



# *Zhandan*



*Ikram Nagvi*



For  
Kamal & Sabiha, Zehra & Scott, Yasmin & Joel

&

Especially for my grandchildren

For One Day

someone or something might trigger the thought:

*What is My History?*

*And this little book answers **part** of that question*

So, it is really written for

Amaan, Aaliya, Zain,  
Zac, Mia,  
Zoe and Noah

With Love,  
Dada / Nana

*Ps: if you ever want to catch up with a relative (older, young or younger)  
this book could be handy, too!*



## ***Introduction***

In 2010 I published a book called **Safarnama**.

**Khandan** is its 2020 follow-up, although many of the inhabitants within its story come long, long before.

Both of my book titles have been written in Urdu – **Safarnama** means ***Journey*** and **Khandan** means ***Family Dynasty***.

**Safarnama** is an autobiography, recalling the journey of my life in India to my life in as a student in Australia and Canada, followed by my return to Australia to make Tasmania the place in which to raise my children.

**Khandan** records as much of my family history as I have been able to discover, some through research but mostly through beliefs and anecdotes.

As my favourite quotations from the Urdu poet

*Mirza Ghalib*

*contain truisms relevant to me and my ancestry*

*I have translated them into English*

Bas-ki dushvar hai har kaam ka asar hona admi ko bhi mayassar nahin insaan hona

*It is difficult for every goal be achieved, for we are human, and that, too, is difficult.*

Ishq par zor nahin hai yai vo atish 'Ghalib' Ki laggai na lage aur bujha .e na bane

*Love is not under one's control. Love is a fire that can neither be willed to ignite, nor extinguished.*

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## 1. Many Years of Ancestry

### ***Factual - Belief - Anecdotal***

Our Naqvi ancestry can be traced back a long, long way, all the way to Mohammad.

#### **Mohammad**

Mohammad founded the religion of Islam in the 7<sup>th</sup> Century CE (*Common Era*)  
in Mecca, western Arabia  
600 years after the founding of Christianity.  
Followers of Islam are called Muslims



#### **Fatima / Syeda**

Fatima / Syeda was the daughter of Mohammad and the wife of Hazrat Ali, who became the Shia Leader after Mohammad. Shia is a sect of Islam. Our family belongs to the Shia sect. Fatima / Syeda and Hazrat Ali are revered ancestors.



Hasan and Husain were the sons of Fatma / Syeda and Hazrat Ali.  
My family revere the life of **Husain** and commemorate his death during Moharram.  
The names Hasan, Husain, Ali and Fatma are very common within our family.

*A gap of time*



Imam **Naqi** was born down the line from Fatma / Syeda and Hazrat Ali  
Imam Naqi became the 10<sup>th</sup> Imam

His name '**Naqi**' is the origin of the name '**Naqvi**'  
The honorific '**Syed**' often used in front of **Naqvi** comes from Fatma / **Syeda**

*A big gap of time*



## Shah Wilayat

Shah Wilayat came to Amroha in 800 CE. He too was descended from the above family and he is our extended family's first direct ancestor in Amroha.

He, too, is highly revered amongst us.

## 2. Ancestor

It all started in **Amroha** with **Shah Wilayat**

The first of our ancestors to settle in Amroha was Shah Wilayat, **800 years ago**.

There is very little reliable information written about him according to Qaisar Mubeen Naqvi, who was a teacher. After his retirement Qaisar researched the history of Shah Wilayat. Unfortunately, before he finished his research Qaisar died in 2017, leaving the manuscript unfinished, so his valuable, personal research was never published and is most likely lost.

However, the lineage (Shajra) of Shah Wilayat was documented and published on the internet by the late Hasan Hadi, who lived in Toronto, Canada. ([www.https://shahwilayat.tribalpages.com](http://www.https://shahwilayat.tribalpages.com)). There is *also* unverified information on Wikipedia. However, what family beliefs, old stories and anecdotes, along with a variety of more recent publications (some possibly reliable, others more dubious) tell us, is that Shah Wilayat was a *Sufi* saint who came to Amroha to settle and to preach.

His full name was Syed Husain Sharfuddin **Wasti / Naqvi**.

The recent publications provide four clues to *Your Ancient Naqvi* heritage:

- ❖ the name: **Naqvi**
- ❖ *Sufism* (as preached by Shah Wilayat) is one *aspect* of Islam. The *Sufism aspect* of Islam preaches love, goodness, humanity, tolerance and philosophy. It also supports peaceful co-existence for people of all faiths and religions. And it seeks to raise life from the mundane to the spiritual.  
  
Your Nana/ Dada and Nani /Dadi (and your parents and most sensible people in general) agree with that *aspect* of Islam.)
- ❖ Shah Wilayat's grave, alongside his wife's grave, is in the Scorpion Garden in Amroha. (I think only *my wife and kids* refer to it as the *Scorpion Garden*). Its proper name is Shah Wilayat.
- ❖ Near Shah Wilayat's grave, are the graves of my father, Inam Naqvi, and my brother, Intezam Naqvi. Only the most honoured in life, are chosen for burial in Shah Wilayat.

### ***Story, belief, anecdote or truth?***

One of the **grandsons** of Sharfuddin Shah Wilayat married the daughter of the *Mughal* King, Feroz Shah Tughlaq, who ruled from 751 to 780.

The story, belief, anecdote or truth goes that the King's daughter gave birth to a very premature baby, who only survived by being placed in a clay pot, called a Haandi.

(Perhaps a clay pot lead to the invention of the humidicrib)?

Although I have no idea how long the baby stayed in the clay pot, I was told from childhood many times by my mother, that because of this story, we were nicknamed 'Haandi wale.'

The *Mughal* King Feroz Shah Tughlaq gave lots of his property, land and wealth to his daughter at the time of her wedding. I think that this *Mughal Connection* may be the reason why our ancestors acquired so much land and property in Amroha.

After Shah Wilayat, many Naqvi's came to reside in Amroha, and they had lots of babies, who grew into adults, got married, had babies .....The circle of Naqvi life in Amroha began, full on.

As many as there were, the Naqvi Shia Muslims who descended from Shah Wilayat only comprised around ten percent of the population of Amroha. The other ninety per cent was comprised of Sunny Muslims and Hindus but the ten percent of Shia Muslims owned most of the land and property. Shia Muslims and Sunni Muslims are the two main sects of Islam and they have slightly different beliefs and different historic saints and heroes, and these differences over the centuries have erupted into jealousies, mistrusts and fights.

Land ownership made our Shia family of Syed Naqvi's significant.

They were:

Landlords. Important. Educated. Rich. Envied. Respected by Some. Hated by Others.

But that was a long time ago:

The ownership of vast amounts of land stopped for our family after the British were kicked out of India and **partition** happened. I didn't know anything about the **Partition of India** at the time and how it would affect my family because *Partition* happened way back in 1947, when I was just a little kid with curly black hair and big brown eyes, and whose only interest in life (or politics) was to sneak into the Dost Ali House kitchen to eat more than my share of freshly made parathas.

### 3. The Shortest History of India ever written

My ancestors along with other Muslims, including rich and powerful Moghal rulers have had a long and complex history in India.

If you want to learn about The Moguls in India a good book to browse is **The Last Mughal** by **William Dalrympal** (*it has great pictures such as Mughal emperors riding elephants and one guy riding a tiger as if it was a horse*)!

It includes historic people with names like those of people in my family.

The Mughals originally travelled to India from ancient Persia (now called Iran) and they displaced many people already in India (the Hindus) and they took over their land and became the rulers of India from 1526 -1858.

Many Mughals became Kings or Nawabs and lived in beautiful, massive palaces. One King, called Shah Jahan, had the Taj Mahal built just as a tomb for his wife to show how much he had loved her. It took 20,000 workers twenty years to build, along with 1000 elephants to haul along the building materials.

After nearly 400 years the British replaced the Mughals.

The British ruled India for 200 years before the Indians kicked them out, and India became a *secular* Indian country. Even though *secular* means '*not based on religion*' there turned out to be major consequences for both Muslims and Hindus, starting from 1947, *when I was seven and cute, and unaware of what was going on in my country.*

On a map of the Indian sub-continent you can see a country called Pakistan (top left) and Bangladesh (top right). These two countries were originally parts of India but before the British left, two chunks were carved out as places just for the Muslims to live.

This history has a name: **The Partition of India.**

It meant the '*dividing up*' of the land, one huge part for Hindus; two smaller parts for Muslims. Many Muslims chose to stay in India, but millions left for Pakistan or Bangladesh as Hindus and Muslims had begun to fight with each other.

After a lot of killing, suffering and months of walking, thousands of Muslims on the way to Pakistan passed by Hindus walking the opposite way.

*Partition* changed the lives of millions of Indians - Muslims and Hindus alike. Eventually, my relatives who decided to leave Amroha, reached Pakistan



Not every Muslim left. Many decided to stay in India.

**My direct family decided to stay in Amroha.**

Except for me – I went to Tasmania. But that was thirteen years later.

**So, this ancestry story is about those who chose to stay in Amroha, India.**

\* Famous movies in English about the *Partition of India* include: *Ghandi*, made in 1982 and *The Viceroy's House*, made in 2017. And there are heaps of movies about *Partition* made in Bollywood. Of course there are non-fiction books written about it, as well as fiction and 'partly fiction.'

#### **4. Family Tree**

##### **Mostly Long Before Partition**

*From here on, I have relied on reliable histories and on anecdotes and stories often told to me by Ammijaan as well as by other 'old' relatives.*

As you know, it all started with Shah Wilayat aka Syed Husain Sharfuddin (Wasti / Naqvi) who arrived in Amroha 800 years ago His **Lineage** is our Family Tree: **The Syeds of Amroha**

*NB: In those days, the lineage was only recorded from the male side of the family.*

Syed Husain Syed Raje Syed Muntajib Syed Bare Syed Muntajib Sani

**Syed Mohd Meer Adal**

**Syed Mehmood**

**Syed Dost Ali**

**Syed Rehmat Ali**

Syed Abdul Bari Syed Ghulam Sharfuddin Syed Mohammad Azimuddin

**Syed Zahur Hasan**

**Syed Zahur Husain**

**Syed Nihal Mohd**

*(my grandfather)*

**Syed Wisal Mohd**

**Syed Aley Ahmad (1)**

Syed Sarwar Husain

**Syed Shiyar Mohd**

**Syed Aley Ahmad (2)**

**Syed Ahmad**

**Afzal Ahmad**

**Syed Inam Husain** (*my father*)

Amroha's main landowning class were the **Syeds**.

They were an influential and ancestrally distinguished community.

All Syeds were proud to trace their ancestry back as far as Mohammad, Fatma Syeda and Hazrat Ali. Including your Pardada and Parnani (great grandfather and great grandmother).

