

(Full Translation)

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In the name of God, the merciful

Praise God, the Almighty, I testify that there is no God but the one God with no equal, and I testify that Muhammad, his servant and messenger, is the honorable Prophet, God bless him, his family, and his followers until the day of judgment.

My beloved father,

Peace be upon you and the mercy of God and his blessings. How are you? What is your news? I ask the Master (TN: God), praise Him, that you are in more perfect health and better condition.

I write these lines to you, and I miss you very much. No one knows to what extent, but God, the Almighty, praise Him. I am filled with immense feelings, a sundry of emotions, and different sentiments at the same time. My pen is happy to write these lines to you, my tongue glad to greet you, and my emotions yearn for the arrival of your letter, so that I may know anything, but in my own manner. Just as my heart is sad from the long separation, yearning to meet with you, and worry from the increasing period of separation. I don't know when the Master, praise Him, will delight us with a meeting, but at the same time I don't know from where to begin or where to end, as the words jostle and the thoughts intertwine. I don't know how to begin in regard to the pain of the separation, or the hope of a meeting. I ask God, the Almighty, praise Him, to bring us together sooner rather than later.

My beloved father, I could not imagine the length of this bitter separation, when you left me, my brother Khalid, and my brother Bakr at the foot of the mountains that you went to near the olive farm. Eight consecutive years. My eyes still remember the last time they saw you, when you were under the olive tree and you gave every one of us a Muslim rosary, God remembers this, then you bid us farewell and we left, and it was as if we pulled out our livers and left them there.

My honorable father, how many times - from the depths of my heart - I wished to be beside you, specifically while I was growing up, which passed by, as I was 13 years old when you left and have now become 22. I wished to be beside you, to have your

exquisite character impressed upon me, and to be as you want or prefer, as you have hoped for or more. When I had crucial situations (TN: hard times), I wished that I could see you, if only for a minute, to get your pertinent opinion on them. Every time I found bonds between you and I that prohibited me, but these situations taught me how to be a man. Praise God, we as brothers help one another, every one of us gives advice to his brother. We are all eager to have your commendable character, and we always remind one another of this, especially the brothers who were with you the longest. Fate has willed that we are in the hands of the people. There is no power and no strength except with God, due to the fact that we are still in their hands. But what truly makes me sad, is the Mujahidin legions have marched and I have not joined them.

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The Mujahidin have impressed greatly in the field of long victories, and I am still standing in my place, prohibited by the steel shackles. I have completed the period of adolescence and I am in this place. Then, I began the period of young adulthood and I have impressed greatly in this phase, and I am still in the same place. I dread spending the rest of my young adulthood behind iron bars. This is the case for many of those we hear about in various places of the world, but I want to make a simple request of you, that I am completely certain you can accomplish. You wished for it before I wished for it, it is: make an attempt with the people (by all suitable means) to release us from their safe and secure hands.

My honorable father, a fact that comforts me from some of my pain is that after you make it possible, I will be sacrificing all of this for the sake of the glory of God, and for us with the authority of God, the Almighty, praise Him, in this highly rewarding tribulation for the glory of God. Al-Bukhari in Sahihah, narrated by Anis, God bless him, "That when the Prophet of God (God pray for him) returned from the battle of Tabuk and left the city. He said, 'There are people in the city that march with you and cross valleys with you.' They said, 'Oh Messenger of God, they're in the city?' He (TN: the prophet) responded, 'They are in the city, as they're confined with a reason.'" We here are confined with a reason, with the addition of another distinction, that we have confined ourselves in the place that we are, we are confined for the sake of God. Every time that I remember this, I find happiness and peace of mind, because we are here because of God, the Almighty, and we accept His decree,

completely convinced that this is what God chose for us that which is the best and better for us.

