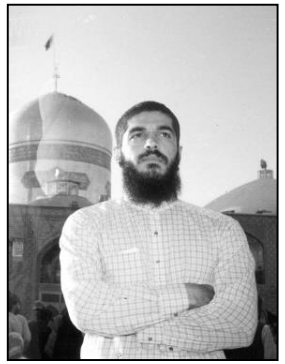
Ibrahim, from the time when he was very young, was in contact with most of the local clergy. When the religious scholar Allameh Ja’fari lived in our neighborhood, he benefited from him very much. He considered the Martyr Beheshti and the Martyr Motahhari to be complete models for the younger generation.

²⁹ The book “Tubaye Mohabbat” is the biography of Mr. Dulabi.

³⁰ The Guardianship of the Jurisprudent.

Pilgrimage

Related by: Jabbar Sotudeh, Mahdi Faridvand



It was the first year of the war. We went to one of the heights in the north of the Gilan Gharb region with the forces of the Andarzgu Group. It was early morning. We were on top of one of the hills overlooking the border. The border outpost was in the hands of the Iraqis. The Iraqi vehicles were moving without difficulty on the roads around it.

Ibrahim opened a prayer book. We read “Ziarat Ashura” with the soldiers. After that, while I was looking at the areas which were under the influence of the enemy with regret, I said, “Dear Ibram, see this border road. The Iraqis are moving around easily.” Then I said with regret, “Is it possible that one day our people will move on these roads easily and go to their own cities?!”

It was as if Ibrahim wasn’t paying attention to my words. He was looking at the future! He smiled and said, “What are you saying?! A day will come when our people travel to Karbala from this road in groups!” On the way back I asked others, “Do you know the name of this border outpost?” One of them said, “This is the Khosravi border.”

Twenty years later we went to Karbala. I looked at those same heights. The same place where Ibrahim had read “Ziarat Ashura”! It was as if I saw Ibrahim who was seeing us off. Those heights were exactly in front of the Khosravi border area. That day the buses were moving towards the border. Our people were going on pilgrimage to Karbala in groups from that same road!

Whenever we were in Tehran, Ibrahim’s Friday night program was to go on pilgrimage to Hazrat Abdolazim. He used to say, “Friday night is the night of God’s mercy. It is the night to go on pilgrimage to Aba Abdallah (Imam Husayn) (a). All of the great religious men and the angels go to Karbala. We also go to a place that the Household of the Prophet (a) said has the reward of going on pilgrimage to Karbala.”

He would read the Kumayl Supplication there. He would come back at one a.m. in the morning. When the Basiji program started, he would come straight back from the pilgrimage to the Mosque and the Basijis.

One night we came out of the shrine together. Since I was in a hurry, I went on the motorcycle of one of our friends to the Mosque. But, Ibrahim arrived two or three hours later. I said, "Dear Ibram, you are very late!?"

He said, "I walked from the shrine so that I could make the pilgrimage to Shaykh Saduq as well; because, the elders in Tehran say that the "Imam of the Time" (Imam Mahdi) (a.j.) makes the pilgrimage to Shaykh Saduq on Friday nights."

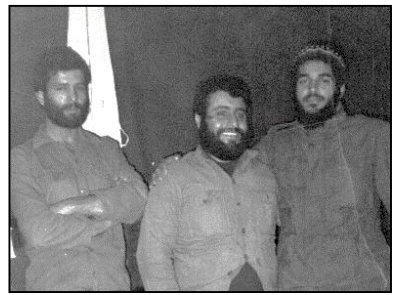
I asked him, "But why did you walk all the way to here?!"

He wouldn't give a correct answer. I said, "You were in a hurry to come to the Mosque, but you walked here. You must have had some reason!?" After I had asked many questions, he answered, "When I came out of the shrine a very needy person came to me. I gave the bunch of bills which were in my pocket to him. When I was getting on a taxi, I noticed that I don't have any money. So I walked here!"

Towards the end, we made this pilgrimage every week together; and, in the middle of the night we would go to the Behesht Zahra Cemetery to the martyrs' graves. Ibrahim would read eulogies for us. Some nights he would go into a grave. He would read the Kumayl Supplication there in a plaintive voice with amazing emotions, and cry.

A Grenade

Related by: Ali Moqaddam



It was before the Matla al-Fajr Operation. For better coordination between the Commanders of the Army and the Military, a meeting was held at the Andarzgu Group location. Ibrahim, three Commanders of the Army, three Commanders of the Military, and I were present in the meeting. Some of the soldiers were busy doing military training.

It was in the middle of the meeting. Everyone was talking when suddenly a grenade was thrown in through the window! It fell exactly in the middle of the room. I went pale in fear. As I was sitting in the corner of the room, I put my head between my hands and squatted facing towards the wall!

For a few seconds my breath was caught in my chest! Everyone else crawled into a corner like me. The seconds were passing with difficulty; but, the sound of an explosion didn't come! I opened my eyes very slowly. I looked at the middle of the room from under my hands. The scene which I was seeing was unbelievable! I slowly took my hands off of my head. I raised my head with eyes grown large from wonder and said, "Mr. Ibrahim...!"

Others raised their heads from the corners of the room one by one. Everyone was looking at the middle of the room with pale faces. It was a very strange scene. While we had all crawled to the corners of the room, Ibrahim had laid on the grenade!

At that same time, the person responsible for the training session entered the room. With many apologies he said, "I am so ashamed. This was a training grenade. It fell into the room by mistake!"

Ibrahim got up from the grenade. Such an event had never happened for any of the forces up until that time, which was the first year of the war. It was as if this grenade had come to measure our masculinity. After that the story of the grenade spread throughout the forces; mouth to mouth.

Matla al-Fajr

Related by: Husayn Allahkaram



Some time had passed since Bani Sadr was dismissed from being the Commander-in-Chief. A series of operations were designed in the south, west, and north of the battlefields in order to crush the strength of the Iraqi military. On the eighth of Azar, the first big operation which was called Tariq al-Qods (the Liberation of Bostan) was implemented; and, the first heavy defeat was imposed on the Ba'ath forces.

In accordance to the agreement of the Commanders, the second operation was carried out from the Gilan Gharb region to Sarpol Dhahab, which was the closest front to the city of Baghdad. Thus, the reconnaissance work and preparation of the forces had started from some time previously.

The Army Command of Gilan Gharb was responsible for the operation of this territory. All of the Andarzgu Group members were working hard. Ibrahim was responsible to carry out the reconnaissance of the enemy positions. This work was done completely in a short time. Ibrahim went behind the enemy forces with one of the Kurds to collect information. They travelled till the city of Naft Shahr in one week.

Ibrahim prepared good maps for the region of the operation during this time. They came back to Headquarters with four Iraqis whom they had captured! Ibrahim finished four operation maps after interrogating the captives and completing the necessary information. He presented them in a meeting of the Commanders.

Colonel Ali Yari and Major Salami from the Zolfaqar Military Brigade coordinated with the Army Forces. Most of the local forces from Sarpol Dhahab to Gilan Gharb were divided into specified battalions. Most of the forces from the Andarzgu Group were chosen to be in charge of these groups. A few battalions from the army and the volunteer forces had the responsibility of starting the operation as line breakers.

In the final meeting the Commanders chose Ibrahim to be responsible for the central front, brother Safar Khosh Ravan to be the Commander of the left front, and brother Daryush Rizehvandi to be the Commander of the right front of the operation. The aim of the operation was announced to be to clean the heights which were overlooking the city of Gilan, to capture the heights along the border, the Hajian and Gurak straits, and the border checkpoints. The extent of the area of the operation was about 70 kilometers.

News from Headquarters came that immediately after this operation the third attack would be carried out in the Marivan region.

Everything was being coordinated. A few days before starting the operation, the army command announced, "Iraq has started a large counter attack to get Bostan back. You have to start the operation very quickly so that Iraq's attention will be distracted from the Bostan front."

Therefore, the next day, the twentieth of Azar 1360 AHS, was chosen to start the operation. We had a strange excitement and feeling. The first great operations in the west of the country and on the heights would start tomorrow. Nothing was predictable. It was really remarkable to see how the soldiers were saying their last goodbyes that night.

Finally the promised day arrived. With the massive attacks of the forces from different axes many important and strategic areas like the Hajian and Gurak straits, the Barr Aftab region, the Sartatan, Charmian, Dizehkush, and Fereydun Hushyar heights, parts of the Shiakuh heights, and all of the villages of Dasht Gilan were freed.

In the central front, the forces moved towards the Anar hills by seizing a few hills and rivers. The enemy was firing madly. Some battalions reached the Shiakuh heights by passing through the hills. They even went on the tops of the hills. The enemy knew that losing Shiakuh meant losing the city of Khaneqin in Iraq. Thus, they brought many forces to these heights and into the area of conflict.

In the middle of the night, it was announced over the wireless, "Hasan Balash and Jamal Tajik have reached Shiakuh with their forces from the central front, and they have asked for help." A few moments later Ibrahim called and said, "All of the Anar heights have been freed. Only one of the hills, which has an important position, is still resisting strongly. We don't have many forces either."

I told Ibrahim, "Before the Morning Prayer, I will join you with auxiliary forces. Coordinate with the military commanders and free that hill too in any way that you can." We moved towards the central front with a battalion of auxiliary forces.

On the way the army command announced, "The enemy has given up the counter attack in Bostan, but it has sent many of its forces to your front. Resist. If God wills, the Marivan army, under the command of Haj Ahmad Motevasselian, will start the next operation soon."

They also thanked for the good coordination, between the forces of the military and the army, and said, "According to the news that we have received, the Iraqi casualties were very heavy in the area you were operating in. The Military Commander of Iraq has ordered that precautionary forces be sent to this area."

The sun was rising. We prayed the Morning Prayer on the way. We hadn't yet reached the Anar region when the news of the martyrdom of Gholamali Pichak at the front in Gilan Gharb saddened all of us. As soon as we reached the Anar heights, one of the soldiers who had a Mashhad accent came to me and said, "Haj Husayn, have you heard that Ibrahim has been shot?!"

My body suddenly trembled. I swallowed and said, "What happened?!" He answered, "A bullet has hit his neck." I went pale. My head grew hot. I suddenly ran to the stronghold across from us. As I went, all the memories that I had with Ibrahim were passing through my mind. I entered the medic bunker and went over to him. A bullet had entered his neck muscles. He was bleeding a lot.

I found Javad and asked, "What happened to Ibram?!" He said after a pause, "I don't know what to say." I asked him, "What does that mean?!"

He responded, "We talked with the Military Commander about how to attack the hill. The Iraqis were resisting strongly. They had many forces on the hill and around it. None of our plans worked. It was close to the time for the Morning Prayer, and we had to do something. But we didn't know what to do.

Suddenly Ibrahim came out of the trench! He moved towards the hills of the Iraqis. He stood on a rock facing the Qiblah! He started reciting the morning Call to Prayer in a loud voice! No matter how much we shouted, 'Ibrahim come back, the Iraqis will shoot you;' it was useless.

He had finished most of all of the Call to Prayer. We saw in surprise that the Iraqis shooting had stopped! But at the same time, a bullet was shot and struck Ibrahim. We brought him back."

The Miracle of the Call to Prayer

Related by: Husayn Allahkaram



We were in the Anar heights. It was morning. The medic dressed Ibrahim's neck wound. I was busy dividing the forces and answering the wireless. Suddenly one of the soldiers ran up to me hurriedly and said, "Sir, Sir! A few of the Iraqis have raised their hands and are coming towards this side!" I asked in surprise, "Where are they?!"

We went together to one of the trenches which was overlooking the hill. About twenty people were coming towards us from the opposite hill holding a white cloth. I immediately said, "Soldiers, be ready with your weapons. This may be a trick!"

Shortly afterwards, eighteen Iraqis one of whom was the commanding officer surrendered themselves. I was happy that we had taken Iraqis captive in this region.

I thought to myself that it was certainly the effective attack of our forces and their shooting which caused the Iraqis to become frightened and to surrender themselves. Then I brought the Iraqi officer into the trench. I called one of the soldiers who new Arabic.

Like an interrogator I asked him, "What is your name? State your rank and duties!" He introduced himself and said, "I am a Major and am the Commander of the forces who were on the hill and surrounding it. We are from the precautionary forces of Basra who were sent to this area." I asked "How many forces are on the hill?" He said, "Now, none!!"

My eyes showed my surprise and I said, "None?!" He responded, "We came and took ourselves captive. I sent the rest of the forces back. The hill is empty now!"

I looked at him in surprise and asked again, "Why?!" He said, "Because they didn't want to surrender." My wonder increased and I said, "What do you mean?!" Instead of answering me, the Iraqi Commander asked, "Ayna al-Muadhin?!"³¹This sentence didn't need translating. I said in surprise, "Muadhin?!"³²

Tears had gathered in his eyes. He started talking with a lump in his throat, and the translator translated quickly, "They had told us that you are magicians and fire-

³¹ Ayna Al-Moadhen: Where is the person who recited the Call to Prayer?

³² The person who recited the Call to Prayer?

worshippers. They had told us that we are attacking Iran and fighting Iranians for Islam. Believe me, we are all Shi'a. When we witnessed that the Iraqi Commanders drink alcohol and don't pray, we doubted very much about fighting with you. This morning when I heard the voice of your soldier who was calling for prayer in a loud voice, my whole body trembled. When he recited the name of the Commander of the Faithful (Imam Ali (a)) I told myself, 'You are fighting with your own brothers. What if this is like the story of Karbala...'

His crying did not allow him to talk. After a few minutes he continued, "That is why I decided to be taken captive and not to make the burden of my sins any heavier. Sir, I ordered that no one should shoot. When the sun rose, I collected my forces and said, 'I want to surrender to the Iranians. Whoever wishes to, come with me.' The people who have come with me are my friends who think like me. The rest of my forces went back. I brought the soldier who shot the person who recited the Call to Prayer too. If you order me to do so, I will kill him. Now please tell me if the person who recited the Call to Prayer is still alive, or not?!"

I listened to the Iraqi commander's words in confusion. I couldn't say anything. After a brief silence I said, "Yes, he is alive." We left the trench together. We went to Ibrahim who was sleeping in one of the trenches. All of the eighteen Iraqis came and kissed Ibrahim's hand and left. The last person fell down next to Ibrahim's feet and cried. He said, "Forgive me. I am the one who shot you." I had a lump in my throat too and a strange feeling.

I wasn't paying attention to the operation or the forces anymore. I wanted to send the Iraqi captives to the back when the Iraqi Commander called me and said, "Look at that side. A commando battalion and a few tanks are trying to come forward from there." Then he continued, "Go and get the hill sooner." I quickly sent a few of the Andarzgu forces towards the hill. By freeing that height, the cleaning of the Anar region was completed.

The commando battalion attacked, but since we were well prepared most of its forces were destroyed and their attack was unsuccessful. Because of the Mohammad Rasul Allah (s) Operation in Marivan over the next days, the pressure of the Iraqi's military over Gilan Gharb was reduced. Overall the Matla al-Fajr Operation achieved many of its goals. Many regions of our dear country were freed. However, Commanders like Gholamali Pichak, Jamal Tajik, Hasan Balash, and others returned to God in this operation.

A few days later Ibrahim rejoined the group after a full recovery. The same day it was announced, "In the Matla al-Fajr Operation which was carried out with the holy code of "Ya Mahdi Adrikni (a.j.)" over fourteen of the special Iraqi Military Battalions were destroyed. Iraq's casualties included: close to two thousand who died or were injured, and

two hundred people who were taken captive. Two enemy airplanes were also shot down due to the good shooting of our forces.”

Five years had passed since the events of the Matla al-Fajr Operation. We were involved in the Karbala 5 Operation in Shalamcheh in the winter of 1365 AHS. We had a part of the responsibility for the coordination of the Army and its intelligence operations. I went to the Badr Army Headquarters to coordinate and talk with their forces. It was decided that the Battalions of this army, whom all spoke Arabic, and the Iraqis who were in opposition to Saddam, be sent for the next stage of the operation.

After talking with the Commanders of the Army and the Commanders of the Battalions, I made the necessary arrangements and got ready to go. I saw one of the soldiers of the Badr Army staring at me from far away and coming forward! I was ready to start out when that Basiji soldier reached me and said hello. I responded to his greeting. He asked me without introduction and with an Arabic accent, “Weren’t you in Gilan Gharb?!” I said in surprise, “Yes.” I thought he was from the west of the country. Then he said, “Do you remember Matla al-Fajr? The Anar heights. The last hill!”

I thought a little bit and said, “Ok?” He said, “Do you remember the eighteen Iraqis who were captured?!” I asked in surprise, “Yes, who are you?!” He answered happily, “I am one of them!!” My surprise increased. I asked, “What are you doing here?!” He said, “All eighteen of us are in this Battalion. We were released under the guarantee of Ayatollah Hakim. He knew us well. It was decided that we should come to the front and fight with the Ba’thists!”

I said, “Good job! Where is your Commander?” He said, “He has a responsibility in the Battalion too. We are moving towards the front right now.” I said, “Write down the name of the Battalion and your names on this paper. I am in a hurry now. I will come here after the operation and see all of you at length then.”

While he was writing down the names of the soldiers he asked, “What was the name of the man who recited the Call to Prayer?!” I told him, “Ibrahim, Ibrahim Hadi.” He said, “All of us have been searching for information about him during this time. We have asked our own commanders to make sure that they find him. We would really like to see that holy man one more time.”

I was silent. I had a lump in my throat. He raised his head and looked at me. I said, “God willing you will see each other in Heaven!” He became very sad. He wrote down their names, the name of the Battalion, and gave it to me. I quickly said goodbye and moved on. This unexpected encounter was very interesting for me.

The operation finished in Esfand 1365 AHS. Many soldiers went on leave. One day I found that paper which the Iraqi captive, the Basiji soldier of the Badr Army, had written in my

things. I went to see the soldiers of the Badr Army. I asked one of the army officers about the Battalion which was named on the paper. The officer responded, "This Battalion has been disbanded."

I said, "I want to see its soldiers." The officer continued, "The Battalion which you are talking about, along with their Army Commander, resisted in the face of one of the heavy counter attacks of Iraq in Shalamcheh. There were heavy casualties from the Iraqi's attack, but they didn't retreat."

Then he was silent for a few seconds and continued, "No one came back alive from that Battalion!" I said, "These eighteen people were Iraqi captives. Their names are here. I have come to see them." He came forward. He took the names from me and gave the paper to another person. After a few minutes that person came back and said, "All of these people were martyred!"

