

## **November 20, 2024**

My name is Dominic Joseph. I was born in Jhang, a city in Punjab, Pakistan. I am the ninth among my eleven siblings

### **Following are the details of my family:**

1. **Dominic Joseph** – Born July 11, 1964 (Father)
2. **Aqeela Dominic** – Born July 27, 1978 (Mother)
3. **Gershon Joseph** – Born July 29, 1998 (Son)
4. **Marsha Dominic** – Born November 27, 1999 (Daughter)
5. **Abishai Dominic** – Born March 27, 2001 (Son)

**April 1983:** I completed my high school education at Saint Francis High School in Francisabad.

**May 1983:** I started working with my father on our agricultural land. We grew wheat and rice on a rotational basis each year. At the time, we didn't have tractors or modern machinery, so we relied on traditional farming methods. We also owned a general store. I used to cycle 12 km to the city every afternoon to purchase supplies for the store.

**August 1993:** I joined a Korean road construction company, Daewoo, as a laborer. Daewoo was tasked with building the Lahore-Islamabad Motorway. While working, I learned skills like driving, welding, excavator operation, and steel fixing.

**July 28, 1997:** My father arranged my marriage to Aqeela Khalil, a resident of Khanewal. Aqeela was born into a Christian family and had started a one-year midwifery training course at Liaquat Ali Khan Hospital in Karachi three months before our marriage. After the wedding, I moved to Karachi with Aqeela so she could continue her training.

**July 29, 1998:** Our first son, Gershon, was born. By then, our savings were almost depleted. Three months after Gershon's birth, Aqeela joined as a nurse at Liaquat Ali Khan Hospital. With her help, I also got a job as a ward boy at the same hospital. We managed our duties by taking turns to care for Gershon.

**October 2001 – October 2002:** Along with my job, I completed a one-year assistant nursing training course at the hospital.

**May 2004:** Aqeela and I started our own nursing care service agency called *Marsha Health Care* in Karachi. We provided qualified nurses to private home patients.

**March 2006:** We took out a 20-year life insurance policy with State Life Insurance, paying an annual installment of 55,500 rupees.

**July 2007:** After completing three years of installments, I purchased land in Tesar Town, Karachi, and constructed a house to rent out.

**September 9, 2008:** Today, my sister Razia Mushtaq's eldest son, Asher Mushtaq, was killed by a gunshot. The reason for this loss was that my evangelist brother-in-law, Mushtaq, had welcomed a Muslim neighbor into his home for worship.

At 7 PM that evening, four armed men wearing Sunni Tehreek turbans and beards arrived right after the worship ended. One of them started recording a video while the other three began beating Mushtaq. One of the men took an iron rod from Mushtaq's house and struck him on the head. Due to the head injury, Mushtaq went into a coma for 45 days and was hospitalized for a total of two months.

While Mushtaq was admitted to Jinnah Hospital in Karachi, fighting for his life, I helped Razia with the funeral arrangements for Asher. During Mushtaq's hospitalization, I kept Razia and her two sons with me at my home.

**November 21, 2008:** Mushtaq, Razia, and their two sons had moved into a rented house near us on Drigh Road.

**March 12, 2009:** Just like on any other day, Aqeela returned home at 8:30 AM after finishing her night shift in patient care, while I left the house at 9:00 AM for my duty. All three of my children also left for school at 7:30 AM.

At 10:20 AM, Aqeela called me, crying, and told me that a short while ago, six armed men from Sunni Tehreek had come to the house. She said they were shouting and asking about Mushtaq. When she told them no one was home, two of them forcibly pushed her aside and entered the house, searching for Mushtaq and his sons. Aqeela told me that as they were leaving, they shouted '*Labaik Ya Rasool Allah*' and warned her, saying, "Remember, just as the punishment for blasphemy is death, so is the punishment for those who give shelter to blasphemers."

