PRESENTS *of* PARADISE

A collection of true inspiring incidents

Part 1

Ml. Imraan Kajee

For suggestions, enquiries or copies, etc.
e-mail: imrnkajee@gmail.com

بِسْمِ ٱللَّهِ ٱلرَّحْمَٰنِ ٱلرَّحِيمِ

Contents

Foreword....4
The Sweet Taste Of Imaan....5
The Punishment Of The Grave....14
The Severe Punishment For Not Observing Hijaab (Pardah)..15
The Punishment For Applying Lipstick....15
Punishment For Nail Polish....16
Life After Death....16
Obey Allah's Command, Not Our Desires....17
Fear Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى, He Will Assist You....27
Sincerity....29
Disrespect To Sahaabah (رَضِيَاللّٰهُعَنْهُمْ)....33
Disrespect For Ulema And The Pious....38
Never Trust Your Nafs....44
Jannah Awaits The True Believers....50
Anger....53
Inspiration For The Grief - Stricken....56
Fear Of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى)....59
Abstaining From The Unlawful....63
Duas For Acquiring The Love Of Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى....70

FOREWORD

All praises are due solely to Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), by whose grace and mercy all good deeds are completed. May Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)'s special and choicest salawaat and salaam be upon our beloved master and teacher Nabi Muhammed (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ), whose life is the greatest example worthy of being followed.

This booklet is a collection of a few amazing heart-rending incidents which I had heard or read during my Aalim course. Regarding such incidents, Maalik bin Dinaar (رَحِمَهُ اللَّهُ) would say, "Stories are the presents of Jannah." Junaid Baghdadi (رَحِمَهُ اللَّهُ) said, "Stories are from among the armies of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), through which He strengthens the hearts of his friends."

This booklet was prepared a short while before the completion of my 'aalim course' with the intention of presenting these incidents as a gift to my beloved parents and asaatizah.

I wish to express my thanks and appreciation to my beloved parents who were my first teachers, who encouraged and assisted me in every way possible during my course, and whose love and affection upon me I can never repay. I also wish to thank my kind and beloved brothers Moulana Moosa and Moulana Ridwan, who were my inspiration to study dini knowledge, who taught me a considerable amount of what I know, and who were always ready to assist me during my course in every manner, whether with their time, wealth and knowledge. I also wish to thank my asaatizah, teachers and my Shaykh whose words and actions have greatly affected my life and whose favours I can never forget.

I make dua that Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى blesses all of the above with long lives, good health, blessings in their sustenance, and the greatest of rewards in this world and the hereafter. Aamin

Imraan Kajee
16 Shabaan 1431 / 20 July 2010 (Revised-16 Muharram 1436)

THE SWEET TASTE OF IMAAN

When Imaan with its pristine purity penetrates the deep channels of the heart, it creates a solid bond with Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), and pleasing Him becomes the ultimate goal of life on earth in such a manner that no force or authority can deter such a solid and sound relationship. So when this submission is complete, the Divine Force gets into action and causes the unimaginable to happen. Such was the case of this Russian sister who embraced Islam and received the real taste of the sweetness of Imaan.

The following is a breathtaking account of her embracing Islam and what ensued, as related by Sheikh Ebrahim Al-Faris. We should ask ourselves, "If she can do it, why can't I?"
The Sheikh says .....
This story, my revered brothers, is about a Russian woman – *a Russian woman!* I am not talking about any woman from here or there, or anyone from the Islamic world. This woman travelled with a group of woman to a neighbouring Gulf state to import foreign goods. They were accompanied by a Russian national. They were to purchase personal electrical equipment and appliances and to enter them into Russia on the pretext that they are for personal use so as to be exempted from excessive custom duty and only pay a minimal duty. The Russian business man would pay for the goods which were in the possession of the women and sell them at much higher prices. The ladies were to receive a small portion of the profit. Such a thing is common and done often due to the low cost of goods in the Gulf States.

When they had reached the desired destination, the Russian man presented to the young women a plan, which was completely different from the one they had agreed upon.
He said, "We came here to obtain a great amount of monetary gain which this country is distinguished for. What is your opinion to pursue more wealth?"

He readily requested them to trade their bodies in return for wealth. "So whoever is prepared for the deal should announce it quickly." Soon he was able to convince a large number of the young women to agree to his plan. Naturally the ladies were convinced, and why not? There was no Imaani force to restrain them, nor decent morality to stop them. One woman, however, felt that it was not possible for her to indulge in such a deed.

The man laughed and said, "In this country, you will be finished. You do not possess anything except what you are wearing now." She deliberated over the situation and quickly shaped a plan in her mind. She snatched her passport and ran from the house into the street. She had nothing with her except what she was wearing and her passport. Out in the streets, she went wandering about aimlessly. The Russian man called out to her saying, "If the road closes upon you and the going becomes difficult, you can come to me and this is my address...", but the woman had already gone.

The person relating this story says, "I was walking along the street with my mother and sisters when suddenly this woman on the street hurriedly came running towards our direction and said, "I am from Russia, and such a thing has happened to me", and started to relate the entire story. "All I need from you is accommodation for a short period of time in which I can ponder over my situation with my family in my country." At the end of our discussion, we decided to accept her request and took her home with us. She started to communicate with her family, but with no response, as the communication lines in her country were not in order. Nonetheless, she continued trying all the time to contact her family.

Of course my sisters started to treat her as a sister and presented Islam to her, but she disliked and disregarded it. She was unwilling to even discuss Islam. This was because she came from an orthodox (Communist) family which dislikes Islam and the Muslims. One day, I went to the da'wah library and sought assistance from the manager of the library.

The librarian resumes with the story: "This man took some books and went away. After a period of time, he again came to me, but this time, he was accompanied by four women; three of them had themselves covered with some sort of hijaab, i.e. only their faces and hands were open, and the fourth one was only partially covered; both her hair and face were uncovered. The man said: "This lady is a Russian." He related the entire story and said, "I came to you last week and requested some books and now I require other books and cassettes. I have proposed to her to accept Islam and she has started to show some interest. I have promised her that I will marry her if she becomes a Muslim."

The librarian continued, "I gave him another lot of books. He took them and came back after some days and said that she has agreed to become a Muslim and wants to announce her Islam. When she had declared her Islam, I told the man that there is a group of women who are teaching the Qur'an and are well known for their high standard of teaching."

The librarian, continuing the story said, "After a period of time, the man came and said, "I have married her and I am now satisfied and very happy. All praise and gratitude is for Allah." The thing that aroused my interest most was this woman had covered herself fully, not like his sisters and his mother. Strange! She adhered to complete hijaab.

"I inquired from him politely how that had happened, and he related to me an astonishing incident. He said, "In the market, my wife inquired about a woman who had covered herself completely. She asked me, "Why has she covered herself in such a manner? I am sure this woman has got some defect which she wants to conceal." I, defending the Islamic sense of honour, said to her. "No, this woman has adorned the hijaab which Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ) has ordered for His slaves and the one prescribed by His Rasul (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَىٰ آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ)." Then after reflecting for some time, she told me, "When I enter any shopping complex, the gazes of the owners of these shopping complexes remain fixed

on my face. I should cover this face of mine. It should be reserved for my husband only. Therefore, I won't go out of this market except after I have covered myself fully." She insisted that I purchase a full hijaab for her. She started wearing it at once."

The librarian says that he then met this man only after about five or six months. After greeting him, he asked, "Where have you been?!" He said, "Some circumstances have kept me away." He continued by saying, "After I had married this woman, her passport had to be renewed from her country of origin. We, therefore, had to travel to Russia.

We purchased two seats and boarded the plane, with my wife in her complete hijaab. I said to her, "O slave of Allah! We will have problems now." She said, 'O Khalid! Now you want me to obey these immoral infidels, who will lead the way to hell when they die, for what they are and what they do, and disobey Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى?! I cannot do that!!" These were her actual words!
We boarded the plane and the people began mocking at her in Russian. I didn't understand a word the people were saying, but my wife sometimes smiled, at times laughed and every now and then translated what they were saying. "This one is saying, 'Look at her! She looks like such and such .....", and this one commented, "....", and this one is making fun." Whenever she translated what they were saying, it was like an arrow piercing my heart without being removed. She said, "No, do not become upset. This is an insignificant thing compared to what the Sahabah (رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُمْ) underwent!"

When we landed, she said, 'We will not put up at my families residence. My family is distinguished for their staunchness and fanaticism towards their religion. We will rent a room and stay there, and accomplish all the procedures; thereafter we will visit my family." The next day we went to the passport office. My wife presented a black and white photograph of herself in her hijaab, revealing her face only. We were sent from officer to officer. Each one demanded that she present a colour photograph of herself, exposing her face, hair and neck. Every officer said, "It is not possible for me to issue

a passport except with this specification." Finally we were told that we had to travel to Moscow and speak to the chief immigration officer. My wife turned towards me and said, "O Khalid, we must travel to Moscow." "O lawful daughter, O so and so ....", I pleaded , trying to convince her, " *'Allah does not overburden any soul except with what it can manage.' 'Fear Allah to the degree that you can manage.'* Right now you are not forced by anybody. The passport will only be seen by a few people, and then you can hide it in your house until it expires, and its duration is six to seven years." She said, "No, it is not possible for me to expose myself after knowing the religion of Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ, the Almighty. If you do not want to travel to Moscow, then I will travel alone, as the matter is very important." Eventually I relented and agreed to accompany her.

We arrived at the office of the principal officer at the Immigration office of Moscow. He saw the passport and the photograph and said, "What proves to me that you are the one in this photograph?" He wanted her to uncover her face. She said, "Ask one of your female officers or your secretary to come and verify, but you cannot do it." He became annoyed, took the passport together with the photo and locked them in his drawer, saying, "You won't have a new passport or get the old one back, unless you bring photographs with the required specification." We tried to convince him, but without any success. I also tried to convince my wife with a verse from the Qur'an, 'Nobody is overburdened except with what he can manage', but she replied by saying, "O Khalid, I learnt at the house which was teaching the Holy Qur'an, *'Whoever fears Allah, He will make for him a way out and will provide for him from where he does not expect'.*" As we were discussing, the Principal Immigration Officer chased us from his office.

We performed our Isha salah that evening and had our supper. I prepared to go to bed and she said, "O Khalid, you are going to sleep? With this trying situation, will you sleep? We are in a situation that needs us to resort to Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ) for help. Come on and beg to Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ)". I stood up and prayed whatever Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ) enabled me to pray, and went to sleep. But

as for her, she continued praying. Whenever I opened my eyes, I could see her either in *ruku*, or in *sajdah*, or in *qiyaam*, or making *du'a* and crying, until the time of Fajr. She woke me up at Fajr time and we performed our Fajr salah. She then said, "Let us go to the Immigration Office." I asked her perplexed, "On what grounds? Where are the photos? We have no photos?" She said, "Let us go and try. Do not lose hope in Allah's (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ) mercy and do not despair of Allah's (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ) benevolence."

When we stepped in the Immigration Office, at once, one of the officers called out her name, "Mrs. So and so," and she replied, "Yes?" He said to her, "Take your old passport and fill in the application forms for a new passport with required specifications, but pay the fee first." We were overjoyed. By Allah, if he would have told us to pay all the money we had, we would have given it to him. We took the passport, paid the fee, and returned back to our room.

My wife looked at me and said, "Did I not I tell you that Allah will make a way out." These words struck my heart and made an immense impact on my Imaan.

We now decided to visit her family. "When we reached the place and knocked at the door, a gigantic-sized youngster, her brother, opened the door. When he saw his sister, he was happy, but also perplexed. His sister was also happy to see him; but then his curiosity knew no bounds. The face was of his sister, but the dress was not. Black – covering everything apart from her face! She entered the house smiling and hugged her brother. I entered after her and sat in the living-room. The house was of a low-class family and very simple. One could see signs of poverty in it. I sat alone as she entered into the inner rooms of the house. I could hear them talking, men and women, in the Russian language, without understanding a word, nor knowing what was going on in there. Suddenly their voices raised, the tones changed and the screaming increased. I sensed that there was something wrong, but I was unable to get the real picture as I didn't understand the language. After a short while, three young men came with an old man to where I was sitting. I thought that they

were now ready to welcome their son-in-law, but the welcome turned out to be slaps and blows. When I saw myself between these inhuman people, I knew I could be killed there.

I hurriedly opened the door as fast as I could, and ran out with them in hot pursuit. I was able to shake them off my trail. I examined myself and saw signs of blows on my forehead, cheeks and nose. My mouth was bleeding and my clothes were torn. I said to myself. "I am now safe but what is the situation with my wife?" I forgot about myself and started thinking about her. I pictured her in my mind, thinking, 'Is she at this time facing the same slaps, blows and situation that I had already faced? I'm sure she will give in. I'm sure she will leave me. I'm sure she will renounce Islam.'

I stayed in my room until dawn. I changed my clothes and went out to see if I could gather any information. I watched their house from a distance, trying to figure out what was going on in there, but the door was closed. Hours and hours went by as I kept watching, going and coming back. I repeated the same thing on the second day and then on the third day. I lost hope and thought that my wife was dead. She's murdered. But, if she is dead, then at least there should have been some movements in the house, and visits of condolence from relatives, but I saw nothing. On the fourth day, after these people had gone to their jobs, the door opened, and my wife's face appeared, looking right and left. Never had I seen in my life a more pleasant scene than what I was witnessing now, despite the fact that her face I was seeing was red – covered with blood! I hurriedly went close and stared at her. I was astonished and confused. I felt sick. Her colour had changed to red. There was blood on her face, on her arms, on her thighs and on her legs. Only a small piece of cloth covered her. Her feet and hands were chained and locked together behind her back. I looked at her and starting crying uncontrollably. She said to me, "O Khalid, listen! First be assured about me, that I am still a Muslim. Whatever I am going through now is nothing compared to what the Sahabah (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُمْ) and Taabi'een encountered, together with the Nabis and Messengers before them. Secondly, I request you, Khalid, not to interfere between me and

my family. Thirdly, wait for me in the room until, *Insha-Allah*, I come there, but increase your du'as and prayers at night. Perform salah!"