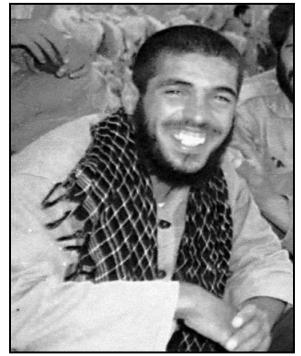
I didn't have anything else to say. I sat down and was thinking. I told myself, "What did Ibrahim do with his Call to Prayer? A hill was freed. An operation was victorious. Eighteen people went from deep in Hell to Heaven; like Horr³³ did."

Then I remembered my words to that Iraqi soldier, "God willing you will see each other in Heaven." Tears flowed unwontedly from my eyes. Then I said goodbye and left. I had no doubt that Ibrahim knew where to recite the Call to Prayer to shake the heart of the enemy and guide those who still had faith in their hearts!

³³ Horr: One of the famous people in Karbala who repented and joined Imam Husayn's (a) army.

Chafiah³⁴

Related by: Abbas Hadi



It was the end of the year 1360 AHS. Ibrahim was on leave. It was late at night when he came home. We talked a little. Then I saw there was a large bunch of banknotes in his pocket! I asked him, "By the way brother, where do you get this much money from?! I have seen a few times now that you help people, you spend for the religious gatherings, and now you have this much money in your pocket!" Then I said as a joke, "Tell me the truth. Have you found a treasure?!" Ibrahim laughed and said, "No, the friends give me this money, and they themselves tell me where to spend it."

The next day we went to the bazaar with Ibrahim. We passed by a few corridors and markets and arrived at the intended store. It was a rather big store. The old man who owned the store and his workers shook hands and kissed Ibrahim one by one. It was obvious that they knew Ibrahim well. After some everyday talk, Ibrahim said, "Sir, if God wishes, I am going to Gilan Gharb tomorrow." The old man said, "Dear Ibram, do you need anything for the forces?"

Ibrahim brought out a paper from his pocket, gave it to the old man and said, "Besides these few things we need a video camera, because this bravery and heroism should be recorded. The people who will live in the future should know how this religion and country were protected." Then he continued, "We need a large number of Chafiahs for the soldiers themselves too."

At this time the owner's son who was listening to Ibrahim's words came forward and said, "Needing a camera is one thing, but Mr. Ibram why do you want Chafiahs?! Do you want to wear a shawl around your neck like ruffians and idle people?!"

Ibrahim paused a little and said, "Brother, a Chafiah is not a shawl. When the soldiers make the minor ablution, a Chafiah is a towel for them. When they pray, it is a praying mat. When they are injured, they dress their wound with a Chafiah, and..." The old man who was the owner of the store jumped in the middle of his words and said, "Ok Mr. Ibram, we will prepare that too."

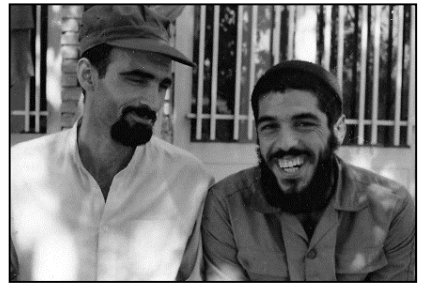
³⁴ A Chafiah is a neck scarf which the Basiji soldiers usually used.

I was in front of the door of the house the next day before noontime. The old man came with a pickup truck full of a load. I went into the house quickly and called Ibrahim. The old man delivered a camera and some other equipment to Ibrahim and said, “Dear Ibram, this is a pickup truck full of Chafiahs.”

Later Ibrahim explained for me, “We used those Chafiahs for the Fath al-Mobin Operation.” Gradually, using a Chafiah became a characteristic feature of the Islamic forces.

A Sense of Humor

Related by: Ali Sadeqi, Akbar Nojavan



Ibrahim was very serious when the situation was serious. But when joking he was a very sociable and humorous person. In fact, one of the reasons that many people were attracted to Ibrahim was this characteristic. Ibrahim had a special manner in eating! When there was enough food he used to eat well, and he would say, “Due to exercising and lots of activity, our body needs more food.”

He went to a restaurant in Kermanshah with one of the locals from Gilan Gharb. Just the two of them alone ate three dishes of food! (Each dish was enough for two to four people.)

Or, when one of the friends invited Ibrahim for lunch, he fried six chickens for three people. He also made plenty of rice and..., but nothing remained!

I went to visit Ibrahim when he was wounded. Then we went by motorcycle to one of the friend’s houses for breaking our fast. The host was one of Ibrahim’s close friends. He kept telling us to help ourselves to the food. Ibrahim didn’t need encouragement! In summary, he wouldn’t stop. Almost nothing remained from the food in the room we were in!

Ja’far Jangravi who was one of our friends was there too. After Iftar³⁵ he kept going into the other room and calling his friends. He brought them one by one and said, “Dear Ibram, he really wanted to meet you and...”

Ibrahim had eaten a lot and his foot was in pain due to a wound. But, he had to stand up to respect the people and kiss them. Ja’far laughed behind them quietly.

When Ibrahim would sit down, Ja’far would go and bring the next person! He did this a few times. Ibrahim who was bothered a lot said with a special calm, “Dear Ja’far, it will be our turn too!” Late at night, we wanted to go back. Ibrahim got on my motorcycle and said, “Move quickly!”

Ja’far got on his own motorcycle and started out behind us. The distance between Ja’far and us increased. We came to a checkpoint! I stopped. Ibrahim said in a loud voice, “Brother, come here!”

³⁵ Iftar is the breaking of the fast.

One of the young people who was armed came forward. Ibrahim continued, "Dear friend, I am a veteran and this driver is one of the army soldiers. A motorcycle is coming behind us that..." Then he paused a little and said, "It is better that I don't say anything. Just be very careful. I think he is armed!"

Then he said, "With your permission," and we left. A little further on, I went onto the sidewalk and stopped. The two of us were laughing. Ja'far's motorcycle arrived at the checkpoint. Four armed people surrounded him! Then they found the weapon on his waist! No one paid attention to anything he was saying ...

Almost half an hour later the person in charge of the group came and recognized Mr. Ja'far. He apologized a lot and told the members of his group, "He is Mr. Ja'far Jangravi. He is one of the Commanders of the Sayyed al-Shohada Army.

The members of the group apologized to him in embarrassment. Ja'far who was very angry took his gun back without saying anything, got on his motorcycle, and left. When he came forward a little, he saw Ibrahim standing on the sidewalk and laughing a lot! He finally realized what had happened. Ibrahim came forward, hugged Ja'far, and kissed him. His frown opened. He started laughing too. Thank God everything finished with a laugh.

Two Brothers

Related by: Ali Sadeqi



We went to one of the border cities for the memorial ceremony of the Martyr Shahbazi. According to the norm and tradition of that area, the memorial ceremony lasted from morning till noon. At noontime they brought a water jug and bowl for the guests. After washing their hands, the program finished with lunch.

When I entered the ceremony, Javad was sitting at the top of the room and Ibrahim was sitting next to him. I went and sat next to Ibrahim. Ibrahim and Javad were very close friends. They were like two brothers for each other. Their jokes were interesting in their own way.

At the end of the ceremony two of the mourners brought the jug of water and the bowl. The first person whom they went to was Javad. Ibrahim said something in the ear of Javad who didn't know anything about this ceremony! Javad asked loudly in surprise, "Are you serious?!" Ibrahim said calmly, "Hush, don't say anything!"

Then Ibrahim turned to me. He was laughing very much but without a sound. I said, "What has happened Ibram?! It's not nice. Don't laugh!" He told me, "I told Javad, 'When they bring the jug wash your head completely!'"

A few seconds later that is exactly what happened. After washing his hands Javad put his head under the water and... Javad was looking around in surprise while water was dripping from his head and face. I said, "What did you do Javad! Did you think that this is a bath house?!" Then I gave him my Chafiah to dry his head!

One day we were informed that Ibrahim, Javad and Reza Gudini were coming back from the border checkpoint after a mission which had lasted for a few days. We became very happy to hear they were well. We gathered in front of the Andarzgu Headquarters. After a few minutes their car came and stopped. Ibrahim and Reza got off. The soldiers gathered around them happily and welcomed them.

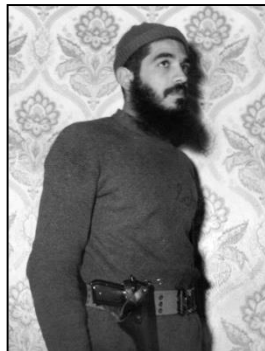
One of the soldiers asked, "Mr. Ibram, where is Javad?!" Everyone was quiet for a moment. Ibrahim paused briefly. With a lump in his throat he said, "Javad!" Then he looked slowly at the back of the car. A person was lying down there. There was a blanket on him too! Everyone became silent.

Ibrahim continued, "Javad... Javad!" Suddenly he started crying. A few of the soldiers started shouting while crying, "Javad, Javad!" And, they went towards the back of the car! While everyone was crying, Javad suddenly woke up!

He sat up and said, "What? What has happened?" Javad looked around in surprise. The soldiers were looking for Ibrahim with tearful and angry eyes; but, Ibrahim had gone quickly into the building!

A Pistol

Related by: Amir Monjar



It was the last days of the year 1360 AHS. After collecting supplies and delivering our weapons, we were ready to move towards the south. According to the order from the Commander of the War there was going to be a big operation in Khuzestan. Therefore, most of the army and the Basiji forces had moved to the south.

The Andarzgu Group went to the south with the Gilan Gharb army forces. In the last days, the Kermanshah army announced, "Brother Ibrahim Hadi has a Colt gun which he hasn't returned yet!" No matter how much Ibrahim said that he didn't have a Colt it was useless. I said, "Ibrahim, maybe you have it; and, you have forgotten to return it."

He thought a little and said, "I remember that I received it; but, I gave it to Mohammad and told him to take it and return it." Then he looked into it and found out that the weapon was still with Mohammad and that he hadn't returned it. The previous week Mohammad had gone back to Tehran.

We went to Tehran and searched for Mohammad's address. But they said, "He has gone from here. He has gone to his own village which is named Kuhpayeh. It is on the road from Isfahan to Yazd." It was very important for Ibrahim to return the weapon, so he said, "Let's go to Kuhpayeh together."

It was nighttime when we headed towards Isfahan. From there we went to the Kuhpayeh village. We arrived there early morning. The weather was relatively cold. I asked Ibrahim, "So, where should we go?!" He said, "God is the Maker of the instruments. He will show the way Himself."

We walked in the village for a short time. An old woman was walking towards her house. She was looking at us since we were strangers in that village. Ibrahim got out of the car. He said loudly, "Hello mother." The old woman very politely said, "Hello my dear, are you looking for someone?!" Ibrahim said, "Mother, do you know Mohammad Kuhpayi?!" The old woman said, "Which Mohammad?!" Ibrahim responded, "The one who has returned from the front recently. He is about twenty years old." The old woman smiled and said, "Come here."

She went into her house. Ibrahim said, "Amir, park the car." Then we walked together. The old woman invited us in. Then she prepared breakfast and served us a lot of food. She said, "You are the soldiers of Islam. Eat so that you may be strong."

Then she said, "Mohammad is my grandchild. He lives in my house. But he has gone to the city now, and he won't come back till nighttime." Ibrahim said, "Excuse me mother, but your grandchild has done something which has pulled us to come here!" The old woman asked in surprise, "What has he done?!"

Ibrahim continued, "He has gotten a Colt gun from me and taken it without returning it. Now, I have been told that I have to bring the weapon back and return it." The old woman said loudly, "What should I do because of what this boy does?!" Ibrahim said, "Mother don't bother yourself. We don't want to put you out." The old woman said, "Come here!"

We went to a room with Ibrahim. The old woman continued, "Mohammad's things are in this box. A few days ago, I saw that he brought something and put it in here. Now you open the lock yourself."

Ibrahim said, "Mother, it is not right to touch anyone's things without permission!" The old woman said, "If I could, I would open it myself." Then she went and brought a screw driver. I used it to force the small lock of the box open.

When the box was opened the Colt gun could be seen in a white cloth on top of the other things. We took the weapon and came out. When it was time to say goodbye, Ibrahim asked, "Mother, why did you trust us?!" The old woman responded, "The soldier of Islam does not lie. It is not possible that you lie with this shining face!"

We left and went towards Tehran. On the Isfahan bypass, I saw the military artillery garrison. I said, "Mr. Ibrahim, do you remember that there was a man who was the Commander of the military artillery who helped us a lot in the operations?" He asked, "Are you talking about Mr. Maddah?" I said, "Yes. He has become Isfahan's military artillery Commander. He might be here right now." He said, "So let's go see him."

We went in front of the garrison. I parked the car, and Ibrahim got off. He went to the military guard and asked, "Hello, is Mr. Maddah here?" The guard looked at Ibrahim. He looked at Ibrahim from head to toe. A man wearing Kurdish pants, a long shirt, and with a simple countenance had asked about the garrison Commander! I went forward and said, "Brother, we are friends of Mr. Maddah, and we have come from the front. If it is possible, we would like to see him."

The guard called and introduced us. In a few moments, two jeeps came from the Command Office to the entrance door. As soon as Colonel Maddah saw us, he hugged Ibrahim and kissed him. He kissed me too and insisted on taking us to the Command Office. Then he took us to a meeting room. About twenty military Commanders were in

the meeting. Mr. Maddah was in charge of the meeting. He brought two chairs for us, and we sat beside the members of the meeting.

Then, he started talking, “Friends, all of you know me. I have received a medal for bravery and promotions both before the revolution in the ‘9 Day War’ and in the first year of the ‘Imposed War.’ My artillery group carried out the hardest missions in the best way and was successful in all of its missions. I have passed the most difficult and the most important military courses inside and outside the country. But there were and are some people who have questioned all of my learning.”

Then he gave an example, “The laws for war throughout the world say, ‘If you attack a place where the enemy has one hundred soldiers, you should have three hundred soldiers. Your ammunition must be more too in order for you to be victorious.”

Then he paused briefly and said, “This Mr. Hadi and his friends did very strange things. For example, in one operation with less than a hundred people, they attacked the enemy; but, they inflicted more casualties and took more captives than their own number. I was supporting them.

I remember clearly that one time they wanted to attack the Bazi Deraz region. When I saw the condition of the attackers, I told my friend, ‘They will certainly fail.’ But I saw myself in that operation that when they captured the enemy positions they inflicted more casualties on the enemy than their own number!”

One of the young officers present in the meeting said, “So Mr. Hadi, explain for us what methods you used in the operation so that we may learn too.” Ibrahim whose head was down said, “No brother, we didn’t do anything. Mr. Maddah has spoken too highly of us. We didn’t do anything. Whatever there was, it was God’s grace.”

Mr. Maddah said, “What he and his friends taught us was that weaponry and the number of the soldiers were not what was important anymore. What was most important in the war was the morale of the soldiers. They induced a fear into the heart of the enemy by saying ‘God is great.’ This was more effective than a hundred canons and tanks.”

Then he continued, “They had a friend who was small in terms of size; but, in terms of power and courage he was much bigger than what you would think. His name was Asghar Vesali. In the first days of the war, with his forces he prevented the enemy from advancing and was martyred. I understood from these pure, Basiji forces this verse from the Quran which says, ‘If there are twenty patient ones of you, they shall overcome two hundred...

’36”

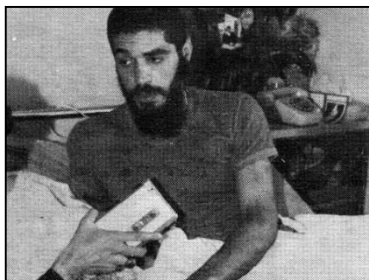
³⁶ Quran, 8:65.

We exited the meeting an hour later. We apologized to the members of the meeting and travelled towards Tehran. On the way, I was thinking about what had happened that day.

Ibrahim returned the Colt gun, which had brought so much adventure, to the army and went towards the south with the Andarzgu Group forces. They went to Khuzestan. The fourteen month period in Gilan Gharb finished with all of its sweet and bitter memories. It was a period which included many great epic events. During this time, three mechanized brigades of the Iraqi army were crippled due to the attacks of a small guerrilla group!

Fath al-Mobin

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



In the beginning in Khuzestan, we went to the city of Shush to go for the pilgrimage to Hazrat Daniel, the prophet (a). We were informed there that all of the volunteer forces (who are now known as Basiji) have been split into battalions and combat brigades and are getting ready for a big operation.

While we were making the pilgrimage, we saw Haj Ali Fazli. He welcomed us happily. While Haj Ali was explaining the splitting of the forces, he took us to the al-Mahdi (a.j.) Brigade. There were a few Basiji battalions and a few soldier battalions in this brigade.

Haj Husayn split the forces of the Andarzgu Group between the battalions. Most of the forces of the Andarzgu Group were responsible for the intelligence and reconnaissance of the battalions. Reza Gudini was in one of the battalions, Javad Afrasiabi in one of the other battalions, and Ibrahim in another battalion.

The work of readying the forces was carried out very quickly. Army forces had worked in this region for several months gathering intelligence. All of the areas occupied by the enemy had been identified. Even the locations of the Iraqi battalions and armed brigade had been determined. The Fath al-Mobin Operation started on the first day of Farvardin in the year 1361 AHS with the codeword "Ya Zahra (s)."

That afternoon the battalion's authorities and their deputies were taken to the area of the operation by the army. From a distance, the area and how the work should be carried out there were explained. One of the hardest parts of the operation was entrusted to the battalions of the al-Mahdi (a.j.) Brigade. With the approach of sunset on the first day of Farvardin the activities of the forces increased. The forces began to move out after praying.

I did not move away from Ibrahim for a moment. Finally, our battalion moved out too. But for some reason, Ibrahim and I were left behind! At 2 a.m. we moved out too. In the darkness of the night we came to a place where the battalion forces were sitting in the middle of a plain.

Ibrahim asked them, "What are you doing here?! You have to attack the front line of the enemy!" They said, "It's the order of our Commander." We went forward with Ibrahim. He asked the Commander, "Why have you kept the forces in the plain?! It will be light here

soon. They don't have a shelter or embankment. They will be easily shot at by the enemy." The Commander answered, "There is a minefield in front of us, but we don't have someone to open the way. We have called Headquarters. There is someone on the way."

Ibrahim said, "We cannot wait." Then he turned to the forces and said, ""We need a few volunteer people who are willing to sacrifice their lives to come with me to open the way!" A few of the soldiers ran after him. Ibrahim entered the minefield. He was dragging his feet on the ground and going forward! The others were doing the same!

I was looking at Ibrahim in confusion. My breath was imprisoned in my chest. I was standing next to the battalion forces, and he was in the middle of the minefield. I had gone pale. I was waiting for the sound of an explosion or Ibrahim's martyrdom at every moment! The moments passed with difficulty. But, they got to the end of the path! Thank God there weren't any mines in this path.