My beloved father, I announce to you that I and everyone (I and my brothers), God be praised, are following on the same path, the path of jihad for the sake of God, which God, the Almighty, praise him, prescribed for us. As we have suffered a deep wound, our brothers killed, our shaykhs weakened, our women raped, and our children butchered... everywhere. There is no power and no strength except with God. By the grace of God, the Almighty, praise Him, we have a righteous group to follow on this path in a time of few followers. They serve H through jihad with immeasurable obligation to it (TN: jihad), they said, "They don't have an aversion to the free." We are followers of this path. We are going down this path with God's permission. The path of jihad for the sake of God is what we live. Be it we achieve victory or martyrdom, which is our utmost hope. The shaykhs who are with us, may God bless them with the reward, they spared no pain or expense in guiding us down this path, with the book, the customary procedure, the stand of the venerable forefathers, and some trials that we live with. Now we are not waiting until we are foreordained, with the grace of God's glory, soon we will have the opportunity to recompense for what we have neglected.

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My dear father, for several years, I have promised you good tidings, to fill your heart with happiness and joy, which I have failed to present to you. With this good news I have gained a portion of your absolution, through God, I have been elevated and endeared to the path of knowledge, praise be to God. I found before me a large void, He is helping me to devote myself to the search for knowledge. I found from the learned brothers one who helps me, directs me, and guides me on the path. Praise God, I began on it and attempted to gain all that I could from the opportunity. As I, praise be to God, have understood the word of God, and I strived to reach the highest level. I studied in jurisprudence science the book of "Subul al-Salam" (TN: The Path of Peace), and I studied al-'Aqidah al-Wasatiyah (TN: The Central Faith), a large portion of the al-Tahawiyah, and the book Fatah al-Majid. I studied two books on the generally accepted Hadith, and likewise, I studied how to extract from the Hadiths and their ascriptions. I studied two books on the origin of jurisprudence and I am now on the third book. I studied the fundamentals of jurisprudence, the introduction to al-Ajrumiyah, and the vast cultural treasures of the past. What has inspired

me and encourages me to do so are the good deeds that I will do for God, the Almighty.

You will be happy with your son when you hear that he is on this path, and I honor you and my dear mother, who urged me to gain knowledge. By the grace of God, I am continuing to learn more, all of this is by the grace and glory of God, the Almighty, without whom I wouldn't have learned a tenth of this, if not for the innumerable blessings that He has bestowed upon us, that no one could count but Him, as well as the good upbringing and education that you and my honorable mother have provided, and also the guiding hand and the direction of the shaykhs who are with us. I thank God, the Almighty, for this blessing that he has bestowed. Likewise, thank you for the superior education you gave me and your excellent choices for us, may God reward you well, as a father. I ask God to create for me a son that He loves and you love. I have not forgotten your good wishes for God, the Almighty, to aid me in gaining more and more, from the origin to the apex, God willing, so I can serve Islam, Muslims, and this religion.

My beloved father, I was separated from you when I was a small child, not yet 13, but I am older now, and have attained manhood. You might not recognize me when you meet me, as my features have changed. Praise God, I live a stable life, and God has blessed me with a pious wife, and she has blessed me with a son who I gave your name, Usamah, and a daughter who I named after the mother, Khayriyah. I ask God to place their image in your eye. He created them to serve you. Usamah says hello to you. I ask the Glorious Master to bring us together sooner rather than later. Omens of victory have appeared. They manifest themselves in the long night and appear at sunrise as a lie. It didn't perish except in the rising of the true sunrise, and with its' approach. We will leave soon, with glorious God's permission, like my mother left and who was with her, to join the jihad troop that is waiting for us to join them.

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Before concluding, I bid to you, beloved Father, a hearty farewell. I remember every smile that you smiled at me, every word that you spoke to me, and every look that you gave me. I consider myself at this time to be forged in steel, and I come to my beloved father in a quick visit with this message. Several moments have let in some of my anxiety and it partners with my happiness, then I return once more to my same place. God the merciful, I hope very much you comfort us in our separation, and

write for us our recompense with God, the generous. Peace be upon you all, the mercy of God and his blessings.

I have not forgotten your good wishes.

I miss you.

Your son,

Hamzah ((Abu-Usamah))

Rajib 1430 Hijri (TN: July 2009)