

BEYOND THE HORIZON

*A Life Lived with Purpose,
A Legacy Left with Love*



JAVED JAMAL

1963 – 2026

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The Memoirs of Javed Jamal

*For Seema, Adeeba, Suboor, and the generations to come. May these memories keep
our family stories close.*

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An Opening Reflection

A lifetime of memories

As I sit down to write about my life, my thoughts travel back through the years—to the home where I grew up, the people who guided me, the work that gave me purpose, and the family that became the **greatest blessing of my life**.

I have been fortunate to see many places and meet many people. My work in aviation brought its own challenges and rewards, and I learned that a journey is remembered not only for where it takes us, but also for the **people who travel alongside us**.

When I think of my life, I think of my parents and the values they taught me. I think of Seema, of Adeeba and Suboor, and of the joy of watching our family grow. Some memories are of important milestones; others are of **ordinary days that have become precious** with the passing of time.

I want my children and grandchildren to know where we came from, how we made our way, and what mattered to me. I hope that as they read these pages, they will come to know not just the events of my life, but **something of the man I tried to be**.

If there is one thing I have come to value, it is that a life is made richer by **love, responsibility, faith**, and the **kindness** we show one another. These are the things I hope will remain in our family long after the details of dates and places have faded.

This is my story, as I remember it. I offer it with love to those who came before me, those who walked beside me, and **those who will carry our family's story forward**.

A Note from Adeeba

I have done my best to gather Abbu's memories and bring this book to life. If he had been given more time, I know he would have written so much more—about the people he loved, the places he visited, and the countless stories he carried with him. Since he could not finish what he began, I have tried to preserve his voice and piece together his journey with all the care I could give it. This book can never contain everything Abbu was. It is my offering to him, made possible only by the love I had for him and will always have.

— Adeeba

PART I

ROOTS AND BEGINNINGS

Chapters 1–3

1. Roots, Childhood, and Home in New Delhi

I came into this world on the 2nd of November, 1963, though if you look at my official papers, they will tell you it was September 29, 1964. My childhood unfolded in New Delhi, within the **familiar, bustling lanes of Taimur Nagar**. I was the eldest of three children born to **my dear parents**, Ghulam Jelani and Tahira Sultana. My brother arrived just a year after me, and twelve years later, our little sister completed our family.

Ours was a household where money was tight and had to be managed with absolute care. My father carried an **immense weight on his shoulders**, constantly battling financial pressures to keep us afloat. Because he was working so hard just to sustain us, my parents couldn't always give us the time or presence they deeply wished to provide. But even as a young boy, I understood. I saw his struggles, and I knew that every ounce of their energy was spent trying to give us **a better foundation**.

I was an obedient child, a boy who took his studies seriously and held a **deep, quiet love** for my parents and grandparents. The brightest patches of my childhood memory belong to the summer holidays. We would pack up and travel to Jaipur to visit my mother's side of the family. Those trips were **pure magic to me**; they broke the monotony of our limited Delhi life and connected me to a wider web of relatives, laughter, and stories. **Respect for my parents** was not merely something I spoke about; it was part of how I tried to live. I valued their sacrifices, listened to their guidance, and believed that caring for and **honoring one's parents** was a responsibility to carry with gratitude throughout life.

Looking back, I see how profoundly that modest home in Taimur Nagar **forged the man I became**. It taught me an invaluable lesson early on: our circumstances might be limited, but our effort, our dedication to education, and our genuine **care for one another** can break through any barrier. A person's beginnings do not have to determine the limits of their future. Financial hardship can teach care, discipline, and resourcefulness, while **education and family bonds** can open doors that once seemed far away.

2. The Family Before Me

Our deeper roots belong to the Siddiqui name, a heritage originating from a quiet village in western Uttar Pradesh. My paternal grandfather, Ghulam Kibria Siddiqui, was the patriarch who anchored us. He raised five sons and three daughters under his roof. My father, being the eldest son, naturally stepped up early to shoulder the **heavy responsibilities of our extended family**.

I lost my paternal grandmother when I was just a little boy. I never had the chance to know her soul properly. The only vivid fragment that remains in my mind is the painful memory of her being admitted to the hospital, and then she was gone. My grandfather chose never to remarry. He walked the rest of his long road alone, carrying on after such a devastating, early loss—a testament of **silent resilience** that became a quiet part of our family identity.

There is a story about my father that I want you all to carry in your hearts. One of his younger brothers had a severe problem with his leg or foot. In those days, people could be cruel; when my father brought him to Delhi to get an education, others openly mocked him. They sneered and asked my father if he truly expected a "donkey" to study. But my father refused to let their cruelty dictate his brother's fate. With **pure persistence and unshakable faith**, he supported him. That mocked uncle of mine ultimately became a respected teacher in Delhi, and his own children grew up to become medical doctors. Remember this story whenever people doubt you. **Persistence and faith** in a person's potential will always shatter the skepticism of the world.

My maternal grandfather, Abul Fakir Siddiqui, was another soul I deeply admired. He wasn't a wealthy man by the world's standards, yet **his heart was boundless**. He spent his life helping those who had less than him. Family recollections tie him to noble public service, working alongside national leaders in the momentous days before India's Independence. His work and elections eventually took him from Meerut to Jaipur. He was a simple, broad-minded, and truly secular man. In his **immense generosity**, he even gave my parents the very land upon which they built their own home.

There is a beautiful history to our names. Siddiqui was our ancestral line, but it was my father who deliberately added "Jamal" to my name. I want my children to preserve this detail and cherish it. These aren't just labels on a passport; they are **the**

values, decisions, and spirit passed from one generation to the next. **A family legacy is more than a surname.** It is the courage to stand beside someone whom others underestimate, the **generosity** to share what one has, and the willingness to give the next generation opportunities that were not easily available to you.

3. Education and Choosing Aviation

My intellectual journey took shape at the Cambridge School in Delhi. The family remembers me completing Class 10 in 1978 and finishing Class 12 under the CBSE board in 1980. From there, **my eyes turned toward the skies**—not to fly the planes, but to master the **complex, beautiful machinery** that kept them there. I pursued aeronautical engineering and aircraft maintenance, aligning my studies with Jamia Millia Islamia and the Aeronautical Society of India. By January 1989, I had earned my Bachelor of Engineering in Aeronautical Engineering (Maintenance Stream) from the Aeronautical Society of India, alongside my Diploma from Jamia and the Delhi Flying Club.

The spark for aircraft maintenance was truly lit during my days at Jamia. It was a demanding path. It squeezed every ounce of hard work out of me and required the steady, patient backing of my family. I found myself completely fascinated by the **technical heartbeat of aviation**. I didn't just want to look at an airplane; I wanted to understand how the engines breathed, how they generated massive thrust, and how meticulous human hands could guarantee the **safety of hundreds of lives** thousands of feet in the air.

This fascination with machinery became the foundation of my professional life. It shaped how I thought, how I solved problems, and it remained **my driving passion** even decades later when my career shifted from active engineering into the critical realm of flight safety. Curiosity becomes a direction when it is matched with patience and sustained effort. A qualification matters, but so does the **willingness to keep learning** long after the classroom years are over.

PART II

A LIFE IN AVIATION

Chapters 4–7

4. Learning the Work: Delhi Flying Club and Helicopters

My professional life truly began to breathe between 1983 and 1987 during my years of training. **My hands got dirty for the first time** at the Delhi Flying Club, working on small, nimble aircraft. Soon after, I stepped into the **world of rotary aircraft** with the Helicopter Corporation of India, which everyone now knows as Pawan Hans.

Those days were an adventure. I was assigned to maintain Westland helicopters, a job that took me far from the comforts of Delhi to places like Lucknow and the **remote, beautiful hills of Kohima** in Nagaland.

Helicopter maintenance is raw, intensely practical, hands-on work. **There are no margins for error.** I spent my days mastering rotor-blade tracking, executing complex engine changes, and performing delicate rotor balancing. A single helicopter carried fourteen or fifteen souls. Their lives hung entirely on the precision of our maintenance and the absolute soundness of our technical judgment. It demanded **iron discipline, unwavering concentration**, and a profound respect for the aircraft. Those lonely, high-stakes assignments in Nagaland taught me to stand firmly behind my technical decisions. I learned very early that **aviation safety doesn't begin on the runway**; it begins long before, in the mind and heart of the engineer. Responsibility is often carried out of sight. In safety-critical work, careful preparation and sound judgment protect people who may never know the names of those who kept them safe.

5. Air India Engineering: Engines, Testing, and Troubleshooting

In October 1990, I took an important step forward and joined the engineering ranks of Air India, **a proud chapter** that would span over two decades until January 2012. I climbed from an Aircraft Maintenance Engineer to a Chief Engineer, spending some of my **most defining years** in the intense environment of the Jet Shop test cell and Delhi line maintenance. My world revolved around the massive, roaring powerplants of Airbus and Boeing aircraft—specifically the IAE V2500, CFM56-5B, and the Pratt & Whitney JT8D engine families.

Engine testing and troubleshooting weren't just jobs to me; they were **an art form**. I lived for the thrill of performance analysis, diving deep into complex engine snags, diagnosing hidden faults, and authorizing the final release of an engine back to the aircraft. Whether it was performing precise borescope inspections or managing critical line-maintenance component changes, I made sure every service bulletin was met with absolute perfection.

I poured so much of myself into that Jet Shop. My records show I personally conducted **over one thousand tests** on the IAE V2500-A1 engine alone. I oversaw the quick-engine-change build-ups and led rigorous lease acceptance and return inspections, meticulously auditing engines when they arrived from overseas. It required constant, high-level liaison with the great engine manufacturers of the world—IAE, GE, and Pratt & Whitney.