After passing the minefield that night we attacked the enemy's trenches. The enemy's positions were captured. But we didn't go very far. Close to morning, Ibrahim was injured due to a piece of shrapnel hitting his side. The soldiers took him back quickly. In the morning they wanted to transfer Ibrahim to one of the cities by plane, but he insisted on getting off the plane. By dressing his wound and stitching him up in the healthcare unit, he came back to the front and joined the soldiers from the group.

In the first night of the attack, our Commander and his deputies in the battalion were injured too. Because of this, Ali Movahhed was chosen as the Commander of our battalion. That same day a meeting was held with the presence of a few of the Commanders, including Mohsen Vezvae. The plan for the next stage of the operation was given to the Commanders. The important part of this stage was to capture the enemy's heavy artillery and to cross the Refaieh Bridge. The army's intelligence forces had been working on this plan for a long time. Being successful in the next stages relied on being successful in this stage.

The next night the forces began to move out again. The group for destroying the mines was moving in front of the other forces. Behind them were Ali Movahhed, Ibrahim, and the other soldiers. No matter how much we went forward, we didn't get to the enemy's artillery embankments and positions! After walking six kilometers, we stopped tiredly in an area in the middle of the plain.

Ali Movahhed and Ibrahim went in different directions. But, there was no sign of the enemy's artillery. We were lost in the middle of the plain and in the middle of the enemy's position! However, a strange calm existed among the forces in such a way that almost all of the soldiers slept for half an hour.

Later in an interview with the “Message of the Revolution” magazine, Farvardin 1361 AHS, Ibrahim said, “That night and in that desert no matter how much we searched around we couldn’t see anything but the plain. So we began to prostrate there; and, we were in this position for a few minutes. We swore to God in the names of Hazrat Zahra (s) and the Innocent Imams (a).” He continued, “In that desert it was Imam Mahdi (a.j.) and us. We just called him and asked him to help. We didn’t know what to do at all. The only thing that came to our minds was to resort to him.”

No one understood what happened that night! In that strange prostration what was said between them and God? After a few minutes, Ibrahim went towards the left of the forces who were resting in the middle of the plain! After going about one kilometer he came to a big embankment. When he looked behind the embankment he saw many heavy canons and weapons.

The Iraqi forces were resting in complete calmness. Only a few sentinels and guards could be seen in the area. Ibrahim returned to the battalion quickly. He reported the story to Ali Movahhed. They brought the forces to the back of the embankment. On the way they advised the soldiers, “Don’t shoot until we tell you. Take captives during the conflict as much as you can.” From the other side the Habib Battalion attacked Iraq’s Artillery Headquarters under the Command of Mohsen Vezvae.

That night the forces were able to capture the Iraqi artillery and take many Iraqis captive with the least conflict by shouting “Allah Akbar”³⁷ and calling “Ya Zahra.” The seizure of the artillery created a serious problem for the Iraqi military in Khuzestan. Our forces immediately turned the canons around to face the enemy. However, due to a lack of forces in the artillery, they weren’t used.

The artillery was captured. We were cleaning up the surrounding area. A few minutes later I saw Ibrahim bringing an Iraqi officer! He delivered the captive to the battalion forces. I asked him, “Mr. Ibram, who was this?!” He responded, “I was walking around the Headquarters. Suddenly this officer came towards me. Poor man didn’t know that the whole area had been freed. I told him to surrender, but he attacked me. He didn’t have a gun, so I wrestled with him and threw him on the ground. Then I tied his hands and brought him.”

We prayed the Morning Prayer close to the artillery. When the backup forces came, we continued moving through the plain. The area in front of us hadn’t been cleaned completely. Suddenly two Iraqi tanks came towards us! Then they turned around and escaped. Ibrahim ran to one of them very rapidly. He jumped on the tank and opened its

³⁷ Allah Akbar: God is Great.

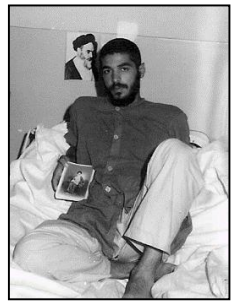
hatch. He said something in Arabic. The tank stopped and the people in it came out and surrendered.

It was still dark. The forces were rearranged, and we moved forward. On the way I asked Ibrahim, "Did you notice that we attacked the enemy's artillery from behind?!" He said in surprise, "No! Why is that?!" I continued, "The enemy was waiting for us from in front with many forces; but, God willed that we come from another direction so that we arrived at the back of the enemy's artillery. That is why we were able to take so many captives and spoils of war. On the other hand, the enemy was fully alert until 2 a.m. After that they rested, and we attacked them!"

We collected the Iraqi captives again and sent them back with a group from the forces. Then we moved forward with the rest of the forces for the last stage of the operation.

Injury

Related by: Morteza Parsaian, Ali Moqaddam



All of the battalions moved forward, each in their own territory. We had to cross the area in front of us and its surrounding trenches. But when it became daytime, it became very hard! It was much harder in one part close to the Refaieh Bridge. An Iraqi was shooting with a machine gun from inside of a trench; and, he didn't allow any of the forces to move. Whatever we did we couldn't hit the concrete trench with the machine gun.

I called Ibrahim and showed him the trench with the machine gun from far. He looked carefully and said, "The only way is to get close and throw a grenade into the trench!" Then he got two grenades from me and crawled towards the enemy trenches. I followed after him. I took refuge in one of the trenches. Ibrahim went forward even more while I was watching. He found a good position in one of the trenches close to the machine gun. But a strange incident happened! There was a young Iranian Basiji soldier in that trench who was mentally distressed due to the influence of the explosions. He put his Kalashnikov gun to Ibrahim's chest and continuously shouted, "I will kill you, you Iraqi!"

While Ibrahim was sitting down, he raised his hands. He didn't say anything. Everyone's breath was imprisoned in his chest. We really didn't know what to do! A few moments passed. The sound of the enemy's machine gun wouldn't stop. I crawled forward slowly. I got to that trench. I was only praying and saying, "God help us! We haven't had any problem with the enemy from last night till now. But now this situation has come up."

Suddenly Ibrahim slapped the young Basiji in his face and took the weapon from his hands. Then he hugged that Basiji soldier! The young soldier who had just come back to himself again started crying. Ibrahim called me, delivered the Basiji soldier to me, and said, "I hadn't slapped anyone in the face till now. But it was necessary now."

Then he went towards the machine gun. A few seconds later he threw the first grenade, but it was useless. Then he stood up and ran out of the trench. He threw the second grenade while he was running. A second later the machine gun trench was destroyed. The forces stood up shouting "Allah Akbar" and came forward. I was looking at the soldiers happily. Suddenly with the signaling of one of the soldiers, I turned around and looked outside of the trench!

I went pale. My smile dried on my lips! Ibrahim had fallen to the ground bleeding heavily. I dropped my gun and ran to him. Exactly at the time of the explosion, a bullet had struck his face (in the mouth) and another bullet had struck the back of his foot. He was bleeding heavily. He had fallen to the ground almost unconscious. I shouted, "Ibrahim!" With the help of one of the soldiers and a car, we took Ibrahim and a few other injured soldiers to the military healthcare unit in Dezful.

Ibrahim was present until the last stage of the operation. He was hit at the time of capturing the last enemy trenches in that area. On the way I was crying constantly, and I was angry. What if Ibrahim... No, God forbid. On the other hand, Ibrahim had become injured the night before the operation too. He was bleeding heavily. It wasn't clear if he could hold up.

The doctor in the healthcare unit in Dezful said, "The bullet which struck his face has gone out from his neck miraculously without harming anything. But the bullet which has struck his foot has taken away his ability to walk. The bone of the back of his foot is crushed. In addition, the wound on his side has opened up and it's bleeding. Therefore, he must be transferred to Tehran for treatment."

Ibrahim was transferred to Tehran. He was hospitalized in the Najmieh Hospital for a month. Several operations were done on Ibrahim, and they took out a few small and big shrapnel from his body. Ibrahim said in an interview with a reporter who had come to see him in the hospital, "Although the forces had prepared for this operation for many months and carried out intelligence missions, but with the grace of God we didn't carry out a military operation in Fath al-Mobin! We just marched and our slogan was 'Ya Zahra (s).' Whatever happened there was a grace from Hazrat Seddiqeh Tahereh (Fatimah) (s) herself."

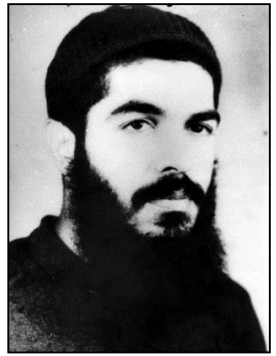
Ibrahim continued, "When we were in the desert, we took the soldiers here and there and everyone was tired. I went into prostration and invoked the 'Imam of the Time (a.j.)'. I asked the Hazrat (a.j.) himself to show us the way. When I got up from the prostration, the soldiers had a strange calmness. Most of them were sleeping. A cool breeze was blowing too. I walked in the direction of that breeze. I hadn't gone very far when I came to the trenches which were around the artillery headquarters."

At the end the reporter asked, "Do you have any message for the people?" He said, "We are ashamed because of these people who sacrifice their own food and send it for the forces. My body should be broken into pieces so that I can pay my debt to these people!"

Ibrahim wasn't able to move because of his crushed foot bone. After being hospitalized for some time, he went home and was away from the fronts for about six months. However, he did not ignore the social and religious activities of the neighborhood and the people of the local Mosque during this period.

Reciting Mourning Eulogies

Related by: Amir Monjer, Javad Shirazi



In high school, Ibrahim and his friends setup the “Javanan Vahdat Islamic Board.”³⁸ He was a source of goodness for many of his friends. He advised his friends many times to not neglect forming religious boards in the local neighborhoods in order to protect the religious morale, especially for groups where holding religious speeches were its main axis.

One of his friends narrated, “Years after Ibrahim’s martyrdom, I was busy with cultural activities in one of Tehran’s Mosques. One day I was thinking what means we should use to keep the children’s ties with the Mosque and cultural activities? That same night I saw Ibrahim in my dreams. He had collected all of the children from the Mosque and said, ‘Keep the children by forming a weekly religious meeting!’ Then he explained about how to do it, and...

We did it too. In the beginning, we didn’t think that we would be successful. But, over the years we are still in contact with these people through weekly religious meetings.”

Ibrahim’s style and manner in dealing with the neighborhood people was the same too. After he had attracted the neighborhood youth to exercise, he pushed them towards the religious meetings and the Mosque. He used to say, “When people’s hands are in the hands of Imam Husayn (a), the problems will be solved. The Imam himself will look upon them with his grace.”

From the time of his high school, Ibrahim started reading eulogies in gatherings. He persuaded others to read eulogies too. Every week he was present in the Javanan Vahdat Islamic meeting with the Martyr Abdallah Mesgar and he would read eulogies. This gathering was something more than just a religious board. This gathering was very effective in the growth of matters of faith of the friends and even in political matters.

³⁸ The Unified Youth Islamic Board.

Inviting scholars like Allameh Mohammad Taqi Ja'fari and the Clergyman Najafi and using political and religious figures to speak were among the activities of this Board. Thus, the SAVAK officers paid careful attention to this Board, and several times they prevented its meetings from being held.

Ibrahim started reciting eulogies in these meetings from the time when he was doing the Zoorkhaneh exercises. His recitations reached their peak during the time of the revolution and after that. But the important point that he paid attention to was that he said, "I recite for myself. I try to profit myself more from these recitations; and, my intention of reciting eulogies is only for God."

He was sitting on a motorcycle. He started reciting poems for Hazrat Zahra (s) beautifully. It was very appealing and plaintive. I asked Ibrahim to recite those poems in the religious meetings with the same style. But he didn't accept! He said, "They have people to recite. I don't have a good voice either. Forget it..." But I knew that whenever an action was not for God; or, it caused him to be mentioned, he would abandon it.

He had interesting habits in reciting eulogies. He wasn't tied to a microphone, echo... Many times it happened that he read without a microphone. He would hit his chest strongly in mourning and say, "The Household of the Prophet (a) gave all of their existence for Islam. At least we can mourn in a good way."

In weddings or in mourning, whenever he saw that it was his duty to read, he would read. But if he saw that there was another person except him who could read, he wouldn't read and he would try to profit from them more. Ibrahim was an outstanding example of the luminous tradition of Imam Reza (a) where he said, "Whoever cries for our calamities and makes others cry, although it be one person, his reward will be with God. And, if a person's eyes get wet and he cries for our calamities, God will raise him with us."³⁹

He had a good feeling in the mourning ceremonies. Many were affected in a special way with the presence of Ibrahim and his recitations. Wherever Ibrahim was, he turned that place into Karbala! Ibrahim's cries and groans gave a special sensation. An example was the Arba'een⁴⁰ of the year 1361 in the mourning ceremony of the "Asheqan Husayn (a) Board." The members of that Board never forgot that day. Ibrahim was talking about Hazrat Zaynab (s). He had given a special sensation to the gathering. Then he lost consciousness! That day a state was present in the people that we didn't see again. I am sure that because of the internal pain and the warm presence of Ibrahim the gathering was like this.

³⁹ Mostadrak al-Wasail: vol. 1, p. 386.

⁴⁰ Arba'een: The fortieth day after the martyrdom of Imam Husayn (a).

Ibrahim said interesting things about reciting eulogies. He said, “The person who recites eulogies should protect the reputation of the Household (a) in his recitations. He shouldn’t say everything. If the situation hasn’t been prepared in a meeting, he shouldn’t read eulogies...”

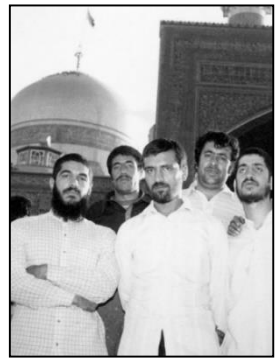
Ibrahim never considered himself to be a person who recites eulogies. But wherever he recited, he created a special sensation. He never forgot to remember the martyrs. He had prepared a few lines of a poem in which he named the martyrs, especially Asghar Vesali and Ali Qorbani. And, he read it in most meetings.

It was the night of Tasu’a, the day before Ashura. A big mourning ceremony was held in the Mosque. In the beginning, Ibrahim was mourning very well; but, after that I didn’t see him anymore! He was standing in a dark corner of the meeting and mourning quietly. The mourning lasted for a very long time. It was 12 a.m. when the gathering finished. At dinnertime everyone gathered around Ibrahim. I said, “What a great mourning ceremony it was. The people mourned very well.” Ibrahim looked meaningfully at me and the others and said, “Keep your love for yourselves!”

When he saw our surprised faces he continued, “These people have come to insure themselves in the Qamar Bani Hashem (Hazrat Abbas) (a) meeting for a year. When your mourning ceremonies last too long, they get tired. Hand out the people’s dinner after some mourning. Then, mourn as much as you want. Don’t let people feel tired in the gatherings for the Household (a).”

Gatherings for Hazrat Zahra (s)

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



We went to the meeting of the “Majma’ al-Zakerin” in the Haj Abolfath Mosque. In the meeting some poems were read about the virtues of Hazrat Zahra (s) and Ibrahim wrote them down. At the end of the meeting Haj Ali Ensani started reading eulogies. Ibrahim forgot himself. He closed his poem notebook and started crying loudly. I was very surprised at this behavior from Ibrahim. When the meeting finished we went towards our houses. On the way he said, “When a man enters Hazrat Zahra’s (s) meeting he should feel her existence; because, the meeting belongs to her.”

One day we went to an “Eid al-Zahra (s)” meeting at my insistence. I thought that since Ibrahim loves Hazrat Seddiqeh (Fatimah) (s) very much, he would be very happy. The person who was reciting eulogies in the meeting said bad things to supposedly make Hazrat Zahra (s) happy! In the middle of the meeting, Ibrahim signaled me and we left the meeting together.

On the way I said, “I think you got upset. Is that correct?!” Ibrahim didn’t have his usual calmness. He turned to me and said while he was moving his hand angrily, “God can’t be found in these meetings. Always go to a place where the talk is about God and the Household (a).” He repeated this sentence a few times. Later on when I heard the scholars’ views about these meetings, and I saw the necessity of protecting unity, I understood the exactness of Ibrahim’s view more fully.

When Ibrahim was wounded in the Fath al-Mobin Operation, we transferred him to Dezful quickly and put him in a hall which was for military healthcare. Many wounded people were hospitalized there. The hall was very crowded. The injured people were moaning. No one was calm. Finally we found a corner and laid Ibrahim on the floor.

The nurses dressed Ibrahim’s neck and foot wounds. Everyone was very upset in this situation. The sound of the injured people was very loud. Suddenly Ibrahim started reciting in a loud voice. He read a poem describing Hazrat Zahra (s). The code of the operation had been her holy name too. For a few minutes a strange silence permeated the hall! None of the injured people were moaning. It was as if everything was fine.

Wherever we looked, calmness had settled! Drops of tears were flowing from the wounded and the nurses. Everyone had calmed down! Ibrahim's recitation finished.

One of the doctors who was older than the others and didn't have a good covering came forward. She was very impressed. She said slowly, "You are like my own son too! May I be sacrificed for you young people!" Then she sat down and kissed Ibrahim's head. Ibrahim's face was interesting to see. His ears became red. Then he threw the sheet over his head because of his embarrassment.

Ibrahim always said, "After trusting in God, resorting to the fourteen Innocent people, especially Hazrat Zahra (s), is the solution to problems.

We went to Najmieh Hospital to visit Ibrahim. We were sitting together. Ibrahim got permission and started reading eulogies for Hazrat Zahra (s). Two doctors came and looked at him from far. I asked in surprise, "Has something happened?!" They said, "No, we were with him on the airplane. He constantly became unconscious and conscious. And yet, in that state he was reading eulogies in a beautiful voice for Hazrat Zahra (s) too."

The Summer of 1361 AHS

Related by: Morteza Parsaian



Ibrahim, who was in Tehran because of his injury, pursued matters in the Department of Education. He participated in the in-service supplemental courses. He also carried out a few cultural programs and activities in that short period.

He was going up and down the stairs of the Department of Education with crutches. I went forward and said hello. I said, "Mr. Ibram, what has happened?!" If you need to do something, tell me and I'll do it." He said, "No, it is my job." Then he went into a few rooms and got several signatures. His work finished, and he wanted to exit the building.

I asked him, "What was this paper? Why did you put yourself out so much?" He said, "There is a person who has been a teacher for two years, but he still has a problem getting hired. I did his work." I asked, "Is he from the people of the front?!" He said, "I don't think so, but he asked me to do this job for him. I saw that I can do it, so that was why I came."

