

**In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.  
I bear witness that there is no God worthy of worship but Allah  
And I bear witness that Muhammad is his Messenger**

***O Allah, thou art the King, Thou art my Lord and I am Thy servant  
I have been greatly unjust to myself and I confess my faults***

As Salaam Alaikum Dear Brother Minister Farrakhan,

May Allah strengthen you and heal you that you may complete your assignment from your Lord and that we in turn grow from being disciples to your apostles and continue the great work of the resurrection of fallen humanity. It is in the spirit of Atonement that I write this letter.

As you have taught us, mistakes made in the public should be corrected in the public and Allah has quickened within me the Self-Accusing Spirit regarding my mistakes and to make public my atonement. While I wrote an apology to you privately, I did not go into the depth of the details that are in this public letter. I come to you a changed man, a repented man that truly wishes to atone for my mistakes.

I am Jason C. Muhammad (GodSon) and from St. Louis, MO. I live in the metropolitan area of Chicago presently. I am the webmaster of a website named The Farrakhan Factor. I created this website in 2001 as a vehicle for my own testimony of you, a platform for believers and sympathizers to come together and discuss the teachings and as a place for the defense of you and your works against the online attacks from your detractors. At one time, many considered me your greatest online defender.

Here's a very brief history of myself and Islam and what I believe led to my errant actions.

When I was 15 years old a brother came in our neighborhood and gave me two things that forever altered the trajectory of my life: 1) *Message to the Black Man* and 2) a cassette tape of a lecture you gave in St. Louis called *God's Plan for the Black Man and Woman in America* (Nov. 1991 St. Louis Arena) which to this day I consider an absolute masterpiece. Though there were two cassettes, I only had the one but I studied it and I studied *Message to the Black man* every day.

My life changed dramatically! Once a drug dealer, once a D and F student, once a young man so troubled that my first year of high school I spent every single week in Saturday detention... you touched my heart, mind and soul and caused me to transform into a new growth before the eyes of everyone that knew me. I left junior year of high school a "thug" and returned for my senior year a righteous Muslim (at least striving to be). I was voted the most changed in my high school. My grades jumped to straight As. I was voted Best of West (top honors for my high school Hazelwood West High School). I was added Who's Who among American High School Students. I became a member of the National Honor Society. All of this and so much more happened after that one summer of 1993 and my introduction to my leader, teacher, guide and spiritual father in yourself.

My friends and I would skip lunch in High School and go to the school library and devour any and every book we could find on Black history and the Nation of Islam. I read about the late great Malcolm X. I read C. Eric Lincoln's *The Black Muslims in America*. I read Bruce Percy's book called *Malcolm*. In

hindsight, nearly every book back then, surrounded the personality of Malcolm X when it came to the Nation.

In his autobiography he wrote that he saw Master Fard Muhammad in his jail cell. He wrote how he would die for the Honorable Elijah Muhammad. In fact, he said he would take a bullet for him but then by the end of the book he seemed to forget that vision of Master Fard Muhammad.

I was perplexed at how he could say he'd die for his teacher but then turn around and attack him so vehemently. I read about the corruption of the Nation at that time and I read a quote by Malcolm that said, "*We had the greatest organization the Black man ever had, but niggas ruined it.*" I vowed then that I would get in the Nation and eradicate corruption because I felt that what was at stake was the very survival of our people.

I've longed for justice for our people after learning of our history. I sat and cried at my parent's kitchen table for their hiding certain books from me because they didn't want me to grow up hating white people for the evils they had done to us. I was 15 at the time and I vowed to find the mosque and join on and assist you in this work and to ensure the nation doesn't fall to the hands of corruption as it had in the past. I came in the Nation with that seed planted from a teenager. I never came to the Nation to take, I came to give for to me it's a labor of love. My only desire was and is to serve.

After seeing how your teachings transformed my life, my mother suggested I write a book about what I believe, so I wrote *The Science of Christ: Farrakhan, The Word Made Flesh* at the age of 20. I don't think anyone can read that book and think that I was in any way insincere. While many refer to you as Jesus now, I wrote that in and defended it in the 90s. I wrote from what I was inspired of Allah to write and penned all 250 pages in a matter of weeks.

When I turned 16 and could drive, I visited Mosque #28 in East St. Louis under Minister Donald Muhammad with the intent on accepting, processing and registering and then soldiering. My parents wouldn't sign my forms as a teenager so I didn't formally registered until I was 18 years old. I was attending Florida A&M University in Tallahassee, FL and I joined the study group under Minister Ray Muhammad. I later transferred to Talladega College in Talladega, AL. While there, I would travel to Birmingham Mosque #69 under Minister Theo Muhammad. When I graduated my family and I moved to Austin, TX and we attended the Austin Study Group under Min. Cedric Muhammad. I was made a Study Group coordinator in San Marcos, TX until we finally moved and settled in Chicago where I was working with Minister Karriem Muhammad in the South Suburban Study Group were I served as his assistant minister.

I only give that history to say that I have a unique perspective on the Nation (at that time) having been involved in so many mosques and study groups. I love anyone I saw helping you in this work but I would clash if I saw injustices done to the believers. In fact, I really never experienced many of the issues I saw others experience but I am highly empathetic and thus their pain would be my pain.