I went back to my room and remained there. After three days, I heard a knock. I asked myself, "Who is that? Who could be at the door?" Suddenly I heard a sound of a voice very familiar. I had never heard a sound so sweet, so pleasant and more beautiful than this. It was the voice of my wife, saying, "Open the door, I'm so and so." I opened the door and my world lit up. She said to me, "Come, let us leave now." "Now?!" I inquired, quite surprised. "Yes", she said. We got into a taxi. I asked her in Russian, "The airport?" She replied, "No! No! We are not going to the airport. We are going to such and such village." "Why? Don't we want to run away?" I asked her. She replied, "No, if my family come to know about my escape, they will try to trace us at the airport. Let us go to a village, then from there to another village, then to the third, fourth, fifth, and then to a town with an international airport."

We eventually booked our tickets and hired a room until our departure. I looked at my wife, trying to see if any part of her body had been spared of bleeding – none. On our journey to the airport, I asked her to relate all that had happened. Unfolding the entire incident, she commenced by saying, "When I entered the house and sat down together with my family, they started asking me about my dress and the man who accompanied me. I told them I had embraced Islam and had married this Muslim man." They exclaimed, "This cannot be possible." I said to them, "First, let me narrate the entire story to you," and told them everything; about the Russian man, and how he wanted to lead me to indecency and sell my dignity. They said, "Listen! Had you taken up immorality and sold your dignity, it would have been better for us than you being a Muslim! *{Just look how bigoted these people were!}* You are not leaving this house unless you become an orthodox communist or a stiff corpse!" At that very moment, they took hold of me and tied me up, and then came for you and beat you up. I was listening when they were beating you while I was tied. Then, after you had run away, my brothers chained me up, and began whipping me. I was subjected to agonizing strokes from the

evening up to bedtime. In the mornings, my brothers and father were at their jobs and my mother remained in the house. I was left with nobody apart from my fifteen year old sister. She used to amuse me. This amusement was the only solace and break I had. Sometimes I remained unconscious. They used to strike me until I fell unconscious and slept. Their only demand was that I renounce Islam, and I refused.

It reached a point that during my sister's joking spells, my sister started asking me, "Why are you leaving your religion and the religion of your fore-fathers?" I started to convince her and explain to her. She began to understand and started feeling convinced, and also became impressed. The picture became clear to her and the fallacy, in which they were living in, became apparent. She at once said, "The truth is with you. This is the right religion. This is the religion I should follow." She then said to me, "Listen, my sister, I am going to assist you." I said to her, "If you want to help me, then let me meet my husband.

My sister started looking from the upper windows and saw you walking. She said to me, "I'm seeing a man with such and such characteristics", and started to describe you. I said to her, "That is my husband. If you see him, open the door for him so that I can talk to him." True to her words, she opened the door and I came out and spoke to you.

But now there was a problem; I was chained up in two chains, besides which there was a third chain, which was fastened to one of the pillars, so that I could move about to a limited range. The keys of this chain were with my sister.

The day after I asked you to remain in your room until I came there, I was able to fully convince my sister. She embraced Islam, and resolved to make a sacrifice greater than mine. She was determined to help me run away from the house, but the keys of the other two chains were with my brother, and he was very strict about them. On that very day, my sister came up with a plan;

she prepared a very strong beer for my folks and organized a drinking party. So they all drank and drank until they became totally intoxicated and slipped into a deep slumber. She then took out the keys from her brother's pocket and unlocked the chains, and I came to you in the late hours of the night."

I asked her, "And what about your sister?" She replied, "I advised my sister not to announce her Islam, but to keep it secret and worship in secrecy, until we can plan something for her."

We travelled on our scheduled flight and returned back to the country. I took my wife to the hospital and she was admitted for some days for the treatment of the wounds sustained due to the beatings."[1]

THE PUNISHMENT OF THE GRAVE

An incident regarding Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)'s punishment to a sinner in the grave was witnessed in Galgat (a place in Pakistan). A man passed by a graveyard. From one grave, he heard a voice, "Take me out. I am alive." After hearing this call once or twice, he thought, "This is my imagination. No sound is coming from here." However after hearing it continuously, he became convinced. There was a village close-by to this graveyard. This man went there and informed the people of the sound he had heard. He called them to come and listen to this call also. Some people accompanied him. They also heard this same call. They were all convinced that this call emanated from the grave. After being convinced, they decided to consult with the Ulama first to find out whether it was permissible or not to open the grave. They went to the imam of the local masjid and explained to him that a voice is coming out of the grave in this manner, and the buried person is saying, "Take me out of the grave, I am alive." The imam said, "If you are convinced that the person is alive, then open the grave and take the person out." Plucking up courage,

1 Courtesy: Al-Majlis Magazine, Kenya which was republished in the An-Nasihah-a quarterly Islamic journal of Madrasah Arabia Islamia Azaadville

they proceeded to the graveyard, and opened the grave. On removing the planks, they saw a women sitting naked, her shroud (kafan) having being burnt up. This woman was saying, "Quickly bring me clothing from my house. I will cover myself and then emerge."

Some people ran to her house immediately. They informed her household members of what had transpired. They took clothing, a shawl etc. to her. She covered herself with the clothes, placed the shawl over herself and then, as quick as lighting, came out of the grave and ran to her house. She went into one room of the house and locked herself inside. By now, those people who had been at the graveyard, reached the house and were informed that she had locked herself in the room. They knocked on the door and asked her to open the lock. This woman said, "I will open the lock, but only that person should enter who has the ability to see me, because at this time, my condition is such that not every person can bear to see me. Therefore, only a person with a strong heart should come inside and witness my condition." Fear overcame them. Eventually a few strong-hearted men said, "Open the lock. We will come inside." She opened the lock and they entered.

The severe punishment for not observing hijaab (pardah)

Inside, this woman sat covered by her shawl. When these people entered, she firstly exposed her head. They saw that not one hair remained on her head. Never mind hair, even the skin has been removed. Only the bones of her skull could be seen. They asked her, "What has happened to your hair?" She replied, "When I was alive, I used to emerge from my house with my hair exposed. After I passed away, when I was brought to the grave, the angels pulled out my hair, one by one. Due to this, my skin was also pulled out with my hair. Now, no hair or skin remains on my head."

The punishment for applying lipstick

Thereafter, she exposed her face. When the people saw her face, it looked horrendous, since they could see nothing but her teeth. Neither her upper lip nor her lower lip remained. Only 32 teeth next to each other could be seen.

(Just think, if you see some-one else's teeth only, how much of fear will pass through you.) They asked this woman, "Where are your lips?" She answered, "I used to apply lipstick and go in front of non-mahram (strange) males. My lips were thus cut off as a punishment. Therefore, no lips remain on my face.

Punishment for nail polish

Thereafter, she exposed her hands and feet. The people saw that no fingers, nails and toe-nails remained. All the nails had disappeared. She was asked, "Where are your nails?"She answered, "Due to applying nail polish, my every nail was pulled out.

Since I used to do all of these things out of my house, therefore, as soon as I passed away and reached the grave, this treatment was meted out to me. I was given this punishment that my hair was pulled out, my lips were cut out, and my nails were extracted." She then fell unconscious, and became a lifeless corpse. The people took her back to the graveyard. Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ wanted to show a lesson to these people. See! What was the result of this woman? What a severe punishment she was given. Those women who do not observe hijaab (complete covering of their bodies and faces from strange men) should take a lesson and repent from this sin.

Life after death

This doubt may crop up in some-one's mind that no-one can come back to life after death, so how did this woman get life again? The answer to this is that Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ)'s general law is that after death, no-one can come back to life again and return to this world. However, sometimes Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ) allows this to occur for us to take lesson. This is not a singular incident, but from the time the world has been created, such incidents have occurred. In every era, such types of incidents were witnessed where some have been given life after death, narrated their conditions and thereafter they passed away again.

Hafiz Ibnu-Abid-Dunya (رَحِمَهُٱللَّهُ) has written a booklet in Arabic entitled "من عاش بعد الموت" (Those who lived after death) wherein he has mentioned with

proof many such incidents where a person passed away, came back to life, spoke, informed the people of his conditions after death and then passed away again. Similarly Hafiz Ibnu Rajab Hambali (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) has written a book on the same subject entitled "احوال القبور" (Conditions in the grave). In short, Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ) at times shows man such incidents. This is not contrary to the Qur'an and Sunnah. However, the normal system of Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ is that after death, one is not granted this worldly life again.[2]

OBEY ALLAH'S COMMAND, NOT OUR DESIRES

Khalid sat at his desk in great concern and worry. His friend, Salih, noticed signs of grief on his face. He arose from his desk, walked over and addressed Khalid, "We have been friends for a long time. For over a week now, I have been noticing that you are in deep contemplation and seem very distracted. The signs of grief and worry are apparent on you. It seems as though you are carrying the problems of the entire world on your shoulders. Don't you know that all matters lie in Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ)'s control?"

Khalid kept quiet for a while and then said, "Salih, I commend you on your excellent perception. At the moment, I am in need of someone to communicate my problems and worries. Perhaps you can assist me in solving them."

Khalid straightened up in his chair, poured a cup of tea for his friend Salih and then said, "The problem, O Salih, is that, as you know, I have been married for approximately eight months. My wife and I are living alone in our house. My younger brother, Hamd, who is twenty years of age, has just completed high school and he has been accepted in the university here. He will be arriving in a week or two to commence his lessons. My parents are persistently commanding me to allow him to live with me in my house, instead of living with friends in some bachelor flat. They are afraid that he should not deviate.

2 Che Gunehgaar Auratee-Six Sinful Women, a lecture delivered by Mufti Abdur Rauf Sakkharwi, a senior teacher and Mufti of Darul Uloom Korangi in Karachi, Pakistan. The compiler has seen the clipping from a Pakistani newspaper reporting this incident.

These apartments have a lot of different people living there, who might influence him. I refused this offer most vehemently since he is a young man. His being in my house could lead to great danger. We have passed that age of adolescence and we know what our condition was at that time. I will at times have to leave my home whilst he will still be asleep. Sometimes for work, I will have to be away from home for a couple of days.

I informed one of the Ulama of my dilemma. He cautioned me from allowing any person, even my brother, to stay with my wife and me in one house. He mentioned to me the statement of Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ), "The in-law is death" (Narrated by Bukhari and Muslim) i.e. the most dangerous thing for a woman is her husband's family - his brothers, uncles and cousins. They enter the house quite freely and nobody has any doubt regarding them. Thus the harm and trouble caused by them is much more severe and grave. Another thing is that a man likes solitude with his wife so that he can enjoy her to the maximum. This will not be possible if my brother, Hamd, is also residing in our house." Khalid kept quiet for a while, sipped his tea, and continued, "When I explained my situation to my parents, gave them my reasons and took an oath that I only desire good for my brother, they became very angry with me. They complained about me to our relatives, accused me of disobedience to parents, and depicted me to be sick hearted, evil minded and full of evil intentions, since I had such evil thoughts regarding my brother, whereas he regards my wife as his elder sister. They then portrayed me to be jealous and full of malice, disliking goodness for my brother and not desiring him to complete his university studies. The worst was when my father threatened me saying, "This is a great embarrassment. How can your brother live with strangers, when your house is available? By Allah, if you do not allow Hamd to stay with you, your mother and I will never speak to you for the rest of our lives. We will have nothing to do with you after this day and we exonerate ourselves from you in this worldly life and the hereafter."

Khalid lowered his head and then said, "Now I am in great confusion. On the one hand, I want to please my parents, and on the other hand, I don't want

to sacrifice my family happiness. What is your opinion and solution to this taxing and complex problem?"

Salih sat up and answered, "You want my clear and open opinion in this matter! O Khalid, it seems that you are a person of great misgiving and suspicion. Otherwise, why would you create problems with your parents? Don't you know that the pleasure of Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ lies in pleasing your parents and the displeasure of Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ is in displeasing them? If your brother lives in your house, he will take care of the needs and duties of the house in your absence. He will be the man of the house in your absence." Salih kept quiet for awhile so that he could see the effects of his speech sink into Khalid. He then continued, "Why are you harbouring evil thoughts about your brother? Why are you being suspicious regarding an innocent person without proof? Have you forgotten the command of Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ, "O believers, abstain greatly from thoughts. Verily some thoughts are sin."(Surah Hujurat)
Don't you trust your wife and your brother?"
Khalid interrupted, "I trust them both, but....."

Immediately, Salih cut him, saying, "You are returning to suspicion, thoughts and delusions. Trust me, Khalid. Your brother, Hamd, will be the guardian of your house in your presence and absence. He will never think of approaching his brother's wife with evil intentions, since he will regard her as his elder sister. Ask yourself, if your brother was married, would you have held any evil thoughts regarding her, or would you have interfered with her? I think the answer is quite clear, Khalid. Why are you causing anxiety to your parents and your brother, why are you breaking family unity and why are you causing a split due to your suspicions, doubts and misgivings which possess no solid basis. Be intelligent and please your parents so that Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ may be pleased with you. To eliminate any doubts, why don't you place Hamd in the front portion of your house and lock the door separating the front portion from the remaining section of the house."

Khalid was satisfied with the advice of his friend and could not find any

reason to now refuse the request. After a few days, Hamd arrived by plane. Khalid welcomed him and took him home where he began residing in the front section of the house.

Days passed. Four years later, Khalid had just reached the age of thirty. He was now the proud father of three beautiful children. Hamd was in the final year of his studies. Khalid had promised to get him a good job at the university. Until that time, Khalid mused, Hamd could remain living with him until he married and acquired his own home.

One night, Khalid, driving his car, was returning home quite late. On the street adjoining his house, he saw from a distance two forms on the side of the road. As he drew closer, he saw an old woman positioned over a young woman lying flat, outstretched on the ground, screeching in pain and turning from side to side. The old woman, on seeing him, started shouted and wailing, "Young man, please assist us."

Khalid, on seeing this, became curious. He proceeded closer to them and enquired regarding their situation. The old woman informed him that they were not originally from this city. They had just moved in a couple of weeks before and they did not know anybody in the area. This woman was her daughter. Her husband had gone on journey out of the city for some work and her labour pains had begun well before her due date. She was in severe pain and they could not find anyone to transport her to hospital, to deliver the baby. Tears flowing from her eyes, the old lady pleaded, "I beg you, come forward. Do me a favour. Transport my daughter and myself to the nearest hospital. May Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ protect yourself, your wife and your children from all types of difficulties!"

