

## Biographical Update 4

August 2017

One of the great joys of the last few years has been learning that my good friend during my student days, Iraqi Jamil Bakir, far from suffering or dying during the wars and troubles in Iraq as I had feared, is still happily married to Claudia and has been living in England in a nice house and has enjoyed good family and work life.

Not so good was learning of the struggles he and Claudia faced when married as still a student in England and during a few years of living and working in Iraq, when getting out became problematical but for his intelligence, growing wisdom, providence, and it seems similar divine guidance that I was not to realise till my life changing experience in 2003.

It seems that all these things enabled Jamil to do quite well in employment that made good use of his nationality, and particular talents, and even the experience gained during the summer vacation work recorded in my autobiography. For me there was a lot of boredom doing some tedious, repetitive tasks and some unpleasant tasks, but Jamil was learning some useful things. And we enjoyed a few laughs there, see page 61 here:

<http://www.einsteins-revolution.com/Extracts/Autobiographyto2007ants.pdf>

Jamil and I have met twice since he eventually found my contact details. Our discussions have proved helpful in revealing some things that I was vague about or had completely forgotten. On Page 339 there is an old photo of my Father having fallen into the River near Christchurch during Territorial Army exercises on rafts. What I had forgotten was that 'like Father like Son' nearly happened to me in the Thames near Hampton Court. Apparently I was rowing with Jamil, Claudia, and Maurice Shindler, in the boat fearing for their lives during my erratic steering. It seems that I blocked out all memory of this, but I can believe it because Dad told me how to row strongly but I never practised enough to master steering.

Another thing that I had forgotten, perhaps because it did me little credit, was 'shopping' Jamil when making an excuse for not seeing his girl friend.

I did not know that he was trying to let her down gently because she was getting too serious. Frankly I must have been a bit dumb, and that is an important point to make. Intelligence comes in different forms. Einstein made some dumb choices in his love life. It is probably due to the fact that Asperger's syndrome makes us too determined to take in subtleties.

It seem that Jamil liked another girl mentioned in the account of the tennis match on page 58 via the link above, more than I realised. But see pages 61-62 re Claudia. Both of us recalled that 'tennis match' of sorts equally as vividly.

Jamil recalled being advised by one of our tutors at Brooklands to enjoy these years, because we would look back on it as the best years of our lives to that point. I look back in that way too despite some frustrations. I enjoyed so much having free, open and tolerant discussions with intelligent people of many nationalities. This is one of the reasons why I dislike nationalism as Einstein did.

I am so grateful to Jamil for being a part of that and with other friends, for helping me grow in confidence and to face challenges that were an essential part of God's plan for me.

Jamil has kindly given me some money to help me in current difficult health problems. I plan to use some of that to frame a jigsaw of Weymouth as a permanent memorial to our friendship and his kindness. It will also be a memorial to the way that God has guided both of us. Differences of nationality and religion matter nothing to true friends.