



# **THE CRY OF AN ANGUISHED SAUDI MOTHER**



**Her complaint to King Abdullah  
of Saudi Arabia**



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## INTRODUCTION

Forty thousand Muslims, including innumerable Ulama, are languishing in the torture cells and dungeons of Saudi Arabia. Most of them are ‘rotting’ in the prisons of the Saudi king without trial. Years and even decades have lapsed, but the hearts of the Saudi rulers remain harder than stone. Describing such brutal men, Allah Ta’ala states in the Qur’aan Majeed:

*“Then their hearts became hard after this. Thus their hearts are like stone or harder (than stone), for verily, from stone gush out rivers. And, verily, from it (stone- are such stones) which split open and water flows out. And, verily, from it (stone) are such (stones) which roll (from higher ground) for the fear of Allah. And, Allah is not oblivious about what you are perpetrating.”*

*(Baqarah, aayat 74)*

The slightest word of *Haqq* spoken – the slightest act of *Amr Bil Ma’roof Nahy Anil Munkar* which displeases the Saudi rulers, brings about arrest, indefinite detention without trial, and torture. The lives of tens of thousands of Kalimah Reciters are wasted away in Saudi jails under the yoke of brutal Saudi oppression.

In the ensuing pages is reproduced the heart-rending plea and cry of a Saudi mother whose son was arrested and detained about a decade ago. Neither was he brought to trial nor sentenced by a court. He has been arbitrarily assigned to perish under the torture of the Saudi regime.

We urge, you O Reader! To devote a few minutes of your time to protest to the Saudi king and the Saudi regime. Voice your protest against the reign of tyranny unleashed by those

who are supposed to be the Custodians of Islam's holiest cities – Makkah and Madinah.

We remind the Saudi king in particular, and the Saudi rulers in general that the Auliya of Allah Ta'ala have said:

*“A nation/empire can endure with kufr, but not with zulm.”*

We also call on the Saudi king to reflect on the following Hadith of Rasulullah (sallallahu alayhi wasallam):

*“The curse of the Mazloom – Allah rises it above the clouds, and He (Rabbul Alameen)*

*Says: ‘By My Might! I shall most assuredly aid you, even if it is after some time.’*

Remember! Your Royal Highness! You cannot escape the Lash of Allah Azza Wa Jal. When the time arrives, the Divine Whip will strike swiftly and devastatingly, and you will travel the road of Aad and Thamud. May Allah Ta'ala grant you the *taufeeq* which will open your eyes, tenderize your heart and make you understand the notoriety of your zulm. Open your heart and empty your prisons from the zulm you are indulging in.

MUJLISUL ULAMA OF SOUTH AFRICA

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# THE CRY OF AN ANGUISHED SAUDI MOTHER

**Your highness: If you put your kohl on one day,  
remember us...!**

July 12, 2011

*This is a translated letter from the mother of the prisoner  
"Fahad Al-Saeed" to his royal highness, The Prince...*

I wondered once about the meaning of a homeland, about its mercy, its compassion for its children, Is it possible for a country to torture its children, to squash them, to steal the flower of their youth? Can a true country throw its children in the prison with indifference?! After the arrest of Fahad, many things have changed in me, they told me so, my voice became sad and hoarse, my eyes are crying in uninterrupted silence, my face... deep are its scars, so deep they can't be reached by helping hands, but I asked you by God and my motherhood, If you ever dwell between your cushions, your throne, between your family, your loved ones, I ask you by God... If you ever put the Kohl on (*Arabic expression of festivity*) please, please ... remember us...!

I think you don't know my son Fahad -your highness-, maybe he is a no body, from the commoners, no one cares for him, even if he dies in one of the deserted alleys, if he dies inside his cell, at your prison, no one will sympathize with him or hear about his story!

They arrested him your highness ages ago, maybe before seven, eight, or nine years, I can't recall memories anymore, the years of frustration and deprivation in my eyes are all the same... They raided our home by force, they scared me, they scared my daughters, those details are inscribed in our hearts.

After all those years...Is he a lost case your highness? Did you forget about him? Did you sentence him for eternal death?

You did not try him, you did not find him guilty, and you did not set him free, until when is this going to last? Until he ages in your cell and die?

His name is Fahad, he is the only son I have in this world, I cannot see anyone but him, I did not have any aspirations, or ambitions, or wishes, my only wish was ... to celebrate his wedding one day, to see my grandchildren jumping around me, weeks before his arrest we were preparing for his engagement, his fiancé' -your highness- is still fasting and feeding on deprivation, do you know that he is still waiting for her and she for him?

Do you know me your highness? I am his mother, his heaven and paradise; did you have a mother your highness? Do you realize what motherhood is? Do you know what is oppression and deprivation? How should I explain the meanings? You have never been subjected to injustice in your life, you never tasted its bitterness, you never been consumed by its fire... I know that my letter is exceedingly emotional, maybe you do not recognize emotions in your world, the world of strict and lethal rigor, but my heart despite all that is a heart of a mother, it's bustling with passion...

Passion, do you know its true meaning your highness?