The flowing tears of the old lady as well as the screeching cries of the young lady lying on the floor affected the heart of Khalid. Compassion overcame him. Motivated by self-honour, noble-mindedness, gallantry and the desire to aid a distressed person, he agreed to transport them. Facilitated by the old

woman, they carried the expectant mother to his car, and they proceeded to the nearest hospital. The old woman continued to supplicate for his well-being the whole way.

Khalid's self-honour and noble-mindedness did not allow him to return home and leave this destitute lady and her feeble daughter alone before ascertaining a successful operation and the birth of healthy child. He informed the old lady that he would wait for her in the men's waiting room. As soon as the child was born, she should inform him of the good news. He then phoned home and informed them of the situation, stating that he would arrive late, so that all at home would be at ease. Khalid seated himself in the waiting room. He reclined on the wall. His eyes drooped and soon he fell into a deep slumber. He could not recall how much time had passed. All he remembered well was the scene, which will never be erased from his mind, when he awoke to the shout of the doctor-on-call. Two police men and the doctor walked towards him, followed by the old lady wailing and lamenting, "This is the one. This is the one." Khalid was taken aback by this scene. He awoke and hastened towards the old woman soliciting her, "Was the birth successful?" Before the old lady could answer, the police officer asked, "Are you Khalid?" He replied in the affirmative. The officer then remarked, "We have to speak to you for a few minutes in the office."
They all entered the office, locking the door. The old woman then began wailing, slapping her face and cheeks, and pulling her hair, "This is the evildoer. I hope you never set him free. O sorrow and grief is the lot of my daughter."

Khalid was shocked and dumbfounded, not understanding at all what was transpiring. He had not fully regained his senses from his shock, when he heard the doctor saying, "She claims that you raped her daughter. Due to this, she bore this illegitimate child. When she threatened to expose and disgrace you, and to report you to the police, you promised to marry her. Now you want to take this child, place it by the door of one masjid so that some good Samaritan will take it to some welfare organization."

Khalid was absolutely dumbfounded by these accusations. Life appeared bleak to him. He could not see what was occurring around him. Words seemed to be stuck in his throat. He fell to the ground, unconscious.

A while later, he regained consciousness. He found himself in a room with two officers. One of them spoke out, "Khalid, tell me the truth. Your countenance portrays you to be a man of honour and your actions show that it is quite unlikely that you would have committed such a monstrous crime."

Khalid responded with pain penetrating his heart, "O people, is this the recompense of good? Is this how kindness is repaid? I am an honourable, chaste man. I am married, have 2 sons and 1 daughter. I reside in a good neighbourhood."

Khalid could not control himself. Tears flowed from his eyes, tears of oppression and injustice, tears portraying his innocence and purity. When he regained his composure, Khalid narrated the whole incident which had occurred. After narrating his side of the story, the officer said to him, "Do not worry. I believe that you are innocent. However we have to follow legal proceedings to prove your innocence. The matter is very simple in this case. We will have to conduct some medical tests which will expose the truth."
Khalid interrupted, "What truth? The truth is that I am innocent, honourable and chaste! Don't you believe me? Even dogs show kindness to those who are kind to them. However there are so many people who cause harm and deceive those who do good to them."

In the morning, samples of Khalid's sperm were taken and sent to the laboratory for testing. Khalid sat with the officer in another room, making dua and beseeching Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) to expose the reality. Approximately two hours later, the results returned. The medical tests proved Khalid to be innocent of those accusations. Khalid could not control himself with joy. He fell down in sajdah (prostration), praising Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى for having made

apparent his innocence. The officer apologized for the inconvenience caused to him. The old lady and her daughter were handed over to the police for investigation and so that they could be punished accordingly.

Before leaving the hospital, Khalid decided to bid farewell and thank the doctor who had presided over the case. He proceeded to his office and thanked him for his effort. The doctor unexpectedly remarked, "If you don't mind, I would like to speak to you for a few minutes." The doctor then began discussing some side issues before he gathered courage and said, "In reality, Khalid, I think that you suffer from some kind of illness, which I noticed after studying your samples. However, I am not certain. I would therefore like to test your wife and children so that I could be certain."

Fear appeared on the face of Khalid. He remarked, "O doctor, please tell me what is wrong with me? I am happy with the decree of Allah. My concern is my small children. I am prepared to sacrifice for them." He then burst out crying. The doctor soothed and calmed him, and then said, "I cannot tell you anything until I am convinced. It could happen that my doubts are incorrect. Please bring your wife and children without any delay."
A few hours later, Khalid returned with his wife and children. Tests were carried out on them. After completion, he left them in the car and returned to talk to the doctor. Whilst speaking to him, Khalid's phone rang. He answered and spoke for a short while. After ending the conversation, he turned to the doctor, who enquired, "Who were you telling not to break the door of the room?" Khalid answered, "That was my brother, Hamd. He lives with me in my apartment. He has misplaced his key. He asked me to return quickly to open the door." The doctor asked, surprised, "And for how long has he been living with you?" Khalid answered, "For the last four years. He is now in the final year of his studies." The doctor enquired, "Is it possible for him to come so that we can see whether this sickness is hereditary or not?" Khalid replied happily, "I will bring him tomorrow."

At the appointed time, Khalid and Hamd came to the hospital. Necessary samples which were required were taken. The doctor requested Khalid to return a week later so that he could show him the final analysis after being certain. Khalid remained perturbed and worried the whole week. The following week, he returned to the doctor, who welcomed him with open arms. He served him some lemon juice to soothe his nerves. He then narrated the virtues of patience in difficulties and problems, explaining that this was the system of this worldly life. Khalid interrupted him saying, "Please doctor, do not wreck my nerves any longer. I am ready to accept whatever sickness I have. This is the decision and judgement of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى). What is the problem?"

The doctor lowered his head and then said, "Many times the truth is bitter and painful. However it has to be known. Running away from problems will not solve them, nor change the reality." The doctor kept quiet for a moment and then dropped the bombshell saying, "Khalid, you are sterile. It is impossible for you to beget children. Those three children are not yours. They are actually from your brother, Hamd." Khalid did not possess the capacity to hear such startling news. He screamed out loudly, which reverberated in the whole hospital, and then fell down unconscious.

After two weeks, Khalid regained consciousness to find that his whole life had been shattered and destroyed. He had become partially paralyzed. He had lost his mind due to the shock. He had already been transported to the mad hospital, where he would be spending the rest of his life.
His wife was handed to the Shariah court so that she could confess and thereafter be stoned to death for committing the heinous act of adultery.
His brother, Hamd was placed behind bars, waiting for the shar'i punishment of 100 lashes to be meted out to him.
The three beautiful children were taken and placed in an orphanage, to live with other unwanted and orphaned children.

This is the system of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى). 'The brother-in-law is death.'

"And you will never find in the system of Allah any change." [3]
وَلَن تَجِدَ لِسُنَّةِ اللهِ تَبْدِيلا

In every command of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) are immense wisdoms. Man's intelligence is short-sighted and weak. He cannot fathom the deep secrets and wisdoms underlying Divine commands. The object of the servant should only be to adhere to the commands of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) since He knows what is most beneficial for us. At times, certain commands go completely against our bestial desires and the norms of society. One will thus have to go against the customs of society and fulfil this command of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), since this is an immense trial for which we will be recompensed in the hereafter. Nabi (صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) said, "Whoever holds firmly onto my Sunnah (way) at the time of the corruption of my ummah will receive the reward of 100 martyrs." (Mishkat)

The reason for this great reward is that when a person will practise on these actions, he will be criticized, rebuked and mocked. He will have to bear these remarks and insults with tolerance and patience.
One such command is observing hijab from one's brother-in-laws, cousins, husband's uncles, husband's nephews, and other such male relatives which Islam regards to be strangers to a woman.

Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) was asked regarding the brother-in-law. He (صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) replied that the brother-in-law is death. (Bukhari, Muslim) In other words, such harm can be caused in the family due to intermingling with them that the sorrow experienced thereafter will be equivalent to a death in the house. Generally, women are simple-minded and chaste. Men, on the other hand, love to flirt and strike up relations with women. The Quran

3 This incident has been narrated in an Arabic booklet entitled قصص موثرة للشباب (Effective incidents for the youth). I, the compiler, had borrowed this book from a friend Ml. Muhammad Saley, wherein I found this amazing incident. It was later translated by Ml. Moosa Kajee and then included in this book.

refers to this as a sickness in man's heart. Women generally feel that men have innocent intentions. If the woman exhibits a bit of her beauty and gives a man the slightest opportunity, he will easily become inclined towards her. Shaitan, at such a juncture, makes them completely oblivious of their honour, decency, shame, responsibilities, status in society and the resultant harms of a small bit of enjoyment. For a few moments of pleasure, they destroy themselves and their families.

Even some intelligent non-muslims have understood this reality. Doctor Steven Klark, a psychologist of Sicily has published his observations; "The intermingling of males and females, unrestricted visiting of cousins and family members, staying and dining at each other's homes- are according to me very harmful and its effects last for generations. By this socializing, I have seen women inclined to other men. Due to this intermingling, I have witnessed divorces and an increase in immodesty and adultery. I have observed breaking up of homes, suicide and people ending up in jail. The underlying cause is this free access into one another's homes."[4]

Above, a true heart-rending incident was quoted to illustrate the gravity of non-observance of hijab and segregation of sexes within family circles which had lead to such grief, loss and sorrow, not only in the hereafter, but in this worldly life also. This is only one of the multitudes of such incidents which have and are still occurring. May Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ save us!

Note: This is the disastrous consequence of disobeying the commands of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ). Enjoining of family ties is undoubtedly a noble action and an important command in our religion. However, the commands of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ) must be adhered to. Most people object to observing hijab in family circles and segregation of non-mahram family relatives, citing the reason that it is too difficult or that one is breaking family ties. The answer to this is that it is better to bear a slight amount of difficulty and inconvenience

4 Sunnate nabawi aur jadid science – Hakim Muhammad Tariq Mahmud Chughtai

than to face the serious repercussions thereafter. Family ties should definitely be maintained, but only with those whom Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) has ordained and to the level which He has allowed. Even if one has to disobey one's parents in these matters, there is no harm as Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) has stated, "There is no obedience to the creation when it entails disobedience to the Creator (Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى).

FEAR ALLAH سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى, HE WILL ASSIST YOU

There was once a pious person from among the Bani Israeel who was extremely handsome. He used to make baskets and sell them. One day, he passed by the door of the king with his baskets. The slave of the queen was standing at the door and she immediately, upon seeing such a handsome man, ran to the queen and informed her that the most handsome man she had ever seen is at the door selling baskets.

The queen immediately instructed him to come in, expressing her desire to purchase baskets. The poor fellow innocently entered. What did he know of the events that were about to occur? Seeing him, the queen was overtaken by his beauty. She said to him, "Why are you roaming around selling baskets? Leave those baskets down on the floor and cover yourself with this quilt." She then commanded the servant, "Bring the aromatic oils and the fragrant perfume, so that I can please myself with him and he can please himself with me." She then turned to him, saying "Remain here and you will not have to sell these baskets ever again."

He refused, picked up his baskets and started walking away. The queen said, "Even if you refuse, you can't leave till you do not become intimate with me. All the doors are locked. Where are you going?" He pleaded to her, but in vain. He then said to her, "Grant me leave for a few minutes, so that I may go upstairs." She felt that nothing was wrong with this request and thus agreed.

He asked for a container of water to be taken upstairs for him and himself climbed the steps. It is possible that he took the water to make wudhu. He went up and searched hither and thither for an escape route or something which he could use to climb down the building, eventually becoming dejected on not finding any. He solemnly sat down in one corner and began speaking to himself, "O nafs (my carnal desires), for seventy years, you have tried to please your Rabb day and night. Such a night has come to you which will destroy all of that. (Tonight, your examination is being taken.) Be aware, if you are unfaithful to Allah, in the slightest manner tonight, then all your years of good deeds will be laid to waste. (Pleasure is short-lived but the punishment in the hereafter is long). And then, in the Hereafter, how will you ever face Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) with only these evil actions."

He continued warning himself, until he got the better of his nafs. Eventually, he mustered enough courage to jump from the window. As he leapt out of the window, Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى sent Jibreel (عَلَيْهِ السَّلَامُ) to assist, saying, "O Jibreel, My slave is ready to kill himself, just to save himself from my displeasure and disobedience. Catch him with your wing and make sure that he is not harmed in the least bit." Like a compassionate father taking his child in his arms, Jibreel (عَلَيْهِ السَّلَامُ) lowered him to the ground. He rushed back home, leaving the baskets behind in the palace. It was already past sun-set. His wife was taken aback on seeing his condition. She asked, "Have you sold the baskets or not?" He replied, "I made no money on the baskets today." The wife, out of concern, asked, "What will we eat today?" He replied, "Today, we will adopt patience for the pleasure of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), but you should light the oven so that the neighbours don't come to know of the fact that we have no food and feel sorry for us."

The wife lit the fireplace and began listening to all the details of the incident from her husband. A short while later, the neighbour came to ask for firewood. She was told to take it from the fireplace. When she came to the oven, she saw bread baking. She ran back telling them, "You are engaged in conversation and the bread in your oven is completely baked. If you delay any longer, it will

burn." The wife stood up in fright and went to see. She saw that the oven was full of bread. They ate to their fill.

She then said to him, "Your Allah had only granted you this honour because you are honourable in His eyes. Why don't you make du'a to Allah to grant us prosperity and affluence for the rest of our lives?" He asked her to be patient over these minor difficulties, but she insisted. Finally, he consented to her request. In the last portion of that night, he awoke to worship Allah, and made du'a to Allah thus; "O Allah, my wife is adamant in her wish; grant her such wealth by which she will be able to live comfortably for the rest of her life." A tray was suddenly seen in the house, carrying a precious jewel which shone so brightly that the entire house lit up in its light. He shook his wife's leg to awaken her and said, "Get up and take what you were asking for!" She replied, "Wait a minute. Did you wake me up for that? I just saw in my dream a whole row of golden thrones, which were studded with jewels and green emeralds. But there was a gap which looked unsightly, where one such jewel was missing. I asked, "For who is this?" I heard a reply, "This is your husband's sitting room." I asked, "Why is there a gap here?" The reply came, "This gap was formed as a result of that which your husband had asked for in advance." I don't want anything which will make your sitting room (in Jannah) look ugly. Ask Allah to take it back." He did as she instructed, and the tray suddenly disappeared.

