

17 April 2014

AN CKNOWLEDGEMENT
TO MY NOTES

Today, after eight painful years, I looked back into the notes that I have taken during the first three years after our Beautiful Ramy's divine flight. To write openly, or not to write!? It was a question for me. Thinking about it, even though these notes might sometimes look odd, I finally decided to reveal them with their exact dates. If one wants to judge the writer of these notes, however, should look at them as a work of art, dedicated to Ramy. I would also like to inform that, every now and then, I have used the term *subconscious* or *subconscious mind* throughout my writing, by which I don't mean what Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis, has referred to, or as is used in modern psychology. To me the term 'subconscious mind' is a path of connection with all the reserved memories and awareness which do not belong to the world of matter and are unknown to us as a human being. I would also like to apologise to the reader if there is any mistake or repetition of some memories or remarks throughout my writing; as I find reviewing the text, that I have already written, causes me deep emotional pain. Further, I may occasionally add some messages from Ramy's website to my writing.

My Dear Ramy,

Over there, in Iran, I wanted to buy a red Persian carpet to make our home cosier; but you left me before I could buy one. And now, here, I am walking on the green carpet around your grave with the streams of tears on my face.

I love you, Ramy! You are gone my beautiful baby!

13 October 2006

Sitting in front of the flame of a candle next to Ramy's photo, I am thinking what an immense catastrophe happened to us, to me. To stay at home, to try to go out, whatever I do or not to do, nothing can help me, as if nothing matters anymore. I miss you, Ramy. Please help me come to you! Take me with you! Take me with you!

14 October 2006

Last night, from Italy, Mona called me. She said that in a dream she had seen Ramy as a spirit, but dressed in his usual outfit. She told me:

Ramy and I talked, cuddled, and kissed a lot. I asked him, 'Do you know that you are very special, that we love you very much!' Proudly, Ramy took his head up and said, 'Yes, I know!' I asked him, 'What sort of things can you do?' He said, 'I am able to turn on or off the lights, radios, TVs, and computers. I can do things with running water. I can also do other stuff.' I asked him, 'How are you with God?' He said, 'I am a little angry. Since, one tries so hard to stay alive; but with the littlest thing just like *Donkey Kong* one dies!'

Mona was in doubt that what Ramy's remark 'Donkey Kong' meant. I remembered the time when Ramy was ten years old and loved playing the 'Super Nintendo' game with his siblings. So I reminded Mona that Donkey Kong is the character of the game that the three of them used to play at home for long hours, when Ramy was a child. Thinking to that happy time, I sighed and told Mona, 'Do you remember how then Ramy would so often save the character and win the game?' 'Alas!' We both said, 'In reality he couldn't save his own life!'

15 October 2006

My sister, Roohi, called me from Iran. She told me her dream:

In an elegant blue suit, suddenly, Ramy appeared in my home. He stood a meter away from everyone, with his back to the people and me in the living room. 'It is not any one's fault that I went; I myself wanted to go!' Ramy said loudly. 'Stop talking about me like this. Don't talk behind my back. It was my own decision! I wanted to go! It was me who wanted to go!' He said angrily and then walked away.

Around the same time, I was informed about another similar dream. One of Ramy's friends called me. She told me about her dream, in which Ramy was angry, asking his friends to stop talking behind his back or arguing over him.

16 October 2006

The psychic lady called me. She said: I meet Ramy. He is with his cousin, Mani. Together, they are very strong and happy. They are helping people. They don't need their parents do anything for them. They both wants to see their loved ones are happy, and that Mani says the nine years old boy blames himself for what happened, do not blame.

She said, now Ramy's arms are around you, cuddling, showing his love to his mum.

She said Ramy wants all the family be happy. He wants you live happy, to live your life for yourself. You are going to see him again.

She said Ramy says my mum is not a quitter; no, my mum is not.

She said Ramy wants me to keep going, to write my book, to let him help me, to open to ideas.

She said that Ramy and Mani both wants their loved ones be happy, to have peace, to accept what has happened, to be happy for everything in life, there is a reason for things, doing something to forget, to cook.

17 October 2006

Visiting Ramy in a dream, Mona called me from Italy and told:

As a teenage boy, in his loose blue and yellow Simpson's shirt and green pants, Ramy arrived into my room. Carrying many packages, he placed them on my bed and without a word turned to walk away. But I called him and asked him to come back for a hug. He returned and sat on the bed next to me. Soon, you arrived into my room and sat on the other side of Ramy. Then you and I both embraced Ramy, kissing his head, his hair, his face, his eyes, and his hands again, and again, and again. Nonstop! We knew that our Ramy was a spirit, but he himself was unaware of that.

29 October 2006

Today was supposed to be a very happy day. Maziar and I had privately spoken to offer a big gift and a pleasant surprise to Ramy. But the *universe* changed everything.

Ramy, our Beautiful Singing Bird, so sadly, you deprived us of surprising you! It broke our heart!

29 October 2006

A note from a spiritual and close family friend:

My Dear Ramtin,

Today we came to you! *Here!*

No! I know that you are everywhere! I can't say that we should necessarily come to a special place to visit you. You have proved to me that your pure and beautiful soul is always present everywhere!

One night you told me, 'If you knew how lovely and comfortable is this place, all of you would want to come here as soon as possible!' Or, the other time, when I felt very disturbed and asked you to help your family and me, I saw a flash of light that passed fast in front of my eyes and poured hope into my heart. You never ignore me!

In my yoga class, too, I asked you to help me calm my distressed emotions, and immediately I sensed a touch of tickling that made me laugh.

I can never forget the night when I was very sad, lying on the sofa with my eyes closed. Then I felt somebody caress my head and pass by. I opened my eyes and looked around to see who was the one that had lovingly patted my head. I saw nobody; so late at night, everyone in the house had obviously slept. And I knew that it was you. It, then, became clear to me that you can be present everywhere. Always! And you try to reassure us, the people who love you, of this, your beautiful presence, in any possible way!

My dear Ramtin, I want you know that whatever you asked me to tell your family I did and I will always do.

Always and always, we all love you and feel your beautiful and divine presence around ourselves!

We all are grateful that you let us feel your immense love, affection, and beauty. You give hope to us that a better place, where you are, is waiting for us!

We love you! You are always in our hearts!

Mariam

29 October 2006

Our Beautiful Ramy, one of your lovely friends unexpectedly arrived. Without a car, by bus, carrying heavy packages of salads, things for BBQ, and fine desserts, Taz came

here. She told us that she wanted to celebrate the end of the Ramadan for you. We had more guests, your friends and mine.

With broken hearts, hidden tears, but lots of smiles, we all gathered around the small garden that we have made for you inside our garden. There, under the shade of the trees, we started to have a party for you. Feeling that you were amongst us, I was constantly asking myself why you did not have such parties when you were living in this world. It would then break my heart more and more, knowing that I can't do anything anymore for you, knowing that you can't have any party with us anymore!

Isn't this true that the nature of human beings is mixed with negligence, by which sometimes we painfully regret that we have lost the opportunities and the right times to do things right. Can't we be a little more devoted and gentle to be a better person?

My beautiful Ramy, were you aware of my thoughts, today? Were you sitting somewhere above all of us? Or, you were all the time just amongst us, experiencing everything through our souls and our hearts! I do not know. There was just the feeling that you were there and organizing the party. The loving and caring girl was chosen by you to be Tazia: humble, smart, and beautiful! The guests were those whom you really love. And you smiled sadly and thanked us, when we raised our glasses for you as we drank 'Coca-Cola Zero' and 'V' drinks!

And it was you, my sweet Ramy, who sent us a precious gift through another beautiful friend, Daniel and her caring mum. Today, they brought us a CD! And I believe that you persuaded them to come here. On such a special day, you made some of your much-loved people gather at your home, to talk about you and to watch the CD.

My sweet Ramy, your favourite nightclub has given this CD as a gift to the attractive girl who was your dance partner over there. Just before leaving the nightclub, when you are saying goodbye to your friend, lots of light is pouring on you, showing how sweet and handsome you are. Your lovely giggles then *show* your neat, white, pearl like teeth, as your beautiful eyes are full of life and wonders.

Seeing you under the light creates a surreal sense, as if you were already gone! The light is amazingly focussing on you! The light embraces you, showing how perfect, angelic, and pure you are. The amazing CD brings on one's mind that even then, around the time before going to Iran, you had already started your journey within the Light. You, our beautiful Ramy, are then *Embraced by the Light!*

Note:

Thank you Taz for this great BBQ!

Thanks to the nightclub; thanks to Daniel and her mum, for handing the CD to Ramy's family!

1 November 2006

A caring friend of mine, Moti, called me and exclaimed that she had witnessed something wonderful yet unbelievably strange.

Thinking of Ramy and the purity of his soul while in the shower, she had asked him for a favour: 'I wish to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, but because of my health problem, I am doubtful as to whether I should take the trip. Please give me a sign if the journey is safe for me!'

Excitedly, my friend told me as soon as she had said those words the showerhead, which was high above her head, had turned upward and let the running water splash toward the ceiling for a while before turning down once again.

Then, my friend reminded me of Ramy's flawless aura that was carrying kindness and grace. Three days before his flight to Iran, my friend told, Ramy had seen her walk down the street. Even though, Ramy was in a rush, to take a bus to go to his university for the exam, he had called her, run to her, cuddled her, and said good-bye. None of them knew that it was the final farewell. At this, my friend and I both cried painfully!

7 December 2006

Late at night, I walked to my bedroom to sleep. Lying in bed, I closed my eyes and tried to be free of all thoughts. Soon, on my mind, I saw myself in my father's favourite village. It was called *Tarniq*. As a child, in summertime, I would often go there on holidays or picnics with my big family; then, I was the youngest one among them.

Over there, in the realm of my imagination, I got out of my father's jeep and walked to my parents and my siblings. They were happily talking to the village people, who were respectfully and lovingly welcoming them. Quietly, I approached them. I was not sure about my age. I was then both: a child and a woman as I am, at her latest fifties.

I was in my blue walking Asics shoes. The shoes reminded me of Ramy and the precious time I had spent with him, especially during the last two years of his life, when we would go for a long walk nearly every night. We would leave the house very late at night so that it would be too late for him to call his friends. So his time then belonged to me, and he knew how deeply I appreciated his beautiful presence, his sweet talks, and his brisk walks by my side, which were indeed bliss.

In the village, I left everyone and started running up to the slop of the mountain. There, on the top of the highland, I stayed and looked back, watching all around. The village and its infinite surroundings looked as yellow as gold, with a vineyard as green as a huge piece of emerald on its right side. Village houses nestled on the slope of the mountain above the fields of wheat. Further away from where my parents and siblings stood up, few village men rolled the hay of the harvested wheat into haystacks to be gathered and stored later.

However, I was not there to watch the landscape or the people. I turned back and walked to a gate in front of me. I was not sure if I had created it, or it was created for me; but it was there: a heavy, large, wooden gate, painted in deep turquoise. I approached the gate and stayed there for a while. The warm and soft sunshine embraced me. I felt very relax. My deep, deep sorrow was drifted away. Well aware, I felt both standing there in the village in Iran, being caressed by the sun and the breeze, and lying still in my bed in Sydney, with the streams of tears on my face.

Then I suddenly felt soft movements of caressing on my head. Happy, thoughtless, appreciative, I let those fingertips caress my forehead. I knew he was Ramy. Around ten minutes passed, and then suddenly a killing sense seized my heart. I wanted to see him, to watch my beautiful Ramy.

I opened the blue gate and passed through it into a new space: it was another world, another dimension. There was a sense of serenity over there. It wasn't snowy, rainy, or cold; it wasn't too bright, or too sunny, or hot. It was fine, just fine. Over there, everything was in harmony. The infinite landscape was covered with short, fresh, brilliant grass. Small, white, purple, and pink flowers were scattered on the grass. The branches of the trees were almost covered with blossoms. The air was fresh, scented, and very pleasant. Colourful, little birds were joyfully flying low in the air. Under that soft, pleasant light everything looked magnificent, wonderful, calm, and connected.

But, suddenly, deep pain, intense sorrow, and a horrible sense of longing grasped my whole being. I screamed: 'Ramy, Ramy, Ramy!'

Then I saw him. He was standing on a small rock, covered with short grass. The rock was close to the white stone steps that were going up the hillside. I ran to Ramy, watching him in disbelief. He was in his stripped, white, and pink shirt. His pale blue jeans were nearly ripped around his white shoes.

I looked at him with admiration. He was tall, slim, and incredibly handsome. His big eyes were smiling at me. His enigmatic smile was on the corner of his mouth. I heard his silent words: 'Mum, did you see what happened?!?!' I didn't reply. In front of him, I sat on the grass, crying and kissing his feet. He sat by my side, and helped me get up and climb up the path from there to the top of hillside. Over there, the landscape looked even more wonderful. It was flat, vast, and infinite. A wide stream was running on the left side of the landscape. Above the bed of the pure white water I could see the whitest mist.

Yet I was in an immense suffering. Lying on the grass, I yelled: 'You are gone! Ramy? Ramy? My sweet Ramy! I miss you!' I felt I was then a wild animal. I was like a wolf, an injured, dying wolf!

Ramy put his arms around me. 'Mummy? Mum! Mum, calm down! I'm here. Do not cry. Come down!' I looked at him. He was crying, too. His face was wet. His eyes were full of tears. Shaking by intense sorrow, we both wept painfully and loudly, as I knew the drops of my tears were silently rolling down over my face in the darkness of my bedroom. I sat next to him and took his soft hands in mine, kissing them again and again.

The pain of separation that we felt in our hearts was so devastating that we both decided to leave. Ramy accompanied me to the edge of the hill. We walked down to the gate. I took my beautiful baby into my arms and pressed him firmly on my chest, upon my heart. I kissed his hands, and we said good-bye. I opened the blue gate and walked out.

On the other side, the sun was shining. Beyond the mountain, it seemed as though gold dust was sprinkling over the wheat fields and the infinite landscape. I saw the canopies of trees, in darker green, spread out on the far surrounds. In still agricultural society of the time, the trees would quench their thirst with the water from *Qanat*. The old, deep, connected manmade system of wells and tunnels in the countryside would offer the joy of shade and cool to the villagers, their playful kids, and the cattle in summertime.

I looked down at the village. My father and mother were still there. I saw my brothers and sisters. I vaguely saw Ramy and me among them. The village men and women were around us. There was a halo of felicity, happiness, and laughter in the air. Somebody was making bread in a clay tandoor. Bluish smoke was rising to the sky. It seemed a fine day; but I was far from everything and everyone. I had lost my time and place. I was lost!

I opened my eyes. I was in my bed. The room was dark. My face was washed with silent flood of tears. My heart was burning; my body was cold. So cold! As if I was dead! I felt dead. In the darkness, I looked for Ramy; but he was not there!

15 December 2006

This morning I dreamed of being in a rural area. I vaguely felt I was in Iran. In a village! Short, clay walls were scattered around. Plenty of food was placed on the tops of the walls. It seemed to me like harvest home.

I looked at the vast landscape and then walked toward the simple farmhouses. Along my way, there was a thick wall of village women. They were all in grey and brown chadors, watching me and whispering about my Ramy who was gone.

I didn't look at them at all. I felt embarrassed and ashamed because of the loss. Entering a simple room, I looked around. It was nearly a grocer's shop with dried food in baskets on the floor. I walked to the front door and took a piece of bread with dried yogurt to eat.

Then I chose a piece of some fancy bread, called *gutlameh* (I loved eating that bread, which is similar to croissant, during my childhood when I was safe, happy, and whole within my big family). I tasted the bread. It seemed frozen and tasteless. I put it back in the basket. I had the feeling that the food and the place belonged to the wife of my stepbrother.

Then I saw my sister, Roohi. I asked her when should we go back? She answered, 'On Monday he is coming back.'

I knew Ramy was not in this world; but I knew he would come back. There wasn't any sense of sorrow or grief in me. There was just the profoundest sense of coldness and bitterness in my whole being.

I said to my sister, 'So, I should go back to the city.' I meant my hometown, Ghochan. I said, 'On Monday, it is the fifth month that he is gone, and I should be there for him to welcome him,' as I was seeing my beautiful, silent Ramy on my mind.

He had a faded smile, but his appearance was expressionless. I felt sadness. It was a silent, devastatingly deep sadness inside both Ramy and me.

When I woke up, I walked to the living room and talked about my dream to my children. Mona said this Friday is exactly the fifth month that our Ramy has gone. Maziar said since 22 weeks has passed from Ramy's divine flight, this symbolizes Ramy's age. I

felt myself the number '5' is special for Ramy. It is the number of his family, whom he dearly loved but had separated from.

18 December 2006

I am trying to make myself busy in the kitchen, cooking, cleaning; but I am not able not to let my tears fall down. Drying my eyes, I walk into living room.

Ramy's photo takes my attention. His innocent look with his meaningful smile pour huge bitterness into my heart. As if he himself is in front of me, I see how strikingly handsome he is in his dark formal suit on the night of his sister's big party, which was around one year ago. This sweet image breaks my heart even more!

I look at Maziar. He is busy with his computer. Having a cold, he is constantly coughing. A faint steam is rising in the air from a glass of tea in front of him. Deep in thoughts, he is very quiet. Next to his hand there is a lonely piece of paper full of one word: 'Ramy!'

I look at Mona. She is deep in thoughts, too. I know that she is thinking of her beloved Ramy.

I look again at Ramy's picture. The house is empty of his lovely laughter. He would sometimes seem to me like a Noisy Miner. It has been because of him that I love these sweet little birds so much. I stare at Ramy's other photo. His brown hair is dyed golden on the top of his head. That reminds me of graceful white Cockatoos with their golden crown above their heads. Should I seek my beautiful son in birds now? I ask myself, and answer, 'Yes,' and remember how lovingly birds come to me - sitting on my palm, on my head, even upon my heart - when I go to Ramy's Garden.

I sit down and think that Ramy has gone; Mona, Maziar, their dad, and me are struggling with our emotional pain. I want to cry. Instead, I tell: Ramy was on a journey; now, he is at home!

Looking at Maz and Mona, I continue to say, 'Do not lose hope! You will find the way of your lives.'

Walking to the kitchen, I make some tea for everyone and feel how deeply I love my children. Serving the tea, then, with a feeling of alienation and strangeness, I sit in a chair and write these words:

I wish to come! Come to you, my Beautiful, Little One! Yet, my precious, dear children, my *daughter and my son* need my presence and love.

My Ramy, I'll come to you on a sunny day, when my children transfer the weight of their love to their own kids.

Then, I am free! You welcome me! We will fly to the depth of the skies!

I love my children.

25 December 2006

It's Christmas Day! The devastating pain of his loss is even harder on this day!

After we arrived in Australia, Ramy was the one who really loved to celebrate Christmas. I ended up buying a Christmas tree, after I saw him make one out of green cardboard and place presents underneath. Not only the Christmas tree gave my little son a world of happiness, but also connected our hearts to the hearts of a nation who celebrate the Christmas.

Now, on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, thinking constantly of Ramy, we felt even more miserable and devastated at his loss. In fact, we no longer felt like celebrating anything without him. Yet, three days before Christmas, Mona decided that Ramy would have wanted us to celebrate Christmas. So she put up Ramy's Christmas tree and bought presents for everyone, including Ramy's friends, who would kindly and surely come to visit us.

Early in the afternoon, we drove to Ramy's Garden, drank 'Pepsi Max' and 'V' energy drink and talked to him. Late in the afternoon, we returned home and soon after had some visitors, mostly Ramy's friends.

There was lots of love, kisses, and hugs. And I thought of DR John F. Demartini. He had asked me if I had ever gotten so much love, kisses, and hugs throughout my life before Ramy's flight, and that I should appreciate them because they are from Ramy. And I always carried those precious words within my heart.

As it was getting dark, we all walked down to the small garden that we have made for Ramy within the garden of our house. Over there, we opened the presents. Ramy also received plenty of presents from us, his friends, and even the neighbours.

Yet, that odd feeling of being with him and not being with him was too painful. Pretending to be happy, I could see traces of tears in everyone's eyes. Not having Ramy around, as always stylish and smiling, was too hard, too hard! As if there was a need for some warmth to change that frozen air of sadness, suddenly, Ramy's puppy snatched two soft toys, two little camels, which were very dear to Ramy, and now Mona would carry them with her everywhere. It was a funny scene when Sultan ran fast around Ramy's small garden with the stolen toys between his teeth and Mona chased him, screaming to get the precious toys back.

The scene made every one laugh out loud. I was smiling and trying not to cry. I knew Ramy was there, trying to bring a little bit of fun and happiness to us. I felt I should appreciate that and try my best to make my beautiful son happy. I had seen how sad he would get whenever he saw me cry and how he would do anything to cheer me up.

It also wasn't strange at all when later that night, a small ring-tailed possum jumped from a high branch of a tall tree to a lower one. Making lots of noises, the possum took everyone's attention before jumping on the ground in front of us. It first ran and then stopped, turned back, and with those big beautiful eyes stared at us.

I softly told others that Ramy is using the possum. Nobody moved or talked. Even, strangely, Sultan who would always bark whenever he saw a possum, didn't move or bark. He silently watched the possum, and I could feel it was with respect and love.

On those moments, I sensed Ramy's presence. I heard his silent words in my mind. We had a conversation: it was just between the two of us. Each of us would say something and get a response. He was softly touching my head, too. Caressing my forehead, he tried to give a sense of ease and peace to me, reassuring me that he was not lost. It all made me feel grateful with my whole heart.

After ten minutes gazing at us, finally, the possum ran to a tree, climbed it, and vanished amongst the branches in front of our eyes. I looked at the sky. The shining stars were up there, twinkling. One of them seemed very bright. It reminded me of Ramy with the rainbow of light around him. I kissed the air and thanked my Ramy for being so loving, caring and nice. I looked at the candles, which were illuminating his garden, and whispered: 'Merry Christmas, my beautiful son!'

26 December 2006

My cousin, Eshrat, called me from Iran. She told me her dream:

I dreamt of Ramy, who was in company of seven young boys and girls. They were very happy, walking, talking, and laughing. They all were dressed nicely and neatly. I approached them, watching Ramy. He was in a fine blue shirt, blue jeans, and very nice shoes, walking in front of the group.

Seeing me, they stopped. I walked to Ramy and took his hand in mine. It was lovely and soft. I placed my other hand on his shoulder and told him, 'Your friends and you are so elegant, but you look indeed above everyone!' Without a word, Ramy looked at me and kept all the time his sweet smile. But his friends looked amused with my words. Boys and girls, specially a blond girl with short, smooth hair, laughed joyfully.

I kept Ramy's hand in mine for five minutes, watching him with admiration, before I woke up and felt lots of hope and a good sensation have filled my heart. The dream made me smile and think that not only Ramy is in a good place but he has also made friendship with so many boys and girls, who are so happy in each other's company.

It was dawn and the first thing came into my mind was calling Ramy's mum. I know that even people's dream about Ramy is now important to you.

27 December 2006

What a blessing! For the first time, I saw Ramy in a dream!

It was nine thirty in the morning when I woke up and walked to the living room. With a horrible sense of loneliness and exhaustion, I sat on a sofa before going back to my bedroom again. In quest of some solace, lying in bed, I took Ramy's shirt and pressed it over my heart. I closed my eyes. Half awake, half sleeping, I found myself in a vast, lush garden.

