

# The Intellect

**Al Quran**  
Surah al-An'am - Last Part

**Al Hadith**  
When does Wealth become  
a Blessing?

**The Awakening**  
Managing our Homes  
Maulana Abdus Sattar حفظه الله

*Odyssey  
of the Spirit  
(Part 1 of 3)*



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# Editorial

Dear Readers,

السلام عليكم ورحمة الله وبركاته

In the quest for 'Truth' people have been known to travel and settle in far-off lands.

We know the case of Muhammad Asad (formerly Leopold Weiss), the Austro-Hungarian Muslim polymath, born in modern-day Ukraine, who worked as a journalist, writer, political theorist and diplomat – he roamed the deserts of Arabia with the Bedouins and lived in Pakistan. Being fluent not only in his native German and Polish, Muhammad Asad had also learnt English, French, Arabic and Persian and of his writings, "The Road to Mecca" and "The Message of the Qur'an" are well-known.

Other similar pursuits, in search of *Haqq*, may be less well-known, though equally or more engaging, and with even superior sacrifices.

In our *Cover Story*, we will be sharing one such enthralling journey of a German revert, Sh. Muhammad Harun, who not only himself became a Sheikh in the Chishtiya order, but also, his mentor was a British revert to Islam, Sheikh Shahidullah Faridi. The latter embraced Islam after reading *Kashf al-Mahjub* (The Unveiling of the Veiled), the classical treatise on Sufism written by Ali ibn Uthman al-Hujwiri رحمته الله, while the former was captivated by the *Mathnawi* of Maulana Jallaluddin Rumi رحمته الله.

You can read Sheikh Muhammad Harun's *Odyssey of the Spirit*, which will be featured in three parts, concluding in the December issue of *The Intellect* magazine, *in sha'Allah*.

In our *Al-Qur'an* section, we will be concluding Surah Al-An'am this time and would be commencing Surah Al-A'raf from our next issue, *in sha'Allah*.

\*\*\*\*\*

In his 2018 article, *10 Indications that Western Society is Collapsing*, (the inspiration for the write-up featured in our *UlulAlbab* section), Sammie Dove enumerates his key warning signs for the ushering in of the West's decline. At the top of the list are 'Gender Fluidity' and the break-up of the family unit, followed by other factors like increasing financial inequality and the rising dominance of the virtual world etc. (Add to that the complications introduced by the mushrooming growth of Artificial Intelligence). He states:

*In 2017, former Google self-driving car developer Anthony Levandowski announced the formation of a religious organization called Way of the Future. This "church" praises artificial intelligence as a force superior to man that should be worshiped lest it destroys us.*



*Levandowski's ultimate goal is to fuse human civilization with artificial intelligence. This is also the goal of Ray Kurzweil, a director of engineering at Google. Kurzweil has predicted that an event called the "technological singularity" is fast approaching. He surmises that this event will occur when Moore's law causes technology to outstrip human consciousness and triggers unfathomable changes in culture. It goes without saying that Western civilization would not survive this apocalyptic event.*

*Levandowski and Kurzweil are called "transhumanists." People who subscribe to this ideology believe that human beings are inherently flawed and that our technological creations will redeem us. They view reality as a prison and seek to escape into a virtual world that will gradually consume what the rest of us call "reality." Transhumanists seek to fuse with machines to cheat death, enhance intelligence, and achieve human godhood (- Inside the First Church of Artificial Intelligence" by Mark Harris)*

In this milieu, Dr. Azad Zaman shares Iqbal's vision with regards the decline of the West but also mentions that the vacuum created by the West's eventual, inevitable downfall, (even if we cannot foresee it the near future), can only be imagined to be filled by Muslims if they do not emulate the West, verbatim, action by action.

\*\*\*\*\*

With the conclusion of Ramadan, the time of our annual spiritual recharge, we must introspect and then purposefully endeavor for the rest of the year to be a step-up, rather than a step-down after the holy month and festivities of Eid.

We hope and pray that the days of fasting, alongside being physical cleansers, proved to be a source of spiritual detox for us... as, who knows whether we will be around till next Ramadan?!