This virtue is not exclusive to only certain persons. Whoever fears Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى and safeguards himself from disobeying Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى so that he is cautious not to be disobedient until his death, then Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى will assist him in a similar way, and will render even the impossible as possible for him. [5]

SINCERITY

Imam Ghazali (رَحِمَهُ اللَّهُ) has mentioned an incident of a great aabid (worshipper)

5 Tambihul Ghaafilin of Faqih Abu Layth Samarqandi Hanafi, pg.291

of the Bani Israeel, who remained occupied in ibaadah (worship of Allah) most of the time. It is not sufficient for a Muslim to confine himself to physical worship only. Just the performance of salaah, or the recitation of Qur'an Sharif and zikr of Allah is not sufficient. It is the duty of Muslims to invite to Islam; and also call Muslims by means of speech, wa'z (admonition), nasihat (advice), amr-bil-ma'ruf and nahy-anil-munkar (invitation of good and prohibition of evil) to the practical implementation of the laws of Islam. However this should be done in an appropriate manner. Nonetheless, certain things were permissible for the Bani Israeel, hence this man engaged himself in ibaadah.

A group of people informed the aabid that a tribe nearby was worshipping a tree. He was naturally very disturbed and upset, and decided to cut down the tree. With an axe in hand, he set out to fulfil the task. On the way, Shaytaan, in the form of an elderly man, met him and enquired, "Where are you going?" He replied, "I am going to cut down a tree which is being worshipped by a group of people. It is my duty to destroy it."

Shaytaan persuaded him thus, "Why concern yourself with such matters? Let them worship what they wish. It would be better for you to continue your ibaadah. Why give up your ibaadah for something that Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) has not assigned you to do?" The aabid said to Shaytaan, "Cutting the tree down is also an ibaadah." Shaytaan then tried to prevent him from cutting down the tree. As a result, there followed a struggle between the two, in which the aabid, with the help of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) overpowered Shaytaan. Helpless and defenceless, Shaytaan apologized for having angered the aabid and meekly requested to be excused.

When the worshipper released him, Shaytaan again said, "Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى has not made the cutting of this tree obligatory upon you. There is no sin upon you if these people are left worshipping the tree. You should remain involved in your own worship. Allah has many Ambiyaa (Messengers) at His disposal. If Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) willed, He could easily have sent a Nabi to these people to

order them to cut down the tree." The aabid again started heading towards the tree, determined and bent on having it cut. Yet again, another bout ensued, and with the help of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), the aabid was able to defeat Shaytaan.

Shaytaan then called for his attention and said, "I propose a settlement that will be to your advantage." The aabid agreed to give him a hearing. Shaytaan said to him, "You are a poor man and a burden upon your brothers and neighbours who care for you. Would you not like to repay some of their kindness to you? Would you not like to become rich and independent?" The aabid replied, "Yes, it is my heart's desire that I do so."
Shaytaan continued, "If you desist from following through with this intention, I will pay you two dinaars (gold coins) every day, which you will find beneath your pillow. With this, you will be able to attend to your needs and that of your family, or give charity to your needy brothers. That will be far more beneficial to you and the believers than cutting down that tree, which will neither harm the tree's worshippers, nor benefit the worshippers of one Allah in any way." In those days, two dinaars (gold coins) was a considerable amount of money. Nevertheless, just recognize the shrewd and cunning nature of Shaytaan.

The aabid contemplated for a while, "This old man is right. I am not a Nabi, appointed by Allah to chop down this tree. I will not be sinning if I leave the tree as it is. What harm will come to the Muslims if the tree is left alone. In fact, if I accept the money in lieu of cutting down the tree, it will be of greater benefit to the people." Since the proposal appealed to him, he conceded to it. For the next two successive days, he received the two dinaars, as was promised, but on the third day, he found no dinaars. Enraged at the betrayal and treachery, the aabid again picked up the axe and proceeded towards the tree with the intention to cut it.

Shaytaan, in the form of the old man, met him on the way. He asked the aabid as to where he was off to, and the aabid shouted, "To cut the tree." Shaytaan said to him, "I will not allow you to do so." A struggle between the two followed, and this time, Shaytaan, gaining the upper-hand, overpowered

the aabid, sat on his chest and threatened to kill him if he does not change his idea to cut down the tree. The aabid helplessly pleaded for respite, and, surprised at his defeat, asked Shaytaan, "Who are you?" He replied, "I am Iblees."

The aabid then questioned him, "How is it that I was able to defeat you twice, and now you have been able to overpower me?" He replied, "At first, your anger was purely to earn the pleasure of Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى; your intention was to cut the tree for success in the hereafter, hence Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) assisted you in overpowering me. This time, however, your anger was for your own benefit and your intention was contaminated with wordily motives (of a few gold coins). Since it was not solely for the pleasure of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى), Allah allowed me to overpower you."

The aabid sold his amal (good deed) for two dinaars, and he sold his ikhlaas (sincerity) for two dinar. Why?... Because he was an ignorant worshipper. As a result, he fell easy prey to the schemes of nafs (his carnal desires) and Shaytaan. He would not have succumbed to the ploy of Shaytaan if he was a learned worshipper, as well as an aashiq (lover) of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى).

It is therefore required of every Muslim to have that amount of knowledge and understanding of the Quraan Sharif and Sunnah which arms him against the tricks and conspiracies of nafs and Shaytaan; because their evil hatched plans take different forms and are extremely subtle.

Hence the need of the fuqaha (jurists) and the righteous ulema. They are the shepherds of the ummah, protecting us from various evil elements and enemies – many of whom attack and harm whilst in disguise. [6]

6 Imam Abu Haamid Ghazaali has quoted this incident in Ihyaa'u Uloomid Deen v.4 pg.377, and extra explanatory notes were added from a discourse by Moulana Yunus Patel (رَحِمَهُ اللّٰهُ) entitled Ikhlaas (Sincerity).

DISRESPECT TO SAHAABAH (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُمْ)

Those who possess love for Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) will definitely love Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ), and those who love Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) will definitely love the Sahabah (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُمْ). The converse is also true. Thus a person who does not love any of the Sahabah (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُمْ) does not really love Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) and thus, does not love Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى). Since the Sahabah (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُمْ) are the greatest of Auliyaa (friends of Allah), whoever has enmity with them actually declares war with Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى).

Hereunder are some incidents mentioning the severe punishment for those who were insulting, disrespectful and insolent towards the Sahabah (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُمْ). Many a time, Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) punishes people in this worldly life so that it could be a lesson to those who witness and hear such incidents.

1.1) Hayyaan Ja'bari (رَحِمَهُ اللّٰهُ) relates, "I was acquainted with a person who always insulted Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ). Whenever I stopped him, he would curse them more and I would leave his company. Once, as usual, he started cursing them. I stood up in disgust and left. I was very angry and upset that I had not been harsher to him. I fell asleep that night and saw a dream of Nabi (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ), with Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) sitting on his flanks. I said to Nabi (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ), "I know a person who always grieves me regarding Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ). I stop him, yet this incites him even more." In the dream, Nabi (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) ordered a person sitting nearby, "Go to that person and kill him." The man stood up and left. When I woke up in the morning, I decided to meet the person and tell him my dream, hoping that perhaps he would change his ways. When I reached his house, I heard loud wailing and crying. The body of this man was on the ground. (In shock) I asked the people, "Who is this man?" The people said, "This is so and so. Somebody murdered him last night. [7]

7 Taarikh-Madinah pg.204 v.30

1.2) A person relates, "We were once on a journey and were accompanied by a man who swore at Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ). He left the caravan for some purpose and suddenly a swarm of hornets covered him from all sides. He yelled for help. When we ran to help him, the hornets attacked us. We left him and moved back. The swarm of hornets continued their attack until he died." [8]

Another incident is mentioned of Abul Hujjaj who would insult and curse Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ). Hornets attacked and killed him, but did not harm any of the Mujahidin he was with. When they tried to dig a grave, they found the crust of the earth unusually hard. Eventually they gathered leaves and stones and placed them over his body, and departed from that island. [9]

1.3) Once, a man by the name of Abul Hasan passed by a gathering in which a man was cursing Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ). Even though he had the ability, he did not stop him. That night he saw Ali (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) in a dream who said, "Why didn't you do something against that person who cursed Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) when it was within your capacity to do so?" He said this and hit me with a mace; the next morning I woke up blind. [10]

1.4) The superintendent of the Haram was once bribed by some shias to allow them to exhume the bodies of Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ). He called one of the workers, Shamsuddin and ordered him to open the doors for them that night and not to obstruct them. Shamsuddin was distressed and he spent the day crying by the chamber of Nabi (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ). That night, he heard a knock. He opened the door and 40 men entered with shovels, spades, candles, etc. Whilst walking to the chamber, before even reaching the pulpit from where Nabi (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) delivered his khutbas, the earth swallowed them whole with all their tools. No trace was left of them. When the superintendent

8 Ar-Riyadhun Nadhirah v.1 pg.368/Sa'adatud Daarayn pg.153

9 Taarikh-Madinah pg.490 vol.44

10 Manaaqib Umar ibnul Khattâb pg.256/257

asked Shamsuddin what had happened and was informed, he ordered Shamsuddin to keep it to himself or else he would get him executed. Later, the superintendent contracted a disease. His flesh began to fall off his body piece by piece and he eventually died a painful death. When the shias found out what had happened, they slipped into Madinah Munawwarah quietly, kidnapped one of the workers of the Haram and took him to an abandoned building. They beat him, cut his tongue and hacked off his limbs. They then threw him near the blessed chamber. Nabi (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ) appeared to him in a dream and stroked his blessed hands over his tongue and limbs which had been hacked off. The next morning, the worker found himself healthy as before. The shias repeated their action two more times, the last time locking him in an abandoned building. On each occasion, Nabi (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ) appeared and he was healed.[11]

1.5) Mustaghfiri (رَحِمَهُ اللّٰهُ) relates in his book, Dalailun Nubuwwah, from a reliable person who said, "We were three men on a journey to Yemen. One of us was from Kufa and he used to curse Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ). We would rebuke him and try to stop him, but he would not listen. One day we camped at a place near our destination. We woke up early next morning and told him to wake up. On awakening, he said, "Too bad, I cannot accompany you on this journey any longer. I will have to stay here because I saw Nabi (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ) in my dream; he was standing at my bedside saying, "O wretched one, you will be morphed in this very place." We urged him to get up and perform wudu. Instead he pulled his feet up and we witnessed the transformation begin from his toes. Within a short time, his feet resembled that of a monkey. The transformation then slowly moved up to his knees, then back, then chest, then head, and finally the entire face, he had completely transformed into a monkey. We picked him up and tied him to one of the camels. We departed immediately after and by sunset reached the edges of a thick jungle. There, when he saw a troop of monkeys, he broke open the ropes

11 Lataaiful-Minan al Kubra of Allamah Sha'rani pg.82 vol.2

and joined the troop.[12]

1.6) Allamah Ibnu Abid Dunya (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) in his masterpiece من عاش بعد الموت has written the incidents of many people who began screaming 'Fire, fire!' at the time of death. When they were asked to recite the kalimah, they answered, "We cannot recite the kalimah, because we were influenced by a group who used to revile and speak ill of Abu Bakr (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ) and Umar (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ).[13]

2.) Yazid ibn Abi Habib (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) says, "I heard that all the men involved in the assassination of Uthman (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ) went insane." Abdullah ibnul Mubarak (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) said, "Insanity is a light punishment for their inequity."
A man vowed to slap Uthman (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ) if he had the opportunity. When he was martyred and his body was lying in the room, this man went there, removed the cloth, and slapped him. Thereafter his hand became paralyzed. [14]

Abu Nadhra (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) relates, "We were in Madinah Munawwarah. We met a man there who cursed Uthman (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ). We scolded him and told him to repent, but he refused. Not a second had passed before we heard the skies thunder; a flash of lightning struck him and he died. [15]

3.) Ali ibn Zayd (who was born blind) says, "Once I was sitting with Sa'eed ibnul Musayyab (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ). He said to me, "Tell your guide to go and see this person, then I will tell you his story." My guide went, and returned to tell me that he saw a man whose face was dark black while the rest of the skin on his body was of a light hue. Sa'eed ibne Musayyab (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) said, "This man used to insult Ali (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ), Uthman (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ), Talha (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ) and Zubair (رَضِيَ ٱللَّهُ عَنْهُ)." I said to Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ), "O Allah, blacken his face if he is a liar." By the power of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ), a blister formed on his face and it turned black thereafter." [16]

12 Majma'us Sa'adaat pg.222

13 Mausua'tur Rasaail libni Abid Dunya pg. 23, quoted in 'Allah se Sharm Kîjiye' pg.236

14 Taarikh Madinah pg.446 vol.39

15 Taarikh Madinah pg.511 vol.39

16 Taarikh Madinah pg.511 vol.39

4.) Sa'd ibn Abi Waqqaas (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) was the governor of Kufa. Once some people conspired against him and sent complaints regarding him to Umar (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ). An investigative group was sent to find out the reality. They found the accusations to be false. Only in one Masjid, a man by the name of Abu Sa'da accused him, "I swear by Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), he is not fair in the distribution of wealth, nor just in decision-making in the courts, and he does not go out in the path of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) against the disbelievers." Sa'd (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) replied, "O Allah, if he is a liar, give him a long life, increase his poverty, and embroil him in fitna." The narrator says that he saw this man at such an old age that his eyebrows hung over his eyes. He was poverty stricken and, at this age, he would flirt with and tease the girls passing him. When asked why this was happening, he would reply, "I am senile and stricken by fitna. The curse of Sa'd has fallen upon me." [17]

Likewise, once a man swore at him. He supplicated, "O Allah, as You wish, save me from his tongue and hands." In the battle of Qaadisiyyah, this man was injured; his hands and tongue were cut off and until death he was deprived of these two blessings of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى). [18]

5.) Imam Zuhri (رَحِمَهُ اللَّهُ) says, "Of the men involved in the murder of Husain , none of them passed away before receiving a terrible punishment in this world. Some were killed, the faces of others were distorted or blackened, or their property was usurped. Of course, this is not the real punishment for their evil, but merely a sign to learn a lesson from." Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) afflicted the person who shot an arrow at Husain (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) with an unquenchable thirst. He would drink endless amounts of water, yet remain thirsty. Thus, once he drank so much that his stomach burst and he died. One of the killers went blind after seeing a dream wherein Nabi (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) scolded him and ran a needle from the blood of Husain (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) through his eyes. Another man's

17 Bukhari v.1 pg.104, Muslim

18 Tabraanî, Ibn Asaakir, as quoted in 'Consequences of debasing the Auliya-Allah' pg.50

clothing caught on fire and he burnt to death.