It was around sunset. I was looking everywhere in the garden for Ramy. After a while, I saw him. He was walking to me, accompanied by a girl whose face was quite familiar; yet, I didn't have any idea where I had met her. The girl was the same age as Ramy: both twelve years old.

Approaching, they stayed in front of me. I watched my son with love and admiration. 'Where have you been, my sweetheart? I was looking for you!' I asked. 'We were swimming in the pool,' the girl answered (she mentioned the name of the pool but I forgot it).

Ramy was silent; yet, on my mind, I could see him swim with the girl in a corner of an enormous pool. It was on the far left side of the garden and looked like natural pools. They were a wonderful source of water for irrigation in the villages that were under my father supervision around my hometown. Then I was a child, living till my early teens in Ghochan and going to the villages on a family picnic.

The girl looked very sweet. She told me that after swimming she did her prayer over there, too. I smiled and looked at Ramy. He was very quiet and seemed he was now around fifteen years old. Smilingly and tenderly, I asked him, 'Perhaps you didn't know the prayer and you felt embarrassed.'

My dear Ramy smiled but said nothing. I smiled back and felt how precious he is. He was around seventeen, when I took him dearly into my arms and felt a profound sense of bliss filling my heart. Just then, for a fraction of second, it seemed to me that I was only holding Ramy's clothes, not Ramy. Before sensing any bitterness, however, I was reassured that I was indeed hugging Ramy. I could feel the pleasant warmth of his body. I could sense how lovely and soft were Ramy's chest, arms, and his shoulders within my arms. It was a blessing!

With a sense of content, delight, and fulfilment, I kept pressing my beloved Ramy on my heart and my chest. At the same time, I felt Ramy was a kid, becoming twelve, fifteen, seventeen, nineteen, and finally the age that he should be: an attractive twenty-two years old man. On those moments, I felt the profound beauty and grace of pure love between a mother and a child. It was divine love! It was a blessing!

Just, then, the phone started ringing; it woke me up. I looked at the clock. It was ten minutes to ten in the morning. My heart was overflying with joy and appreciation, still sensing vividly Ramy's sweet presence close to me. Now I also knew who the pretty girl in my dream was. Ramy and I would always talk about her after watching one of *Harry Potter's* movies. She was one of our favourite characters: Hermione, Emma Watson!

Answering the phone, I felt happy, because a close and spiritual friend was calling me from Canada. I excitedly told her about my dream; Mahvash apologized to me and regretted to have interrupted it. But I assured her that it was Ramy who wanted, through her, to wake me up on that special moment. Being wide awake, when my whole being could sense Ramy's presence, in his different ages, with the warmth and softness of his dear body, was essential at that moment. Otherwise, I told my friend, with my sleepless nights and having sleeping pills, I might slip into a deeper level of sleeping and forget it all; while now I could feel and carry within my heart the beauty, the bliss, and that profound sense of fulfilment of embracing my son after such a long time.

In the following weeks, the beautiful dream remained so real, so vivid, so sensible and accessible to me that at any second I could feel my beautiful son was still within my arms. Then and later, I thought it was not just a sweet dream; but it was a great and precious gift, given to Ramy and me through a mystic source.

Ramy himself was aware of that. So, in complete silence, he let me hold him and see him grow within my arms to become such a wonderful young man. Even, in dream worlds, time is sometimes too precious to be wasted on words. You have just to feel the moments!

Thank you, Ramy! I love you, Raam!

December 2006

This is the end of 2006, an ominous year for us with the loss of our beautiful Ramy. I do not intend to describe how much in our privacy we wept quietly, or loudly, or even aggressively, as we would curse the life. I want, however, to talk about some events that could happen in any cemetery to help to some degree the people who feel shattered by the loss of their loved one.

A cemetery has its own environment with its own community. The people, who go over there to show respect and love to the separated loved one, have almost gained some modesty and some degree of purity within their souls. They care about others who are in tears or emotional pain. Cemetery not only has a family of its own, it seems that it also has a sense of understanding the grief, and somehow tries to be helpful in any possible way.

It has happened to me that whenever I am sitting at the foot of Ramy's resting place and weeping, suddenly a familiar person – as if she was called – or a completely

stranger would show up, cuddling, talking, sharing my sorrow, or even crying with me and trying to ease the horrible sense of grief that has seized my being. Many times, a few Greek mothers have approached me. Sitting supportively next to me, they would recommend that I should not be in tears, with which I would put damage on my eyes; while, my beloved son for his sleeping would get a blanket which is wet with my tears.

When strangers try to give me comfort or take care of me in the cemetery, it pours hope and warmth into my heart. One late evening, when I was desperately and aimlessly walking around Ramy's Garden, I saw a couple standing further away. Wondering that I was not the only one to stay so late over there, I appreciated their presence in my heart; it was giving a sense of connection to me.

Just when it was getting indeed dark, they walked to me, talking and expressing their sympathy. Curious, I asked why they stayed so late over there. In astonishment, then, I realized that they were there just for my sake.

The lady told me that she and her husband couldn't leave me alone in a dark cemetery. Being very considerate, with kindness, then, they reminded me that it was around seven o'clock and the gate would be soon closed. I thanked them from the bottom of my heart. In their affectionate company, then, I walked to my car. They only left when they saw me leaving.

Not always, however, there are people around to remind the person of the time. And when one is in immense sorrow, the time is not anymore important. On few occasions, it has happened that I have totally forgotten about the hours. Staying very long in the cemetery, oblivious that the night is falling, I found out the gate was locked and I was by myself over there in the dark (this has happened to many people whose emotional pain of loss overshadows everything else in their lives). So leaving my car over there and thinking how to get out from the cemetery, I found a round open circle on the gate, which was luckily as wide as my size. That let me jump out on the other side to go home by a taxi.

In another very late evening, something – supernatural – happened to me. After tidying up Ramy's flowers, I walked in the dark to the tap water to wash my mud-covered hands. Then I realised that to get the soap out of the locked car I needed to get the car's key out of my jacket's pocket with my dirty hands.

As soon as, the thought crossed my mind, I heard a sound that echoed in the heavy silence of the cemetery at night. It followed immediately by some strong light, which appeared to focus on me. I stood up straight to see whose car was coming to the cemetery so late. After a while, however, I realized that the dazzling light was from my own car, which was parked in a fair distance from me. I knew then that the sound I had heard was from my car's doors – unlocked automatically.

Even though, the incident looked too bizarre, happiness filled my heart. I knew that but me nobody else was there; so, I thanked Ramy aloud, believing he had unlocked the doors. Feeling Ramy's caring presence around me, I forgot my immense sorrow for a while. Running to my car, I grabbed the soap and smilingly walked back to the tap and washed my hands before leaving for home.

10 February 2007

Few days ago when Ramy's dad was seated behind his desk at work, he heard his mobile phone ring. Before Hassan could answer, however, the phone was silent with Ramy's name on the screen. This mystic incident has happened before, too; while Ramy's phone is on his desk, disconnected and flat.

11 February 2007

We had a few guests. Amongst them there was a young lady who looked very concerned about me. When I told her that I would usually communicate with Ramy through the flame of a candle, she looked at me with sad eyes. I felt that somehow she became very worried about me; yet, she was trying to be polite and not to express her disagreement to what I had told her.

Standing on a corner of the living room and speaking, then, I asked her to watch the flame of the candle that was burning in front of Ramy's photo. It was on a small table on the far opposite side of the room.

'Ramy, are you here?' I asked. The absolutely still flame of the candle suddenly jumped up by my question and then frantically moved to the right and left, before becoming again steady. Then I asked other questions, and I received *yes* or *no* answers through the movements of the flame.

With open mouth and widened eyes, the lady looked at me and laughed with content as she was expressing her happiness about what she had seen. Deep in thoughts, after a while, she told me, 'You are right! Your son is around all of you. He is around his loved ones, only invisible to you!'

Wondered, then, she asked me, 'So, why you are so sad? Knowing he is around, why you cannot battle your sorrow? Why you're grieving when you know he is not really gone anywhere?' With lots of emotional pain in my soul and physical ache of burning in my heart, I just looked at her.

Yes, I can feel Ramy's presence around. But I terribly need to see him, to hear his voice, to touch him, to kiss his hands. I desperately need to talk to him directly, not through the flame of a candle.

12 February 2007

I woke up earlier in the morning. Ramy was painfully on my mind. My heart was burning at his loss. I stayed in bed, thinking of my sweet son. It seemed, I went into sleeping again, still thinking of Ramy, wandering all around, looking everywhere for him.

Then I found myself in a very vast plain, which was covered with a dazzling white light. Like an invisible tall dome, the light was connecting the earth to the sky. Still, looking for Ramy, in the middle of the plain, I saw an aluminium bed. The narrow bed, like a

simple board, was placed on the ground. I walked to it and saw a body within a white plastic bag over it. I knew that was Ramy.

I sat down next to it. Without any sorrow or grief, I opened the zipper. Ramy's beautiful face with a reflection of pink light appeared in front of my eyes. I looked at him and suddenly thought something is not quite right. Ramy was not inside a bag; he was sleeping in a white bed in a room full of sunshine, I told myself. I walked away from the bed and started to look for my own Ramy once again.

However, suddenly, I saw myself lying down in the same white bed. With a profound sense of comfort, relief, and happiness, I was looking at the sky. It was deep, vast, pale blue, peaceful and very beautiful!

But, then, a dark bird, similar to a crow, flew high above my head and died in the air and its motionless body started to fall down towards me. I thought the body of the dead bird would land on me, but in the middle of the air it was transformed into a big pink rose at the centre of a circle of many smaller roses. Slowly, softly, and lightly, like feathers, then, the roses fell down, as streams of other scented, pale pink roses were from all around joining them, all coming to me.

Like my sleeping Ramy's beautiful face, I thought, the roses were lightly and pleasantly pink. And, as if I had no worries, no thoughts, no sorrow in the world, I sensed I was showered with rainbows of perfumed pink roses as they were softly falling over me, covering me!

13 February 2007

My sweetheart, how can I ever thank you enough? From your early childhood you have always been very considerate of me. So, it is no wonder that you still try to give me your love and support. I am so grateful that through some people's unexpected visits or phone calls you try to stop my weeping whenever it is too intense.

At times, being at the side of your garden in Macquarie Park, when an immense sorrow attack seizes my soul, one of your lovely friends would suddenly come on a visit over there. At home, when I feel my heart is bursting with grief, somebody would call me, giving me hope. And I believe that you arrange these things just to help me. No matter what time it is or where in the world a friend or relative of mine lives, you persuade people to call me when I am desperate to share the pain of your separation with somebody.

Receiving these supportive phone calls couldn't be just a coincident. In particular, when you make me feel your beautiful presence on the phone by creating that fast, constant, beeping sound in the background of my conversation with others. The sound tells me that you are on the phone, too, listening and somehow participating in the conversation. I know that it is your way to stop my painful weeping. You do not like to see me with red and dejected eyes.

My beautiful Ramy, your signs, your awareness, and your sweet interaction through the phone calls pour light into my heart. I love it so much when sometimes in the middle of a conversation you bring a soft and lovely music on the phone as I am talking about you. All these make me feel an angel is around me all the time, taking care of me. And I am well aware that this angel is you, my beautiful Ramy who are conscious of my emotions and thoughts.

Thank you Ramy for your tireless efforts to show your wonderful support and offer your deep love to the people whom you love and care for.

17 February 2007

Wherever I go, wherever I look, I see emptiness! Our home is painfully empty of you and your lovely voice! Yet, my sweet son, you and I have never stopped talking to one another. As our silent conversations through the flame of candles give warmth to my frozen heart.

On the occasions, I can sense the spiritual connection between you and me. I can feel you stare at me with those beautiful eyes! I can even see you smile! Yet, last night you did indeed something magical!

It was two in the morning, when I kissed your photo, said goodnight to you, and put out the flame of the small candle, in front of your photo. Then, I saw the air was suddenly filled with a heap of dense and bluish smoke, rising from the candle.

Going up into the air, like a work of art, the smoke created the most beautiful patterns. Dancing in the air, the rings of smoke gently moved around the room. Without fading or breaking, the floated rings and patterns of bluish smoke mysteriously stayed dense and strong almost for fifteen minutes.

Bewildered, Maziar and I told one another: 'This is Ramy!' That poured joy into our hearts. Unable to move, with wide-open eyes, we let the smoke embrace us as we felt your beautiful presence through that artistic and mystic connection.

Thank you Ramy!

22 February 2007

Most of the times, I have a feeling of nausea. I hate to live. But I can't leave. It is so painful when I receive so many letters for you, my beautiful son, with your name, *Ramtin Razavian*, on the envelope. Why did you change your name? I feel so responsible for being your witness.

My sweetheart, how it happened that you made me sign for the important things in your life? I signed the form of changing your name – was that for a new life? And I had to sign the certificate of your divine flight – was it for another new life? How did you choose me? Was it just because of your precious love and trust towards me?

Why you didn't ask me to give my life for you? Why did you leave? Why not me, but you!!! Where are you now, my dear Ramy? My sweet Ramtin! Alas! You are gone! Alas! I can't do anything, anymore for you! Alas!

8 March 2007

Late at night, I walked to my room to sleep. In my bed, I took Ramy's shirt into my arms and thought of him with both deep love and extreme sorrow, as I kept his shirt over my burning heart. Then, suddenly, I felt my son's presence in the room. The feeling was so intense that I tried even not to blink. Soon after, I sensed Ramy's heart beat, as if the shirt had Ramy's heart within: to convey that he was not far away but just being there with his sweetness, love and affection.

11 March 2007

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY RAMY!'

Happy Birthday, my sweetheart! I love you!

Today, once again so tirelessly, you made your loved ones realize the immortality and awareness of one's soul afterlife!

At dawn we woke up with the chorus of some birds. It seemed with the first rays of the sun, a big group of Cockatoos flew off to come to us. It was a wonderful sight to watch the performance of the birds in that silvery blue sky. In a flock of one hundred or more, the white birds were flying upon our house and above the tall eucalyptus trees. Like exquisite flakes of the whitest snow then the birds flew downward and landed on the trees, on the grass, and all over our garden and yard. Stunned, we said: 'Ramy and his friends are here! They are here to celebrate Ramy's Birthday with us!

White birds with their magnificent golden crowns poured joy and love into our hearts. Watching them with sadness and delight both, we were reminded of Ramy's Birth and oncoming spring in Iran. When scented white flowers appear on the horizon, making the distant landscapes magical.

Our beautiful Ramy, you are aware of immense pain and sorrow in our hearts on the day of your Birth. So, through the birds and in company of your new acquaintances, you tried to celebrate your Birthday with your family first, before continuing it with your friends.

We did the same. Welcoming you in the early morning, later on the day we spent our times with your loving friends, who gradually joined us. Celebrating your Birthday,

everyone stayed till well passed midnight, as you like. Seeking solace, it seemed your family and your friends needed each other's company and presence to ease the pain of your loss.

In the late afternoon we drove to your garden and gave you some gifts: flowers, candles, prayers, streams of tears and our love! Heartbreakingly, with smiles but not without tears, we sang: 'Happy Birthday, Ramy!' One of your poems was then recited; it touched our hearts. At the age of sixteen, you have strongly defined the profoundest aspects of *Love – blessing*, but also a *pain!*

Love

*Love is dream of sweet sensation
Love is lift with much devastation*

*Love can be water on a burning flame
Or a candle lit upon a pond
Love can never be a game,
Love can bring the strongest bond,
Love can be coffee when you're falling asleep
Love can take steps or one giant leap
Love can be blood in an empty vein
Love can be blood from physical pain
Love can be loved, or it can be hated
Love is only born, it can never be bought,
Love can't be torn, it can only be fought
Love can bring sorrow, love can bring strife,
Love will just borrow, your entire life
Because love is a flower, but also a knife
Love is much stronger, than any other sense
Love last much longer, through past a present tense*

*Love is a colour, but also a light,
During the day and all through the night,
A step or a sea, space only stretches, the power of love,
A day or a year, time only blurs the details of love,
So cry a million tears, and smile a thousand smiles
Fight all your fears, and face all your trials,
Love never dies, it only gets lost,
Love is expensive, but your heart pays the cost,
Love can be a verb or merely a noun
It can make you smile or constantly frown,
Love can be water, as you're dying of thirst,
Love can be salt, on a bleeding wound*

*Love can make you go insane,
Love can be loss, way before gain,
Giving all your love, doesn't really mean,*

*That they'll love you back, or even be keen,
Love is a risk which demands your devotion,
Love doesn't fly without the emotion*

*Love is a blessing, but also a pain,
Love can be stressing, but all worth the gain*

Yes, love is indeed a *blessing*; but can it also be a *knife*! Ramy, it's the sacred *fire* of your love that is continuously giving hope and warmth to us! The same fire is, however, burning our hearts, days and nights, as our hearts pay the cost!

On your Birthday, we all tried not to think or to mention how short was your life, but thanking you and celebrating the day that you *Blue Bird of Happiness* came into our lives! Thank you, Ramy, for your efforts to communicate with the people whom you love. I felt the constant, gentle touch of your fingertips on my head and forehead, caressing me on your Birthday! Thank you for your love! So sweet, so wonderful, you are!

Happy Birthday, my sweetheart! I love you, Raam!

13 March 2007

How sometimes there is an invasion of unwanted memories! Sitting motionless in a chair, my mind took me back to more than twenty- three years ago. On such a day, my Ramy was only three days old. Then we were living in Tehran. Celebrating the newborn baby boy's arrival into our lives, we were also getting ready to celebrate the Persian New Year, which would be in the following week, the beginning of Spring.

From nowhere, then, I found myself in Iran again. It was, however, a different time and place. At my side was my 22-year-old Ramy who had arrived from Sydney three days ago. Still jetlagged and exhausted, he was desperately looking for a travel adaptor to recharge his mobile phone in Iran to take photos. I didn't tell him I had one; instead, I recommended that he should buy one. He did so. And looked at me with astonishment when he saw mine. I felt a bit embarrassed seeing his inquiring eyes. I remained, however, silent. I couldn't explain to him that it was because of a kind of strange sense of obsession that I wanted to keep my adaptor in my suitcase and accessible, and not to share. The memory hurts me deeply now; even though, I remembered that Ramy had lots of fun and looked very happy that he had haggled to buy the adaptor.

To help myself, I left the house and drove to Macquarie Park, to Ramy's Garden. Over there I talked to him; I wept and kissed the pink roses that I had put there for his birthday three days earlier. Meditatively, sitting on the grass, then, I closed my eyes and tried to see my sweet son on my mind. As I kissed him from head to toes, then, I apologized to him for all my failures. I told him that I am only a mortal human being with the mankind's naivety, ignorance, and weakness. I apologized to him for my imperfection and cried; but then I felt Ramy's precious presence at my side. He was

touching my head and caressing my forehead tenderly. In complete silence, he was giving me hope and courage.

After an hour, I opened my eyes and looked around. The cemetery was very quiet. No body was around, but birds: a few green and orange lorikeets, one black and white crow, and a flock of grey noisy miners. Further away, I saw a woman park her car, walking to a grave, and leaving soon.

Sitting alone over there, I felt the breeze was embracing the birds, Ramy's Garden, and me. Between the flowers, I saw Ramy's photo with the drop of one tear below his right eye. 'He is crying,' I thought. It broke my heart. I looked at a few small objects like gnomes, glass butterflies and birds. I saw the bottles of 'V' drink and Pepsi-Max between the flowers. Over there, everything looked childish. 'He was a kid,' I thought, 'sleeping here so innocently,' I said and cried.

After a while, I stood up and walked along the pathway to the water supply to bring some water. Two noisy miners followed me and soon one of them sat on a grave's head stone on my way. The other one took the next head stone. They were not making any noises anymore; but I could see the soundless movements of their beaks as they were staring at me. That made me stay there and then walk to them.

My beautiful son had once explained to me that those cute miners would sometimes communicate to each other through the silent movements of their beaks. And now I had a feeling that the birds tried to communicate with me. Approaching and staying just in front of the birds, I saw none of them move a bit, nor were they scared from me the least.

I whispered to the closest bird, 'This is you, my sweet Ramy, and that one is your favourite cousin, Mani.' Staring into bird's dark eyes, I continued, 'Am I right? Is it you, my beautiful son? With those beautiful dark eyes! Is it you?' The bird's beak was then wide opened and shut a few times, as I got on my mind the message: 'Yes, Mum, I am here!'

I stood close to that bird and we had an odd but loving conversation for around twenty minutes or so. I was telling something aloud, not to the bird but to my son. As soon as I stopped talking, it was the bird's turn to answer me or to tell me something by the silent movements of its beak, before stopping with sensitivity for my turn to say something or to reply him. At the same time, I would receive Ramy's remarks on my mind.

Ramy and I talked about whatever would come into our attentions. I received several main messages. He wanted the people who love him, especially his friends, his brother, his sister, his dad, and me, to be happy. He implied that it was unlike me to be so weak, and that I should remember he had always told me I have a strong personality. He reassured me that I will meet him again. He conveyed that my happiness makes him happy, as much as my sadness makes him sad!

That mystical conversation poured light into my heart. A few times, I stretched my arm to let the bird sit on my palm; but it didn't. I decided, finally, to caress its soft wings. The bird stepped a little back. Still staring at me, its beak moved a few times and then flew away. The other bird, that was all the time watching us so quietly and patiently, followed the talking one. Flying high in the sky, they turned towards a tall eucalyptus tree and disappeared among its boughs and leaves.

Minutes later, I got into my car. Nobody was around; I turned the radio on and let the music be loud. If we like the music in this world, I thought, we love it on the *other side*, too. Yet, I felt extreme grief. Desperate for a bit of comfort, the music helped

me take refuge in a fantasy world in which the painful reality, that time and place were vanished.

I saw myself look at a group of dancers, who were harmoniously whirling in the air, rising up and coming down. Below the feet of the dancers, there was a wonderful lake, overflowing with serene blue water. It looked like *One Thousand and One Nights*. I did not know where I was. Was I a happy child listening to one of those stories?!! Ramy and Mani were among the dancers. The two of them were fortunate Princes of the time.

I opened my eyes when I felt Ramy is with me. Standing there, just the same as he was, my beautiful son was touching my forehead, lovingly. So intensely, feeling his presence, I appreciated it with my whole heart. I reminded him and me that it is the beauty of the souls that could be connected wherever they are! Dead or alive! It doesn't matter! We are connected through the power of love! We both smiled!

At the same time, hearing the repetition of 'In Summer Land,' through the song, reminded me of the beauty of summertimes throughout my life. I felt calm. As if I had no worries in the world: I felt whole. I saw myself being on a mystical journey from my beautiful early childhood and later on in summer land, in summertime! I saw myself not shivering anymore. Nothing was frozen, bitter, or cold.

Back home, I still felt calm. But, then, I saw a letter on the dining table. It was from the bank that Ramy had his account with. The words on the envelope first took my attention and then struck me like thunder. I felt nauseous and dizzy. Somersaulting into an abyss of deep despair, I sat like a statue, frozen again, unable even to weep. After all, I knew that I could never believe these words can be related to Ramy: 'The Estate of Mr Ramy Razavian Deceased'

17 March 2007

Mehran called me. She told me her dream:

You and I were standing under the shade of the trees, when Ramy appeared there. I knew that he was gone; yet, I told you, 'Look! Look at him. Ramy is here! Now, be happy!' You answered me, 'It's useless! I know he's gone. This is his spirit. But he himself is unaware of that!'