One of the **proudest milestones of my career** was being named the nodal person to commission Air India's state-of-the-art gas-turbine engine testing facility right in Delhi. I can still feel the adrenaline of testing the very first Pratt & Whitney engine in that facility, leading a brilliant team to upgrade our testing capabilities for the V2500 and CFM engines. It was a massive responsibility that demanded every drop of my technical knowledge, planning, and leadership.

To stay at the top of my field, Allah allowed me to **travel the world for specialist training**. I studied gas-turbine module analysis and test-cell systems with Cenco in the United States. I continued my specialist training in aircraft engines and test-cell systems, including training at the CFM center in Hyderabad under an instructor from CFM France. My licenses covered the Boeing 737-200 and the

entire Airbus A319, A320, and A321 family. Every approval, every signature I stamped on a maintenance release was backed by years of grueling study. I never forgot that my work was the invisible shield protecting the crews and passengers who trusted our planes with their lives. Mastery is built through repetition, attention to detail, and respect for the consequences of one's decisions. Pride in work is strongest when it is joined to humility and accountability.



Javed in Male (Maldives) to rescue aircraft landed on wrong runway

6. From Engineering to Flight Safety at Air India

In February 2012, **a new door opened for me**. I transitioned into Air India's Flight Safety department, serving as Deputy Chief of Flight Safety and General Manager until my retirement in September 2022. The nature of my daily work shifted completely, but my core purpose remained identical. For twenty years, I had made sure the aircraft were physically fit to fly; now, my job was to look at the bigger picture—to dissect risks, understand human and operational errors, and build walls of prevention so incidents would never happen twice.

It was a **heavy, solemn role**. I was tasked with investigating complex incidents involving pilots, engineers, ground-handling crews, and airport operations. Pulling from the global standards of the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO), I spent my days analyzing root causes and designing strict mitigations.

This job required me to be **a bridge between entirely different worlds**. I had to coordinate closely with maintenance, flight operations, in-flight services, and international regulatory authorities. I represented Air India Flight Safety during high-stakes international audits, and I am proud to say I successfully led our department through three consecutive, flawless IOSA audits since 2013.

I chaired the Safety Action Group and Safety Review meetings, where teams discussed risks and the steps needed to prevent future incidents,, setting the agendas and **following up carefully on corrective actions**. Twice a year, I presented our comprehensive Safety Review Board findings directly to Air India's Chairman and Managing Director. I became the nodal point for the critical Safety Assessment of Foreign Aircraft (SAFA) inspections and our Emergency Response Planning.

When the world turned upside down during the COVID-19 pandemic, or when brand new airports and complex aircraft systems were introduced, **the pressure on my department was immense**. My job wasn't just to find a flaw; it was to convince, persuade, and sometimes push people across different departments to change their habits for the sake of safety. I became an SMS Train-the-Trainer, passionately teaching pilots and front-line staff how to think with a safety-first mindset. I was

a safety professional to my core. When I finally retired from Air India in September 2022, I walked away knowing I had poured my life into building a stronger, safer culture for the airline. Experience becomes more valuable when it is used to prevent harm and help others improve. Leadership is not only about finding mistakes; it is about building a culture in which people learn from them.

7. A Further Chapter at FlyBig

Retirement is a strange word for a man whose **heart has always run at the speed of an aviation engine**. I couldn't simply sit still. In April 2024, I accepted a new challenge and joined FlyBig Airline India as their Executive Vice President, Chief of Flight Safety, and Safety Manager. FlyBig was a different beast altogether, operating rugged Twin Otter aircraft that served the smaller, remote cities of our vast country.

Though my time there was brief—spanning from April to December 2024—it was **deeply meaningful**. I took the massive repository of knowledge I had built over three decades at Air India and applied it to this growing regional carrier. I led investigations, authored comprehensive safety reports for the Indian regulatory authorities, and personally oversaw Safety Management System (SMS) training for a new generation of pilots and engineers. I am incredibly proud that during my tenure as Head of Safety, we maintained an absolute, flawless no-accident and no-incident certification. It was the perfect, honorable exclamation point to my active working life. A career can change shape without losing its purpose. The knowledge accumulated over decades can still be put to use in a new setting, and meaningful work does not always end on the day called retirement.

PART III

THE FAMILY I BUILT

Chapters 8–12

8. Marriage to Seema and Building a Home

On the 25th of December, 1990, **my life received its greatest blessing**. I married **my beautiful Seema**. Our union was traditionally arranged by our families, connecting two completely different worlds. Seema had just completed her postgraduate studies at the prestigious Aligarh Muslim University. She came from the remote, pristine shores of Port Blair in the Andaman Islands, where her father had served with distinction as the Director of Education and her mother had inspired many as an Arts teacher.



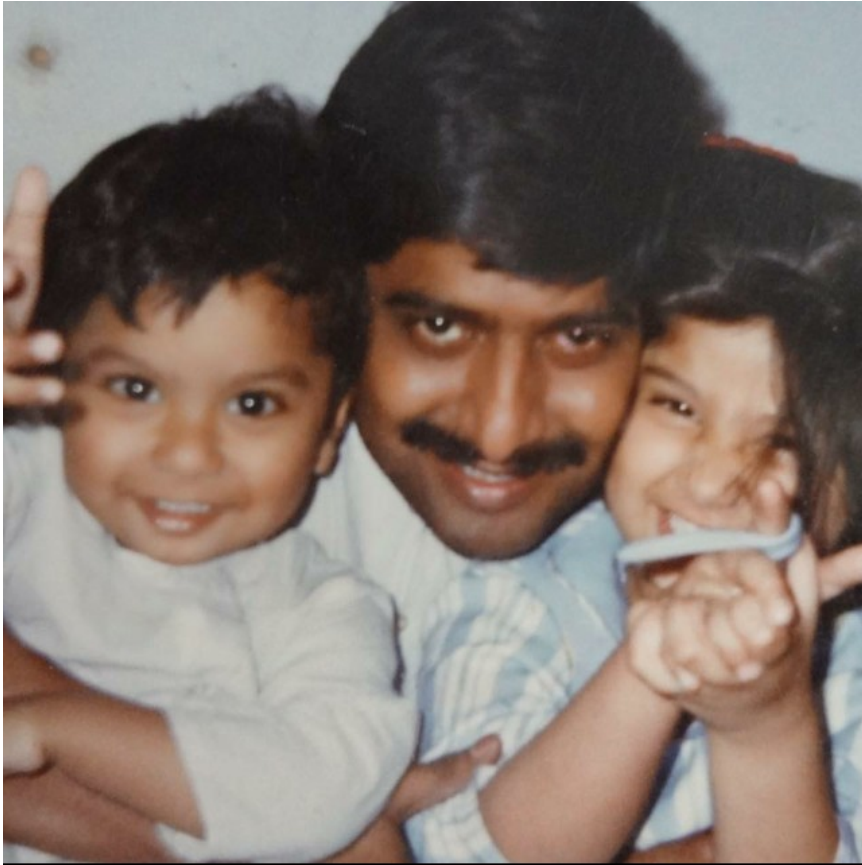
Seema joined me in Delhi and stepped into her own calling as a dedicated Geography teacher, shaping young minds from 1991 all the way to 2013. **Together, hand in hand**, we set out to build a home and raise our children.

Those early years were a **masterclass in budgeting and careful planning**. Money was a limited resource, and we didn't have the luxury to shower our children with material extravagances. But what we lacked in wealth, we more than made up for

in effort and love. We worked hard to provide them with every educational opportunity.

Seema had this special ability—she could take the most limited resources and somehow make our home feel **warm and welcoming**. I admired her for that every single day. Our lives were built on the beautiful rhythm of the everyday: earning, teaching, budgeting, celebrating birthdays, and fiercely keeping our family close. No matter how heavy or exhausting my responsibilities grew at Air India, my heart always ran straight back to my wife and children. Seema's endless patience and unshakable support were the true runway that allowed my demanding aviation career to take flight. A home is built through countless ordinary acts: planning, teaching, budgeting, showing up, and supporting one another. Love is often most visible not in grand gestures, but in the steadiness of daily care.

9. Adeeba and Suboor: Growing Up and Finding Their Paths



On May 25, 1992, **our lives expanded** with the birth of our daughter, Adeeba. Three years later, on April 11, 1995, our son, Suboor Jamal, arrived. They were **two different personalities**, each with a path of their own, but to Seema and me they were the centre of our world and our greatest responsibility.

Their childhood and school years in India were shaped by the home Seema and I worked hard to build. We could not give them every luxury, but we tried to give them **something lasting**: a good education, the confidence to work hard, and the conviction that honesty and self-respect matter. We watched them grow through their school years and then into higher education, celebrating each step while reminding them never to take an opportunity for granted.

Adeeba pursued her BTech at Jamia Hamdard and **topped her batch**. I cannot describe **how proud that made me**. She was determined to continue her education, and her ambition eventually took her to the Illinois Institute of Technology in Chicago for a master's degree in computer science. As her father, I wanted her to explore the world and make a life of her own. At the same time, the thought of my daughter living across an ocean brought a sadness that only a parent can fully understand.

Suboor, too, grew through his schooling and college years in India and began finding his own direction. Seema and I watched both children become adults with **dreams beyond the home** where they had grown up. We had spent years preparing them to stand independently; now we had to learn how to give them room to do so. A parent's task is not to choose every step for a child, but to give that child a foundation of education, character, and love strong enough to carry into the wider world.