Sufyan (رَحِمَهُ اللّٰهُ) says, "Two men from the Ju'fi tribe were amongst the killers of Husain (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ). The genitals of one became so long that he would have to wrap it up around his body; the other would drink an entire water-skin full of water and would still suffer from thirst. I saw the son of one of them go insane." [19]

One man defecated on the grave of Husain (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) and went insane. He would bark like a dog and continued to do so until he died. After he died, people heard sounds of barking and screaming coming from the grave.[20] [21]

6.) (Tabarru' is one of the ten pillars of Shite faith. It is a belief which obligates repudiation and cursing of all Sahabah because of their supposed reversion to kufr and their rejection of Ali رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ as the first Khalifa after Nabi صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ (May Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالٰى save us from such beliefs!)
One of the most revered Shite scholars, Muhaqiq Tusi, included an appendage, a tabarru' of the Sahabah (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُمْ), at the end of his book, Tajreedul-Aqaaid. On his deathbed, he coughed up faeces as happened with the false Prophet Mirza Ghulam Ahmad Qadiyani. He pointed towards the faeces in shock and asked, "What is this?" A scholar of righteous belief sitting nearby said, "This is the filth you ate at the end of your Tajreed book."[22]

DISRESPECT FOR ULEMA AND THE PIOUS

1.)Allamah Ibn Hajar Haithami (رَحِمَهُ اللّٰهُ) in Fataawa Hadithiyya has narrated an amazing incident: A great Shafi'ee scholar, Abu Saeed Abdullah ibn Abi

19 Taarikh Madinah pg.234 vol.14

20 Ibid pg.305 vol.13

21 Most of (5.) was extracted from Shahide-Karbala of Mufti Muhammad Shafi'

22 Ikhtilaful Ummah Wa-Siratul Mustaqeem pg.144

Asroon narrates: "I went to Baghdad in search of knowledge, where I met up with Ibnus-Saqqa. We studied together at the famous Nizaamiyyah institute. We would occasionally go to visit the pious. There was a pious man in Baghdad called Ghauth whom we decided to visit. Shaykh Abdul Qadir, who was at that time a young man, joined us.

On the way, Ibnus-Saqqa commented, "Today, I will ask this man such a question that he will never be able to answer (and will expose to him his ignorance)." I said, "I want to ask him a question and see what answer he gives me (to assess his level of knowledge)." Shaykh Abdul Qadir said, "I seek Allah's protection. I will not ask him anything. My only purpose of going to meet him is to receive the blessings of seeing him."

After reaching his home, we waited for an hour before we could meet with him. He looked at Ibnus-Saqqa angrily and said, "May you be destroyed, Ibnus-Saqqa! You want to ask me such a question that I will never be able to answer. This is your question and this is the answer to it. I can see the fire of kufr (disbelief) burning within you."
He then turned to me and said, "Abdullah, you wish to ask me a question to see what answer I give (so that you can assess my knowledge). This is the question and this is the answer to it. The world will fall at your feet till it envelopes you till your ears, as a result of your disrespect."

He then turned towards Shaykh Abdul Qadir and asked him politely to come closer, saying, "O Abdul Qadir, you have pleased Allah and His Rasul due to your respect. It is as if I can see you in Baghdad on a chair, speaking before a huge congregation and claiming 'My foot is on the necks of every friend of Allah' and all the friends of Allah during that time are lowering their necks out of respect for you (i.e. you will reach the highest pinnacle of wilaayah (friendship of Allah) and all the friends of Allah during that time will acknowledge your position)." The pious man then left, and we never saw him again.

As for Shaykh Abdul Qadir, the signs of his close position in the sight of Allah became clear before all, the Ulama of his time as well as the general public flocked to benefit from him, and the Awliyaa (friends of Allah) of that time all acknowledged his rank.

Ibnus-Saqqa attained expertise in Islamic knowledge till he stood out and surpassed most of his contemporaries. He was gifted with the art of debating and would always overcome his opponents. He was blessed with the 'gift of the gab' and was very eloquent. Due to his intellectual abilities, he had attained a close position with the Khalifah of the Muslims. Placing trust in him, the Khalifah sent him as his ambassador to the king of Rome. In his honour, the Roman king enacted a huge gathering in which he called great leaders, priests and religious men. In this gathering, whilst discussing beliefs, Ibnus-Saqqa spoke with such substantiated speech that all those present were dumbfounded. No one was able to answer him. The king was utterly displeased on seeing the happenings. He called Ibnus-Saqqa in solitude, and presented before him his beautiful daughter. On seeing her beauty, he was enamoured. He requested the king to hand her over in marriage to him. The king agreed on condition that he accepts the Christian religion. (Thus the same Ibnus-Saqqa who had silenced and made speechless the bearers of the Christian religion and had struck at the foundations of Christianity now accepted this same religion only because of infatuation for a non-Muslim woman. May Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَىٰ save us!)

He soon fell terribly sick, was thrown out of the palace and had to beg for food in the market-place. Depression had overtaken him and his body had turned black. When an acquaintance passed by him and asked how he had reached this sad state, he replied, "A calamity has befallen me, the reason for it is well known to you." The acquaintance enquired, "Do you still remember the Quran?" He responded, "I remember nothing except the verse : 'How often (on the day of Qiyaamah) won't the disbelievers wish they had been Muslims'(Surah Hijr v.2)." One day, I decided to visit him. When I saw him, it seemed to me as if his body had been burnt black. He was in his final moments.

I turned his body towards the direction of the Qiblah, but he turned around to face the East. I tried quite a few times, but he turned himself back towards the East every time. He was in this condition, facing the East, when his soul departed from his body. He would always recall the statement of that pious man and had understood that his calamities were as a result of his disrespect and insolence to that pious man.

As for myself, I went to Damascus, where I was appointed by the pious king Nuruddin to supervise the Awqaaf (endowments). The wealth of the world came rushing towards me in abundance. What the pious man had said about each one of us came one hundred percent true." [23]

3.) Moulana Qasim Nanotwi (رَحِمَهُ اللَّهُ) went to Shahjahanpur for a debate. Some poor Sunnis living in a nearby village, who were subdued under the local Shias, who happened to be the landowners, wrote to Moulana requesting him to come to their village, so that it could be a means of strengthening and fortifying their beliefs. Moulana happily accepted this invitation, as it was his habit to accept the invitations of poor and downtrodden people. The Shias, on hearing this, became perplexed. They feared that the other Shias should not become influenced by his advices, thus weakening their hold. To repel these effects, they called four mujtahids (scholars) of the Shias from Lucknow on the appointed date. They seated these four Mujtahids in the four corners of the Masjid. They selected forty objections and divided them amongst these four Mujtahids. The aim was that one should raise ten objections. If they were answered, then the second one should commence his objections, then the third and finally the fourth. In this way, the lecture would not take place. The time would be wasted in questions and answers. Now witness the divine assistance of Allah. All the Shias of the town had gathered to listen. Moulana began his lecture, answering all the questions according to the order which these Shias were supposed to ask. In this way he completed his lecture calmly and, together with this, he answered all the objections of the Shias. The

23 Fataawa Hadithiyya pg. 415

majority of Shias were quite affected, thus they repented and became Sunnis. The Mujtahids and Shia leaders of the community were embarrassed and humiliated.

To lessen this humiliation and efface the effects of Maulana's lecture, they told one youngster to pretend that he is dead. They then proceeded to Maulana saying, "Maulana, lead the Janaazah salah." Their object was that as soon as Moulana would utter the second takbir, the youngster would jump up suddenly and humiliate and mock Moulana (claiming that he is on falsehood). Moulana excused himself, "You are Shia and I am a Sunni. Our manner of salah is different. How will it be permissible for me to lead the Janaazah salah of one of you?" The Shias said, "The pious are pious, regardless of the group they are affiliated with. You lead the salah." Moulana then agreed.

The Janaazah arrived. There was a huge gathering. Standing on one side, the effects of anger could be discerned on Maulana's face and his eyes had turned red. When told to perform salah, he proceeded forward and began the salah. After the two takbirs, when the person did not rise up, someone from the back made a noise to prompt him. However no movement was noticed. After the salah, in an angry voice, Moulana retorted, "Now, this person will not awaken till the morning of Qiyaamah." It was seen that the person had died.

The Shias began crying and wailing. These people were utterly disgraced. On seeing this, many of the remaining Shias repented and became Sunnis. [24]

4.1) Maulana Husain Madani (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) was the epitome of humility. Despite the hardships he suffered, he never cursed his enemies. In fact, he would forgive them for the insults and hardships they heaped on him. Once, a few months before the partition of India, he was travelling from Punjab to Deoband, stopping at many places in between. On his return journey, the train stopped at a place called Jalandhar. The supporters of the Muslim League (ML), who

24 Sawaanihe Qasimi vl.2, pg. 70 quoted in Jawaahir Paare vl.1, pg. 59

were opposed to Maulana's views in politics (as he was part of the Congress), were waiting at the station to meet one member of the ML whose trip had, in the meanwhile, been cancelled. The guard deviously informed them that Maulana was in another coach. They managed to enter the coach and assault him. The viciousness of the assault was compounded by the cruel verbal and physical abuse of three people: Fadl Muhammad, Shamsul Haqq and Fath Muhammad. They swore at him, threw trash at him, knocked off his hat, pulled the cushion from underneath him, grabbed his beard and one even slapped him. Maulana tolerated this with his normal composure. One of Maulana's helpers became enraged and stood up to fight. However Maulana restrained and reprimanded him. As the train was leaving, the rioters jumped off and returned home. The repercussions of their evil manifested immediately.
That night, as he reached home, Fadl Muhammad had a high fever. When he woke up in the morning, two large abscesses, no less than three inches in diameter, had formed in his lower back. Parasites grew out of his wounds and began feeding off his body. The doctors advised that the abscesses be filled daily with beef to stop the parasites from feeding on his body. Thereafter, everyday beef was inserted into his abscesses, which the parasites devoured before the next day. After partition, he managed to arrive at a refugee camp in Jalandhar cantonment. His sickness had drained him and he would beg to be saved from the disease or be killed. He wished that someone would kill him, but Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) wished that he remain alive as a warning to others. He finally settled down near Lahore. Every day was a day of agony and unendurable pain. He never slept and wore only a simple unsown cloth wrapped around the lower portion of his body. In mid-October, he moved to Faisalabad. His sickness had become terminal and a few months later he passed away. His body was so putrid that no one was willing to bathe it. People wrapped cloth around their faces (to avoid the stench), quickly poured water over his body, rushed the funeral to the cemetery, and buried it thereafter.

As for Fath Muhammad, whilst seeking asylum during partition, he and his whole family were massacred by a band of armed Sikhs.

Shamsul-Haqq moved to Faisalabad where he continued political preoccupations with the ML. (He had been the one who had slapped Maulana and pulled his beard. When one Alim from the ML heard this, he began shivering and remarked, "If this is true, then the body of the one who placed his hand on Maulana's beard will not be found and the earth will not accept his body.") He remained in the front line of their activities, attending all conventions and delivering fiery speeches. He even started a magazine called Insaaf. Despite all this, he lived in a constant state of depression and sadness. He became raucous and extremely ill-tempered. One day, he suddenly disappeared, after having been seen last at a courthouse where he went to register his magazine. Since he was a well-known political figure, a nationwide search was conducted and even a reward was offered for information of his whereabouts. However, the reality of what happened to him never came to light. This is the result of those who humiliated a family member of Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ) and a great scholar of Islam.[25]

NEVER TRUST YOUR NAFS

Abdullah ibn Abbaas (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) narrated the following incident: Barsisa was a very pious monk. He had devoted himself to the worship of Allah for seventy years, during which period he had completely kept himself aloof from sin. Iblis was not pleased with this and decided to gather his most wretched Shayaaṭeen and recruited the most deceitful from amongst them to mislead Barsisa. The wicked Shaitan dressed up in the garb of a pious person, shaved his head and appeared before Barsisa, while he was engaged in worship in his monastery. He first called out to Barsisa but was ignored. Barsisa used to raise his head from worship once every ten days and used to fast for many

25 Abridged from 'Consequences of debasing the Auliya-Allah' of Dr. Ismail Memon pg. 135 to 143. Many of the other incidents mentioned above are also quoted from this book) All of the above incidents with regards to disrespect of the Sahaabah (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُمْ) , the Ulama and the pious, with slight changes and additions, has been quoted verbatim from the book 'Honour for our Ulama and Aslaf (pious predecessors)' by Ml. Moosa Kajee

days at a time. Shaitan then took a place next to the wall on the outside of the monastery and engaged himself in prayer with astounding devotion. Barsisa began noticing his extreme sacrifice in worship and decided to get some clarification from him. Shaitan explained that he wanted to worship in the company of Barsisa and learn from him.
Barsisa made it clear to him that he was too busy, ignored him again and continued with his worship, and so did Shaitan. Barsisa continued to notice how Shaitan exerted himself in worship. Shaitan again requested that Barsisa allow him inside the monastery to join him in worship. Barsisa agreed, and they engaged themselves in prayer and fasting for many days at a time. Shaitan worshipped with Barsisa for an entire year, by which Shaitan won over the confidence of Barsisa. Before leaving, Shaitan taught him a few words which were effective in curing the sick and insane. This Shaitan then went back to Iblis and reported that he had succeeded in overpowering and destroying the pious monk.

Shaitan then went to a man in his original form of a Jinni, and began strangling him, causing him to have fits. Dressed as a common person, he approached the man's family and advised them to go to Barsisa, who had a "cure" for the man's "affliction". When the man was brought to Barsisa, he recited the words taught to him by Shaitan and the man was "cured".

