

In the Name of God
the compassionate, the merciful

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Dear! We and our family are surrounded by misery and we have come to you with little wealth. Fulfil our measure and be kind to us.

Soure Yousef, Verse 88

Sweet Indemnity

Biography of Veteran Colonel Ebrahim Mehran rad

Author: Dr. Mohsen Sadegh Nia

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Sooreh Sabz Art and Culture Institute and Publications

Tehran - 2024

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Selected Iranian Culture and Literature Publication

- Author
Dr. Mohsen Sadegh Nia
- Translators
Dr. Mohsen Sadegh Nia and Navid Gaeini
- Preparation, Printing, and Production
Jebheye Honarhaye Ziba Culture and Art institute ➤
- Edition
First - 2024
- Number of Copies
1000
- Price
Rials 3500000
- ISBN
978-600-8020-95-0

تاوان شیرین، صادق نیا، محسن
مترجمین: دکتر محسن صادق نیا و نوید گائینی
تحریر: مؤسسه فرهنگی هنری و انتشارات سوره سبز
۹۷۸-۶۰۰-۸۰۲۰-۹۵-۰۰

فیبیا
ارتش - دفاع مقدس - سرگذشت نامه
۸۰۷۵ Dsr / ض ۳۷ ج ۹ ۱۴۰۲
۸ فا ۳/۶۲
۲۷۷۷۴۸۰

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Distribution Centers

Deputy minister of commerce
Sooreh Sabz Publications
Building 6, no. 15, Ebadi Street
Valiasr-Beheshti intersection
Tehran: 021-88104430 & 09125131268

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 was as if it was only yesterday that the sound of insanity disrupted the rhythm of our lives, which had been tuned to the instrument of the new revolution. An abnormal sound that frightened our children's sleep in the arms of frightened mothers.

Remembering the strange scenes of life in the celebration of Mehregan of Khorramshahr during the war and the forced migration of our compatriots from green 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 first day of October 1980, what did we see except fire and smoke, dirt and blood and pits that devour innocent neighbours?

It was as if it was only yesterday that there was calm in the alleys of kindness, and the sound of ambulance sirens accompanied the ambassador of death in the streets of our cities. The children, who returned home pale in the middle of the road in the

morning, were buried underground in the same house or on the way to school, and if they survived, they would never see that house or school again.

Many years later, near the Khorramshahr Bridge, many wandered for hours between the ruined alleys and the unmarked streets. Many could not find their homes, there were no signs. On a pile of ruins, they searched desperately for their lost, and found no word to whisper to the ruins. Of those large houses with kind people, only a ruined wall remained, a wall on which a family once relied.

How they stared at those walls!

It was as if their eyes had been martyred!

Really, who cleared the walls from the enemies !?

The war with all its black faces also had whiteness, a large part of that whiteness was the unafraid of men of the Saravid dynasty, Hadavand Mirzaei, Sharif Ashraf, Hussein Adiban, Parviz Madani, etc., whose mountainous and thick-breasted is the most prominent law. They created war, which was called martyrdom.

Men of pain and familiarity with pain who went astray and were not afraid of the disintegration of their bodies. The men who were born in the pure lap of their mothers yesterday, grew up and created epics, and now only a memory of them remains, what if ...!?

And we, who do not want to forget them, have placed a mission on our shoulders as much as our wealth. May this generation, the so-called "burned"

generation, become aware of the difference between yesterday and today. Yesterday is no more and today can be seen and understood to a world for which human purpose, defense, thought and suffering are ridiculous, dead and meaningless.

We do not want to be a wake-up call and we do not intend to impose any thinking on society. It is just a definition of "beings" who are oppressedly hidden under the strange skin of today's life.

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Preface

We set foot in the world one day without will. We grow up with a child and eagerly reach adolescence and taste youth with hope and thousands of colourful dreams. With a world of inflammation and apprehension, we start a family and deal with small and big problems. We lose our youth in the maze of back alleys of life and get used to middle age. When we are addressed with the word Hajj Agha or Hajj Khanum, it also occurs to us that we are old. After all the greed we had for our children to grow up, now we have to worry about their future, education, work and marriage, and this thought will be with us until the end.

This process is repetitive in the lives of many of us, and we experience this flow with more or less ups and downs in our lives. Our childhood and upbringing are influenced by the behaviour of our parents and ancestors, and our children are similarly affected by the behaviours we adopt in life.

In fact, all human beings in their lives today are influenced by their history of yesterday. This means

that our way of life, our behavior and our character in social and international relations and everything that is in the name of life with us and our existence are rooted in the past and history of our society.

War, like other social phenomena, is a sphere of development of concepts that, in the course of inevitable changes, sometimes develop and arise as if they had no precedent before and are completely new. However, such concepts, which are also the source of attitude change, are often rooted in the distant past.

War is an integral part of human life. Socio-political interactions between countries as long as there is a balance of military power always have a peaceful approach - the so-called diplomatic and administrative war in the form of peace and reconciliation - but with events that lead to a reduction of one side, what in previous peace treaties it was considered a point of strength and commitment to peace, now the pretext for starting another battle to achieve a higher position.

It has been many years since a ceasefire was established in July 1988 between the two armies of Iran and Iraq. The wounds inflicted by that fierce battle show themselves everywhere in the body of society, and every wound shows the atonement that the Iranian nation has paid for its resistance against oppression and arrogance.

The story of the sweet life - one of the lionesses whose life's man has the baggage of eight years of

war in his barn - tells you about the atonement that our tolerant and patient nation has paid in various forms in defending the sanctity of the land and faith in different parts of this country. . Remember those who, moment by moment, are accustomed to the pain and suffering of the wounds of a long battle in the privacy of their own lives and do not breathe. Let us not forget that there lives in my neighbourhood and yours someone who, after many years, has not yet healed the long wounds left by his war, and every night when I go to bed quietly and get up in the morning, there is someone behind the embankment who is now Not because of the enemy lines, but because he is awake from the pain he has with him until morning.

Dr. Mohsen Sadeghnia

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