The Syeds settled on revenue-free grants of land in Amroha since the Mughal period right up to the end of the British (colonial) rule of India. A big stack of time.

*I can only tell you about the **Syeds** I have listed in **Bold Font** on the previous page:*



*Left: **Ancestor:**  
**Syed Mohd Meer Adal***

He is our oldest ancestor with a portrait  
(at least with one I could find)

Syed Meer Adal was the seventh generation in the Shahwilayat lineage. He served the Mughal Empire with distinction.

Some of his family lived in Bare Darbar. (*Bara Darbar means Big Court in Urdu*)

*Note: that is not a band aid on his face.  
I think it may due to careless removal from a  
picture frame or album?*

### **Ancestor: Syed Mehmood**

Syed Meer Adal's grandson, Syed Mehmood, was the largest landowner in Amroha. He completed a fort in 1052 that was started by his grandfather. This fort had two gates. One of the gates, called Moradabadi Gate, stood in place until 2015.

In 2015 I tried very hard to save the Moradabadi Gate from destruction. A powerful politician in Amroha wanted to demolish it because it had the record of the Shia dynasty in Amroha carved into on it. In my efforts to save it from such madness I actually went as far as enlisting the support of the Vice President of India but, sadly, he did not act fast enough.

The powerful politician was a Sunni and he did not like Shias. He found out that I was trying to save Morabadi Gate so desperately that even a very high authority was about to step forward and save it as valuable historic monument.

In the middle of a night, this powerful and evil politician secretly ordered fifty workers to tear the gate down, piece by piece, and destroy it. Through this act of political vandalism 300 years of Shia history in Amroha were wiped out.

The gate erected in the place of the antiquity of the original is awful.

Just a nothing gate, made of cheap bricks and cement.

### **Ancestor: Syed Dost Ali**

Syed Dost Ali was the grandson of Syed Mehmood. He served in the Mughal king's army. He was seriously injured in a war against the Marathi people.

He was a wealthy man who built many houses.

He also built our **Imam Bara** in **Katkoi**. He left the Imam Bara in such good shape that even after 296 years it is still in use for community meetings, wild kids' games of guli-danda, emotional commemorations of Moharram and joyous wedding celebrations. Our colony in Katkoi is named after him: **Dost Ali House**.

### **Ancestor: Syed Rehmat Ali**

Syed Rehmat Ali was born in 1805. He was the fourth son of Dost Ali. He was a judge (Munsif) in Amroha for thirty years. He was known as 'Commissioner'.

Syeds Zahur Hasan and Zahur Husain were sons of Syed Rehmat Ali.

**Ancestor: Syed Zahur Hasan**

Syed Zahur Hasan became the administrator of the court in Moradabad, 30 kms from Amroha. (A court is called a Tehsildar in Urdu) He was my great grandfather and he became a judge in Kanpur. He was a wealthy man.

**Ancestor: Syed Zahur Husain**

Syed Zahur Husain was a friend of Sir Syed, the founder of the Aligarh Muslim University. Sir Syed asked Zahur Husain to send his sons to Aligarh for studies. He did so and there began a close association of our family with Aligarh Muslim University (AMU). A gate and a ward inscribed with Syed Zahur Husain's name is there.

Syed Zahur Husain had four sons and three wives.

*I will write about Syed Wisal Mohd and Syed Aley Ahmad before writing about Syed Zahur Husain's eldest son, Syed Nihal Mohd. (who was your great great Grandfather). I will tell his story in the next chapter entitled "Grandparents and Parents."*

**Ancestor: Syed Wisal Mohd.**



One of Wisal Mohd's grandsons, Anwaar, migrated to Karachi, Pakistan with his family after partition of India in 1947.

When I was about twelve he came to Amroha with his family for a visit. Anwaar had been my childhood friend before he went to Pakistan. He had a bad temper. Once, he got so mad with me and my friend Shane that he brought his family's sword (a real one, and very long) to fight us. We saw him coming and ran away screaming as fast as we could.

He practised law in London for some years after completing his Law degree there. He returned to Karachi after a few years and worked as barrister. At the time of his death he was Vice President of a bank. We kept in touch until his death a few years ago.

I don't know what happened to the sword.

My father was very close to Wisal Mohd's son, Shiyar Mohd who was an inspector of schools in Aligarh. I called him 'Chacha.' My sister, Piyari Bhinno and I used to eat urad ki khichri a lot when we were studying at Aligarh Muslim University in 1955-59 at Chacha's home in Aligarh. I loved urad ki khichri (and still do). Chacha and Chachi were very loving. Chacha used to ride his bike to my hostel (Marris) in very hot summer days to invite me to his house.



**Shiyar Mohd**

Our family is now close to Chacha Shiyar's children, particularly to his eldest daughter Tasveer, whose son, Sahil Afzal (nickname: Tipu) and his family, now live in Sydney and are friends with Kamal and Sabiha and family.

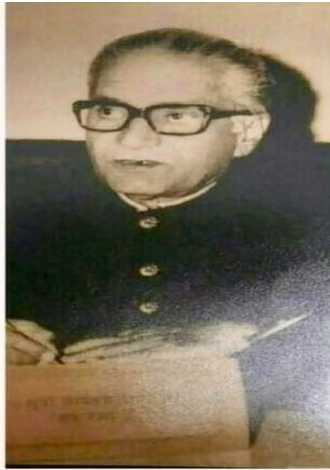


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Alay Ahmad, famously, built the first movie theatre in Amroha. I took Nani/Dadi there once and she remembers people shelling and munching peanuts and throwing small coins at the screen when they really liked a particular song or scene.

Many years before Nani/Dadi first visited Amroha, when I was about twelve years old and Syed Aley Ahmad (who I called Dada) was in his eighties, he used to ask me to read him the newspaper in the morning because of his poor eyesight. Due to his obsessive habit, reading a newspaper in the morning also became my life-long, obsessive morning habit. However, after the newspaper, throughout the day I also check out the news again on my ipad, iphone or computer to make sure I am completely up to date with all the world's politics, especially the current politics of both Australia and India. Aley Ahmad had two sons, Syed Ahmad and Afzal Ahmad.

**Syed Ahmad married my father's younger sister, (Phujaan).**



**Afzal Ahmad**

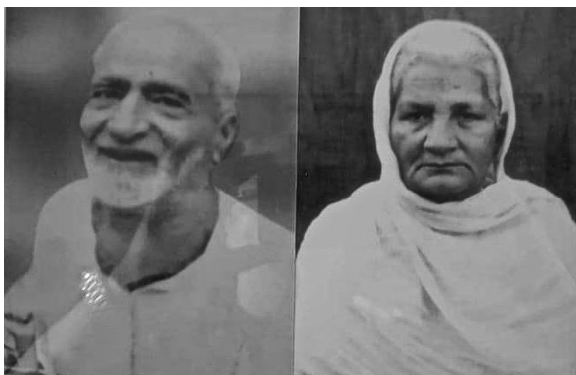
### **MY GRANDPARENTS AND THEIR FAMILY TREE**



My Grandfather Nihal Mohd & my Grandmother Sabiha Khatoon – guess who inherited their names?

They had three Children: Inam (my father) Phuajaan and Bari Amman, & twenty-two Grandchildren. Phuajaan's family lived close to us in Katkoi. Bari Amman, however, lived in Karachi, Pakistan.





Phuajaan & her husband, Syed Ahmad



Bhai Ghulzar and His wife Usha



Phuajaan's son was Bhai Gulzar, pictured with his wife, Usha. They have two children, son Shaila and daughter, Aseem. The next generation includes L-R : Advica,

Atharva, & Haidar.

A 1955 photo of me with my friend & cousin, Bhai Gulzar, who has now, sadly, passed away. His grandchildren and mine share the same ancestry.



Anaya, Rayan, and Shanaya

Like you, my grandchildren, these three little children can also claim Nihal Mohd as their great great grandfather (as can Anaya & Rayan) & many others! L-R: Advica, Atharva & baby Haidar

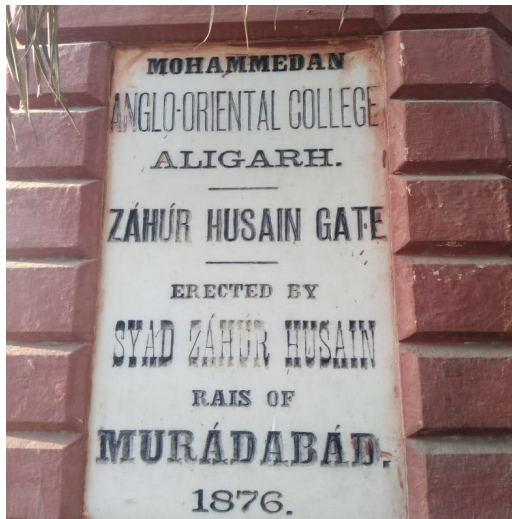


### Parents

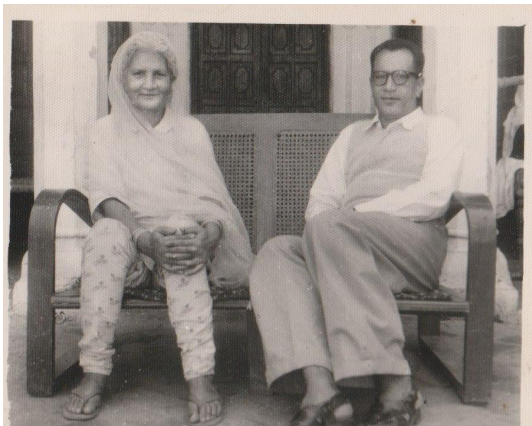
Qamrun Nisa (Ammijaan) And Inam Husain (Babajaan)

Parents of 11, grandparents and great grandparents of many





Babajaan (left) designed the Shah Wilayat Gate



Babajaan and his sister Phuajaan



Me with Babajan in his Homeopathic surgery



In 1985 Ammijaan and Babajaan came to visit our family, Islam's family and Ishrat. They also met with Jane's parents, and Babajaan and Sydney Blythe found that they had much in common

## 5. Grandparents and Parents

**Dada** was my name for my grandfather **Nihal Mohd**. He married my grandmother **Sabiha** from Mohalla Bare Darbar. I called her **Dadi**.

My mother told me that Sabiha became unwell before their marriage, but Nihal Mohd married her despite some relatives advising him against marrying her.

They had three children. Two daughters and then a son (my father).

His eldest sister was twelve years older than him. His other sister was eight years older.

The children in my family used to call Dada's eldest sister, Bari Amman. Her birth name was Malo. We called the younger sister Phuajaan. Her birth name was Malia.

Bari Amman and her family went to Pakistan in 1947 after the Partition of India. When I went to visit my relatives in Pakistan in 1967 she and her family met me at Karachi airport. She insisted that I sleep at her house. I suddenly woke up in the middle of the night to find her sitting on the end of my bed staring at me. I asked, 'Is something the matter, Bari Amman?' I asked.

