



HDF-THANKS SCHOLARSHIPS

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Date Established 8-14-13



“RANI REHMAN SCHOLARSHIPS”

For

Girls Primary School at Chak # 297 JB, Gojra, Pakistan



1975



1979

My Mom-My Hero
(October 10, 1921 - July 2, 1982)

When India and Pakistan separated in 1947, many people were killed because they did not follow the “right” religion. While my father was away serving in British Indian Army, my mother had to flee her country on foot with her few months old baby. She left her home, property and friends behind. Overnight, her life changed. She told me that she never missed her worldly possessions because she brought with her the possession that mattered to her the most. This change was not her choice but we never heard any complaints about it. She had to leave if she and her son were to survive. I frequently think of the differences with my own migration to USA at the similar age of 25. I chose to come to USA, journey was pleasant and there was no fear of losing life because of my religion.

I vividly remember a very happy childhood which was full of love and care from our parents. Every couple of years my father would be posted to a new city but we made many good friends at each place. After school, most of our time was spent playing cricket. I played cricket for my high school. With my two brothers and our friends, we had our own cricket team which we had named MCC or Mujahid Cricket Club. Our concerns were the batting order, who will bowl first and how we were going to win our next match. Now I look back and can appreciate how greatly our mom contributed to our life. Since my brothers and I are only two years of age apart, most of our friends were common and we spent the remaining time that we weren't playing cricket at our home. All her children's friends were welcome at our

home and she treated them like her own children. Our friends came from different socioeconomic and religious backgrounds. She taught us how to get along, enjoy each other's company and not to exploit the differences.

After my father's retirement, our parents decided to come to Chak # 297 in Gojra, where my aunt Azmat Begum lived, so that our family could be closer to where her kids would attend college, instead of Bhakkar where my father had some land.

Our mom was extremely compassionate. Anybody and everybody's problem was her problem. I vividly remember that she was the care coordinator, advisor and a nurse for the sick people in our village. Whenever I would come home from KE, there would be many patients waiting at our home ready for me to diagnose and treat them. If they weren't able to come to our house, she would take me to see them in their homes. She would make sure that every patient had been seen before returning home. Everybody eagerly waited for us, even if it was in the middle of the night. Most patients had malaria, upper respiratory infections, or typhoid fever and she gave me standing orders to bring aspirin, penicillin and chloroquine from the pharmacy. From these patients, I learned early the fever patterns of many common infectious diseases. Fortunately, most people recovered or we made arrangements for them to be seen by my mentor Dr. Hafiz at Rahmat Ullah Eye and General Hospital in Gojra.

She was also very involved in her community. Any activity, whether it was a get-together, a wedding, somebody having a baby, or a tragedy, she would be part of these events as if these were her events. She was there to support and help with whatever she and her family could do. We were so used to this that we knew if mom is not at home she is out assisting somebody.