Then Ramy walked the steps up to go inside the building; while, you and I were watching him with admiration. Ramy looked very tall and strikingly handsome. He was in a white jumper and grey tracksuit. His feet were very white, pure, thin, and small.

There were two or three fireplaces on the floor in the yard with a nice, warm, cosy, and beautiful fire within. There were some guests inside the home. Yet, you were not concerned about anything but grieving that Ramy was gone.

22 March 2007

Standing at the side of Ramy's Garden, Hassan and I talked about Ramy's last drawing and we both wept painfully. We asked ourselves what our son wanted to say. What was his last message by the portrayal of that lonely, scary, sad skeleton? We really wanted to know what Ramy wanted to say? We asked ourselves, and couldn't find any reply. Why the skeleton looks tortured and miserable? Can't the skeleton be thoughtless and happy? Can't a skeleton just walk freely around?

Ramy, our sweet Ramy, what did you really want to tell by that drawing? I wish we could get an answer.

Desperate to get an answer, (years later) one night, my friend Mariam called me. Out of nowhere, she suddenly talked about Ramy's drawing. Like many others, she believes that Ramy was too good for this world. She said Ramy's soul was elevated and he was too perfect to live in this dimension of matter, anger, cruelty, and greed. So he indeed wanted to leave. And that skeleton, in the drawing, is portraying the image that Ramy had of himself in this world of matter.

Another night, around the same time, in sheer desperation, I thought of Ramy and his drawing. In a state of trance, I saw him in my mind with his smile. Childlike and sweet, staring at me, he told, I just drew a picture. Then I wanted to give a name to it. So, I wrote my name there. Then I thought if something happens to me what are you going to do? I realized you will weep endlessly, because you love me! Then I sketched you!

24 March 2007

Tonight, Maziar and I walked for a long time along the quiet streets, talking about Ramy all the time. We returned home at three in the morning; yet, the pain of Ramy's loss was horribly within our hearts. In sheer desperation, then, I turned to Hafez's poetry book, asking the great poet for an advice. When I randomly picked a page, I was amazed that like many times before it opened on a particular poem: 'Last night, at morning time, me freedom from grief, they gave. / And, in that darkness of night, me the water-of-life they gave.'

Thinking of Ramy who left us at dawn, I recited the rest of the lyrics: 'It was a morning, how auspicious! / And a moment how joyous! / . . . That me, freedom from the bond of Time's grief they gave.'

Like rays of sunshine in a dark stormy day, the lyrics poured some light into my heart. Afterwards, Maziar and I talked a lot about life, death, and afterlife, trying to somehow ease a bit the devastating pain of Ramy's loss.

Sitting silent for a while, then, I told that not without Ramy life is the same; but it seems painful, unbearable, and harsh. To survive, we have to erase from our minds

that Ramy and I travelled to Iran. We have to clear our thoughts of losing our beautiful Ramy. We should think of him only with love, and believing that our *Bird of Happiness* is differently living with us and far from us both! I added that Hafez says:

In love's Path, is no stage of nearness or farness:
I clearly see Thee; and prayer, I send Thee.

To help that exalted soul fulfil his wishes, I told, we have to accept what has happened and try to live with it. Since, we cannot change that horrible incident, we have to create some good or positive targets in our lives and follow them.

Otherwise, by living in this state of deep deep despair, we take away the happiness of Ramy's soul. After Ramy's loss, I know that we all lost the will to live; but this only can ruin Ramy's life after his divine flight. Further, it is indeed unfair to make that innocent child responsible for our immense suffering. We need to be fair, to fight with our emotional pain and try to soothe our sorrow and live properly as much as we can. And this is for Ramy's sake.

It was dawn and birds had started to sing when we decided to sleep. We hoped to have Ramy in our dreams.

2 April 2007

Do you miss home?
You are symmetrical . . .
Everything has to be perfect . . .
Come home with me tonight.

A friend of Ramy and mine accompanied me to Ramy's Garden. It was late in the evening. The area was nearly dark. We listened to the above lyrics of a CD and let the music be loud. We thought that Ramy would love it. My friend, however, said it seemed Ramy was telling her, 'It's not my type of music, mate.' My friend and I both laughed and then wept painfully.

When we returned home, a friend of Ramy was there. Talking about music, she said that once she had told Ramy how she loves rap music, and Ramy had said: 'You can't believe it. My mum loves it, too! Mum is cool.' It made me cry again, remembering how Ramy loved and let the beat of loud music fill every corner of the house, as he and I would enjoy listening to it!

17 April 2007

Presentation of the Trevor Martin Memorial Prize for Jurisprudence to Ramy

Ramy loved studying Law and Psychology. He intended to eventually enter

International Law and possibly work in the United Nations. He was quite nervous about the first year subject Jurisprudence. It is meant to be a very dry and difficult subject. He was nervous that he, like some fellow students, may not pass this subjects. He sat the examination for Jurisprudence and Psychopathology prior to leaving for Iran, where he lost his precious life. He achieved a grade of high distinction in both these subjects, but only found out about his achievement in one of these subjects prior to the fatal accident.

He was awarded the Trevor Martin Prize for Jurisprudence on 17 April 2007. Sadly, he was not here to celebrate his achievement. His family attended the ceremony and received the award on his behalf. The staff of Division of Law, were incredibly kind and caring towards Ramy's family.

- Speeches by Professor Carlin, Professor Croucher, and Ramy's mum (Shahin)

17 April 2007

Both sad and wonderful! This evening, an hour before going to the university for the Presentation of the Trevor Martin Memorial Prize for Jurisprudence to Ramy, I went to his garden. Over there, in tears and deep pain, I placed some flowers for my beloved son, as my whole being was burning with a desire that Ramy could be with us for the night to personally receive his *prize*. Just then I heard a soft sound, and soon I felt the weight of a big bird sitting on my head.

It was a white Cockatoo, who had directly landed on my head. Standing there quiet, I remained motionless, as my heart was filled with joy, appreciation, and amazement. I whispered, 'Thank you, Ramy! Is it you!?' Just then the bird softly moved down over my right shoulder. I could feel the touch of its soft feathers next to my cheek, before it walked gently and directly towards my heart. The beautiful Cockatoo remained there for a while, as he was clinging on my cardigan with its claws, watching me.

I was not weeping anymore but appreciating the loving presence of the bird. Soon after, the beautiful Cockatoo flew down and sat on the grass, in front of me. We stared into one another's eyes. In complete silence, I could feel an aura of pure love, encircling the three of us: the bird, Ramy and me!

18 April 2007

A note placed in Ramy's Garden:

Congrats on the award my dear. I am so very very proud of you & only hope I can one day achieve a fraction of what you achieve in this short time.

xxx

I miss U every day more and more
I love it if you could come 2 my graduation

18 April 2007

Last night was the award winning ceremony in which Ramy would have been awarded the top award for one of his law subjects, Jurisprudence. To me, this ceremony was like Ramy's graduation ceremony. I could see Ramy in his graduation outfit, receiving his Law - Psychology degree. I visualised him collecting his degree from Professor Croucher, head of the Faculty of Law.

She would always speak of how she personally knew Ramy because, unlike other students, Ramy would not hesitate to directly knock on her door when he needed to discuss an important matter. She would talk about how he was always surrounded by a dozen friends who would patiently wait outside for him, when Ramy was leaving and she could see them through the half open door.

In the ceremony, Maziar, Mona, Hassan, and I (with Ramy's enlarged photo) were all there, smilingly but full of tears in our eyes. I recognised few of the professors as soon as I walked in, purely based on Ramy's descriptions. This made my heart ache. I remembered how he would come home from university and excitedly describe his professors with a sense of sincerity, appreciation, and humour. It also made me smile with admiration and pride.

Last night, it was sad, very sad, but, 'Our Beautiful Ramy, you made all of us feel so proud of you! And I know that wherever you are, you will keep your great personality and your friendly approach to everyone. I know that your sweetness and your pure nature will be with you forever. No matter where you are! You are always uniquely Ramy and will be remembered with love!'

18 April 2007

Tonight we stayed at home, welcoming Ramy's friends who wanted to celebrate Ramy's achievement with us. We had dinner, drank Coke Zero for Ramy, and talked about him and his exceptional personality: having wisdom and wit both. Everyone had a story to recall and make others laugh. We intended not to be in tears but to celebrate the night. We said: 'It is Ramy's Night!'

It seemed to me that for the first time after Ramy's divine flight his friends and his family were loudly laughing in our home, as if our sweet Ramy himself was sitting next to us, reminding his funniest memories and remarks.

At midnight, however, when Ramy's friends were leaving, I wondered how it was possible that we could laugh despite the situation. As this thought crossed my mind, I saw Mona walk to the dinning table and picked out one of the many envelopes delivered in the mail that day. She ripped it open and passed one yellow leaflet on to me. On it, four lines stood out on my first glance: 'But when you laugh / and sing in glad delight, / My soul is lifted / upwards to the height,'

Receiving an immediate reply to my inner thoughts stunned me; I couldn't believe my eyes, seeing that a poem appropriate for the moment had been earlier posted to me from Melbourne. At the end of the poem, I found only these words: 'With love, to you Shahin, from Cynthia.'

Reading then the whole poem, I felt both: grateful to my caring friend, Cynthia, and hopeful to my sweet son, Ramy. It all made me get the impression that through his loving nature, and a kind of awareness that belongs to the beyond, Ramy is taking care of everything in advance, to support his loved ones in any possible way.

My bitterness and doubt were washed away by the poem:

Though I am dead
grieve not for me with tears,
Think not of death
with sorrowing and fears;
I am so near that
every tear you shed,
Touches me although
you think me dead.
But when you laugh
and sing in glad delight,
My soul is lifted
upwards to the height,
Laugh and be glad
for all that life is giving,
And I, though dead,
will share your joy in living.

Anon.

20 April 2007

It was late, very late, but I was still there, around Ramy's Garden. It was dark. Before leaving for home, I turned the music loud. I knew nobody was around. I felt Ramy was just next to me; we both were listening to the music: 'Nobody cries, I'm alive; Nobody

dies,' I heard the words in the song and asked my son how he could give such precise answer to my painful thoughts to make me calm.

My sweetheart, was it your message to me? Thank you so much! I love you, Ramy!

23 April 2007

I lit a candle. Its flame jumped up, over and over, smouldering. I considered it as a sign from my son and thought that my beloved Ramy wants to visit me. I sat down. I closed my eyes, and cleared my mind of all thoughts, feeling relax. I flew to the village of my dreams. I saw me in the front of a wooden old gate. I looked back. On the slop of the mountain, the village was stretching under my eyes. It was quiet, happy, and very beautiful. The landscape beyond that was vast, serene, and golden. I gazed out, further, the scattered heaps of green trees indicated that other villages were nestling under their canopies.

Turning my head, and arriving at the gate, I walked into my spiritual world. Over there, I saw orchards of almond trees. They were in full bloom, filling the air with sweet, pleasant scents. Short or tall trees were scattered around. Somewhere, there were clusters of grapes in yellow, green, or red; they were hanging from the branches of vine trees. Some branches rose high, curling and hanging from some other trees. I saw all around. Ramy was not there.

I took the pathway to go up at the top of the green hill that looked like fantastic pieces of emerald within the rocks. Yet, I felt sad. My beautiful Ramy was not there. I stopped walking, thinking where I could find him. Just then, suddenly, my beautiful son jumped in front of me.

'Ramy, you scared me! Don't you think I could have a heart attack!' Laughing with happiness, I told him and felt nothing was changed. It was exactly like the occasions when that rare, rare, beautiful bird liked to play that game with me.

'Mum Jun! Dear Mum!' He told and laughed.

I took his soft hands in mine; I pressed and kissed them, as a sense of deep happiness filled my heart. Climbing the hill, soon we were over its top: an infinite flat landscape, smooth, dreamy, beautiful! Walking, we approached a brown, wooden bench, which was surrounded with small delicate flowers in white, pink, and purple.

Ramy sat down in the bench. I sat on the ground, covered by a thick carpet of short grass. I put my arms around Ramy's legs and leaned my head on his knees. As usual, he was in his blue jeans.

'Mum, come, sit next to me,' Ramy told.

'No! Please let me sit here. Let me kiss your feet. Let me feel free.' I said and burst into tears.

'Why you are crying!' Ramy asked, as he was caressing my head.

'I miss you, my sweetheart. Further, I was not the perfect mother for you. Many times I behaved selfishly.' I cried louder.

'Mum, don't say that. I wasn't perfect, too. Sometimes I hurt you, too; especially, when I disagreed with what you believe was better for me to do.'

'Yet, you were the baby; I was the Mum.'

‘Do you remember even we didn’t spend enough time together in the last ten days that we had, and it was for the rest of my life.’ Ramy fell silent, caressing my head.

‘You were busy, seeing friends. I was busy, going shopping. I wanted to buy a red Persian carpet. You asked me to buy a white one,’ I told Ramy and burst into tears again, ‘I told you that if you prefer a white one you can have it later, at your own home, because you have the future in front of you, and I have a limited time.’ I told and burst into tears again. Crying loudly, I told, ‘It was you who had a limited time!’ I wept loudly and painfully.

‘But you didn’t buy the red carpet, Mum. Now don’t cry!’

‘And I will never again buy a red carpet, till I join you,’ I answered him.

Looking up, I saw Ramy cry silently. Yet, he helped me to get up. I kissed his shoulders and chest. I looked again into his dark brown eyes. I wiped his tears and told, ‘Ramy, don’t cry. If I’m weeping that’s because I feel as weak as a child.’ I continued to say, ‘Consider me now as your child. Ramy, you are my parents. Don’t cry. Be strong! Give me lesson of strength!’

I saw him smile. It brought light into my heart. I laughed and felt happy. I loved that sweet smile; it belonged to Ramy, showing his happiness or sadness, showing his love or bitterness, showing his uniqueness.

I put my left palm on his forehead, my right palm on his heart, staring into those beautiful eyes, I asked, ‘Which one killed you?’

Ramy looked confused. I asked again, ‘Which one? Which one?’

‘It was my heart! There was lots of pain over there!’

I burst into tears, ‘And you were lost. You did not know where you were afterward. You could not understand why everything seemed so weird to you. I’m sure, then, you felt you were in a terrible nightmare, without being able to awaken yourself!’

‘Yes!’ Ramy answered.

‘Did you realize that you were dead when I told you and took your beautiful frozen body into my arms and asked you do not be scared?’

He smiled and told, ‘I was still confused, couldn’t believe that!’

What a hard time we had. What a horrible, painful time! How can I ever forget those days? How can you forget? I wept loudly, hearing the echo of my crying everywhere.

‘Mum, don’t cry. Take it easy.’

I smiled, ‘Ok! Ok! I shouldn’t sadden you with my tears.’ I said and continued, ‘I am sure that later when I was praying for your body to leave Iran whole and untouched, you knew that it was not anymore a nightmare, that you had crossed the invisible threshold of this world into another world.’

Ramy nodded, sadly.

‘I could feel that you were touching my head, caressing my forehead all the time, as I was praying nonstop.’ I told Ramy and saw him smile proudly, with his head slightly up. I laughed and thanked him.

‘Ramy, my beautiful Ramy, however, I was then submerged in such intense pain, disbelieve, and yearning that I was unable to understand it was you who was touching my head. I was so shattered and lost that could not think of anything other than your innocent soul can help me take your beautiful body whole out of Iran to Australia. I could not understand that it was you who was standing at my side and trying to give me love, support, and comfort. Yet, I am so grateful! So grateful! You wanted to tell me that you were just next to me.

I saw his charming smile again. So innocent, so childish, so proud, the smile made me cry.

In weeping, Ramy joined me. The two of us were crying painfully. 'I'm sorry, my dear little boy, I always make you sad.' I wiped Ramy's tears and continued telling him, 'Now, these terrible memories are not anymore important. The most important thing is that I love you, that you love me.' I sighed and added, 'Your sister, your brother, your dad, and all your friends love you, and you love them. Everyone who knows you is so proud of you and your golden heart.' He smiled, in tears.

'What can I do to make you a little happy? To make myself happy?' I asked.

'Mum, write down! Write down about me! Mummy, write down about what happened! Promise! Please, promise me!'

I kissed Ramy's face, his head and his hands. He accompanied me down to the gate. In front of the pale blue gate, he let a blue bird sit on his index finger and, then, he approached me.

'Mum, I can still see when you catch a Lorikeet just to kiss it.' I recaptured the moments. It was a beautiful sunny afternoon in late spring. Sitting on the veranda, Ramy and I were watching a Lorikeet that sat on my palm to eat apple. The beauty and splendour of the bird made me suddenly grab it to kiss. The bird was frightened, screaming for his freedom. Ramy, who was still a child, was screaming that I was cruel and made the bird scared to death. Though I let the bird fly soon, every now and then, Ramy would laugh and blame me about my desire of kissing a bird.

'Now, take it, Mum!' He told me and put the blue bird on my shoulder. I softly picked the bird up and kissed it many times. This bird seemed being partly Ramy or his new world. Or was it somehow just the embodiment of my beautiful Ramy? The bird was not screaming or frightened, but could feel the depth of my love that was pouring through my heart on him, on Ramy, and the surroundings. I could sense the same feeling: there was a sense of connection and divine love all around.

'Ramy, I love you with my whole heart, and my whole soul, and my all cells.' I told him, as the sadness I felt at his loss made streams of tears wash my face. Watching him with love, pain, and regret, a devastating yearning that was killing me burnt my heart. Now we hardly spoke. He was quiet and somehow sad, having blue birds all over his body from head to toes. We opened the heavy blue gate. In silence, he stood close to the gate and waved goodbye, as I walked away from him.

I opened my eyes. I took a pen and began to write, before going to Ramy's Garden. Over there, different birds were waiting for me to sit on my palms, my head, and my heart!

27 April 2007

I dreamt of being in a big house, which was pleasantly full of sunlight, furnished nicely, and its floor was covered with finest blue and red Persian carpets. Yet, I was extremely sorrowful, thinking of Ramy. Then, suddenly, two kids arrived: a boy around two and a girl around four years old. The two of them were beautiful, neat, and sweet. Their

presence poured joy and happiness into my heart. Without knowing who they are, I felt that I have to get the best care of them and shouldn't neglect them even for a second.

Standing around the cute kids, I watched them with love, wonder, and admiration, and would give them whatever they needed or wanted. When I offered some food to them, they ate with a look of appreciation, and that made me feel very happy. The beauty and loveliness of the two kids reminded me of Maziar and Mona when they were at the same age.

Later in the afternoon, I felt the cute boy and beautiful girl wanted to go to their parents. I knew where was their home; it was very close to mine, along the same street where I was living. Concerned about their safety, I decided to go with them. I felt that not only it was my duty but it also was vital to me to make sure they get home safe and sound.

Before leaving home, I saw some Danish cookies and Lebanese baklavas in a large plate on the coffee table; as at the same moment, Ramy came vaguely onto my mind. Thinking of him, I smiled and picked some cookies to eat. The little kids were watching me; they wanted to know what I was eating. I took one big Danish cake and broke it into two halves, and handed each kid one piece. I knew that after having lunch they were not really hungry to have one Danish each.

Yet, they were eating their cakes with delight, smacking their lips, as I was joyfully watching them. Then I took the kids' hands in mine and we left the home. Walking down the street, I was again very concerned about their safety and tried to explain to them how to be safe. It seemed that they trusted me and would obediently do whatever I asked them to do. Walking at the sidewalk, the little kids would listen to my advice, and I felt so happy being at their sides. Soon we were in front of the house that belonged to the kids and their parents. I knocked on the door, which was immediately ajar. Before I could see who opened the door, however, the sound of the knocking woke me up.

Opening my eyes, in astonishment, I asked myself about the meaning of the dream. I asked myself, 'Who could they be?! Who are these beautiful kids that so easily robbed my heart and occupied my thoughts to ease the devastating pain of Ramy's loss in my dream!!!'

29 APRIL 2007

Even though, Hassan and I left home in the morning, it was late in the afternoon, when we went to Auburn, a suburb of Sydney, where I had heard Ramy liked occasionally to go there with friends to have dinner in a restaurant. After parking the car, Hassan and I walked to an escalator, which was going up to the shopping centre. Standing there in complete despair, deep bitterness, and profound grief, I received a celestial gift. What I saw was mere bliss. I witnessed a miracle.

I suddenly saw Ramy. He was in his white-hooded-jumper and his black Nike pants, sitting in a bench, which was placed against the top of the escalator. With the Lebanese hairstyle, that I knew he loved, he looked proud. The sides of his head were well shaven, and on the top his hair was darker, golden, and long, staying upward with hair gel. Up there, sitting in the bench, it seemed he was just waiting to get my attention. And he did. I saw him; as with those beautiful eyes, he was staring at me, wondered, worried, and somehow proud.

I saw him as a strange sensation, like passing electricity through my brain, seized my mind so strongly that I couldn't say a word, or even to blink, and perhaps not to breathe. It all, however, was for a fraction of moment. Ramy and I stared into one another's eyes, and when my sweet son was sure he had got my whole attention, he suddenly got up from the bench and softly left someone else's body, a young man who was still sitting in the bench. Tall and handsome, then, Ramy rose up around one-metre-high above the seated boy, and let me still see the upper part of his body, in his pure white jumper, before disappearing in the air, with those deep, beautiful eyes and his sweet smile, in front of my eyes.

Speechless, I walked away from the top of the escalator and stayed close to the bench, staring at the slim young man who seemed being in his early twenties. He obviously was unaware of presence of Ramy and me. Perhaps, he had felt the same sensation of passing of electricity through his mind and body, without knowing what a great favour he was going to do for us. Unaware, yet, as a psychic medium, he let Ramy and I, both desperate to have a physical glimpse of each other, have the improbable experience through him. The great gift of visiting my beautiful son poured huge light and hope into my heart.

Standing motionless there, with a profound feeling of both ecstasy and disbelief, I watched the young man. Deep in thoughts, he was not even noticing my presence. Looking at him, I could see that he was not really similar to Ramy, except having the same hair-style and almost the same clothes: wearing a white-hooded-jumper and black sporty pants. Watching the young boy for a while, I felt unable to walk away. I wished to go to him and take him into my arms, and kiss his head and his hands; even though, I knew now that he is not my Ramy. I knew, as well, that approaching the boy and telling him about the mystic happening, he would be frightened.

At the same time, knowing my son had used that young man to ease the horrible emotional pain that I felt the whole day at his loss, and the task I had accepted to do, made me deeply appreciative towards my Ramy. I felt also very grateful towards that young man, whom I dare not thank him directly.

No wonder that, on the day Ramy had tried so hard to vividly show himself to me. That day was so devastatingly horrible as if the whole world was on my shoulders. On the day, Ramy's dad and I had forced us to visit different places to choose and order a nice memorial stone for our beloved Ramy. This task was so horrifying that we had postponed it till then.

So, in profound bitterness, despair, and a sense of hatred towards life, I was nonstop repeating my silent words to Ramy, telling him that it was his duty to find a stone for me, not mine! Asking him the rhetorical question again and again that why he left us, I could not stop to request him to take care of himself and to be safe and happy.