She smiled and whispered her answer in Urdu and it became a sentence I have never forgotten:

*"Too sota rahai. Jaane main tera chehra phir daikhoongi,"*

I am watching you because I am not sure if I will see your face ever again in my life.



Me with Baji & Bari Amman

Her words came true because she died before my next visit to Pakistan nine years later.

The current generation of Bari Amman's family were born in Pakistan and do not know our family because most of them have not been able to visit us in India.

However, I have been lucky enough to meet some of them when I have travelled in Canada, USA and the UK.

**Bari Amman's sister, Phuajaan**, however, stayed in Amroha with her husband Syed Ahmad. In fact, we saw her all the time as her house was next to ours. Syed Ahmad, who I called Phupaji, loved Urdu poetry. Perhaps I developed my love of Urdu poetry from him. He used to recite the poetry of great poets like Josh Malihabadi or Haali when he came to our house in the mornings during my visits to India from Tasmania. He also had a great sense of humour and it was passed on to his son, my favourite first cousin, **Bhai Gulzar**, who was quite a bit older than me.

On the advice of Bhai Gulzar, Babajaan sent me to the Aligarh Muslim University (AMU) in 1955.

Bhai Gulzar persuaded me to join him in the university choir. He was also a skilled actor, both at university and beyond.

Bhai Gulzar completed M.Lib from the AMU. He was the Librarian of the Molana Abul Kalam Azad Library in New Delhi. He married twice. His first marriage was a traditional familiar one in Amroha. They had a daughter, Aarzoo. She married Saeed Naqvi, an engineer. They live in New Delhi.

His second marriage was a love marriage to a Hindu woman he met through his work in Delhi. They built a large house in Delhi together.

Their marriage made him the first person of my generation to marry outside the familial/genetic group.

Usha Bhabi retired as the Director of the Indian Council of Cultural Relations. She was an amazing woman with wonderful social skills but she was also an experienced and daring mountain climber. She led an all Indian women expedition to Kulu Manali region of Himalyas in 1975.

Bhai Gulzar and Usha had a son, Aseem and daughter, Shaila. She got married a month before Bhai Gulzar died. Shaila got married to Pranab Singh, a clinical sales Manager. Shaila is a physiotherapist. They have a son, Atharva, and daughter, Advika. Aseem is married to Zoya. Their baby son is Haider.

Usha Bhabi became the First Secretary and the acting High Commissioner of the Indian High Commission in Indonesia.

Bhai Gulzar died in 2017, aged 84. Usha Bhabi was younger than Bhai Gulzar, and at the time of writing she is still alive and well. She always maintained a kind and friendly relationship with Bhai Gulzar's Amroha family.

*Did anyone else in my generation marry an 'outsider?' Oh, yes, I did!*

So, back to **Nihal Mohd**, my paternal grandfather (Dada).

Before becoming an administrator of the court in Dehradun, Dada was Court administrator in Amroha, and certainly far from being a rich man. Nevertheless, he used to help the poor a lot. Some learned when his payday was and would approach him with their hands outstretched during his walk home from his court. By the time he got home the pockets of his Sherwani were often empty. Apparently this practice made his wife, Sabiha, (Dadi) pretty angry.

After Dada had been in Dehradun for many years, he bought a large block of land on a hillside in Mussoorie, and he built a house there. When we visited we could see Dehradun city from his house at night. My family loved our visits to Mussoorie.

After his retirement Nihal Mohd came back to Amroha. He became the administrator (Mutawalli) of the Imam Bara, the place of rituals for Imam Hussain in Katkoi.

As I was born after three girls, there was huge celebration at our house involving singing. Dada showed his gratitude to Allah for the birth of a grandson by distributing to the poor an amount of wheat equal to my birth weight. My mother used to tell me that my Dada was a very pious person. As an earthly reward, she said, he was buried in a very holy shrine (Qazi sahab mazar) in Agra.

Babajaan told me that my grandfather always declined my father's request to go with his family wherever he was working. Much to my father's surprise my grandfather told my father once that he was coming when he was posted in Mathura. He also asked my father (Babajaan) to take a roll of the white cloth. My father was surprised because white cloth roll had come from Mathura to Amroha. I had a serious accident in Agra with the tanga (horse carriage). During my surgery, due to anger, guilt and grief, my father (Babajan) swore to shoot the horse but was calmly counselled against such action.

My grandfather died in Mathura on Friday. White cloth that he had specifically asked my father to take was used for his coffin suggesting that he knew that his death was imminent. Some people suggested his burial in a Shia holy shrine (Qazi sahab mazar) in Agra, which was few hours' drive from Mathura. Taking his body to Agra was a problem due to the absence of a vehicle. Fortunately my father was made the man in charge of vehicles of his department against his wishes a couple of weeks earlier. Finding a driver was a problem as the next day was a holiday. One of his staff said that one of the drivers called Ganga Ram lived in some suburb but did not know his address. My father went to this area by bike very early in the morning. A man coming towards him said good morning (Namaste). My father asked him if he knew a man called Ganga Ram. Much to my father's surprise the man said that he was Ganga Ram. He recognised my father. My father told him that he needed a driver to take his father's body to Agra. Ganga Ram told him that he would come in a couple of hours. My grandfather's body was taken to Agra. Approval from the Chairman of the Shrine's management Committee had to be obtained before burial. The Chairman lived in a different city. Much to my father's surprise he was in Agra and approved the burial.

Sadly, I only have very vague memories of my grandfather, but I do remember my father carrying him upstairs on his back. I was only four years old when he died in Mathura.

It is a ritual in our family to ask forgiveness and to give advice before death. My mother also told me that my family asked him on his deathbed for forgiveness and if he wanted to say anything to the family. He told her smilingly that he was dying peacefully.

**Parents: Inam Husain and Qamrun Nisa**

**My father**, Inam Husain, who I called Babajaan, was born in 1912. His parents were Nihal Mohd and Sabiha Khatoon.

As a young man, Babajaan, loved art and I have seen his portraits of my grandfather and his friends. One of the leading artists in India advised him to become an artist. However, my grandfather, Nihal Mohd, would not allow it because he thought it was too risky financially.

So, Babajaan completed first year of a BA from Meerut College and a diploma in engineering from Rurki Engineering college. On completion, he became an overseer.

He was very good at sport, as indicated by his many medals. I used to polish his medals and proudly pin them on my shirt when I was nine years old. He played hockey for his engineering college. Babajaan told me that the Principal of his Engineering College told him that he would have sent him to London in a team if he had been a Hindu.

I started playing hockey using his hockey sticks when I was ten.

Babajaan was good at horse riding too and he had fond memories of his horse riding days. When my children (your Mummy or Daddy) were young and he was very old, we got a train up to Mussoorie and we went horse riding. Babajaan was in his element being back on a gentle horse, riding slowly around the Camelback Road.

When he had become old enough to marry, Babajaan married his cousin. No surprises there. But there is good story:

My mother's mother (Kallo) and my father's mother (whose nickname was Sabiha) were sisters. When they were just children themselves they made a pact with each other – when they grew up and got married, one sister would give birth to a baby boy and the other sister would have a baby girl, and when this boy and girl were of marriageable age, the sisters (along with their husbands) would arrange for the boy and girl to be married in a joyous celebration in the Imambara. Sabiha and Kallo had fun planning the wedding for years and years.

So - by the time my father was a toddler and my mother was still in her mother's arms, my parents' fates were already sealed.

*But - A Family Feud Nearly Stopped the Long Arranged Wedding ...*

My maternal grandfather's name was Imran Ali. I called him Nana, but by all accounts he was often angry and his anger nearly prevented the marriage of my parents. He was fighting a court battle about land for years with Aley Ahmed, brother of my grandfather, Nihal Mohd. Aley Ahmad could also be very stubborn and he and Nana threatened to boycott the marriage.

**Nihal Mohd**, who I called **Dada**, stepped in and counselled them both, eventually successfully, and also asked **Inam Husain** (my father) if he was still willing to marry **Qamrun Nisa** (my mother) despite the bitter family feud.

Fortunately for me and my brothers and sisters – and You – my father said “Yes” and the marriage went ahead. Nihal Mohd had made a childhood dream come true for the two sisters, Sabiha and Kallo - and facilitated many more Naqvi lives!

**My Mother**, Qamrun Nisa, who I called **Ammijaan**, was born in 1916 or 1917. None of my relatives seems to know exactly because the births were not registered in those days.

Her parents were Imran Ali (Nana), however, I do not know my maternal grandmother’s birth name but her nickname was Kallo, and her grandchildren called her Nani/Dadi.

Nani was a very short, dark woman. This is why her nickname was Kallo, which means dark. She used to come and go from our house regularly I think, but my memories of interacting with her are scant, possibly because she must have died before I was even six years old.

My mother was sixteen when she got married. As mentioned, I was born after she had given birth to three daughters. My grandmother Sabiha, threatened to find another wife for her son. She said that that Kallo’s daughter, Qamrun Nisa, was failing in her duties to produce a boy.

I often used to tease my mother by saying that my appearance saved her marriage.

I had a very good relationship with Ammijaan’s brother, my uncle Arman Ali, who I called Mamonjan.

When I was leaving for Australia in 1960 he gave me a packet of sand from a well near our house. He asked me to put a teaspoon of this sand into the tap water in Australia, as he believed it would ensure that I would retain good digestion.

I remember going with Mamonjan to the village and farms, which he owned. He liked to go duck shooting on his properties and, at a young age, I liked to go with him. Later on in my life I abhorred the shooting of wildlife for sport.

Ammijaan was the mobile encyclopedia of family matters.

She told me the stories of our family including the fights over even the tiniest bits of land, especially between her father Imran Ali, and Aley Ahmad, her uncle.

However, there was one story that she did not tell. The information leaked out through hushed voices only.

It was a taboo subject in our family. But I will tell you.

When I was small my family owned a property in Mussoorie as well as properties, villages and farmlands around Amroha. The rent from these holdings provided the family's income. **Imran Ali**, my mother's father who I called Nana, used to visit properties, villages and farmlands to collect the rent.

This was a time, not long before the **Partition of India**, and tensions between Hindus and Muslims, and Shias and Sunnis, and the poor and the rich, were running high and fights were frequent.

When Nana went to one of his properties to collect the rent, there was a group of villagers there and they refused to pay their rent.

Nana became very angry and struck out at one of the villagers and a fight broke out. The villagers grabbed Imran Ali and locked him in a flimsy hut of straw and dung, threw a match to the straw and my Dada was burnt alive.

As far as I know nobody was ever charged for murder of my grandfather, Imran Ali.

