My name is Muhammad, and I am not a terrorist!

It is with great honor to be a part of what our children, our grandchildren, and generations beyond will regard as the greatest contribution to Islamic liberalization in the United States of America.

Decades ago, American social studies textbooks portrayed a Muslim as a horseman carrying a sword in one hand and the Quran in the other, conquering and forcibly converting. But, as the majority of us publicly refrained from being the shadow of violence, terrorism, extremism, anti-feminism and polygamy, our values were clarified. It came to us as a jolly blessing when Islam became the fastest growing belief on the planet.

But today, the Quran is stained by the smudge of brutality, destruction and oppression. Today, when an American rates a kufi on a warmth scale, the kufi is deemed colder than a mainline Protestant. It is today, when the Quran is seen at an outlet, it’s perceived as a barrier, holding back the advanced and intellectual achievements of this nation. Today, we are known as a barbaric and backward race, catalysts of the turbulent tides that hold back the prospering boat of humanity. And so, we stand here today to address this situation.

But we refrain! We refrain from staying put in this pit of appalling circumstances. We refrain! For this is not a pit encompassing quick sand, but one falsely dug by the antagonists of Islam. So here we are, holding onto a rope, a rope of hope. A rope that will pull us out of this cavity.

From this moment on, no weeks, no days, no hours, no seconds shall we waste. This is the moment to lift this mask, this facade which has been cursed upon us. This is the moment to shed light on the real Quran within us, which does not abide with violence, terror, blasphemy and extremism, but is a pot full of love, happiness,
prosperity, and mercy. From this moment, we will no longer be typified by those extremists and islamic states, who use a plethora of distortions, misrepresentations, misinterpretations and misquotations to justify their doltish goals of chaos and destruction. This is the moment to replace appearance with reality. This is the moment to take back what is truly ours.

All my fellow brothers and sisters that stand with me on this historic ground, bear in mind I am not unthoughtful of your presence. You all have been through many ordeals and afflictions. Walking on the streets, mapped by the suspicion of your legality; turning to the television, only to watch the constant bashing that redhead gives islam; in a nutshell, you have all experienced great despotism. But my friends, my brothers and sisters, do not let this faze you! Persist and endure, for this suffering is redempive. Go back to that state, to that city, to that town, to that slum, to that street, to that very spot, where exist even a tint of islamic discrimination.

I imagine a day, where this nation breathes its true values: “we are not the same, but we are all equal.”

I imagine a day, where there is nothing less, than equal for all.

Yes, I imagine that day!

I imagine a day, where every American Immigration Officer understands, that while a terrorist can be a muslim, the chances of a muslim being a terrorist are downright low.

I imagine a day, where my son is not judged by his religion, but instead by the extent to which he strives to build bridges within the community.

Yes, I imagine that day my fellow compatriots!
I imagine a day, where people, no matter their race, their beliefs or their backgrounds, realise that the full promise of equality is our birthright as Americans. That we can look past these stereotypes, and spread this promise to the world, accepting them with open arms.

I imagine a day, where a muslim can proudly say: My name is Muhammad, and I am not a terrorist.

And when this day will come, we will go to that state, to that city, to that town, to that slum, to that street, to that very spot, and sense, how it now smells of brotherhood, honor, and dignity.