After Aqeela's call, I reached home by 11:10 AM. Given the seriousness of the situation, we decided to leave our home and the area that very day. After calming Aqeela, I called Mushtaq and explained everything to him. After hearing the whole situation, he also suggested that we leave immediately.

Before the children returned from school, Aqeela and I packed everything we could from the house. By midday, we left for my sister Tomsina's house in Shah Faisal Colony, Karachi, taking essential items like clothes, documents, and books with us in a rickshaw.

**March 16, 2009:** After hiding at Tomsina's house for three days, on the fourth day, I rented a house for my family in Bhitai Abad and moved there. That same night, with the help of my friends, I brought all our belongings from our old house in a mini truck.

**August 5, 2009:** Aqeela's younger brother, Patras, came to Karachi from Punjab with his wife and daughter to look for a job and settle down.

**August 20, 2009:** Through one of my connections, I helped Patras get a job as a watchman at the Saddar branch of Makro. In his shift, there were two other watchmen, one of whom was named Muhammad Waheed. Waheed was a resident of Karachi and affiliated with Sunni Tehreek. From Patras's first day at work, Waheed began pressuring him to convert to Islam. Although Patras had secured a new job, he started feeling distressed because of Waheed's constant attempts to force him. After two weeks at the job, Patras would tell me every other day about Waheed's behavior. That's when I began searching for other job opportunities for Patras.

**September 26, 2009:** This morning, when Patras arrived at work, Waheed told him that Allah had guided him to give Patras one last chance to convert to Islam by 1 PM today, as the Quran says idol worshippers must be given a chance before they are killed.

Hearing this, Patras didn't know what to do. At lunchtime, around 1 PM, Patras went to the guards' room. There, Waheed used his service weapon, a repeater rifle, and shot Patras in the right shoulder. Upon hearing the gunshot, Makro's manager and the entire staff ran to the guards' room. The manager saw Patras lying on the ground, covered in blood, and immediately drove him to Jinnah Hospital in his car. At the hospital, Patras received emergency medical care and was rescued.

Jinnah Hospital is a government hospital, and Sunni Tehreek members are present in every government office in Pakistan. Because of this, I brought Patras home from the hospital after just one week

**May 15, 2012:** While Patras was working at the Shah Faisal branch of Makro in Karachi, he was kidnapped by members of Sunni Tehreek on his way home.

Patras told us that he was kept in a torture cell for three days, where he was only given water to drink. He said they chained him and that every day, an Imam from Sunni Tehreek would come to teach him about Islam and then leave.

Since Patras was already partially paralyzed on his right side from the earlier gunshot injury, it was easier for the extremists to force a disabled person like him to convert to Islam.

On the fourth day, when Patras returned home, he told us how he had been kept in the torture cell without any food. He also revealed that he had now converted to Islam and was one of them. His new name was now Muhammad Bilal. Hearing this, Aqeela firmly told her brother, 'For God's sake, you need to leave this house now. I cannot put my family in danger because of you.'

The next day, without informing us, Patras invited Sunni Tehreek members to our house to take his wife and two daughters with them. After Patras left, Aqeela and I decided that we could no longer live in this house either. Within a few days, we rented a house near our children's school, Saint John, on Drigh Road and moved there.

**July 10, 2013:** Mushtaq, my sister, and her younger son flew from Pakistan to Sri Lanka.

**October 27, 2013:** My sister's elder son and his wife arrived in Thailand to apply for international protection.

**September 11, 2016:** Patras stayed in touch with Aqeela over the phone and, after four years, visited us today for the first time. He came seeking advice about physiotherapy that a doctor had recommended for him. I suggested that Patras undergo physiotherapy twice a week, so he started visiting us twice weekly.

**October 3, 2016:** My 18-year-old elder son, Gershon, left the house at 7 AM to go to college. However, he was kidnapped by Muhammad Waheed, the same man who had shot Patras, along with three of his Sunni Tehreek associates. They took Gershon in a Toyota van.