The reason I don't know is because nobody ever talked about it, and too many similar crimes were happening right across the country. Partition was a tumultuous time in the history of India. It was the time when my family lost their main source of income in the 'New India' holding on only to their residences in Katkoi and the gardens, which produced mangoes and guavas to sell.

My mother never spoke of the horrendous event that culminated in the death of her father. She didn't tell me and I don't remember how I first found out, as my father didn't speak of it either. Too traumatic, I suspect. Too hard to tell a young boy the awful circumstances of his grandfather's death.

Ammijaan had many favorite stories about her life though.

One was that that her doctor advised her to have a tubal ligation after the birth of Intezam in Mathura. She already had three daughters and three sons at that stage.

But my bossy grandmother, Sabiha, said to her, "No, you cannot, because I have always dreamed of having twelve grandchildren."

My mother did not fulfil my grandmother's ambitious dream, but she came very close.

Another was when I asked her what life was like having so many children, one after the other. She said, 'Well, I have spent most of my life carrying one baby on the inside and one on the outside.'



My parents organised their life very well. Babajan worked and controlled the expenditure and Ammi looked after the children and controlled the household servants. They were happy in their traditional roles.

Ammi was a generous and kind person who often sent me out to give money to poor woman, especially widows. Babajaan, after his retirement from engineering, studied homeopathy, an alternative medicine started by a German Dr. Samuel Hahnemann in 1796. He spent many hours studying, treating and advising the poor who lingered outside Dost Ali House about their general health. They knew that Babajaan's advice, and the potions he made, were given for free.

My father designed the gate for Shahwilayat. He put symbols of all major religions on top of the gate signifying that Shahwilyat Sahab belonged everybody.

My parents rarely argued and when I asked Ammi why not, she said, 'Of course we argue. Sometimes we don't talk to each other for days. But we promised each other long ago that life would always be normal in front of the children, and we have kept that promise.'

Even though she had very little education herself Ammijaan made sure that we did our studies. She gave the same loving treatment to all of her children, and grandchildren. However, my brothers and sisters used to joke that I was her favourite as nobody was allowed to say anything bad about me. She used to say frequently "Tera Baita bhi teri tarha saadatmand ho" (I pray that your son will be as dutiful as you are). She told me that she became pregnant with me in Mussoorie – perhaps that is why I love mountainous areas and became a geologist?

## 6. Sisters and Brothers



**Baji**



Jane & I with Baji & Bhai  
Khulque



A picnic in the Mango Gardens



Baji & Her four younger sister



Me with Baji & Bhai Khulque in  
Tandujam

Off to the  
movies in  
Moradabad,  
1975  
From left:  
Ishrat  
Intezam  
Apa  
Baji  
Nargis  
Naheed  
Badrun  
Piyari Bhinno



Jane & Zaibi

**Baji** was born in 1933, she was married at eighteen. In fact, she and her younger sister, Apa, were married on the same night. It rained very heavily on the night of the two weddings.

Baji's husband, Bhai Khulque Mohd, had just completed his MSc in zoology from the Aligarh Muslim University (AMU). Because it was difficult for Muslims to gain a job in India after Partition Bhai Khulque and Baji went to Pakistan, where he became a Chief Entomologist for Sind State. Bhai Khulque was a good host. He always gave me a good time whenever I visited Pakistan.

Financially, the couple were very well off. But Baji never had the child or children, she craved, so life in Pakistan became very lonely for her. Bhai Khulque's post-work activity was often to play cards at his club.

*Your Dadi and Dada / Nani and Nana remember the next part of this story well.*

When we were living in Calgary in Canada, and Jane was pregnant with Kamal/ Papa / Mamu, Bhai Khulque wrote to her by aerogramme and congratulated her on the pregnancy and gave her advice about food and exercise. Jane said, 'That is so sweet.'

Not long after Bhai Khulque's letter Baji also wrote to Jane. She asked if she could have Ikram's first child to raise as her own and she wrote, 'Mehjabeen, you are so healthy that you will be able to have many, many babies.'

Needless to say Jane was pretty shocked, although I was not as donation of a baby to a childless relative was not an unusual practice. Jane did not put her baby on a plane bound for Pakistan.

I think that Bhai and Baji's letters are still stuffed into an old shoebox in one of our multiple stashing spots at Tinderbox; old aerogrammes don't take up much space.

I pleaded with Bhai Khulque to adopt a child from an orphanage, but he refused.

The sadness includes one orphaned baby from amongst the many who could have gained a loving mother, but didn't. And it is tragic as our family came to realize that Baji was slowly descending into acute depression about her situation because of no child. She had needed a family to raise and love, as that had always been her expectation. I don't think Baji was the jealous type, but she must have felt the irony of her sister who married on the same day, easily producing five beautiful children. At the weddings of Apa's two elder sons, Baji's sobs became a frenzy.

When Bhai Khulque died of throat cancer after many years in Tandojam, I travelled to Pakistan and escorted Baji back home to India.

Back in her homeland she enjoyed some happier years living first with Zaibi and Huzeer, then Ehteram and Naheed, and lastly Badrun, Hasan and their lively family, before dying in 2000 aged sixty-seven.

## APA'S FAMILY

Eldest son Kamal & his wife  
Bazmi, their son Suhail, son  
Bilal and daughter Sehar



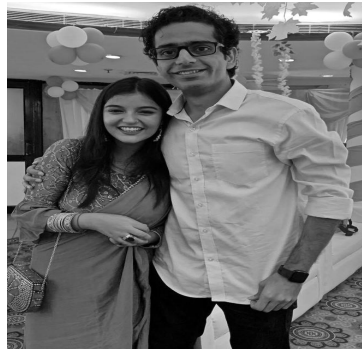
Kamal



Bazmi



Suhail & his wife Sumbul &  
baby son



Bilal & his wife Ummul



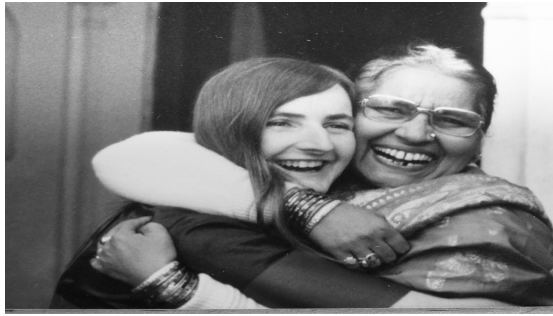
Sehar



Apa's family: L-R: Grandson Faisal, daughter-in-law Hina holding Apa's great-granddaughter Alisha, second son Jamal with Apa's great grandson Kabir, Sonam (Faisal's wife /mother of Kabir and Alisha) and Jamal and Hina's second son Faiz.



My sister, Apa, is a very loving person. L-R: Apa with Jane; Apa with me



#### Apa's family:

Third son **Iqbal (Guddu)** & family

L-R:

Taj (Nazia's husband)

Iqbal

Nazia

Deeba

Neelo

#### Apa's family:

Daughter Yasmin (Ruby) & family

L-R:

Hasan (Ruby's husband)

Ruby

Aiman

Husain (& his wife, Zaib)



Apa's family: Youngest child **Ali Abbas (Raju)**  
& family

L-R:

Ayan

**Raju**

Sana Fatma (Raju's wife)

Ayaz

Asad

**Apa** was born in 1935. She was only sixteen when she was married to Bhai Ibne Hasan Abidi a couple of hours after Baji was married to Bhai Khulque.

I have happy memories, especially eating bairi roti and kabab at their house in Bareilly. Later, when they moved back to Amroha, I recall enjoying many meals cooked by Apa.

Bhai Ibne Hasan loved his mango gardens and went there almost every day to tend them. In the mango season I was more than happy to accompany him. Both Apa (my sister) and Ammijaan (my mother) were producing children almost simultaneously at one point.

I am very close to Apa's children and grandchildren. They are all amazing people who are loving and helpful, like Apa. She and Bhai Ibne Hasan had four handsome sons and a beautiful daughter with a lovely smile - Kamal, Jamal, Iqbal (nicknamed Guddu), Yasmin (nickname: Ruby) and Ali Abbas (nickname: Raju).

Apa and Bhai's children all married then moved away from Amroha to follow their career paths. Kamal and Iqbal became engineers and worked for UPRNN. Iqbal retired as Project Manager and Kamal as General Manager.

Kamal Abidi married Bazmi. Jane and I attended their wedding in Amroha. They have two sons, Suhail and Bilal and a daughter, Sehar. Suhail (nickname: Shanu) and Bilal are married and live in Bangalore, where they both work in IT and Startup.

In 2019 Sehar moved to Melbourne to further her studies in Architecture at RMIT, and as her only relative available in Australia at the time Sehar invited Jane to come to her graduation. Jane was delighted to fly over for the day. She and Sehar get on very well.

Fourteen years old Kamal and I were also able to attend Jamal and Hina's wedding in Amroha. Jamal Abidi was the Librarian at the Jamia Millia Islamia University for many years and he and his family lived in Delhi close to the university. After Jamal's retirement he and Hina share a spacious, modern apartment in Noida with his son Faisal and his wife.

Bhai Ibne Hasan died several years ago and Apa lived on without him in their house in Amroha for many years until fairly recently. At the time of writing (May 2020) Apa is now living comfortably with Jamal and Hina, along with her grandson Faisal and his wife Kaniz Zehra (nickname: Sonam). Apa has a special carer to attend to her needs and she loves being a great grandmother to Faisal and Sonam's small children, Kabir and Alisha.

Faisal is the Co-Founder of RnF Technologies Pvt.Ltd in India, which employs around 400 staff, and has offices in Houston and LA. He heads the services division with clients from across the world. He says that his company's vision is to be driven by values and powered by intellect.

Jamal and Hina's second son Faiz, lives in California, and also works in IT. He gained his Masters degree at Virginia Tech – co-incidentally the same university where Jane's nephew, Dr Richard

Blythe, is the Dean of the College of Architecture and Urban Studies. It seems a pity that Richard began his position at the prestigious university about six months after Faiz graduated. Small world!

Iqbal Abidi (Guddu) has recently retired as an engineer, and he and his wife, Neelo, lived in New Delhi and raised two beautiful, vibrant daughters, Nazia and Deeba.

Neelo is currently a Senior Architect in CPWD and was posted to Mumbai just before the start of Lockdown in 2020, due to the outbreak of the Corona Virus. So, at the time of writing, she is in Delhi with Deeba.

Nazia works in HR and is married to Taj Naqvi, who works as creative director in a company called Isobar. They live in Gurgaon. Deeba completed her MBA from Pune in April 2020 and joined a company also based in Gurgaon.

Yasmin Abidi (Ruby) was a teacher for some years, before marrying Hasan Shuja. Hasan has now retired as Senior Most Engineer from the Department of Electricity, AMU, Aligarh. The Shuja family live in Aligarh and have two sons Husain and Hasan and a daughter, Aiman.