I was wishing him happiness because I could sense that like me he was in deep emotional pain and sorrow. I could feel that not only he was carrying his family's horrible sense of grief but also his friends' great pain at his loss. I knew that he was completely aware of the killing despair in my soul.

So throughout the day my beloved Ramy never left me. I could constantly feel his loving and vigorous touch on my head and forehead. I would hear his silent comforting words. I well knew that he was trying to help me, to give me strength. Sometimes, I even felt he apologize to me. In particular, when I would complain and ask him how he could put such an enormous task and bottomless pain on me, I could sense how desperate and miserable he felt: so miserable perhaps worse than me!

Later on the same day, after seeing my beautiful Ramy above the escalator, Hassan and I left the shopping centre and walked along the main street. Yet, it was in his memory, knowing that my dear Ramy liked Auburn and its surroundings. So being there, I looked at everything with so much curiosity, as if I wanted to transfer the details of the area to Ramy's awareness. It was now dusk, and I was walking aimlessly down the street, when I found myself in front of a barbershop.

There, something stopped me. I turned my head and saw a young man who looked like Ramy. The barber had just finished the haircut and the boy was looking at himself in the mirror with delight. Like Ramy, the hair on the top of his head was longer with a mixture of golden and dark colour. Like him, the boy had big, dark, beautiful eyes; I could see his face in the mirror, as the back of his shaved head was towards me.

The shiny head of a good-looking young man whose shaved hairs were fallen around him on the floor took my attention, as well. He, too, reminded me so strongly of my son that I wished I could kiss his head instead of Ramy's. The man brought, into my mind, Ramy's twenty-first-birthday party, which was a year earlier before his divine flight. I could see my Ramy with his totally shaved, shiny head. I could see my beautiful son, who was smilingly standing between the friends at the night of his party: he looked almost quiet and thoughtful but somehow satisfied and proud. A nostalgic yearning suddenly burned deeply my heart!

To combat my crazy emotions, I turned back towards the street. I saw a group of boys who seemed being in their latest teens. Standing exactly in front of me at the other side of the street, they were noisily talking and loudly laughing. Amongst them, in dimness of the dusk, I saw the one who seemed to me as if he was Ramy himself, indeed!

So similar! I could not believe my eyes! Wearing a white-hooded-jumper, exactly like the one I had bought for Ramy, he had also put on a beige cap on his head. It looked so odd. Bewildered, I watched the boy, whose appearance was so similar to Ramy: the same built and height, the same gestures, giggles, and behaviours, the same complexion.

I saw so vividly Ramy in him that I really wanted to cross the street, which was full of cars. I needed to watch that boy closely. I desired to make sure if he was or he was not Ramy. I wished to go to him to cuddle him.

However, the boy suddenly decided to leave. Waving to his friends, he pulled the hood over his cap. He inserted his hands into the jumper's pockets at both sides, and swiftly walked away: all exactly in the same way that Ramy would do. I wished to run after him and take him into my arms. But, in a second, he vanished amongst the crowd.

Back home, I was in deep grief; yet I had a sense of ecstasy, wonder, and profound gratefulness in my heart. I had directly seen my son. I had witnessed his love and efforts to create and arrange the moments by which the people on my way could mystifyingly give me a physical glimpse of him. Depicting himself in a few different periods of his life, he was also trying to give me a message: the immortality, awareness, and power of our souls after death.

Thank you, my Beautiful Ramy! I love you with my whole heart and soul!

30 April 2007

'Mum, move on. Life is not always pretty, but you have a time that should use it. Take life easy. Enjoy it; use it. Enjoy playing with Sultan. Take care of my brother and sister. Don't waste your life. Life is too short. Enjoy it. You will one day join me. Then I'll come to take your hand. I'll teach you to fly; however, you instinctively know how to fly.'

In the silence of the night, I was walking along a quiet street with Ramy's dad and his puppy, Sultan, as Ramy was talking to me. He was caressing my head all the time.

24 May 2007

At Ramy's Garden, there were many birds. Two lovely Lorikeets were sitting above the head stone. In tears and emotional pain, I stared at the birds and asked, 'Ramy, you know how deeply I love you! Tell me where you are now? Tell me!'

The two Lorikeets flew away. I got the impression that the two birds were Ramy and Mani. I felt the answer to my question was: 'I am flying with a friend.'

27 May 2007

In a dream, Ramy came to me. He was in blue jeans and green shirt. Like always, he looked extremely handsome especially with five o'clock shadow. He kneeled down, and placed his right hand on his knee. His left hand was on his waist. I approached him and gave him many kisses on his head and his cheeks. I told him, 'Where are you? I don't see you much!' He laughed happily and heartily. With a kind of content, he said, 'I was with Mani. We were in their house.' I told him, 'I guess you were playing with Sara's kids; it seems you like Mani's niece and nephew.' With a big laughter, Ramy said, 'Yes!' When I woke up, I could still hear the resonance of Ramy's happy laughter. I felt so grateful that my sweet son let me see him so happy and perfect.

I love you, Ramy!

5 June 2007

My heart is broken! Irrecoverable!
What a cruel life! Living without you!!!

6 June 2007

It's horribly painful! My sister Ashraf passed away in Iran!

7 June 2007

It was raining. The whole day was gloomy, murky, and dark, making me feel even worse with a burning heart. Around twelve-thirty at mid-night I felt that so desperately I needed to talk to somebody, to anybody! I walked to the phone and called my sister, Roohi, in Iran. It seemed, however, nobody was home to answer me. Feeling very disappointed, I didn't know how to ease that sense of despair in my soul.

Just then, I heard the recognizable sound of a fast, constant beeping in the background. Like rays of sun, that rhythmic sound poured light into my heart. I thought Ramy was on the phone, too. That made me smile; then, immediately, something stranger happened.

I heard the dialling tone of my phone together with Maziar's voice, conversing with somebody else in the morning: both superimposed on the beeping sound. Speechless, I thanked Ramy in my heart. I knew that whenever he finds me in extreme emotional pain, he would try his best to help me in any possible way. I felt that this time he wanted to get my attention to the phone in order to ease that horrible sense of longing for him in my soul.

Then I hung up and for the second time I called my sister. ‘Mum, I am Peimon!’ I heard the words and thought my nephew had accidentally called me *Mum*. I asked him how he was and how he liked his tertiary education. We talked about his studying, his friends, and his life overseas. After a few minutes speaking, I asked, ‘But how it happened that now you are in Iran not in Canada. When did you go there? Why?’

It seemed my question made him horrified. I could sense that the tone of his voice changed. Frantically and louder he told me, ‘Mumm! I am in Sweden! Why do you think I am in Canada? I am in Sweden, Mum! How you think I am in Iran?’

At his remarks, I became silent. For a while, none of us could say a word. I thought why instead of *Auntie*, my nephew was calling me *Mum*. I also couldn’t understand why he was insisting he was in Sweden, while I knew he had gone to Canada. Further, he was now obviously in Iran, because I had called my sister in Mashhad and her son had answered me.

When we continued to talk again, we found out the truth: he was relieved to know I was not his mum; I knew he was not my nephew Peimon, but another young man with the same name. The two of us not only were astonished of that bizarre phone connection, but we were also amazed of the similarity of the voices and the sameness of his name with my nephew. Wishing each other a good day, then we said goodbye and ended the phone call.

Then, I decided to carefully dial my sister’s home number one more time. ‘Mum!’ A girl excitedly called me and continued to say, ‘How are you? I miss you so much! I miss you, Mum!’ Astonished, once again, after a short conversation, I had to tell her that I was not her mum. But she wouldn’t believe me, asking why I was joking, as she was recognizing my voice. I reassured her that I was not joking; I added that I was not even in Iran but living in Sydney.

At this, she became silent for a while and then, in disbelief, she told me that she was talking from Germany and she was sure that she had dealt her mum’s number in Tehran with all phone’s codes. I told her that I did the same from Sydney, but it seemed the phone lines were somehow connected. With a mother’s love, tenderly, then I asked her not to be worried, but to call her mum again. We wished each other a good day, said goodbye, and ended the phone call.

In silence, afterwards, I sat close to the telephone. I felt thrilled that through those mystic phone connections my son did both: easing that overwhelming yearning for him in my soul, and calling me through others: ‘Mum!’ I knew as well that instead of my sister Roohi, who was not home, Ramy made two strangers talk to me. I sensed Ramy was telling me that I am always his mum, and he is always my beautiful son, no matter where we live. I looked at his photo, in front of me, and stared into his beautiful eyes. I thanked him with deepest love and felt Ramy smiling, too, when I smiled.

12 June 2007

Having lost Ramy!!! How can I ever believe? The pain of living without him is terribly intense. Life is unbearable! How did I survive after his loss? How we could survive with such a horrible pain? But I am here; we are here! Because, there are still duties, promises, and emotions that are not personal, but relate to the lives of other individuals.

In fact, what still gives value to life is love, closeness, support, and being there for one another. This love between us provides hope and strength to bear the unbearable pain, to endure Ramy's loss, and to be able to live.

I am in particular very grateful to my children, Maziar and Mona. Their unconditional love, care, and thoughtfulness – as the most precious gift to me – is helping me survive!

14 June 2007

Listening to people's dreams about Ramy, I can vividly see him on my mind. I saw him today playing under the sunshine as a five years old boy, when my friend Fahimeh called me from Canada and told me her dream. As she continued to tell more, I could see my sweet son in his green pants and orange shirt. I could see him running along a river with a stick in his hand. I could see how his brown hairs with golden locks were moving with the wind. I could even see my friend's late sister who had never had a child; but she was affectionately watching my son with a mother's concern and love, as if they were the mother and the child.

15 June 2007

Exhausted, tired, disappointed, drowned in despair, I looked at Ramy's photo. Staring at him, I got a vision. I saw myself like a bird with two big wings fly in a blue space. I saw myself blue. It seemed that I was going to Ramy! It was so pleasant, so wonderful! What a beautiful vision! What an exquisite feeling!

16 June 2007

It's shattering! Ten days ago, after heart surgery my eldest sister Ashraf passed away in the hospital from heart failure. My other sister Mahin, who had travelled to Germany to visit her daughters, became seriously ill with heart problem. She had to have heart surgery, too; but it seems she has lost the will to live. She is in coma and there is not any hope if she can survive.

21 June 2007

At Ramy's Garden, I asked Ramy if he is angry at his family who persuaded him to go to Iran, and that if it is the reason why he wouldn't come into our dreams. I told him how all of us are desperate to have a glimpse of him even in our dreams. To light a candle, I sat there, wept painfully, and complained to him that it was his duty to take care of my grave not mine.

When I returned home, I was terribly depressed. Then as it usually happens, I received a few phone calls by which I felt a bit better. Talking to Miss Bastani could particularly bring some ease to me.

She and I had met each other years ago; but we made a sincere friendship after Ramy's divine flight. That made me think it was Ramy's wish to help me through that wise lady. Ramy had seen her during his childhood, and she had an image of my son as a cute beautiful child in her mind.

But seeing Ramy's photos as a young man and listening to the stories told by his friends about his morality and devotion, it seems she has found a special spot in her heart for my son. She even put Ramy's photo within the frame of her respected spiritual mentor on the wall of her home, believing that Ramy's innocent eyes talk to her whenever she looks at them. I feel more grateful than ever that this faithful lady prays for my son on occasions that are sacred to her.

So, before she had even spoken to me, it brought some warmth into my heart when I heard her voice. She happily revealed that how, with a sensation of meditation, she saw Ramy, who in white outfit and blond locks, approach her. Sitting in front of her, silent yet full of excitement, Ramy had started to meditate.

After that phone call, I decided to do what Ramy had done on that wonderful vision. Like him, I sat down on the carpet and lit a candle. With an agitated soul and restless mind, then, I tried to calm myself to meditate! Sensing a mystic connection between my friend, Ramy and me, I felt very grateful to both: my son and my friend!

25 June 2007

My niece doctor Roya called me from Germany. She told me about her dream on the second day of Ramy's flight:

Ramy was standing at the side of a car on the road. Looking at the three injured people on the ground, Ramy was continuously repeating: 'It is a mistake! I was not in the car!'

Later on the day, I forced myself attending a Yoga class. Over there, whatever I was doing, I was grieving all the time for Ramy. I had to try hard not to cry as I was asking myself where Ramy is now. Lying down on the floor, I looked at a round window on the ceiling and told me that Ramy is out there. The mere darkness of the night, beyond the windowpane, however, made me say: Ramy is gone; he vanished within that darkness! It broke my heart! I shivered!

Just then a circle of beautiful blue light appeared over there and embraced the entire window. It looked so surreal that I first thought it was but an illusion. Then I found out it was the moon, which had been hidden behind the clouds. I took that dreamlike occurrence as a sign from Ramy. The moon filled my heart with light. I smiled; I thanked Ramy and the Moon!

27 June 2007

Late at night, I was writing a poem for Ramy. Suddenly one of his childhood's photos appeared on the screen of my computer. I left the pen on the notebook. Ramy and I stared into one another's eyes for a long time!

29 June 2007

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I went to Ramy's Garden. Even though, it wasn't a rainy day, I saw a big drop of water falling down from the corner of Ramy's right eye on his cheek. 'He is crying,' I thought; 'but he is laughing on this photo,' I whispered, and sat there, and burst in tears. As if the birds were aware of the immense pain in my soul, they flew towards me. Few of them landed on the ground; others took different corners of the head stone, all surrounding Ramy and me. I saw my two sweet colourful Lorikeets, a few whitest Cockatoos, and a flock of grey Noisy Miners. The birds poured warmth and courage into my heart; yet, they could not stop the streams of tears on my face.

My beautiful Ramy, it was on such day when last year, like a beautiful bird, you flew to Iran. It hurts deeply, thinking about it. Please forgive me Ramy! I could not save your life. Forgive me for my failure. Even though, I cannot forgive myself for this huge failure in my life!

30 June 2007

It was five o'clock when Hassan and I went there. Soon it got dark. In the silence of the Macquarie Park, we stayed at the foot of Ramy's Garden, each talking in our minds to him. When it was darker, I stared at the stones of his garden. Everything there looked celestial. The reflection of the moonlight on the stones was blue. Few candles were burning and creating a dreamy light. 'You have created a small paradise here,' I thought. 'This silence of the night, all these dreamy lights, all look divine,' I told my sweet son. In silence, then, we walked to the car and return home with Ramy in our hearts!

11 July 2007

It was 2 in the morning. In tears, I was writing a poem for Ramy, 'The Lock of Your Hair,' the same lock that I cut from his hairs to keep it for me.

Thinking of my sleeping beautiful son, my heart was burning, as my traumatised soul was trying to find him somewhere, anywhere! Then, I felt the blowing of soft but fast breeze or quick movement of a hand beside my ear. It seemed as if a bird was flying fast and passing very close from the right side of my face. I heard the sound! I felt the touch! It was magical!

Ramy is around me all the time. It was Ramy!

13 July 2007

These days are so painful! How can I live! Forgive me, my Little Bird; forgive me for my failure to save your life! I couldn't! Please forgive me! Please, forgive me, my baby!

Ramy, are you aware that it's nearly a year from the day you left us? That's why we feel even more miserable; while, in quest of solace, we try to turn to the people who try to help us with their presence in our house on these horrible days. There are your royal and loving friends, our caring friends, and a few members of my compassionate family who have kindly come from Melbourne.

You, Ramy, are not physically between us; but, spiritually and emotionally, you are with us! You are all the times in our hearts and thoughts. We are thinking of you! You are with us!

Our dear, sweet, beautiful traveller, where did you go? Ramy, have you migrated to another place, to another world, to a different dimension? Why did you go!!!

15 July 2007

A year has passed since we lost you, our beautiful child!

Everywhere around your garden, our home, the hall that we had a ceremony in your loving and precious memory is full of flowers.

The flowers remind every body of both: your beauty and that your life was as short as the flowers!

15 July 2007

Thanks so much to the many people who came to Ramy's Garden in such a cold morning. Thanks so much to countless people who attended Ramy's sad anniversary in the evening.

Thanks for all your love, care, and support.

16 July 2007

We all are so exhausted and feel so miserable! Only talking about Ramy helps us!

17 July 2007

Today, my nephew Peimon with Maryann and her mum Cynthia went back to Melbourne. In Ramy's memory book, Maryann wrote: 'We came and you were not here!' At this, we both embraced and cried painfully.

The short remark took us back to three years ago, when Ramy met his cousin and his lovely wife for the first time. Then Ramy was a shining star amongst his happy family. Now he is the shining star at the depth of the skies, watching the streams of tears on the faces of his loved ones.

18 July 2007

Nothingness! I received a phone call from Iran. My sister Mahin passed away at 4.30 in the morning, around the same hour at dawn, in the same week of year, between the flight of her two beloved nephews, Ramy and Mani!

21 July 2007

I am so grateful that I am here in Sydney within my family, with my dear children. My dearest Ramy is around, too. I know it!

22 July 2007

Today!?! It's Mani's anniversary!

23 July 2007

It's Mahin's funeral in Iran! And I am weeping for Ramy!

I can't believe this! How different was the life when around one year earlier I travelled to Iran! I can not believe this! This destruction! What an ominous year! my Ramy, my nephew Mani, and my two sisters, Ashraf and Mahin, all are gone!

I can not believe myself. Throughout my life I had never ever had a concept of jealousy in my mind; but now, I feel that sense in my heart towards my two sisters. I wish, instead of Ashraf and Mahin, it was me who had died. I wish to go to Ramy!

24 July 2007

I feel bad, sick, depressed. It is two O'clock in the morning. I sit down and close my eyes and immediately I find myself over there. I run to the blue gate, to the spiritual world, to my Ramy.

He was on the other side, waiting for me, with a cluster of grapes in his hands. He put his arms around me. I leaned my head on his chest, upon his heart. I kissed his hair. I kissed his face. I walked around him. I kissed the back of his head over the scar from his previous surgery.

'How do you still have the scar?' I asked.

'You're used to see me like this!' He told me and smiled, the sweetest smile!

'Do you know how much I love you?'

'Yes!' He said.

'How could you go, then?' I asked in tears.

'No! Mum, please don't cry,' he requested, and I saw the shade of deep sorrow in his beautiful eyes.

‘I won’t cry! No! Don’t worry, I am sorry,’ I told my son and stopped weeping. He smiled. But I burst in tears again.

‘Mani, you have promised me not to take my son on the mountains.’ I cried. And I saw Mani. Appearing there immediately, he looked at me and said: ‘Sorry!’

I sat down on the ground, holding Ramy’s legs within my arms, crying. Mani sat next to me. He was in blue jeans; his shiny black hairs were combed neatly as always. He took one of my hands in his. His eyes asked me not to be so miserable.

I got on my feet. I looked at Ramy. I touched his soft arms. He looked very lovely in his green, sleeveless shirt and blue jeans.

‘How it happened?’ I asked.

‘I fell down on the mountains,’ he said.

‘How did you feel?’

‘I was scared,’ Ramy answered, staring at me.

‘Scared of me?’

‘Yes!!!’ With a childish gesture, Ramy replied.

‘Why?’ I asked.

‘Because you would be scared!’

‘What happened, then?’ I asked and saw they both remain silent.

‘Well! What happened when you were coming back?’ I asked with bitterness.

‘I saw lots of light. The truck’s light,’ Ramy said.

‘The driver of your car had slept,’ I told.

‘I think the brake didn’t work, too.’ Mani said.

‘I left the car and walked and just walked,’ Ramy continued.

‘You walked and walked and didn’t know that you had left our world!’ I told him. Ramy made a childish gesture. Looking at me, he said, ‘Mummy! Mummy!’ His voice was innocent and sweet. It made me cry.

‘Please, don’t be sorrowful! It hurts!’ Mani asked me.

‘You two, do you know how much sorrow and pain your loss poured on us?’ I told them and forced myself to smile. They didn’t say a word. I told Ramy, ‘Do you know how deeply your friends have suffered and cried? Their mums or friends told me!’

Ramy nodded and gave a picture of his friends on the second day of his flight. It was terribly sad. His anguished friends, boys sitting on the carpet, girls mostly standing around, all were in tears. Seeking solace in silent company of each other, their presence had made a shrine of our house. The scene was too painful, too sad! It made me cry.

‘Unbearably painful! I knew this! Your dad had told me,’ I told Ramy. ‘I feel the pain that your friends went through; I feel it in my heart. It is killing. I cannot stand it! Unbearable!’ I told him again. Ramy was sorrowful and yet he smiled.

‘You and Mani know how the two of you have effected the lives of others!’ I asked them. They both smiled, but it was like as if they were crying.

‘After your flight first my sister Ashraf followed you, and then my other sister, Mahin – your loss had deadly effect on their hearts!’ I wiped my tears and asked: ‘Have you seen my sisters?’

‘Yes! Aunty Mahin kissed me,’ Mani said.

‘Aunty Mahin asked me happily that Ramy *jun* how I see you? It seemed she didn’t know.’ Ramy told as he was smiling and looking up, turning his head a bit to the left side.

‘She didn’t know what?’ I asked him; even though, I had realised what Ramy meant.

‘You know what I mean!’ He smiled and answered me.

I was in tears again, thinking of Ashraf, Mahin, Mani, and Ramy. In less than a year, they were all gone.

‘Well, did you take care of your aunties?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ they answered; both smiled.

‘Did you go over there to their ceremonies?’ I asked and they nodded.

‘Well, I want you know that I love you very much,’ I told them. The two of them were now sitting next to one another on a bench. Around it there were small flowers in purple, white, and pink that were going up round some branches. I sat on a log in front of them. Watching the two of them with love, I felt they were two very close friends. Then we had some grapes, and Ramy made a childish gesture, ‘Yummy, Mum *jun!*’

I took Ramy’s hands in mine and kissed them.

‘He behaves like a baby,’ Mani laughed and said.

‘He was everyone’s baby in our house,’ I answered. ‘He is very dear!’ I added. We all smiled. I said, ‘It’s too late now. I want to go.’ They smiled; their dark beautiful eyes smiled too!

I embraced Ramy and Mani both. Kissing them, I said, ‘Take care of your aunties. I feel your aunty Mahin is very sad, don’t know why! Perhaps she didn’t want to leave her daughters! The two eldest ones could not farewell her. Germany refused to give them visa.’

Ramy smiled. In sweet and childish voice, he said, ‘Not still knows!!!’

‘Take care of her.’ I said.

I open my eyes. Writing! I feel a bit better and light. Mysteriously and in a mystic way, I am helped. Back from The Garden of Dreams, I am greatly thankful for visiting both my beautiful dear Ramy and my lovely nephew Mani.

24 July 2007

Ramy, I miss you! We miss you! We love you! An endless pain poured into our hearts by your divine flight! How innocently you are sleeping there!

25 July 2007

Ramy! My dear, beautiful Ramy, we love you with all our hearts and souls. You are in us! You are living through us! Your family are living with you, days and nights! Yet, days and nights, the feeling of guilt is also stabbing our hearts. It is not anymore important what each of us had done for you; we think what we should have done more, or what we shouldn’t have done at all. We can never correct our mistakes. I know that

you are laughing at our crazy emotions and thoughts, but we cannot stop being in tears and pain! We have to struggle with the sense of deep regret, that would certainly appear for any family with the loss of their loved one.