*Du'as,*

*Zawjah Farid*

# The Meanings of the Quran (The Cattle)

The Noble Qur'an by Mufti Taqi Usmani حفظه الله



بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

With the name of Allah, the All-Merciful, the Very-Merciful

وَلَا تَقْرَبُوا مَالَ الْيَتِيمِ إِلَّا بِالَّتِي هِيَ أَحْسَنُ حَتَّىٰ يَبْلُغَ أَشُدَّهُ وَأَوْفُوا بِالْكَيْلِ وَالْمِيزَانَ بِالْقِسْطِ لَا نُكَلِّفُ نَفْسًا  
إِلَّا وُسْعَهَا وَإِذَا قُلْتُمْ فَاعْدِلُوا وَلَوْ كَانَ ذَا قُرْبَىٰ وَسِعَ عَهْدُ اللَّهِ أَوْفُوا ۚ ذَٰلِكُمْ وَمَاكُمْ بِهِ لَعَلَّكُمْ تَذَكَّرُونَ ﴿١٥٢﴾

Do not approach the property of the orphan, except with the best possible conduct, until he reaches maturity. Give full measure and full weight in all fairness<sup>44</sup>— We do not obligate anyone beyond his capacity<sup>45</sup>— and be just when you speak, even though the one (against whom you are speaking) is a relative; and fulfill the covenant of Allah. This is what He has enjoined upon you, so that you may observe the advice. [152]



وَأَنَّ هَذَا صِرَاطِي مُسْتَقِيمًا فَاتَّبِعُوهُ وَلَا تَتَّبِعُوا السُّبُلَ فَتَفَرَّقَ بِكُمْ عَن سَبِيلِهِ ۚ ذَٰلِكُمْ وَصَّاكُم بِهِ لَعَلَّكُمْ  
تَتَّقُونَ ﴿١٥٣﴾

And: This is My path, that is straightforward. So, follow it, and do not follow the (other) ways, lest they should make you deviate from His way. This is what He has enjoined upon you, so that you maybe God- fearing." [153]

ثُمَّ آتَيْنَا مُوسَى الْكِتَابَ تَمَامًا عَلَى الَّذِي أَحْسَنَ وَتَفْصِيلًا لِّكُلِّ شَيْءٍ وَهُدًى وَرَحْمَةً لَّعَلَّهُمْ بِلِقَاءِ رَبِّهِمْ  
يُؤْمِنُونَ ﴿١٥٤﴾

Then We gave Musa the Book, perfect for the one who does good, and explaining everything in detail, and a guidance and mercy, so that they may believe in meeting their Lord. [154]

وَهَذَا كِتَابٌ أَنْزَلْنَاهُ مُبَارَكٌ فَاتَّبِعُوهُ وَاتَّقُوا لَعَلَّكُمْ تُرْحَمُونَ ﴿١٥٥﴾

And this (Qur'an) is a blessed Book We have sent down. So follow it and fear Allah, so that you may be favoured with Mercy. [155]

أَنْ تَقُولُوا إِنَّمَا أَنْزَلَ الْكِتَابَ عَلَى طَائِفَتَيْنِ مِن قَبْلِنَا وَإِن كُنَّا عَن دِرَاسَتِهِمْ لَغَفْلِينَ ﴿١٥٦﴾

(Had We not sent this book,) you would (have an excuse to) say, "The Book was sent down only upon two groups before us, (i.e. the Jews and the Christians) and we were unaware of what they read." [156]

Or you would say, "If the Book had been sent down to us, we would have been more adhering to the right path than they are."

أَوْ تَقُولُوا لَوْ أَنَّا أُنزِلَ عَلَيْنَا الْكِتَابُ لَكُنَّا أَهْدَىٰ مِنْهُمْ ۖ فَقَدْ جَاءَكُمْ بَيِّنَةٌ مِّن رَّبِّكُمْ وَهُدًى وَرَحْمَةً ۚ فَمَن  
أَظْلَمُ مِمَّن كَذَبَ بَآيَاتِ اللَّهِ وَصَدَفَ عَنْهَا ۗ سَنَجْزِي الَّذِينَ يَصْدِفُونَ عَن آيَاتِنَا سُوءَ الْعَذَابِ بِمَا كَانُوا  
يَصْدِفُونَ ﴿١٥٧﴾

Now there has come to you a clear sign from your Lord, and a guidance and mercy. So, who is more unjust than the one who gives the lie to the verses of Allah and turns away from them? We will recompense those who turn away from Our versus with an evil punishment, because of their turning away. [157]