Then he continued, "A man must do anything that he can for the servants of God, especially these good people that we have. Whatever we can we should do for them. Haven't you heard that the Imam (Khomeini) has said, 'People are our benefactors'?"

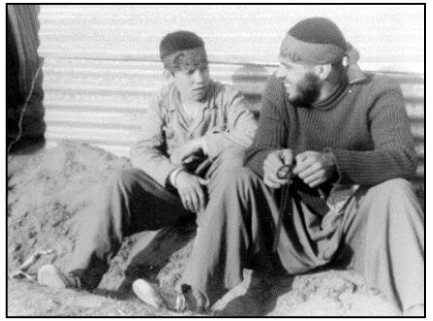
Everyone knew Ibrahim in the neighborhood and loved his behavior from the first encounter. Ibrahim's house was always full of his friends. The friends who came from the front would go to visit Ibrahim before they went to their own homes. One morning the Imam of the group prayer of the Mohammadiyah (Shohada) Mosque didn't come. The people insisted that Ibrahim go forward to pray, and they prayed behind him. When the Imam of the group prayer found out, he became very happy and said, "If I were there, I would be proud to pray behind Mr. Hadi."

I saw Ibrahim walking in the alley with a crutch. He looked at the sky a few times, and then he looked down. I went forward and asked, "Mr. Ibram, what has happened?!" He didn't respond in the beginning. But at my insistence he said, "By this time everyday at least one of the servants of God came to me and I solved his problem in some way. But today, from

morning till now, no one has come to me! I'm afraid that I have done something that God has taken the success of serving others from me!"

Method of Training

Related by: Javad Majlesirad, Mahdi Hasan Qomi



Our house was close to Mr. Ibrahim's house. At that time I was sixteen years old. Every day we played volleyball in the street with our friends. Then I would become busy playing with pigeons on the roof of our house! At that time I had about 170 pigeons. When it was praying time my brother would go to the Mosque, but I wouldn't go with him.

One evening we were playing volleyball. Ibrahim was standing with his crutch in front of his house and watching our game. During the game the ball went towards Ibrahim.

I went to bring the ball. Ibrahim took the ball in his hand. Then he rolled the ball on his thumb beautifully and said, "Here you are, Mr. Javad!" I was very surprised that he knew my name. I was watching Ibrahim out of the corner of my eye till the end of the game. All I was thinking about was, "Where does he know my name from?!"

A few days later we were playing again. Mr. Ibrahim came forward and said, "Friends, will you let me play?" We said, "For sure. Do you play volleyball too?!" He said, "If I don't know how, I will learn it from you." He put his crutch aside, and while he was limping he started playing. I hadn't seen someone play so beautifully till that time!

He was still injured and had to stand in one place. But he hit and received the ball very well. That night I told my brother, "Do you know this Mr. Ibrahim? What a volleyball he plays!" My brother laughed and said, "You still don't know him! Ibrahim was the champion in high school volleyball. He was also the champion in wrestling too!" I asked him in surprise, "Are you serious?! So why didn't he say anything?!" My brother responded, "I don't know, but just know that he is a very great man!"

A few days later we were busy playing again. Mr. Ibrahim came. Both sides wanted him to be in their team. Then we started playing. How beautifully he played. It was the end of the game. The sound of the noontime Call to Prayer came from the Mosque. Ibrahim held the ball and said, "Friends, will you come to go to the Mosque?!" We said, "Yes." Then we went and joined the group praying together.

Several days passed and we were fascinated by Mr. Ibrahim very much. We went to the Mosque because of him. One time he invited us for lunch and we talked a lot together. After that I was after Mr. Ibrahim every day. If I didn't see him even one day, I would miss

him. I would really get upset. And, one time we went to the Zoorkhaneh rituals. Overall, I loved his ethics and behavior very much. He pulled us to praying and the Mosque through love and friendship.

It was the end of Ibrahim's rest for his injury. He wanted to go back to the front. One night we were sitting in the alley. He was telling me about the thirteen and fourteen year old soldiers in the Fath al-Mobin Operation. He kept talking until he said what he wanted to say in one sentence, "Although their age and their body were smaller than you, nevertheless they created epics by trusting in God. You are sitting here looking at the sky wondering what your pigeons will do?!"

The next day I gave away all the pigeons. Then I went to the front. Many years passed from the time of that story. Now that I am an expert in educational issues I understand how accurately and correctly Ibrahim did his training. How beautifully he recommended good actions and forbade bad deeds. Ibrahim behaved so beautifully that he was a model for those who claimed to work in training. And that was at a time when there was no talk about training methods.

.It was the middle of the month of Sha'ban (the birthday of Imam Mahdi (a.j.)). We entered the alley with Ibrahim. The decoration of lights in the alley was very nice. The neighbors had gathered at the end of the alley. When we got close to them, they were all playing cards and betting and ... When Ibrahim saw this he became very angry, but he didn't say anything. I went forward, introduced Ibrahim, and said, "He is one of my friends who is a champion in volleyball and wrestling." The neighbors said hello and became acquainted with Ibrahim. Then, in such a way that no one noticed, Ibrahim gave me money and said, "Go get ten ice creams and come back quickly."

That night Ibrahim became friends with my neighbors with just a few ice creams, and by talking and laughing with them. At the end, he talked about the fact that playing cards is forbidden. When we left the alley, all of the cards had been torn and thrown into the stream!

A Correct Impact

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



We were passing the 17th of Shahrivar Street. I was on the motorcycle behind Ibrahim. Suddenly another motorcyclist entered the street from another street very fast. He turned in front of us and Ibrahim pressed on the breaks strongly. The young motorcyclist who didn't have a good appearance shouted, "Hey! What are you doing?!" Then he stopped and looked at us angrily! Everyone knew that he was at fault. I wished that Ibrahim with his strong body would get off and answer him.

But in response to his ugly act, Ibrahim said with a smile on his lips, "Hello, how are you?!" The angry motorcyclist was shocked. It seemed he didn't expect such a behavior. He paused briefly and said, "Hello, I'm sorry." Then he left. We continued on our way too.

Ibrahim started talking on the way. He answered the questions which had been created in my mind, "Did you see what happened? With a hello his anger subsided and he apologized too. Now, if I wanted to shout and fight too, I wouldn't have done anything except ruin my own mood and behavior."

Ibrahim's method in encouraging others to do good and forbidding them from doing evil was very interesting in its own kind. If he wanted to say not to do something, he tried to say in indirectly. For example, he would mention the reasons why this action was not good; medically, socially,... In this way, the person would come to the required result himself. Then he would talk for him about the commands of religion.

One of Ibrahim's friends was caught up with the problem of ogling. He constantly looked for immoral acts and behavior. Some of his friends weren't able to change his behavior by shouting and pouting with him. In this situation there weren't many people who were willing to talk with him; but, Ibrahim behaved very warmly with him! He even brought him to the Zoorkhaneh and respected him very much in front of others.

Later Ibrahim talked to him. At first he made him feel protective and said, "If someone is after your mother or sister and bothers them, what will you do?" The boy said angrily, "I will take his eyes out." Ibrahim said very calmly, "So my friend, if you are this careful about your own intimate family, why do you do this same wrong act?!"

Then he continued, “Look, if everyone is after the intimate families of others, the society will be ruined and nothing will remain in its own place.” Then Ibrahim talked about how looking at other women is forbidden. He cited the traditions from the Prophet (s) in which he said, “Close your eyes to seeing women who are not part of your intimate family so that you may see the wonders.”⁴¹

Then he brought other reasons. The boy confirmed what he said. Then he said, “Make your decision. If you want to be friends with us, you have to stop this behavior.” Ibrahim’s good behavior and his good reasoning made that boy’s behavior change overall. He turned into one of the good people of the neighborhood. He put all of his bad deeds aside. This boy was an example of people whom Ibrahim changed them with his good behavior, reasoning, and talking at the right time. The name of this boy is now the name of one of the allies of our neighborhood! (He has become a martyr.)

It was the fall of the year 1361. We were going towards Azadi Square on a motorcycle. I wanted to take Ibrahim to the Western Terminal to go to the front. A top model car passed beside us. A woman who wasn’t wearing an appropriate scarf was sitting next to the driver. She looked at Ibrahim and said a bad word. Ibrahim said, “Follow him quickly!”

I went towards the car quickly. Then we pointed for him to stop. I told myself, “This time he will fight for sure.” The car stopped at the side of the street. We stopped next to it too. I was waiting for Ibrahim’s reaction. Ibrahim paused briefly; and then, while he was sitting on the motorcycle he said hello and greeted the driver very warmly! The driver who had seen our appearance and his wife’s behavior didn’t expect such a greeting.

After he responded Ibrahim said, “I am so sorry your wife has said a bad curse word to me and all of the people who have a beard. I want to know what...” The driver cut Ibrahim’s words off and said, “My wife was wrong. Her words were out of line.” Ibrahim said, “No sir, don’t talk like that. I just want to know if I owe her something. Or have I done something wrong that she behaves like this with me?!”

The driver didn’t think we would act like this at all. He got off the car, kissed Ibrahim’s face, and said, “No dear friend, you didn’t do anything wrong. We were wrong. We are very sorry too.” After apologizing a lot he left.

The behavior and these reactions of Ibrahim, especially during that period of time, were very strange for us. But, he showed us the correct way of dealing with people. He always said, “A person who is patient when faced with other people’s anger is more successful in life.”

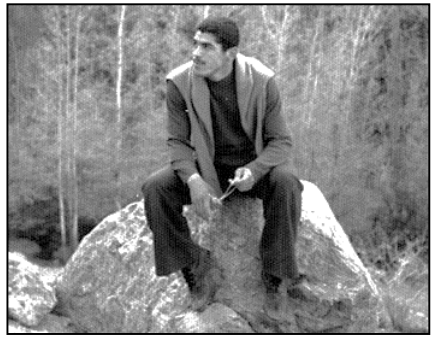
⁴¹ Mizan al-Hikmah, vol. 10, p. 72.

A person shouldn't do anything which isn't based upon logic; and, this was his key to success in his dealings. His way of dealing reminded me of this verse, "And the servants of the beneficent Allah are they who walk on the earth in humbleness, and when the ignorant address them, they say: peace."⁴²

⁴² Quran, 25:63.

The Story of the Snake

Mahdi Amuzadeh



It was ten p.m. We were playing soccer in the street. I had heard Mr. Ibrahim's name from the neighbors, but I hadn't met him. We were busy playing. I saw someone coming towards us with a crutch. I realized from his long beard and his injured foot that it must be him! He stood by the alley and watched our game. One of our friends asked him, "Mr. Ibram, will you play?" He said, "I can't with this foot. But if you want, I can stand in the goal."

I played very well; but, whatever I did I wasn't able to score a goal against him. He played like the professionals. Half an hour later when the ball was under his foot, he said, "Friends, don't you think that it is late now. People want to sleep!" We picked up the ball and the goals. Then we sat around Mr. Ibrahim. The friends said, "Tell us some memories from the front if it is possible."

That night I heard a strange memory that I will never forget at all. Mr. Ibrahim said, "We had gone for reconnaissance in the western area with Javad Afrasiabi. It was midnight and we were hiding close to the Iraqis' trenches. Then it became daytime. We started to complete the reconnaissance of the enemy's positions.

While we were working, I suddenly saw that a very big snake was coming exactly towards our hideout! I hadn't seen such a big snake like that before that time. Our breath was imprisoned in our chests. We couldn't do anything. If we shot at the snake, the Iraqis would find out. If we escaped, the Iraqis would see us. The snake was coming towards us very fast. We didn't have time to decide.

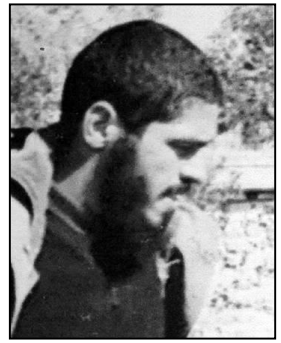
I swallowed my mouth water. I sat down and closed my eyes, but I was afraid. I said, 'In the name of God.' Then I swore God to the right of Zahra Marziah (s)! The time hardly passed by. A few seconds later, Javad tapped on my hand. I opened my eyes. I saw in surprise that the snake had come close to us; and then, it had changed its direction and moved far away!"

That night Mr. Ibrahim told us a few funny memories too. We laughed a lot. Then he said, "Try not to play late at night when people want to rest."

From the next day on, I was after Mr. Ibrahim every day. When I found out that he goes to the Mosque to pray in the mornings I even went to the Mosque because of him. Mr. Ibrahim's effect on the neighbors and me was to such an extent that our praying had become slower and more precise like his. Shortly later when he went to the front, we couldn't stand to be separated from him and we went to the front too.

God's Satisfaction

Related by: Abbas Hadi



One of Ibrahim's characteristics was that usually no one found out about his activities except the people who were with him and saw these actions themselves. He himself didn't talk about his activities except when it was necessary. He always spoke of this point that, "There is no need to tell others about an action which is for God." Or, "The problem with our actions is that we work for everyone's satisfaction except for God's."

Hazrat Ali (a) said, "Whoever purifies his heart and his deeds from others than God will be under God's attention."⁴³ The great mystics mention this point in all of their sentences that, "If an action is for God, it will become valuable." They have also said, "Every breath that a human being breathes in this world for other than God will be to his detriment in the hereafter."

During Ibrahim's injury we went to one of Tehran's Zoorkhanehs. We sat in a corner. When each of the elder members of the group entered, the trainer's bell was rung and the exercise stopped for a few seconds. The newcomer would wave his hand to the athletes from far and sit in a corner with a smile on his lips.

Ibrahim was watching the people's moves carefully. Then he turned and told me quietly, "Look at how happy these people become from the sound of the bell." Then he continued, "Some people love the Zoorkhaneh's bell. If they loved God as much as they love this bell, they wouldn't be on the earth anymore. They would be walking in the heavens!"

Then he said, "This is the way the world is. As long as a human being loves the world and sticks to it his condition will remain the same. But if a person raises his head up to the skies and does his work for the satisfaction of God, be sure that his life will change. At that time he will understand the meaning of life."

Then he continued, "In the Zoorkhaneh many people want to see who is stronger than the rest and who gets tired faster. If some day you were in the middle of the exercise ring, change the exercise quickly for the sake of God when you see that someone has become tired. When I was in the middle, I wouldn't do this. I became famous among the friends for

⁴³ Ghurar al-Hikam, p. 538.

no reason even though I had no intention of doing so. But, you shouldn't do this!" Ibrahim used to say, "A human being should do everything, even his personal tasks, for God's satisfaction."

Be aware of the fact that the world is for you. If you ask for anything other than God, you will fail.

It was close to sunrise on a Friday morning. Ibrahim came home with bloody clothes! He changed his clothes without any sound. After praying he told me, "Abbas, I'll go upstairs to sleep."

It was close to noontime when the sound of knocking on the door came. Someone was constantly knocking on the door! Our mother went and opened the door. It was the neighbor woman.

After saying hello she said angrily, "Is your Ibrahim the same age as my son?! Last night he took my son out. They had an accident, and my son broke his leg!" Then she continued, "You see, I have taken my boy to the best high school. I don't want him to hang around with people like your son!" Our mother didn't know anything about what had happened. She became very upset. She apologized and said in surprise, "I don't know what you are talking about! But be sure, I will tell Ibrahim. Please forgive him..."

I was listening to her words. I ran upstairs! I woke Ibrahim up and said, "Brother what have you done?!" Ibrahim asked, "Why is that? What has happened?" I asked, "Did you have an accident?" He woke up abruptly and asked in surprise, "Accident?! What are you talking about?" I told him, "Didn't you hear? Mohammad's mother was at the door. She was shouting..." Ibrahim thought a little bit and said, "Ok, thank God. It is not important!"

That afternoon, Mohammad's mother and father came to visit Ibrahim with a bouquet of flowers and a box of sweets. The neighbor woman was continuously apologizing. Our mother said in surprise, "Ma'am, not what you said this morning, and not what you are doing now!"

She kept saying, "I swear to God, I am so embarrassed that I don't know what to say. Mohammad told us the whole story. Mohammad said that if Mr. Ibrahim hadn't arrived, it wasn't clear what would have happened to him.

The neighbors didn't want us to get upset, so they had told us, 'Ibrahim and Mohammad were together, and they had an accident!' Ma'am I am very upset that I judged quickly. I swear to God, please forgive me. I told Mohammad's father that it is very bad that it has been a few months that Mr. Ibrahim has been injured, his foot hasn't gotten better yet, and we haven't gone to visit him. That is why we have come."

Our mother asked her, "I don't understand. What has happened to your Mohammad?" The neighbor lady continued, "At midnight on Friday, the Basijis from the Mosque were controlling a checkpoint. Mohammad was in the middle of the street with his other friends. Unexpectedly his hand went on the trigger, a bullet was mistakenly shot out of his own gun, and it hit his foot. He fell in the middle of the street with an injured foot and was bleeding very much. At the same time, Mr. Ibrahim arrived on a motorcycle. He went to Mohammad quickly and dressed Mohammad's leg wound with help from one of the other friends. Then he took him to the hospital."

The words of the neighbor woman finished. I turned and looked at Ibrahim. He was sitting in the corner of the room with a special calm. He knew well that a person who has done something for God's satisfaction shouldn't pay attention to people's talk.

Purity

Related by: Abbas Haddi



We were talking about exercising with Ibrahim. He said, “Whenever I went to exercise or to a wrestling match, I always made the minor ablution beforehand. I always prayed a two cycle prayer before wrestling competitions.” I asked him, “What kind of prayer?!” He said, “A two cycle recommended prayer! I would ask God not to upset anyone in the competition!”

Ibrahim would not get close to sins at all. That is why he was a role model for all the friends. Even in a place where sin was talked about he would change the subject quickly. Whenever he saw that the friends were backbiting about someone, he would constantly say, “Send greetings upon the Prophet (s) and his Household (a)!” Or, he would change the subject in some way. He never spoke ill of anyone unless it was to correct him.

He never wore tight or short sleeve clothes. Many times he busied himself with hard work. When we asked him the reason for this, he said, “These jobs are necessary for a person’s spirit.” The Martyr Ja’far Jangravi narrated, “After a religious meeting we were sitting together and talking with our friends. Ibrahim was sitting in another room by himself and in his own thoughts!

When our friends had gone, I went over to Ibrahim. He still hadn’t noticed my presence yet. I saw in surprise that every few minutes he pricked his face and the back of his eyelids with a needle! I abruptly said in surprise, ‘What are you doing brother Ibram?!’