You loved sitting in front of the electric heater; but I deprived you from that your little joy. I took your favourite heater away because you would usually forget to turn it off after leaving it. Now, the memory hurts me a lot. It breaks my heart! I cannot provide you any warmth, anymore; it makes me shiver and feel frozen and cold! So cold like you when I took your frozen body into my arms.

There is another occasion for which I can never forgive myself. I constantly remember how on the night of your sister's big party, I ignored you just because we disagreed over something that selfishly seemed important to me. My behaviour and the way of my thinking were then quite wrong, stupid, and unfair not only to you but also to me!

At midnight, when we were in the car going home, you suddenly revealed your deep feeling of loneliness and being forgotten throughout the night by everyone. Just then – too late – I felt deeply regretful for my own conducts.

My sweetheart, for that occasion, you apologised to me in Iran. I intended to express my apology to you later – unaware that there was no future for you and me to talk about anything. I lost the opportunity and the pain of remorse hurts me so badly like having a poisonous spear deep within my soul.

So soon, as if you had no worries in the world, like a sparrow you flew away into vastness of the skies. I watched you go, unable to fly and reach to you. I saw that like a glass of water, the crystal jar of your life energy turned upside down on my palms and the light of your life slipped through my fingers to sink into dust! Alas! I was unable to do anything!

My sweetheart, I love you so much! Wait for me wherever you are. We need to talk! There is no need I tell you that I love you with my whole heart! I know that you know it! Wait for me. I want to express my late apology to you!

29 July 2007

One of Ramy's dearest friends, who had travelled to London, is back home. It seems that she has tried to ease the pain of Ramy's loss through travelling on overseas. Today she and other Ramy's friends are here. It's great having them around. I know that my son's friends are seeking him in us as much as we are seeking him in them!

30 July 2007

Being alone at Ramy's Garden, I let me cry loudly, complain, blame, regret, expressing my pain, wishing to leave this world, this life!

Back home, however, my mind became occupied with a question, when Hassan told me that he had a long dream of Ramy during the night. In the dream, Ramy had told his dad that on 12 June 2006 an incident happened that changed everything.

Hassan and I thought about it. We couldn't reach to any answer. We cannot stop thinking what that could be. What was it? What???

31 July 2007

I am so sad for you, for you that have gone, innocent and young! Ramy, you were a part of my soul, a big part! Your loss is devastating! What can I do? Nothing! I can only say that I love you so profoundly that not without you I have any desire to live. Being so shattered, and wishing to join you, yet I have to stay in this world; because, I love Maziar and Mona from the bottom of my heart. And I have to stay for them, to help them bring harmony and balance into their lives. So, I know that I have to confront this bottomless despair that has seized my soul; otherwise, I know, it kills me!

2 August 2007

My Beautiful Ramy, our magnolia tree is in full bloom; but you are not here to remind me that winter is getting ready to leave soon. Leaning against the veranda, the tree can feel both your painful absence and my frozen presence. Now thinking of you, I am sitting here close to the tree, where we used to sit and admire its beauty at this time of year.

Covered with big, delicate, pink flowers, the tree now symbolizes you to me. Yet, it can't give me any ease or comfort. I weep painfully and wish you were here. But you are not here; neither were you last year when, on such a bitter day, your dearest body was flying to Australia. Far from me, far from anybody who loves you, you were sleeping innocently, quietly! At this time of the year you were flying back home! Then I was crying; now I am crying, and instead of hearing your sweet voice, only the breeze is talking to me. The breeze tries to convey your words, whispering that rebirth of the nature is so close, and spring is on its way, and you want I live. To live hopefully!

My sweetheart, living without you, how can I live hopefully? How I can feel any difference between the days and nights, between the months and seasons, when I feel so cold, shattered, and frozen. The ice that touched your beautiful body crept into my heart and soul. I can't see any difference between winter, spring, or summertime. I don't know how to ease the horrible pain of living without you.

Living without you! No wonder that from the day I arrived in Iran, I felt obscured with my strange emotions. Even though, it was forty-five days earlier than your arrival, so weirdly, I could not stop dreaming of being seated in a seat on the aircraft with you at my side to leave Iran. Thinking desperately to order a different food on the plane to swap it if you wouldn't like yours! Visualizing how you and I were welcomed at Sydney

Airport by our family! Dreaming continuously of our family gathering, sitting on the veranda, and having tea under the canopy of the tree!

At the same time, I had to also struggle with the invasion of some unwanted memories, which belonged to one and a half years earlier, when we had previously travelled to Iran. I could not, then, stop blaming myself for being down at the end of that earlier trip, when you my beautiful Ramy and I said goodbye to Mani and his mum at Mehrabad Airport. I would remember how sad you were. Instead of being strong to give you emotional support, however, I let my tears make you feel even worse. Then, as the darkness was falling, the call of the Muezzin echoed in the air and bitterness of the farewell crept into our hearts. On a corner inside the airport, you and I stayed behind a tall, white pillar and both wept almost loud. No body was around; our crying merged the call of evening prayers.

My sweet heart, why did we cry? So painfully! And for nothing! Wasn't it a kind of foreseen or a sign of warning for what was going to happen to you, if you and I were to travel again to Iran? Or perhaps it was our subconscious mind that made you and me burst into tears, because we knew deep down that it was our last departure together from Iran. From *Tehran Mehrabad International Airport!*

Or, above all, didn't those streams of tears - with that profound sadness - pour destruction, negativity, and bad luck on us? Alas! We are responsible for whatever we choose to do, for our deeds and even our thoughts!

So being once again in Iran, I promised myself that never again I will be in tears at any airport. I thought that this time I am going to encourage you not to feel sad for leaving Iran, because we could go on a visit whenever you wish. I was determined to be a wise and responsible mum to give you, my sweet Ramy, emotional support to farewell relatives happily at the airport.

Didn't I know, deep down, that it was just a far dream to leave Iran with you happily? Wasn't it a dream to say goodbye to everyone smilingly? Yes, it was a dream. It never happened! At the end of our former trip to Iran, you were emotionally hurt; this time you were physically wounded, harmed, gone! What a cruel life!

Yes! My beautiful Ramy, you left me alone and almost dead on a corner of Iran. The land that I adored so much robbed you from me, from your family, from your friends. It filled my heart with hatred, anger, and disgust. At Mashhad Airport, I farewelled my three sisters: unaware that, by the impact of both you and Mani's flight, they would be soon gone, too!

In a shocking contrast to what I had in mind, I left Iran in sorrow, despair, and a killing pain. I walked to the aircraft without you, as the pain of your loss was savagely ravaging my heart, my soul, and all my cells, one by one! Without you, I was burning inside; a kind of paralysing electric shock was constantly passing through my body and heart; a thunderstorm was destroying, tearing, making my mind and soul disintegrated and apart. Almost dead than living, without you, I left Iran: well aware that I couldn't do anything for you anymore. You left me without giving me your support; I let you go without showing you my support. Alas!

My sweetheart, after your divine flight, I started to constantly wish not to exist. Your loss made me lose the faith that I had been grown up with. It made me hopeless and sceptical. So, seeking an answer to my sorrow, grief, and doubts, I turned to Nietzsche's doctrine, that 'the world is chaos, with no laws, no reason, and no purpose.' Or that, 'facts are precisely what there is not, only interpretations' (*WP*, 481). 'Nihilism,' was then the notion that I would so often have a tendency towards it.

Being in the midst of the chaos, in a worthless world, feeling an unbearable pain, and having lost all faith, I am now asking myself, how is it possible one can survive, to breathe, to live? My sweetheart, I believe, it was the sense of duty and love that kept me alive.

Last year, when I was still in Iran and determinedly wanted to leave the country only after you had left, I knew that our family would wait at Sydney Airport, to welcome their beloved Ramy on this hard day, and to welcome me on the following day. I knew as well that your brother and sister needed the love and support of your dad and me in order to combat the horrible pain of their baby brother's loss.

I knew that Maziar and Mona and many others, including your loving friends and mine, would care about me and expect that I survive and show strength and offer them solace if they seek. Receiving support and love from many people, my sweet Ramy, you were tirelessly showing me your love and care, as well.

You were touching and caressing my forehead lovingly; as, you would communicate with me through the flame of the candles. Later, I realised that you would also give hopeful signs through music, TV, Radio, light, water, possums, birds, and any accessible and possible way to remind me that you are not lost but are the same and around! Only invisible! I knew that you wanted I live; as I was well aware that your family needed each other, including me, to share the devastating pain of your loss to survive. You wanted we live and let you live through us!

And later, my sweetheart, in great despair, I turned to your remarks, which we had decided to engrave them on the stone of Ramy's Garden: 'I live for others, love for myself, and never forget that the difference between improbability and impossibility equals hope.'

Even though, these words evoke opposing feelings in me, I often think to them. Then, sometimes, I ask, 'Ramy, what was my share? Wasn't I a part of the others to make you live for me?' Another times, with resentment, I question you that why one should be so devoted to others that put his own life in danger - as you did. Perhaps it sounds crazy, but so often, I cannot stop thinking that you were taken away from us by an invisible force for the safety of others. This is unfair and painful to me!

My sweetheart, yet your words are deeply carved within my heart: I live for others and try to never forget about *hope*. It was flicker of hope and sense of devotion, responsibility, and deep love towards you, your brother and your sister, the people whom I love, and even the society that kept me on my feet and made me live. Yes! I live for *others*! And never forget about *hope*!

3 August 2007

It is better not to talk about such a horrible day. Last year on this day, we said goodbye to Ramy's dear body. After he travelled across the earth, from town to town, from country to country, from continent to continent, from North to South - painfully and sorrowfully - he finally arrived in Sydney.

My beautiful son had left Sydney like a blue wanderer. He arrived in Iran like a sweetly perfumed rose, covered in a rainbow of lights. He left Iran like a dried butterfly, poisoned by chemicals. Painful! I have to erase this day from my life, not to think!!!

Instead of mentioning anything about the day, I want to sincerely thank the people who - many of them without even knowing us, but just by hearing the painful news - attended Ramy's ceremony on such a sorrowful day, a year ago. They all showered Ramy with love and respect, as they said goodbye to him.

Now, on behalf of Ramy, his parents, his sister and brother, I would like to deeply and sincerely thank the presence of the heads of the faculty of Law and Psychology, the lecturers, the staffs from the faculty of Psychology; all of whom Ramy dearly loved and respected. I would also like to deeply appreciate the kindness and presence of our friends, the Iranian and Australian society, and above all Ramy's friends, who were always a precious part of his life.

3 August 2007

So shattered! Seeking solace, I turned to *The Breakthrough Experience*. (Dr. John F. Demartini, *The Breakthrough Experience*, 2002. Australia: Griffin Press, 2006). Dr John F. Demartini has signed his book for my son:

Ramy,

You changed the lives of thousands. You are a subject of love.

Love and Wisdom
John Demartini

I have read this book before; yet, having another look into it, once again, it touched my heart. I could not stop my tears falling down. In some passages, I felt that my son is talking to me. How badly I have missed him. How deeply I love him. Love never can be lost or disappear. I love you Ramy with my whole soul and heart!

I decided to write down here a few paragraphs of *The Breakthrough Experience*:

On your destiny path, you'll pass through many domains of existence. As you grow in body, mind, and spirit and pass through these concentric spheres of consciousness or phases of life, you'll break through many

illusions (242) . . . Everything is relative . . . because gain and loss are just a matter of perception. Pleasure and pain, and elation and depression, are conserved through every moment and level of life . . . Whatever makes you happy will make you sad to the same degree . . . The whole world is a school, and it's the illusions of gain and loss, and fear and courage that makes it exciting and depressing, ideal and real, and ultimately fulfilling. At every level or sphere of life, there's a gratitude-based heaven or an ingratitude-based hell, depending on your perceptions at that moment. No matter how many levels you go through, you're going to remain in balance . . . We go through an infinite series of concentric sphere, from judgment to indifference and then love, over and over again in a cycle. We're not here to be one-sided, we're not even here to be happy – we're here to love. Love is so much more profound than happiness. Happiness is but a transient emotion compared to the eternal truth, fulfilment, grandeur, and grace of love. And we're not meant to stay happy anyway. We're here to grow from quantum to quantum through love. (243, 244)

5 August 2007

Thinking of Ramy and reviewing *The Breakthrough Experience*, made streams of tears wash my face, as my soul flew back to 2006, when I saw Dr John F. Demartini for the first time. The arrangement was made by one of Ramy's Persian friend Leila, who was attending one of Dr Demartini's courses in Sydney. It was, then, just few months after Ramy's divine flight, and I felt unable to go anywhere by myself. So my daughter accepted to accompany me. On the day, I picked up two of Ramy's photos and chose one of his poems and with Mona left the house.

It was ten o'clock in the morning when Mona and I arrived into a large hall. I saw on the stage a tall, slim, elegant man. He was speaking to the seated audience, and I knew that he was Dr John F. Demartini. Quietly and silently, then, Mona and I walked in the back of the room and sat down in two empty chairs. Although I was not listening, I could repetitively hear the words 'gain and loss' throughout the speech. With an odd sense of unreality, I felt as though I was dreaming; I knew that Ramy's poem was about gain and loss!

But, then, Leila approached me and told Dr Demartini wanted to talk to me. Making my way to the podium, there I introduced myself to Dr Demartini and handed him Ramy's photos and his poem: '*Thou Shall Not Mourn.*' First he glanced at both and then seemingly he read the poem. Impressed, he looked at his audience and told them about the amazing sameness of the subject matter of Ramy's poem and the subject matter of their course on that day: both about *gain* and *loss*!

After that, he read the poem aloud. Just the first verse line, 'A gain of loss or a loss of gain,' was enough to stun everyone. Giving his message, at the age of sixteen, Ramy continues to say: 'You are the one, the two, the three, / Stand your ground and keep your cool, / To cry, to mourn, to yell, to scream, / Life goes on, why don't you,'

Ramy has ended the poem by the following words, ‘Love what you have, not what you had.’

It seemed the audience were moved by the poem. Nobody talked, but I could hear the sighs! Then, Dr Demartini passed Ramy’s poem and his two enlarged photos to the audience, who were now whispering the words *gain* and *loss*. They were around one hundred men and women, and I saw how affectionately they looked at Ramy’s photos and read the poem, before passing them to one another.

Taking two chairs and facing each other in front of the audience, then, Dr Demartini asked me about Ramy. I told him that I lost my beautiful son in a car accident in Iran and I’m terribly missing him. But, he immediately said, ‘You haven’t lost him! He is not missing!’ I looked at him with astonishment, without understanding what he meant. Yet, the conversation continued as, every now and then, I would repeat that Ramy was lost, and Dr Demartini would mention that Ramy was not lost.

We talked more than two hours. Dr Demartini was speaking to me and sometimes to Mona, who had later joined me up on the stage. Then as usual, I was in lots of silent fury and emotional pain, and my heart was burning all the time, but I was trying to keep up appearance. I would not let me cry at all. I knew that I was there to talk about Ramy and that it was not about me. Yet, I could see that instead of me, or Mona, the audience were crying – I was well aware of that sense in my heart!

During our conversation, I told Dr Demartini how guilty my family and I felt because we made it possible for Ramy and encourage him to travel to Iran. I told that, for no clear reason, Ramy was feeling a bit down and we thought it was an opportunity for him to have a little adventure in Iran. I added that, after all, it feels like we sacrificed our beautiful Ramy, without knowing why. Dr Demartini said that on the contrary my family and I had sacrificed ourselves to fulfil Ramy’s wish. He said that, deep down, we knew how much Ramy loved Iran; so, we made it possible for him going there and dying there!

Looking at the tragedy from a different point of view, I didn’t know what to say or to think. I knew that we all always wanted the best for Ramy. After a while, I continued to say that we had anyhow devastatingly lost him and painfully missed him. At my words, once again, Dr Demartini insisted that Ramy is not lost and that nothing is missing, and that I only need to see it.

The certainty in Dr Demartini’s voice broke my heart even more. I turned and stared into his eyes, to strongly indicate that Ramy was gone and lost. But suddenly, something strange happened: Dr Demartini was right! Ramy was not lost! Ramy was there, sitting next to me, staring at me with disbelief, curiosity, his own peculiar cuteness, and love. Through the eyes, he was questioning me, ‘Mum! How could you say I am gone?’

Watching those eyes, I forgot about everything but the fact that how deeply I love my son, as he was staring at me through Dr Demartini’s eyes. Stunned, I put my arms around his shoulders and kissed his head many times.

I cannot explain how this phenomenon happened, neither is it important to seek any reason for such event which is supernatural or mystical or is anyhow a mystery beyond our reasoning, knowledge, and understanding. The most important wonder was the loving, caring, and unmistakeable presence of Ramy next to me.

He was looking at me through the eyes of somebody else: a brilliant, exceptional, knowledgeable, great man. And I deeply appreciate it and believe that Dr

John F. Demartini through his wisdom and spirituality, together with great generosity - consciously or subconsciously - let Ramy and I have that beautiful and extraordinary connection through his eyes (I have no idea what Dr Demartini's interpretation is about the occurrence).

Unaware of what was going around, then, I heard voices and saw being surrounded by the audience on the stage. In tears, they were all standing, but a young man kneeling on the floor with tears streaming on his face. He had blond locks and seemed to be around the same age as Ramy was. He looked pale and was almost shaking. I saw his blue eyes fix on me with the same pain, tenderness, and love that I felt in my heart for Ramy.

The young man had knelt down exactly like Ramy, with the same familiar gesture that I love so dearly. Sitting in front of me like that, I didn't have any doubt that he was Ramy and wanted to talk about something serious to me.

I walked to him. He stood up and approached me. I took him into my arms. I called him 'Ramy!' He called me 'Mum!' We embraced and wept. I told him that how much I love him. He told me that he loves me, too. We talked sadly about many things, as we both were crying.

Without any doubt, it was one of the most precious gift that was so wonderfully and generously given to me and my son through Dr Demartini and the young man, and somehow by the beyond. It was the moments of complete bliss! It was the moments that I could die for it: having my son alive within my arms, and telling him my innermost feelings, and hearing his loving remarks, what we have been both so heartbreakingly deprived of.

'Mum, don't be sad for me!' Ramy told (through the young man), and wept. After a while, he continued to say, 'The garden above the mountains was very beautiful.' The remark touched my heart. Even though, with dislike, I had earlier spoken briefly about that garden, I did not expect to hear those exact familiar words that were secretly told to me in Iran. As we both were weeping painfully, he continued to say, 'Mum, it was the most beautiful day in my life! I enjoyed my time up there!' By these words, I was moved, stunned, and shocked.

These words were precisely what Ramy had told to his youngest step-cousin Ali on the night before the accident, when they were still above the mountains, picnicking. Ali was a lovely, honest, and trustworthy young man. He had privately told me about the conversation between Ramy and him, and also the events that had happened on that night leading to as well as after the accident. Ali had survived the accident unscathed but was badly shaken and unwell. Even though, I had never talked about Ali's words to anybody, I was unexpectedly hearing those remarks, once again. Only this time, I was obviously hearing the words from Ramy himself who was so dearly within my arms.

As we were talking and crying, I saw his silver chain around his neck. I touched the chain and said, 'You have put it on. You like it!!!' He said, 'Yes!!' (I had bought a silver chain for Ramy on our previous trip to Tehran. Ramy had taken off his silver chain and its charm, which had a carved prayer on it, before going to the deadly picnic. I could never stop thinking if he had not taken it off, the destiny might be different and Ramy would have been survived).

At that moment, some voices took my attention. As if I was woken up from a deep dream, I looked and noticed that many people were around us. They were in tears. It was like a shock. Ramy and I stepped back. We distanced!

Then, a woman approached me and embraced me. Weeping loudly, she called me: 'Mum'. I put my arms around her; my heart was overflying with a deep sense of love, tenderness, and care for her.

She told me that how much she misses me after losing me. I gave her a kiss on each cheek and pressed her on my chest. 'Whenever, you are in the kitchen, whenever you are cooking, I am with you; you are not alone. I am there at your side,' I told to the young woman. At the same time, like a flash of lightening, I got a vision of an older woman. She was almost tall and quiet and in casual dress, and I knew she was the mother of the young woman. Standing in the kitchen, the mother was calmly and lovingly watching her daughter. I continued to tell, 'I haven't left you! Do not be sad!'

I had no idea how I told those words. But the young woman who was weeping painfully, suddenly, smiled and laughed and told others that she felt the presence of her mother in me. Excitedly, she continued to say that after her mum's death, she couldn't understand, and also nobody else knew, why she would like to spend so much time in the kitchen. And that now its reason was clear to her.

There were a few other people who approached me, desperate to have a word from their loved ones. Even though, that profound sense of connection was fading, still for a few minutes I felt I am not completely myself but a part of the crowd. With a wandering soul, I was connected to them and to their loved ones who had left their physical bodies. If I was asked a question, the reply was already there in my mind.

Dr Demartini, I believe, was then silent. He was perhaps watching the breakthrough. Watching how everyone was in tears. Were those tears because of happiness, or pain and sorrow, or wonder? In life sometimes the different and contradictory emotions become so mixed that one cannot say which one is exactly which. Obviously, however, lots of love was there. I could particularly sense deep love in my heart toward the young man, whose eyes were still full of tears. Distancing me even more, soon, he had to walk down the stage with the other audience.

I saw that once again Ramy's photos and his poem were passing with tenderness and admiration between men and women. Ramy was not anymore a stranger to anybody. I felt that all those people had sensed his sweet, warm, loving, and caring presence. I sensed that now they all knew him so well as if they had met him in person.

The audience were now smiling and laughing. The heavy atmosphere of the room had changed. I could feel my beautiful son's presence in happy laughter of the crowd. I could feel his bright presence in the lights of the hall. I could feel how his presence had filled that large hall with love.

Ramy was there. Like me, I felt, he was extremely grateful for that celestial precious gift that had made him and me able to talk to one another in person, to cuddle, and to feel each other's physical being once again.

I looked, then, for the young man amongst the audience. I saw him. We both smiled. Not me, and obviously, neither did he feel that he is Ramy anymore. Yearning to somehow see Ramy one more time, I turned to Dr Demartini and looked into his eyes. I saw that elegant man was Dr John F. Demartini. Ramy was not anymore staring at me through those deep brown eyes.

I felt, however, a deep motherly love in my heart for both: Dr Demartini and the young man. Caring about the audience, I specially felt my heart is overflowing with a mother's love and affection toward the woman and few others, who sought their mums in me.

When Mona and I thanked Dr Demartini and said goodbye to leave, he asked me whether was it me, or he, who had decided to meet? And, suddenly, we both together replied: 'It was Ramy!'

Leila, Ramy's friend, later told me the young man had exclaimed that from the moment Mona and I arrived there, he felt he is not himself, but somebody else: Ramy! Later, I also found out that the young man's name is surprisingly Rubin. Ramy and I loved Mr Rubin. It was a soft toy. Mona had received it from a pharmaceutical company when she was a medical student. She gave the teddy bear to Ramy, and he passed it on to me. I called it Mr Rubin and let it sit on a corner of my room. Ramy and I would somehow love and respect Mr Rubin. We especially liked his blue tie and bright eyes.

