

Your Honour, I hope this letter reaches you while you are in good health and fine spirits.

God, the Exalted, revealed in the Quran the following: "Oh you who believe stand out firmly for Justice as witnesses to God, even against your own selves or your parents or your kin..." 4:135.

I spent days upon days trying to summon words appropriate, meaningful, and deep enough to express my regret and seek forgiveness for my actions, At the end I realized that the only way to apologize, in my case at least, is through promises and actions.

There fore your Honour, I would like to promise you and fellow Canadians that I will use my sentence to build myself from a man of destruction to a man of construction. I promise, no matter how long it takes and how much it costs to produce actions that will one day out weigh and reverse the actions I took towards hurting other human beings.

Even though my terrorist plans were divinely aborted I still feel that I have killed since actions are intertwined with intentions. There fore untill I save the same number of souls that I almost took away, I will remain indebted with a heavy burden that I would hate to meet God with.

Your Honour, I will embrace whatever sentence you give since in reality, I deserve much more than a mere sentence. But at the same time I hope that you do not deprive me of a chance to pay for that moral debt that I still owe.

In sum that is essentially all I wished to convey to you, but I feel it necessary to share with you the journey that I have taken over the past 3.5 years.

As you are well aware, from June 2006 to June 2009 I was housed in a segregated cell by myself. I am not sure who to blame for this manner of incarceration but this is irrelevant. Aside from the phsycological and physical harms that segregation has caused me, it served as a barrier between me and rehabilitations.

I had no one to have a discussion with. No one to argue with. No one to shed light on logical reasoning and ideological positions that I once believed to be irrefutable.

In fact, upon reflecting back I believe it radicalized me even more. Holding on to my positions became a method of survival against the oppressive isolated environment. The feeling that my cause was worthy fueled the resistance against the phsycological sharks that thrive in isolation.

In June of 2009, following the filing of a second habous corpus, I was released to the general population. For me, that's when real rehab actually began.

Everyone found it very difficult to reconcile between my charges and my calm and kind personality thus leading the way to many discussions about the justification of terrorist acts.

At first I vigorously defended my positions but every time I walked away, I walked away with a doubt in my heart. These discussions were the pick axes that chizzed away at my crumbling ideological fortresses.

I met two Jewish inmates and became very good friends with both. One time while eating lunch together, one of them said to me that if we were on the outside somewhere in Palestine we'd probably have killed each other and died failing to realize what good friends we would have made if only we talked.

I also met a Shia Muslim. "The evil plotting Shia" turned out to be a harmless good hearted man. The barriers that were raised between us turned out to be nothing but imaginary fairy tales and misconceptions constructed to divide us.

I must say that the most ironic friend was an inmate who worked on Bay Street and whose two brothers worked in the Exchange Towers. Meeting him had a profound impact on me. Although it could be said that everyone was a potential victim, this title fit him right on. I was shook by the irony of the meeting. I felt pathetic, I felt foolish, I felt sorry.

Here before my eyes was a man who I could have killed and despite knowing who I was he looked after me the most out of everyone else. Many times we sat together and he counseled me and gave me advice as to how I can turn myself around.

Today I am still not sure about how I allowed myself to deviate to the extent that I did. And I believe that in fully comprehending how that happened lays the key to my complete rehabilitation.

Here I wish to conclude by asking my family and every fellow Canadian, as angry as they might be at me, to leave the gate of forgiveness open until the day I earn the privilege to walk through it.

Open letter to fellow Canadians

I hope my words reach you while you are in good health and fine spirits.

I am certain that many, if not all of you, will never forgive me for my actions.

I have no excuses or explanations. I deserve nothing than your complete and absolute contempt.

I only wrote these words to simply let you know of how regretful and sorry I feel. All I can hope for is that you are all alive and well when perhaps that day comes when I demonstrate my regret in actions rather than words.

As for the Muslims amongst you, I have an additional comment to make. I can not imagine the type of embaresment or anxiety you must have gone through in the days following my arrest. I am sure many of you received unwelcome attention and felt hopeless in trying to explain that the actions of a few were not endorsed by the community. I am sure many of you probably cursed at me in your heads.

To you too I say that the gravity of the damage I caused to you makes any excuse or apology inappropriate.

I can only hope that when all of you, Muslim and none Muslim, wittness the type of man I will one day make out of myself and the type of activities I'll be involved in, than you will perhaps contemplate accepting me once more into the fold.