**Karimzada Speech/Rev. [EZ Speech No. 16080]**

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Remarks by Ms. Mena Karimzada on the occasion of her brother, Moham-mad’s, graduation from the UCLA Medical School.

well . . . could i possibly be prouder of MY BROTHER, mohammad, at this moment if he were my own son — WHICH in a way he is. being 10 years older than he, and raised in a home [characterize your home life as you were growing up], our relationship has always been a kind of PSYCHOLOGICAL hybrid between brother and mother. i suspect it’s NOT UNusual for big sisters to fill in sometimes as “little mothers” in the home; but THAT’S HOW IT WAS WITH US, AND that’s how i think both mohammad and i feel about our relationship, even still today.

now, i’m sure that each ONE of you here IS familiar with at least some of my brother’s impressive accomplish-ments. It would bore you and embarrass him if i were to take the time to list them all, so I won’t mention that he graduated top of his undergraduate class at uc davis . . . that he graduated with honors from ucla’s med school . . . that he scored in the top 10 percentile on his state boards . . .or that his med school teachers felt that his surgeon’s hands were as talented as any they’d ever seen. IF YOU’D LIKE THE FULL LIST OF MOHAMMAD’S HONORS, ACCOMPLISHMENTS, AND ACHIEVEMENTS, I URGE YOU TO DIAL UP THE WEBSITE, *“DUB-DUB-DOUBLE-U DOT MOHAMMAD KARIMZADA SUPER SURGEON DOT COM.”*

but all OF MOHAMMAD’S IMPRESSIVE achievements PILED TOGETHER pale in comparison to the man he’s become. my little brother mohammad is a beautiful person. he is in fact a genius, but he’s ALSO very humble, self-effacing, and open. he loves truly and sees in everyone he meets the face of god. and he *treats* everyone he meets — man, woman or child — with dignity, respect, and attention.

mohammad’s also got a sly sense of humor, AS YOU’LL GATHER FROM THIS LITTLE story:

it was my [NO.]TH birthday BACK IN AUGUST OF 2015, AND AS I ALWAYS DID ON *HIS* BIRTHDAYS, I WAS EXPECTING A PHONE CALL FROM MOHAMMAD FIRST THING IN THE MORNING. DIDN’T HAPPEN. I’M A LITTLE angry. NOON COMES AROUND, AND STILL NO CALL. NOW I’M NOT ONLY angrier, BUT GETTING A TAD WORRIED. BY THE TIME FIVE IN THE AFTERNOON ROLLS AROUND WITH STILL NO CALL FROM my brother, THE WORRYING PART WAS CATCHING UP WITH THE ANGRY PART, AND MY “mother” SIDE WAS ARGUING WITH MY BROTHER SIDE ABOUT WHETHER OR NOT TO PICK UP THE PHONE AND CALL MOHAMMAD MYSELF. THIS INTERNAL WARFARE WAS ABOUT TO BE CONCLUDED IN FAVOR OF THE mother SIDE WHEN, AT 11:30 P.M. MOHAMMAD FINALLY CALLED.

“MOHAMMAD,” I SAID, WITH GREAT RELIEF MIXED WITH JUST A LITTLE LINGERING ANGER IN MY VOICE, “WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG TO CALL? DON’T I ALWAYS CALL YOU FIRST THING IN THE MORNING ON *YOUR* BIRTHDAYS?”

“YES, MENA,” HE SAID WITH AN audible TWINKLE IN HIS EYE, “BUT IT’S CALLED A BIRTH-***DAY***, A DAY HAS 24 HOURS; SO I’VE ACTU-ALLY GOT ABOUT 30 MINUTES LEFT BEFORE I’D MISS THE DATE!” I DIDN’T KNOW WHETHER TO LAUGH OR CRY.

[IF YOU’D LIKE, INSERT ANOTHER PERSONAL STORY HERE IN YOUR OWN WORDS.]

NOW IF YOU ALL WOULDN’T MIND, I’D LIKE TO FINISH MY REMARKS WITH A LITTLE PRAYER FOR MY LITTLE BROTHER:

MOHAMMAD, MAY YOU LIVE A LONG AND PROSPEROUS LIFE IN THE SERVICE OF OTHERS. THE WONDERFUL SKILLS AND DEEP COMPASSION THAT GOD HAS BLESSED YOU WITH WILL SERVE YOU WELL. I PRAY THAT YOU REMEMBER ALWAYS WHERE YOU CAME FROM AND THAT, FOR AS LONG AS THERE IS BREATH IN OUR LUNGS, YOUR FAMILY WILL LOVE AND CHERISH AND SUPPORT YOU IN ALL THINGS AND IN ALL WAYS. GO FORTH, MY dear BROTHER, AND WIN SOME BATTLES FOR MANKIND.

THANK YOU.

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