Seema and Javed with Adeeba and Suboor — the family they built together

10. Flight 127: Taking Adeeba to Chicago

August 2014 is **etched into my soul forever**. Seema, Suboor, Adeeba, and I walked through Indira Gandhi International Airport to board Air India Boeing 777 Flight 127, **bound for Chicago**. We traveled together in business class. As a father, I felt both proud and emotional, accompanying my daughter toward her destiny. But as an aviation engineer, I couldn't help but look at the aircraft with familiar awe. I knew its systems; I understood the magnificent engineering of those massive engines.

I remember sitting in that cabin, listening intently to the **deep, familiar roar of the engines** as the aircraft climbed into the sky. At 35,000 feet, right after the climb when the seat-belt sign chimed, a wave of peace washed over me. Because of my lifelong service to Air India, my beloved colleagues at the airport and in the commercial department had welcomed us warmly and helped us through every checkpoint. Aviation hadn't just been my paycheck; it was a brotherhood of lifelong friendships.

When our flight touched down in Chicago, Seema's elder sister and her husband were **waiting for us with open arms**. Their **kindness** at that milestone was something I could never fully repay. They helped guide Adeeba through admission formalities at the Illinois Institute of Technology, while their daughters supported her as she adjusted to American university life. We were witnessing our daughter step onto the stage of her own adult life. Flight 127 would always remain a defining voyage for our family—the moment our horizons expanded across the globe. Some milestones hold two emotions at once: pride in a loved one's future and sadness at the distance that future may bring. Love can let go without loosening its bond.

11. Adeeba and Irfan: A Marriage in Chicago

On March 17, 2017, Adeeba and Irfan were married in Chicago. It was a **deeply meaningful day for me**. I had once accompanied my daughter to that city as a student beginning a new chapter; now I was seeing her begin another chapter, this time building a family of her own. A father carries many memories of his daughter at once—the little girl growing up at home, the student setting off with big dreams, and the woman standing ready to share her future with someone else.

I came to admire Irfan for qualities that mattered more to me than any title. He worked in the IT and cloud computing field, but what impressed me most was **his maturity**. He was **calm, down-to-earth, and a wonderful listener**. There was reassurance in the way he listened carefully and spoke thoughtfully. I valued that steadiness, and it gave me comfort to see the kind of partner my daughter had chosen.

In August 2018, we brought the celebration home to Delhi for a grand reception. My dear father was there to smile upon and bless the couple. Looking back, I **cherish that gathering** all the more because it was the last major family milestone he attended before his death on October 8, 2020. The reception brought generations together and gave us a memory that would stay with us long after the celebrations ended. When someone joins a family, **character matters as much as accomplishment**. **Calmness, humility, listening, and respect** are gifts that strengthen a marriage and the family around it.

12. Suboor: A New Chapter in Chicago and Marriage

In August 2017, Suboor came to Chicago. After years of watching both my children grow up and study in India, I now saw each of them **building a future in America**. The distance was not always easy for Seema and me, but it was a source of gratitude to know that they were moving forward in their lives.

In August 2020, Suboor married Samreen, who works as a podiatrist specializing in foot and ankle care. Their marriage was **another joyful milestone** for our family. I admired the **dedication** required for her profession and welcomed her as a daughter-in-law with affection and respect. They established their home in Cleveland, Ohio, and I was glad to see my son create a home and life of his own. No matter how many miles separated us, I wanted our family to remain close in affection and in action.

As our family grew through these marriages, I often returned to a principle I hoped my children would remember: put difficulties behind you when you can. **Forgive one another.** Do not let a passing disagreement or wounded pride destroy a family bond. Life is too short to carry resentment from one year into the next. Families grow across cities and generations, but closeness needs care. Make the effort to visit, listen, forgive, and keep the door open to one another.

PART IV

THE LATER CHAPTERS OF MY LIFE

Chapters 13–15

13. North Carolina and the Joy of Grandchildren

From 2023 onward, the setting of my life shifted to North Carolina, where Seema and I spent our days mostly under the loving care of Adeeba and her family. We were so deeply grateful to be near our daughter and son-in-law. As my body grew tired and my health needs escalated, their presence became the **very air we breathed**. In January 2026, we achieved a beautiful milestone by purchasing our very own home, finally moving into its welcoming rooms in May 2026.

But if you want to know what brought the absolute **purest, most radiant joy** to my final years, it was my grandchildren. Zainab was born into our world on June 30, 2021, and little Ayyub arrived on January 2, 2024. They called me "Naneabba." Oh, how I loved them! I would lose myself playing silly songs, dancing across the living room with them, and gently teaching their eager minds the basics of English, mathematics, and the beautiful cadence of Arabic. Those ordinary, quiet afternoons were the **greatest treasures of my life**. They filled our home with **infectious laughter** and a vibrant, healing energy.

I found deep spiritual solace going to the mosque and attending the Friday Jumu'ah prayers, sitting quietly as I listened to the profound *khutbahs* delivered by Imam Abu Taleb. My faith, my family, and this warm community became **what kept me grounded** in North Carolina. Suboor and his brilliant wife would travel down from Cleveland to fill our house with completeness. I looked around at my children and my relatives, seeing how deeply they cared and how fiercely they stood by me when the road got rocky, and I knew I was **a truly wealthy man**. The richest parts of life may be found in small, repeated moments: a song, a game, a lesson, a visit, or a child's laughter. Presence can be a greater gift than anything money can buy.

14. Friends, Faith, and the Principles I Tried to Live By

I look back on a life blessed with an abundance of true friendships. I loved the written word, held an unyielding pride in my profession, and possessed an **insatiable hunger to learn** more about Islam, politics, and the shifting dynamics of public affairs. I lived by the firm belief that education should never end with a diploma; it is a **lifelong pursuit** that comes from a book, a deep conversation, or simply observing the human souls around us.

I placed great importance on education, **honest hard work**, and **telling the truth**. I raised my children to walk with their heads held high, to guard their self-worth, and to align every single action with Islamic principles. I wanted them to achieve great success in the world, yes, but more than that, I wanted them to be **good, compassionate human beings** who stayed fiercely connected to their family and reached out to help those in need.

I tried with all my might to treat every single human being with **deep respect**, completely blind to their age, status, or wealth. I could sit on the floor and laugh with a toddler, or sit respectfully with the elderly, and my heart always gravitated toward supporting those who were financially weaker. I quietly extended my hand to our extended family, especially on my maternal side, whenever they needed a lift. I wanted my children to remember: **a person's true dignity** never, ever resides in the size of their bank account. And alongside the serious things in life, I enjoyed its simple pleasures. I had a particular fondness for sweets: different kinds of ice cream, Indian mithai, gajar ka halwa, ripe mangoes, and, **above all, kalakand**. These small delights were part of the warmth and happiness of family life.

I possessed a strong, stubborn will, and I worked continuously until my body simply couldn't keep up. But I also knew that to be human is to stumble. I begged those around me to ask for **forgiveness**, to accept their human shortcomings, and to move on. I lived by that very rule: do not bury every past hurt in your chest forever, and never let a temporary disagreement shatter a relationship that love can still repair. My ultimate prayer was for our family to remain an **unbreakable, united front**, strengthened by honesty, effort, boundless **generosity**, and **swift forgiveness**. A life of **integrity** is built through everyday choices: speaking

honestly, treating people with **dignity**, helping where possible, continuing to learn, and being willing to apologize. These habits are a legacy that can outlast possessions and titles.

I also had my simple pleasures. I loved trying different ice creams and Indian mithai, especially gajar ka halwa. I enjoyed ripe mangoes whenever they were in season. And if you wanted to know my favorite sweet, it was **kalakand**. Sometimes the smallest treats brought the biggest smiles.



A memorable, lighthearted moment with Shah Rukh Khan

15. My Final Journey

Life changed in April 2023 when I was diagnosed with liver cirrhosis while visiting Cleveland. It was a heavy, sobering diagnosis, but Allah blessed me with a family who **stood beside me**. Seema cared for me with devotion. Adeeba worked tirelessly on appointments, medical information, insurance matters, and treatment decisions. Suboor made the journey from Cleveland to be close to me and offer his support. Irfan, my son-in-law, was deeply involved in my health care, helping the family manage medical needs and difficult decisions with his **characteristic steadiness**. Samreen, my daughter-in-law, also showed **genuine care and concern** for my health and supported our family through those difficult days. I was grateful for the love and efforts of each of them; caring for someone through illness is never the work of one person alone.

In August 2026, I began immunotherapy. It was a **difficult period for my health** and for the family who cared for me.

Throughout his illness, Dr. Andrew Moon, his hepatologist at UNC, closely managed his liver-related care. Javed had great respect and admiration for Dr. Moon as both a physician and a person, and he continued to mention him even during his final days.

In his final days, Javed was surrounded by the care and concern of his family, including Seema, Adeeba, Suboor, Irfan, and Samreen. Their roles were different, but their shared love for him remained constant. These memories of his passing are shared by those who were with him.

Javed Jamal passed away on October 7, 2026, at approximately 3:00 p.m. in North Carolina. He was prepared for ghusl that evening, and his burial took place the following day, October 8. For those of us who cared for him, illness changed the shape of daily life, but it also made **love and gratitude** unmistakably clear. We learned that accepting care can be an expression of trust, and offering it can be an expression of devotion.

PART V

THE LOVE THAT REMAINS

A Daughter's Afterword • A Legacy for the Next Generation

16. A Daughter's Afterword

By Adeeba

To tell you what Abbu meant to me, I want to take you back to a few moments in our life together. Some are memories from childhood that I can still picture so clearly. Others are from our last days together, when I wanted so desperately to give him the same reassurance he had always given me.