هَلْ يَنْظُرُونَ إِلَّا أَنْ تَأْتِيَهُمُ الْمَلَائِكَةُ أَوْ يَأْتِيَ رَبُّكَ أَوْ يَأْتِيَ بَعْضُ آيَاتِ رَبِّكَ يَوْمَ يَأْتِي بَعْضُ آيَاتِ رَبِّكَ لَا يَنْفَعُ  
نَفْسًا إِيمَانُهَا لَمْ تَكُنْ ءَامِنْتَ مِن قَبْلُ أَوْ كَسَبَتْ فِي إِيمَانِهَا خَيْرًا ۗ قُلِ انْتَظِرُوا إِنَّا مُنْتَظِرُونَ ﴿١٥٨﴾

They are waiting for nothing less than the angels should come to them, or your Lord or some signs of your Lord should come. The day some signs of your Lord will come, the believing of a person shall be of no use to him who had never believed before, or had not earned some good through his faith. Say, "Wait. Of course, we are waiting." [158]

إِنَّ الَّذِينَ فَرَّقُوا دِينَهُمْ وَكَانُوا شِيَعًا لَّسْتَ مِنْهُمْ فِي شَيْءٍ ۚ إِنَّمَا أَمْرُهُمْ إِلَى اللَّهِ ثُمَّ يُنَبِّئُهُم بِمَا كَانُوا يَفْعَلُونَ ﴿١٥٩﴾

Surely, those who have made divisions in their religion and turned into factions, you have nothing to do with them. Their case rests with Allah alone; then He will tell them what they have been doing. [159]

مَنْ جَاءَ بِالْحَسَنَةِ فَلَهُ عَشْرُ أَمْثَالِهَا وَمَنْ جَاءَ بِالسَّيِّئَةِ فَلَا يُجْزَى إِلَّا مِثْلَهَا وَهُمْ لَا يُظْلَمُونَ ﴿١٦٠﴾

Whoever comes with a good deed will receive ten times as much, and whoever comes with an evil deed will be requited with no more than the like of it, and they shall not be wronged. [160]

قُلْ إِنِّي هَدَانِي رَبِّي إِلَى صِرَاطٍ مُسْتَقِيمٍ دِينًا قِيَمًا مِّلَّةَ إِبْرَاهِيمَ حَنِيفًا وَمَا كَانَ مِنَ الْمُشْرِكِينَ ﴿١٦١﴾

Say, "As for me, my Lord has guided me to a straight path, the straight religion, the faith of Ibrahim who was upright and was not of those who associate partners with Allah." [161]

قُلْ إِنَّ صَلَاتِي وَنُسُكِي وَمَحْيَايَ وَمَمَاتِي لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ ﴿١٦٢﴾

Say, "My prayer, my offering, my life and my death are for Allah, the Lord of all the worlds. [162]

لَا شَرِيكَ لَهُ لَوْ يُؤَيَّدُكَ أَمْرٌ وَأَنَا أَوَّلُ الْمُسْلِمِينَ ﴿١٦٣﴾

For Him there is no partner. And thus I have been commanded, and I am the first one to submit." [163]

قُلْ أَغَيْرَ اللَّهِ أَبْغَى رَبًّا وَهُوَ رَبُّ كُلِّ شَيْءٍ وَلَا تَكْسِبُ كُلُّ نَفْسٍ إِلَّا عَمَلَهَا وَلَا تَزِرُ وَازِرَةٌ وِزْرَ أُخْرَى ثُمَّ إِلَىٰ رَبِّكُمْ مَرْجِعُكُمْ فَيُنَبِّئُكُمْ بِمَا كُنْتُمْ فِيهِ تَخْتَلِفُونَ ﴿١٦٤﴾

Say, "Should I seek a lord other than Allah while He is the Lord of everything? And nobody does anything but to his own account, and no bearer of burden shall bear the burden of another. Then to your Lord is your return. Then He will let you know what you were disputing about." [164]

وَهُوَ الَّذِي جَعَلَكُمْ خَلَائِفَ الْأَرْضِ وَرَفَعَ بَعْضَكُمْ فَوْقَ بَعْضٍ دَرَجَاتٍ لِيَبْلُوكُمْ فِي مَا آتَاكُمْ إِنَّ رَبَّكَ سَرِيعُ الْعِقَابِ وَإِنَّهُ لَغَفُورٌ رَّحِيمٌ ﴿١٦٥﴾

It is He who made you the vicegerents of the earth and raised some of you in ranks over others, so that He may test you in what He has given you. Surely, your Lord is swift in punishing, and surely He is Most-Forgiving, Very-Merciful. [165]

## Explanatory Notes

- 44) Although the primary sense of this directive seems to be related to buying or selling, its application is much wider; it covers all the obligations one may have towards other people, which must be discharged in all fairness without any omission.
- 45) This parenthesis indicates that all the obligations mentioned in this verse are to be fulfilled according to one's best ability. Any addition or omission beyond one's control is forgiven by Allah.