Husain is married to Zaib. He is a B.Tech Engineer in Noida.

After completing a B.B.A. from India Hasan went to New Zealand to do a Graduate Diploma in Operations and Project Management from the Ara Institute of Canterbury and is now working as a Dispatch Administration for Goodman Fielder in Christchurch.

Apa's youngest child, Ali Abbas Abidi (Raju), who has a great sense of humour, lives in Mumbai where he is the coordinator (WR) for Alliance Air (Air India) and he and his wife, Sana Fatma, have two sons and a daughter. At the time of writing Asad is 19 and studying engineering from IIT Bhilai, Ayaz is 17 and studying for a Bachelor of Mass Media and their daughter, Ayan is 10, and in Year 6. He is around the same age as my grandson Zain.

Jane speaks only a little amount of Urdu, but she attributes most of what she has learned to Apa. She reckons she was a brilliant teacher. Every time Jane attended a family wedding in India, Apa taught her a little more. She was patient, said each word slowly and clearly and laughed a lot.

Apa, amazingly, can still remember the song, which was sung for my Maktab. This is a special tradition, which celebrates the birth after four years and four months and four days. It is an original, poetic song especially composed for baby boys.

Maktab is one of those traditions that has disappeared. Apa not only remembers the words of my Maktab, but is still able to sing it. Jamal and Faisal say jokingly that my song is the only thing she still remembers. At the time of writing Apa is 85.



## PIYARI BHINNO'S FAMILY



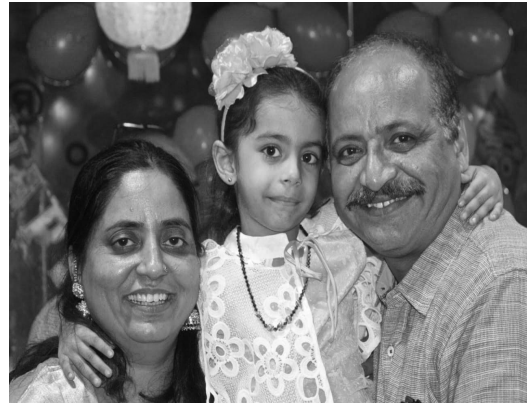
When we were young and beautiful



Always good to come home



A family of Mango Lovers – from our own gardens



Piyari Bhinno's younger son Firoz (Munna) with his wife Ashi (Sheeba) and their daughter Sakina



Munna takes the family photo: L-R: Zohra (Gurya) Piyari Bhinno's daughter and her husband, Jamal, and their family. Qamar (Pappu) – at the end on the right - Piyari Bhinno's elder son with his wife Zarrien and their family.

Piyari Bhinno was two years older than me, and born in 1938 and she was also my closest friend. We loved each other very much and we fought a lot, as close siblings tend to do.

When she was born Ammijaan said that our grandfather, Nihal Mohd, refused to see the third baby girl's face for three days because he was expecting a grandson. I used to tease Piyari Bhinno by reminding her of this.

She and I went to the Aligarh Muslim University together in 1955. She was the first girl in the Amroha Shia community to live in a hostel. I enjoyed visiting her in the Girls College, as I could also meet her girlfriends. Piyari Bhinno obtained a Bachelor of Arts degree in 1957. She was pretty, intelligent and keen to undertake a higher degree.

But Bhai Adil, a distant cousin, intervened in that plan.

He was smitten with my sister. To help his case he used to bribe me to put in good words for him by taking me to nice restaurants in Lucknow. I must have fallen into his trap because instead of undertaking further study Piyari Bhinno was married to Bhai Adil in 1960, just a few months after I came to Australia.

Bhai Adil was a lecturer in Chemistry in the Shia College in Lucknow. He became the Principal of the Shia College.

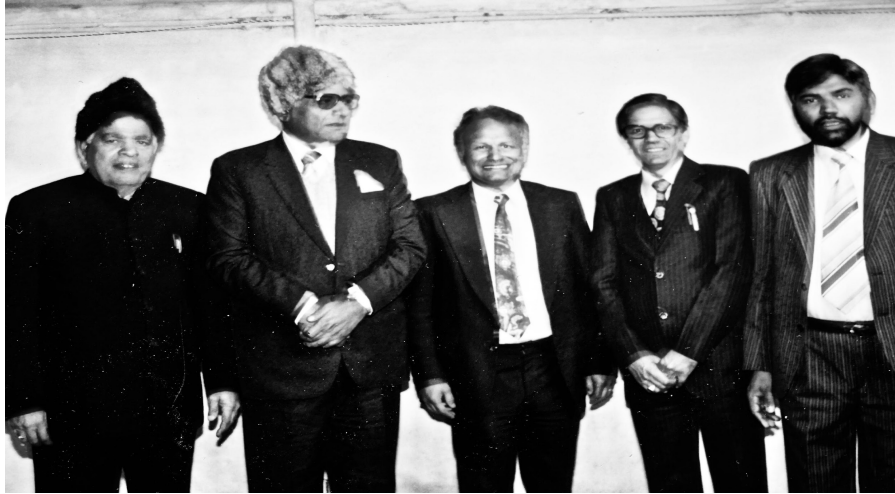
Piyarri Bhinno and Bhai Adil had two sons, Qamar (nickname: Pappu) and Firoz (nickname: Munna), and a daughter Zohra (nickname: Guria). They are all married with children and have lived in Lucknow for most of their lives.

Qamar runs his own business and his wife, Zarrein, is a Professor teaching English in the Shia College in Lucknow. They have a daughter, Saman Adil and a son, Mohd Abbas Adil.

Munna's full name is Syed Firoz Adil Naqvi. He did a Master of Computer Application from AMU in 1988 after a B.Sc. He works in Lucknow and his job title is Scientist – G / Deputy Director General. All very formal for a man with a wide and welcoming smile, and who laughs a lot. Munna is married to Ashi (nickname: Sheeba) and they have a beautiful little girl called Sakina Adil Naqvi.

Zohra Adil Naqvi (Nickname: Gurya) gained a BA and an MA from Lucknow University. She married Jamal Qaiser Naqvi and they lived in Dubai from 2014 to 2018. Jamal has an MBA and has been working in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, since 2018, as the Merchandising Manager in AL Yasra Foods, whilst Gurya returned to live in Lucknow with their three children to be close to family and good schools.

Gurya's son Mohd Ashraf is in Class X11, her daughter Mehwish is in Class V11 and younger son Arshad is in Class V. Arshad may be a similar age to our grandson, Zain.



**BROTHERS – IN- LAW – 1967**

L-R: My sister Apa's husband, Bhai Ibne Hassan (dec), my sister Piyari Bhinno's husband Bhai Adil (dec), me, my younger sister Badrun's husband Hasan Mohd and my youngest sister Zaibi's husband Huzoor Khan, Baji's husband, Bhai Khulque (missing).

## IKRAM'S FAMILY

My wife Jane, my children,  
my daughter-in-law, my sons-  
in-law,  
and my seven precious  
grandchildren



Zoe Jane Catherine Rache



Yasmin & her husband Joel



Noah Sydney Rache



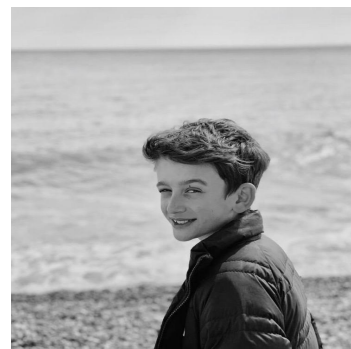
Kamal & his wife Sabiha with their children Aaliya Shirin, Zain Intezam & Amaan Ikram



Mia Yasmin Cison



Zehra & her husband Scott



Zac Julian Inam Cison

**IKRAM (me):** born in 1940

According to my grandfather's register I was born at home at midnight on 24 February 1940.

At the time of my birth there was no official registration of births and deaths.

However, at the time of entering school my father submitted my birth date as being the 1st July 1942, to coincide with the beginning of the academic year – and possibly as a buffer in case I failed exams! Ever since then I have lived with the second date. It is stamped into my passport. After completing High School from I.M. Inter College in Amroha I went to the AMU in Aligarh in 1955 where I completed Intermediate and BSc.

I then came to Hobart Australia in 1960 where I completed a BSc and BSc (Hons.) in Geology at the University of Tasmania.

In 1967 I migrated to Calgary, Canada after receiving a scholarship to undertake a Masters Degree in Geology at the University of Calgary.

I married my Australian fiancé, Jane, in Calgary in 1969.

My father organised our Nikah in Amroha (we weren't there so it was a 'virtual' nikah). Jane's Nikah name is Mehjabeen. She doesn't acknowledge it much, mainly because her sister, Annette, used to tease her by calling her 'beautiful Moonface,' which is the meaning of Mehjabeen in Urdu. Annette thought the translation was very funny.

Our son, Kamal was born in 1970. I decided to return to Hobart in 1971 to accept a post as an engineering geologist with the Hydro-Electric Commission. Before going back to Hobart we travelled through Europe and the UK and then on to India. We stayed for a month with our baby boy in my ancestral home until after his first birthday which was much celebrated with balloons, photos and singing. We were also able to participate in my younger sister Badrun's wedding. Jane learned a bit of Urdu, mainly from Apa, which came in very handy because she was able to communicate (slightly) with the non-English speaking members of my family, particularly my

mother.

It was a major learning experience for Jane as she has always maintained that I had not prepared her well enough for India, let alone for life in Amroha.

I worked as a Geologist for many years, and then I took a completely different path. I became the State Director of Freedom From Hunger (FFH) in 1987 and, six months later was appointed as the National Appeals Director in addition to my state responsibility. Oxfam merged with FFH in 1992 and I became the National Fund raising Director and the State Director of the organization. In 1987 I was invited to become the State Director of Save the Children. I retired in 2001.

I started the Amroha International Society (AIS) in 2002 because I always wanted to help poor people of my hometown, Amroha regardless of religion. At the time of writing we have carried out 34 eye camps, examining about 10,000 people resulting in over 3000 cataract operations. We have also given 120 scholarships for tertiary education. During the 2020 Corona Virus crisis, from past experience I knew how to go about the raising money to buy food for people who were starving in my hometown, because their menial jobs had disappeared. My knowledge/education/skills saved lives.

Jane had a Diploma in Teaching from Hobart and then did her B.Ed. from the University of Calgary, a Graduate Diploma in Educational Studies from the Armidale College of Advanced Education and a Master of Education Studies at the University of Tasmania. She taught in Calgary for two years and in Tasmania for over 30 years. Her last appointment was Head of a Middle School. Our beautiful daughters were born in Hobart, Tasmania, Zehra Jane in 1973 and Yasmin Qamar in 1975.