I was in fourth grade when my school arranged a trip to Agra. We were going to fly from Delhi to Agra on Air India and return by the Shatabdi. I was so excited. But the day before the trip, I fell very sick.

Even through that sickness, all I kept asking was, “Abbu, you will let me go, right? You will let me go?”

Not once did he say no. He kept telling me, “Beta, I want you to feel better, and then we will see.”

The night passed, and I was still unwell. I had been given medicines, and we hoped I would feel better by the time of the flight. But even when it was time to leave, I was not completely myself.

What I remember most clearly is Abbu coming inside the aircraft with me. He sat me down, told the pilot to take care of me, and then left to return to his office in the airport jeep. Even now, I can picture him waving goodbye.

There I was, this little fourth-grade girl, determined to go on her school trip. And there was my father, making sure I was settled before he left, trusting that I would be all right.

It was always difficult for Abbu to say no to a pushy girl like me. Remember that part about being pushy, because I will come back to it when I take you to 2023.

As I grew older, his support helped shape much more than my childhood memories. It shaped the way I thought, spoke, and understood myself.

People often tell me, “Adeeba, you are such a good communicator. You know how to put your point across. You are not afraid to take a stand or explain how you feel.”

Over the years, I have asked myself where that came from. And I always come back to Abbu.

I was curious. I had questions, opinions, and a lot to say. I questioned society's expectations. I wanted to know why we continued certain traditions simply because they had always been followed. What was the reason? What was the logic? Did something become right just because nobody questioned it?

I do not remember a single instance when Abbu stopped me from asking those questions. Instead, he encouraged me to find reliable information, do my research, and never be afraid to speak my mind.

His advice was clear: do not get caught up in empty arguments. Be well-read. Know what you are talking about. Make a point that people in the room can respect, and learn to express it convincingly.

He gave me room to develop my own thinking. Eventually, that meant questioning many social norms and trying to make changes in my own life, too.

When people appreciate my confidence today, I wish they could see how much of it began with a father who listened to his daughter and took her questions seriously.

That same belief in me showed up in my studies.

I would tell him, "Abbu, I am among the top five students in my school."

And he would ask, "Why not first? You surely can be."

He had more confidence in me than I sometimes had in myself. Years later, when I topped my entire BTech batch, I remembered those words. I still remember how proud he was.

I never felt that he would have loved me less if I had not come first. What made that achievement so special was that he had seen the possibility before I had. He believed I could do it, and I had proved him right.

Then came 2014, and our flight from Delhi to Chicago—the beginning of a new chapter in my life.

Abbu spoke often about that journey. He was so proud that I had received admission offers from ten universities and that we had the luxury of choosing where I would go.

He particularly wanted me to attend IIT Chicago. It was a good university, there were direct flights between Chicago and Delhi, and my first cousin also lived in

Illinois. To him, those things mattered. He was thinking about my education, but also about how easily I could come home and who would be nearby.

Of course, I argued.

I wanted to consider another university that was equally good. When he explained how much easier the travel would be, I told him, “I am not going to travel that much.”

And then I went back and forth between Delhi and Chicago so many times that my friends in Delhi would joke, “We do not even feel like Adeeba has moved to America!”

Abbu knew me. He knew how much home meant to me, even when I was busy insisting that I would be perfectly fine staying away.

The next big chapter was my marriage to Irfan.

Ammi was the one who found him, but Abbu’s reassurance helped me make my final decision. His opinion carried so much weight in my heart. When he said yes and helped me feel confident about the decision, it mattered.

He was the person I turned to for that final conversation, that final check. I could have my own opinions, do my own research, and argue my case—but I still wanted to know what Abbu thought.

Then came 2023, and that pushy daughter appeared again.

My parents received their green cards, and they had to decide whether to settle in North Carolina or continue travelling back and forth. Their health was not as strong as it had once been, they were getting older, and Abbu had retired.

I wanted them near me. More than that, I wanted them with me.

After months of persuading and pushing, they agreed, Alhamdulillah. They adjusted to life here and began building a routine of their own. They had their own car, and in 2026, they had their own home, too.

It meant so much to have them close.

But between May and August of that year, Abbu’s health took difficult turns. Through it all, he remained steadfast. Somewhere along the way, our roles began to change.

When I was little, he had been the one telling me, “Adeeba, you will get through this. Allah is with us.”

Now I was the one telling him, “Abbu, do not lose hope. I will not let you go. I will fight for you until your last breath.”

He would say, “Okay, beta. You love your Abbu. May Allah bless you.”

And I did. I loved him with everything I had, and I tried with everything I had.

I prayed relentlessly. I cried and pleaded with Allah to make my dad better. Sometimes, in my helplessness, my prayers felt almost like arguments. I kept asking, kept hoping, kept turning back to Him. I knew Allah was listening, even when I struggled to understand what was happening.

I also tried to learn everything I could about Abbu’s health, the medical system, and the insurance system here. Anything that might help him mattered to me.

I would begin preparing for his appointments a week in advance. What did we need to ask? What had changed? What needed a clearer explanation? Was there something else we should discuss?

I wanted Abbu to feel that, even though he was not walking into those appointments with a doctor in the family, he was walking in with someone who had prepared and would speak up for him.

Sometimes the doctors seemed surprised by how much I knew or by the questions I asked. But there was only one reason behind all that effort: Abbu.

The curiosity he had encouraged in me, the research he had taught me to do, and the confidence he had given me to ask questions were now the very things I used to care for him.

It took me time to accept that, however fiercely you fight for someone you love, there comes a point when you have to surrender to Allah’s will.

I did surrender, but it hurt.

On October 1, when Abbu was severely ill, I began to feel something I could not shake. We decided to bring him back to my home on October 4. The dates were so close to the anniversary of his own father’s passing in 2020 that I found myself wondering, Is he waiting for that date?

Abbu passed away on October 7, 2026, at about 3 p.m. in North Carolina. In India, it was already October 8—the date on which his father, our Dade Abba, had passed away six years earlier. That coincidence touched me profoundly. I found myself imagining father and son reunited in Allah’s mercy, while knowing that only Allah knows the unseen.

He was right in front of me. Our family was gathered around him. Through all the things I could not control, that was one thing I had wanted so deeply: that when it was time for Abbu to return to Allah, he would be surrounded by the people who loved him.

I think he would have wanted that, too. Alhamdulillah, he was.

That evening, after Isha, while Abbu was being prepared for ghusl, street cats gathered quietly nearby. His burial was the following day. I cannot know what their presence meant, but I remember the peace of that moment. It brought me comfort to think of Allah's creation and to pray for a merciful, beautiful ending for Abbu.

For the longest time, Abbu had wanted to write a book about his life. He had begun writing and gathering conversations and memories for it. But in his final days, he was no longer able to continue.

Two days after he passed away, I decided that, InshaAllah, I would complete it for him.

I could no longer prepare for another appointment or find another question to ask his doctors. But I could do this. I could help bring together the stories he had wanted to share and finish something that mattered to him.

It is an honour to do that for a man I am so proud to call my dad.

As I work on his book, I keep returning to that little girl on the plane, watching her father wave goodbye. I think of the student he believed could come first, the daughter who argued about universities, and the grown woman who still needed his reassurance before making a big decision.

I think of how often he said, "Beta," and how much comfort that one word could hold when it came from him.

Abbu, you gave me the confidence to speak, the freedom to question, and the belief that I could do more than I thought possible. In your hardest days, I tried to give some of that strength back to you.

I wish you were here to see this book finished. I wish I could sit beside you, show you its pages, and hear what you thought.

For now, I will put my love into completing it.

May Allah forgive you, have mercy on you, fill your grave with light, and grant you Jannatul Firdaus. May He reunite us in Jannah. Ameen.

Your daughter,
Adeeba



Adeeba with Abbu

A Legacy for the Next Generation

If there is one thread running through these memories, it is that a life is built through many kinds of work. Some of it is visible: degrees earned, engines tested, investigations completed, and responsibilities carried at work. **Much of it is quieter:** caring for parents, supporting a spouse, guiding children, welcoming new family members, teaching grandchildren, helping relatives, and choosing **forgiveness** when pride might be easier.

These pages do not claim that a life is perfect or that every question has an easy answer. They preserve one man's journey as it was remembered and recorded in this draft. May readers take from it what is useful: work carefully; keep learning; **treat people with dignity**; help when you can; do not measure a person by wealth or status; and **make time for the people you love**.

Above all, may **the generations who read this book** remember the people behind the names, and may the values that mattered to Javed Jamal continue to find a home in the lives of those who come after him.

In Their Words — A Tribute to Javed Jamal

Remembered with love by his wife, family, friends, and colleagues. Each voice here carries a different part of the man we knew.

From Family

or Seema (Ammi)

Wife of Javed Jamal

My husband was a very supportive, cheerful, and kind-hearted person who always put his family first. He deeply loved and cared for his children and believed that family should always stay together, united in love, respect, and understanding. He was a truly family-oriented person who found happiness in seeing his loved ones happy.

Javed would often tease me, “Seema, you married Air India more than you married Javed Jamal!” It was one of his favorite jokes, and it still makes me smile to remember it.

He had no greed, no unnecessary demands, and never ran after material things. Instead, he was always ready to help others whenever he could. Charity was very close to his heart, and he believed in helping those in need. His kindness, generosity, positive spirit, and willingness to support everyone made him a truly special person.