He then noticed my presence. He jumped up and came out from his thinking! Then he paused and said, ‘Nothing. Nothing. It is nothing!’ I said, ‘I swear to Ibram’s life that it is impossible. You have to tell me why you pricked your face with the needle.’ He paused and said very calmly like people who have a lump in their throat, ‘This is the retribution for an eye which has fallen upon a woman other than one’s own intimate family.’

At that time I didn’t understand what Ibrahim was doing and what his words meant. But later when I read the bibliographies of some scholars, I realized that they punished themselves in order to prevent contamination from sin.”

Another of his outstanding qualities was his avoiding mixing with other women outside of his own intimate family. If he wanted to talk with a woman who wasn’t from his intimate family, even if she was his far relative, he wouldn’t raise his head at all. As his friends said,

“Ibrahim had an allergy to women outside of his own intimate family!” Imam Mohammad Baqer (a) said very nicely, “Talking to women, who are not from a person’s intimate family, is one of Satan’s arrows.”

Ibrahim cared about feeding others very much too. He always invited his friends to our house and served them food. During the time when Ibrahim was injured and confined to bed at home, he prepared food every day and invited people who came to visit him to eat. He served them and enjoyed doing this very much. He told his friends, “I am a channel. This is your sustenance. The believers’ sustenance has blessings...”

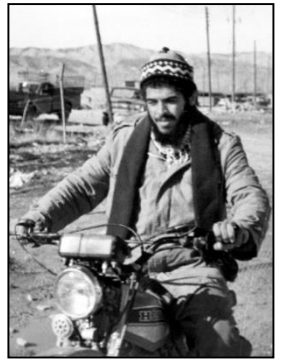
He was like this in the religious meetings and gatherings too. When he saw that it was difficult for the host to serve food to everyone in a gathering, he would prepare food for all of the guests and mourners without saying anything. He used to say, “Imam Husayn’s gathering should be complete from all points of view.”

On Friday nights, he provided dinner for friends after the Basiji program. After eating we would go on pilgrimage to Hazrat Abdolazim or to the Behesht Zahra (s) Cemetery in a group. The friends from the Basijis and the meetings never forgot those times. However, that beautiful and memorable period didn’t last very long!

One time I asked Ibrahim, “Brother, where do you get this much money from?! You get two thousand tomans per month from the Department of Education, but you spend many times more than this for others!” He looked at my face and said, “God is the One who gives sustenance. I am just a channel in these programs. I have asked God that my pockets never be empty. And, God provides the means for doing good deeds from a place that I can’t even imagine.”

The People's Needs and God's Blessings

Related by: A Group of the Martyr's Friends



I was with Ibrahim and we were coming back home from a relatively long distance on a motorcycle. An old man was standing beside the street with his family. He waved his hand in front of us and I stopped. He asked for directions. After he heard the answer, he started to talk about his problems. He didn't look like a beggar or someone who was addicted. Ibrahim got off of the motorcycle and looked in his pockets, but he didn't have anything.

He asked me, "Amir, do you have any money with you?!" I looked in my pockets, but incidentally I didn't have any money either. Ibrahim said, "Please! Look again." I looked, but I didn't have anything with me. We apologized to the old man and continued on our way. As we were going, I saw Ibrahim in the mirror of the motorcycle. He was crying!

The weather wasn't cold for his eyes to be tearing. That's why I went to the side of the road and stopped. I asked him in surprise, "Dear Ibrahim, are you crying?!"

He cleaned his face and said, "We couldn't help someone who was needy." I told him, "We didn't have any money. This isn't a sin. He said, "I know, but I was truly sad for him. We didn't have the blessing of being able to help him."

I paused briefly and didn't say anything. Then I continued on the way. However, I really envied Ibrahim's inner purity and feelings. I saw Ibrahim the next day. He said, "I will never come out of the house without money anymore, so that what happened yesterday won't be repeated again."

Ibrahim's taking care of people's needs reminded me of the beautiful tradition from the Master of the Martyrs (Imam Husayn) (a) when he said, "The people's needs are blessings from God to you. Don't neglect in helping them since this blessing is in danger of departing and being destroyed."⁴⁴

It was the last days when Ibrahim was resting from his injury. He called me and after saying hello and asking how I was doing, he asked me, "Are you using your car today?!" I said, "No, it is just in front of the house." He came and got the car and said, "I will be back

⁴⁴ Bihar al-Anwar, vol. 78, p. 121.

by this afternoon.” It was afternoon when he brought the car back. I asked, “Where did you want to go?!” He said, “Nothing, I was taking passengers!” I said with a laugh, “Are you joking?!” He said, “No. Now if you don’t have anything to do, let’s go. We have a few things to do.”

I wanted to go into our house when he said “If you have something in the house that you don’t use like rice or oil, bring them too.” I went and brought some rice and oil. Then we stopped in front of a store. Ibrahim bought some meat, chicken, and other things and got in the car. I found out that the small change that he gave to the store keeper was the money he earned from taking passengers. Then we went to the south of the city together. We went to the houses of a few people. I didn’t know them. Ibrahim knocked on the doors, handed them the groceries and said, “We have come from the front. These are your share!”

Ibrahim talked in such a way that the other person didn’t feel shamed at all. He didn’t mention himself at all. Later I found out that the houses which we went to were the house of a few of the soldiers. The man of their family was at the front. That was why Ibrahim was taking care of them.

His activities reminded me of the tradition from Imam Sadeq (a) where he said, “Trying to take care of a Muslim’s needs is better than going around the House of God 70 times; and, it causes one to be safe on the Resurrection Day.”⁴⁵ This luminous tradition was the light of the way of Ibrahim’s life. He did his best to solve people’s problems.

It was the period when Ibrahim was in high school. Ibrahim was working in the bazaar in the afternoons, and he had an income for himself. He found out that one of the neighbors had serious financial problems. They had lost the man of their family and didn’t have anyone to provide for their expenses. Ibrahim didn’t say anything to anyone. Each month whenever he got his salary he provided for most of the expenses of that family! Whenever there was a lot of food cooked in his house, he would surely send some for that family. This continued for many years till Ibrahim’s martyrdom. Almost no one except his mother knew anything about it.

A person came to Ibrahim. He used to serve tea in a company, and now he was unemployed. He asked for financial help. Instead of helping him financially, Ibrahim found a good job for him by going to a few friends.

He would do anything he could to solve people’s problems. If he couldn’t do anything, he would go to his friends. He would get help from them. However, he observed one thing in

⁴⁵ Bihar al-Anwar, vol. 74, p. 318.

helping others, and that was that he didn't encourage people to beg. Ibrahim always told his friends, "Solve a needy person's problem before he comes to you and stretches out his hand."

He helped any of the friends that had a problem, or anyone that he thought had a financial problem. He would do it secretly before the other person said anything. Then he would say, "I don't need it at present. This is a loan to you. Return it whenever you have it. This money is a loan without interest." Ibrahim didn't count on this money at all. When helping in this way, he paid attention to the reputation of the people very much. He always interacted with others in such a way that the other person wouldn't be ashamed.

The religious scholars recommend that in order to solve your own problems, solve other people's problems as much as you can. They also recommend feeding people as much as is possible and solving many of your own problems in this way. It was sunset during the month of Ramadan. Ibrahim came to the door of our house and after asking how I was, he got a pot from me!

Then he went to a restaurant. I went after him and said, "Dear Ibrahim, lamb meat is very delicious for breaking the fast! What an awesome thing!" He said, "You are right. But it is not for me." He bought some lamb meat and a few Sangak breads. When he came out of the restaurant, Iraj arrived on his motorcycle. Ibrahim got on it and said goodbye. I told myself, "A few of the friends have probably gathered for breaking their fast together." I got upset that he hadn't even offered me to come.

I saw Iraj the next day and asked him, "Where did you go yesterday?!" He said, "Behind Chehel Tan Park at the end of the alley, there was a small house. We knocked on the door and gave the food to them. Several children and an old man came to the door and thanked us a lot. They knew Ibrahim very well. They were a very poor family. Then I took Ibrahim to his house."

26 years had passed since Ibrahim's martyrdom. I saw Ibrahim in my dreams. He had come to Tehran riding in a military vehicle! I was too excited to know what to do. Ibrahim's face was very bright. I went forward, and we hugged each other. I was shouting happily, "Friends come! Mr. Ibrahim has returned!"

Ibrahim said, "Come and get on. We have many jobs to do." We went close to a tall building together. The engineers and the owner of the building all said hello and greeted Ibrahim. They all knew him very well. Ibrahim faced the owner of the building and said, "I have come to recommend this descendant of the Prophet (s). Put one of these units into his name." Then he showed a person who was standing further away from us. The owner of the building said, "Mr. Ibram, this man doesn't have any money, and he can't get a loan either. How can I give him a unit?"

I confirmed his words and said, "Dear Ibrahim, the period of these kinds of actions is over. Everyone knows money nowadays!" Ibrahim looked at me meaningfully and then he said, "If I have returned, it was to solve the problems of a few people like him. Otherwise I don't have anything to do here!" Then he walked towards the car. I went after him, but suddenly my cell phone rang and I woke up!

One Fifth

Related by: Mostafa Saffar Harandi



One of the scholars whom Ibrahim was especially fond of was the late Mr. Harandi. Other than the time for prayer, this great scholar sold fabric. It was the end of summer in the year 1361. We went to visit him with Ibrahim. He got some fabric enough for two shirts. The next week at praying time I saw Ibrahim come to the Mosque and go to Mr. Harandi. I went to see what has happened. Ibrahim was busy calculating his income for that year and was calculating one fifth of his remaining property (Khoms Tax)! It made me laugh! He didn't keep anything for himself. Whatever he had, he spent for others. So what was he calculating one fifth of?!

Mr. Harandi did the calculation for the year. He said, "The Khoms Tax which you should pay is 400 tomans." Then he continued, "I will excuse it with the permission that I have from the religious authorities and based upon the recognition I have of you." But Ibrahim insisted to pay this religious tax. In the end, he paid the Khoms. Ibrahim's action reminded me of a tradition from Imam Sadeq (a) where he said, "Whoever doesn't pay the right of God (like the Khoms Tax), will spend twice that much in a futile way."⁴⁶

After praying we went to Mr. Harandi's store with Ibrahim. He told him, "I want two fabrics for shirts, like the previous time. He looked at him in surprise and said, "My son, you just got fabric from me. These are fabrics from the government. We are not allowed to give anyone too much of them."

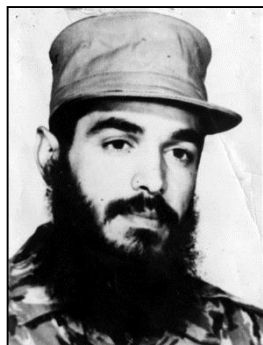
Ibrahim didn't say anything. But I knew the story, so I said, "Sir, this Mr. Ibrahim has given away the previous shirts! There are some athletes in the Zoorkhaneh who wear short sleeves or their economic situation is not good. That is why Ibrahim has given the shirts to them!"

He listened to my words in surprise, looked at Ibrahim's face deeply and said, "This time I will cut the fabric for you. You are not allowed to give it to anyone. Whoever wanted one, send him here."

⁴⁶ Athar al-Sadiqin, vol. 5, p. 466.

We Love You

Related by: Javad Majlesi



It was the fall of the year 1361. We went to the combat areas again with Ibrahim. This time in all of the gatherings everyone spoke of how Ibrahim sought reliance on Hazrat Zahra (s). People were talking about him wherever we went! Many soldiers narrated stories of him and his epic deeds in the operations. All of these deeds were carried out by relying on Hazrat Seddiqeh Tahereh (Zahra) (s). We went to the Sumar region. In each trench that we went, they asked Ibrahim to read eulogies for them and recite about Hazrat Zahra (s).

It was night time. Ibrahim started reading eulogies in a group of one of the battalion forces. Ibrahim's voice was hoarse due to his tiredness and long meetings! After the gathering ended, one or two of the soldiers joked with Ibrahim and imitated his voice. Then they said some things which made him very upset. That night Ibrahim was very angry before sleeping. He said, "I'm not important, but they ridiculed the gathering for Hazrat Zahra (s). Because of this, I won't read eulogies anymore!" No matter how much I said, "Don't take the soldiers words to heart Mr. Ibrahim. Do your own job," it was useless.

Late at night we went back to Headquarters. He swore again, "I won't read eulogies anymore!" It was one a.m. I was very tired, and I slept. Before the Morning Prayer, I felt that someone is shaking my hand. I opened my eyes with difficulty. Ibrahim's shining face was over my head. He called me and said, "Get up. It is praying time now." I got up. I told myself, "It is as if this guy doesn't know what it means to be tired?!" But I knew that whatever time that he slept, he always woke up before time for the Morning Prayer and started praying (the midnight prayer). Ibrahim called the other soldiers too. Then he recited the Call to Prayer and organized a morning group prayer.

After praying and remembering God's names, Ibrahim started reading supplications. Then he read eulogies for Hazrat Zahra (s)!! Ibrahim's beautiful poems made every soldier cry. I, who had seen Ibrahim vowing not to recite eulogies any more, was surprised more than anyone else! But I didn't say anything.

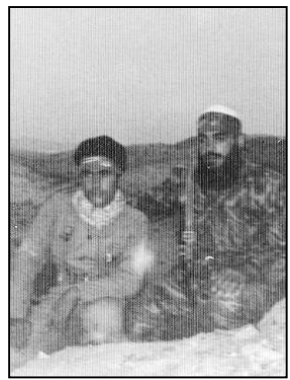
After eating breakfast, we went back towards Sumar with the forces. On the way I was constantly thinking of his strange actions. Ibrahim looked at me meaningfully and said,

“Do you want to ask why I read a eulogy although I had vowed not to?!” I said, “Yes, last night you swore that...” He jumped into the middle of my sentence and said, “Don’t tell anyone what I say as long as I am alive.”

Then he paused briefly and continued, “I couldn’t sleep last night. But, in the middle of the night I was able to sleep a little. All of a sudden I saw that the holy Hazrat Seddiqeh Tahereh (Fatimah) (s) came and said, “Don’t say I won’t recite. We love you. Whoever asked you to recite, you recite.” His crying didn’t permit him to talk anymore. After that Ibrahim continued reciting eulogies.

The Zayn al-Abedin Operation

Related by: Javad Majlesi



It was the month of Azar in the year 1361 AHS. Ibrahim was usually greeted warmly wherever he went. Many commanders had heard of Ibrahim's valor and bravery. One time he came to our battalion and we talked together. We had a long conversation.

The forces got ready to move. When I went back our Commander asked me, "Where were you?!" I said, "One of my friends had come and he wanted to talk to me. He is going now in a car." He turned around and looked. He asked, "What is his name?" I said, "Ibrahim Hadi." Suddenly he said in surprise, "Is this the Mr. Ibrahim that they talk about?!" I said, "Yes, why is that?!" While he was watching the movement of the car he said, "He is one of the first ones of the war. How has he become friends with you?!" I said with a special pride, "Well you know, he lives in our neighborhood."

Then he turned back and said, "Bring him here to talk for the forces one time." I acted proudly and said, "He's busy. But, I'll see what I can do." The next day I went to the Intelligence Operations Headquarters to see Ibrahim. After greeting each other and talking briefly he said, "Wait, I will take you and talk to your Commander." Then we went to the Battalion Headquarters in a Toyota. We came to a waterway as we were going. Whenever we passed through it with a car, we always got stuck.

I said, "Mr. Ibrahim, go and pass from a higher place. You will get stuck here." He said, "I don't have time for it. We will pass through here." I said, "You don't need to take me any further. Thank you for bringing me here. I will go the rest of the way myself." He said, "Sit in your seat. I want to see your Commander." Then he drove forward.

I told myself, "How does he want to pass through this much water?!" I laughed to myself and said, "It will be fun if he gets stuck. He will get a little upset!" But Ibrahim said, "God is Great" and "In the name of God" loudly. Then he passed through in first gear! When we got to the other side he said, "We still don't know the power of the phrase 'God is Great.' If we realize this, many problems will be solved."

The battalion made the necessary preparations for the new operation. A few days later it was time to move towards Sumar. I went and stood at the beginning of the three-way

intersection. Ibrahim had told me, "I will come to you before sunset." So, I was waiting for him. Our battalion moved out. I was constantly looking at the end of the dirt road until Ibrahim's beautiful face appeared from far. He always came wearing Kurdish pants and without any weapons. But strangely, this time he came wearing military dress, a headband, and carrying a Kalashnikov.

I went forward and said, "Mr. Ibrahim, you are carrying a gun!?" He laughed and said, "It is obligatory to obey the Command. Since the Command has ordered me to do so, I came like this." Then I said, "Mr. Ibrahim will you let me come with you?" He said, "No, come with your own group. I will be behind you. We will see each other."

We walked a few kilometers. We got to the enemy's positions in the dark. I was responsible for firing an RPG. So, I was ahead of the others on the way with the battalion's Commander. It was a bad situation. I wasn't calm at all! There was a strange silence in the region. We moved inside of a narrow, slightly-inclined channel towards the top of the hill. The Iraqi trenches were quite clear from the top of the hill. I had the duty to fire at them as soon as I got there.

I looked around for a second. There were trenches facing the top of the hill on both sides of the hill. The Iraqis knew well that we were going to pass through this channel! I swallowed my mouth water. I was walking without making a sound. The others were doing the same. Our breaths were imprisoned in our chests!

We hadn't yet reached the top of the hill when suddenly a flare was shot. Over our heads became lit up! Then they shot at us from three sides. We were all sticking to the ground. We were exactly within gunshot of the enemy. Every second a grenade or a bullet came towards us. The cries of the injured started...

We couldn't do anything in that darkness. I wished the ground would open and hide me in itself. I was seeing death with my own eyes. Meanwhile someone was crawling forward. He got my foot! I raised my head from the ground slightly and looked back. I couldn't believe it. The face that I was seeing was the shining face of Ibrahim. He said suddenly, "Is it you?!" Then he took the RPG from me and went forward. He shot the RPG while shouting "God is Great!" The trench in front which was doing most of the shooting was destroyed.

Ibrahim got up and shouted, "The Shi'as of the Commander of the Faithful (Ali) (a) get up. The Imam's hand is behind us." All of the forces gained spirit. I shouted "God is Great" too. The others got up too. Everyone was shooting. Almost all of the Iraqis escaped. A few seconds later I saw that Ibrahim was standing at the top of the hill! The work of capturing this important Iraqi hill had been carried out very quickly. A few of the enemy soldiers were captured. The rest of our forces continued to move.