Kamal, Zehra and Yasmin all obtained their degrees from the University of Tasmania. Kamal gained a Bachelor of Economics and Laws followed by Honours in Economics, Zehra gained a BA majoring in Japanese, followed by a Diploma of Education before undertaking a Dramatic Arts course in Melbourne. Yasmin gained her degree in Arts and Laws with Honours in Law. Following these she gained her Masters and PhD from the Graduate Institute and Development Studies in Geneva, Switzerland.

In 1998 Kamal married Sabiha and the ceremony was held in Dost Ali House, in Amroha. Sabiha and Kamal lived in England where Kamal worked in the banking sector and played a lot of hockey with the Indian Gymkhana where he also had a voluntary administrative and coaching role. Kamal and Sabiha's children Amaan, Aaliya and Zain were born in London. In 2018 the family moved to Sydney where Kamal is a Managing Director, Head of Investor Relations & Business Development. He enjoys travelling to work by ferry over Sydney Harbour.

Zehra also went to London and lived with Kamal and Sabiha for a while, whilst acting on the West End. She played the female lead (Priya) in the memorable 'Bombay Dreams.'

Zehra and Yasmin threw off the mantle of marrying within the Naqvi familial / genetic group. It had never actually been a consideration. Zehra married Scott Cison, an American, in Sorrento, Italy, in May 2006.

Scott is a singer/song writer and voice-over artist, whilst Tenors Unlimited – the Rat Pack of Opera has been his main project and passion for more than 15 years. Scott was born in Chicago and attended the University of Illinois, studying Engineering. However, after singing and acting auditions in New York City, he found himself in Germany as the lead in the musical ‘Grease’ and then was in musicals on the West End in London. In many ways his life trajectory was similar to Zehra’s

Zehra and Scott and their children, Zac (nickname: Zacci) and Mia (nickname: Mimi) now live in Brighton and Hove, UK. At the time of writing Zac is 12 years old and is in Year 7 at The Kings School in Hove and Mia is 10 and in Year 6 at St Andrews School in Hove.

Whilst Zehra is no longer on stage she has extended her acting skills to that of the voice-over artist. Her work includes commercial, animation, gaming, narration and singing. Due to her diverse background from heritage and acting experience she is able to do many of her assignments in a variety of accents including British RP, Indian and Australian.

Yasmin married Joel Rache, an Australian, in Tasmania, in December 2006.

Like Kamal, Zehra and Yasmin, Joel undertook his under-graduate studies at the University of Tasmania. For several years he worked in Western Australia gaining experience in the area of HR in the mining industry before undertaking further studies at the Webster Leiden Campus – Webster University USA. The Leiden campus is in The Netherlands, between Amsterdam and The Hague. Joel works at the International Criminal Court (ICC) in The Hague, leading the areas of Project Management, Continuous Improvement and Change Management.

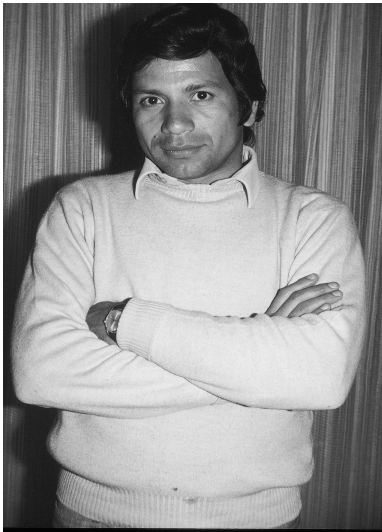
Yasmin works for The Organization for the Prohibition of Chemical Weapons (OPCW) in The Hague. She is the Principal Advisor to the Deputy Director-General. Prior to her current job Yasmin worked for the International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia.

Yasmin and Joel and their children, Zoe and Noah, love living and working in The Hague. Their house is close to the city centre, the kids’ school, the International Zone and a very long beach. Yasmin, Joel, Zoe and Noah are all able to ride to work/school on their bicycles. Very Dutch! At the time of writing Zoe and Noah both attend HSV (an international school). Zoe is 10 and in Year 5 and Noah is 8 and in Year 3.

Jane and I are enjoying our retirement. Every year, except for this one – 2020, the year of the Covid virus – we travel overseas to the UK and The Hague to visit Zehra and Scott, Yasmin and Joel and our grandchildren. Unfortunately, at the time of writing, we cannot even visit Kamal and Sabiha and our ‘Australian’ grandchildren, due to Australia’s strict Lockdown rules. However, we still love living at Tinderbox, Tasmania, looking out over land and sea, and intend to do so for as long as possible. At the time of writing Jane is 75 and I am 80.



## ISLAM'S FAMILY



Above & right: Islam in his  
early Hobart days

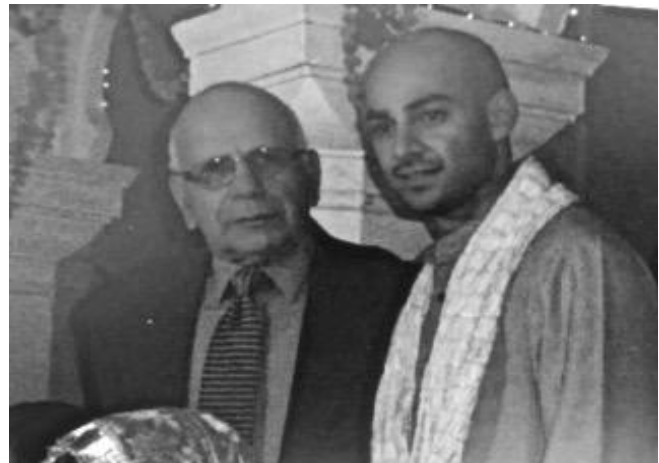


Islam with Salmaan outside his  
house n Melbourne



Salmaan & his wife Yasmin at  
their wedding

Islam &  
Salmaan at  
Nihal's  
wedding







Islam greeting his son-in-law Zameer & his granddaughter



Aziza & her husband Zumeer and family - daughter Yasmeen & newborn son Amari

**Islam** was born in 1943.

Islam was 18 months older than Intezam and for convenience they were entered into the same class at primary school.

Islam loved kite flying in summer, even when it was very hot. He would go up to the flat roof on top of our house and compete with other skilful kite flyers trying to knock each other's kites out of the sky. He was very good at it. When my mother realized where he was, she would say, 'Ikram, go and find your brother and bring him here at once. If his eyes are red from too much sun, I will be very cross with him.'

Islam had a fiery temper when provoked and, as a young boy, he would berate other boys for doing wrong things such as teasing girls. And he achieved fame when he even beat up the most famous young thug in Amroha!

On the other hand, ironically, this young kite flyer and fighter's greatest passion was art. His first significant effort was to redo a portrait of my grandfather, which my father had done.

When Islam finished his schooling, Babajaan respected his interest in art, and he sent him to the Arts School in Lucknow where he completed a Diploma in Commercial Arts. From that time he gave me a landscape he had painted in Lucknow; it is a meditative piece that I love. I don't think Lucknow is like that today. Islam also played football and cricket for his Arts College. He enjoyed his five years of living there.

Islam was then invited to Mumbai to work in the movie industry with the famous film director and producer Kamal Amrohi, who was born and bred in Amroha. Bhai Kamal liked Islam and appreciated his work, and after some time Islam became engaged to his daughter, Ruksar. However, after a couple of years Islam returned to Amroha, a shattered man. His engagement had been broken. He did not want to live in Mumbai any more.

Islam immigrated to Australia on 24 August 1972. He continued his painting in Hobart for a time and he had two very successful exhibitions. His genre was painting landscapes, which were

calming, different and beautiful. He loved the Tasmanian landscape and painted it profusely. Unfortunately, time and money impinged on creating art and he gave up Fine Arts painting in 1975 to concentrate on newspaper advertising.

He went to India to marry Nikhat, in Kanpur, and then brought her to Hobart. A few years later Islam left advertising and the couple bought a business in the small town of Copping. At the same time as running it for many years Islam and Nikhat raised their son, Salman, and daughter, Aziza. During their years in Copping they had many friends visiting them and also had relatives to stay. Nearly every weekend when our kids were young we went to Copping, and our children grew up to be very close. Later, when Islam and Nikhat separated, Islam moved to Melbourne, whilst Nihat moved to Hobart.

Islam bought a block of land in a new suburb, Deer Park, near Sunshine, and his house was one of the first built there. It was a lovely home and Islam worked hard to create a brilliant garden of which he was very proud. Salmaan lived with him there during his University Studies, before leaving to work overseas. Islam married again, to Noori, and he enjoyed some years of retirement before falling into ill health and dementia. He died in August 2019, aged 76.

Coincidentally, Salman and Aziza both married Americans of Indian origin well out of the usual familial/genetic group.

After a marriage in the US, Salmaan (now with the nickname Sal) and his wife, Yasmin, had wonderful wedding celebrations at both the Hobart City Hall and Wrest Point, arranged by Nikhat. The celebrations brought together many people who had not seen each other for many years. They were also attended by friends and relatives from the US as well as Melbourne, Sydney and Tasmania. The speeches about Salmaan were hilarious and the many references to his father, Islam, were tender and loving. The dance moves were memorable. Salmaan and Yasmin live and work in New York.

Aziza met her husband, Zameer, when he was on a business trip to Australia. After their marriage at Wrest Point in Tasmania (which unfortunately Jane and I missed as we were in the UK) Aziza and Zameer lived in Atlanta in the US for a couple of years, but returned to Australia in August 2019. Although Aziza wanted to spend more time with her Dad in his later years, sadly this was denied her due to his advanced illness and dementia. She was, however, with him when he died. At the time of writing Aziza and Zameer live in Sydney, not far from Kamal and Sabiha and their family, with their small daughter Yasmeen and baby son, Amari.

## INTEZAM'S FAMILY



Intezam getting  
his wings  
from Sardar  
Swaran Singh,  
Defence  
Minister in  
1967



Left:  
Nihal  
with  
Nargis,  
Zoya, &  
Anaya  
&  
Rayan



Intezam has connected our families through  
marriage and a lot of laughter



**Intezam** was born in 1945.

Even though he was five years younger than me, Intezam and I had a very close relationship. He had a great sense of humour and was always the life of the party. We used to create havoc together. Much about him has been written in 'Safarnama'.

He was doing a BSc in Aligarh Muslim University while my father was in Aligarh. He was bright student, but not a dedicated one. To his delight, whilst in Aligarh, he was selected to take part in an Air Force camp, and his passion for flight was kindled.

He undertook his further training in New Delhi and qualified as a helicopter pilot with the Indian Air force, reaching the rank of Squadron Leader.

Strangely, the same fortune-teller who had predicted that I would study beneath the ground to find minerals, also predicted that Intezam would fly in the sky.

Intezam and Nargis often joked about the size of the extended Naqvi family. 'It's so big', they would say, 'that to hold a baby's first birthday party, we don't need to invite any friends because just our family will number a hundred.'

