

## February 19, 2025

My name is Hogan Khokhar. I was born into a **Christian family** in Karachi, Pakistan, and I am the second youngest of six siblings. Below are the details of my family members:

1. Niamat Khokhar – Father – (14-07-1945)
2. Sabira Khokhar – Mother – (01-01-1965)
3. Robin Khokhar – Brother – Married – (06-02-1983)
4. Reagon Khokhar – Brother – Unmarried – (11-06-1984)
5. Eujan Khokhar – Brother – Married – (05-05-1986)
6. Robika Khokhar – Sister – Divorced – (23-06-1989)
7. Hogan Khokhar – Personal Statement – Unmarried – (25-07-1991)
8. Meerab Khokhar – Sister – Married – (13-10-1996)

**April 2010:** I completed **high school** in science at St. Lawrence Model High School, Karachi.

**May 2010:** I worked as a **property consultant** at Al-Wahid Real Estates, an agency near our home on the corner of the street in Akhtar Colony.

**April 5, 2003:** One day, my father returned to the factory after paying our siblings' school fees when he noticed our 28-year-old Christian employee, Danial, crying. When he asked him what had happened, Danial explained that Haji Rehmat Ullah, a **Muslim neighbor**, had hit him with an iron rod after seeing leather scraps near his door. My father went to Haji's house to apologize, but instead, Haji, along with his two sons, Muhammed Shakeel and Muhammed Akeel, **attacked my father** with an iron rod, breaking the radius bone in his right hand.

That same day, my brother, Robin went to the Mehmood Abad Police Station to file a complaint about the incident. While my father underwent two months of medical treatment at Jinnah Government Hospital in Karachi, Haji, with the support of people from Jamaat-e-Islami, began **threatening us**—sometimes Robin, sometimes my father—to withdraw the complaint. The constant harassment took such a toll on our family business that we were eventually forced to **shut down** the shop.

**March 26, 2011:** After completing a furniture-making project for a newly opened garments factory, Robin organized a **Thanksgiving prayer** on the rooftop of our house.

Then after serving dinner to the guests, he sent Reagon and me to buy diapers for his son, Richard. As we stepped out of the house, Shakeel, Akeel, and six of their friends were waiting for us. Shakeel stopped Reagon and me and asked if there was a dance party going on upstairs. Reagon angrily replied that his sisters were the dancers at our party. In response, the eight men **brutally attacked us**, leaving me with 14 stitches on my head and Reagon with 8 stitches.

When Robin heard the screams and rushed downstairs, he found Reagon and me lying on the ground, covered in **blood**. My father and Robin immediately took us to Jinnah Government Hospital, where we were kept under observation in the emergency ward for 24 hours, followed by two weeks of **medical treatment**.

That same night, my father left Robin with us at the hospital and went to the **police station** to file a complaint against Shakeel and his father, Haji. However, the investigation officer refused to file an FIR.

Instead, he informed my father that at 9 pm, a **complaint** had already been filed against us for playing music during the Isha prayer.

**June 2, 2011:** Around 9 pm tonight, while **Reagan and Robin** were still on their way home from work, my mother sent me to the shop to recharge my SIM card. As soon as I left the house, Haji, who was on a phone call, began following me. Moments after I got my mobile recharged, a **police van** suddenly appeared, and the officers took me into their vehicle, bringing me to the Defense Police Station.

When Reagan and Robin arrived home after work, our mother informed them that I had gone to recharge my phone but hadn't returned yet. Concerned, they went to the mobile shop to check on me, only to learn from the shop owner that the police had **taken me away** an hour earlier.

Reagan and Robin immediately hopped on a motorcycle and headed to the **Defense Police Station** to inquire about me. After introducing himself to the officer on duty, Robin asked what I had been accused of. The officer explained that I was being held on charges of inciting minorities to protest and that bail could only be granted by the court.

**June 3, 2011:** Today, following my appearance in the City Court, I was remanded into jail.

**June 6, 2011:** It was Monday. With the assistance of a police officer from the Defense Police Station, my father and Robin went to the judge's house. They paid 3 lakh rupees **under the table** to secure the signing of my bail papers. Finally, at 2 pm, they brought me home from Central Jail in Karachi.

However, until we left Pakistan, I was required to appear in the **City Court** once a month for my ongoing case.

**July 5, 2012:** At 1 PM, Robin received a call from his employee, Younas, about a client who had ordered a **hand-crafted wooden Kalama (a holy verse)**. The craftsman had just delivered the order, so Robin instructed Younas to ask the client to return at 2:30 PM.