7 August 2007

Reading *The Breakthrough Experience*, from between the pages, a piece of paper with my handwriting fell out. I have no idea what is the source of these words. The remarks can be extracted from the Breakthrough Seminar, or to be told to me by the psychic lady, who would always pass Ramy's messages to me. The remarks might be taken from one of the spiritual books that I have read, or could be chosen from Saint Augustine's book, whose remarks are, as I have in mind, similar to them. The words on the note made me feel as if they are spoken to me, to my family, to Ramy's friends, or to anybody who has lost a loved one. I decided to write it down here:

To be happy, to take care of yourself. To follow your wishes and dreams and goals in your lives. Enjoy your time. Be always each other's friend and family, remember me with smile and happily. Don't you ever be sorrowful or sad for me, but remember how precious you have been in my life and for me and how much I always love and will love you.

9 August 2007

The Breakthrough Experience helped me learn some different ways of thinking about the world or viewing it, as I could also expand my knowledge about the reality of the life around me. Recommending, 'To listen to your own heart and soul (62),' Dr John F. Demartini would strongly emphasize about the presence of love and gratitude in one's

life. He says, 'Love is simply a state of nonseparation, where you perceive no division between yourself and some aspects of the world.' (37) He also reveals that in the existence, 'Nothing is missing; it just changes form.' (138) Having faith in the ideas that are presented in this great book, I would like to write some short passages here:

Did you know that your true nature, underneath all of your hopes, fears, thoughts, and feelings, is nothing but love and light? The universe has an inherent balance and order whose expression is this love and light. You have unlimited access to a boundless energy, the same energy that permeates all life—from the core of our radiant star to the centre of a crimson rose. This universal order of love and light resides in the heart of all things, including *your* heart, and it opens up to you the minute you unlock it with the key of gratitude (23).

But in a state of presence and love, you reintegrate your Kinetic energy and birth a new quantum of creative potential. The purpose of this book is to help you take your imbalanced emotions and reintegrate them back into the enlightening potentiality of love (26).

One of the most profound things you will ever experience is a true open heart in the presence of the one you love. It doesn't matter if they're alive or dead—there is a parallel spiritual world; and your loved ones, wherever they are, will be there with you (28).

When we love, we step into the full quantum state, we align ourselves with the forces of life, and the power of the whole *universe* is suddenly behind us (44).

Eventually, your perceptions of good and bad or right and wrong will begin to fade, and you'll see just living beings. The longer you practice, the more the invisible walls come down, and you won't see the distance but the oneness between yourself and the world (81).

Eventually, we're going to realize that everything is ordered by an Intelligence wiser and greater than we can imagine. Death is a naturally recurring part of the cycle of life; there is no life without death, and the greater the death, the greater the life. The first law of thermodynamics states that energy and matter are neither created nor destroyed; they are only changed in form. It's also called the Law of Conservation, and it means that nothing in life is ever lost or gained (86).

The greatest discovery in life is that no matter what you do, you're being supported and challenged simultaneously. The second greatest discovery is that nothing is missing; it's just in a form you haven't recognized. Widen your experience and broaden yourself, which is the value of experience, and see that it's all there just in a new form, and then watch yourself become a master of transformation (116).

Divinity is not some authoritarian personality from theological or religious teaching. The root of the word *divine* means "to shine," and as we shine, illuminate, and become brilliant, we approach divinity (121).

Heaven is actually a state of being, and it has an infinite number of quantum levels. The way to expand to the next level is through gratitude.

. . . You are basically spiritual- material vibrations, and as you raise the

frequency of your vibration through love and gratitude, you attune to ever-higher spheres of that infinite heaven. And there's no end to it (122).
If the mind is perfectly centred and balanced, local space and time perceptions disappear, and you enter a world of nonlocality. That's where you have access to anybody, alive or "dead," at any time and in any place (182).

10 August 2007

I went to Ramy. It was getting dark; I felt extremely lonely. At this time nobody is around. Then I heard a sound. I looked around to see what it was. I saw a big, white, beautiful Cockatoo walk to me. I felt Ramy is using the bird to visit me and also not to leave me alone over there, when in darkness of the dusk all birds were in their nests to sleep. Then, I talked to both Ramy and the bird that stayed like a child at my side for long minutes, seemingly listening to me. When I got up to leave, the graceful Cockatoo flew up in the air and we both left Ramy's Garden. I knew in my heart that Ramy helped the loving bird find the way to its nest.

10 August 2007

Tonight, we talked about Ramy. It was getting late, and we could not stop expressing our feelings of love, regret, anger, and pain. At three in the morning, Hassan went to sleep; but we continued to talk about our beloved Ramy till birds started singing and darkness of the night disappeared. It was six in the morning. Yet, we could not reach to any conclusion that whether it was the destiny, or negligence, or whatever else that poured so much pain into our hearts by taking away our sweet Singing Bird from us. What to say? We finally reminded each other that Ramy has gone and we can't do anything to change what had happened. And it was hard! Too painful!!!

11 August 2007

How immortal we, human beings, are; even though, we look mortal. We are made of light in this life of chaos. We ascend to a higher place when we leave our dusty base. This beautiful body is dust to dust; but the soul is a fraction of light, on a journey to join core of the existence which is pure love and infinite wisdom.

11 August 2007

My friend Mahvash called me from Canada; we talked a lot about Ramy. Both sadly and excitedly, then, she told me that on Ramy's anniversary, on a Grand Music Internet, the song of 'Hi! Hi! Rashid Khan, Sardar-e- Koll-e- Ghochan' (Rashid Khan, the Most Commanding Warrior of Ghochan and its Surrounds) was broadcasted. The Persian song belongs to my hometown, where - with my absolute astonishment - had found a special spot in Ramy's heart; even though, he had only been there for a few short visits.

Dating back to more than two thousand years ago, Ghochan with a different name was once the capital city of the Parthian Dynasty in Persian Empire. Hidden later in the haze of the time, it appeared brilliantly in the history of Iran carrying the name and image of the powerful king Nader Shah.

Centuries later, on the edge of the twentieth century, however, the city collapsed completely and turned into dust by one of the harshest earthquake. The new town of Ghochan was then constructed in another place, far enough from the Old City – as the ruins were called by that name when some homes were rebuilt there, too.

Rashid Khan's song that - surprisingly with happy beat - talks about the ruined Ghochan must belong to many decades ago. The song's lyrics in Persian, and Kurdish jargons, convey that Rashid Khan is the city's gallant warrior, and also the entire surroundings' popular leader, who seemingly is a tall, dark, handsome man – according to his name and the title.

At the same time, the presence of a dashing young man in Ghochan contrasts strongly to the remaining ruins of the previously prosperous city. Paradoxically, this sense of contradiction is indeed similar to a peculiar sense that comes into my mind whenever I think of Ghochan.

My hometown had always seemed to me a paradise; where I would seek solace, in my mind, over there from the hardship of life. However, after embracing my frozen son over there, I found an undesirable and opposing view towards the town.

That city took my dashing young son! I wonder if the city did the same to Rashid Khan? was he taken away young - like my son - in Ghochan? I do not know the story behind the song. But I know that after losing Ramy I could not forgive my hometown! I am angry to it! So angry!!! Ghochan betrayed me and my son!

21 August 2007

I am thinking of a remark expressed by Sadegh Hedayat, Iran's foremost modern writer of prose fiction and short stories. Somewhere, he says, like an enormous monster, sometimes unhappiness falls so badly on somebody's beings that the person doesn't know what to do or how to talk about it to others.

This massive weight of sorrow and grief for the loss of my beloved Ramy has fallen on my heart and clutched my whole beings during days and nights. This unbearable weight reminds me of the writer's words and the heavy desperation that he has particularly revealed in *The Blind Owl*.

My Beautiful Ramy, how can I stop my tears? How can your family ease the pain of your loss? I miss you, Ramy!

6 September 2007

My beautiful Ramy, I can feel your loving presence in the beauty of nature. I see your image in everything that is hopeful, loving, exquisite, and stunning! I see you in rainbows, when they appear in the clear, blue sky. I see you in wonderful birds and their lovely singing. I see you when a beautiful butterfly is flapping its wings. Pure drops of rain that quench the thirst of the soil, the caress of the breeze on hot days, rays of sun on cold rainy days, all remind me of you. I see you in the smiles of twinkling stars and dreamy beauty of the moonlight. I see you in fragrant roses. And it's your presence that fill my heart with joy and love!

11 September 2007

Over there, it was quite windy! As I got out of my car to go to Ramy's Garden, Noisy Miners followed me. Surrounded by them, I felt the glow of their love. It seemed not only they knew me, but they recognized my car, too. Perhaps they would call me the strange lady with the *bread* (sometimes, I take one piece of bread for the birds), I thought and told them that I loved them very much.

As I was walking, I saw two Lorikeets following me, too. They must know how dear they are to me; since, I see them as Ramy and Mani!

Approaching Ramy's Garden, I realized Hassan was there, as well. Walking away, soon he returned with a bucket of water for the flowers. Just then a beautiful Cockatoo appeared and landed on the grass and screamed loudly. The bird filled my heart with tenderness and love. I told Hassan that this is indeed Ramy himself. He said Ramy was not loud. He was not loud, of course; unless he was angry, I reminded Ramy's dad. Reminiscing, we both smiled and expressed our love to Ramy and confessed how desperately we had missed him and his cherished traits. After a while I said, see the similarity! Look at the golden locks, as the Cockatoo spread out its beautiful yellow crown!

Over there, the candle was burning inside its small box. The incense was smouldering amongst the flowers. I looked at the Cockatoo and saw the bird walking to us. Look, I said, just like Ramy, with grace, a bit of hesitation, yet solemnly, the Cockatoo walks!

The big white bird then grabbed a chunk of soft bread with one claw, just in front of me, and flew up and sat over a bough. Looking joyfully at the bread and eating it so gracefully, Hassan and I both said: 'It's Ramy! Yes, just completely like Ramy at dinner time!'

Once again, I looked at Ramy's photo. I watched his golden locks, and then stared at the Cockatoo. 'I love you! I love you, my darling!' I said. There was no reply! It was now so quiet over there. The Noisy Minors and Lorikeets had left for their nests. The Cockatoo flew away, too. It was getting dark. We walked back to our cars.

15 September 2007

She called me from Iran: the slender, tall, beautiful girl who came to Mashhad Airport with a red rose to farewell my sleeping son. What she did then touched my heart forever! She not only was considerate and sympathetic on the day of my horrible grief, but also called me now to see how I am living without Ramy.

Talking about Ramy and the night of the wonderful party in Iran, we told each other that Ramy was shining like a star on that far night!

Then she kindly asked me not to forget Ramy's wish. So young, around the same age as Ramy, she shyly told me if one asks Ramy what he wants, he would say that he would wish his mummy be happy and to return to her normal life.

Listening to those loving remarks, I thought as if she was conveying Ramy's message to me. Before telling goodbye, I thanked her, and it was from the bottom of my heart!

Does she know that I am keeping her beautiful image with a red rose in her hand forever in my heart? Like an angel, she emerged there to farewell my Sleeping Prince and that meant a world to me!

Thank you, pretty girl! God bless you, Hengameh, with your golden heart!

17 September 2007

I went to a coffee shop to have coffee in memory of Ramy. I ended up, however, to have my coffee with Ramy. It is actually very nice. The Macquarie Park is so quiet. Birds are flying around me. The two Lorikeets welcomed me as always. Sitting in silence next to Ramy's Garden, I poured some drops of my coffee on the soil before drinking the rest. It was wonderful, when I felt my son's presence just at my side. It made me smile!

I am happy that I didn't leave him in Iran amongst strangers. He is here, in Sydney! His soul most of the time is with us. His body is in rest, close to us. His resting place has become our *shrine*: a sacred place to us!

Sometimes, Ramy's Garden take a peculiar form on my mind; I call it then *Ramy's Crystal Coffee Shop*. It is upon Ramy's Garden; where everything has been made with concentrated white light as clear as the finest crystals. Inside it, there are some green plants with delicate, scented, small flowers. They can sing songs if you want. Several magnificent columns of colourful soft light connect everything there to the skies. And I can see all these vividly in my mind!

Ramy's Garden is not where he is living, but a spot just for meeting! It looks so strange; not only I have felt this, but I have also experienced. Thinking at night of

somebody in relation to Ramy, and going there on the next day, it makes me astonished seeing that person walk to me.

It seems, to me, that in the world there is an invisible *net of connection* through which human beings' hearts, souls, thoughts, and subconscious minds can mysteriously, and at the same time vaguely, contact.

As Ramy is communicating with the people whom love through the magic of love!

29 September 2007

Sitting in silence, I am thinking we are trying to move on! To live! Then, I felt Ramy's loss is like a deep, deep, frozen lake. We are walking on a thin layer of ice over it and we should be very careful to keep the layer safe or we would be drowned and gone.

3 October 2007

Today I had a harsh sorrow attack. Thinking of him, my beautiful rose, my dear Ramy, I said to myself I welcomed him dead at the airport in Iran. I felt his severe anxiety by which, according to his dad, Ramy had felt lost at Sydney Airport. I just felt it! It came to me like a huge wave of desperation and brought me a vision:

The moment Ramy walked to the plane, he had farewelled his family forever in this life at the airport. I saw the explosion of a dazzling sphere of light inside him which, then, radiated out of his body and, like a rain of thousand pieces and particles of purest white, sparkling, broken crystals, fell down on the ground all around him.

In the middle of that wide, white, glittering circle, Ramy was standing alone - tall and handsome - indifferent or oblivious to whatever had happened to him or was going on. A white faded mist was softly rising from the twinkling particles of his shattered life force energy around his feet.

At Bahrain, I knew, Ramy had passed the border of life. In Iran, he had already been dead when arrived!

Shocked! I was receiving the information in my mind and watching the vision like a film, unable to stop looking at it or to escape what I was shown, which I was repeatedly and painfully seeing. It all made me feel terribly betrayed, as my whole being was seized by a horrible sense of guilt, regret, and rage at my failure to stop Ramy's journey to Iran and save his life. It was overwhelming. Unbearable! I felt completely sick! Cold! Shivering! My only wish was then to die and get rid of that killing pain and suffering.

The vision shattered me once again! I feel really sick! Ramy, help me!

7 October 2007

Seeing the explosion of Ramy's life force energy within him shattered me severely. For a few days I remained in extreme grief and deepest despair, unable to cry or to talk to anybody or to share my emotional pain about the horrific vision with others. Then, I received a phone-call from Germany. My niece Lily was on the phone, expressing her relief that she could finally contact me. Then, she told that few days ago, on 3rd of October, in a vivid dream she met Ramy who asked her to pass his two messages to me. Lily's words about having the dream on the day that I saw the cruel vision made me very curious; but I remained silent and let her reveal the dream with its details:

'Wearing green and blue clothes, Ramy looked stylish, lovely, and quite well,' Lily told me. Seeing Ramy's serious look, and knowing that it was just a dream, Lily said that she had tried to make jokes and laugh and bring smile on Ramy's face; but he looked tense and deep in thoughts. Then they started to have the following conversation:

'Ramy, how you are here? I know that I am dreaming of you.'

'You are not dreaming. No! I am really here!'

'No, I am dreaming.'

'Lily, I am here, next to you. You are not dreaming. I am here to ask you to pass my two messages to my mum. You should call her.'

In the dream, Lily had laughed and reassured Ramy that it was just a dream. But Ramy told her again that it was not a dream and, in order for her to believe him, he would put a sign on her arm. Then he placed his hand on Lily's arm and pressed his cousin's elbow with his index and thumb.

Seeing that serious look, still laughing, Lily said, 'Well, well! Ok! I believe you. Tell me what are your messages?'

'First, I want you to tell my mum to take care of herself. I am very worried for her. She should not be sad for me; she should not torment herself.'

'Ramy, this is impossible. Your mum is suffering for what happened to you.'

'Well, I am comfortable here. I am in good place. I am really comfortable! I only wish my mum feels comfortable, too!'

'My second wish is that my mum doesn't stay at home. She must take some responsibility outside the house; she should do something that she likes. Whatever it is. I loved children very much.'

'But your mum can't have children now.'

'My mum should do something for kids. Something positive!'

Lily told me that Ramy looked very serious, and he really, really wanted her to call me and pass on those messages.

Afterwards, Ramy had asked Lily if she could remember that in Iran he was reading a book. In the dream, Lily was immediately reminded of *The Art of Happiness*. (His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Howard C. Cutler, M. D., *The Art of Happiness*, 1998. Australia: Griffin Press, Adelaide, 2002.)

Ramy had taken the book to Iran to read it again. There, he had found that Lily had read the book, too. At this, both of them had engaged in a long conversation about

the subject matter and the message of the book. They had particularly talked about the ‘Chapter 8, FACING SUFFERING.’

‘Tell my mum to read the book; to read what we talked about,’ Ramy had asked his cousin in the dream.

In the morning Lily had forgotten about her dream. However, as soon as, she had seen Ramy’s sign – the four dark spots – on her elbow, she remembered everything: the dream, Ramy’s request, and the long conversation they had.

Lily’s phone call and Ramy’s requests were indeed a great help to bring me some ease; while, I felt deeply appreciative towards my niece and my son both. Lily let me know the dream; Ramy let me know that he was aware and considerate of his loved ones’ thoughts, feelings, and sorrows.

With a sense of pride towards Ramy, I felt the dream enabled me to walk out of that paralysing state of mind. It helped me cling to a torch of light by which I could shift my focus - from the shattering vision - on Ramy’s wishes.

I walked to Ramy’s room and took *The Art of Happiness* from his bookshelf. The book brought me back the beautiful image of my son, as if he and I were seated on a sofa, discussing about the subject matter, the message, and the conclusion of the book. It brought into my heart the same sense of content that I would feel whenever Ramy and I talked and realized each other’s inner thoughts or ideas.

With tears of gratitude in my eyes, then, I started to read *The Art of Happiness*. I knew that there was a reason if Ramy had wanted me to read the book once again.

At the same time, having *The Art of Happiness* in my hands, I felt—enigmatically—a hopeful, wonderful, extremely calming sense of mystic mind connection between His Holiness the Dalai Lama, the writer of the book, Mr Howard C. Cutler, my Beautiful Ramy and me. It was magical! My heart was overflowing with gratification and love!

8 October 2007

In fact, before going to Iran, both Ramy and I had read *The Art of Happiness*, as we would share our opinions about some chapters or a paragraph or even one sentence. The tendency of talking about books, films, literature, and philosophy would always present the rare and priceless gift of sensing spiritual connection, mutual understanding, and trust between my son and me. And now, without him and as his wish, I really wanted to grasp the book’s message, once again.

I knew that now I will perceive the writings through a new viewpoint, which could be somehow a silent yet conceivable communication between Ramy and me, as well. And then starting to read and review *The Art of Happiness*, not only I could get some healing remedy on my soul’s bleeding wound, but I also got some answers to my ‘Whys!’

So, I started to read the book from *Part III, TRANSFORMING SUFFERING*—as in the dream my son had wished. And now, I would like to quote, in my writings, some parts of *The Art of Happiness*, which presents an interview and the conversations between His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Mr Howard C. Cutler, the author of the book. The passages are from different parts of *Chapter 8 Facing Suffering*,

Chapter 9 Self-Created Suffering, Chapter 10 Shifting Perspective, Chapter 11 Finding Meaning in Pain and Suffering (HH Dalai Lama and Howard C. Cutler, M.D, 2002, pp 133-199):

Chapter 8

FACING SUFFERING

□

In the time of the Buddha, a woman named Kisagotami suffered the death of her only child. Unable to accept it, she ran from person to person, seeking a medicine to restore her child to life. The Buddha was said to have such a medicine.

Kisagotami went to the Buddha, paid homage, and asked, “Can you make a medicine that will restore my child?”

“I know of such a medicine,” the Buddha replied. “But in order to make it, I must have certain ingredients.”

Relieved, the woman asked, “What ingredients do you require?”

“Bring me a handful of mustard seed,” said the Buddha.

The woman promised to procure it for him, but as she was leaving, he added, “I require the mustard seed be taken from a household where no child, spouse, parent, or servant has died.”

The woman agreed and began going from house to house in search of the mustard seed. At each house the people agreed to give her the seed, but when she asked them if anyone had died in that household, she could find no home where death had not visited—in one house a daughter, in another a servant, in others a husband or parent had died. Kisagotami was not able to find a home free from the suffering of death. Seeing she was not alone in her grief, the mother let go of her child’s lifeless body and returned to the Buddha, who said with great compassion, “You thought that you alone had lost a son; the law of death is that among all living creatures there is no permanence.”

Kisagotami’s search taught her that no one lives free from suffering and loss. She hadn’t been singled out for this terrible misfortune. This insight didn’t eliminate the inevitable suffering that comes from loss, but it did reduce the suffering that came from struggling against this sad fact of life (133,134).

The Dalai Lama detailed his approach to human suffering—an approach that ultimately includes a belief in the possibility of freedom from suffering but starts with accepting suffering as a natural fact of human existence, and courageously facing our problems head-on (136).

In our daily lives problems are bound to arise. The biggest problems in our lives are the ones that we inevitably have to face, like old age, illness, and death . . . if you confront your problems rather than avoid them, you will be in a better position to deal with them” (136, 137) . . .

“In accepting that suffering is a part of your daily existence, you could begin by examining the factors that normally give rise to feelings of discontent and mental unhappiness . . . If you look at your normal day-to-day life, however, you often find that there are so many factors and conditions that cause pain, suffering, and feelings of dissatisfaction, whereas the conditions that give rise to joy and happiness are comparatively rare. This is something that we have to undergo, whether we like it or not. And since this is the reality of our existence, our attitude towards suffering may need to be modified . . . our usual attitude consists of an intense aversion and intolerance of our pain and suffering. *However, if we can transform our attitude towards suffering, adopt an attitude that allows us greater tolerance of it, then this can do much to help counteract feelings of mental unhappiness, dissatisfaction, and discontent.*

“For me personally, the strongest and most effective practice to help tolerate suffering is to see and understand that suffering is the underlying nature of *Samsara*, of unenlightened existence (140). (*Samsara* . . . is a state of existence characterized by endless cycles of life, death, and rebirth. This term also refers to our ordinary state of day-to-day existence, which is characterized by suffering. All beings remain in this state, propelled by Karmic imprints from past actions and negative “delusory” states of mind, until one removes all negative tendencies of mind and achieves a state of Liberation.) Now when you experience some physical pain or other problem, of course at that moment there is a feeling . . . of rejection associated with the suffering, a kind of feeling of, ‘Oh, I shouldn’t be experiencing this.’ But at that moment if you can look at the situation from another angle and realize that this very body . . .,” he slapped an arm in demonstration, “is the very basis of suffering, then this reduces that feeling of rejection – that feeling that somehow you don’t deserve to suffer, that you are a victim. So, once you understand and accept this reality, then you experience suffering as something that is quite natural . . .

“So, anyway, I think that how you perceive life as a whole plays a role in your attitude about suffering. For instance, if your basic outlook is that suffering is negative and must be avoided at all costs and in some sense is a sign of failure, this will add a distinct psychological component of anxiety and intolerance when you encounter difficult circumstances, a feeling of being overwhelmed. On the other hand, if your basic outlook accepts that suffering is a natural part of your existence, this will undoubtedly make you more tolerant towards the adversities of life” (141) . . .

