

August 2004

My heart trembles and so my fingers as I am attempting a tribute to one of the splendid personality, Tiziano Terzani.

War introduced him to me and I to him. The common disgust for war made us friends; a relation and acquaintance I esteem above everything in my life. His uniqueness lies in the fact that his personality was not moulded by the life he lived but vice versa. He alone gave to the world a message and understanding of life which has no match in the near past and perhaps in the future. A message of non-violence, love and immortality of soul; a message which he believed truly to alleviate the misery of human kind from being plunged into the quagmire of war and its follies. His writings has beauty, faith, hope and love that will contribute to the paradise image of life every human being has so far dreamt and believed.

When I came to Italy by his invitation through his dear and kind friend Prof. Mosca, I met him in his refuge in Florence for last time. With a genuine broad smile he told me a secret which turned out a fact very soon to my grief.

"Saeed" told he "I had carried a stomach cancer for more than five years that will now kill me in few months". I was stunned by the news but great and brave was he who laughed at his death for he knew and believed in the immortality of his soul; the only way, he said, to conquer death is to accept it bravely and laughingly.

Later, he took his old car and drove himself to the town, saying that was probably his last time to drive that machine in his life.

He bought for me a cooking-steamer as a present that broke permanently the evening I received the message of his death.

I wept but briefly at the news for I flashed upon his bright smile when he had told me that news himself four months ago.

I hope that that great smile will also make me smile at my own death one day and I would be sure then that I have understood and lived his message to the world.



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