Robin arrived at the shop at 2 PM to inspect the order—a rosewood plate engraved with the Holy Verse (*Kalma Tayyaba*). His Muslim worker, **Mohammed Akbar**, was polishing it when the verse fell to the floor. As Robin tried to pick it up, it accidentally touched his foot. Akbar began shouting, accusing Robin of **insulting the Holy Quran and Prophet Muhammad**, claiming it was deliberate.

Robin tried to calm Akbar, knowing the danger of such accusations for a Christian. But Akbar's shouting drew a crowd, mostly Muslims, who chanted, **"Burn him alive! How dare he insult our Holy Quran and Prophet!"** Some neighbors defended Robin, saying, "We know Robin; he wouldn't do such a thing." However, Haji Rahmatullah and his sons insisted Robin had done it on purpose, declaring, "Let him be killed to set an example. If he accepts Islam, he can live; otherwise, he and his family will die."

Robin was brutally attacked by the mob and **beaten unconscious**. He does not know how long he was unconscious, but when he regained consciousness, he feared for his life and our family's safety. He immediately called our father and told him to leave the house. He fled to his friend **Jerry's** house, and Jerry took him to the hospital for treatment.

That night, our family was also **attacked**. Haji Rahmatullah and his sons broke into our home, beating our father and other family members with wooden rods. They snatched our mother's earrings and gathered

everyone in the drawing room. Our father begged for mercy, but they continued to beat him, shouting, "**Christianity is a false religion!**"

**Mohammed Shakeel**, one of the attackers, attempted to rape our sister **Robika** in front of the family. Robin's wife, **Carel**, tried to stop him, but he brutally slapped her. Robin's second son, **Richard**, fell to the floor and was injured. I tried to help Robika, but an unknown person shot me in the right leg.

**Haji Rahmatullah** then announced in the mosque that a Christian named **Robin** had insulted the Holy Quran and the Prophet Muhammad. He declared, "**Tonight, we will burn their house and kill them all so that no one will ever dare to disrespect Islam or the Prophet Muhammad again.**"

Our family managed to escape and hid at **Tariq Road** with our brother **Eujan**.

**December 5, 2012:** Like any ordinary day, our mother returned home at 11 am, after purchasing groceries for the house from the Tariq Road vegetable market. Suddenly, Haji, along with his son Shakeel and **four bearded men from Jamaat-e-Islami**, stopped our mother in the middle of the market, grabbed her by her dupatta, and began threateningly asking, "**Where is Robin?**" Terrified, our mother told them that since we moved to Tariq Road, we did not know where Robin was.

**When our mother reached home, there were slap marks on her face and red marks on her neck.** She was so frightened that she couldn't even speak. For 30 minutes, her blood pressure was so high that she couldn't tell us anything. Despite our repeated pleas, I went out to buy medicines for our mother. However, as soon as I left the house, Haji, his son Shakeel, and a police friend of theirs **forcibly pushed** me into a black Toyota and took me to the **police station**.

On the one hand, my family were all sitting at Eujan's house, worried about me, while on the other hand, after searching for me **all day and night**, with the help of a friend, Eujan found out that I was at the Mehmoodabad police station. The next day, as soon as Eujan learned about me, he first sent our family to a Christian friend, Naveed Masih, in Orangi Town. Meanwhile, Eujan brought me back home from the police station on the third day.

**October 31, 2013:** Around 6 p.m. today, a Christian friend and a policeman at the Mehmoodabad police station, Issac, called our father and informed him that Haji Rehmat had filed a **false blasphemy case** against Robin, me, and Reagon, and an FIR had been registered in our names. Our father told Issac that we had already left our home for over a year.

Issac told our father that the danger for us had increased even more because if Jamaat-e-Islami caused any harm to us now, we would already be **legally accused of blasphemy**. Therefore, according to **Islamic Sharia law**, the police could not take any action against them for doing so.

**November 2, 2013:** At around 7 p.m. today, a **neighboring Christian bakery owner** informed Robin that some people from Jamaat-e-Islami had come here looking for Robin, me, and Reagon, carrying our photos in their hands.

We contacted **Pastor Lazarus** and explained the situation. He helped us to move into the church's residency and advised us to leave Pakistan immediately, as it was too dangerous for Christians accused of insulting Islam, the Holy Quran, or the Prophet Muhammad. He warned that such accusations often lead to the accused being **killed or burned alive**.

Pastor Lazarus helped arrange our visas and tickets to leave the country. We stayed within the church for safety until we could leave Pakistan.

**November 3, 2013:** Robin applied for tourist visas in Thailand.

**November 29, 2013:** We left Pakistan and arrived in **Thailand**, where we now seek safety and refuge.

Thank you,  
Hogan Khokhar