

February 06, 2025

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

1. Robin Khokhar - 06-02-1983 (Father)
2. Carel Robin - 09-02-1989 (Mother)
3. Ronald Khokhar - 10.02.2008 (Son)
4. Richard Khokhar - 14.08.2009 (Son)
5. Rechel Khokhar - 09.06.2016 (Daughter)

March 2000: After completing my **high school** education at Model Public High School, I joined my father, Naimat Khokhar's Tuff Stuff Leather Manufacturing Factory. The factory, which my father had established in 1986 in the lower portion of our house, specialized in producing new school shoes and **cushioning and stitching for chairs**.

April 5, 2003: One day, my father returned to the factory after paying my siblings' school fees when he noticed our 28-year-old Christian employee, Danial, crying. When he asked him what had happened, he 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, I 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 me, sometimes my father—to withdraw the complaint. The constant harassment took such a toll on our business that we were eventually forced to **shut down** the shop.

March 2004 – October 2008: After completing a 4-month and a 6-month **Computer Training** Certification course, I worked in various roles at well-known businesses in Karachi. My **work experience** includes:

- **Assistant Sales Executive** at Dynamic Consultants, Elevator Services, Karachi (March 2004 – April 2006)
- **Sales Representative** at Standard Chartered Bank, Karachi (April 2006 – February 2007)
- **Sales Executive** at Alishaan, Handicrafts & Woodenware, Karachi (March 2007 – October 2008)

April 21, 2007: My father arranged my **marriage** to Carel, a Christian girl from Karachi.

November 2008: Using some savings from both my father and myself, I purchased woodworking tools and machinery and started my own **small business**. I rented a commercial shop named Tuff Stuff Furniture, Manufacturing and Repairing.

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

Then after serving dinner to the guests, I sent Reagon and Hogan to buy diapers for my son, Richard. As they stepped out of the house, Shakeel, Akeel, and six of their friends were waiting for them. Shakeel

stopped Reagon and Hogan 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** my brothers, leaving Hogan with 14 stitches on his head and Reagon with 8 stitches.

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

That same night, my father left me with my brothers 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 I** were still on our way home from work, my mother sent Hogan to the shop to recharge his SIM card. As soon as Hogan left the house, Haji, who was on a phone call, began following him. Moments after Hogan got his mobile recharged, a **police van** suddenly appeared, and the officers took him into their vehicle, bringing him to the Defense Police Station.

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

Reagan and I immediately hopped on my motorcycle and headed to the **Defense Police Station** to inquire about Hogan. After introducing myself to the officer on duty, I asked what Hogan had been accused of. The officer explained that Hogan 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 his appearance in the City Court, Hogan was remanded into **jail custody**.

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

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

July 5, 2012: At 1 PM, I received a call from one of my Christian employees, Younas, who informed me that a client who had ordered a **hand-crafted wooden Kalama (a holy verse)** had arrived at the shop. However, the craftsman had just brought the order. I told Younas it was okay and that I would come to check the order. I instructed him to ask the client to come at 2:30 PM.

I arrived at the shop at **2 PM** to inspect the client's order before delivering it. The order was a piece of **Rosewood** in the form of a wooden plate, engraved with the **Holy Verse (Kalma Tayyaba)**. My worker, **Mohammed Akbar**, a Muslim, was polishing and trying to complete the order for the client. I asked him to show me how he was doing his work, but suddenly, the **Holy Verse fell on the floor**.

When I tried to pick it up, it accidentally touched my foot. At that moment, Mohammed Akbar started shouting, accusing me **of insulting the Holy Quran and the Prophet Muhammad**. He claimed that I had deliberately disrespected the Holy Prophet. I tried to calm him down, knowing the dangerous consequences if others heard his accusations. As a Christian, I was aware that such an accusation could lead to immediate violence against me. However, Akbar continued to make noise, and soon a crowd gathered in front of my factory.

The crowd, mostly Muslims, began shouting, "**Burn him alive! How dare he (a *Binghi*—a derogatory term for Christians) insult our Holy Quran and our Prophet!**". Some neighbors who had known me for a long time tried to intervene, saying, "We know Robin; he wouldn't do such a thing." However, Haji Rahmatullah and his sons, who were part of the crowd, insisted that I had done it on purpose. They declared, "Let him be killed to set an example to all Christians. If he accepts Islam, he can live in this country; otherwise, he and his family will be killed."

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

That night, my family was also attacked. **Haji Rahmatullah** and his sons broke into our home, beating my father and other family members with wooden rods. They snatched my mother's earrings and gathered everyone in the drawing room. My 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 my sister **Robika** in front of the family. My wife, **Carel**, tried to stop him, but he brutally slapped her. My second son, **Richard**, fell to the floor and was injured. My brother **Hogan** tried to help Robika, but an unknown person shot him 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."

My family managed to escape and hid at **Tariq Road** with my brother **Eujan**.

December 5, 2012: Like any ordinary day, my 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 my mother in the middle of the market, grabbed her by her dupatta, and began threateningly asking, "**Where is Robin?**" Terrified, my mother told them that since we moved to Tariq Road, we did not know where Robin was.

When my 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, Hogan went out to buy medicines for my mother. However, as soon as he left the house, Haji, his son Shakeel, and a police friend of theirs **kidnapped Hogan** in a black Toyota and took him away.

On one hand, we were all sitting at Eujan's house, worried about Hogan, while on the other hand, after searching for Hogan **all day and night** with the help of a friend, Eujan found out that Hogan was at the

Mehmoodabad police station. The next day, as soon as Eujan learned about Hogan, he first sent us to a Christian friend, Naveed Masih, in Orangi Town. Meanwhile, Eujan brought Hogan 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 my father and informed him that Haji Rehmat had filed a **false blasphemy case** against Robin, Hogan, and Reagon, and an FIR had been registered in their names. My father told Issac that we had already left our home for over a year.

Issac told my 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 me that some people from Jamaat-e-Islami had come here looking for you, Hogan, and Reagon, carrying your 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: I applied for tourist visas in Thailand.

November 29, 2013: We left Pakistan and arrived in **Thailand**, where we now seek safety and refuge. Our lives in Pakistan are in grave danger, and we urgently request assistance to ensure our safety and protection.

Thank you,
Robin Khokhar