I will try to explain to you" the feelings of deprivation" your highness... It is heartburn, it's tears that tarnish the hands, like eyes averting from everything, it's ... weeping, weeping, and more weeping...

Do you want me to be honest with you your highness? Your doors -as you claim- are open after all?

I will be honest, I -by God- Do not like you, and I do not imagine that I would ever like you one day, I will not be a hypocrite, I will not lie to you, and I will not say anything but this, I know -your highness- that you couldn't care less for the affection of a sixty something woman like me, her soul is close to grave, no one cares about my emotions, I know that, but maybe you will care to know about what I am going to say, my

children, no... not just my children, but all my relatives, all of them without an exception, they are sympathetic with us, all of them... They hate your security system, they hate the same system that is supposed to protect the country, they hate particularly certain names, and they loathe them and wish for their demise

I know that is an illegal request, but I vowed for honesty, before... we really used to like you, we never let anyone come in your way, we had an innate sense of protection and loyalty, a naive feeling coming from our heart.. And now I'm starting to lean toward everything that is said in secret against you, I lean toward believing and adopting it and spreading it...

Your highness, please show me your hand...!

They say it's soft and lush and feels like silk, some of those who shook hands with you have told me, I am not envying you, and I do not wish that you have a change of fate, but I wanted to tell you about my own fate, my own hand!

My hand -your highness- is convoluted, I swear it's dead; it lost its vitality along the days... I go to my son Fahad's room, my lovely Fahad, I feel his bed, the traces of his foot, his shadow, his fragrance, maybe he's back, every night I promise myself his return, I watch for his shade, my hand has weathered and blackened from heartbreak...

I do not cry alone your highness; every night...my prayer rug and my black cloak are crying along, they pray with me to find justice from those who wronged us...

My eyes your highness, I started to feel they are weathering and dimming too, am I going to be blind? Cannot see anything but darkness, O'God... I pray to you to let me see Fahad before my eyes go to sleep...

No, I will not be exaggerating and say that my son's Fahad's memory is accompanying me every minute, every second, No... I may at few times forget him or force myself to forget him, and I may even have moments where I actually smile, or laugh, but I swear your highness, that every time I laugh at I

feel a lump in my throat, a rattle, a deep pain, and then what?...  
The laugh dies on my lips and I see my beloved Fahad's face...  
What your highness?... Are we going to forgive you if you  
release him? I will, I am an old woman venturing in my sixties,  
I am aged now and tomorrow I will leave, I have lived enough,  
I do not fantasize more living, maybe we will forgive our  
humiliation, the terrorizing of my daughters, all the bitter  
sorrow moments, but....!

But your highness... Do you think Fahad's heart will forgive  
you? The flower of his youth? His twenties? The best years of  
his life, his future... you squashed them, would he forgive you?

Can you bring back his youth that weathered behind the bars  
of oppression? Men's oppression?

I wondered once about the meaning of a homeland, about its  
mercy, its compassion for his children, Is it possible for a  
country to torture its children, to squash them, to steal the  
flower of their youth? Can a true country throw its children in  
the prison with indifference?

Do you ask me about Joy?

After the arrest of Fahad, many things have changed in me,  
they told me so, my voice became sad and hoarse, my eyes are  
crying in uninterrupted silence, my face... deep are its scars, so  
deep they can't be reached by helping hands...

Fahad...

My beloved, you know how weak I am, you know for  
certainty how insignificant I am, I can do nothing to help you, I  
am a lonely woman, I cannot reclaim your rights, I cannot  
support you, or take your revenge, but I will do everything I can  
for you... I will cry for you!

My beloved, I know that tears will not serve you any good,  
but I will cry for you, that's in my capacity, that's what I can, I  
will write about you, I will plant your story everywhere, I will  
fight so that people can hear my voice!

But... I will continue to cry for you

I will not hold it from you my beloved, I used to carry a rose in my right hand, a bright white rose, it represents hope and good omen, but.. I no longer hold it, it fell from my hand, no Fahad, my heart did not yet reach despair from God's mercy, but... my hand is getting weaker, it is shaken, engulfed by tiresome, I have carried that rose long, so long...

Do you know the ultimate hope for me your highness?

No... It is not to release Fahad and the men like him, No your highness, my ultimate hope is to take my revenge from those who treated me with injustice, by Qisas (*eye-for an-eye*), to reclaim rights, not here, nothing will cure me except standing you and me and all who treated me with injustice together in front of God, to find refuge in his presence, to shout out loud, to pray, to cry, to say... God they burnt my heart, they burnt my blood, they burnt my beloved's Fahad's heart, Serve us with justice, heal my heart, God, the just among all just... my God...

I grow tired of complaining your highness...!

I only complain to God alone...

But I plead with you by God and my motherhood, if you ever dwell between your cushions, your throne, between your family, your loved ones, I ask you by God... If you ever put the Kohl on (*Arabic expression of festivity*) please, please ... remember us...!

*Written by: the mother of the prisoner Fahad Al-Saeed*

*For the original letter as published in Arabic:*

<http://www.alasr.ws/index.cfm?method=home.con&contentid=11937>