

The letter written by General of Islam and Iran; Martyr *Haj Ghasem Soleimani*, the commander of the Quds Force of Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps (IRGC), stated to his daughter, *Fatemeh*, about the philosophy of life, jihad and desire for martyrdom in defense of the world's oppressed and terrified children.

In the Name of Allah, the All-beneficent, the All-merciful.

Is it the last traveling or something else is in my destiny? However, I am satisfied with whatever it is. I am writing to you in this travelling to be as memory for you in homesickness without me, or may you find something useful in it. Whenever I start traveling, I feel like I will not see you again. Several times on the way, I have imagined your loving faces one by one in front of my eyes and many times I have wept for you. I missed you; I entrusted you to God.

Although I had less opportunity to express love and could not present my inner love to you, but my dear, have you ever seen anyone in front of mirror who says, 'I love you' to his own eyes? It rarely happens, but his eyes are the most valuable to him. You are my eyes. You are my dear irrespective of saying or not. I have always made you worried for more than twenty years, and God has destined this life to do not be ended and you always dream in fear.

O My daughter! Whatever I thought and think to do in this world as alternative job, I couldn't find something else in order to make you less worried, and this is not due to my interest in militarism. It has not been and will not be for the sake of my job. It has not been and is not due to coercion or insistence of anyone. No, my daughter, I am never willing to make you worried even for a moment for the sake of my job, responsibility, insistence or coercion, let alone to reject you or causing you to cry.

Everyone in this world has chosen a manner or duty in his life. One educates and the other one teaches. One trades, another cultivates, and there are millions of manners, or better to say, every human being has his own manner to do, and everyone has chosen his particular manner. Which path should I choose? I thought and reviewed some issues and asked myself. First of all, how long is this path? where is its end? how much opportunity do I have? And basically what is my destination? I got that; I have temporary life, and everyone has temporary life in this world. They live and die for a few days. Some live few years, some other lives ten years, but few ones see their hundredth year. However, all die and all are in temporary life.

I got if I do business, it will finally cause to have some shiny coins and a few houses and cars. But all of these things they have no role on my fate in this path. I thought

to live for your sake (and just for seeking You my God). I knew you are very important and valuable to me, so that if you are in pain, your pain will cover my whole being. If you have a trouble, I find myself in flames. The bond of my existence collapses if you leave me one day alone. However, I was wondering how could I resolve these fears and worries. I got I had to connect with someone who would cure me of this important case, and He is none other than God. This value and treasure that you are the flowers of my being can be preserved with no wealth and power. Otherwise, the rich and powerful must be able to prevent their dying, or their wealth and power must prevent their incurable diseases and lying into deathbed.

I have chosen God and His path. This is the first time I confess; I have never decided to be an army man, I never liked being graduated in military. I do not prefer the beautiful word of *Qasim*, which comes out of the pure mouth of a martyred *Basij* guard, to any position. I wanted to be *Qasim* without a suffix or prefix. Therefore, I will you to merely write *soldier Qasim* on my gravestone, not *Qasim Soleimani*, that is an exaggeration and weighs the sack.

O my dear! I asked the Lord to fill all arteries and capillaries of my being with His love. I asked Him to entirely fill my being with His love. I have not chosen this path to kill someone. You know I cannot also see beheading of a chicken. If I have a weapon in my hand is due to stand against murderers, not to kill people.

I see myself as a soldier in the house of each Muslim who is in danger. I would like God to give me the power to be able to defend all the oppressed in the world. Not to sacrifice my life for dear Islam, although it is welcome, not for the oppressed Shiite in which my life is more welcome to be sacrificed for its sake, no ..no... but I fight for that terrified, helpless child for whom there is no refuge, for that frightened woman, who hugged her baby on her chest, for that homeless one who is fleeing and being chased whereas has left a line of blood behind.

O my dear! I am into a corps that does not sleep and should not sleep so that others can sleep in peace. Let them sleep and my peace be sacrificed to theirs.

O My dear daughter! You live safe in my house in dignity and honor. What can I do for that helpless girl who has no supporter and that crying child who has nothing and lost everything? So, make me your vow and entrust me to Him [God]. Let me go, go and go. How can I stay while all my caravans are gone and I am left behind?

O My daughter! I am very tired. I have not slept for thirty years, but I don't want to sleep at all. I pour salt in my eyes so that my eyelids do not dare to come together

lest in my negligence they behead that helpless child. What do you expect of me when I think that you [*Fatemeh*], *Narjis or Zeinab* are as that frightened girl, and my *Hussein* and *Reza* are as that teenager and young man lying in the slaughterhouse who is being beheaded? Should I be an observer, a carefree or a businessman? No, I cannot live like this.

Peace and mercy of God be upon you.