“The point that has to be borne in mind is that the reason why reflection on suffering is so important is because there is a possibility of a way out, there is an alternative. *There is a possibility of freedom from suffering.* By removing the causes of suffering, it is possible to attain a state of Liberation, a state free from suffering. According to Buddhist thought, the root causes of suffering are ignorance, craving, and hatred. These are called the ‘three poisons of the mind.’ These terms have specific connotations when used within a Buddhist context. For example, ‘ignorance’ doesn’t refer to a lack of information as it is used in an everyday sense but rather refers to fundamental misperception of the true nature of the self and all phenomena. By generating insight into the true nature of reality and eliminating afflictive states of mind

such as craving and hatred, one can achieve a completely purified state of mind, free from suffering” (142, 143) . . .

Yet I hoped to question [the Dalai Lama] in greater detail about the issue of loss, to see if he had additional advice about how to survive the death of a loved one, other than simply accepting the inevitability of human suffering . . . The next day, before I had an opportunity to return to the subject in our private conversations, the issue was raised in his public talk. An audience member, clearly in pain, asked the Dalai Lama, “Do you have any suggestions about how to handle a great personal loss, such as the loss of a child?”

With a gentle tone of compassion, he answered, “To some degree, that depends on people’s personal beliefs. If people believe in rebirth, then accordingly, I think there is some way to reduce sorrow or worry. They can take consolation in the fact that their loved one will be reborn.

“For those people who do not believe in rebirth, then I think there are still some simple ways to help deal with the loss. First, they could reflect that if they worried too much, allowing themselves to be too overwhelmed by the sense of loss and sorrow, and if they carried on with that feeling of being overwhelmed, not only would it be very destructive and harmful to themselves, ruining their health, but also it would not have any benefit to the person who has passed away.

“For example, in my own case, I have lost my most respected tutor, my mother, and also one of my brothers. When they passed away, of course, I felt very, very sad. Then I constantly kept thinking that it’s no use to worry too much, and if I really loved these people, then I must fulfil their wishes with a calm mind. So I try my best to do that. So I think if you’ve lost someone who is very dear to you, that’s the proper way to approach it. You see, the best way to keep a memory of that person, the best remembrance, is to see if you can carry on the wishes of that person.

“Initially, of course, feelings of grief and anxiety are a natural human response to a loss. But if you allow these feelings of loss and worry to persist, there’s a danger; if these feelings are left unchecked, they can lead to a kind of self-absorption. A situation where the focus becomes your own self. And when that happens you become overwhelmed by the sense of loss, and you get a feeling that it’s only you who is going through this. Depression sets in. But in reality, there are others who will be going through the same kind of experience. So, if you find yourself worrying too much, it may help to think of the other people who have similar or even worse tragedies. Once you realize that, then you no longer feel isolated, as if you have been single - pointedly picked out. That can offer you some kind of condolence” (144, 145, 146).

Although pain and suffering are experienced by all human beings, . . . if we think of suffering as something unnatural, something that we shouldn’t be experiencing, then it’s not much of a leap to begin to look for someone to blame for our suffering . . . But the risk of continuing to focus on assigning blame and maintaining a victim stance, is the perpetuation of our suffering – with persistent feelings of anger, frustration, and resentment . . . Thus it is entirely appropriate that we seek out the causes of our unhappiness and do whatever we can to alleviate our problems, searching for solutions on all levels – global, societal, familial, and individual. But as long as we view suffering as an unnatural state, an abnormal condition that we fear, avoid, and reject, we will never uproot the causes of suffering and begin to live a happier life (146, 148).

Chapter 9

SELF – CREATED SUFFERING

“BUT IT’S NOT FAIR!”

In our daily life, problems invariably arise. But problems themselves do not automatically cause suffering. If we can directly address our problem and focus our energies on finding a solution, for instance, the problem can be transformed into a challenge. If we throw into the mix, however, a feeling that our problem is “unfair,” we add an additional ingredient that can become a powerful fuel in creating mental unrest and emotional suffering. And now we not only have two problems instead of one, but that feeling of “unfairness” distracts us, consumes us, and robs us of the energy needed to solve the original problem.

Raising this issue with the Dalai Lama one morning, I asked, “How can we deal with the feeling of unfairness that so often seems to torture us when problems arise?”

The Dalai Lama replied, “There may be a variety of ways that one might deal with the feeling that one’s suffering is unfair. I’ve already spoken of the importance of accepting suffering as a natural fact of human existence. And I think that in some ways Tibetans might be in a better position to accept the reality of these difficult situations, because they will say, ‘Maybe it is because of my Karma in the past.’ They will attribute it to negative actions committed in either this or a previous life, and so there is a greater degree of acceptance (154) . . .

“Well, reducing the feeling of unfairness by accepting that it is a result of one’s Karma may be effective for Buddhists,” I interjected. “But what about those who don’t believe in the doctrine of Karma? Many in the West for instance . . .”

“People who believe in the idea of a Creator, of God, may accept these difficult circumstances more easily by viewing them as part of God’s creation or plan. They may feel that even though the situation appears to be very negative, God is all powerful and very merciful, so there may be some meaning, some significance, behind the situation that they may not be aware of. I think that kind of faith can sustain and help them during their times of suffering.”

“And what about those who don’t believe in either the doctrine of Karma or the idea of a Creator God?”

“For a nonbeliever . . .,” the Dalai Lama pondered for several moments before responding, “. . . Perhaps a practical, scientific approach could help. I think that scientists usually consider it very important to look at a problem objectively, to study it without much emotional involvement. With this kind of approach, you can look at the problem with the attitude ‘If there’s a way to fight the problem, then fight, even if you have to go to court!’ ” He laughed. “Then, if you find that there’s no way to win, you can simply forget about it.

“An objective analysis of difficult or problematic situations can be quite important, because with this approach you’ll often discover that behind the scenes there may be other factors at play . . .”

“In general, if we carefully examine any given situation in a very unbiased and honest way, we will realize that to a large extent we are also responsible for the unfolding of events (156-157).

GUILT

As products of an imperfect world, all of us are imperfect. Every one of us has done some wrong. There are things we regret—things we have done or things we should have done. Acknowledging our wrongdoings with a genuine sense of remorse can serve to keep us on the right track in life and encourage us to rectify our mistakes when possible and take action to correct things in the future. But if we allow our regret to degenerate into excessive guilt, holding on to the memory of our past transgressions with continued self-blame and self-hatred, this serves no purpose other than to be a relentless source of self-punishment and self-induced suffering.

During an earlier conversation in which we had briefly discussed the death of his brother, I recalled that Dalai Lama had spoken of some regrets related to his brother’s death. Curious about how he dealt with feelings of regret, and possibly guilt feelings, I returned to the subject in a later conversation, asking, “When we were talking about Lobsang’s death, you mentioned some regrets. Have there been other situations in your life that you’ve regretted?”

“Oh, yes. Now for instance there was one older monk who lived as a hermit. He used to come to see me to receive teachings, . . . Anyway, he came to me one day and asked me about doing a certain high - level esoteric practice. I remarked in a casual way that this would be a difficult practice and perhaps would be better undertaken by someone who was younger, that traditionally it was a practice that should be started in one’s midteens. I later found out that the monk had killed himself in order to be reborn in a younger body to more effectively undertake the practice . . .”

Surprised by the story, I remarked, “Oh, that’s terrible! That must have been hard on you when you heard . . .”

The Dalai Lama nodded sadly.

“How did you deal with that feeling of regret? How did you eventually get rid of it?”

The Dalai Lama silently considered for quite a while before replying, “I didn’t get rid of it. It’s still there.” He stopped again, before adding, “But even though that feeling of regret is still there, it isn’t associated with a feeling of heaviness or a quality of pulling me back. It would not be helpful to anyone if I let that feeling of regret weigh me down, be simply a source of discouragement and depression with no purpose, or interfere with going on with my life to the best of my ability.”

At that moment, in a very visceral way, I was struck once again by the very real possibility of a human being’s fully facing life’s tragedies and responding emotionally, even with deep regret, but without indulging in excessive guilt or self - contempt . . . The Dalai Lama sincerely felt regret over the incident he described but carried his regret with dignity and grace. And while carrying this regret, he has not allowed it to weigh

him down, choosing instead to move ahead and focus on helping others to the best of his ability.

Sometimes I wonder if the ability to live without indulging in self-destructive guilt is partly cultural . . . I believe that by challenging our customary ways of thinking and by cultivating a different mental outlook based on the principles described by the Dalai Lama, any of us can learn to live without the brand of guilt that does nothing but cause ourselves needless suffering (160, 161, 162).

RESISTING CHANGE

Guilt arises when we convince ourselves that we've made an irreparable mistake. The torture of guilt is in thinking that any problem is permanent. Since there is nothing that doesn't change, however, so too pain subsides—a problem doesn't persist. This is the positive side of change. The negative side is that we resist change in nearly every arena of life. The beginning of being released from suffering is to investigate one of the primary causes: resistance to change.

In describing the ever-changing nature of life, the Dalai Lama explained, "It's extremely important to investigate the causes or origins of suffering, how it arises. One must begin that process by appreciating the impermanent, transient nature of our existence. All things, events, and phenomena are dynamic, changing every moment; nothing remains static . . . And since it is the nature of all phenomena to change every moment, this indicates to us that all things lack the ability to endure, lack the ability to remain the same. And since all things are subject to change, nothing exists in a permanent condition, nothing is able to remain the same under its own independent power. Thus, all things are under the power or influence of other factors. So, at any given moment, no matter how pleasant or pleasurable your experience may be, it will not last. This becomes the basis of a category of suffering known in Buddhism as the 'suffering of change' " (162, 163).

After all, whether one looks at life from a Buddhist perspective or a Western perspective, the fact remains that *life is change*. And to the degree that we refuse to accept this fact and resist the natural life changes, we will continue to perpetuate our own suffering.

The acceptance of change can be an important factor in reducing a large measure of our self-created suffering . . .

While the acceptance of the inevitability of change, as a general principle, can help us cope with many problems, taking a more active role by specifically learning about normal life changes can prevent an even greater amount of the day-to-day anxiety that is the cause of many of our troubles (164, 165).

CHAPTER 10

SHIFTING PERSPECTIV

Once there was a disciple of a Greek philosopher who was commanded by his Master for three years to give money to everyone who insulted him. When this period of trial was over the Master said to him, "Now you can go to Athens and learn Wisdom. "When the disciple was entering Athens, he met a certain wise man who sat at the gate insulting everybody who came and went. He also insulted the disciple, who burst out laughing, "Why do you laugh when I insult you?" said the wise man. "Because," said the disciple, "for three years I have been paying for this kind of thing and now you give it to me for nothing." "Enter the city," said the wise man, "it is all yours . . ."

The fourth - century Desert Fathers, an assortment of eccentric characters who retired to the deserts around Scete for a life of sacrifice and prayer, taught this story to illustrate the value of suffering and hardship. It wasn't hardship alone, however, that opened the "city of wisdom" to the disciple. The prime factor that allowed him to deal so effectively with a difficult situation was his capacity to *shift perspective*, to view his situation from a different vantage point.

The ability to shift perspective can be one of the most powerful and effective tools we have to help us cope with life's daily problems. The Dalai Lama explained:

"The ability to look at events from different perspectives can be very helpful. Then, practicing this, one can use certain experiences, certain tragedies to develop a calmness of mind. One must realize that every phenomena, every event, has different aspects" . . .

"This practice of shifting perspective can even be helpful in certain illness or when in pain. At the time the pain arises it is of course often very difficult, at that moment, to do formal meditation practices to calm the mind. But if you make comparisons, view your situation from a different perspective, somehow something happens. If you only look at that one event, then it appears bigger and bigger. If you focus too closely, too intensely, on a problem when it occurs, it appears uncontrollable. But if you compare that event with some other greater event, look at the same problem from a distance, then it appears smaller and less overwhelming" (172, 173, 174).

"But what about if you look for the positive angles of a person or event and can't find any?"

"Here, I think, we would be dealing with a situation where you might need to make some effort. Spend some time seriously searching for a different perspective on the situation. Not just in a superficial way. But in a very pointed and direct way. You need to use all your powers of reasoning and look at the situation as objectively as possible . . .

"Generally speaking, once you're already in a difficult situation, it isn't possible to change your attitude simply by adopting a particular thought once or twice. Rather it's through a process of learning, training, and getting used to new viewpoints that enables you to deal with the difficulty."

The Dalai Lama reflected for a moment, and, adhering to his usual pragmatic stance, he added, "If, however, in spite of your efforts, you do not find any such positive angles of perspectives . . ., then for the time being the best course of action may be to simply try to forget about it" (175, 176).

Chapter 11

FINDING MEANING IN PAIN AND SUFFERING

Victor Frank, a Jewish psychiatrist imprisoned by the Nazis in World War II, once said, “Man is ready and willing to shoulder any suffering as soon and as long as he can see a meaning in it.” Frank used his brutal and inhumane experience in the concentration camps to gain insight into how people survived the atrocities. Closely observing who survived and who didn’t, he determined that survival wasn’t based on youth or physical strength but rather on the strength derived from purpose, and the discovery of meaning in one’s life and experience.

Finding meaning in suffering is a powerful method of helping us cope even during the most trying times in our lives. But finding meaning in our suffering is not an easy task . . . During periods of acute crisis and tragedy it seems impossible to reflect on any possible meaning behind our suffering. At those times, there is often little we can do but endure. And it’s natural to view our suffering as senseless and unfair, and wonder, “Why me?” . . .

So where do we begin in our search for meaning in suffering? For many people, the search begins with their religious tradition . . . In the Buddhist and Hindu models, for example, suffering is a result of our own negative past actions and is seen as a catalyst for seeking spiritual liberation.

In the Judeo-Christian tradition, [as well as, in Islam], the universe was created by a good and just God, and even though His master plan may be mysterious and indecipherable at times, our faith and trust in His plan allow us to tolerate our suffering more easily, trusting, as the Talmud says, that “Everything God does, He does for the best.” Life may still be painful, but like the pain a woman experiences in childbirth, we trust that the pain will be outweighed by the ultimate good it produces. The challenge in these traditions lies in the fact that, unlike in childbirth, the ultimate good is often not revealed to us . . . So, from the Judeo-Christian perspective, suffering can serve many purposes: it can test and potentially strengthen our faith, it can bring us closer to God in a very fundamental and intimate way, or it can loosen the bonds to the material world and make us cleave to God as our refuge.

While a person’s religious tradition may offer valuable assistance in finding meaning, even those who do not subscribe to a religious worldview may upon careful reflection find meaning and value behind their suffering. Despite the universal unpleasantness, there is little doubt that our suffering can test, strengthen, and deepen the experience of life. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., once said, “What does not destroy me, makes me stronger.” And while it is natural to recoil from suffering, suffering can also challenge us and at times even bring out the best in us (199, 200, 201) . . .

While at times suffering can serve to toughen us, to strengthen us, at other times it can have value by functioning in the opposite manner—to soften us, to make us more sensitive and gentle. The vulnerability we experience in the midst of our suffering can

open us and deepen our connection with others. The poet William Wordsworth once claimed, “A deep distress hath humanized my soul” (202) . . .

Becoming more serious, the Dalai Lama added, “But anyway, I think that there is one aspect to our experience of suffering that is of vital importance. When you are aware of your pain and suffering, it helps you to develop your capacity for empathy, the capacity that allows you to relate to other people’s feelings and suffering. This enhances your capacity for compassion towards others. So as an aid in helping us connect with others, it can be seen as having value.

“So,” the Dalai Lama concluded, “looking at suffering in these ways, our attitude may begin to change; our suffering may not be as worthless and bad as we think” (206).

11 October 2007

To continue my reading and reviewing *The Art of Happiness*, towards the end of the book, in *Part IV, Chapter 14*, the Dalai Lama expresses his opinion about *the marvellous gift of human intelligence*, by which one can survive the harsh problems and catastrophes in life. He says:

One thing in general . . . is that we are gifted as human beings with this wonderful human intelligence. On top of that, all human beings have the capacity to be very determined and to direct that strong sense of determination in whatever direction they would like to use it. There is no doubt of this. So if one maintains an awareness of these potentials and reminds oneself of them repeatedly until it becomes part of one’s customary way of perceiving human beings—including oneself—then this could serve to help reduce feelings of discouragement, helplessness, and self – contempt” . . . I think that here there might be some sort of parallel to the way [doctors] treat physical illnesses . . . So long as the person has that underlying strength in his or her body, then there is the potential or capacity within the body to heal itself from the illness through medication. *Similarly, so long as we know and maintain an awareness that we have this marvellous gift of human intelligence and a capacity to develop determination and use it in positive ways, in some sense we have this underlying mental health. An underlying strength, that comes from realizing we have this great human potential.* This realization can act as a sort of built - in mechanism that allows us to deal with any difficulty, no matter what situation we are facing, without losing hope or sinking into self-hatred. (288, 289)

Being aware of my own inner strength and having 'the marvellous gift of human intelligence,' as a human being, then, in the same way as it is recommended in *The Art of Happiness*, I tried to look at the tragedy of Ramy's loss from a different perspective. I tried to find meaning or value behind the devastating loss of our precious son. At the same time, my heart was overflowing – towards all beings – with a deep sense of tenderness and compassion, an expression which has been repeatedly mentioned throughout *The Art of Happiness* and is explained by the Dalai Lama:

Compassion can be roughly defined in terms of a state of mind that is nonviolent, nonharming, and nonaggressive. It is a mental attitude based on the wish for others to be free of their suffering and is associated with a sense of commitment, responsibility, and respect towards the other.
(114)

With the sense of compassion in my heart, then, I tried to grasp once again the depth of the Dalai Lama's remarks about suffering, and that it can be seen as having value. The Dalai Lama says that suffering enhances one's capacity for compassion towards others, the capability of connecting with people, and allowing one to relate to other people's feelings and suffering (206).

Finding this capacity in my heart, I realized that the pain of Ramy's loss has created in me the ability by which I can feel the deepest mind connection with some people, sometimes even with complete strangers, if they are in pain and suffering. This is also this capacity that allows me to have the flawless soothing mind connection with the Dalai Lama, the author of *The Art of Happiness*, or the writer of any text that I choose to read.

Further, even though I find myself submerged in a bottomless well of pain, when I try to find value in relation to what happened to us and our precious Ramy, I can see that, through his divine flight, our beautiful Ramy changed the behaviours and conducts of his family. He made all of us become so closer, tolerant, understanding and considerate of one another. He made us be caring and showing our inner love and support to each other. He made us become better people.

Thinking of Ramy's friends and his acquaintances, too, I must acknowledge that I have seen Ramy's influence on them for choosing a better life-style. Sometimes, it has happened to me that some young people – even though they are completely unfamiliar to me – have approached me just to tell that because of Ramy they have taken tertiary education or having applied for a higher degree.

I have also sometimes found letters or notes – appreciating Ramy – on the stone of his garden that reveal one of his friends has decided to have more education just to please him, or having the breakthrough that Ramy had always wished for them. And all these are just to fulfil Ramy's wishes for their well-being.

Looking more closely, I can see how this horrible tragedy changed my own view towards life. The intense pain and suffering that I went through completely loosened the bonds to the material world in me. And this feeling is so profound and fulfilling that makes me thank my beautiful Ramy because, as it is described in *The Art of Happiness*, he made me reach to the point of one's soul liberation, I believe.

However, I indeed need to help myself combat my negative state of mind, for becoming a better person. In helping myself, I grasped that throughout *The Art of Happiness* there is an emphasis on eliminating negative feelings and reactions. A kind of feelings that are inevitably arising when a tragedy like this happened to a family. In this relation – and in fact as “*the first step in seeking happiness*” – *learning* is recommended by the Dalai Lama:

We first have to learn how negative emotions and behaviours are harmful to us and how positive emotions are helpful. And we must realize how these negative emotions are not only very bad and harmful to one personally but harmful to society and the future of the whole world as well. (38)

So, I feel that I have to help me change my negative emotions not only for the sake of society, but also for the sake of my own children whom I love dearly. As, I know that love is the most powerful emotion in helping me bring positive features in my own and my family’s life. In *The Art of Happiness*, it is said:

Love is difficult to define, and there may be different definitions. But one definition of love, and perhaps the most pure and exalted kind of love, is an utter, absolute, and unqualified wish for the happiness of another individual. (286)

My children, Maz and Mona, are the individuals whom I love with my whole heart and have an *absolute* wish for their well-being and happiness. My Ramy is the other individual, whom I love with my whole heart, as I feel an *unqualified* wish for his happiness – wherever he is! And this deep sense of doing something for Ramy and making him happy is indeed a deep desire in my heart; while, I know that he wants his family to be happy, too, and not being drowned in such profound pain and suffering.

So I believe that I have to use *the marvellous gift of human intelligence* together with the *spiritual qualities* which “could serve to help reduce feelings of discouragement, helplessness, and self – contempt,” in order to survive the catastrophe of Ramy’s separation. I know that to live properly is Ramy’s wish for the people whom he loves; as I know that he knows through my support his family may possibly ease a little the pain of his loss.

Being aware and considerate of all these, I realize that in overcoming my anger and hatred and eliminating my negative emotions, I can assist myself *in bringing about that disciplined, tamed state of mind* which is necessary for a better life. To do so, I have grasped that throughout *The Art of Happiness* there is an emphasis “on using one’s knowledge, education, and learning.” The Dalai Lama states:

So it is clear that the more sophisticated the level of our knowledge is, the more effective we will be in dealing with the natural world . . . So, it is because of this that I think education and knowledge are crucial . . .

The most important use of knowledge and education is to help us understand the importance of engaging in more wholesome actions and bringing about discipline within our minds. The proper utilization of our intelligence and knowledge is to effect changes from within to develop a good heart. (50, 51)

Later, the Dalai Lama continues to say,

Buddhism accepts that the mental and emotional afflictions ultimately can be eliminated through deliberately cultivating antidotal forces like love, compassion, tolerance, and forgiveness, and through various practices such as meditation. (240)

So, I know that I have to think differently and find refuge from my destructive silent fury, and not to let my family and me sink in pessimism, anger, and despair. Since, Dalai Lama says:

Hatred and anger are considered to be the greatest evils because they are the greatest obstacles to developing compassion and altruism, and they destroy one's virtue and calmness of mind . . . We cannot [however] overcome anger and hatred simply by suppressing them. *We need to actively cultivate the antidotes to hatred: patience and tolerance.* (248, 249)

Later, the Dalai Lama continues to emphasize on the issue once again as he concludes, *"The only factor that can give you refuge or protection from the destructive effects of anger and hatred is your practice of tolerance and patience"* (254). To do so, besides "various practices such as meditation," which is previously mentioned, there is an emphasize on having a spiritual dimension in our life. So, I quote some related passages from *Part V, Chapter 15, BASIC SPIRITUAL VALUES*:

The art of happiness has many components . . . It involves an inner discipline, a gradual process of rooting out destructive mental states and replacing them with positive, constructive states of mind, such as kindness, tolerance, and forgiveness. In identifying the factors that lead to a full and satisfying life, we conclude with a discussion of the final component—spirituality (293) . . .

In helping us understand the true meaning of spirituality, the Dalai Lama began by distinguishing between spirituality and religion:

"I believe that it is essential to appreciate our potential as human beings and recognize the importance of inner transformation. This should be achieved through what could be called a process of mental development. Sometimes, I call this having a spiritual dimension in our life.