I went forward with the Commander. He told me on the way, "It is not surprising that everyone likes to be with Ibrahim in an operation. What a bravery he has!" I saw Ibrahim in the middle of the night again. He said, "Did you see the Imam's grace?! Just a 'God is Great' was needed for the enemy to escape!"

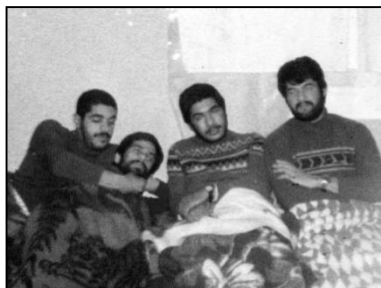
The operation finished in our territory. The forces from all the battalions went back. But, some of the battalions left their injured and the martyrs behind! When Ibrahim was talking to one of the Commanders of those battalions, he was shouting! He was very angry. I hadn't seen him get angry before that. He said, "You wanted to go back. You had forces and facilities too. Why didn't you think of the soldiers of your battalion?! Why did you leave the injured behind? Why..."

He coordinated with the person in charge of the territory who was one of his friends. He penetrated deeply into the enemy positions with Javad Afrasiabi and a few other friends. They transferred some of the injured and martyrs who had been left behind over the course of several nights. The enemy hadn't been able to clean up the area due to the sensitivity of the zone.

Ibrahim and Javad were able to bring back about eighteen injured soldiers and nine martyrs from the area which had been infiltrated by the enemy by the 21st of Azar, 1361. They even transferred the body of a martyr from a distance within ten meters of the Iraqis' trenches using a special technique! Ibrahim became slightly ill after this operation. We came to Tehran together. He was in Tehran for a few weeks and continued his religious and cultural activities.

The Last Days

Related by: Ali Sadeqi, Ali Moqaddam



It was the end of the month of Azar. We came back to Tehran with Ibrahim. Although he was tired, he was very happy too. He said, “There were no more martyrs or injured people in the enemy territory. We brought back all those who were there.” Then he said, “We have made the waiting eyes of many happy. The reward from each of the mothers of these martyrs who visits the grave of her child is for us too.”

I immediately used the situation and asked him, “Mr. Ibram, so why do you yourself pray to be anonymous?!” He didn’t expect this question. He paused for a second and said, “I have made my mother ready. I have told her not to wait for me. I have even asked her to pray that I become an anonymous martyr!” But still he didn’t give me the answer that I wanted. We stayed with Ibrahim in Tehran for a few weeks. After the maneuver and Ibrahim’s sickness the friends were with him every night. Wherever Ibrahim went was full of friends from the meetings and the soldiers.

It was the month of Day. Ibrahim’s mood had changed greatly from before. He didn’t use commonplace words or joke as much! Most friends called him Shaykh Ibrahim. Ibrahim had shortened his beard, but his face was just as bright as before. The dream of martyrdom, which was everyone’s dream, had a different feeling for Ibrahim.

We were walking in the darkness of the night. I asked him, “Your dream is to become a martyr. Is that correct?!” He laughed. After a few seconds of silence he said, “Martyrdom is a little piece of my dream. I want that nothing be left from me. I want to be cut up into pieces like my Master who was without a shroud, Husayn (a). I don’t want my body to come back. I like to remain anonymous.”

I had heard the reason for his words before. He said, “Since the mother of the children of the Prophet (s) (Fatimah) (s) doesn’t have a grave, I don’t want to have a grave.”

Then we went to the Zoorkhaneh. He invited everyone for tomorrow’s lunch. The next day at noontime we went to their house. Group praying was held before lunch. We sent Ibrahim forward (to lead the prayer). He had a strange mood when praying. It was as if he wasn’t in this world! All of his existence was traveling in the heavens! After praying he read the Faraj Supplication in a nice voice. One of the friends told me, “Ibrahim has become very strange. I haven’t seen him cry when praying like this before!”

In the religious meetings, Ibrahim would seek reliance on Hazrat Seddiqeh Tahereh (Fatimah) (s). Afterwards he would say, "In memory of all the anonymous martyrs who don't have a grave or a sign, like the mother of the children of the Prophet (s) (Fatimah) (s)." He always remembered the fronts and the soldiers in the meetings.

It was the middle of the month of Bahman. At nine p.m. one night someone shouted in the street, "Haj Ali, are you home?!" I went behind the window. Ibrahim and Ali Nasrallah were in the street on a motorcycle. I became happy and went to the door. I hugged Ibrahim then Ali and kissed them. We came into the house. The weather was very cold, and I was alone. I asked them, "Have you eaten dinner." Ibrahim said, "No, don't put yourself to any trouble." I said, "Don't worry. I will make eggs." Then I prepared a light dinner.

I said, "My children aren't home tonight. If you don't have anything to do, stay here. We have a Korsi⁴⁷ too. Ibrahim accepted. Then I said with a laugh, "Brother Ibram, do you go around in this cold weather wearing Kurdish (loose) pants?! Don't you get cold?!" He laughed and said, "No, because I am wearing four pants!" Then he took off three pants and went underneath the Korsi! I started talking with Ali.

I don't know if Ibrahim slept or not, but suddenly he jumped up and looked at my face. He said without introduction, "Haj Ali, I swear to my life! Tell me the truth! Do you see martyrdom in my face?!" I didn't expect this question. I looked at Ibrahim's face for a few seconds and said calmly, "Some of the friends have a strange air before their martyrdom. But dear Ibram, you always have this strange air!" The room was silent. Ibrahim got up and told Ali, "Get up, we have to go quickly." I asked in surprise, "Mr. Ibram, where?!" He said, "We have to go to the Mosque quickly. Then he put on his pants and left with Ali.

⁴⁷ Korsi: A special kind of heater which is made by putting a small, portable heater under a table with a blanket over it. People then sit or lie with their legs under the blanket.

Fakkeh, the Last Rendezvous

Related by: Ali Nasrallah



It was midnight when we got to the Mosque. Ibrahim said goodbye to his friends, then he went home. He said goodbye to his mother and his family. He asked his mother to pray for his martyrdom. We went to the front early in the morning. Ibrahim was talking less. He was mostly busy reciting God's names or reading the Quran. We arrived at the army camp in the north of Fakkeh. The battalions were busy doing an operational maneuver. The soldiers became very happy when they heard that Ibrahim had returned. Everyone came to see him. The tent wasn't empty for a moment.

Haj Husayn came too. He was very happy to see him. After saying hello and greeting each other, Ibrahim asked him, "Haj Husayn, all of the forces are busy. Is there any news?!" He said, "Tomorrow we move out for the operation. If you come with us, we will be very happy." He continued, "I have to divide the intelligence forces among the battalions for the new operation. Each battalion must have one or two people responsible for intelligence and the operation." Then he put a list in front of Ibrahim and said, "What do you think about these soldiers?" Ibrahim looked at the list and gave his opinion about them one by one.

Then he asked, "So sir, how are the forces arranged now?" He said, "The forces are now divided into several corps; and, several divisions form a corps. Haj Hemmat is responsible for the "Qadr Eleventh Corps". The "27th Division" is under this corps. They have given the intelligence work of the "Qadr Eleventh Corps" to us."

That evening Ibrahim put henna on his hair. He shortened his hair and trimmed his beard. His beautiful face had become even more heavenly. At sunset we went to one of the outposts in the area. Ibrahim looked at the region of the operation with a special camera. He wrote down some things on a paper too. A few soldiers came to the outpost. They constantly said, "Sir. Be faster! We want to see too!" Ibrahim who had become angry shouted, "Is this a cinema here?! We have to look for a solution for tomorrow. We have to determine the direction of movement for tomorrow."

Then he left angrily. He said, "I am very worried." I said, "It is not important, don't be upset." We went to one of the Qadr Army Commanders. Ibrahim said, "Sir this region has special circumstances. All of the ground in this region is soft! It is very hard for the forces to move in this plain. And, Iraq has placed all of these obstacles too. Do you think that this

operation will be successful?!” The Commander said, “Dear Ibram, this is the Command’s order. According to the Imam’s words, ‘We have to do our duty. The result is with God.’”

The next evening the battalion forces got ready. Eleven battalions from the Hazrat Rasul (s) 27th Division received their last war rations. Everyone was ready to move towards Fakkeh. I saw Ibrahim from far. When I saw Ibrahim’s face I trembled. His beautiful face was heavenly! His face was whiter than ever. He had an Arabic Chafiah and a beautiful overcoat. He came towards us and shook hands with all of the soldiers. I pulled him aside and said, “Brother Ibram, you have become very radiant!”

He breathed deeply and said with regret, “The day that Beheshti was martyred I was very upset. But I told myself, ‘Good for him that he died as a martyr. It was a pity if he died a natural death. Asghar Vesali, Ali Qorbani, Qasem Tashakkori and many of our friends have gone. It has become such that we have more friends in Behesht Zahra (s) (graveyard) than in Tehran.”

He paused briefly and continued, “Khorramshahr is freed too. I’m afraid the war will finish and I miss martyrdom, although our trust is in God.” Then he breathed deeply and said, “I really like to become a martyr, but I want the most beautiful martyrdom!”

I looked at him in surprise. I was waiting for the rest of what he had to say when tears flowed from the corner of his eye. Ibrahim continued, “If you are in a place where no one can reach you, no one knows you, it is just you and your Master, and your Master comes and puts your head on his lap, this is the most beautiful martyrdom.” I said, “Brother Ibram. I swear to God, don’t talk like that.” Then I changed the subject and said, “Come. Let’s go forward with the command group. It’s much better this way. You can help wherever it’s needed.” He said, “No. I want to be with the Basiji forces.”

Then we walked together and came to the line breaking battalions. They were very busy making the last military arrangements. I said, “Brother Ibram, what kind of weaponry shall I get for you?” He said, “Just two grenades. If a weapon is needed, I will get it from the Iraqis!”

Haj Husayn Allahkaram was staring at Ibrahim from far! We went towards him. He was lost in Ibrahim’s face. He impulsively hugged Ibrahim. They stood hugging each other for several seconds. It was as if they knew that this was their last visit. Then Ibrahim took off his watch and said, “Husayn, this is a keepsake for you!” Haj Husayn’s eyes filled with tears. He said, “No dear Ibram. Keep it yourself. You may need it.” Ibrahim said with a special calm, “No, I don’t need it.”

Haj Husayn, who had become very upset, changed the subject and said, “Dear Ibram, for this operation we have two ways of passage. The forces will take the first passage. Some

of the Commanders and I, along with the intelligence forces, will take the second passage. Come with us too.”

Ibrahim said, “I will go with the Basiji forces from the first passage. Is that alright?!” Haj Husayn said, “However you are comfortable.” Ibrahim separated from the last material attachments. Then he went to the line breaking battalion forces and sat down next to them.

The First Valfajr

Related by: Ali Nasrallah



The Kumayl Battalion was the line breaker in the southern territory and towards the checkpoint. One of the Commanders of the Division came and talked for the forces in the battalion, "Brothers, tonight we move towards the Fakkeh region for the Valfajr Operation. The enemy has dug three large channels parallel to the border line in front of your way to prevent you from passing. They have also created various obstacles to prevent you from advancing.

But if God wills, when you pass these obstacles and channels the operation will start. When you are established around the Tavusieh and Roshidieh border checkpoints, the first step of the work will be done. Then fresh forces from the Sayyed al-Shohada Division and other forces will pass by you and go towards the city of Amareh in Iraq for the rest of the operation. If God wills, you will be successful in this operation."

He continued his talk about the method of operation, the obstacles and the passages, and said, "Your path is a narrow passage through the mine fields. If God wills, all of you who are among the line breakers of the southern territory of Fakkeh will reach the preset goals." He finished talking. Ibrahim immediately started reading eulogies, but not in his usual way! He read the eulogies as if he was alone and cried himself. He started reading eulogies for Hazrat Zaynab (s). Then he started mourning and beating his chest. It was the first time that I heard this beautiful verse:

Woe for Zaynab's (s) heart How bloody her heart became

The forces replied with mourning and beating their chests too. Then he read eulogies about Hazrat Zaynab's (s) captivity and for the Karbala Martyrs. At the end he said, "Friends, tonight either you go to see the Beloved God, or you have to tolerate captivity like the aunt of the children of the Prophet (s) and resist like heroes."⁴⁸

After Ibrahim's strange reading of eulogies the soldiers got up with faces which were wet from tears. We prayed the sunset and evening prayers. From the time when Ibrahim

⁴⁸ It is interesting that almost all of the soldiers in the Kumayl Battalion, whom Ibrahim read eulogies for, were either martyred or captured.

returned, I was following him like his shadow! I didn't separate from him for a moment. Ibrahim and I took one of the dynamic, heavy bridges in our hands and went with the forces.

Walking on the soft earth in Fakkeh was extremely torturous, especially carrying equipment which weighed twenty kilograms for each person! We were carrying a heavy bridge like a coffin on our hands in addition to equipment! We all moved in a row behind one another on a path which was prepared through the minefields. We walked about twelve kilometers. We came to the first channel in the south of Fakkeh. The soldiers didn't have the strength to move anymore.

It was nine-thirty at night on a Sunday, the 17th in the month of Bahman. We passed over the width of the channel by placing dynamic bridges and a ladder. There was a strange silence in the region. The Iraqis weren't shooting even one bullet! Fifteen minutes later we got to the second channel. We passed over that one too. Notification was given to the Command by wireless. After several minutes we got to the third channel.

Ibrahim was still busy helping the soldiers next to the second channel. He was very careful of the soldiers because there were many minefields and various obstacles around the channels. News of our reaching the third channel meant being close to the border checkpoints and starting the operation. But the battalion Commander stopped the forces and said, "According to what is in the map we should have had to walk more than this to reach here. It is very strange that we have arrived early and there is no news of the checkpoints!"

Almost all of the soldiers had passed over the second channel. Suddenly the sky of Fakkeh was lit up as if it was daytime! It seemed the enemy was waiting for us with all its forces. Then they started shooting; from mortar and artillery to shotguns which were in the distance. They shot at us from every direction! The soldiers couldn't do anything.

The barbed wire and minefields prevented any movement. A few soldiers entered the third channel. Many soldiers got stuck in the soft earth. Everyone was going here and there. Some forces wanted to take refuge in the plain by passing over the barbed wire. But they were martyred by the explosion of mines.

All around the path was full of mines. Ibrahim knew this. That is why he ran to the third channel and with his shouts he didn't allow the soldiers to move around it. Everyone lay on the ground. There was nothing we could do. The Iraqi's artillery knew well where we were going to pass! And they exactly hit that path. Everything was mixed up. Each person was running in a different direction. Nothing could be controlled anymore. The only place that was safer was in the channels.

I lost Ibrahim in that darkness and the chaos! I went forward till I came to the third channel, but it was impossible to find anyone! I saw one of our friends and asked him, "Have you seen Ibrahim?!" He said, "He passed by here a few minutes ago."

I was just going here and there. I saw one of the Commanders. He recognized me and said, "Go into the passageway quickly and send the forces who are still on the way back. There is no space or security in this channel here. Go and come back quickly. In accordance with the order of the Commander, I took the soldiers back who were around the second channel and who were on the way. We even helped many of the wounded and took them back. This took about two or three hours.

I wanted to return, but the soldiers from the division said, "You can't go back!" I asked in surprise, "Why?!" They said, "The order for retreat has been issued. It is useless for you to go forward; because, the other soldiers will come back by morning.

An hour later I prayed my Morning Prayer. The sun was rising. I was tired and hopeless. I asked about Ibrahim from all the soldiers who were coming back. But no one had any news.

A few minutes later, I saw Mojtaba. He was coming back from the front with a dusty and tired face. I asked in frustration, "Mojtaba, have you seen Ibrahim?!" As he was coming towards me he said, "We were together one hour ago." I jumped up happily, came forward and said, "So where is he now?!"

He responded, "I don't know. I told him that an order for retreat has been issued. I told him, 'Let's go back while it's still dark. If the sun comes up we can't do anything.'" But Ibrahim said, "The soldiers are in the channels. I will go next to them, and we will all come back together."

Mojtaba continued, "While I was talking to Ibrahim, a battalion from the Ashura division came towards us. Ibrahim talked to their Commander quickly and told him of the command to retreat. Since I knew the way, he sent me back with them. He himself took one RPG and a few bullets from them and went towards the channel. I don't have any other news from Ibrahim."

I saw Maysam Latifi an hour later. He was coming back with a few of the injured. I went to help them. I asked Maysam, "What's up?!" He said, "These injured soldiers and I were fallen among the hills ahead of the channel. Ibrahim Hadi helped us."

Suddenly I stopped in my place. I asked him in surprise, "Brother Ibrahim? So what happened next?!" He said, "He brought us together with difficulty and brought us back in the twilight. On the way we came to a channel. The bottom of the channel was full of sludge and... The channel was very wide too. Ibrahim went and brought two stretchers, and he made something like a bridge with them! Then he crossed us over them and sent

us back. He himself went forward.” At ten a.m., the Division Headquarters in Fakkeh was the place of the coming and going of the Commanders. Many said that a few battalions were under the siege of the enemy!

The Kumayl Channel

Related by: Ali Nasrallah



I saw one of the Intelligence Officers and asked, “What does that mean that the battalions have been encircled? The Iraqis haven’t come forward. The forces are in the second and third channels.”

The Commander said, “The third channel which we saw in reconnaissance is different from this channel. The Iraqis have made this channel and a few sub channels during these two or three days. These channels were made exactly parallel to the border line, but they are smaller and full of obstacles.”

Then he continued, “The line breaking battalion went into the channel to avoid being under fire. When the sun rose, the Iraqi tanks came forward and closed the two sides of the channel. The enemy is firing at the channel.” Then he paused briefly and said, “Iraq had arranged sixteen different obstacles in the way of the soldiers. The depth of the obstacles was close to four kilometers! The Munafiqeen⁴⁹ had given complete information about this operation to the Iraqis!”

I became very upset and said with a lump in my throat, “Now what should be done?!” He said, “If the soldiers resist, we will carry out the second stage of the operation and bring them back.”

Meanwhile the wireless operator in Headquarters said, “News from the encircled battalion!” Everyone became quiet. The operator said, “He says, ‘Brother Thabetnia shook hands with brother Afshordi!’ This brief news meant that the Kumayl Battalion Commander had been martyred.

That evening news came that Haj Husayni, the Kumayl Deputy Battalion Commander, was martyred too and Bonakdar, the other Deputy, was severely injured. All of the soldiers at Headquarters were upset. A strange atmosphere prevailed.

On the 20th of the month of Bahman the forces became ready to attack the area of Fakkeh again. I saw one of our friends. He was coming from Headquarters. I asked him,

⁴⁹ The Munafiqeen are a group of hypocrites and traitors. [Trans.]

