



## MUBASHARA SADDIQA

**Mubashara Saddiqa blev født i 1982 i Pakistan. Hun måtte forlade landet med sin familie på grund af religiøs forfølgelse, og bor i dag i Aarhus, som hun flyttede til i 2014. Denne erindring handler om hendes mor Nusrat Jahan Begun, født 1953, og er skrevet i anledningen af Mors Dag.**

**Nusrat har siden sin barndom drømt om at få en uddannelse, men morens død og ægteskabet ind i en konservativ familie gjorde det ikke muligt. Den drøm udleveres i stedet gennem hendes 7 børn, som alle er højtuddannede.**

### MY MOTHER – NUSRAT JAHAN BEGUM

My name is Mubashrah Saddiqa and I am from Pakistan. I feel proud as I get a chance to write something about my mother. My mother is a seemingly indestructible pillar of love and energy, and she's absolutely the strongest person I know. She not only gives us love, care, affection, but also the power, courage and confidence which we have been using now in our daily life. What we are today is just because of my mother.

My mother has ten brothers and sisters, and she is the youngest of all. She loved to study, and my grandmother also wanted to give her high education, but she

died when my mother was in tenth grade. She hardly completed her school and kept this dream in her eyes for her own kids (five daughters and two sons).

After her marriage, she has again started a hard life as my father's family had conservative thoughts about women. My mother made great efforts and faced many hardships in order to change this opinion that there is no need of education for women. I also want to mention here, that it's all due to my mother's efforts that my father entirely changed his thoughts and he was also the one who always support us to study and give us respect and love.

After hardly ten years of marriage, my father lost his job due to religious persecution in Pakistan. Its again, my mother who stood up for finding some other source of income. She started to learn machine embroidery on fabric and afterwards also help my father to practice and learn this talent at home. They both worked hard for late nights to fulfill our need. I still remember that sometimes there were serious economic crises at home, but she always managed to pay our tuition fees and did not miss a single year of our education. She always managed to buy new clothes and shoes for all of her seven kids on every EID day (religious days). She also did all the house jobs like cooking, cleaning and washing without any helper and then also helped us in our school lectures along with my father.

But her struggle does not end here. In 2010, she has to leave the country due to religious persecution as we belong to Ahmadiya Community. She dreamed that may be in a new country, she can live with her family with peace and love, but my father died within one year as she left Pakistan. It was a great shock for her and also for all of us.

My mother's family scattered. All her seven kids spread all over the world (Australia, Thailand, Canada, Denmark and Pakistan). Now she is in Canada living alone and having a dream that maybe she can meet with all her kids and grandkids at one place. Two months ago, in March 2017, I met with her after many years as she visited us in Denmark. She saw my kids and my kids felt for the first time the love of a grandmother.

Now my mother's dream of getting higher education reveals in her kids. All her seven kids got high education. One of my sisters got an Australian scholarship for a PhD in Physics, one got a scholarship for Mathematics in Sweden, and I have also more than 18 years of research in Mathematics field. Three others have masters degrees in different fields and youngest of all is studying medicine in Canada.

I love you, mom.



Nusrat og Mubashara ved Fisketorvet Shoppingcenter i København