

My Beloved Brother: the Miracle Worker

Thank you all for being here to celebrate my beloved brother, your esteemed colleague, Dr Faizi Siddiqi.

I want to acknowledge family members that could not be here today physically, you are all here spiritually!

Our Parents: Dr AM Siddiqi and Rabia Siddiqi

Our youngest brother: Dr Saadi Siddiqi

The Parents of Saba, the late Dr Moin and Akthar Appa

The sister in laws, nieces, nephews, aunts, uncles

I'd like to believe the world became a better place in 1965:

Not because of the invention of internet or pickleball

Not because Mohd Ali regained the heavyweight boxing title

Not because the Beatles dominated music (Ticket to Ride, Help..)

But, because on Dec 30, my brother, Faizi, was born in a town called

LUCKNOW (in India), will come back to this later.

I'll start off by saying Faizi, although younger than me, saved me so many times, as I had a knack for getting into trouble, especially with our parents.

His biggest save (hockey parlance, he loved the sport and NY Islanders)

was that he became a doctor (MD), as I could not pass physics, chemistry, biology, and so on. He and Saadi continued the family honor, started by our esteemed father, of being doctors. God Bless!

Faizi tiptoed ever so gently, so softly (almost silently) into our world. He never wanted attention, he never sought attention, and shied away from attention. His catchphrase was, "I'm not worthy" in certain contexts.

The world is generally composed of many pleasers and few givers, both are notable, yet one stands out as praiseworthy (without seeking praise).

Every family has one giver, and we should let them know how much we appreciate and love them whilst they are walking God's green earth. My brother was a giver:

His giving was authentic, genuine and on-going

Don't have enough time on this stage to share many of his giving stories, but the common denominator was he gave, often, when he did not have enough for himself.

Givers are heroes in stories your mother/father told you:

Be they fairytale stories

Be they tall tale stories

Be they stories mom told you before going to bed about role models/heroes.

But, my brother, Faizi, was not the hero in the story of life, Faizi was the STORY!

As I said, he tiptoed into this world and into our lives, but he stayed only a brief moment (life is short, a blink of an eye compared to the after life).

But, what a moment we had together with him!

He didn't end world hunger (am sure he wanted to)

He didn't bring world peace (am sure he had his ideas about it)

But, he brought something as big, as impactful, and ever-lasting.

He brought the gift of a smile to a child and their families to the best of his God Given abilities. He helped remove a parent's anxiety and anguish!

God Almighty had endowed my brother, your colleague with the ability (and hard work) to bring happiness to families.

Faith encourages almsgiving, and it can be in cash, in-kind, and by life dedicating deeds. His work (and his colleagues work) was an act of worship, we call it Sadaka Jarriya.

He went back to God on Jan 1, 2024, New Years Day. He was no longer in pain, I/we miss him so much, a heavy heartache and eyes still tear up, but

have some meaningful comfort and enduring solace that he is free from the pain of this world. My selfishness of love for him wanted him to stay, because my bucket list included activities with him...

On Jan 2, the heart of winter in beautiful Salt Lake City, is cold, winds howling, with snow or snow showers. You need a winter parker and good gloves and shoes! That day, when we buried him, was a beautiful early spring day, the sun beams were baking warmth onto our faces as we were in light jackets at the cemetery. That night, as I looked into the sky from my hotel room window, looking for some signs about him from heaven above, it just happened to be a clear night filled with many stars, but one particular star was twinkling brightly, my brother was looking at me/us in peace.

I/we grieve today, as we lost a great human being, a miracle worker for children. But the grieving is the price of love.... We grieve by tears ...Tears have a sadness, not a weakness, actually, tears are about the power of love!

While death leaves a heartache no one can heal, love leaves a memory that no one can steal.

Tears of love speak more eloquently than a thousand languages!

My brother Faizi, you were our our north star

My dear brother Faizi, you were the unspoken kindness of humanity

My dear brother Faizi, you were the unseen vision of human dignity.

Your work is not ending, but enduring. Scholarships, books and even a foundation are being contemplated.

I purposely never said goodbye to you at your bedside on the 5th floor, I said, I'll see you later. But, you'll have to save me one more time, put in a good word for me with the Big Man, so that we can finally play golf together on the best course called Heaven!

Finally, you brought us together today, Feb 10, 2024, a beautiful day in Salt lake City (the last three days were just typically SLC weather) of your wonderful colleagues, doctors, nurses, technicians, administrators, friends, etc. We celebrate your life, we grieve today for you, but we love more today.

God bless the work you did, the lives you positively impacted and the legacy you left behind.

I love you, I miss you, but I am happy you are free!

Rest in Peace.

To God we belong, and to Him we return

Your brother.

Rushdi