



*By Haris Ibrahim*

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The title of this post is in fact a translation of the text of Surah 2 verse 154 of the Holy Qur'an.

Last night, a memorial service was held at the Luther Centre in PJ to enable the many who hold this anak Bangsa Malaysia close to their hearts to come together and remember all that Markus was and is.

Until his death, I knew little of Markus.

As best as I can recall, I had met Markus on five occasions.

Twice, in December, 2008, at the anti-ISA candlelight vigils in PJ, at a usual weekend gathering that same month at the Wharf, and twice in January, 2009, first at Kugan's funeral and then at the fellowship organised by the Ahmaddiah community in Gombak.

On all these occasions, Markus and I spoke, albeit briefly.

Too briefly.

I never got to know the man, his thoughts and visions, when he was alive.

The night after Markus passed away, James Nakasone caught up with me at the Wharf. He fished out a little card that Markus had presented to him.



The next day, I wrote this in this blog:

*“I knew so little of this young man, but today I know why God brought him into my life, albeit so briefly.*

*Thank you, Markus, for the reminder”.*

In the short time that I spoke at the memorial yesterday, I shared that Markus was my reminder to get the derailed SABM initiative back on track.

I had also written this in another post last year.

*"Friday night last, I attended the wake service.*

*Testimony after testimony from people whose lives Markus had touched left me completely in awe of this young man who had packed more selfless love for others in his short life than many of us will do if God gave each of us ten lifetimes".*

Last night, the testimonies were few.

There was a short video clip paying tribute to the life of this beautiful young man.