“There can be two levels of spirituality. One level of spirituality has to do with our religious belief (294) . . .

“However, if you think seriously about the true meaning of spiritual practices, it has to do with the development and training of your mental state, attitude, and psychological and emotional state and well-being . . . if you understand spiritual practice in its true sense, then you can use all twenty-four hours of your day for your practice. *True spirituality is a mental attitude that you can practice at any time.* For example, if you find yourself in a situation in which you might be tempted to insult someone, then you immediately take precautions and restrain yourself from doing that. Similarly, if you encounter a situation in which you may lose your temper, immediately you are mindful and say, ‘No, this is not the appropriate way.’ That actually is a spiritual practice (299) . . .

Thus, with a tone of complete conviction, the Dalai Lama concluded his discussion with his vision of a truly spiritual life:

“So, in speaking of having a spiritual dimension to our lives, we have identified our religious beliefs as one level of spirituality. Now regarding religion, if we believe in any religion, that’s good . . . But then there’s another level of spirituality. That is what I call *basic spirituality*—basic human qualities of goodness, kindness, compassion, caring. Whether we are believers or nonbelievers, this kind of spirituality is essential . . . as long as we are human beings, as long as we are members of the human family, *all* of us need these basic spiritual values. Without these, human existence remains hard, very dry. As a result, none of us can be a happy person, our whole family will suffer, and then, eventually, society will be more troubled. So, it becomes clear that cultivating these kinds of basic spiritual values becomes crucial (306, 307) . . . So we must still find a way to try to improve life for [the] majority of the people. . . —ways to help them become good human beings, moral people, without any religion. Here I think that education is crucial—instilling in people a sense that compassion, kindness, and so on are the basic good qualities of human beings, not just a matter of religious subjects . . .

“All of the virtuous states of mind—compassion, tolerance, forgiveness, caring, and so on—these mental qualities are genuine Dharma, or genuine spiritual qualities, because all of these internal mental qualities cannot coexist with ill feelings or negative states of mind.

“So, engaging in training or a method of bringing about inner discipline within one’s mind is the essence of a religious life, an inner discipline that has the purpose of cultivating these positive mental states. Thus, whether one leads a spiritual life depends on whether one has been successful in bringing about that disciplined, tamed state of mind and translating that state of mind into one’s daily actions.” (308, 309)

So, thinking of all these, I believe that, after all, Ramy expects me to try to have the “genuine spiritual qualities” and eliminate my negative state of mind, particularly the immense anger that has seized my soul. And finally, looking at the tragedy of Ramy’s loss from a different perspective, I can see value in our huge suffering. It seems to me that through this horrible pain, Ramy made his family and also many others learn to get closer to some spiritual qualities, through which they may reach to the point of one’s soul liberation. I also know that I will carry Ramy’s memory with me till the day I join him, as I will try my best to fulfil Ramy’s wishes with a *calm mind*. Since,

if you’ve lost someone who is very dear to you, that’s the proper way to approach it . . . the best way to keep a memory of that person, the best remembrance, is to see if you can carry on the wishes of that person.

And now, what else can I do other than to try to fulfil Ramy’s wishes and thank him for his love and support throughout my life, as I am deeply grateful, too, to His Holiness the Dalai Lama and Mr Howard C. Cutler.

15 October 2007

We were once a very close and loving family. It seems, however, that negligence, thoughtlessness, misunderstanding, and life’s day to day mistakes and problems brought to some degree a distance between us. Now I can see that through Ramy’s love, and because of his inner desire of having a loving family, once again we are very close and considerate of one another. It doesn’t matter if Ramy is physically with us or not!

We are keeping each other’s company, having a conversation (almost about Ramy) or being silently just around. Spending times together, so often, Hassan, Maziar, Mona, and I go to have breakfast in a coffee shop, thinking of Ramy, and drinking our coffee for him. Or, we have dinner in places that we think Ramy might like it, as we try to order one of his favourite food (I avoid cooking Ramy’s favourite food at home since it’s too painful to me).

At the same time, wherever we go, we somehow feel Ramy’s beautiful presence in our hearts, around us, or even in a chair that has strangely remained empty at our table in a busy restaurant or some other places. I believe that our precious Ramy is always with us. We cannot do anything without remembering our sweet Ramy and talking about him with our deepest love!

Ramy, we love you!

17 October 2007

In quest of him, my beautiful Ramy, I left the home to walk along the street and watch the depth of the skies with the twinkling stars. Desperate, I was looking everywhere to find a trace of him. Suddenly, I felt Ramy's presence: I could see him and my whole soul. We were together in the form of two playful bubbles, floating in a dreamy blue field above me and in front of me, as I was walking in the quiet street. Like a midsummer night's dream, my drifted away soul was dancing with Ramy on the top of the trees!

20 October 2007

Maziar passed the Intensive Care speciality exam. I am so happy for him. I feel Ramy is very happy, too. Since, going to get Maziar from the airport, I sensed Ramy's gentle caressing on my head. I felt he wanted me to congratulate his brother for him before myself, and I did so when I saw Maz.

He said that he had a hard time throughout the long trip to Perth, being in tears many times in the plane. He revealed that he was terribly reminded of the previous time when he had travelled to Melbourne for the exam, but on the night before he had heard of the tragedy of his little brother's loss and had returned to Sydney with the first flight.

The conversation brought tears into our eyes. The most painful memories were evoked; unable to talk, we remained silent for a while! Thinking of Ramy's request in Lily's dream, then, I told Maz that we should try our best to overcome this horrible emotional pain, because it's Ramy's wish.

I told that Ramy can sense our deep love through our respect towards him, and that's possible when we fulfil his wishes – as much as we can. Congratulating Maziar from the bottom of my heart, then, I praised him that with a traumatised state of mind he had successfully done what was right.

22 October 2007

I woke up with a sense of wonder as I was trying to keep the wonderful sensation of a magnificent but fading dream in my mind. I could still remember and strongly feel how exquisitely Ramy was with me, his sister, his brother, and his dad as we knew that that beautiful son was a part of the spirit, felicity, colour and shine of the Cherry Blossom Festival.

We were in Japan, standing in a vast, round area which was surrounded with the blossoms and colourful lanterns. With Japanese we were celebrating the festival and enjoying our time with the presence of our beautiful Ramy who was intensely and joyfully everywhere. He was around us, almost above the crowd, keeping his family's company! We could not see him; but with a sense of content, we could happily sense his beautiful presence that as an aura of bliss had filled the air!

Being with us all the time, Ramy looked like the colours of pink, red, green, and white. He was both the essence and the exquisiteness of the blossoms' petals. He was

the patterns of our lives in Japan. He was the sweetness of the days and the beauty of the nights in a far country. So wonderful! So beautiful! Stunning! Ramy was nowhere; yet, he was everywhere: bright, exquisite, loving, happy, perfumed and full of vivacity!

After all, wasn't he a beautiful scented rose that left the petals to the dust and took the the fragrance to the skies!!!

23 October 2007

I have another dream of my beautiful Ramy. He was with me, Mona, and Chris. Being a five-year-old child, I was carrying him within my arms, as we were passing on a vast, magnificent, wooden bridge. It was high above a beautiful, splendid, tranquil river full of silvery blue water. Suddenly, one of Ramy's shoes fell down to the river; it made me extremely horrified. I was, however, holding Ramy himself so firmly on my chest as if he was a part of me. Pressing his small, fragile body upon my heart, I felt he make me whole: we were one! I could profoundly feel that sense of oneness! Still walking in silence, I knew that my little boy was me as I was him! We were not separated! Ramy was me myself!

26 October 2007

Hassan and I went shopping. I wanted to buy candles and flowers for Ramy, as all the time I was spending my time with him on a wonderful vision. I could see Ramy and me. Going round and round, we were rotating in the air, running on the waves of the air, and dancing in the blue sky. I saw us being two very, very close and playful friends: two happy souls!

The vision started to fade and my mind took me back to the time when Ramy was living with us. Like a far, far, forgotten dream, I remembered how at that time I was energetic and felt extraordinarily young and strong. It was not a long time ago, but only around one year earlier.

Yet, I remember, whenever I would go out for a walk or a run not only I could feel my teenage years' energy in me, but I would mystically feel the pleasant flow and the tiny bursts of the small fields of the energy of universe around me. That transcendental sensation would make me feel the sense of connection and oneness with the universe. It was magical, vivacious, so full of life!

The reminiscence, however, vanished abruptly when I found myself walking around Ramy's Garden. With a wandering mind and desperate soul, then, I wished to somehow escape from life, the harsh reality, and that bottomless well of pain and despair that Ramy's loss had offered me.

Impossible! I found that, after all, my soul was there in Ramy's Garden, and that I could not not to return to the time when my beautiful son was gone. I could not escape

the place where my family and I come there to desperately give our love and respect to our Ramy.

Back home, I felt tired, exhausted, and old! Unbelievably old! No energy was left in me! So tired and old! My teenage years' energy was gone and I was more than one hundred years old. So tired! I deeply felt that there was an ocean of contrast between the time when we had our sweet Ramy with us and these horrible days that my family and I just try to survive!

27 October 2007

How can I express my appreciation to my dear children who try their best to show their care and love to me! Maziar arrived with a new computer for me. Mona came with a new mobile phone. The two of them are so thoughtful, considerate, and nice to me that I cannot thank them enough. I hope they get all the best in life and live happily, prosperous, proud and content.

My sweet Little One, Ramy, is looking after me differently. I am appreciating him, for his affection and encouragement, in my heart. Even though, he is invisible to me, yet he is aware of the situation and tries to convey his support and unconditional love in any possible way. I can never forget his wonderful remarks, when he would make me smile by hearing, 'Mum, you look young and beautiful for being a mummy.' I have also in my mind that he was proud of my inner strength. So, I shouldn't disappoint him, but to keep and show him my strength, as he wishes. At the same time, I am proud of the beauty of his soul – that like a wise parent would always give his family the wisest advice. He would give us strength! He will give us strength! And this is Ramy's gift to us!

3 November 2007

My Beautiful Ramy, reviewing *The Art of Happiness*, I wish to see myself capable of completely changing my negative emotions, thoughts, and ideas into positive ones. But, sometimes, there are some events, memories, beliefs, and feelings that are tough and hard and unaffected.

So to help myself, I would like to reveal them here; even though, the expression of some apparently unreasonable but at the same time very deep emotions is too difficult. I am talking about them because I believe it might be like taking a positive step to bring a bit of ease to myself.

My sweetheart, there are two occasions that hurt me profoundly. I relate them to your separation from us; while, thinking of them would immediately bring your extremely sad look in front of my eyes. One of them happened just sometimes before my trip to Iran.

Then, a new neighbour, who had bought the house next to ours, asked your dad and me for our permission to replace the old, exotic, short sandstone wall of our backyard with a modern, pre-fabricated, yellow wall. Their reason for the request was to make the two walls on either side of their driveway match one another during the renovation of their house.

Since they would take the responsibility to do the job and also pay the costs, your dad and I passively tried to be nice and considerate of their wish. We agreed with the replacement of the wall, wishing them live happily in their new house. (we did not know that they would bring changes just to sell the house for a better price and their purpose was only making money.)

Soon, one very early morning, the neighbour started the job. Unaware, I was still sleeping, having a sweet dream. The piercing sound of the stonebreaker, which was breaking the solid wall into pieces, however, turned my dream into nightmare.

I dreamt of an airplane flying high in the sky. But, unexpectedly and without any reason, the plane was crushed in the air, as if it was done up there by an invisible vicious force. Then, I saw the plane's destroyed body start falling down to me. I knew it was going to collapse on my head, my heart, and my body to smash me under its huge weight.

Petrified and shivering, I woke up and saw the panes of the windows in my bedroom were shaking by a horribly loud sound. At first I thought it was an earthquake, but then through the window I saw the half broken sandstone wall behind our backyard. It looked extremely sad. Regretting to let the neighbour do that, I immediately felt nostalgic for the wall. I wished I could change the things; but it was then too late! I saw the fragments of the broken wall scatter around.

My sweetheart, you were then oblivious of the decision about the removal of the old wall. Your dad and I had not even imagined that it could be of any importance to you to have asked your opinion about it. Your bedroom was also far enough from that shrill noises and you didn't wake up then. In late evening, however, when you were back from university and saw the wall is gone, you became so shocked, gloomy, depressed and sad that your appearance broke my heart.

In anguish and with reproachful eyes, then, you stared at me and asked: 'Why you and Dad let that cunning woman destroy the Magical Garden of our house?' I told you it was just a short wall and has nothing to do with the garden or the house. With resentment you said, 'Couldn't you see it was Magical!!!?' Without any reply, I looked at you and felt if you had considered our nice backyard and its exotic wall as the Magical Garden, for sure you had sensed that through your insight. It made your bad feeling and the sorrow for the loss of the wall creep deeply into my heart!

That night, apparently, neither you nor could I sleep. It was strange, but in the morning when we talked, we found out that you and I both had felt terribly lonely, miserable, and lost throughout the night. As if the wall had suddenly become an essential part of our lives, we had missed it; but we knew it was gone and in no way it could be there ever again.

Afterwards, I could never forget that unusual deep sadness that I had seen in your beautiful eyes. I could not then stop thinking about your unhappy words for the loss of the metaphorical *Magical Garden* of our house; neither could I forget my own profound regret to let that happen.

But I kept my emotions to myself, and soon I travelled to Iran, and you joined me there a few weeks later. And you know what happened there! The strong protective

wall of the *Magical Garden* of our family's lives was destroyed over there and your life with your family's happiness and hopes like that solid wall shattered by a cunning fierce force.

After your divine flight, however, I could never forget my dream of the destroyed plane - targeting me. Neither could I forget about the loud sound of demolition of the wall and squeals of its shattered pieces, by which I was frantically woken up at dawn; as, I could not stop myself to link them to what happened to you. Seeing a connection between the shattered wall of your ideal *Magical Garden* of your dreams and your loss, I can also see on my mind your sad and enquiring eyes that are innocently staring at me, seeking an answer for what happened. And these all break badly my heart!

The other unpleasant occasion which is haunting me is about the day when Mona drove you and me a long way to buy a puppy from a breeder. When we saw the little black dog, however, neither I nor Mona liked it. So, Mona and I convinced you not to buy that dog, and soon we were on our way on the highway to return home.

But, suddenly and unexpectedly, you started crying out loud. That unusual reaction made your sister and me horrified. You were not a child but a determined and strong twenty-year-old man. Frantically, Mona stopped the car at breakdown lane, and I reassured you that we would immediately go back to purchase the puppy. But you told that you didn't want it anymore and insisted to go home. Mona started the car once again and in an unpleasant, sad, and heavy silence, she drove back to our house.

Afterwards, neither you spoke about the reason that why you were so sorrowfully in tears, nor would Mona or I ask you about that. Soon, in less than a week, you found a cute new puppy and we purchased it. Calling him *Sultan*, you loved the beautiful puppy dearly. I could see that you were extremely happy and satisfied. Yet, I could never forget your previous anguished sobbing; even though, I didn't talk about it.

Yes, my sweet heart, to be a mother is hard. A child's sorrow always breaks the mother's heart. That unreasonable, strange, and very bitter weeping, that I had never seen in you even as a child, was going to haunt me afterwards: then, later, now, and forever.

My sweetheart, not without you, I can ever again be the same. I have lost all my inner strength. I can not stop myself thinking and linking these two incidents to what happened to you. Now, sometimes I ask myself that whether not buying the little black dog was a sign to your subconscious mind for the loss of your life in a certain future? Or, was your loud crying because of what was going to happen to you and us?!!

Other times, I think about our backyard's sandstone wall, as I cannot not to relate its destruction to what happened to you. In particular, when very, very painfully, I saw the same replaced yellow blocks at the place where your beautiful body merged the dust. That makes me even believe more that the accident might have not happened without the breaking of the wall that broke so deeply your heart!

My sweetheart, this is the reason that, so often, I ask myself whether the loss of the wall of your dreams' *Magical Garden* was another sign on your subconscious mind that indicated the loss of your life! Or was it to you a premonition, by which you felt so terribly down at the time and later? Some other times, I wonder that demolition of the wall might have a destructive butterfly effect upon your life and you had somehow

sensed that and transferred it to my mind, as well! This, of course, makes me think your dad and I are, directly and indirectly, responsible for what happened to you and all of us.

So, not only I cannot forgive myself for these two occurrences, but also for disappointing you from me as your mum. I failed anyhow to keep you safe and sound! Was it the Nature or Universe or God that was examining us or playing with us, or it was just our own failure and ignorance that brought the bottomless pain of your loss to us! Torn, I cannot answer my own questions; I only know that I have to combat the pain of your loss if I want to survive!

Now, living without you, with so much emotional, mental, and even physical pain in my heart, I wish I could take a quick exit and get rid of all these emotional pain, guilt, and regret. But aren't you reminding me through others that I have to be here for your brother and sister! Since, as Robert Frost says, I have promises to fulfil. I am Maziar and Mona's mother. They love me; I love them. And I know that you love us! I also know that you want we take care of each other to fulfil your desire for our well-being in this world. I love you, Ramy! Forgive me for my failures and faults. Let's now think to the deep message of this beautiful poem by Robert Frost:

‘Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening’

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

7 November 2007

There was a young man, the same age that Ramy is now. He was here to give his opinion for the bathroom renovation. I invited him to sit down, as I found out his name is Yahya. He first looked around and then chose the same sofa where Ramy would always take. Answering his mobile-phone, he was giggling, just like Ramy. His dark brown eyes - similar to my son - were shining. I felt as if he was Ramy who was looking at Hassan and me, as he was sitting in his usual place and talking on his phone so happy and relaxed. Watching him, I asked in my mind, 'Ramy, did you bring this good-looking young man here to ease the sense of yearning in me and your dad for seeing you?'

Soon, Yahya finished his phone call and, then, his conversation to us. He stood up to leave. In the middle of the room, standing in front of each other, I saw Ramy's affectionate look on the young man's face, as if he was worried about a bruise that I had got on the right side of my face. He knew about Ramy, but he didn't know that I was thinking that through him Ramy was watching me. Seeing his silent concern, I explained to him that I got that bruise by taking out a glass of hot milk from microwave and some of that hot liquid oddly splashed on my face.

He put his hand on my shoulder. Just like Ramy, affectionately and with sincerity, without the word mum, he expressed Ramy's complement to me: 'Don't worry! Don't worry! You are still beautiful.' The familiar words and the similarity of the tone of his voice to Ramy stunned me. Bewildered and appreciative, I remained silent and just smiled.

He soon said goodbye and left. I walked then to Ramy's photo, kissing his picture, I thanked him for being around in any possible way with his concern, kindness, love, and his loving words.

9 November 2007

Sometimes when I am thinking of some people my heart is overflowing with so much love and tenderness that makes me astonished. I can only relate this intense sense of affection to Ramy. I believe if he relies on some people and has faith in them, the impression comes to me as a feeling of fondness towards them. This overwhelming sense of affection makes me wish those people stay well and also close to me as a kind of extended family.

Tonight this love and tenderness that has filled my heart is directed to my friend Mariam, her husband, and their seven-year-old son. Mariam and I would often talk about Ramy on the phone. I know that every now and then Ramy tries to get in touch with her through vivid and astonishing signs.

It looks, however, strange that my son has lately tried to intensely get the attention of Mariam's husband who, by contrast to his wife, is neither spiritual nor believe in metaphysical world or the existence of one's soul after death. Being a logical and reasonable engineer, yet he finally felt compelled to confide in me and let me know what he had seen on the previous day, following his dream at the night.

Taking their young son to Sunday School, Mariam's husband told me that as he was walking in the schoolyard towards the gate, he saw Ramy in one of the classes. Looking around eight or nine years old, Ramy was standing close to the window, staring

at him from behind the pane for a good while, before disappearing in front of his eyes (Ramy used to go as a child to the same school to learn Farsi – Persian language).

He said, shocked and startled, when he was back home, he felt hesitant and confused and didn't know what was the right thing to do. Even though, his wife insisted him to tell me about the occurrence, he didn't call me because he intended not to disturb me in any way.

At night, however, he had dreamt of Ramy who came into his sight and walked directly to him. Approaching, with one metre distance, Ramy had stayed in front of him. Looking at each other, he had noticed that Ramy was strong, tall, charismatic, and young, at the same age he left. Very stylish, in a chic dark suit, Ramy had put on an eye-catching, elegant, red tie over his pale blue shirt. With inquiring eyes, staring at him for a long time in silence, then, Ramy had smiled and turned back and walked away from him.

Startled, he said, he had woken up at that moment with a feeling that he had to share with me what he had seen at the school. Nearly sleepless during the rest of the night, he had waited for the day to call me and tell about the event.

I thanked him for letting me know about his experience of seeing Ramy at school and also in his dream. Throughout our conversation, however, I felt that the bright red tie had a kind of deep impact on him, by which he couldn't stop talking about it, neither could he realize why.

Listening and thinking, at the end of our conversation, I reassured my friend's husband that by his words not only I was not in any way disturbed but I felt happy and appreciative towards him and Ramy both. After the phone call, I reflected on whatever I had heard. Interpreting the dream for myself, I thought that Ramy is in a good place. I said wherever he is, he is respected and quite well, which are symbolised through Ramy's tall and attractive appearance and his elegant suit in the dream.

Sadly, and very painfully, to me, the dazzling red tie symbolises the loss of Ramy's precious blood, which is anyhow equal to his physical loss. His silence and inquiring eyes imply Ramy's untold request: to be told to others if he has successfully *materialized*. I also felt that Ramy's attempt to show himself at the school has not been just to become visible, but to reveal the immortality of one's soul after death; in order, to give hope to his loved ones and to ease the pain of his separation.

Ramy's smile in the dream portrays his confidence that if in reality he has done something as great as he did – to get somebody's absolute attention – for sure he is not going to be ignored. Also at school, Ramy has emerged as a child to expose his innocence; while, he tries to compare one's spirit inability to the state of being a child for passing on clearly the ideas (it is usually said that the spirits *on the other world* are not permitted to directly transfer any information).

After all, as Ramy is constantly giving signs to my friend Mariam, he has materialized himself in front of her husband who would deny the signs. Perhaps Ramy has also tried to make him appreciate the events and beliefs that his wife values. At the same time, to me, Ramy has revealed his trust towards that family and his awareness of the purity of their souls.

10 November 2007

It's 9.30 pm. Maz and I have decided to watch *Star Wars*. First time, I watched this film with Ramy. And now, the memory has come back so vividly to me.

Ramy and I are in the cinema. Sitting in a chair next to me, Ramy has a large cup of Coca-Cola in one hand; he is joyfully eating popcorns by his other hand. Considerate of me, every now and then, he offers the popcorns' big bag to me as his eyes are eagerly fixed on the big screen, watching the film enthusiastically. His presence at my side, his kindness, and his nice gestures of being so loving and thoughtful pour hope and happiness into my heart. I feel so appreciative that my son is watching my favourite film with me! I cannot thank him enough!

I shake my head, trying to stay in the present, convincing myself that I should be happy, because Ramy is here next to me and his brother, watching the film once again with us. I can feel his loving presence: he is gently and constantly touching my forehead. It makes me happy. I told about that to Maziar. We both smiled sadly!