He touched many lives through his goodness and the love he shared with others. His absence has left a deep void in our lives, but his values, his memories, and the beautiful person he was will always remain in our hearts. He will forever be remembered with love, respect, and gratitude.

02 Suboor Jamal

Son of Javed Jamal

A Tribute to Abbu

Abbu always taught me how important it is to be professionally sound. I never used to be good at studies but he shaped my life and helped me develop the man I am today. Many people don't have that bond with their fathers due to their tough love but abbu was like a friend to me. I could talk to him about anything that's going on in my personal or professional life. I live with his principles and values before and will continue to live with him still.

It would be unfair to say only few fond memories as I had many but i'll share few.

1. In my 12th grade I lost my physics practical notebook and my exam was in less than 24 hours. I called abbu saying what happened. And abbu in a very chill way told me to sit down all night and write the book again. I felt very sad, that why he told me to do that but I realized he was trying to teach me a lesson. He taught me the importance of owning the problems and fixing them yourself. He never used to depend on anyone else for any help professionally or personally and he fought his battle all alone. He just had one person he used to seek to support for and she was always present to help with open arms, my ammi.

2. One of the other happiest moments I had with him was when Samreen and I went back to India and ammi/abbu threw us a big party. All the family members and his loved ones came and I have never seen such a big gathering in our events, but they all came because of abbu and ammi's love. He was dancing and laughing with everyone because he knew that he has accomplished one more big responsibilities he had on his shoulders and now has new member in the family which most accept as a daughter in law but he accepted Samreen as her own and I felt jealous sometimes that why he loves her more than me.

I can keep writing these but I have one more.

3. Every Eid when omni bhai used to drive dade abba, abbu and me to the masjid. I used to hold their hands and take them inside. I used to keep their slippers in the shoe rack and give it back when we were done. Abbu never told me to do that but whenever I used to do that I could see how proud he was off me as he could see the values he has given to me and I could see from his face that my father just didn't win as a father today but he also won as a son as his father gave him those values.

What I admired most about him was...

This is going to be a long list and probably never-ending. But the most I admired about him was how hardworking and successful he was in his career. Now matter how much you have earned you get up every day, get ready to work and work harder. His devotion towards work and the hunger towards learning something new is one of the many reasons why abbu is my role model. He single handedly became who he was, and of course as they say behind a successful person there is a women and that was ammi for him. Even though he achieved so much he always taught us to be down to earth and be humble. He always taught us to help those in need. These things might sound or look small but when you actually implement them, they have a very big impact on your life.

I will always remember him for...

He was a fighter. Despite what was going on in life he would still help people and put his best face out to the world. Yes, sometimes he did use to cry to himself. I noticed that multiple times when him and I were alone at home, as ammi was with adee. But he never let inner his battles affect how he behaved with us ever. He was still kind to everyone around and still maintained the demeanor.

One word that best describes him

This is tough as there are multiple words I can use but the one word I would use is “anchor”. He was not just my support system but many around him and that void can never be filled again. I never expressed my feelings to abbu and how much I used to love him especially since I moved to USA. I wish I could have told him. He always use to tell me “suboor tension nahi lene ka abhi tera baap zinda hai”, we all used to laugh and joke about it but now I know what he meant by that. I might not let it show on my face but I miss him a lot.

I'll always live with his values. It's tough to loose a parent at any stage of their life but I am so proud of him that until the last day he was fighting for us. He made our life and left us with no remorse.

Abbu you will always be missed. Sorry for all the mistakes I did. I wanted to say a lot of things to you, tell you that I am sorry and how much I love and miss you. But couldn't, inshallah we will meet again.

03 Irfan

Son-in-law • Adeeba's husband

There is a special kind of nervous feeling you get when you are a new son-in-law. You think really hard before you say anything, you sit up straight, and you laugh at every joke just in case it was supposed to be funny. But with Abbu, that nervous feeling went away really fast. He didn't just see me as the "damaad." He saw me as me. Even before I did anything to deserve it, he decided I was family, and that was that.

From the very first day, he treated me like his own son, not like a son-in-law. I never had to try hard to make him like me or prove anything to him. He gave me the same love, the same advice, and sometimes even the same scolding that he gave his own kids. Now that I think about it, the scolding was probably the best sign that I was really one of his own!

For a long time, I only knew him from family get togethers, short visits of 10 or 15 days to Chicago, phone calls, and all the stories everybody loved telling about him. But I really got to know him when he came to live with us. I got to see the real person behind all the laughing and his big personality. Little by little, our talks stopped being polite and careful and turned into easy, fun talks, like two friends. He wanted to know about everything: my work, our house, and even the tiniest things that happened in our day. He told me stories about his own life and gave me advice, but it never felt like a lecture. Somewhere along the way, he stopped being just my wife's dad and became like my own dad. That time with him was a gift, and I will always be thankful for it.

The thing I remember most from that time, and the thing I liked most about him, was how forgiving he was. Abbu just did not know how to stay mad at anyone. If someone hurt his feelings, he usually forgave them before they even finished planning how to say sorry. And once he forgave you, it was really over. He never brought it up again, and he never kept score. Watching him taught me that forgiving people doesn't make you weak. It's actually one of the strongest and kindest things a person can do.

The coolest part about his forgiving was that he didn't even wait for people to say sorry. Most people forgive you after you apologize, but Abbu forgave people even when they never said sorry at all. It's not that his feelings didn't get hurt. They did. He just didn't let the hurt build a wall between him and the people he loved. I figured out that he forgave like this because of his deen and how much he trusted Allah. He hoped Allah would be kind and forgiving to him, so he was kind and forgiving to everybody else. The family is really, really big, and sometimes little fights can go on for years. But

Abbu was always the bridge that brought everyone back together. Because of him, a lot of people who might have stopped talking to each other stayed close.

I will also always remember how easy it was for him to talk to anybody, whether they were 5 years old or 50 years old. He could get little kids giggling with his stories, and then turn right around and have a serious talk with a grown-up about deen, jobs, or life, without skipping a beat. Kids loved him because he never talked to them like they were babies, and grown-ups respected him because he always listened. He talked to everyone in a way they understood, and everyone left feeling like he really heard them.

And of course, he loved his family SO much. Abbu never missed a chance to talk about his children with pride, and every achievement, big or small, got its full share of praise. Every single relative heard all about it, and then probably heard it again! He loved Ammi a lot too, and he was really proud of her. And Ammi took care of him every single day while he stayed with us. Through every hospital visit, every night with no sleep, and every hard moment when he was sick, she stayed right by his side and took care of him with lots of patience and love. Abbu knew how much she did for him, and he always made sure to say it.

If I had to pick just one word to describe him, it would be forgiving.

Abbu, you gave me way more than just a spot in your family. You gave me a dad's love and an example of how to be a good person. Your laughing, your warmth, and most of all your forgiving heart will stay with me and with everyone you were ever nice to.

May Allah fill your grave with noor, give you the highest place in Jannatul Firdaus, and give Ammi and the whole family sabr and strength. Ameen, Summa Ameen.

May Allah forgive your mistakes as easily as you forgave everybody else's.

04 Samreen

Daughter-in-law • Suboor's wife

A Tribute to Abbu

Abbu was like my own dad. He made me feel safe, believed in me, and encouraged me to keep growing. He taught me the importance of education and, later, the importance of family. I will forever be grateful that I got to call him Abbu. May Allah grant him Jannatul Firdaus. Ameen.

One of my fondest memories of Abbu was...

One of my fondest memories of Abbu was his determination to find pancakes for me in India, even when they were almost impossible to find. We also shared a love for ice cream and desserts, and I will always smile thinking about those little things that brought us joy.

What I admired most about him was...

His willingness to understand me rather than expect me to think exactly as he did. Having grown up in America, I sometimes approached things differently, and he tried his best to get used to my Hyderabad Hindi and my mix of Indian and American perspectives. I admired his belief that women should be educated, independent, and hardworking while still making time for family and eventually aim for a healthy work life balance.

I will always remember him for...

The way he supported Ammi, his gentle smile. When I got married, he took my well-being seriously, not simply as a father-in-law, but as a father. He gave me confidence when I needed it and encouraged me to keep going, just like my own Papa. His last advice to me was to stay close to my parents and siblings and always respect them. I will carry those words with me.

One word that best describes him

Dependable

May Allah forgive Abbu, fill his grave with light, grant him Jannatul Firdaus, and reunite us with him in Jannah. Ameen.

o5 Dadi Ammi

Mother of Javed Jamal; Adeeba and Suboor's paternal grandmother

A Mother's Words for Her Son

Takleefen itni padi ke har takleef ko bhool gaya,
aahen bharta bharta raahat ko bhool gaya,
saabir tha, bahut sabr karta karta Allah ke (paas) chala gaya.

English translation

He went through so much suffering that he forgot what pain even was;
sighing and sighing, he forgot what comfort felt like;
he was a patient man, and enduring with great patience, he went to Allah.

Original Urdu

تکلیفیں اتنی پڑیں کہ ہر تکلیف کو بھول گیا،
آہیں بھرتا بھرتا راحت کو بھول گیا،
صابر تھا، بہت صبر کرتا کرتا اللہ کے پاس چلا گیا۔

06 Samina

Sister of Javed Jamal

My Memories of Bhaijaan — Some Snapshots in the Sun

When we were young, Javed Bhai and all his friends used to play carrom board throughout the night. I was very small, only seven or eight years old, so I was not allowed inside the room. Still, I used to peek in, and finally Bhaijaan would bring me inside and let me play for a few minutes.