Tragically, Intezam died in action in 1984, still a young man of 39. The Indian Air Force told us that a rocket from Pakistan hit his helicopter in the Sachin area.

He left behind his distraught wife, Nargis, and two young children, Sabiha and Nihal. Nargis worked tirelessly to re-build a life for herself and her children. She gained an M.A and MBA and manages her own very successful business in Noida.

Many years after his death Squadron Leader I.H. Naqvi was pronounced as one of India's National Heroes.

Intezam and Nargis's daughter Sabiha, married Jane's and my son, Kamal, in 1998. The wedding took place in Amroha. It was a traditional Amroha wedding, except the guests included a lot of bemused Tasmanians.

Sabiha is a graduate with a BA, and she had two awesome jobs before she and Kamal were married. The first was working for a helicopter flight company in The Maldives. Prior to her second job Sabiha went back to studying, and gained a Diploma in Media and Public Relations, which lead to work in a Television Production Company in Noida called Doordarshan.

After her marriage to Kamal, her job in London was in with a Phone Company, where she worked in Customer Relations and Marketing.

And then, along came their first child, Amaan. Nargis, Jane and I now share our three 'Once English' but now 'Australian' grandchildren.

At the time of writing Amaan is 19 and is at Macquarie University in Sydney, Aaliya is 17 and in Year 11 at Redlands School and Zain is 12 and is in his last year of Lane Cove Primary School. The family has recently bought a house in Longueville on Sydney's North Shore.

Nargis and Intezams's son Nihal, who is a few years younger than Sabiha, gained a Bachelor in Dental Sciences from India and a Masters in Healthcare Management from the UK. He has a dental practice in Noida.

Between November and December in 2011, our daughter Zehra, Jane and I spent three weeks in India attending Nihal's wedding to Manzilut (nickname: Zoya). Before her marriage Zoya completed a Masters degree in Bio Science.

Nihal and Zoya's wedding was comprised of many functions; traditional ones in Amroha and a lavish reception in Delhi, which included many of Intezam and Nargis's friends from the Indian Air Force.

Nihal and Zoya live with Nargis in her home in Noida. They have three children. At the time of writing Anaya is 6 and attending school, Rayan is a mischievous 2 year old and and Shanaya, at the time of writing, is still a tiny baby.

Having her grandchildren with her ensures a wonderful and happy time for Nargis.

**Badrun Nisa** was born in 1947.

Badrun was always lively and had a great sense of humour. She was kind, ambitious and a very hard worker. At the many Rajaagas held in our home, her singing voice was a dominant force and her laughter could always be heard.

In 1971 she married Hasan Mohd, in Amroha. Her wedding was the first Amroha wedding that Jane experienced and she was fascinated by the traditions that accompanied it. Hasan was an accountant with the Delhi Electricity Board, and they lived in Delhi. They had two daughters, Huma and Shama, and a son, Haider.

Badrun completed a B.Ed. at same time as starting a kindergarten in her home. The kindergarten was very popular in her neighbourhood and became quickly over subscribed, and they desperately needed new premises. They found a plot of land with enough space and, from a humble start within their own home, Badrun and Hasan built a dedicated school, which gradually moved upwards to become a Kindergarten to secondary school. It was a long but successful journey from the Yamuna Vihar Kindergarten to the esteemed institution of the Fahan International School (FIS).

During the years of school growth and development, Badrun and Hasan's children grew up, gained excellent academic qualifications at prestigious universities in Delhi, and had work experience in a variety of areas, before continuing their careers by working for the Fahan International School (FIS). Haider, who has an MBA, joined the school as its Human Resources and Business Manager.

Badrun and Hasan are now grandparents, and slowing down their day-to-day involvement in Fahan International School (FIS) although Badran is still the Chairperson.

Huma married Shandar Naqvi. He has a B.Tech (Civil) and he works in the Construction Industry. Huma has a B.Com and runs a Play School in greater Noida which is affiliated with the Fahan International School. Huma and Shandar have three children, daughter Malika and sons Karrar and Jarraar,

Shama's husband is Aslam Abidi, and they also have three children, daughter Sani, and sons Amir and Arshaan. They also run a small school in Delhi, which is affiliated with the Fahan International School.

Haider married Riffat (nickname: Riffi) the daughter of my brother, Ehteram, and they too, have three children. As an MA and B.Ed Riffi was a teacher at the Fahan International School, before her husband became its Human Resources and Business Manager.

Riffi and Haider have two daughters and a son, Aleena Zehra 10 and in 6th class, Mohd Abeer 5 and in 1st class and Aayat Zehra, aged 3 and in pre-nursery. Aleena is the same age as my granddaughters, Mia and Zoe. The motto of FIS is 'Let My Light Shine,' and I am so proud that my sister, Badrun, grabbed the opportunity to let her light shine – in many directions.

## BADRUN'S FAMILY



Badrun and Hasan & their Children & Grandchildren



The Founding Principal & Chair Person of FIS



Badrun's daughters Huma & Shama



The years keep rolling along ...



Badrun's daughter-in-law, Riffi





## EHTESHAM

Ehtesham was born in 1949.

He died, suddenly, when he was only eighteen. Sadly, I never really got to know my brother, Ehtesham. I left home for Aligarh University when he was only six years old. I only returned home for a short while after Aligarh when he was eleven and I was about to set sail for Tasmania. I was more excited about discussing travel arrangements with Babajaan than talking to or playing games with an eleven-year-old brother.

When I came back to Amroha from Tasmania on one University break I saw that Ehtesham had grown to become the tallest person in my family.

When Ehtesham was nearly eighteen Babajaan wanted to find a business to invest in for his eminent retirement. He found one. A brick factory.

Babajaan needed a manager and, as Ehtesham was not academically inclined, needed a job, and expressed eagerness in the business enterprise, Babajaan was able to satisfy both needs. Ehtesham's height made him look older than his years and he managed the factory conscientiously for the short period of time he had left in his life.

Our family had always believed that Ehtesham died of a heart attack while beating his chest, a Shia religious ritual known as Matam.

However, I found out that this was not an accurate rendition of what actually happened when I met an Indian doctor in London fifteen years ago. This man had been a medical student at the time, and was called upon to ascertain the cause of Ehtesham's death. He told me that Ehtersham did not die from a heart attack.

A few days before his death Ammi and Babajaan had gone to Jogirampura, which is a very holy place for Shias as it was built to praise Hasrat Ali. It is a place where an annual Majlis and Matam are carried out over a few days.

Ehtesham was left at home to look after house management and the brick factory. Whilst at the brick factory, without telling anyone, Ehtesham must have suddenly decided to ride his motorbike to join his parents. Jogirampura is three hours from Amroha, a long ride by motorbike in the extreme heat of July.

When he arrived, however, instead of looking for his parents amongst the crowd, he went into the Shrine, and joined a group of men in a small room and began to carry out a vigorous Matam.

**Ehtesham** was tired, the small room was stuffy, the temperature was extremely high, the beating of his chest amounted to the most strenuous of exercise and he began to have difficulty breathing. It has been told that he stopped for a moment, fell to the floor where he stayed



briefly, before standing up and starting to beat his chest again.

There was a lack of oxygen in the little room, and my brother died in there. The doctor I met in London stated that asphyxiation was the cause of his death. Babajaan could never face the brick factory again. He sold it at a loss.



**Ammijan and my brothers farewelling me on my journey overseas. 1967**

The only brother missing from this photograph is Ishrat, who was only seven and probably playing with his friends at the time this historic shot was taken.

Etheram told me recently that we never managed to have a photo taken with all of our brothers together.

*Left to Right:* Ehteram, Intezam (dec), me, Ammi (dec), Islam (dec) and Ehtesham (dec).

## EHTERAM'S FAMILY

**Ehteram** was born in 1951. As for Ehtesham I do not have many memories of Ehteram's childhood as I was in Aligarh and overseas for most of it. But I did know he had a bit of a temper like his brother, Islam, but also like Islam, he had a great sense of humour. Once, Jane and I asked Ehteram to visit Nainital with us. In a restaurant I was concerned about leaving too much food on the dining table after finishing our meal. Ehteram told me not to worry about it. Within a minute or so, much to my surprise he had finished it all up including the bottle of tomato sauce.

He completed a BA degree, but unlike his brothers and sisters he is the only person who chose to stay to live in our family home, Dost Ali House, next to the Imambara, adjacent to the Mosque and the Gate that signify Katkoi.

Because of Ehteram, Dost Ali House is still our ancestral home. It is also where my brothers and sisters grew up, where our memories were made, our secrets held, our careers and marriages plotted, and we are all grateful that Ehteram stayed there.

Many family marriages have been held in Dost Ali House, including the marriage of Kamal and Sabiha. When we brought Jane's family and friends to Amroha for Kamal and Sabiha's wedding, they marvelled at the house itself and revelled in the friendliness of all those who considered Dost Ali House their home. All thanks to Ehteram and his lovely wife, Naheed.

Naheed and Ehteram had five daughters, Rushna, Riffat (nickname: Riffi), Ismi, Maryam and Fatma (nickname: Paiker), who all became well-educated (as well as very beautiful) women. They have all now married and made Ehteram and Naheed into the grandparents of ten granddaughters and two grandsons. Fortunately, I don't think grandparents in Amroha are so gender-specific in their wants these days.

None of Naheed and Ehteram's daughters lives in Amroha. Along with their husbands and children Rushna lives in Jedda, Riffi in Delhi, Ismi and Maryam in Ghaziabad and Fatma in Dubai.

Rushna is married to Moosa and all of our family went to her wedding. They have three children. Riffi married Haidar, the son of my sister, Badrun, and they have three children. Ismi and Maryam are married to two brothers, Ismi to Abbas and Maryam to Rahil, and there are three children in each family.

Fatma is married to Haider Mujtaba, a Mechanical Engineer working at Ramboll, a Danish Engineering Company working in the Middle East as well as in the UK, Europe and Denmark. Fatma and Haider have a son, Irtiza Mustafa, who is 3 years old at the time of writing. Ehteram and Naheed remain contented in Dost Ali house, enjoying Amroha life and looking after the family mango gardens.