(Surah Al-An'am concluded)

(Al-Qur'an to be continued In sha' Allah...)



# When does Wealth become a Blessing?

Maulana Manzoor Naumani رحمه الله

The wealth which makes one forgetful towards Allah ﷻ and indifferent towards one's future in the Hereafter is bad and pernicious. If, however, a man, by the grace of Allah ﷻ, makes his worldly possessions a means for seeking the pleasure of His Lord, and focuses on his life in the Hereafter, then these become a great blessing and a divine gift for him.

(211/71) A Companion of the Prophet ﷺ has related, "A few of us were sitting together and the Messenger ﷺ of Allah came. There was a trace of water on his head [i.e., it appeared that he had just taken a bath]. So, one of us said, 'O Messenger of Allah! We feel you are in very good spirits at the moment.' 'Yes, by the grace of Allah, it is so', the Prophet ﷺ replied. We, then, began to talk about wealth [i.e., whether it was good or bad, and harmful or beneficial for the Hereafter to possess it]. The Prophet ﷺ, thereupon, remarked, 'There is no harm in being rich for one who fears Allah, and for the virtuous, good health is better than wealth, and tranquillity of the heart, too, is a Divine favour [for which one should be grateful to the Lord]' (Musnad Ahmad).

**Commentary:** It denotes that if material prosperity is accompanied by righteousness and the fear of Allah ﷻ and willing observance of His commands, it is not harmful for Faith. On the contrary, with Allah's ﷻ favour, worldly possessions, in that case can be a source of spiritual advancement and elevation of ranks

in the Hereafter. For example, the wealth of Sayyidina Usman رضي الله عنه, which he spent freely in the way of Allah ﷻ, had a good deal of share in his spiritual eminence. It was on such occasions (when he would generously spend in the way of Allah ﷻ) that choicest of tidings about him were given by the Prophet ﷺ. It is, however, many a time observed that piety does not, generally, go with wealth. In majority of cases the wealthy go on the wrong track.

(212/72) It is related by Sa'ad رضي الله عنه that the Messenger ﷺ of Allah ﷻ said: "Allah loves the pious man who [in spite of his piety and wealth] is inconspicuous.

**Commentary:** The word 'inconspicuous' here denotes a person about whom it is generally not known that besides being rich he is also pious and pure in heart. The bondsman is the one in whom all the three qualities are present - he is rich, pious and unknown to fame. Such a bondsman is a favourite with his Lord.

- Excerpted from Maulana Manzoor Naumani's رحمه الله "Ma'arif ul Hadith"





# Bad Thoughts in Prayer

By Mufti Shafiq Jakhura

**Q)** Whenever I go to the mosque and start my prayer, strange thoughts come to my mind. Whenever some holy verse is recited, I suddenly think of some foolish meanings. Please help me in this regard.

**A)** You should try your level best to concentrate in your salah and should not entertain such thoughts. Remember that the thoughts coming on their own are not objectionable. Bringing the thoughts in one's mind or entertaining them further once they come is what is objectionable. The following are some useful points that could assist in acquiring concentration in salah.

1. Be always deeply thankful and grateful to Allah ﷻ for having blessed you with the ability to perform salah in congregation punctually.
2. After making wudu with the correct adaab reading the specific duas and without wasting water etc. proceed to the masjid with wudu with the firm belief that your sins have been washed away by the wudu and in the steps you take when proceeding to the masjid. Wear good clean clothes that the pious wear. Apply 'itr (perfume). Aim to get the entire reward of your salah.
3. Avoid all types of worldly and unnecessary talks when proceeding to the masjid.
4. Gracefully come to the masjid at least a few minutes before the salah commences.
5. After reciting the prescribed (masnoon) dua of entering the masjid and the two rak'ahs on entry

etc, meditate about death, sincerely engage in *istighfar* and repentance and consider the possibility that this may be your last salah. Imagine that this would be your last salah. Perhaps you will not have a chance to offer another salah. Reply to adhan and read the prescribed dua after the adhan. If there are any sunnats to be performed perform them. Between the adhan and iqamah make dua.