When Ammi was late coming back from school, Bhaijaan used to make tahiri when I was very hungry. To this day, tahiri is my favourite comfort food.

I was always deliberately late for school, and it used to fall on one of my brothers to drop me at the bus stop. Javed Bhai used to scold me, but he always made sure I got on the school bus, although I tried my best to miss it.

Bhaijaan was very ambitious because he had seen real poverty in his childhood with Ammi and Asad Bhai. That is why he was tough with Adeeba and Suboor: he wanted them to succeed and never have to face the difficulties he had known.

07 Suraiyya Rizvi

Mother-in-law; Adeeba and Suboor's Nani Ammi

Javed was not just my son-in-law; I always loved and respected him like my own son.

He was someone I could always rely on, through every thick and thin of life. For Seema, he was always there, no matter what. I would just call him, and within moments, he would be there with her. As a mother, that gave me so much comfort and peace of mind. I always knew that Seema had someone who would stand by her, take care of her, and be there for her whenever she needed him.

What I admired most about Javed beta was his knowledge of Deen and, above all, the way he lived by it. His akhlaaq, his respect for his elders, and the love and warmth he showed towards all his rishtedars were truly admirable. These are the qualities I wish everyone would learn from him. He has left behind a beautiful example of how to live with faith, kindness, and respect for family.

Javed beta, you will always be remembered with love and duas. It is difficult to accept that someone who was always just a phone call away is no longer with us. May Allah give Seema and the entire family sabr and strength through this unbearable loss.

Allah aapko Jannat-ul-Firdous mein aala maqam ata farmaye, mere pyare Javed beta. May Allah apni rehmat se aapko nawaze. Ameen, Summa Ameen.

o8 Mohammed Abdul Raoof

Adeeba's father-in-law

Fondest memory

my fondest memory with Javed Bhai was when we used to go walking after dinner in the neighborhood. On the walks we used to share personal information with one another.

What I admired most about him

I really admire him for his determination and simplicity.

One word description

Honest.

Tribute

As a mark of respect I always called him Javed Bhai, even though I was much older than him. A couple things that I praise him for are his hard work, determination, honesty, and success. I remember when he used to say that it is his dream for his children to settle in America. And Alhamdulillah, he was able to accomplish that in a very short amount of time. In addition, one thing I will always remember is that whenever he used to come visit me and sabiha bhabhi from India he would always tell us, "forgive me, if I ever hurt you in any way, please forgive me." All of these memories symbolize what a truly great person he was. May Allah forgive him and grant him the highest level of Jannah. Ameen.

09 Mehtab Rizwi

Eldest sister-in-law

A Brother, A Beautiful Soul, An Unforgettable Jewel

I am officially Javed's eldest sister-in-law, but in reality, he was much more than that. He was truly a brother to me. He always treated me with the love, respect, and affection that one gives to an elder sister, lovingly calling me Appa.

Javed was a pious, wonderful, honest, humble, and exceptionally precious gem of a person. He was deeply family-oriented, cheerful, full of life, and blessed with an incredible sense of humour.

I can go on and on adding adjectives to describe him, but honestly, no words will ever be enough to capture the beautiful person he was. Some people are simply too special to be described in words, and Javed was one of them.

Our Beautiful Family Memories

Ever since Javed and Sima got married, their home became our first home whenever we visited during our vacation days. We were never made to feel like guests. Instead, Javed and Sima always treated us as special members of their own household, showering us with so much love, warmth, and affection.

Despite repeatedly telling Javed not to send the driver to the airport to pick us up, he would never agree. He would insist on arranging everything and making sure that our journey was comfortable and that we reached Meerut safely. That was Javed. His love was not just expressed through words but through his actions, his thoughtfulness, and his genuine concern for everyone.

During our stays at our first home, we always cherished Javed's wonderful humour, Sima's wholehearted laughter, and, of course, the varieties of delicious and amazing dishes she prepared with so much love. Their home was always full of life, laughter, happiness, and togetherness.

The children never wanted to leave that lively home. They always wanted to spend more time enjoying themselves with their Chote Khalu, Choti Khala, Adeeba, and Suboor. Those were such beautiful, joyful, and unforgettable days.

Looking back, I realise that those moments were not just vacations or family visits. They were precious blessings from Allah SWT, memories that we will cherish for the

rest of our lives. And today, when we look back, those beautiful moments bring both smiles and tears to our eyes.

Javed's Love and Kindness

One memory that will always remain very close to my heart is Javed's kindness and affection when I requested him to attend Arshi's wedding in the USA. The entire family had just returned from Umrah, and naturally, I never expected him to make another journey so soon. But Javed did not think twice. He came all the way to attend the wedding and actively participated in the entire function. His presence meant so much to us.

That gesture was not just about attending a wedding. It was a reflection of his love, his commitment to family, and the importance he gave to the happiness of others. This was the kind of person Javed was. He never made people feel that they were asking too much. His generosity, affection, and willingness to be there for his loved ones were simply a part of who he was.

Memories That Will Never End

There are so many beautiful memories of Javed and the entire family that if I started writing them all down, my ink would run out, but the memories would never end. Every family gathering, every conversation, every joke, every laugh, and every moment spent together has become a treasure in our hearts.

His humour, his warmth, his kindness, and his loving personality will always be remembered. Some people leave behind memories. But some people leave behind a legacy of love that continues to live in the hearts of everyone they touched. Javed was one of those rare people.

His Beautiful Legacy

Javed's beautiful legacy of love, kindness, faith, humility, and family values has been passed on to his children as well. By the grace of Allah SWT, Adeeba and Suboor are carrying forward his wonderful legacy. Seeing these beautiful qualities in his children is truly a source of comfort and pride for all of us. Javed's love and values will continue to shine through them. And in this way, his beautiful journey of love and goodness will continue, In Sha Allah.

His Faith, Positivity, and Strength

Javed, one of the things I truly admired about you was your positivity and your unwavering faith in Allah SWT. Despite your serious and life-threatening illness, you remained hopeful, cheerful, and strong. You continued to have faith in your Creator

and never lost your beautiful spirit. Your patience, your courage, and your trust in Allah were truly inspiring.

You taught us, through your own life, that faith is not just something we speak about. It is something we hold firmly in our hearts, especially during the most difficult moments. Your strength and positivity will always remain an inspiration to us. May Allah SWT reward you abundantly for your patience, your faith, and every beautiful quality that you shared with others.

Until We Meet Again

Now, In Sha Allah, you are in a much better place than this temporary world of Duniya. Although I will no longer be able to see you or meet you in this temporary home of ours, I pray with all my heart that Allah SWT grants us the opportunity to reunite in our beautiful, permanent home in the Akhirah.

In Sha Allah, there will be no more separation, no sorrow, and no goodbyes. We will once again be together, enjoying each other's company, laughing, sharing happiness, and making beautiful memories in Jannah. That is my heartfelt dua.

May Allah SWT forgive your shortcomings, shower His endless mercy upon you, illuminate your grave, elevate your ranks, and grant you the highest place in Jannatul Firdaus. May Allah SWT grant Sima, Adeeba, Suboor, and the entire family immense sabr, strength, and comfort. May He fill their hearts with peace and help them find comfort in the beautiful memories you have left behind. Ameen, Ya Rabbul Aalameen.

An Unforgettable Jewel

Javed, you are not remembered only by our entire family. You are remembered by your friends, by people younger and older than you, and even by those who had the privilege of meeting you just once. That was the beauty of your personality. You touched hearts wherever you went. You made people feel special. You spread happiness, kindness, and warmth.

And that is why it is so difficult for me to summarise you in just one word. How can one word describe a person who gave so much love, happiness, kindness, and affection to so many people? How can one word describe a brother who was always there for his family, who made everyone laugh, and whose presence brought so much joy?

But if I must choose one word, it would be: UNFORGETTABLE JEWEL.

Javed, you will always remain a precious jewel in our hearts. Your beautiful memories will never fade. Your love will never be forgotten. Your laughter will always echo in our hearts. And your presence will always be felt in our family.

You may have left this temporary world, but you will never leave our hearts. You are deeply loved, dearly missed, and forever remembered. Until we meet again in our eternal home, In Sha Allah. May Allah SWT unite us all in Jannatul Firdaus, where we will once again be together, surrounded by His endless mercy, love, and blessings. Ameen, Ya Rabbul Aalameen.

Javed, you were, you are, and you will always be our unforgettable jewel.

10 Shadab Rizvi

Elder sister-in-law

Javed was truly a gem of a person. Always there for others, he never hesitated to go the extra mile to help someone when it mattered the most. He lived life to the fullest and inspired everyone around him to do the same. Despite touching so many lives, he remained incredibly humble and grounded. His warmth, generosity, and zest for life will always be remembered.

One of my fondest memories was when I arranged his first meeting with Seema at a hostel in Aligarh before their marriage, and he said yes without a moment's hesitation—as I vaguely remember.

What I admired most about him was his jovial nature and his ability to bring joy and positivity to those around him. I will always remember his unwavering determination and willpower. Whether in his professional life or during his battle with illness, he faced every challenge with remarkable strength and an unshakably positive attitude towards life.

Words that describe him: Inspiring. Radiant. Irreplaceable. May Allah grant him the highest place in Jannah. Aameen.

II Nadeem Rizwi

Brother-in-law

Unlike always, this time it is really hard for me to express what I feel.

I have lost a friend, but surely not the memories we made together. Javed—Sher, Don, and what not! I called him many things, but above all, he was someone as dear to me as a brother, my guiding light through some of the toughest phases of my life.

