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Reminiscence of a Tragic Day—an Eyewitness Account of May 28, 2010 Attack on an Ahmadiyya Mosque

Mobashir Latif Ahmad, Toronto

Four years ago, on Friday, May 28, 2010, the sworn enemies of the Ahmadiyya Jama'at—through the armed terrorists—waged a full-blooded attack on Baitun Noor, the Ahmadiyya Muslim mosque in Model Town, Lahore. Simultaneously, a similar attack was also launched on Daruz Zikr, the Ahmadiyya Mosque in Garhi Shahu, Lahore. God Almighty blessed me with a chance to go through that ordeal at Baitun Noor.



On that day, I had arrived at the mosque at about 12:45 P.M., 45 minutes earlier than the scheduled time of the start of the Friday sermon at 1:30 P.M. I occupied a chair in the front row, in the main hall of the mosque, and got busy reciting, in silence, the various Qur'anic and other prayers.

At exactly 1:30 P.M., the Murabbi of the Jama'at started delivering the Friday sermon. He had hardly taken a start by uttering only a few sentences when I heard a big explosion from the left side of the hall. I thought it was an explosion in the next door bungalow on the left. After a few seconds, there was another equally strong explosion from nearly the same direction. The third explosion of the same nature and

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strength was heard from the front side. The fourth explosion occurred on the right side of the hall.

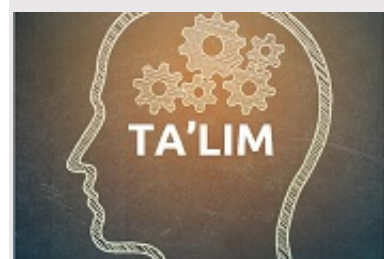
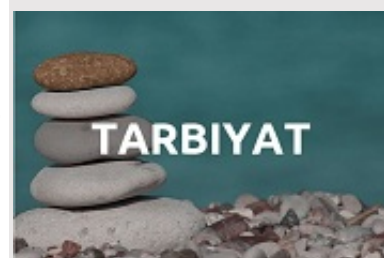
During all four explosions, the Murabbi continued uninterruptedly with his sermon very normally and boldly, and as a part of it, he continued giving instructions to the addressees—with full confidence and presence of mind—that they continue reciting Kalima, Durood, and various prayers and that they keep up their morale in high spirit without losing heart. With the grace of God Almighty, there was no panic at all.

Simultaneous with the fourth explosion, the indiscriminate firing started from the right side. At that time, the Murabbi said, “Those sitting on the chairs, please be on the floor.” I also left the chair, and taking shelter behind the nearby pillar, sat down on the floor behind another person, Yahya Sahib, a friend of nearly my age, holding him fast from behind and kept absorbed in prayers. There was an unending volley of bullets. I felt that the bullets were coming from all sides, even from the ceiling, like showers. There were sparks from the ceiling giving an impression as if some people were firing from above, through the ceiling, but actually the bullets hitting the ceiling created the sparks and ricocheted all around, thus leaving nowhere safe in the hall. A full-fledged armed attack on Baitun Noor was in full swing.

At that time, there was a very strong explosion in the hall, which filled it with smoke. I thought it was perhaps a device meant to make us faint. We were helpless. We did not know what to do. The only weapon we had was of prayers, which we used.

At that time, my thought suddenly diverted to Huzoor (may Allah be his helper). I started thinking that all of us present at the mosque knew what was happening to us. Huzoor by then must have come to know about the attack, but about the detail of what was happening inside the mosque, he would not be aware of as yet. He would thus be very concerned under the circumstance, like a father who knows for certain that at the point of time his children are in extreme danger facing death but does not yet know the exact situation they are in. I, under the circumstances—oblivious to the surrounding situation—prayed for Huzoor, “O God! Keep Huzoor under your special care and let not any kind of worry get even near him.”

There now was a lull for a few seconds. Yahya Sahib asked me, “Shall we not move to the shelter of the nearby wall?” I kept quiet. He crept



to it. I also followed him. He lay down with his right palm under his right ear and his head thus touching the wall and with his body stretched towards the hall. I, adopting exactly the same posture, lay down behind him. Quiet, we all were, reciting prayers with Kalima and Durood silently.

Subsequently, three hand grenades exploded in succession just near Yahya Sahib, at a distance of about 5 to 7 feet. My shelter-companion died, in my lap, perhaps as a result of the shrapnel from one of these explosions while very fine pieces of glass hit my head resulting in two very minor injuries.

There was a complete quiet thereafter for quite some time. I opened my eyes to acquaint myself with the latest situation. I saw a dreadful scene. A terrorist, with his weapon pointing at the floor, was moving very slowly from the hall entrance side, alongside the wall, towards the Mihrab (Prayer niche). He was apparently trying to find out if anyone was still alive so that he could shoot him. He was all alone and unchallenged in the hall that was strewn with dead bodies.

At this, I prayed, with a complete devotion to Him, "O God! at this time, we have no worldly security, even worth the name, against this man who is unchallenged. You now send your own force to defend us." Simultaneous with it, I felt a thought entering into my head: you become motionless, still and don't move at all; behave like a dead body. I then acted upon this thought completely, in letter and spirit, and acted like a dead body. My feet and white Shalwar (trousers) were already imbued with the blood of my dead and grievously injured brothers, including that of Yahya Sahib. It went in line with me behaving as a dead person.

The prayer seemed to have been accepted. The quiet continued for a long time; I continued to lay silent.

At last, I heard a voice, "Give him water." I thought it was a friendly voice but I did not take a chance and did not open my eyes. After a while, I heard the voice of my driver, "Are you okay, sir?" At that point, I opened my eyes and realized that it was all over.

Afterwards, I came to know that my next to youngest brother, Sajid Naeem Shaheed, was martyred in the incident at Baitun Noor, along with many others who perished during the simultaneous attacks on the two Ahmadiyya mosques on that tragic day. May God Almighty



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bless them all, their families, and their generations to come, and may the tree of Ahmadiyyat continue to grow and flourish in the face of such aggression. Amin.

Mobashir Latif Ahmad is a Senior Advocate of Supreme Court of Pakistan. He has taught law at University of the Punjab for 45 years. He has been blessed with the opportunity to represent the Jama'at in blasphemy and other cases against Ahmadis in Pakistan since 1974. He currently resides in Toronto, Canada.

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The deadline for taking the [2014 Ta'lim Test I](#) has been **extended to June 22**. Please make every effort to take the test online at www.ansarusa.org/TalimTest. The PDF version of the test can also be [downloaded](#) to take the test on paper.

Free Medical Service by Majlis Ansarullah, USA

Majlis Ansarullah, USA has launched a [free medical service](#) that provides a free medical consult to any Ahmadi Muslim in the USA who does not have access to a physician due to lack of health insurance. Depending on the nature of the assistance needed, a phone consult or an office visit is arranged. This service can be reached via email at services@ansarusa.org or via phone at 716-800-1889 from 9 A.M. - 5 P.M. EST.

This service is not limited to Ansar; any member of the Ahmadiyya Muslim Community, USA—young or old, male or female—who does not have health insurance or needs a second opinion can use this service. This also includes members who have recently migrated from other countries or elder parents who are not eligible for Medicare/Medicaid.

In future, we also plan to increase the scope of this service to include medication and lab tests. However, please note that our physicians can only provide services within the legal bounds. Prescriptions for controlled substances such as pain medication are not provided. This service is not a health insurance. If you have a medical emergency please call 911.

For more information on this service please visit the [website](#) of Majlis Ansarullah, USA.

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