6. Contemplate and think of the ayat verses and adhar that you are reciting or listening to during the prayer. Isn't it disheartening that someone may perform salah for decades, day after day, and still not know what they are saying?

At the time of changing postures, feel that your entire body is performing that posture for Allah ﷻ. Try and maintain the thought that Allah ﷻ is watching.

7. Make dua regularly that Allah ﷻ grant us all the true spirit and acceptance of salah.
8. Avoid all doubtful things, people and places especially the media (TV, magazines, newspapers, questionable sites on the Internet etc.)
9. For a few minutes in the day read up the stories of the pious as well as the books of *Fadail* (Virtues). Books like *Fadail A'mal*, *Fadail Sadaqat* and *Bihishti Zewar* are recommended for this.

May Allah ﷻ grant us all the true spirit and acceptance of salah, and ultimately His pleasure.



# Managing our Homes – Part 1

Excerpted from the discourses of  
Maulana Abdus Sattar حفظہ اللہ

The home used to be a place of security for the safeguarding of one's faith but in the prevailing times the house has become the place where a person's faith is annihilated. It has become a place where hearts are broken, unjust behavior is becoming common, relationships are being severed. What a change has taken place? And how unfortunate a change!



Our beloved Prophet ﷺ had informed us that the way to deliverance from trials and tribulations is:

“And your house shall be enough for you,”

The fact that the home is such a great place of security was further emphasized and stressed upon by the Prophet of Allah ﷺ when he said on one occasion:

“Become campers of your own houses,”

The hadith explains that for the preservation of one's faith, the majority of one's time should be spent at home. It is through this that he will be able to safeguard his faith and remain protected from the sins and vices that prevail in the society.

### Purify your homes from the filth of sins

For this strategy to work, it is necessary to rid the home of all sins, to remove all such actions that invoke Allah's displeasure. The current state of our homes is that they have become centers of backbiting, they have become showcases for statues and pictures, they have become places where mistrust and hatred dominate. It is true that until the conditions of the homes (which is the core of the society at large) don't improve, the conditions of the society cannot become any better. Take the case of a home where the hearts of the husband and wife are disjointed and divided. In such a house, the greatest losers are the children who get stuck in this continuous struggle between their two parents. Each parent will try to win the favour of the child at the expense of debasing the other parent and no attention is given to the child's actual upbringing. What will this lead to except the complete destruction of this innocent child's character and natural disposition to goodness? This domestic turmoil and fighting will shape the child's character as he grows up and the result will be the creation of a complex and disturbed individual who will soon be integrated into the society.

### The Prophet's ﷺ domestic life

So, how was the beloved Prophet's ﷺ life at home? How was his behavior with the people of his household? It comes in a narration that on the occasion when the Prophet ﷺ came back home and found his chaste and honored wife, the mother of the Faithful, Aishaؓ sipping water from a cup he would address her by saying: “Humairah! Hold on!” And taking the cup from her he would place his lips on the very place where his beloved wife was sipping from and drink the water.

Imam Ibn Qayyim Al Jawziyya ؒ relates this heart touching action of the Prophet ﷺ in his famous book titled, Zaad al Maad in the following words:

Whenever Hazrat Aishaؓ drank water from any vessel the Prophet ﷺ used to take the vessel from her hands and place his blessed lips on the very spot that she had drunk from.

What an affectionate way of expressing love! The Prophet ﷺ despite his busy schedule did not give up even one opportunity to show affection and kindness to his household members. The famous Imam of Hadith, Imam Abu Dawood ؒ has narrated an event in his Hadith compilation Sunan Abi Dawood about the Prophet ﷺ and our Mother Aishaؓ when they were on a journey together. In Hazrat Aisha's own words she says:

I had a race with him (the Prophet) and I outstripped him on my feet. When I became fleshy, (again) I had a race with him (the Prophet) and he outstripped me. He said: This is for that outstripping (Abu Dawood, Book of Jihad).