A young  
Ehteram

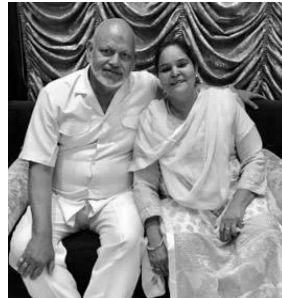
A recent shot of Ehteram's daughters



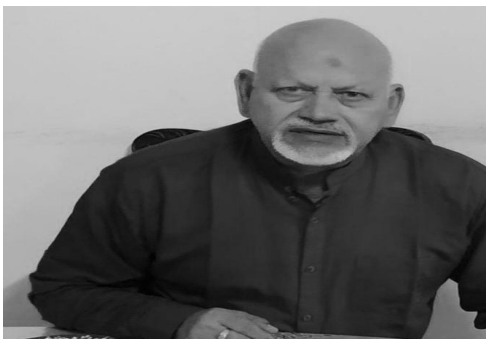
Rushna



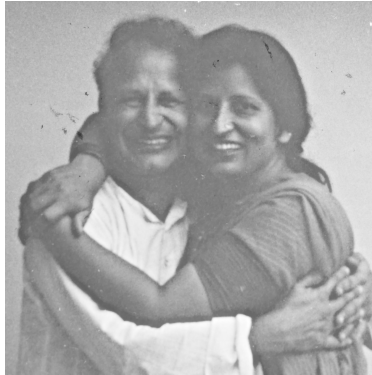
Ismi  
Recent  
photos of  
Etheram &  
Naheed



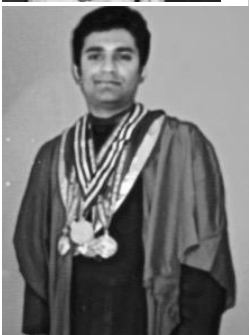
Many marriages took place  
in Dost Ali House where Ehteram's daughters grew up



## ZAIBI'S FAMILY



Zaibi & her husband Huzoor Khan in the USA with their family. L- R: Abbas, Zainab's husband Ahmad & Zainab with daughter Zahra, Husain & his wife Tanzeen & Abbas's wife Zahra. Two recent arrivals: To Husain & Tanzeen, a son Ali Reza. To Abbas & Zahra a daughter Sukayna



Zaibun (nickname Zaibi) was born in 1954. She was a very bright child with a wide smile that lit up her whole face. Like Badrun, Zaibi was ambitious and liked to excel. Her English was almost as fluent as her Urdu. When she was heading towards a marriageable age I heard her scoff at offers of marriage, 'So what if he's a doctor. I don't care; I could become a doctor myself.'

Zaibi completed her BSc from the IT College in Lucknow. She followed this with a Masters degree from the AMU before she got married. She also completed a PhD after her marriage.

Her husband was from Amroha and Babajaan liked Huzoor Khan very much because he was a 'self-made' man. They married in 1988. Huzoor was a passionate mathematician who did his PhD at the AMU, became a Professor there and continued teaching until his retirement.

After her children were born Zaibi became an Associate Professor in Education at the AMU and also taught there for a long time.

Zaibi and Huzoor's first child was Zainab, who I remember as being a very cheeky, cute baby like her mother. Her father-in-law was angry with Zaibi for not producing a boy, and would not even look at her baby for a while. A few years on Zaibi had two boys. Husain came first, then Abbas.

All three of Zaibi and Huzoor's children have chosen to study and reside in the USA. Zainab and Abbas obtained a Bachelor of Dentistry from Boston University. Zainab went on to do a PhD at the Harvard Dental School. Both Zainab and Abbas are now practising dentistry in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Zainab is married to Ahmad, an American of Shia Indian origin, and they have a daughter, Zahra. Abbas married an Amroha relative, Zahra Naqvi, and at the time of writing they have just had their first child, a daughter, Sukayna.

Husain obtained his MBA from INSEAD in France, and works with computers. His first marriage was with Sana, Mumtaz and Ishrat's daughter. However, Sana and Husain had different expectations of their marriage. They made the difficult and somewhat traumatic decision to divorce and move on and Sana returned to Australia. Husain is now married to Tanzeem, a young woman from Amroha, who is a dentist. They are both overjoyed to have had their first child, Ali Reza. They live in New Jersey.

Zaibi and Huzoor are proud of their clever and successful family and are happy to be able to enjoy their American-born grandchildren as often as possible.

## ISHRAT'S FAMILY



The Boy in Amroha



The Student in Tasmania & Ballarat, Victoria



The Senior Project Engineer in Hume, Melbourne



L-R: Asad, husband of Ishrat's daughter Sana, Ishrat's wife Mumtaz, Ishrat & son Ali



Ammijaan with Ishrat & Mumtaz on their Wedding day



Me with Islam & Ishrat



Ishrat was born in 1960, about six months after I came to Australia.

Ammijaan was pregnant with Ishrat before I left Amroha for Australia. I had a photo of her with a bulging tummy. But I didn't go back to India for four years.

Enough time to finish my B.Sc in Geology

Enough time to be a poor student who cooked meals over a bar radiator

Enough time in the holidays to get work experience

Enough time to follow a madman in Rosebery who loved to catch poisonous snakes

Enough time to earn a little money at EZ in Rosebury and Maydena and at the Bureau of Mineral Resources in Canberra.

Enough time to meet Jane and enough time to fall in love with her

Enough time to forget that I had a little brother I had never seen.

I went back to India during the University Summer Holiday break in 1964, before going back to The University of Tasmania to do my Honours degree.

After our raucous and happy greetings I sat on a palung chatting with everyone, when a small boy appeared and stood solemnly in front of me and stared into my face.

'Well, who's this bloke?' I said in a mock Aussie accent.

Everyone laughed before crying out, 'He's your little brother.'

When Ishrat was about nineteen, my parents brought him to Tasmania. By this time Islam and Nikhat were also living in Tasmania not far from us, so my parents had a wonderful visit. When they went back to India, they left Ishrat with Jane and me.

Our three kids loved having Ishrat as a big brother and there was a lot of laughter in our house. He enrolled at Rosny College and after two years he matriculated and was able to apply for a university entrance in Engineering. Ishrat completed his Bachelor of Engineering from Victoria University in Ballarat. He was away from all his relatives; it was a long, hard slog but he made it. He was ready for the world of engineering projects. He was also ready for the marriage project.

My eldest sister and I were the ones who found Mumtaz. When we met her, we knew she was perfect for Ishrat. And we were right. She was lovely, sensible, kind, organized, patient and Mumtaz and Ishrat have been the perfect couple ever since.

Ishrat has worked on a variety of engineering projects from Western Australia to Shepparton, and finally where he and Mumtaz had always wanted to settle - Melbourne. Both of their children, Sana and Ali, were born and raised there. They love Melbourne and the suburb of Tarneit with its fast and easy commute by train to the city.

For some time Ishrat has been the Senior Project Engineer in the Hume City Council in Melbourne. And for some strange reason, within his workplace, his nickname is Morris.



Mumtaz gained certification in Child Care from Australia and for some time enjoyed working in that profession.

Sana and Ali both work in Melbourne. Sana has a Bachelor of Business Studies and is now in the process of an MBA. She works for AIG-Multinational Accounts Specially.

Ali has a degree in Politics and Economics. Like his father he also works for a council, the Werribee Council. When Ali was a student he worked for UniQlo in the city centre and he claims he could fold a shirt for display in a matter of seconds. Because he is handsome he also got asked to model, but I don't think he took on the offer.

Ishrat, Mumtaz and Ali shared Sana's anguish during her time in the US in an unhappy marriage situation resulting in her return to Melbourne. Since then, however, Sana has married Asad. Asad completed a Bachelor of Computer Science in Goa, India, and followed it up with an MBA in the US. He worked in the US for Pearson as Product Manager, with whom he is continuing to work, but now from Melbourne. Sana and Asad are happily looking forward to a bright future in Australia.

For many years Ishrat, Mumtaz and their family helped to care for Islam when he was fading away from the man he used to be.

Beyond the sad last years with Islam, including stressful times with Islam's wife Noori, the Melbourne Naqvi's life has been filled with friends and functions within their Muslim-Australian community and other friends. They are a very sociable and caring family with busy, varied and fruitful lives.

And Mumtaz can cook up a storm.

## Conclusion

So, that's it, that's your Dada's/ Nana's part of your heritage!

A heritage due to the combination of the Mughals in India and the settling of my ancestors in Amroha followed by the Partition of India that changed our family fortunes from very rich to quite poor.

The revival of our family came through a determined belief in effort and education and the leaving from Amroha to pursue higher educational opportunities and jobs elsewhere in India and, for some, by immigrating to other countries.

This means that YOU, my grandchildren, have relatives not only in Amroha, but also in Delhi, Noida, Lucknow and Mumbai in India, as well as in Pakistan, the UK, the USA, Canada, The Netherlands, New Zealand and Australia – and your relatives in all those places may have heard of you and might like to meet you one day!

Your Dadi/Nani's heritage, and your other grandparents' heritages are all very different, because they all came from different parts of the world! Your family is a real multicultural mix! Just to make you –YOU.

From reading this little book about my family heritage I think you might see that things change with every generation – sometimes due to decisions made by world leaders and events, as well as decisions made by your family and yourself.

You might also realize that your parents' generation was different from their parents' generation – and know that your generation will be different from your parents.

I hope you see that the good changes come through education.

Although I have listed the educational achievements of your relatives in this book, this does not mean that university degrees are the only ways to become educated.

Real Education comes from your awareness of life through reading, travel, music, sport, cooking, art, dance, taking risks and opportunities, learning new skills, helping people less fortunate than you, experiencing other cultures and the natural world, and being in love.

I believe it is important to get a good formal education, but after that it's good to be flexible. I trained to be a Geologist, and worked as one for many years, and then I took a completely different path. My charitable jobs were a big drop in salary from being a Geologist, but it was what I wanted to do. It was what I needed to do. It was also an education and years after my retirement, during the 2020 Corona Virus crisis, I knew how to go about the raising of money to buy food for people who were starving in my hometown Amroha because their menial jobs had disappeared. My knowledge/education/skill saved lives.

And for my last bit of advice to you, my grandchildren:

As you grow up it is up to you to decide what traditions and behaviours from past generations are obsolete and should be dumped. It is also up to you to decide what should be valued and kept - not just as part of a heritage, but part of what makes you –YOU.

Good luck,  
Dada/Nana

## Who Do You Recognize



### ***Thank you to:***

My publisher (and grand-nephew) Faisal Abidi, through his firm ...

My family from India: The adult children and the grandchildren of my sisters and brothers who have sent me snippets of information & recent photographs of their families to be included in this book.

My dear friend, Albert Goede, who edited the first draft.

My children, Kamal, Zehra and Yasmin Naqvi, who suggested putting in the detail behind factual information to make it more of a series of stories about the interesting characters in our ancestry and, as it is dedicated to my grandchildren, to make it more child-friendly.

None of those suggestions was as easy as they seemed at first glance. I needed help.

It was time to turn to the person who knew me best and who remembered the stories I had forgotten, and who had skills in both writing and editing.

But this person was busy on a project of her own. So, I waited until her project was finished and then I took the opportunity to show her the kids' critiques of my book, and then the book itself.

She said, 'Mmm ... interesting.' She was hooked.

Thank you, Jane, my editor, my wife, my grandchildren's Dadi/Nani and the love of my life.

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