Shaitan soon began inflicting other people with the same "illness" and directed them to Barsisa, who would "cure" them. Then, he did the same to a young girl from the family of the king of that time. The girl had three brothers, one of whom was appointed king after her father had died. Disguised as a physician, Shaitan informed them that he was unable to cure her and instructed them to take her and leave her in the monastery of Barsisa, but they refused, saying that he, being a pious person, would not allow her to stay with him. Shaitan proposed a second plan in case Barsisa refused. He advised that they build a monastery close to his monastery and leave her therein, notifying Barsisa that the girl was in his care and that he should take care of her in case anything goes wrong. They agreed. Barsisa, as predicted, refused

to keep the girl. So, they built another monastery in close proximity to his and left her there.

One day, as Barsisa completed his prayers, he noticed the young girl and was taken aback by her beauty. Shaitan began strangling her, and Barsisa immediately left his worship and commenced reciting the words of "cure" for her. She was "cured" and Barsisa returned to his devotions. But, Shaitan again strangled her and made her expose her body to Barsisa.
Then, Shaitan came to Barsisa and began whispering to him, "Fulfil your desires with the young girl! You will never find another like her. You can repent again thereafter."

He continued persuading Barsisa, to such an extent, that he finally left his worship and fulfilled his desires with the girl. She fell pregnant with his child. Shaitan again came to Barsisa and said, "Your evil deed will be exposed. The only choice you have is to kill her. When her brothers return and ask about her, say to them that her Shaitan who was causing her to have fits had attacked her so terribly that she died as a result." Barsisa accepted the idea, killed the young girl, and buried her during the darkness of night. Shaitan then appeared to the brothers in a dream and revealed to them that Barsisa had fulfilled his desires with the young girl and killed her. They did not believe the dream, but asked Barsisa for clarification. Barsisa insisted that Shaitan had killed her.

Shaitan again appeared to the brothers in a dream, and directed them to the spot where their sister had been buried. When they dug open the grave, they found their sister and realised that Barsisa had deceived them. In anger, they broke down his monastery, took him forcefully, tied him by the neck and led him to the king before whom Barsisa confessed to his evil deed. The command was given for Barsisa to be killed.

As he was about to be killed, Shaitan appeared before him and asked, "Do you know who I am?" "No", replied Barsisa. "I am the person who taught you the

words of "cure". Do you not fear Allah? Are you not ashamed? You were the most pious of men. You exposed your evil and have destroyed the reputation of all pious men.""What can I do?" asked Barsisa. Shaitan replied, "There is one thing you can do. If you do it now, I will save you by taking you away from here immediately." "What?" asked Barsisa. "Prostrate before me just once," replied Shaitan. Barsisa agreed and prostrated himself before Shaitan. Shaitan retorted, "This is what I desired from you all along. Your end result is that you have denied Allah in the last moments of your life. I have nothing to do with you. Verily I fear Allah, the Sustainer of all the worlds." [26]

Wahb ibn Munabbih narrates another incident: There was a raahib (ascetic) and aabid (worshipper) from amongst the Bani Israeel who had renounced the world and devoted himself to the ibaadah of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى). He was the most pious saint in Bani Israeel. During his time, there were three brothers who had one young sister. The three sons planned to go on a jihad expedition. However they were concerned about their sister. They had no relatives with whom they could leave their sister. They did not trust anyone. Finally they decided to leave her in the care of the worshipper. They held him in the highest esteem and regarded him as most trustworthy.

They approached the worshipper and requested that he takes custody of their sister until they return. He first refused and sought refuge with Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) from them and from their sister. But the brothers pleaded with him. Finally, he submitted to their appeals and instructed them to leave their sister in the room opposite his place of worship.

Every day, the worshipper would descend from his place of worship to leave food for her outside the door of his place of worship. He would then lock his door and ascend the stairs. From inside, he would call the girl and she would come to collect her food. This continued for quite some time.

---

26 Tafsir Qurtubi v.18 pg.37-39. Translation mostly adapted from 'Pearls of the Path' by Ml. Afzal Ismail

Then Iblis began with his talbis (treachery). He started to whisper into the heart of the worshipper that the girl's emergence from her room was improper. People passing by would see her, and perhaps some evil man may even molest her. He then developed the idea that it would be better if he left the food at the door of her room. That would be even more rewardable by Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ). This 'logic' whispered into his heart by Shaitan appealed him. He would then place the food at the door of her room without speaking to her. Some time went by in this manner.

Then Iblis approached him with exhortations of virtue and reward. The argument developed in his mind that if he placed the food inside her room, it would be better. This logic appealed to him. He submitted to this ploy of Shaitan and for some time thereafter he would deliver the food inside the room.

Iblis then whispered to him, "She is extremely lonely and scared of living all alone. She will be comforted if at least you say a few words of advice to her." However he would not speak to her inside the room. He would speak to her from the window in his place of worship which was upstairs.

Then Iblis whispered that it would be better if he descended from his place of worship and spoke to her from outside his door, to make her feel more comfortable. Thus he submitted to this satanic 'logic' and daily sat outside by the door of his place of worship and conversed with her while the girl sat outside by the entrance of her room. By this time, mutual conversation had become the norm, and this pattern continued for quite some time.

Iblis then tempted him to go a step further, with the excuse of earning reward through showing more kindness to her and comforting her, by sitting near the entrance of her room. The worshipper then began to sit near to her, by the entrance of her room.

Iblis, pursuing his pernicious plot, whispered to him that it is more in

conformity with modesty if he sat inside her room to converse with her, so that passers-by do not see her. The worshipper was by this time fully in the clutches of Iblis. He submitted to the satanic logic and would spend the whole day talking with her inside her room. At night time he would leave, ascend into his place of worship, and engage in ibaadah (worship).
The deception of Iblis had thoroughly eroded his spiritual fibre. Now the process leading to the ultimate act of fornication was quite simple for Iblis. Soon, the worshipper committed fornication and the girl became pregnant. She gave birth to a baby boy.

Now Iblis came and whispered to him, "What will you do when her brothers return? You will be utterly disgraced and punished. The best option is to kill the baby and bury him. She will keep it a secret, fearing the anger of her brothers over her evil actions" And this is exactly what he did. He murdered the baby. After he killed the baby, Iblis again appeared to him and said, "She has seen what you had done with her baby. Do you think she will conceal this from her brothers? It is best that you kill her as well, so that your deeds remain a secret." Submitting to this satanic command, he killed the girl. Then he threw her body and the body of the baby into a pit and covered it with a huge slab of stone. He then ascended into his place of worship and once again engaged in ibaadah.

When the brothers finally returned, they came to fetch their sister and questioned the worshipper regarding her. He praised her much, expressing grief and sorrow. He pointed to a grave saying, "That is her grave. She has died." The brothers went to her grave and remained there for a long time making dua. They grieved and cried much. They stayed at the place for many days and then departed for their home.

When they arrived home and went to sleep, Iblis appeared to the eldest brother in a dream. He assumed the form of a traveller. In the dream, Iblis explained the entire episode of his sister, mentioning where her body as well as the baby's were. Then Shaitan appeared in a dream of the other two

brothers as well. He informed them precisely as he had informed the eldest brother.

In the morning, when the three brothers met, they related their dreams. They were very surprised to learn that all three had seen identical dreams. The eldest said that the dreams were most probably false and satanic, and they should ignore them. The youngest brother however insisted that they visit the place to check. This they did.
They went directly to the spot indicated to them in the dream and found the two bodies there. When they questioned the worshipper, he now had no other alternative but to make a confession. The brothers apprehended him and took him to the king. He was found guilty and sentenced to death by hanging.

When he was mounted on the scaffold for execution, Iblis appeared to him and said, "Do you know I was your companion who had trapped you into fornicating with her and into killing her and her baby? If today you will obey me, and reject Allah who created you, I shall save your life." The worshipper, panicking and, utterly bereft of any spirituality, in desperation obeyed and committed kufr. After he committed kufr, Iblis abandoned him. The worshipper was executed.

In relation to such episodes of the deception of Iblis, this verse was revealed, "....Just like Shaitan when he says to a person, "Commit kufr." After the person commits kufr, Shaitan says, "Verily I am free from you. Verily I fear Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى, the Sustainer of all the worlds." (Surah Hashr, verse 16)[27]

JANNAH AWAITS THE TRUE BELIEVERS

Faqih Abul Layth reports from his father who narrated through his chain

27 Tafsir Qurtubi v.18 pg.39-41 Translation mostly adapted from 'The Interfaith Trap of Kufr' by Majlisul Ulema of South Africa

from Abdul Waahid ibn Zaid, "Once we had gathered to make preparations for jihad. I told my companions they have till Monday morning to complete preparations. In order to arouse the spirit of jihad, a person recited the following verse, "Indeed Allah has bought from the believers their lives and their wealth in exchange for Jannah."

A youth of about 15 years, whose father had recently passed away, and who had been left a sizeable estate, stood up and said, "O Abdul Waahid, is it actually like this that Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) has bought from the believers their lives and their wealth in exchange for Jannah?" I replied, "Yes, it is such." The youth said, "You be witness that I have sold my life and wealth in exchange of Jannah." I said, "Son, you have spoken well, but the sword is very sharp and to remain steadfast in front of it is extremely difficult. You are still a young boy. It should not be that, at the last moment, you lose courage and cancel your contract of sale."

The youth said, "Do you think I will break the contract I have made with Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) in exchange for Jannah? I take an oath in the name of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) that I have sold myself to Allah."

Seeing the determination of the youth, all of us felt ashamed. Nevertheless, he gave all his wealth in charity, but kept enough back to buy a horse, weapons and to cover his expenses of the journey. On the day earmarked for the expedition, the youth was the first at the meeting point. He greeted me, and I replied to his greeting and commented, "The business deal was surely profitable."

His condition was very astonishing. During the day, he would fast and he would spend the entire night in ibaadah. He would also serve the army, he took on the responsibility of tending to the horses and he would remain on guard at night. We soon reached the Roman border. One day, in a most unusual manner, he began to scream loudly, "Oh, how I desire to meet Aynaa Mardhiyyah." Everyone thought that he had lost his senses and had become

insane. He came to me and said in a loud voice, "O Abdul Waahid, now I have no more patience. Oh, how I desire to meet Aynaa Mardhiyyah?" I said to him, "Son, what is this Aynaa Mardhiyyah you are talking about."

He replied, "I dozed off to sleep and I saw in a dream that a person was approaching me and saying, "I want to take this youth to Aynaa Mardhiyyah (a wide-eyed beautiful damsel who is pleasing to her husband)." I was taken to a garden which had a river whose water was extremely crystal clear. At the banks of this river were a few extremely beautiful young women. They were all adorned with jewellery and were dressed in such apparels, the beauty of which I am unable to describe to you. Seeing me, they smiled and said, "This is the husband of Aynaa Mardhiyyah who has now arrived." I greeted them and asked if any of them was Aynaa Mardhiyyah. They replied in the negative and said that they were her servants and slaves. They told me to go further on. Next I came to another extremely beautiful garden, in which was a river of fresh milk. At the banks of this river were a few extremely beautiful young women. Upon seeing these young women, I was dazzled and taken aback by their beauty and their good looks. Seeing me, they smiled and said, "This is the husband of Aynaa Mardhiyyah who has now arrived." I greeted them and asked if any of them was Aynaa Mardhiyyah. They replied in the negative and said that they were her servants and slaves. They told me to go further on. Still further on, I came across a garden whose river was of pure wine. In this garden were a group of young women of such beauty that made me forget the beauty of those young women I had seen previously. I greeted them and asked if any of them was Aynaa Mardhiyyah. They replied in the negative and said that they were her servants and slaves. They told me to go further on. Going on further, I came to an extremely beautiful garden whose river was of pure honey. Here also, I saw some beautiful young women whose beauty and radiance made me forget the beauty of those young women I had passed before. I greeted them and asked if any of them was Aynaa Mardhiyyah. They replied in the negative and said that they were her maidservants. I was told to continue further on. Then I saw an extremely beautiful palace made of a single pearl which had been hollowed. At the door of the palace stood an

extremely beautiful girl, adorned with jewellery and wearing fine clothes, the beauty of whom it is not possible for me to describe. She smiled at me and announced, "O Aynaa Mardhiyyah, your husband has arrived." On entering, I saw a gold bed studded with pearls and emeralds, and on it lay a most beautiful damsel who I found irresistible and by whom I was infatuated. She said, "Welcome, o the friend of Rahmaan, our time of meeting is very soon." I was about to embrace her when she said, "Not yet. The time to embrace me has not yet arrived. You still have a bit of life left. Complete it. Do not worry. Inshaa-Allah, we will be having the evening meal together." I then woke up. Now tell me, o Abdul Waahid, how can I have patience?"

Abdul Waahid says, "We hardly finished our conversation when the enemy attacked. The battle raged. The youth demonstrated his valour and bravery. I counted nine of the enemy whom he had killed and at the tenth, he drank from the goblet of martyrdom and reached his desired destination. Whilst he was in the throes of death, with blood oozing from the body, he laughed a happy hearty laugh and left this world." [28]
O Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى! Grant us a portion of this!

ANGER

It was a scorching afternoon on May 23rd, 1996 when I was returning home from my job at Karachi's Steel Cadet College. As I left the bus stop to proceed towards my street, I was momentarily dazed to witness two orphan children, Hasan and Shaahid, playing cricket on a vacant plot of land. Their faces were flushed with the high temperature of midday. However, they were not concerned in the least about the heat or about who is passing by. They were not even bothered by the fact that the very same sport cricket just last week turned them into orphans.

28 Tambihul Ghaafilin of Faqih Abul Layth Samarqandi Hanafi pg.296

The area of Karachi that I was living in until last year August was a neighbourhood dominated by the lower to middle class. Amongst them were two neighbours who lived as bosom friends for the last twenty odd years. People in the neighbourhood would cite their affiliation as an epitome of friendship. One of them was Azhar who was a superintendent in one of the government ministries. The other was Naasir who was a retired military sergeant and was passing his days running a small grocery store in the neighbourhood. Naasir and Azhar's wives and children also enjoyed a very close and warm relationship.

Naasir had a number of children; five daughters and four sons. Azhar had just two children; fourteen-year-old Asma and Shaahid who was seven. Naasir's youngest son, Hasan Naasir, was about the same age as Azhar's son, Shaahid. Hasan and Shaahid were classmates attending the local school. Both of them would set out for school together and return home together. After school, both of them would play and have fun together as well.