### The benefits of a love-filled environment

Strange is this time, when the evil has sprawled over all aspects of life – the marketplaces, offices, factories, schools and colleges. None of these are safe from its harms and machinations. But perhaps, the greatest danger exists not in these places

but in something which is more easily and readily accessible, "the internet". As soon as problems surface in the household, one either resorts to finding solace surfing for hours at a time on the internet, or at work or at shopping malls. The problem is that these places have become traps where people's faith and modesty are tested, these places have become the strongholds of those enemies of Islam who are bent upon robbing the Muslims of their faith, chastity and modesty. In this time, the opportunity to do evil has become much easier, one does not even have to search for an opportunity, it presents itself on its own! Therefore, if in these times the homes are not places of love and affection, everything is at stake. So much so that a troubled husband will find solace in the sweet words of an immodest stranger

woman; even what is left of his relationship with his wife can be destroyed in this way.

Because of the prevailing conditions of our society, it is imperative for us to bring back love and affection in our homes; it is of utmost importance for us to bring back the trust in our relationships. The stronger the internal becomes, the more secure its inhabitants will be from external dangers. In a place of mutual love and trust the husband and the wife will be able to remain honest to each other; their fidelity will not be harmed even when things aren't at their brightest. It is for this reason that the beloved Prophet ﷺ has emphasized so much on the need for love-filled homes.

*Continued, Insha'Allah*

## A Book: An Easy-Going Companion

*A book does not dictate the pace of learning. It has no fixed times. It is not limited or restricted to space or venue. Books do not make any demands nor do they get tired. Books can be studied in the privacy of the home at one's own leisure and pace. Books are not limited to just one person,; the whole family can benefit from a single book and for many years on end.*

*Today when a deluge of filthy and unsavory reading material is flooding the homes of the world, it is time that Muslims turned quickly towards good, authentic Islamic literature to fill their homes and adorn their bookshelves. Remember, a vacuum does not remain void for long. It has to be filled sooner or later. Rather than letting it fill with the wrong, let it be filled with what is right and wholesome! Islamic literature is a little candle of light and guidance in the pitch dark night of misguidance outside.*

*Excerpted from "Reading: The Lost Legacy of Muslims" by Mufti Zubair Bayat*





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# Odyssey of the Spirit

(Part 1 of 3)

By Muhammad Harun  
(Published originally as a 4-part series in  
Women's Own)

Since I became a Muslim in 1975 and settled in this country, I have been asked over and over again, how my conversion came about, mainly by my Muslim brothers and sisters



who were astonished that someone who had been raised in the socio-economic comfort of a wealthy western nation (Germany) should give up that background to live with them as one of them, putting up with all the backdrops and inconveniences of a developing country.

Allah ﷻ has informed us in His Generous Book, of the most crucial event of our existence, to which however most of us do not have conscious access. The event of "Alast", when God gathered the spirits of mankind into His presence of Glory and Majesty – long before their physical incarnation on the earthly plane of existence – and confronted them with the ultimate creational reality: "*a lastu bi rabbikum*" - Am I not your Lord? And they all - we all - had to submit to it, confirming with one voice as it were: "*bala*" – Yeah, truly Thou art - entering thereby into the most awesome covenant.

The Sufis say, that some of the spirits – those of the lovers - were drunken with ecstasy at the beatific vision of their Lord, and joyously danced into temporal existence, whereas others – those of the non-believers - were bogged down by the prospect of a life of dependence and bondage, and only unwillingly dragged themselves into what appeared to them the misery of life, and Allah knows best what went on. One thing is certain however, deep down in the soul of every man there is a memory of that event, which can never be erased, and which is activated several times in the life of every man; it may be triggered by anything. These are the moments of truth, the instances when we suddenly re-cognize reality, the absence of phony games and falsehood and illusions. And in these situations it is that God is reminding us of our covenant with Him, at the same time opening a door and offering us to return to Him.

During my later years of adolescence and early years of adulthood I had heard the knock of the Real at the door of my heart a couple of times, before I finally set out in search of it in 1974. At that time I was actively involved with theater, I had earlier made the very profound

experience, that any form of self-expression, if pursued intensely enough would lead to some higher form of consciousness and eventually self-realization. I had consciously chosen acting as the medium, since that did not depend on any outward means other than my body, of which I could possibly be deprived, and thus I decided to go to India to study Hata Yoga (a discipline which is capable of developing more or less total control over all outward and inward functions of the body) and classical dance. I did not know much about Islam then, rather I should say, I did not have any correct information about Islam at all. All I thought I knew about it stemmed from a subtle, viciously mind-poisoning misinformation set-up, which has been permeating the organs of education and information in the West since the early Middle Ages up to this day.