“What’s up?” He said, “The Kumayl Battalion wireless operator called now. He spoke with Haj Hemmat and said, “The charge of the wireless is finishing. Many soldiers have been martyred. Pray for us. Say hello to the Imam and tell him that we will resist until the last moment.”

I said with a sad, broken heart, “What is our duty? What should we do?” He said, “Trust in God. Go and get ready. Tonight the next stage of the operation will begin.”

It was sunset. The military artillery forces fired on the enemy’s embankment with extreme precision. The Hanzaleh Battalion and several other battalions started moving. They went forward close to the Kumayl Channel. They even passed the obstacles and got to the third channel too. But due to the volume of the enemy’s fire, only a few of the besieged forces were able to exit the channel in the darkness of the night and come back. This attack was unsuccessful too.

We came back to our own embankment before morning. But most of the Hanzaleh Battalion soldiers stayed in the same border channels. Due to the soldiers’ good shooting, many enemy armed vehicles were destroyed during this attack.

It was the 21st of Bahman, 1361. The sound of shooting and scattered shots could still be heard from inside the channel. Because of this, it was obvious that the soldiers who were in the channel were still resisting. But it was unclear what they were using to resist after four days?! At sunset that day, the end of the operation was announced. The rest of the soldiers came back.

I saw one of the soldiers who exited the channel the night before. He said, “You don’t know what situation we were in! There wasn’t any water or food. There was very little ammunition. There were different kinds of mines all around the channels! We would shoot a bullet every few minutes so that they would know that we were still alive. The Iraqis constantly announced over a speaker, ‘Surrender!’”

The moments, when the sun set, were very saddening. I went on a higher elevation and looked with a camera. Scattered explosions could still be seen around the channel. My close friend Ibrahim was there and I couldn’t do anything. That night I rested a little, and the next day I went back to the front again.

The Iraqis were very sensitive about the 22nd of Bahman. The volume of their fire increased greatly. Our first embankments became empty of soldiers. Everyone went back! I told myself, “Maybe the Iraqis want to come forward!?! But it is unlikely, because the obstacles which they have made prevent their own advance!”

In the evening the volume of fire decreased. I went with a camera to a point which had a better view of the channel. What I saw was unbelievable! A thick smoke was rising from the location of the channel. The sound of explosions could be heard constantly.

I quickly went to the people from intelligence and said, "Iraq is finishing off the channel." They looked with a camera. Only fire and smoke could be seen. But I still had hope. I told myself, "Ibrahim has passed through situations worse than this." But then I remembered his words before the operation started, and my body trembled.

The Bloody Sunset

Related by: Ali Nasrallah



The evening of Friday, the 22nd of Bahman, 1361 was very gloomy for me. The intelligence forces went to their trenches. I looked with the camera again. Close to sunset I felt that something in the distance is moving! I looked more carefully. I was completely sure that there were three people running towards us. On the way they constantly kept falling down and getting up. They were injured and tired. It was obvious that they were coming from the location of the channel.

I shouted and called the other soldiers. We went on the heights with them. I told the forces not to shoot. Among the redness of the sunset those three people finally got to our embankment. As soon as they arrived, we ran to them and asked, "Where are you coming from?" They didn't have the energy to speak. One of them asked for water. I quickly gave him the flask. The second one was shaking due to the severity of his weakness and hunger. The third one's whole body was drowned in blood.

Once they had recovered some they said, "We are from the Kumayl forces." I asked anxiously, "What happened to the rest of the soldiers?!" He hardly raised his head and said, "I don't think anyone except us is still alive! I was shocked and again I asked in surprise, "How did you resist these five days?!"

He didn't have enough energy to talk. He paused briefly, and when his mouth was empty he said, "We were hiding under the corpses during these last two days, but there was one person who held on to the channel during these five days!" He breathed again and said slowly, "What a human being he was! He would shoot an RPG from one side and shoot with a shotgun from another side. What strength he had."

The other one jumped in the middle of his words and said, "He had arranged all the martyrs next to each other at the end of the channel. He divided the food and the water. He took care of the injured. This boy didn't get tired at all!" I said, "Weren't the Commanders and the Deputy Battalion Commanders martyred?! So who are you talking about?!"

He said, "It was a young man whom I didn't know. His hair was short. He was wearing Kurdish pants." The other one said, "There was an Arabic Chafiah around his neck on the first day. What a nice voice he had. He read eulogies for us and increased our morale..."

My spirit was leaving my body. My head became warm. I swallowed the water in my mouth. These were Ibrahim's characteristics. I sat down anxiously and held his hands. I said with eyes which had become rounded due to my surprise, "You are talking about Mr. Ibram, right?! Where is he now?!"

He said, "I think so. One or two of the older soldiers were calling him Mr. Ibrahim." I asked him again loudly, "Where is he now?!"

Another one of them said, "He was still alive until the last moment when the Iraqis were firing. Then he told us, 'Iraq has taken its forces back. It certainly wants to bring heavy fire. If you are able to, go back while it is quiet here.' He himself went to take care of the injured, and we came back."

The other one said, "I saw that they shot him. He fell to the ground with the first explosions." My body became uncontrollably weak and tears flowed from my eyes. My shoulders were shaking constantly. I couldn't control myself anymore. I put my head on the ground and cried. All the memories that I had with Ibrahim were passing through my mind. From the middle of the Zoorkhaneh to Gilan Gharb and... The strong smell of gunpowder mixed with the sound of an explosion. I went to the edge of the embankment. I wanted to go towards the channel.

One of the soldiers stood in front of me and said, "What are you doing? Ibrahim won't come back by your going. See how they are firing?" That night they transferred all of us from Fakkeh to the back. All of the forces were in the same state as me. Many had left their friends behind. When we entered Dokuheh the voice of Haj Sadeq Ahangaran was playing where he said, "O people who have come back from the trip, where are your martyrs? Where are your martyrs?"

The sound of the soldiers crying increased. The news of Ibrahim's martyrdom and him being lost spread among the soldiers very quickly. One of the soldiers who was in the front with his son came to me. He said sadly, "We are all mournful for Ibrahim. I swear to God that if my son was martyred I wouldn't get this upset. No one knows how great a person Ibrahim was."

They next day they sent all the soldiers from the division on leave and we came to Tehran. No one dared to announce the news of Ibrahim's martyrdom. But after a few days, whisperings of him being missing spread everywhere!

The Peak of Innocence

Related by: Mahdi Ramezani



Although I wasn't very old, God blessed me to be with the best of His servants in the Kumayl Battalion. We went up to the third channel on the night of starting the operation. This channel was small, and it had a height of about one meter. It was different from the second channel which was large and full of obstacles.

That night all of the soldiers went back to the second channel. That is the channel which later became famous as the Kumayl Channel. I spent five days in this channel along with other soldiers. From the morning of the next day, the Iraqi snipers shot any moving creature. It was a strange period for us during those days of the siege. I remember that Ibrahim Hadi kept up the channel with the strength that his body had and with his stability! Our Commander and his Deputy were martyred and injured. Thus, the only person who was managing the soldiers was Ibrahim.

He divided up the soldiers and put each three people into one group. He deployed each group at a distance from the previous one in the channel. One of the three was on the edge of the channel and controlled the situation, and the other two were in the channel next to him. There was a curvature at the end of the channel. Ibrahim and a few other people transferred the martyrs there so that they were out of the soldiers' sight. He took the injured to another corner of the channel so that they wouldn't be under fire.

During those days Ibrahim prepared the soldiers for praying with his Call to Prayer. In that difficult situation we held group praying at all three times of praying! Ibrahim increased our morale with these things and made all of the soldiers hopeful about the future.

Two days after the start of the operation, after the unsuccessful end of the second stage, the soldiers' activity increased! We wanted to find a way to exit this dead end. During the last communication that we had with the Division Headquarters, the Commander-in-Chief (the Martyr) Hajipur said with distress, "We can't do anything. If you can, come back in any way that it is possible."

It was Thursday the 21st of Bahman when the sound of tanks and cars increased from our front and back! The soldiers dug the wall of the channel and made steps. Some thought that auxiliary forces had come to join us; but no, the siege had become tighter!

The Iraqi commandos came forward covered by the tanks. They had realized that in this plain, soldiers remained only in this channel! I remember that a young teenager by the name of (Martyr) Sayyed Ja'far Taheri picked up the RPG and went up the stairs. He accurately shot an enemy tank. This caused them to retreat some. Our soldiers killed a few of the Iraqi commandos with their successive shooting and also captured a few soldiers who had come very close. In these difficult circumstances, now there were five captives added to our numbers too! The lack of water and food had frustrated all of us.

Most of the soldiers had fallen tired and exhausted in the corners and to the sides of the channel. The tanks which had moved away from the channel turned on their loud speakers! A person who was obviously from the Munafiqeen⁵⁰ started talking and said, "Iranians, come and surrender. We won't hurt you. Cool water and food is ready for you. Come..." And he constantly encouraged us to surrender. Thirst and hunger made everyone restless. A few of the soldiers said, "Come and let's go surrender. We have done our duty. There is no hope for us to be rescued anymore."

One of the young teenage Basijis said, "If we are captured today, the Iraqi TV will show us, and Hazrat Imam (Khomeini) will see us and get upset. Then, what should we do? Haven't we come to make the Imam's heart happy?" These words persuaded the soldiers; and, no one surrendered himself. When Ibrahim saw the decision of the soldiers he became very happy and said, "So we have to collect all of the ammunition and food that we have and divide them between the soldiers."

We handed him whatever water and food that was left. He gave every five people a flask of water and some food. He gave a flask to each one of the Iraqi captives!! Some of our soldiers got upset when he did this; but, Ibrahim said, "They are our guests. " We collected the ammunitions too and gave them to the healthy people so that they could stand guard.

The next day at dawn, which was the 22nd of Bahman, the enemy's tanks retreated some! A few of the soldiers used the opportunity and went back in groups of several people. But some of them went on mines mistakenly and... An hour later the amount of the enemy's fire increased greatly. No one could do anything anymore. The evening of the 22nd the enemy commandos got to us after shooting heavily at the channel! Suddenly, we saw the barrels of the Iraqis' guns were pointing towards us from the top of the channel! An Iraqi officer entered the channel from the stairs which our soldiers had made. A soldier followed behind him too.

He kicked the first injured soldier. When he noticed that he was alive, he told his soldier, "Shoot." The soldier shot him and our injured soldier was martyred. The next injured

⁵⁰ Hypocrites.

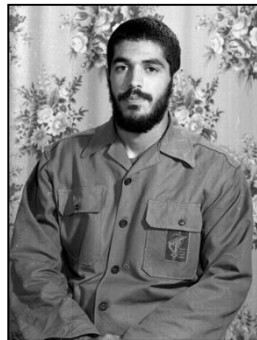
soldier was an innocent teenager whom the Ba’thi officer kicked in the face! Then he told his soldier, “Shoot.” The soldier refused and didn’t shoot. The Iraqi officer shouted at him in front of us; but, the soldier moved back and wasn’t willing to shoot! The officer brought out his own colt gun and shot his own soldier in the face. The Iraqi soldier fell on the ground next to our martyrs! The Iraqi officer went out of the channel quickly! Then he ordered his soldiers to shoot and...

A few minutes later the Iraqis went back with this belief that all of the people in the channel had been martyred. The sound of shooting couldn’t be heard anymore. When the sun set, a strange silence settled in Fakkeh! A few other soldiers and I who had stayed alive among the martyrs got up. We looked around a little. There was no one there. Most of those who were alive were injured. It was completely dark when we started out. We joined our own forces before daytime and...⁵¹

⁵¹ For more information about this epic of Ibrahim’s five day resistance in Fakkeh, refer to the book “The Secret of the Kumayl Channel” which has been published by the Ibrahim Hadi Group.

Captivity

Related by: Amir Monjer



One week had passed since the news of Ibrahim's disappearance. I came in front of the Mosque before noontime. Ja'far Jangravi was there too. He was very upset and in disarray. No one believed the news. Mostafa came too. We were talking about Ibrahim. Suddenly Mr. Mohammad Tarashkar came forward. He was unaware of what we were talking about and said, "Friends, do you know someone named Ibrahim Hadi?!"

Suddenly all of us became silent. We looked at each other in surprise. We came forward and said, "What has happened?! What do you have to say?!" The poor man was very surprised. He said, "Nothing, it has been a few months that my wife's brother is missing. I listen to Baghdad radio every night at 12 o'clock. Iraq announces the names of the captives late at night! Last night I was listening. Suddenly the speaker of the Iraqi radio who talked in Farsi stopped his program and played some music. Then he announced happily, "During this operation Ibrahim Hadi, one of the Iranian Commanders in the west front, has been captured by our forces."

We were so happy! We were all very happy that Ibrahim was still alive. We didn't know what to do. We were shocked. We quickly went to the other soldiers. Haj Ali Sadeqi wrote a letter to the Red Cross. Reza Huryar went to Mr. Ibrahim's house and told his brother. All of the friends were happy to hear that Ibrahim was alive.

A little while later an answer to our letter arrived through the Red Cross. In the letter it was written, "I am Ibrahim Hadi, fifteen years old. I was dispatched from Najaf Abad in Isfahan. I think you have mistaken me, like the Iraqis, for one of the western commanders!" Even though the answer to our letter came, but still many friends waited for Ibrahim's return until the release of the captives. Whenever the name of Ibrahim was mentioned in one of the gatherings, the friends read Hazrat Zahra's (s) eulogies and the sound of their crying increased.

Separation

Related by: Abbas Hadi (Ibrahim's Brother)



One month had passed from the time that Ibrahim had disappeared. None of Ibrahim's friends were in a good frame of mind. Wherever we gathered we talked about Ibrahim and cried. We went to the hospital to see one of our friends. Reza Gudini was there too. When I saw Reza, it was as if the sadness in his heart was refreshed.

He cried loudly. Then he said, "Friends the world without Ibrahim is not a place for me to live! Be sure that I will be martyred in the next operation!" One of the other friends said, "We didn't understand who Ibrahim was. He was a pure servant of God. He came amongst us, and we lived with him for a while so that we could understand the meaning of being God's servant." Another friend said, "Ibrahim was a champion in every respect; a mystic who was a champion."

Five months had passed since Ibrahim's martyrdom. No matter how much our mother asked us, "Why doesn't Ibrahim come home on leave?" we changed the subject with various excuses! We told her, "There is an operation now," or "He can't come for now," or... In short we said something every day until one day our mother came into the room. She sat in front of Ibrahim's picture and cried! I came forward and asked her, "Mother, what has happened?!" She said, "I can sense Ibrahim's smell! Ibrahim is in this room now! He is here..."

When her crying lessened she said, "I am sure that Ibrahim has been martyred." Our mother continued, "Ibrahim had changed a lot the last time. No matter how much I said, 'Come and let's look for a wife for you. I want to make you a groom,' he said, 'No mother, I am sure that I won't come back. I don't want crying eyes waiting for me in the corner of the house!'"

A few days later she was standing in front of Ibrahim's picture again and crying. We finally had to bring our uncle to tell our mother the truth. That day our mother became sick. Her heart problems got worse, and she was hospitalized in the CCU unit!

Years later when we would take our mother to Behesht Zahra (graveyard), she preferred to go to plot number forty four. She would sit near the graves of the anonymous martyrs in remembrance of Ibrahim. Although crying was bad for her, she would open her heart there and speak her heart with the anonymous martyrs.

Searching



Related by: Saied Qasemi and the Martyr's Sister

In the year 1369 AH the freed captives came back to their homeland. Some people were still waiting for Ibrahim's return. (Although there were two people named Ibrahim Hadi among the captives,) but all of the friends' hopes were disappointed.

The next year a few of Ibrahim's friends went to Fakkeh to visit the areas in which the operations were carried out. In this trip the members of the group found the bodies of some of the martyrs and transferred them to Tehran. A few days later we went to visit the families of some of the martyrs. The mother of a martyr asked me, "Do you know where my son was martyred?!" I told her, "Yes, we were together."

She asked me, "Now that the war has finished can't you find his body and bring him back?" The words of this mother caused me to think deeply. The next day I talked to some of the Commanders and those who were heartbroken from the war. We agreed to look for the bodies of our friends together. A while later we went to Fakkeh with a few of our friends.

After searching again, the bodies of three hundred martyrs including the child of that same mother were found. After this, a group named "Searching for the Martyrs" was formed. They started searching in different border regions. Love for the oppressed Fakkeh martyrs caused their work there to be expanded although it was hard work with many obstacles. Many of the searchers who knew Ibrahim said, "The founder of this group for searching was Ibrahim Hadi. He used to search for the martyrs' bodies after the operations."

Five years after the end of the war and with many hardships, work in the famous Kumayl Channel finally started. The martyrs' bodies were found one after another. At the end of the channel many martyrs had been arranged next to each other. Their bodies were easily removed from the channel, but there was no news of Ibrahim!

Ali Mahmudvand was the person in charge of the investigating group of the division. He was in the Kumayl Channel in the first Valfajr Operation during the enemy's siege for five days. Ali believed that he was indebted to Ibrahim, and he said, "No one knows the loneliness of Fakkeh. Many of our oppressed soldiers are in this channel. The dirt of Fakkeh smells like the loneliness of Karbala."

One day while searching, the body of a martyr was found. In the provisions that were with him, there was a notebook that was still readable after all those years. On the last page of this notebook it was written, "Today is the fifth day that we are under siege. We have rationed the water and the food. The martyrs are next to each other at the end of the channel. The martyrs are not thirsty anymore. O son of Fatimah (Husayn) (a), I sacrifice myself for your thirsty lips!"

The group was greatly affected when they read this notebook, and they continued their searching. However, despite the fact that most of the martyrs' bodies were found, there was still no news of Ibrahim. A while later one of Ibrahim's friends went to Fakkeh for a visit. While he was talking about some memories he said, "Don't search for Ibrahim very much! He wanted to be anonymous. It is unlikely that you will find him. Ibrahim has stayed in Fakkeh to be a sun for the seekers of light."

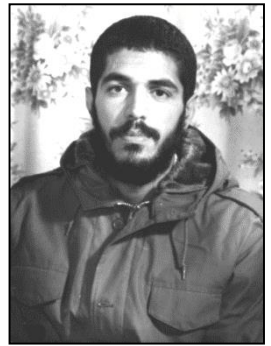
In the late seventies, searching in the Fakkeh region started again. The bodies of more martyrs were found from the channel; but, almost all of them were anonymous. It was during these searches that Ali Mahmudvand and shortly later Majid Pazoki joined the martyrs.

