

Diary of a Devil's Desperate 'Raid' And Calm Courage of Muslim Children

Hitler's storm trooper invasions of Jewish synagogues were no more blatant and brutal than the unprovoked mob of Newark, N.J., "policemen" who desecrated and wrecked a Muslim mosque recently and attempted to terrorize the women and children within.

In a previous installment, Dr. Leo X McCallum, a prominent Newark dentist, described the scene. In this chapter, the secretary of that Mosque, Sister Edwina X, Dr. Leo's wife who was directly in the path of the police brutality, gives the first eyewitness account of this white American evil. Sister Edwina modestly omits, in this article, the fact that not only her life was endangered but that of her unborn child. The brave young mother is seven months pregnant.

By Secretary Edwina X

NEWARK, N.J. — It was an emotional and physical shock from which I have not yet recovered. It was like a nightmare on a sleepless night—a page from Hitler's Nazi Germany. Indeed, it was reminiscent of the days when the Ku Klux Klan rode like thieves in the night, plundering, robbing and destroying.

We were seated in the Mosque in the happiest frame of mind. There were Sister Captain, another sister and I, along with seven of the children who normally attend the nursery which we have endeavored to run to help in the proper training of our children. The children had just finished their lunch and were having ice cream and cake. Suddenly, the still of the day was shattered by the sound of breaking glass and shattered locks. It was as though all hell had broken loose.

MY IMMEDIATE concern was for the safety of our children (three of my own grandchildren were among the seven children present) and the Mosque property. Since opaque curtains were covering the front doors, we couldn't see who was breaking in and I immediately rushed up to the Minister's study to call the police.

I had no sooner picked up the telephone and got the op-

erator, when I felt a gun shoved in my back and a brusque voice saying, "We are the police."

The devil (Oops, pardon me! I mean the "policeman") asked me who I was and where did we keep our records. Before I could say anything, the entire room and Mosque swarmed with policemen wearing bullet-proof vests and carrying sub-machine guns.

They immediately began to pull out drawers, overturn furniture, knock out walls, and just ruin the place in general. It was as though they had a personal score to settle with everything and everyone in the place. I asked if I could go downstairs to see about the children. I was told in the crudest and rudest manner: "Yeah, get out."

WHEN I GOT back downstairs, the place looked as though the entire police force was there and a cyclone had hit our holy place of worship. Axes and sledge hammers were evident in abundance. Every conceivable area not clearly visible to open inspection — drawers, closets, cabinets and desks—had been thoroughly ransacked.

I could have taken this but the truly horrifying thing was to see the other two sisters and the children crowded into a corner of the

Mosque with two policemen standing over them with guns. The children cringed and withdrew into themselves. The experience was both new and frightening to them, yet all praises due to Allah, they showed the true stamina of their Muslim heritage all the while. They neither whimpered nor cried out. They just kept asking what was wrong and "are they going to shoot? Are they going to shoot?"

I LOOKED upstairs and saw them in my office and I asked if I might go and get my coat and handbag. After they checked upstairs, one of the officers took me upstairs so I could get my coat.

On arriving at the door to my office, one of the cops was going through my bags; some were burning papers; others were in the safe while still others were taking our records and money from the Mosque. They hustled me out and downstairs with the others.

AS LONG AS I live I'll never forget that awful experience. It's just by the will of Allah that we are alive today. I'll never be able to thank Him enough, for even now I sometimes awake in the middle of the night, my body wet with sweat and my ears still ringing with the sound of shattering glass and frightened children.