On the blistering afternoon of May 16, 1996, Hasan and Shaahid returned home from school and, after gobbling down a quick meal, they got hold of their ball and bat and set out to play on the street. Both their mothers were left yelling at them, but, who cares? They had just started playing when Hasan hit the ball so hard that it whooshed and struck Shaahid on the nose. It struck him so forcefully that blood started pouring from his nose as though a fountain had been activated. Smarting with pain and roused by a rage of fury, he picked up a huge stone and hurled it at Hasan. The stone struck him on his chest and, shrieking with pain, he fell to the ground. Enraged with one another, they then started fighting and exchanging blows. When Naasir, who was at the shop at that time, was alerted, he immediately set out and found the boys baying for each other's blood. He separated them and dragged Hasan home, whilst Shaahid went howling and crying home.

When Azhar's wife saw Shaahid returning home in blood-spattered clothing, she became hysterical and gave off a sudden shriek. When she asked him

what had transpired, instead of narrating the true story, he placed all the blame on Hasan's shoulders. Now, Azhar's wife, forgetting the love, affection and warmth that they enjoyed, started verbally abusing and insulting Hasan and his mother. When Hasan's mother heard these insults, she was unable to stomach it and, in spite of her husband appealing for calm and restraint, seething with rage, she went straight to Azhars's house and, pounding the door, she challenged Shaahid's mother. Fuming with rage, Shaahid's mother came out of the house and started fighting with Hasan's mother. By the time Naasir arrived on the scene, he sees that both women are already tearing each other's clothes and yanking each other's hair. He tried to intervene and, as he was separating them, his hand accidentally brushed against Shaahid's mother. This made matters even worse and rumours started spreading like wildfire. Now Shaahid's mother started vilifying and swearing Naasir as well. In the meantime, a few men and women of the area promptly separated them and temporarily kept any further hostility in abeyance.

Nonetheless, when Azhar returned home, exhausted after an arduous day at the office, his wife narrated the whole pathetic incident, spiced with a bit of distortion and excess. As he heard this incident, his whole body shuddered with vehemence. His blood started simmering out of a sense of possessiveness. Without appraising the situation, he picked up an axe that was lying on the floor and went straight to Naasir's shop. There was just one customer in the shop at that time. Naasir was stooped down, busy weighing some merchandise on his scale. Azhar burst into the shop and, without thinking, struck Naasir a severe blow that critically wounded his left shoulder. In spite of his injury, he jumped up and hurled a one-kilo weight piece onto Azhar's head. Unable to withstand the force of this weight piece, he passed out, but within a moment he shuddered awake. He retrieved his fallen axe, rushed back into the shop and struck a blow onto Naasir's head. This swipe proved fatal and Naasir died at the scene. However, the blow Azhar received on his head from the weight piece also proved lethal and he also fell down dead. With the racket created by the customer, by the time a few people got to the scene, both bodies were sprawled out. The police were informed and, as usual, they arrived quite

late on the scene. The police removed their bodies and took them away for post mortem etc. The following afternoon, after Zuhr Salah, both men who became sworn enemies due to a trifling blunder, were laid to rest in North Karachi's cemetery.

Not even a week had passed after this dreadful and tragic incident when I saw Hasan and Shaahid playing together. I earnestly request all parents not to make their children's rivalry a matter of life and death. Children are prone to fight and argue, but they reconcile also just as quickly. However, it is their parent's foolishness that makes them sworn enemies unto each other. [*Courtesy: Jang daily*][29]

INSPIRATION FOR THE GRIEF - STRICKEN

Urwah Ibn Zubair (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ), the nephew of A'ishah (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهَا) and the 'jurist' of his time, once set out with his most beloved and extremely handsome son Muhammad to visit the Khalifah Waleed Ibn Abdul Malik in Damascus. The Khalifah was obviously overjoyed to have such an honourable guest and thus went 'all out' in welcoming him. Little did he know that his guest was going to be very soon tested by Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ) with such a test which only hearts filled with imaan and trust in Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ) can withstand.

During Urwah's journey towards the palace, Urwah felt a pain in his left leg, and noticed a sore on it. On reaching the palace, he showed it to Waleed, who ordered for the expert doctors to be brought in. After examining the leg, the chief doctor apprised him of the situation; he was inflicted with gangrene in one leg. To prevent further damage, it was deemed necessary to amputate his leg from his shin. The doctor suggested putting him under general anaesthetic, so that he would feel no pain. He, however, blankly refused,

29 The Ideal Father of Ml. Muhmmad Hanif. The compiler first heard this incident from his respected teacher, Ml. Ahmad Chotia.

saying, "I never thought it possible for man to become so debased that he would be ready to drink a medicine which will cause him to lose his intellect, to such a level that he (inspite of being awake) cannot even recognize his Rabb (Nourisher, Nurturer and Sustainer). Go on and do your work," and he lied down. The surgeon brought along three small saws, and, after placing them in a fire, used them one after another. As the surgeon began cutting through the bone, Urwah dug his face in the pillow underneath him, and began perspiring profusely. The third saw finally severed the bone. Urwah neither cringed, nor writhed. His face did not become contorted. In fact, not even a sound was heard from him during the procedure, except a slight 'sss, sss' which escaped his lips. Waleed commented, "I never ever saw a person more patient than him."

After his leg was totally severed, he lifted his head and saw the people holding it. He asked for it, and, after taking hold of it in his hands, he surveyed it carefully. He then remarked, "I take an oath by that Being who allowed me to walk upon you that He knows very well that I never used you to walk towards His disobedience. O Allah, although You have taken (one limb) from me, you have retained and left me with plenty. Although you have tested me with a difficulty and afflicted me (in one limb), You have kept me protected from calamities time and time again.
(وأيمك لئن أخذت لقد أبقيت ولئن ابتليت لقد عافيت) He then asked for his leg to be taken, washed, perfumed, wrapped in a cloth, and buried in a Muslim graveyard, which they promptly did. That night, he even completed his daily portion of recitation of Qur'an as usual.

In the meanwhile, Urwah's (رَضِيَ اللّٰهُ عَنْهُ) most beloved son Muhammad, entered the royal stable that night and advanced too close to the wild horses and mules, as a result of which he was trampled to death. (May Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ have mercy on him). All who were present felt uncomfortable to break the news to Urwah. They approached Majishoon and requested him to convey this bitter message. Majishoon visited Urwah and found him performing salaah. After entering, Majishoon began discussing death, the shortness of this life,

the temporary nature of this world and the generations of people who had already passed on from this world. Urwah sensed that there was something amiss. He said, "Are you talking of one of those who have come with me?! Muhammad just left this room a while ago!" Majishoon responded, "Allah has just taken Muhammad back to Him." Urwah instantaneously responded, "(إنا لله وإنا إليه راجعون) To Allah do we belong, and to Him is our return. I anticipate great rewards by Allah over (the loss of) Muhammad. O Allah, O Allah, although You have taken (one child) from me, you have retained and left me with plenty. Although you have tested me with a difficulty and afflicted me (through one son), You have kept me protected from calamities time and time again. (وأيمك لئن أخذت لقد أبقيت ولئن ابتليت لقد عافيت)" Not a word of complaint was heard emerging from his lips.

The Khalifah Waleed Ibn Abdul Malik sat grief-stricken in his royal chamber. In just a couple of days, his most honourable guest had lost his leg and thereafter his son. While brooding over this and pondering over how to console Urwah (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ), a group of travellers happened to arrive, amongst whom was a blind man. When the Khalifah questioned him concerning the loss of his eyesight, he replied, "O Amirul Mumineen! There was no man in my tribe who possessed more than what I had, nor was there any family larger than the one I was blessed with. Then, one night, while I was out travelling, our area was hit by floods, the like of which we had never seen before. It destroyed whatever I had owned, taking with it my beloved family and possessions. I returned to find nothing left except my youngest son and one camel. Intending to catch the camel, I placed my child on the ground, and proceeded forward. Suddenly I heard a scream. I turned immediately, to find the head of my little child in the mouth of a wolf. I raced back, but was too late to save him from being torn apart by the jaws of death. Overcome with grief, I made a final attempt to catch the camel. As I approached closer, it kicked me in the face, causing me to go blind."

On hearing of the traveller's tragic events, Waleed ordered his doorkeeper, "Take this man to Urwah (رَضِيَ اللَّهُ عَنْهُ) and let him narrate his story once again, so

that Urwah (رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ) may realize that, from amongst men, there are those who are in a more pitiable condition than the one he finds himself in."

When Urwah (رَضِيَ اللهُ عَنْهُ) finally returned home, he met his family and friends, saying, "O Allah, You have taken from us only a little, while You have left us with plenty. O Allah, You very rarely test us with difficulties, while You keep us protected from calamities time and time again. O Allah, You had blessed me with seven sons, from which You have only taken one back, leaving the remaining for me. From the four limbs which You had blessed me with, You have only taken one back, leaving the remaining for my benefit."

May Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) bless us with the ability to see things in the manner our illustrious ancestors would see them. Aamin. [30]

FEAR OF ALLAH (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)

There was once a wealthy cloth merchant, who lived in Baghdad. Together with being trustworthy, he was extremely intelligent. Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) had really caused his business to prosper. Simultaneously, Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) had granted him household peace. His wife was exceptionally pretty, pious, intelligent and skilful. The trader loved her wholeheartedly, and she loved him likewise. They lived their life with great contentment, unity and love.

One day, a young woman came into his shop and requested to buy something. During the course of their discussion, she opened her veil, exposing her face. He was astounded by her beauty and remarked, "By Allah, I am amazed at what I see." She explained, "I did not come to buy anything. I have been coming to the market for a number of days now, so that I could find a man who would be attracted to me and whom I could marry. You are that man. I am a wealthy woman. Will you marry me?"

30 Al-Maradh wal Kaffaaraat of Ibn Abid Dunya and Suwarum-min-Hayaatit-Taabi'in

The man explained, "I am married to a cousin from my father's family and have promised her that I would not marry a second wife. I also have a son from her."

The woman insisted, "If you marry me and visit me only twice a week, I will be satisfied." He accepted her suggestion, married her and consummated the marriage.
He then went home to his first wife and said, "A friend of mine has asked me to spend the night at his house."
He left her and spent the night at the home of his second wife. He would then visit his second wife after Ẓuhr every day. This continued for a period of eight months, after which, his first wife began to suspect that something was amiss.

At her home resided a slave-girl. The cloth merchant's wife reposed great trust in her. She would discuss her confidential matters with her. One day, she mentioned this doubt to the lady. She instructed her slave-girl, "Follow him and observe where he goes." The slave-girl followed him to his shop. At Ẓuhr time, she noticed him leaving. She followed him and saw him enter a house. She enquired from the neighbours and was informed that it belonged to a young woman, who was married to a cloth merchant. She returned to the home of her mistress and reported what she had seen.

Immediately, the wife's condition changed. The burning sensation of the co-wife is famous. However she quickly regained her composure, thinking that whatever happened had happened. Why should she now destroy her life by being perplexed? She never made it apparent to her husband that she was aware of this secret. She asked the slave-girl not to inform anybody about what she had seen. She continued to serve her husband as before, and there was not an atom's difference in her actions, love and sincerity to him.

On the other hand, the honourable trader was not deficient in fulfilling her rights. There was no change in his attitude towards her and he continued

to treat his wife with the same love and sincerity as before. This wonderful treatment of the husband forced the wife to consider her position and she then resolved never to be an obstacle in the permissible rights of the husband. She thought to herself, "My husband could have openly married a second wife. Why did he get married so secretively? The reason for this is that he knew it would cause hurt to my heart. I would never be able to bear the jealousy of being a co-wife.

How beloved my husband is! He kept in consideration my delicate temperament. Then he did not misappropriate my rights, whilst enjoying himself with his new wife. There was no difference in his love to me and treatment. Finally what right do I have to prevent him from the right which Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) has granted him? Who will be more ungrateful and unworthy than me if I do not consider the permissible feelings of such a kind husband? And I cause difficulty to him?" On pondering over these matters, she felt at ease.

The trader, on witnessing her wonderful treatment and show of love thought that this servant of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) knew nothing of this secret. He continued going with great caution so that none should come to know of it. Both continued living a life of happiness, joy and love.

An entire year elapsed in this way. He then fell ill and passed away. As he was wealthy, he left behind a huge sum of wealth, amounting to eight-thousand dinars (gold coins).

Since the trader had performed the second marriage very secretly, none of his family members were aware of it. They all were under the impression that he had only one wife. The first wife did not feel it appropriate to expose the secret of her deceased husband which he had kept so well hidden whilst alive. On the other hand, she could not bear to usurp the right of her co-wife. Definitely, neither did anyone know, nor was the co-wife going to make a claim from her side. However Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) knows everything, That Being

in front of Whom we will have to stand and be questioned regarding our good and bad deeds. On thinking of this, she began to tremble.

She decided that she will divide her portion into half and send the other half to her co-wife. She removed seven-thousand dinars and kept them aside for her son. The remaining thousand dinars, she divided into two portions. She kept half for herself and the other half she gave to her slave-girl, saying, "Take this to the other woman and inform her that her husband has died. He has left eight-thousand dinars. Seven-thousand have been given to his son and the remaining thousand have been split between her and his first wife. Advise her to take it, as it is her rightful share from his estate."

The slave-girl proceeded as instructed. She knocked at the door and informed the woman of the death of her husband, and his estate. The woman cried, and then said, "Return to your mistress and inform her that my husband had divorced me prior to his death. I have a written document to confirm this. Take this wealth back to her, as I have no right to his estate." The slave-girl returned and informed her mistress accordingly.

In certain books, it has been recorded that the second wife wrote the following letter and sent it to the first wife. The letter read as follows:
"On reading your letter, I was greatly grieved to hear of the demise of your husband, and that you are now deprived of his guardianship. May Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) forgive him and send down rains of His mercy and grace over him. With what heart can I be grateful for your sincerity and noble quality of giving preference to others over yourself, by sending half of your inheritance money to me? I am very affected by your noble action. In reality no-one was aware of our secret. Our marriage was done most quietly. I was convinced that you knew nothing of it. Never mind myself, even your deceased husband felt that none knew of his second marriage. By your letter, I am now aware that you were aware of our secret.