Due to this wrong information I was not particularly interested in Islam, moreover what I had seen from the Turkish immigrants who had come to my country, mainly in pursuit of worldly gains, did not strike me as in any way impressive either. This state of affairs however was to change very soon and drastically, when I actually reached Turkey on my journey to the East. Apart from an overwhelmingly warm hospitality, as compared to the arrogant, cool indifference many western people show towards strangers, I was charmed by a number of behavioral patterns of the people there, which were rather new to me. For example, there was actual communication going on between young and old people, who seemed to have a healthy relationship of mutual respect and regard for each other. The unbridgeable generation gap, I knew from home was nowhere apparent. Another impressive discovery I made was, that the people there had a sincere respect for their religion, even if they did not practice it. When the call for prayer was heard from the loudspeakers of the minarets, all conversation came to a sudden halt, radios were switched off, and nobody spoke a word until the adhan was over, furthermore did I never during my



more than three month stay there hear a single joke about religious or sexual subject matter, which disgustingly enough are the two most popular joke topics almost everywhere else in the non-islamic world. Another mind-boggling novelty for me was the respect these people had for food, in particular bread. If a piece would accidentally fall on the floor, they would pick it up, kiss it and put it on some elevated place, to be picked up by some fellow creature from the animal kingdom. In the western world, tons of bread are thrown away every day. I could go on recounting these little ordinary every-day happenings which appeared to me, with my western background, quite extraordinary and so profoundly sound, and which, as I realized, must have had to do with the religion of these people. Thus I had to credit this religion, which I had held in so little esteem with a considerable amount of wisdom. I thought it would be worthwhile to read the source book of Islam which, as I knew, was still available in its original, and although I did not see the remotest chance of me becoming a Muslim at that time, I made a commitment in my heart that, if I should ever have a chance to learn Arabic, I would do so, as to have access to the treasure of wisdom, which I was convinced, was to be found in the Qur'an.

The next close encounter with the Real happened some five month later, again in Turkey which I had left in the meantime. I was traveling south with three Dutch youths, who had given me a lift while hitch-hiking back into Turkey from Greece (where I had unsuccessfully tried to get a job on a ship, as to work my passage over to Bombay). I had read about the "Whirling Dervishes" (a Sufi order founded in the 7th century *Hijri* in Konya by the great saint and scholar, Mawlana Jalal ud Din Rumi – may Allah sanctify his secret), and I was very interested to see one of their famous dance performances, so I asked my hosts to stop over in Konya, which they willingly did. I could not see the "Whirling Dervishes" (whose public performances

are now under the auspices of the Turkish tourism department), but I visited the shrine of the saint, which used to be the monastery (*khanqua*) of the order, now - by courtesy of Mustapha Kamal's "modernization" of Turkey - it is a museum. There, among other exhibits, an old handwritten manuscript was displayed in a glass cabinet, along with a translation of the Persian text. It read something like:

*' Come back, come back,  
even if you are a Christian or a fire  
worshipper, come back!*

*Even if you have betrayed your repentance a  
hundred times, come back!*

*Come back, this is not a place of despair! '*

Reading these lines left me with a peculiar kind of feeling, the meaning of it had somehow communicated with my soul, and even though I did not pay any further attention, something had 'clicked' deep inside me.

We left Konya shortly after that, but when we had driven about 50 km, I suddenly heard a very clear voice in my heart, telling me: "You must go back to Konya, you missed something there, and if you do not return, you will incur a great loss!" This did not leave me with much of a choice, and I asked my bewildered hosts to stop their car at once, thanked them and bade farewell. Back in Konya, I visited the only person I knew, a shopkeeper, whose acquaintance I had made late one night during the first visit, in some wine shop, fully drunk, and singing at the top of his voice. When I saw him this time at his antiques and souvenir shop, he turned out to be a well-educated person, speaking several foreign languages, and seeming to have some connection or access to the present master of that dervish order, which however he was somehow very reluctant to share or make available to me. But he gave me some books in exchange for books, I had been carrying with me, the most important and sizeable one of which contained the 1st two volumes of Mawlana Rumi's '*Mathnawi*'. On this second sojourn in Konya, I also met a truck driver in the hotel where I was staying,

