

January 15, 2025

My name is Parveen Barkat, and I was born into a Catholic family in the city of Sialkot, Pakistan. I am the seventh among my eight siblings.

Here are my details:

Parveen Barkat – Unmarried – 01-01-1958

August 26, 1980: I completed my senior high school education at Apwa College, Sialkot.

September 1981: After completing a one-year primary school teacher training, I worked for 38 years as a primary school teacher at the famous Christian Convent of Jesus and Mary Girls' High School in Sialkot.

January 23, 1991: My father, Barkat Benedict, passed away due to Peptic Ulcer disease.

October 29, 2000: As for my mother, Sardaran Barkat, she passed away due to a cardiac attack.

February 10, 2010: After completing my BA (Bachelor of Arts) and B.Ed. (Bachelor of Education) degrees, I applied to my school to work as a high school teacher.

September 5, 2016: After my parents died and my siblings married, I began living alone at my parents' house in Sialkot. However, I have spent the past week in Lahore, visiting my sister Ruth over the school holidays.

Ruth and I returned home from a Catholic seminar in Mariabad. The next day, around 11 a.m., I had significant chest pain. Because of this, my brother-in-law, Javed John, drove me to Itefaq Hospital via rickshaw. After viewing my condition, the experts at Itefaq Hospital recommended Javed to send me to Lahore Cardiology Hospital right away. After obtaining medical care, the clinicians sent me to the general ward and informed Javed that I had a Stage 2 heart attack. I spent three days in the hospital's general ward under observation. After a few days of recovery at Ruth's house, I returned to Sialkot on the 13th.

September 26, 2016: Today was Monday, and it was my first day back at school after over three weeks. I returned home at 2 p.m., and about 30 minutes later, my nephew Daniel David arrived with a 34-year-old young Muslim coworker and friend named Muhammed Aslam to show him the top portion of my house, which wasn't available for rent. I had never asked my brothers or their families to help me find a tenant.

After Daniel and Aslam left, I contacted Daniel and urged him to return home alone. He arrived soon after. I questioned Daniel, "Who told you to find a tenant for me?" He responded that Aslam was a trustworthy man and that because I had already suffered a heart attack, he was concerned for me. Daniel elaborated: "He told me he would pay 3,000 rupees per month as rent for the room, and he would also split the utility bills with me."

I told Daniel, "Okay, but there are a lot of things in the upper room. How will I get through it all by myself?" Daniel said that Aslam intends to move in on October 1st and will bring the rest of the furniture down in 3-4 days.

October 1, 2016: It was Saturday, and I was at home for the weekend holiday. Aslam had already moved in with his bags to the top floor of my house earlier that day.

May 28, 2017 – July 25, 2017: I spent my summer holidays in Thailand. During my visit, I had the opportunity to explore Bangkok and Nan City.

October 26, 2017: Since my return from Thailand, Aslam has begun to visit my home on a regular basis, occasionally asking for water or veggies. Over a few months, he noticed I was living alone in my home.

When I returned from school this afternoon, Aslam was already waiting for me outside my house. He handed me some shopping bags and said he had gotten us lunch from the hotel. I was uncomfortable seeing our neighbors, so I told Aslam, "Okay, come inside."

After inviting Aslam in, I warned him not to do it again, and that if he did, I would ask him to leave. However, it appeared that my remarks did not have much of an impression on him. Instead of feeling sorry, Aslam began proposing to me. He said, "I'm sad to see you living alone. If you convert to Islam, I may marry you and be your support."

I told Aslam, "I don't need any support... You need to leave."

After a few seconds of silence, Aslam stood from his chair and began threatening me violently. I will persuade you to the point when you will gladly approach me to discuss your adoption of Islam. Then, as he left, he exclaimed, "There is no child of Allah, and you people are liars." I shouted, "Your prophet was a fraud who did not respect any woman. Take your belongings and leave this place," I stated.