Gershon later told us that as soon as he was forced into the van, they covered his face with a cloth. When the cloth was removed, he found himself in an abandoned room, which was likely the same Sunni Tehreek torture cell where Patras had been kept for three days. Gershon said that after they removed the cloth, they tied his hands and feet to a wooden chair using iron wires.

Around 2 PM, while I was working in the field, Patras called me and informed me that Gershon had been kidnapped by Muhammad Waheed. It felt like the ground beneath my feet had vanished. I asked Patras why Gershon was taken and what his fault was. Patras explained that they had already converted him to Islam and now wanted his entire family to convert as well.

Patras told me that Waheed had called him just two minutes earlier and said, 'Tell Dominic to convert to Islam, or we'll send Gershon back to him in pieces.' Knowing that Patras had become one of them, now known as Bilal, I replied, 'Fine, I am ready to convert to Islam. Just don't harm Gershon. Take money from me if you want, but bring him home. After all, he is your nephew... Tell Waheed I am ready to give them whatever they want. Just let Gershon go. Please bring him back home.'

Five minutes later, I called Patras again. Patras told me that Waheed was demanding a ransom of 500,000 rupees. He then asked me how much I could arrange. I told Patras I had only 300,000 rupees.

**October 4, 2016:** Luckily, after paying the money, Waheed dropped an unconscious Gershon near the bus stop close to our house in the afternoon and drove away. That same night, I took my children to stay at my sister Tomsina's house.

**January 10, 2017:** Today, I received 1 million rupees from the sale of my house in Surjani Town. I immediately handed over Aqeela's and Gershon's passports to a travel agent friend to apply for Thailand tourist visas.

**February 4, 2017:** Finally, today, I saw off Aqeela and Gershon at Jinnah International Airport in Karachi as they left for Thailand.

**August 4, 2017:** This morning at 9 AM, I got off duty at a private patient's house in Kemari and boarded the Green Bus to go home. A young man, looking like a 20-year-old student carrying a school bag, sat next to me. He was wearing a cap and traditional shalwar kameez. As I made space for him on the seat and glanced at him once, he smiled at me.

After sitting down, the first thing he asked me was my name. After I told him my name, I asked if he was coming from college. He ignored my question and replied, 'Forget about me; tell me, are you heading home from duty?' His response shocked me. I replied, 'Yes.'

Suddenly, the young man said, 'How long do you think you can hide? You sent Gershon out of the country, but where will you go? Just as Patras was given a chance, I have been sent by Sunni Tehreek to deliver you one last message: Convert to Islam like Bilal, or you might never see my face again. No matter where you hide in Pakistan, Sunni Tehreek members are everywhere. Remember, if you try to run, you and your children are on our hit list.'

After saying this, the young man got off the bus.

That same evening, I bought train tickets to Shorkot, Punjab, for Marsha, Abishai, and myself. We arrived at our village later that day.

**August 10, 2017:** After staying for four days with my elder brother, Martin, in the village, we moved to Multan to live with my younger brother, Lawrence, for work.

**November 7, 2018:** While working as a freelance laborer with a house construction group in Multan, I heard that Asia Bibi, a victim of a false blasphemy accusation, had been honorably acquitted by the Supreme Court and released from Multan Jail.

Following her release, Islamic organizations protested the decision and began mob attacks on Christian colonies across Pakistan. The attacks in Multan were especially severe because Asia Bibi had been released from the Multan Jail.

My family and my brother's family hid in Multan's mission compound for the next three months.

**February 8, 2019:** I moved to Karachi with Marsha and Abishai to stay at my Christian friend Aamir's house in Gulistan-e-Johar. While staying there, I canceled my insurance policy and received a refund of 610,545 rupees.

**March 18, 2019:** We handed over our passports to arrange tourist visas to travel to Thailand.

**April 10, 2019:** I flew to Bangkok, Thailand, with Marsha and Abishai.