The jealousy of a co-wife is natural. Definitely, you must have been distressed by this news. However, Allahu Akbar, your patience and control! The fact of the matter is that there is no equal to the patience and control which you have shown. You never ever showed the slightest inclination that you were cognisant of our secret marriage. Your patience and restraint is absolutely remarkable. I am really affected by this accomplishment of yours. Who gives away wealth? What do people not do to acquire wealth?! Blessings be to your trustworthiness that, despite knowing that our marriage was a secret and there being no-one there who was aware of it, as well as no person to ask on my behalf, you still undertook to fulfil my right only due to fear of Allah and you sent me half your inheritance money. This is how a person should have conviction of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) being present and all-aware, and this is how a person should possess the fervour to fulfil the rights of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى)'s servants.

My beloved sister! I am very affected. May Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى keep you happy and grant you success in this world and the hereafter. However, my sister, I am not liable for that portion. May Allah سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى grant you blessings in that portion!

It is true that I was married to your husband and it is also correct that he would come and spend days by me. We had spent a long time in happiness and joy. However, a while ago this relationship came to an end. The deceased had divorced me. You were not aware of this secret. Finally once again, I salute your unparalleled love, favour, sincerity and compassion.
Was-salaam
Your sister." [31]

ABSTAINING FROM THE UNLAWFUL

31 Sifatus-Safwah pg.518, with additions from Bikhre-moti part 2, page 186-188 who also quoted from Islaami Mu'asharah page 152

Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) has granted us sufficient halaal (the lawful) avenues to the extent that we do not need to resort to haraam (the prohibited). Many a person who abstains from haraam out of the fear of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) is blessed with halaal through the Shariah of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى). The time span between committing the haraam action and the halaal action was only a short while. How truthful the words of Shaikh Ibn Ataaullah Iskandari are, "Our Sustainer is far beyond this, that the servant treats Him on a cash basis, while He rewards him on a credit basis. Read this strange story so that you may witness therein the recompense of the grand Sustainer:
Al-Amir Shuja'ud-Din Muhammad Shirazi, a state-official of Cairo related, "I was with a person in the upper regions of Egypt in an area called Sa'eed. He was very hospitable to us and honoured us greatly. The person was of a very dark complexion and was an old man. Some of his children came before us who were very beautiful and of a fair complexion. So we said to him, "Are these really your children?" "Yes," he explained, "you must be surprised at their fair complexion and my dark complexion." We acknowledged our surprise. He said, "The mother of these children is a European. I married her when I was a young man in the days of the king an-Naasir Salahud-Din during the battle of Hittin." We asked, "How did you come to marry her?" He replied, "There is a very strange story with regard to her." We said, "Tell us about it."

He said, "I once planted flax in this area, which I harvested and cleaned, at the cost of 500 dinars (gold coins), but I could not find a buyer willing to pay any more than the cost for it. I took it to Cairo, and thereafter to Syria, but was still unable to get more for it. Eventually, I took my goods to Acre, where I sold some of the flax on credit for a period of 6 months, while I kept some of it with me. I rented a shop in which I began trading slowly till the expiry of 6 months.

While I was busy trading, a European woman who was the wife of one of the soldiers came to me. The European women walk about in the market places without any face covering. She came to me in order to purchase flax. I was

overwhelmed and astounded by her beauty. I sold her some flax and was very generous to her by selling it at a discounted price. She returned after a few days. I sold her more flax and was even more generous to her than the first time. She came on several occasions and she realized I was attracted to her. I one day said to the old woman who usually accompanied her, "I am madly in love with her. Do you think I could gain access to her?" The old woman conveyed this to her. She replied, "All of our souls- mine, hers and yours- are going to leave (this world)." I said to her, "If my soul leaves with her, it is no serious matter."

She eventually agreed on condition that I should give her 50 dinars and she would come to me. I counted the 50 dinars and handed them over to the old woman. She said to me, "Make ready for us your place and I will spend tonight with you." I went and made whatever preparations I could – food, drinks, lights, sweetmeats, etc. My house overlooked the sea. It was summer time. I therefore laid out a carpet on top of the house. The European woman came, we ate and we drank. It became dark and so we slept beneath the skies while the moon was shining upon us and the stars were sparkling on the ocean. The time had arrived for me to fulfil my desires with her.

I said to myself, "Are you not ashamed of yourself? You are away from home, beneath the skies, overlooking the ocean, and yet you have the audacity to disobey Allah (سُبْحَانَهُوَتَعَالَى) with a Christian woman? You will thus be eligible for the punishment of hell and the punishment of this world as well." I said to myself, "O Allah, I make you witness that I have abstained from this Christian woman tonight out of shame for You and fear from Your punishment." I then slept till the next morning.
The woman got up angrily the next morning and went away.

I went to my shop and sat there. Suddenly I saw her passing by me together with the old woman, and she was in an angry mood. She looked like the moon [in her beauty]. I was immediately overtaken [by her beauty] and said to myself, "Who do you think you are that you are leaving this young gorgeous

woman without fulfilling your craving? Do you think you are Junaid Baghdadi or Sirri Saqati?" I then went to the old woman and said, "Come back." She replied, "By Jesus, we will not come back to you unless you pay us 100 dinars." I said, "Okay, I agree." I went back to my shop and counted the dinars. She thus came to me a second time. The same thoughts came back to me and I therefore abstained from her solely for Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى)."

She left angrily and I continued to my shop. After some time, she approached me and spoke to me like a stranger. She said, "By Jesus, you will not be able to enjoy me, except if you pay 500 dinars, or else you can die in grief." I realized that her price was excessive, but I made a firm resolution that I will suffer the loss of my flax and hand myself over to her.
While I was thinking about all this, a person announced, "O Muslims! The truce between us and you is now over. We are giving respite till Friday to the Muslims who are here to settle their affairs and return to their lands." The announcement was the point of separation between me and the woman. I began collecting the money for my flax which was owed to me and began making agreements for the remainder.

I took quite a bit of goods with me and left Acre (seaport in Palestine). My heart was still drowned in the love of that European woman. I reached Damascus and sold the goods at a far higher price, because there was a shortage of them after the truce had ended. Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) blessed me with a very good profit, till I became a prosperous businessman. I then began trading in slave-women, in the hope that I would forget about that European woman. I thus engrossed myself in this business.

Three years passed in this way. The Battle of Hittin eventually took place and the Sultan Naasir (Salahud-Din) took charge of the kingdom and conquered many lands including the coastal regions by the help of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى). I was asked by his attendants to send a slave-woman to Sultan Naasir. I had a very beautiful slave-woman which I sold to him for 100 dinars. They paid 90 dinars to me in cash and returned to the king to request for the remaining 10

dinars. They did not have even 10 dinars in the treasury on that day, because all the money had been spent. The officials therefore consulted with the king in this regard. He instructed, "Take this person [referring to me] to the treasury where the European female prisoners of war are housed. Let him choose one of them in exchange for the 10 dinars which are owed to him." I went to the treasury, looked at the women and recognized the woman who had taken for herself all that money of mine. I said, "Give me that one." I took her and proceeded home. In privacy, I asked her, "Do you know me?" She replied, "No." I said to her, "I am that trader with whom such and such incident had taken place. You had taken my money and you finally said, "You will not be able to see me unless you pay 500 dinars. And now I have taken you as a slave for 10 dinars." She said, "Extend your hand. I bear witness that there is none worthy of worship except Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) and that Muhammad (صَلَّى اللَّهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلَى آلِهِ وَسَلَّمَ) is the messenger of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى). She thus embraced Islam and became a very good Muslim.

I said to myself, "By Allah! I will not sleep with her except after marrying her." I went to Ibn Shaddaad, the judge, and related to him the entire incident. He was astonished and solemnized my marriage to her. She spent that night with me and fell pregnant.

I continued with the army and we went to Damascus. Within a few months, the messenger of the king arrived with orders asking for all the prisoners and slaves to be returned due to some agreement that had taken place between the Muslim and Christian kings. The men and women captives and slaves were returned. Only my European wife remained with me. The officials asked about her, they persisted in searching for her. Information was given to them that she was with me. They then came to me in search of her. I was asked to present myself before the king and was so frightened and my colour had changed. She said to me, "What has happened? What has afflicted you?" I said, "The messenger of the king came and all the male and female slaves and captives were returned. They have now come to ask for you." She replied, "There is nothing to worry about. Take me to them; I know what to tell them."

I took her and presented her before the king, Sultan Naasir, with the European messenger sitting to his right. I said, "This is the woman who is with me." The king and the messenger said to her, "Do you want to return to your home-land or remain with your husband? You and the others have been freed." She said to the king, "I have already embraced Islam and I have fallen pregnant. Here, you can see how big my stomach is. The Europeans can no longer benefit from me." The messenger said to her, "Who is more beloved to you, this Muslim or your European husband?" She gave the same reply to the messenger. The messenger said to the Europeans who were present, "Listen to what she has to say."

The messenger then said to me, "Take your wife and you may go." I thus turned around and left with her. The messenger then hastily sent a message to me, saying, "Her mother entrusted me with something for her and said to me, "My daughter is imprisoned. She has no clothes and is dishevelled. I wish that you could send this box to her and hand it over to her." I thus accepted the box and we continued to our house. She then opened the box and found the clothes that her mother had woven for her from the very same flax I had sold to her. She also found two heaps of money – the 50 dinars and the 100 dinars [which I had given her]. They were exactly as I had given them to her. These are my children from her. She is still living and she is the one who prepared the food."[32]

Shaikh Abdul Fattah says, "It becomes clear from this incident and from other incidents similar to it that the person who abstains from the prohibited for the sake of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى), Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى) bestows him with a replacement that is lawful. Our Sustainer is far beyond this, that the servant treats Him on a cash basis, while He rewards him on a credit basis."

32 Sifatus-Safwah pg.518, with additions from Bikhre-moti part 2, page 186-188 who also quoted from Islaami Mu'asharah page 152

A list of my asaatizah (teachers) who advised me towards righteousness and passed on the knowledge of deen to me:

Family

My Beloved Father Dr. Dawood Kajee
My Beloved Mother
My Eldest Brother Moulana Moosa Kajee
My Elder Brother Moulana Ridwan Kajee

Maktab And Hifz Teachers

Aapa H. Abba
Aapa M. Jeena
Aapa F. Wadee
Moulana Fareed Beig
Moulana Mohammad Amin Sujee
Moulana Ismail Bismillah
Moulana Abdullah Mansoor
Moulana Ismail Kathrada
Moulana Maseehullah Kathrada
Hafiz Basheer Tikli
Qari Abdur-Rahman Eshak

Aalim Course

Moulana Muhammad Abba
Moulana Abdulla Amejee
Moulana Ziyad Hussein
Moulana Shafiqur Rahman Azmi
Qari Rafiq Motara
Qari Abdullah Motara
Qari Abdullah Ishaq
Moulana Muhammad Chotia
Moulana Ahmad Chotia
Moulana Umar Bismillah
Qari Yunus Desai
Mufti Masood Qasim
Moulana Abdur-Rahim Sheikh
Moulana Abdullah Dabhelia
Mufti Muhammad Patel
Mufti Atiqur-Rahman Azmi
Moulana Moosa Patel
Moulana Hassen Docrat
Moulana Abdullah Ismail
Qari Ismail Essack رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ
Mufti Zakariyya Pandor
Mufti Muhammad Amjad
Mufti Ahmad Ali
Mufti Muhammad Saeed Motara
Moulana Fadhlur-Rahman Azmi
Moulana Abdul-Hamid Ishaq

Later Teachers

Moulana Hakeem Muhammad Mazhar
Moulana Shah Hakeem Muhammad Akhtar
Moulana Saleemullah Khan

Besides the above, there are many others from whom i benefitted, studied under for a few days or few hours or from whom i recieved ijaazah in hadith, whom i also count from amongst my teachers.

May Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ accept from all my teachers and reward them with the greatest of rewards and grant them all his happiness.

Duas for acquiring the love of Allah سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَى

Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ) had mentioned that Daud (عَلَيْهِ السَّلَامُ) would make the following dua:

اَللّٰهُمَّ اِنِّیْ اَسْاَلُكَ حُبَّكَ وَحُبَّ مَنْ يُّحِبُّكَ وَالْعَمَلَ الَّذِیْ يُبَلِّغُنِیْ حُبَّكَ
اَللّٰهُمَّ اجْعَلْ حُبَّكَ اَحَبَّ اِلَیَّ مِنْ نَفسِیْ وَاَهْلِیْ وَمِنَ الْمَاءِ الْبَارِدِ

Trans: O Allah, I ask You to grant me Your love, the love of those who love You and the ability to do those actions which will enable me to reach and attain Your love. O Allah, make my love for You more than the love I have for myself (for fulfilling my own passions and desires), for my family and for cold water. (Tirmidhi)

Rasulullah (صَلَّى اللّٰهُ عَلَيْهِ وَعَلٰى آلِهٖ وَسَلَّمَ) would also make the following dua:

اَللّٰهُمَّ اجْعَلْ حُبَّكَ اَحَبَّ الْاَشْيَاءَ اِلَیَّ وَاجْعَلْ خَوْفَكَ اَخْوَفَ
الْاَشْيَاءِ اِلَیَّ وَاقْطَعْ عَنِّیْ حَاجَاتِ الدُّنْيَا بِالشَّوْقِ اِلٰی لِقَائِكَ وَاِذَا
اَقَرَرْتَ اَعْيُنَ اَهْلِ الدُّنْيَا مِنْ دُنيَاهُمْ فَاَقِرَّ عَيْنَيَّ مِنْ عِبَادَتِك

Trans. O Allah, make Your love the most beloved of all things to me. Make Your fear the most fearful of all things to me. Remove from me the concern of all worldly needs by instilling into me the desire to meet You. When You grant the lovers of this world the coolness of their eyes (immense pleasure) by giving them worldly possessions, then cool my eyes (bless me with immense pleasure) through your ibaadah (worship). (Hilyatul-Awliyaa)

Maalik bin Dinaar (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) would say, “Stories are the presents of Jannah (Paradise).”



Junaid Baghdadi (رَحِمَهُ ٱللَّهُ) said, “Stories are from among the armies of Allah (سُبْحَانَهُ وَتَعَالَىٰ), through which He strengthens the hearts of his friends.”



Ar-Rashid said, “Pay careful attention to these stories, because they are scattered pearls. Perhaps there may be a valueless pearl amongst them.”