We would fight to an extent that people around us would get worried, only to be laughing like the best of friends an hour later. That was us. A bond that needed no explanations and no formalities, just a lifetime of understanding.

His passion for work, his unwavering loyalty to Air India, and above all, his love for family and friends showed the kind of man he truly was.

Javed was a rare gem, and I feel fortunate to have shared so much of my life with him. Some friendships are too deep for words, and some losses too heavy to express.

It was Javed who brought me to my present business, introduced me to Mr. Bhatnagar from Indian Airlines, and guided me from time to time.

You will always remain my brother, my friend.

12 Jamil Baksh

Brother-in-law

Javed Jamal was my brother-in-law. He was a good person. Whenever we visited Meerut, we went to his house first to meet him and his family in Delhi. When we met him, he created a warm and joyful atmosphere around him.

We will always remember his cheerful smile and genuine care. When he and his family visited my house at Port Blair, he was very happy. We enjoyed it very much.

When my wife was seriously ill and visited Meerut to undergo surgery, he consulted many doctors and specialists for her surgery. His contribution will always remain in our memories. May Allah bless him with the highest place in Jannatul Firdaus. Ameen.

13 Asfa Rizvi

Niece

Dear Chote Khalu,

Your absence still feels so unreal. You were certainly a father figure to me. Thank you for loving me as your own child. Your love, wisdom, and legacy will be carried in our hearts forever. You were truly a gem gone too soon. May you be at peace in Jannah!

One of my fondest memories was the way you used to care for me like a kid when I stayed in your Delhi home for about four months. That was a really good time which I will never forget.

What I admired most was how you would bring the family together, making everyone feel loved, and always guide us about careers, jobs, and almost everything. I will always remember your jolly nature that made everyone around you glad.

Four words describe you better than one: Gem. Protector. Pillar. Mentor.

14 Arshi Basit

Niece; birthday buddy

Javed Khalu was a very dynamic personality. Intimidating at times, but real, passionate, and full of life. I would proudly call Jasola Vihar my “home” whenever anyone asked where I was from in Delhi, because that is what I remember about that home: doors always open, inviting, and ready for anything at any time—literally any time, day or night.

Those were some of the best childhood memories we cherish: growing up in Choti Khala and Chote Khalu’s house, having a blast, and enjoying every moment to the fullest, however much time we had together.

He was very transparent: whatever was in his heart was in his expressions and his words. I loved him cracking jokes with his buddy, Mamujan, and the two of them rolling in laughter as though they had cracked the best joke in the world!

What I admired most was that he was the nucleus of his family and would do anything for them. Literally anything.

I will always remember his giving nature, our “tu-tu main-main” (me and him sometimes!), and how he “stole” my Choti Khala from me when they got married—I didn’t realise what was happening then, but Alhamdulillah! I loved the way he was always so proud of his wife, especially, and didn’t shy away from expressing that many times, and of course his children.

One word that describes him: Wholesome.

His name is derived from Persian literature and means “eternal” or “everlasting.” While we believe truly Allah SWT is eternal, Chote Khalu embodied the quality of leaving an everlasting impression on the lives he touched. May Allah SWT grant him the beautiful company he deserves in his transition to Jannah and eternally in Jannatul Firdaus. Ameen.

15 Arman Rizvi

Nephew

Chote Phuppa was the kind of person who could make any room come alive. His wit, his humour, his larger-than-life personality—nobody could quite match him.

He had that Shah Rukh Khan magic of making everyone feel like the most special person in the room, no matter their age. He was the centre of our family, the real alpha, and Papa's best friend.

But my favourite part of him was the man he was with Choti Phuppo—how he would get restless after a difficult conversation, wanting to make things right, always going above and beyond for her and her family. That was his kind of love. We will miss him more than words can say.

Some of my fondest memories are from the days when the Jasola home was practically a bachelor pad—him, Suboor, and me, sharing nihari dinners, endless laughter, and moments that felt so ordinary then but make me wish I could go back to those evenings just one more time.

16 Asna

Wife of Adeeb; niece-in-law

Being part of this family for the past five years, I may not have had many opportunities to interact with Chote Khalu, but every time I met him, he created a warm and joyful atmosphere around him. I never felt like an outsider in their home; instead, I always felt welcomed and comfortable, as though I had been part of the family for years.

Both Chote Khalu and Choti Khala were incredibly kind and loving, often sharing cherished and humorous stories about Adeeb that brought smiles and laughter to everyone.

What I admired most about Chote Khalu was his deep love for his family. He always spoke with immense pride about his wife and children, and it was clear how much he cherished and admired them. His dedication to his family was truly inspiring.

I will always remember his cheerful nature, the warm smile that was always on his face, and the genuine care he showed whenever we visited his home. He treated me with the affection of his own daughter, making every visit special. His home was always filled with delicious food, laughter, joyful conversations, and treasured memories. His jokes and storytelling brought happiness to everyone around him.

One phrase that best describes him: Full of Life.

May Allah bless him with the highest place in Jannah. Though he is gone, he will always remain in our memories and prayers. Ameen.

17 Sidra

Niece-in-law

Some people leave behind memories that remain alive in our hearts forever. Chote Khalu was truly one such gem of a person.

He had the most joyful personality. Wherever he sat, his laughter would fill the entire room, bringing warmth and happiness to everyone around him. Whenever we visited his home, he made us feel so welcome and loved, always treating us like his own children. His warmth and affection made every visit special.

I will always cherish the way he used to share childhood stories of Ahab, Suboor, and Arman. Listening to those stories was always a delight.

One memory that will forever remain close to my heart is our last conversation with him. He spoke about his children with such immense pride and happiness. The way his eyes lit up while talking about Adeeba Aapa and Suboor was truly beautiful.

He told us how Adeeba had bought a Tesla and how beautiful its colour was, how talented Suboor was in sports, how wonderfully Adeeba was raising her children, and how lovely their home was. In every word, I felt the happiness of a father who was proud to see his children doing well and living beautiful lives. That pride in his eyes is something I will never forget.

I also remember the last time I met him, when he lovingly put his hand on my head and showered me with countless blessings, just as he always did. I can still feel the warmth of his hand and remember the affection behind those blessings. That small gesture spoke volumes about how much love he had for us.

Although I did not get to spend much time with him, every moment I shared with him was beautiful and precious. He was such a kind-hearted soul who never seemed to have complaints about anyone. Whenever I think of him, I remember his smiling face and cheerful nature.

His absence is deeply felt, but the love, laughter, and warmth he left behind will always remain with us. Some people are so special that even after they are gone, their presence continues to live in our memories.

May Allah grant him the highest ranks in Jannatul Firdaus, fill his grave with noor, and grant the entire family Sabr-e-Jameel. Ameen.

18 Areeba Basit

Niece; Chhote Khalu

Few words can truly capture the person Chhote Khalu was. He brought love, laughter, and life to every gathering. Passionate and big-hearted, he had an immense love for his family and a gift for making everyone feel at home. His home became a sanctuary for our entire family, and his beautiful legacy lives on through his beloved wife and children, Adeeba and Suboor, who with their beautiful characteristics have contributed so much to the growth of this whole family.

We shared a special bond that I will always cherish. I felt so comfortable asking him for the little things that made me happy, and he would always make an effort to get them for me. He had a wonderful zest for life and a genuine desire to bring out the best in people.

I spent many summers at his home, surrounded by the warmth and vibrancy of his family, creating memories that will stay with me forever. He would take me to my entrance exams, no matter how busy he was—even the ones I hadn't studied for and had little chance of passing! He took us on fun outings, making sure everyone was enjoying themselves, and spent hours talking to us, sharing his life experiences and broadening our perspectives.

What I admired most was his unwavering commitment to keeping his family close-knit and ensuring that they thrived in both deen and dunya. He took immense pride in his family, always striving to guide them, support their growth, and serve as their pillar of strength. The love, dedication, and sense of responsibility with which he nurtured his family were truly admirable.

I will always remember his openness, infectious light-heartedness, and remarkable ability to bring people together. He had a way of filling a home with warmth, a gathering with laughter, and conversations with meaning. He was always looking for ways to help others, make them happy, and leave them better than he found them.

The memories of those summers, his generosity, his stories, and the love he poured into his family will forever hold a special place in my heart. May Allah preserve his beautiful legacy, elevate his rank, fill his grave with noor, and grant him Jannatul Firdaus. May Allah grant his beloved family sabr, comfort, and strength, and reunite them with him in the highest gardens of Jannah. Aameen.

One word that best describes him: Spirited.

19 Fauzia

Brother-in-law's wife

Javed was a truly kind soul, always there for anyone who needed him. He was a friend to everyone and had a way of making people feel at home.

I have always admired the way he was with children and how he treated everyone equally, without any discrimination. He brought people together and always made sure no one felt left out. He was always willing to share his knowledge, whether it was about deen or career, and guide others in the best way he could.

He was someone everyone could rely on and trust. People like him are rare, and their absence leaves a deep void in our lives.

He will be truly missed by everyone whose life he touched. May Allah grant him the highest place in Jannat-ul-Firdous and give his family strength and sabr during this difficult time. Ameen.

20 Saba Naaz

Cousin sister; called him Bhaijaan

We fondly called him Bhaijaan because he was the eldest brother in our entire extended family. While all the others were Bhaiya or Bhai, he was always our Bhaijaan. He left us far too soon, but his memories will always remain close to our hearts.

I have countless memories of him, some of which are captured in photographs, while others are from my childhood, when I was too young to fully understand the love and care behind them.