October 27, 2017: Today I took the day off from school and contacted Daniel in the morning to invite him over. When Daniel came, I informed him that I had requested Aslam to leave yesterday afternoon and asked if he might go upstairs to see whether he had left. Daniel asked me, "Why, what happened?" So I told him everything that happened with Aslam the day before. Instead of being enraged, Daniel asked, "Okay, Auntie, why do you need to live alone? To accept Islam, first marry Aslam, then try to learn Islam. If it makes sense to you, accept it; otherwise, Aslam is here to help. There's nothing greater than that.

Hearing this, I couldn't believe Daniel, my own nephew, was speaking to me like this. I angrily instructed him to leave as well. Daniel rose up and yelled, "This house is not just yours, so agree to marry Aslam." According to what Daniel stated, Aslam did not desire me but wanted to take my property, and he was luring Daniel with a piece of my property.

Aslam came downstairs after hearing our conversation and began threatening me, saying, "Accept Islam, or I will file a case under Section 295C for insulting the Prophet and appeal for the death penalty for you."

I didn't answer to Aslam, but to Daniel, I said, "Fine, if you want to stay here, it's up to you," and then went into my room and locked the door.

May 12, 2018: Weeks and months passed, and on Saturday night, at 11 p.m., I was resting in my bed when I heard a hard bang on the door. I awoke from my sleep, opened the door, and discovered that Aslam and Sunni Tehreek's two imams (men who conduct prayers at the mosque) held my hair and attempted to drag me inside in a drunken state. I screamed so loudly that the neighbors arrived within seconds. Aslam and the two men ran away as soon as they heard the disturbance.

That night, I asked my sister-in-law, Irshad Kanwal, to stay in with me.

May 13, 2018: I packed all of my important documents and clothes into a suitcase and carried them with me. I departed early in the morning for my sister Ruth's residence in Lahore on the Daewoo bus.

May 17, 2018: Around 7 PM that evening, Aslam arrived at Ruth's house in Lahore with five armed Islamist extremists. Two of them were the same Imams from Sunni Tehreek whom Aslam had previously brought to my house while they were drunk. My brother-in-law, Javed, told me that the other three men were residents of the nearby mosque, and two of them were holding pistols in their hands.

When they knocked, Javed opened the door. Aslam asked Javed, "Where is Parveen?" Javed responded, "Parveen is not here." Javed had no idea they were aware that Parveen had been staying with them for the last five days. Aslam began shouting, "Bring Parveen out, she has accepted Islam!" without fear. Ruth walked out after hearing the noise and saw Javed lying on the ground with his palm on his head, in a defensive position, folding his body as he was severely battered by those six men.

When Ruth saw Javed in that situation, she became terrified and began screaming for help. Within a few minutes, Javed's older brother, Shakeel, and a few other neighbors arrived. They managed to calm down the group by asking them to halt and save Javed. Meanwhile, one of the neighbors had already contacted the police helpline (15).

Aslam and his companions now shifted their focus to our neighbors, asking each one if they had seen Parveen in the last five days. Fortunately, I had not gone out of the house even once in the past five days, so none of the neighbors had seen me.

After investigating, one of the locals who had come with Aslam addressed all the neighbors and declared that Parveen was a "Murtad" (a person who has left Islam), according to Sharia, the punishment for which is death. He said, "If we find out that Javed has given shelter to a Murtad in his house, then the punishment for sheltering a Murtad is also death."

Just then, the sound of police sirens was heard from a distance, and the group left in a white Toyota van.

After hearing Javed's painful groans all night, Ruth and I decided we would no longer be in Pakistan.

May 18, 2018: On this early morning, Javed, Ruth, their daughter, and I had moved from Javed's house to his uncle's place in Shadhra by taxi. We were forced to stay in hiding there until we could leave Pakistan.

In the next day or two, with the help of a travel agent relative of Javed's uncle, we completed the required documents to apply for tourist visas for Thailand. Afterward, we arrived at the Thailand embassy in Islamabad.

June 29, 2018: Finally, Javed, Ruth, their daughter, and I flew from Lahore airport to Bangkok.