

In the Name of God
the compassionate, the merciful

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Sharif-e sharif

Looking at the life of Martyr Major General Sharif Ashraf
Commander of the Army Ground Force 06 Barracks

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Introduction

Martyrdom is the height of man in the sky of refinement and exaltation of human talents; On the one hand, the perfection of discontinuity from trade and commerce is related to the essence of oneness, and on the other hand, spending one's life in the path of the proud life of the revolution and purification in the path of rational human life and the beauty of martyrdom is in its comprehensiveness.

The martyrs are "Akis al-Nas" in the sense that they did not sell their lives except at the price of Ferdows, and did not give a chance to "Zaman", which is the dominant destructive ruler, and rose up against it. The publication of books about the lives of the martyrs is an identity document and signs that should not be lost. The martyrs of the army interpreted with their blood the inherent identity and the main function of the army of the Islamic Republic of

Iran. They showed that the army is always on the scene and in the forefront in defending the religious and national values of this border and region, and its forces are active, aware and committed to the covenant they made with their God and to the end against aggression and aggression. Aliens defend this land and water and create epics with their own blood.

What is certain is that what we saw and what happened to us during the time of the Holy Defence should be considered as unique and prominent pieces of the history of the past and the promised promise of the future; in fact, the miracle of the exceptional success of this generation has been that God's will is that their short life is the embodiment of the peak of humanity in the past and the future.

The mysterious past of Ashura and Karbala and the promised future of reappearance, in this unique piece of history, created a huge exhibition of the truth of creation and the essence of worship, whose spectators hugged the knee of silence for thousands of years and wiped their faces. They will be the charmers and seekers.

At no point in the history of several thousand years of Iran has Iranian national, patriotic and religious values been crystallized as much as

during the period of holy defence. The values of sacred defence, in addition to having a certain variety and subtlety, also have a special stability and stability, and this is due to the unique features of the era of sacred defence.

The existing human being is a forgetfulness that if he does not review what he had in the past history, he will forget it, and the more he studies the past records, the more those issues will be repeated and fixed in his mind. In the case of the sacred defence, there are also circumstances that if we distance ourselves from it and do not write or read about it, it will be gradually forgotten.

Eight years of holy defence was the season of maturity and prosperity of a generation that would not have achieved this flourishing and fertility without breathing and attending this event.

In today's world of the technology boom and in times when geographical borders gradually lose their meaning within the new structure of knowledge and fundamental transformation in human life and every country's national authority manifests in its cultural aspect, it demands a realistic and strategic approach to guard cultural values. As such, the poisonous global union of gold, power, and hypocrisy will attack all calls and

flags of freedom throughout the world.

In the meantime, it is the duty of all who think about justice and freedom and believe in the great ideals of prophets to defend the culture of resistance and piety, whatever it takes.

Brigadier General Doctor Qumars Heidary
Commander of ground force army of
Islamic republic of Iran

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Publisher's Speech

Thirty years ago ... it seems like only yesterday that a dissonant sound disrupted the melody of our lives, which had been tuned to the instrument of the new revolution. The abnormal sound that frightened the sleep of our children in the arms of the scared mothers.

Remembering the strange scenes of the life in the celebration of Mehregan in Khorramshahr during the war and the forced migration of our compatriots from verdurous Abadan, which turned into mourning with the roar of fighter planes and enemy bullets.

When we opened our eyes to the sound of war on the 23th September 1980, what did we see but the fire and smoke, dirt and blood and the pits that devour the innocent neighbors?

It seems like only yesterday that peace disappeared from our alleys of kindness, and the sound of ambulances sirens accompanied the death

ambassador through the streets of our cities. The children who returned home palely in the middle of the road in the morning, were buried underground in the same home or on the way to school, and if they survived, they would never see that home or school again.

After years, when many people approached the Khorramshahr Bridge, they wandered and bewildered for hours among the ruined alleys and the unnamed streets. Many people could not find their houses, there were no signs. On a pile of ruins, they searched for their lost desperately and doubtfully, finding no word to whisper to the ruins. Of those large houses with kind people, only a ruined wall remained, one that a family once relied on.

How much did they stare at those walls!

It was as if their eyes had been martyred!

By the way, who did clean the walls off the Hostilities!?

The war, with all its negative aspects, had positive aspects, too. In a large corner of that positive aspect, there were brave men like Safavi Sohi, Hadavand Mirzaei, Sharif Ashraf, Hossein Adiban, Parviz Madani, etc., who created the most prominent egregious law of the war which was called martyrdom, like mountain and by stout chest.

Great and familiar with pain men who went hotfoot and were not afraid of the disintegration of their bodies. Men who were born in the pure lap of their previous generation mothers, grew up and created epics, and now only their memory remains, but if ...!?

And we, who do not want to forget them, have placed a mission on our shoulders as much as our ability. May this generation, their so-called "burned" generation, become aware of the difference between yesterday and today. Yesterday that is no longer and today can be seen and understood, so that a world for which human purpose,, defense, thought and suffering are ridiculous,, dead and meaningless.

We do not want to be an awakening flip and do not want to impose any thinking on society. It is just a definition of "beings" who are hidden under the strange skin of today's life meekly.

"Surah Sabz", following the pure spirit of the witnesses of eight years of defense and respect for the patience and masculine silence of the honorable veterans who are now entrenched behind the "pain" embankments, while appreciating the efforts of Brigadier General Ahmad Reza Purdestan (Commander of the Army Ground Forces), Colonel of Staff Mojtaba Jafari (head of the Organization of Nezaja Veterans), Colonel Shoauddin Fallahdoost and

Colonel Ahmad Heydari, by some of the indefatigable writers and activists of nowadays who have written their difficulties, introduces some buried and unburied bodies that:

Thanks to these dear ones; I hope they have the green hands; blue time; and peace of mind.

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Section One

I knew you when my head broke for the first time. To know; is one of the indefinable concepts, which is self-explanatory. In fact, it is the same as knowledge. I had known the mother before you, and a kind man who ate breakfast on the kitchen table in the morning and in that beautiful clothes, with stars shining on her shoulders, waited for the car to reach the barracks. Father; mother, Sharif is calling you. We, Dad. Neighbors also said: Captain Ashraf.

On the other side of Mom's goo-goo eyes, when she wanted to compliment on you to the others, there was a feeling that I had realized in my childhood: to love. I was playing with Mohammad in the park. He toddled and I ran with a lot of mischief; from side to side. The park was not crowded. You have brought your children, so that mom might rest for a while and we might be refreshed. Of course, I have just understood that the mothers like to show