The bodies of the anonymous martyrs were sent to the headquarters of the investigating teams. It was planned that during the days of Fatimieh (the anniversary of the martyrdom of Hazrat Fatimah (s)) and after a long funeral procession across the country all five people be buried in one spot in Iran. The night that it had been arranged that a funeral procession for the bodies of the martyrs be held in Tehran, I saw Ibrahim in a dream. He stopped on a motorcycle in front of the door of our house. He said with a special passion, "We have come back too!" And, he started waving his hand.

I saw the funeral of the martyrs in a dream again another time. The coffin of one of the martyrs on the truck moved and Ibrahim came out of it. He was smiling at us with the same attractive and usual face!

The next day thankful people went to welcome the martyrs with a special passion. A magnificent funeral was held. Then the martyrs were sent to different cities to be buried. I think Ibrahim returned with the other anonymous martyrs on the day of the martyrdom of Hazrat Seddiqeh Tahereh (Fatimah) (s) to remove the dust of neglect from our faces. That is why when I go to each of the graves of the anonymous martyrs, I read the Fatihah Chapter from the Holy Quran in memory of Ibrahim and the Ibrahims of this nation.

Presence



One of the most important things that was done in the neighborhood was the drawing of Ibrahim's face under the Shahid Mahallati Bridge in the year 1376. During the last days of collecting this compilation I went to Sayyed and said, "Mr. Sayyed, I have heard that you have drawn the picture of the Martyr Hadi, is that correct?" Sayyed said, "Yes, why is that?!" I said, "Nothing, I just wanted to thank you; because, with this picture Mr. Ibrahim is still present in the neighborhood."

Sayyed said, "I didn't know Ibrahim, and I didn't ask for anything for drawing his picture. But, after doing this project God has given me many blessings in my life which I can't even count for you! I have seen many good things from this picture." I asked in surprise, "Like what?!"

He related this story for me. "When I drew this picture and the 'Jelveh Gah Shohada Exhibition' was held, one Friday night a woman came to me and said, 'Sir, these sweets have been obtained for this martyr. Distribute them here.'

I thought she was one of the relatives of the martyr. That is why I asked her, 'Do you know the Martyr Hadi?' She said, 'No.' When she saw my surprise she continued, 'Our house is in this area. I had a difficult problem in my life. A few days ago, I passed by here when you were drawing this picture. I told myself, "O God, if these martyrs hold a rank before you, solve my problem because of him." Then I added, "And, I promise that I will pray my prayers on time." Then I read the Fatihah Chapter for this martyr whom I didn't even know his name. Believe me that my problem was solved very quickly! Now I have come to thank him.'"

Sayyed continued, "Last year my work situation got worse again! I had many problems. I passed by in front of Ibrahim's picture and saw that due to the passing of time the picture had become yellow and damaged. I obtained scaffolding, picked up my colors, and started fixing the martyr's picture.

It was unbelievable. Just as work on the picture finished, a big project was suggested to me. Many of my financial problems were solved." Then he continued, "Sir, these people

hold very high positions before God. We haven't known them yet! God returns a few times over the smallest thing which you do for them."

He came to the Mosque and asked me about Mr. Ibrahim's friends! He wanted to ask them about this martyr. I asked him, "What do you want?! Maybe I can help." He said, "Nothing, I want to know who this Martyr Hadi was. Where is his grave?!" I thought a little. I was thinking about what to say. After a few seconds of silence I said, "Ibrahim Hadi is an anonymous martyr and doesn't have a grave, like all of the anonymous martyrs. But why are you asking about this martyr?"

This man who had become very upset continued, "Our house is close to the Martyr Hadi's picture. I have a little girl who passes in front of his picture every morning on her way to school. One time my daughter asked me, "Dad, who is this man?!" I told her, "These martyrs have gone and fought with the enemy. They didn't let the enemy attack us; and, they were martyred."

From the time when my daughter heard this, whenever she passed in front of his picture she said hello to the Martyr Hadi's picture. A few nights ago my daughter saw this martyr in a dream! The Martyr Hadi told my daughter, 'Young girl, whenever you say hello to me, I answer you! I pray for you too because at this young age you adhere to your modest covering so well.' Now my daughter has asked me, 'Who is this Martyr Hadi? Where is his grave?!'"

I felt a lump in my throat, and I didn't have anything to say. I just said, "Tell your daughter that if you want Mr. Ibrahim to always pray for you, take care of your prayer and your modest covering." Then I related a few memories from Ibrahim.

I remembered that it was written on a board, "Friendship and having ties with the martyrs is a two way relationship. If you are with them, they will be with you." This sentence had a deep meaning.

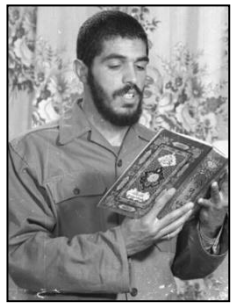
It was the winter of the year 1388. We went to Gilan Gharb to complete the information for this book. On the way we came to the city of Ayvan. It was sunset and I was very tired. I had driven from morning and... We didn't find any hotel or motel in the city! In my heart I said, "Mr. Ibrahim, we have come for your work. Work it out for us yourself!" At that very moment, the sound of the Call to Prayer for the Sunset Prayer could be heard.

I told myself, "If Ibrahim were here, he would certainly go to the Mosque to pray." So we went to the Mosque and prayed group praying. After praying a man who was about fifty years old came forward and greeted us politely. He asked us, "Have you come from Tehran?!" I said in surprise, "Yes, why is that?!" He said, "I could tell from your license plate." Then he continued, "Our house is close. Everything is ready too. Will you come?!" I said, "Thank you, we have to go." He said, "Rest tonight and leave tomorrow."

I didn't want to accept. The servant of the Mosque came forward and said, "He is Mr. Mohammadi, one of the officials in the municipality. Accept what he says." I accepted since I was so tired, and we left together. We had a very complete dinner, he catered to our needs,... In the morning after eating breakfast we started to say goodbye.

Mr. Mohammadi said, "Can I ask you the reason for your presence in this city?!" I said, "We are going to Gilan Gharb to complete a collection of memories of a martyr." He asked in surprise, "I am from Gilan Gharb. Which martyr?!" I said, "You don't know him. He had come from Tehran." Then I took out a picture from my bag and showed him. He looked in surprise and said, "This is Mr. Ibrahim!! My father and I were soldiers under the Martyr Hadi. In the first year of the war, we were together in the operations and reconnaissance missions!"

I looked at him in confusion. I didn't know what to say. I felt a lump in my throat. We had been catered to in the best way since last night. Our host was one of his friends! Mr. Ibrahim, thank you. We prayed our prayer on time in memory of you, and you...



Peace be on Ibrahim

When we decided to write a book about Mr. Ibrahim we tried our best, with the help of God, to do the best job. However, we know that this collection has not even shown a drop of the sea of the perfections and magnanimity of Mr. Ibrahim. But I thanked God from the beginning, because He made me familiar with this clean and pure servant of His.

I also thanked God that He chose me for this work. I felt surprising changes in my life during this period! Close to two years of effort, sixty interviews, a few work trips, arranging the text several times, and... were done. I wanted to find a suitable name for the book which was compatible with Ibrahim's characteristics.

I saw Haj Husayn and asked him, "What name do you suggest for this book?" He said, "Call to Prayer; because many of the soldiers in the war knew Ibrahim because of his Calls to Prayer. He had amazing Calls to Prayer!"

Another of the friends repeated the sentence of the Martyr Ibrahim Hesami. Martyr Hesami called Ibrahim "the Champion Mystic". But in my own mind, I chose the name of the collection to be "The Miracle of the Call to Prayer".

At night I was thinking about these titles. There was a Quran near the table and my attention was drawn to it. I picked up the Quran. I said in my heart, "God, this collection was for your righteous and anonymous servant. I want to know the Quran's opinion about the name of this collection!" Then I told my God, "Up to here, everything that has happened was all Your kindness. I never saw Ibrahim, and my age did not permit me to go to the front. But You have showered us with all kinds of blessings so that this collection could be prepared. O God, I don't know how to consult (istikharah) with this Book, and I can't understand the concepts in these verses very well."

Then I said, "In the name of God." I read the Opening Chapter, opened the Quran, and put it on the table. I looked carefully at the open page. When I saw the verses at the top of the page, my face went pale! My head became warm. Tears gathered in my eyes. At the top of the page, the verses starting with number 109 from the chapter Saffat stood out. That is where it is written,

"Peace be on Ibrahim

Thus do We reward the doers of good

Surely he was one of Our believing servants.”⁵²

⁵² Quran, 37:109-111.

“The Martyrs are Alive”

Related by: Mostafa Saffar Harandi and...



These are not our words. The Quran says that the martyrs are alive. The martyrs witness this world and know more now about the happenings of things than the time when they were physically present! While collecting the memories for this book, many times we felt the hand of God’s favor and Ibrahim’s support! On many occasions he himself showed us where to go and whom to interview!!

But, we have witnessed Mr. Ibrahim’s presence the most, and that of other martyrs, during the difficult events of the time. Their presence could be felt during the events and seditions which came up during the years after the war. A sedition arose in the month of Tir, 1378 AHS which the enemies of the regime were very happy about! However, God willed that those who brought about this sedition have an ominous end.

I saw the martyr, the Commander Mohammad Borujerdi, in a dream the first night when this sedition started, and at the time that no one knew anything about the start of the conflicts! He collected all of the people from the Mosque and took them to the beginning of one of Tehran’s crossroads! It was just like the time when Hazrat Imam (Khomeini) (r.a.) entered Iran. Borujerdi was in charge of security on the 12th of Bahman too.

I was with the people from the Mosque near brother Borujerdi too. Suddenly I saw that Ibrahim Hadi, Javad Afrasiabi, Reza and the rest of our martyr friends came close to brother Borujerdi!

I became very happy and wanted to go towards them. But, I saw that brother Borujerdi had a paper, and like the time of the war operations, he was busy dividing the forces between the different regions of Tehran! He spread all of his forces including Ibrahim among the different regions around Tehran University!

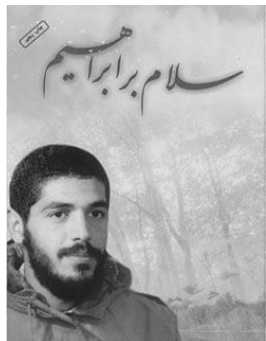
The next morning I thought deeply about this dream. What was its interpretation?! Then, friends called and gave me the news of the conflict around Tehran University and news of the University Campus Incident! When I heard this news I immediately remembered my dream from last night.

The sedition in the year 1378 finished very quickly. The people’s assembly on the 23rd of Tir, drew a ‘null and void’ line on all of the seditionists. It was that day that I saw Ali

Nasrallah. Although he wasn't feeling well at all, he had come to participate in the march. I said, "Haj Ali, the martyrs have subdued this sedition." Haj Ali turned around and said, "Is it anything other than this?! Be sure that the martyrs have done it themselves."

“Whither then Will You Go”

Related by: Ms. Rasuli and...



My husband and I went to the front during the time of the 8-year Holy defense. My husband was in the Martyr Andarzgu Group, and I was a medic in the Gilan Gharb Hospital. I saw Ibrahim Hadi there for the first time. One time when they brought the bodies of a few martyrs, brother Hadi came and told us, “You women don’t come forward! The bodies of the martyrs have been shattered into pieces, and I have to identify them.”

Later I heard his heavenly voice a few times. He had a very nice voice. When he would start to read invocations, everyone’s frame of mind would change. I had seen that the Basiji forces loved Ibrahim; and, there were always many soldiers around him. Then, in the late sixties they went to the south, and I returned to Tehran.

Several years later when we were passing by the 17th of Shahrivar Street, I unexpectedly saw Mr. Ibrahim’s picture on the wall! I didn’t know that he had been martyred and was missing! From that time on, every Friday night I pray a two cycle prayer for him and the other martyrs.

Until the year 1388, one night during the time of the sedition a strange thing happened. I saw in a dream that Mr. Ibrahim was standing on a green hill with a very bright and handsome face! Behind him there were beautiful trees. Then I noticed that two of his friends whom I knew were floundering in a swamp at the bottom of the hill!

They wanted to go somewhere, but no matter how much they struggled they went deeper into the swamp! Ibrahim faced them, shouted and read this verse of the Quran, “Whither then will you go?”⁵³ But they ignored him! The next day I thought about this dream very much. What was its interpretation?!

My son came home from the university. He came towards me happily and said, “Mother I have bought a gift for you!” Then he held out a book in his hand and said, “This book about the Martyr Ibrahim Hadi has been published...” As soon as I saw the picture on the

⁵³ Quran, 81:26.

cover of the book my face paled! My son was frightened and asked me, "Mother what has happened? I thought that this would make you happy!?" I went forward and said, "Let me see the book..." I had seen the picture on the cover last night! That was exactly how I had seen Ibrahim!

Then I started studying the book. When I realized that my dream had been a true dream, we called one of the Basijis from those years. We asked him if he had any news of those two people whom I had seen in my dream. In short, after making inquiries we found out that those two people with all of their background of being in the front and fighting had become supporters of the heads of the sedition. And, they had stood in front of the leader of the revolution! Although seeing a dream is not a religious proof, but I thought that it was my duty to call them and tell them of my dream. Thank God, this dream was effective. Ibrahim guided his friends once more and...

Memorial Grave

Related by: The Sister of the Martyr



After Ibrahim left I, couldn't understand what was happening in my daily life. Ibrahim was all of my life. We were very attached to him. He was not only our brother, but he was our teacher too. He talked to me about the modest covering many times and said, "The chador⁵⁴ is a souvenir from Hazrat Zahra (s). The faith of a woman becomes complete when she adheres to her modest covering completely and..."

When we wanted to go out of the house, or when we were invited to a gathering, he advised us about the way of communicating with the men who were not from our intimate family, and... But he never ordered! Ibrahim followed the principles of education when giving advice.

About praying, I had seen him wake us up for Morning Prayer many times with joking and laughing. He would say, "Prayer should only be on time and in a group." He always encouraged his friends about the Call to Prayer. He said, "Wherever you are when you hear the sound of the Call to prayer, even if you are riding a motorcycle, stop. Call God in a loud voice and recite the Call to Prayer."

When Ibrahim was injured and came home, on the one hand we were upset; but, on the other hand we were happy! We were upset that he was injured; and, we were happy because we could see him more. I remember very clearly that his friends came to see him; and, Ibrahim started reading some poems which I think he had composed himself:

"If the whole world fights us, If they make me bleed with a blade

If they wash my body in blood, If they take my head from my body,

If I get used to fire and blood, I won't retreat from the red line of the leader."

⁵⁴ The chador is a complete Islamic covering in the form of one large piece of material which covers a woman from head to foot. [Trans.]

I had heard many times that Ibrahim didn't like at all the sentence which some people said, "We go to the front just to become a martyr!" He told his friends, "Always say, 'We serve Islam and the revolution up to the last moment and as long as we can breathe. If God wills and our grade is a twenty (perfect), we then want to be martyred. But up until the time that we have strength, we have to fight for Islam.'"

He used to say, "We have to work so much with this body, and we have to work so much for God, until the time that He feels that it is appropriate. He will then sign the end of our workbook, and we will become a martyr. But it is possible that a bad behavior or action removes our competency for being a martyr from us."

Years had passed since Ibrahim's martyrdom. No one could imagine what his absence had done to our family. Because of Ibrahim's absence, our mother became incapable, and... till the year 1390, when I heard that a memorial stone was going to be placed on one of the anonymous martyrs' graves in Behesht Zahra (s) (graveyard) for Ibrahim. Ibrahim loved anonymity; and, now his memorial grave was on one of the anonymous martyrs' graves.

In fact, one of the anonymous martyrs would be honored because of Ibrahim. This incident passed until one day I went to his memorial grave. The day when I stood in front of Ibrahim's grave stone, my body suddenly trembled! I paled and looked around in surprise! A few of our relatives were in the same state! We had remembered something which had happened in this location thirty years ago! It had been right after the operation to free Khorramshahr. My mother's cousin, the Martyr Hasan Serajian, had been martyred.

Ibrahim was injured at that time, and he had to walk with a crutch. But he came to Behesht Zahra (s) (graveyard) because of the cousin's martyrdom. When they buried Hasan, Ibrahim came forward and said, "Good for you Hasan. What a good place you are in! Plot number 26 and near the main street. Whoever passes by here will read a Fatihah (chapter) for you and remember you."

Then he continued, "I have to come join you! Pray that I will come right here." Then he tapped the ground with his crutch and showed a grave space which was several spaces away from Hasan!" A few years later, in exactly the same place that Ibrahim had shown, an anonymous martyr had been buried. In a surprising way, Ibrahim's memorial stone had been placed in the same place that he himself had liked!!

Last Words

Four years had passed since the publication of Mr. Ibrahim's book with the help of God. During the years from 1389 till the end of 1392 the book "Peace be on Ibrahim" was reprinted more than fifty times. Maybe we ourselves didn't even believe that without any media or government support, and only with the grace of God and through public communications, more than 150,000 volumes of this book could be sold! Especially in this turbulent book market!

During this period we received thousands of calls, messages, and emails from Ibrahim's new friends. They were all speaking about the grace of God at the hand of this martyr; from the healing of a cancer patient in the province of Yazd with the help and grace of the Martyr Hadi, to a slipshod university student who perhaps accidentally (!) became acquainted with this martyr and the path of his life changed!

There was also a young man, who wherever he went looking for a wife, couldn't come to a positive outcome. He swore to God by the right of the Martyr Hadi; and, for the last time he went to a house where the picture of the Martyr Hadi was the decoration in the house. They had asked this martyr to... And, there were young people who had gone to the Zoorkhaneh rituals because of their love for Ibrahim. They set up all of their activities based upon God's satisfaction.

During these years there hasn't been a day when we have been separated from his memory. All of our lives have become tied to him. Ibrahim paved the way with the grace of God for more than thirty other books to be collected and published. By the path which he showed us, tens of other anonymous martyrs from all parts of this country were introduced to the Islamic society. Most of these books have been published and distributed repeatedly.

Perhaps on the first day we didn't think that we would see such an outcome. However, our dear Ibrahim, this model of purity and servitude, was raised up as a model of practical ethics even for other countries and nations!

People came from Kashmir and asked for permission to translate Ibrahim's book and publish it in India and Pakistan. They said that he is the best practical role model for the Muslims of that region. And, this was accomplished during the "Ten Days of Dawn" in the year 1392. And now, this book has been translated into English too.

Yes, the first day we started collecting memories of him to see what the meaning of the late Shaykh Husayn Zahed's words were; and, with the help of God the truth of his words were proven. Ibrahim is a model of practical ethics for all human beings who wish to learn the lesson of living correctly.