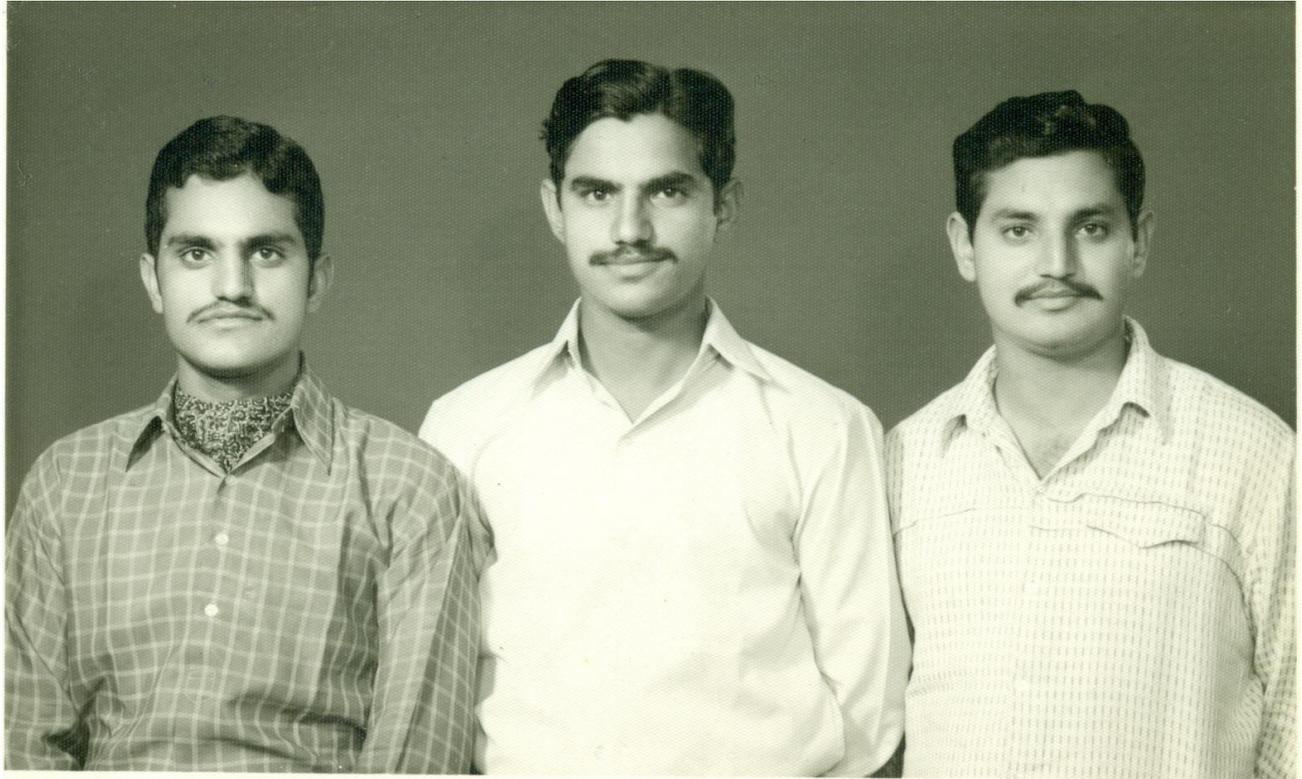
On the eve of my wedding, when the house was full of guests and we were in the middle our celebrations, we got a message of sudden death of one our guest's father. Obviously, the guest had to leave for Gujranwala that night but my mom also went (with my brother Nazir whose wedding was a day later than mine). She returned the next day directly to Lahore in time for the wedding and no one even knew about the turmoil the night before.

One of her most remarkable qualities was her comfort with people of all backgrounds. She did not seem to be affected by somebody's rank or social status. She was equally at ease whether it was a high ranking army officer or a faculty member in the US. In Augusta, she became a close friend of Barbara Bhatti even though my mother did not speak any English and Barbara did not know any Punjabi!

Bibi Jee! I think about you and dad every day. Thanks for being the best role model for me. Thanks for your unconditional love, thanks for your remarkable ability to be the source of solace, strength and inspiration in extremely adverse circumstances. Thanks for coming to us in Augusta for a short visit to see your granddaughter but then staying and helping us for the next two years. I cannot imagine how Tesneem and I would have been able to cope without your and Rashid's help during those two years when I was a very busy junior faculty member and Tesneem was in the middle of her internship. I wish I had told you that you always have

been my hero. With every passing day, I miss you more and appreciate the impact you had in my life and in the lives of Nazir, Rashid and our life partners. You and Abba Jee are my inspiration for the THANKS scholarships. Bashir Chaudhary.

We miss you “Bibjee”



M. Rashid Khawar

Bashir A. Chaudhary

M. Nazir Shams

Rehman and Rani Rehman Scholarships for students of Primary Schools at Chak No 297 JB started in 1985. These scholarships were established to honor our parents and to pay thanks to the community who acted like family members after our father’s sudden death.

These are merit based scholarships and are awarded to the top 3 students in each class at the annual school day. All school students, teachers, parents and community members have been attending these functions. The award ceremony is followed by a reception.

These scholarships are now being transferred to HDF Endowment so that they can be continued after we join our parents in the hereafter. The year 2014 represents the 30th year of these scholarships.



Yasmin Shams (left) with school teachers at the 2011 Awards Ceremony