One memory that has stayed with me is from a time when I was visiting his family. Bhabi was at work, and I was playing with Adeeba and Suboor when Bhaijaan returned from the office. We were hungry, and he made egg toast for us. I still remember how surprised I was to see him preparing food in the kitchen.

Coming from a society where men were traditionally expected to work outside and women to manage the kitchen, this was a revelation for me. It was one of my earliest glimpses of what it meant to be an open-minded, caring man who believed in sharing responsibilities.

What made Bhaijaan truly special was that he combined this openness with deep faith. I cannot recall a time when he returned from work and did not offer his namaz. He was a man of strong values, yet his kindness and sensitivity always shone through.

He and Bhabi were among the kindest and most sensitive people in our family. I have always felt that Bhabi was the perfect partner for him; together, they complemented each other beautifully and raised children who are among the most wonderful in our family.

Bhaijaan also had a special place in his heart for all his cousin sisters. He never forgot those who might otherwise have been overlooked, especially after marriage. He would make the effort to visit them, check on them, and even help resolve family differences. He was always there to offer support, care, and understanding.

He remembered every one of my birthdays when I was growing up. I loved celebrating them, especially because he and Bhabi would bring me beautiful clothes and lovely gifts every year. When they were planning to leave for Canada, I was heartbroken. I told my mother that I did not want to celebrate my birthday if Bhaijaan would not be there. I even prayed to Allah that I would never have to celebrate another birthday if He would only make them stay with us. I have never celebrated my birthday since.

He was one of my strongest pillars of support, someone I could always turn to whenever I needed him. His love was not limited to me; he made sure that everyone in the family felt remembered and cared for.

One word that best describes him: Compassionate.

I will always remember him as our Bhaijaan—a man of faith, kindness, and immense love for his family. May Allah grant him the highest place in Jannatul Firdaus, forgive his shortcomings, and keep his beautiful legacy alive through his family and all those whose lives he touched. Ameen.

From Friends and Colleagues

21 A. P. Aggarwal

Friend and former GM (Engineering), JEOP / Engine Test Cell

I am A. P. Aggarwal, retired as GM (Engineering), and had a long working association with your Abba in JEOP, Engine Test Cell.

I cannot forget his always helpful and respectful nature, whether in official work or on a personal level, and that too, smilingly. I had never seen him in anger.

My wife and I paid a visit to your house in Delhi when your brother was born, and to the marriage of your chacha as well. I can't forget the hospitality he had arranged at Port Blair, where your Mamu was staying at that time. Later, your Mamu, Ammi, and Abba visited our house in Vasant Vihar, Delhi.

My eyes are swelling with tears, and each moment spent with your Abba is reeling like an unforgettable film of yesteryears. May Allah give his soul peace in Heaven.

22 Baljeet

Friend and colleague, Jet Shop

We joined the Engine Overhaul Shop together as Aircraft Engineers in 1992. I retired in 2019. Practically, we used to meet daily during tea breaks, production-related meetings, and parties.

Remembering you, my dear Javed bhai, with a heavy heart. You were not just a colleague but a wonderful human being whose friendship and warmth will always be cherished.

Your contribution as an aero-engine tester and as Air India's Deputy General Manager of Air Safety will always be remembered. Though you left us far too soon in the USA after battling cancer, your memories will remain forever in our hearts. May Allah grant you eternal peace and Jannatul Firdaus.

One word to describe him: Irreplaceable.

23 Surajit Banerjee

Longtime friend and Jet Shop colleague, Indian Airlines / Air India

My life is full of memories of Javed, and he treated me like a brother. One I fondly remember is that he used to tell me, “If you dream about giving foreign education to your children, expose them to the world first.” And he did ensure I got seats on my first trip to the USA in 2010.

I always admired him for his dedication to work in the test cell. I used to tell him, “This is your third child!” I will always remember him for his guidance in my personal life and office life.

One word that I feel best describes him is DEDICATION.

Our best joke was that if we got our 1997 COD money, he would treat me to homemade biryani. Someday we may get our dues, but we will not be sharing biryani with Javed.

Dear Adeeba, 50 words is too little for me to describe Javed. Thanks. —Surajit

24 Sanjay Sharma

Very close college friend and colleague at Indian Airlines

Tribute

Javed was a rare soul who transitioned seamlessly from a steadfast college friend to a trusted colleague at Indian Airlines. Whether he was demonstrating his excellent knowledge while setting up the Jet Engine Overhaul Complex (JEOC) Test Cell or ensuring high standards in Flight Safety, his dedication was unmatched. More than a friend, he was a protective brother who constantly watched over me. I miss him dearly.

One of my fondest memories of Javed was...

how he unconditionally stood by me and Tuhinanshu (now my wife) during our college days, always acting as a protective pillar of strength for us.

What I admired most about him was...

his brilliant technical expertise and intellect, which were deeply evident when he was setting up the Test Cell of the Jet Engine Overhaul Complex.

I will always remember him for...

his brotherly, protective nature, his genuine concern for my well-being, and the sumptuous non-vegetarian food he would warmly serve whenever I visited him.

One word that best describes him

My brother and pillar of strength

A personal message to Adeeba

Adeeba your abbu loved you so much and always talk about you. You are doing a wonderful thing by completing this task.

Do share with me and Tuhinanshu. He may have gone but your Chacha is always available for anything you want and any time. May the blessings of almighty be upon you always.

25 Rajiv Arora

Friend; Jamia batchmate, retired from AIESL in 2023

One of my fondest memories of Javed Bhai takes me back to the time when my wife and I were planning our honeymoon to Port Blair in 1992.

The moment he came to know about our trip, he immediately offered to help us in every possible way. Through his brother-in-law, Nadeem Bhai, he arranged our hotel accommodation, transportation, and everything we needed to make our stay comfortable. Nadeem Bhai went out of his way to look after us and even left his two-wheeler with us for a few days so that we could explore Port Blair on our own.

It was one of the most memorable trips of our lives, and a large part of that wonderful experience was because of Javed Bhai's affection, thoughtfulness, and willingness to help.

This is the kind of person Javed Bhai was—warm, affectionate, intelligent, and always there for his friends. What I admired most about him was that he was calm and composed, never lost his cool, and had a gentle smile that could put everyone at ease.

I will always remember him for being remarkably mature for his age since college days. One word that best describes him: Nekdil.

26 Anil Shakhder

Former supervisor; Jet Shop Test House

I was his immediate in-charge for many years and overhaul boss until he was in the Jet Shop Test House.

He, along with Amitab Chowdery, was instrumental in starting our test house, and after Amitab's resignation, he handled the Test House independently for many years. The Test House became his passion, and he enjoyed working there. He established the Test House and made everyone dependent on him for the same.

He was very respectful to me and all his seniors and took everyone who worked there along with him. I remember when we had an agitation by technicians, he worked himself and did not allow our engine-testing deadline to be delayed.

He would work nonstop on his fasting days without eating or drinking water. He worked fast so that he could complete the job on time and go home to break his fast. No breaks were taken by him.

He was so dedicated to his work, the Test House, and his friends. He was my favourite, and when he joined Flight Safety, I spoke to his boss, who was my friend, to retain him there even when he was promoted and the vacancy was elsewhere. His dedication to work helped too.

Coincidentally, I attended your marriage with my wife. I lost touch with him when he moved to the USA. I will miss him.

I hope when you are in India sometime, you will tell us so we can meet and share more along with his friends.

27 Inderjeet Singh

Friend; former Deputy General Manager

Javed and I went to Malé to rescue an aircraft that had landed on the wrong runway, leaving our aircraft and crew captive. Amid strained government relations, his patience, calmness, and tactful coordination with the Government of India, DGCA, and Malé authorities secured their release—a remarkable achievement.

Earlier, he sought my help to resolve another aircraft incident in Mumbai. I cherish those moments, love him, and miss him dearly.

Javed Jamal

1963–2026



May Allah forgive him, have mercy on him, and grant him Jannatul Firdaus. Ameen.

OUR RETURN TO ALLAH

A final reflection for those we leave behind

THIS WORLD IS A PASSING JOURNEY

وَإِنَّ الدَّارَ الْآخِرَةَ لَهِيَ الْحَيَوَانُ

“The Hereafter is indeed the real life.” — Qur’an 29:64 (excerpt)

EVERY LIFE HAS AN APPOINTED TIME

وَمَا كَانَ لِنَفْسٍ أَنْ تَمُوتَ إِلَّا بِإِذْنِ اللَّهِ كِتَابًا مُؤَجَّلًا

“No soul can ever die without Allah’s Will at the destined time.” — Qur’an 3:145 (excerpt)

PATIENCE IS MET WITH MERCY

إِنَّا لِلَّهِ وَإِنَّا إِلَيْهِ رَاجِعُونَ

“Surely to Allah we belong and to Him we will return.” — Qur’an 2:156

أُولَئِكَ عَلَيْهِمْ صَلَوَاتٌ مِنْ رَبِّهِمْ وَرَحْمَةٌ

“They are the ones who will receive Allah’s blessings and mercy.” — Qur’an 2:157 (excerpt)

THE PROPHET SAID

كُنْ فِي الدُّنْيَا كَأَنَّكَ غَرِيبٌ أَوْ عَابِرُ سَبِيلٍ

“Be in this world as if you were a stranger or a traveler.” — Sahih al-Bukhari 6416

Our time together is a gift from Allah, and its length is known to Him alone. Sabr does not mean we do not grieve; it means we turn to Him through our grief, trusting His wisdom and hoping in His mercy.

Ya Allah, forgive Abbu, shower him with Your mercy, grant him Jannatul Firdaus, and grant our family sabr, comfort, and reunion in Jannah. Ameen.