

Redebeitrag von Amans Bruder Rahmat vom 22.08.2020

Good afternoon everyone.

My name is Rahmat. And I am the older brother of Aman who was killed in his refugee accommodation by a police officer last year.

His death should never have happened.

To begin, I would like to thank all of you for coming. In doing so, you are paying respect to my brother, and to others like him.

Like me, you want change so that others don't suffer the same fate.

I want to sincerely thank individuals, groups, organisations, community advocates, and refugee supporters who have worked tirelessly to organise today's event.

I want to thank media when it truthfully reported what happened on that fateful night.

Thank you for helping to expose where wrong has been committed, particularly against vulnerable and innocent people.

It is not my place here to go into detail about what happened. I wasn't there. But I believe I have the right, as we all do, to demand honest answers. And to expect a fully independent investigation.

I believe that my brother was killed by an indiscriminate abuse of force, committed on a vulnerable youth who was struggling to find his way in a new land that he'd come to love as his own.

To my mind it was an over-reaction, an excessive use of force, a cowardly act, and a show of needless brutality in a perfectly harmless situation.

I can't explain how many tears I've shed over my brother's death, and how it has driven a sword into the heart of our little family, forcibly scattered across the world.

We are scattered because it is the only way we've known how to survive.

While I was in Germany visiting my brother's grave, after burying him, I met others who also claimed they had suffered from needless police brutality. Today, I call on all of them, and other like them, to step forward and demand justice for the sake of all.

My brother Aman and I are from Afghanistan. We are Hazaras. For generations, the Hazaras have suffered racism, massacres, and abuse.

Aman and I fled the Taliban into Pakistan before things became too dangerous there too, and this time it was the Pakistani Taliban that started attacking Hazaras.

I fled then to Australia, while I could, before my brother found his way to Germany, after first trying to sustain himself in Iran.

As an asylum seeker he was happy in Germany. He was loved and supported.

One night I asked him about his visa. He laughed, and said to me, "Look brother, I live in this great country Germany. I feel safe. They give me the right to study and the right to work.

Then, why I should worry about my visa? They will give me my visa sooner or later".

Aman was a humble, loyal, kind, and respectful young man. His friends and teachers will tell you that too.

The night before he was killed, he said to me, "Brother, today I cleaned my room, washed my clothes, and I am going to be very busy because I got a job at Amazon, and on Monday I am going to work". I was so happy for him.

That was our last conversation.

The next night, all his wishes, his dreams and his hopes were taken in a moment.

If you can imagine this was your child, your brother or member of your family. That's what it has been like for us.

You would be devastated. You too would be heartbroken.

My heart burns for my brother Aman; my friend Aman.

And I am left with these questions: Why? And, how could it have happened?

I will fight for answers and for change.

Thank you for joining the fight.

Thank you for your compassion.

Thank you for listening.