LONDON, 15.10.'88

My dear Sister Qanita,

assalamū alaikum wa rahmatu'llahi
wa barakatuhū.

I wonder whether you remember me?
We met in the Frankfurt Mosque at the time of Anwari-Sahib. I think I came back from Pakistan – 20 years ago! My name was Djamila Koopmann.

I had married since, went with my husband to Africa to work in our hospitals — but that is another story. He died last year.

Since Hazūr is in London I am helping in Private-Secretary's Office. And I am just doing registering and dispatching letters. (Writing envelopes too!)

I was remembering you — and I could not (as I should!) file away your letter with Hazūr's handwriting (in red ink!) on it. I am sure it will be very precious to you! So I dare to post it on to you – and file a copy. Do you mind? It's pure love!

Bū just (green you and me!

Do try to contact me when you are here again. Ask for MRS. NAZIR, P.S. will know. If I am not around at the Mosque, somebody may take you to my place. I would love to meet you again.

With love and Salam

yours

Sister Khadidja Nazir.