Believers do not bring guests to a mosque that has a low spirit or if they believe they are being mishandled or mistreated. They may stay themselves hoping a change will come but they won't bring guests. Charity will fall for the same reason. You can always tell the spirit of a mosque by looking at the numbers. As the saying goes, men lie, women lie but numbers don't. (Unless it's statistics)

When I came to Chicago I would end up working with Bro. Minister Jabril Muhammad in Phoenix. I made his eBook for *Is It Possible that the Honorable Elijah Muhammad is Still Physically Alive???*, *This is the One* and *Farrakhan: The Traveler*. I set up his website *writtentestimony.com* and *jabrilsart.com* which was an online art gallery. He even allowed me to read some of the book that he had given to you that woke you up in 1977. I also held post at the Palace.

So what happened? How did all of that love manifest as something so negative? A pendulum pulled in one direction has a tendency to swing just as far in the other direction. I wasn't balanced. I saw the dissatisfaction in the mosques and study groups from among the believers. I felt their pain and it pained me greatly. I also saw that many attempts to make positive changes were being thwarted. I misunderstood you and ran with that misunderstanding. I failed to see the hand of Allah in it all.

I truly believed that the only person that could change things was you. When I didn't see you make the visible changes, I began to question you in my own mind – doubt, the blight of belief. I believed you became insensitive to the pain and suffering of the believers. Further when I saw your language change in expressing the concept of God, I felt you were off the path and I felt that too contributed to the struggles within the Nation. More misunderstanding.

This is not my thinking now, but it was then and I tried to use external pressure to force an internal change. This was wrong and very wrong. I had not considered the Qur'an's words:

**64:11 No calamity befalls but by Allah's permission. And whoever believes in Allah, He guides his heart. And Allah is Knower of all things.**

**64:12 And obey Allah and obey the Messenger; but if you turn away, the duty of Our Messenger is only to deliver (the message) clearly.**

**64:13 Allah, there is no God but He. And on Allah let the believers rely.**

Dear Minister, I didn't even give you the courtesy of asking you which would have given you the opportunity to correct my thinking. No, off I was making judgments like Moses traveling with the wise-man; Thou has surely done a **grievous** thing, Thou hast indeed done a **horrible** thing. Such intense language for one lacking a comprehensive knowledge *and* patience. This was a value judgment that near cost me my spiritual life and had it not been for Allah stirring me in the middle of the night to listen to your message *The Shock of the Hour* and when you said **the Nation would never fall again** and you repeated **never** several times, I knew what I had to do because if the Nation is to never fall again, then it will take believers moved by Allah to ensure it never falls again.

Now here I stand, a new man with a renewed spirit. I contrast my value-judgments with how the angels questioned Allah regarding the making of Iblis:

**2:30 And when they Lord said to the angels, I am going to place a ruler in the earth, they said: Wilt Thou place in it such as make mischief in it and shed blood? And we celebrate Thy praise and extol Thy holiness. He said: Surely I know what you know not.**

They saw that it would cause mischief and shed blood but they didn't make a value judgment, they brought it to the God's attention but then said you know what I know not. That would have been the proper spirit for me to approach what I didn't understand. That is my approach now and it is a conscious approach now because I have learned and grown from my errors. I have come to know that I don't know, but celebrate Thy praise and extol Thy holiness.

I allowed I forum that I created with such positive intent, to turn negative against the man that gave me spiritual life. I imagine I feel somewhat like the brother that hit Master Fard Muhammad and later found out what he did and to whom he did it or Paul who persecuted the believers until he knocked down and blinded and didn't eat or drink that spiritual wisdom for 3 days. I'm not saying I am he as I know I am unworthy to unlace his shoes, but the principle I can most certainly relate to.

For my own words to and about you, spoken from the hurt and pain of dissatisfaction and perceived failed expectations, **I apologize**. From the depth of my soul **I am sorry in the truest meaning of the word – sorrowful**.

As I opened with part of our prayer, I first went to Allah in private and prayed and asked his forgiveness.

**I apologize to you dear Minister**, for any distress and hurt and pain caused directly by me or by what I allowed.

**I am sorry for the hurt caused your family** who have sacrificed everything in having you to themselves so an ungrateful people can have a Comforter, a warner, a leader, a teacher, a guide and a father.

**I apologize to Bro. Minister Jabril Muhammad** for the hurt I caused him in my words and actions.

**I apologize to those laborers** who were ill-affected and whose work was made difficult because of my words and what I allowed.

**I apologize to the believers** because while I was fighting for them, I ended up fighting with them.

**I apologize to the general public** because they may have been turned away from you, the Nation and the teachings because of either my words and/or what I allowed.

**I am truly sorry and I ask your forgiveness.**

**My desire is to come back home to my Nation** and use my skills, gifts and talents for your service, for the benefit of the Nation and to assist in the process of the resurrection of fallen humanity.

May Allah bless you to feel the sincerity of my words and accept my apology and forgive me. May Allah open the hearts of the believers to forgive me.

Your repentant servant in the cause of Islam,

  
Brother Jason C. Muhammad