and he promised me he would take me with him to Tehran once his truck was ready, and I was to meet him in a few days' time in Mersin, another city on the Mediterranean coast. So I left the town of Mawlana Rumi and went south for my date. Reaching there, I still had to wait a couple of days, and spent my time idly, fishing, swimming or sitting in tea houses, smoking water pipe and practicing the little bit of Turkish I had learnt by chatting to fellow idlers. On one of these occasions I asked the people around me about the dervishes, about whom I had heard so much. They laughed and said these were all stories of the past, and nowadays there were no more of them, but one man beckoned me to sit next to him, and then told me he knew a dervish. "Very good," I said, "can you take me to him?" He agreed, and off we went. I did not pay particular attention to the way, walking along and talking with my companion. We must have walked some twenty minutes, when he stopped in front of a house, telling me his friend lived there. He knocked the door, but there was no one at home. My guide told me that his dervish friend was a peddler, selling household goods in the streets with a push cart, and that he probably was on his round now, so we turned around and walked back. My truck driver had still not shown up, and so I decided two days later to try the dervish once more. Unfortunately, I couldn't find the man anymore who had taken me there, and I had neither noted down an address nor watched the way. So, with not much hope I would ever meet the dervish, I set out to walk more or less aimlessly, but to my great surprise, after some time I found myself again in front of his house. Again, there was nobody answering my knock, but when I was just about to leave, I saw an old man with a push cart in one of the alleys. I went up to him, and he gave me a curiously welcoming smile when I, a total stranger asked him whether his name was so-and-so, but when I posed my next question, whether he was a dervish, he became very serious, almost harsh, asking me suspiciously: "What do you want?" I introduced myself

and explained how and why I had come, which made his face light up again and he cordially invited me into his house, where he immediately started preparing something to eat. His 'house' actually was just a simple room with hardly any furniture and barely space enough for his cart, a bed and a small table, and except for the cart with all the merchandise on it, it was more like a hermit's cell, outwardly narrow and bleak, but inwardly expanded and made comfortable by the kindheartedness and hospitality of this good man. After the meal, he asked me about my faith, and hearing that I was a Christian, he reached out to a makeshift shelf on the wall, took a book from it, kissed and opened it reverently, and started to read certain passages from it. I did not understand any of what he read, but later I figured, he had read out to me all the passages from the Qur'an which speak about Jesus (AS), trying to show me that Muslims too, respect him and believe in him as a Prophet. A lot of what the old man said, I could not (linguistically) understand, but he spoke with such tenderness and kindness that it was sheer delight, just listening to him. Later in the evening he told me not to go home to my hotel, but to stay with him, which although the idea of sharing the bed with this old man estranged me a little, I somewhat reluctantly agreed to. In the morning again he served me a simple but delicious breakfast, and then he told me something which, strangely enough, I understood every word of. He said that the dervishes were not a relic of the past, and that they were present everywhere, only they were hidden, and I would not be able to see one, even if he stood right in front of me. They had a password, he said, and if I knew that, they would let me enter into their circle. I asked him what the password was, and he said, pronouncing it very slowly and distinctly: '*ash\_hadu an\_la ilaha illa\_Allah wa ash\_hadu anna muhammadan\_rasula\_Allah*', and he even made me repeat it three times. I asked him what it meant, but although he tried to explain its meaning to me, I could not understand him anymore. It was like a veil had been lifted just



to let this most important message through to me, and then it was dropped again. My generous host and friend then wrote the password for me on the back of a packet of cigarettes, he had bought for me, gave me a few liras and sent me on my way. The next day my truck driver also turned up at the hotel where I was to meet him, and soon I was well on my way to the East.

On the long journey through Turkey, I started reading the books which I had traded-in in Konya, avoiding the big one, which I thought would be better to read in a more stationary situation. After a few days we reached the Iranian border, and the truck driver advised me to make my own way from there, since he expected to be held up with the customs clearing longer than it would take me to reach Tehran hitch-hiking. Tehran did not impress me a lot, it appeared to be just another modern metropolis like London or Paris, and so I just passed through, heading east for Meshed and the Afghan border. In Meshed I got my visa for Afghanistan and before long I was on my way to Kabul.

Afghanistan was quite a cultural shock for me – not an unpleasant one though..., the clock seemed to have been turned back some 500 years or so, everything seemed to be so much more down-to-earth, and time itself appeared to move at a very comfortable pace, no hectic haste anywhere. My antiques dealer in Konya had told me that there was a city in Afghanistan by the name of Mazar-e-Sharif, and that I should make it a point to visit that place on my way to India. I enquired about it in Kabul, and was told that it was up in the north, a day's journey by bus, and since I was not in a particular hurry, I made the trip. The first thing that caught my attention after getting down from the bus were the white pigeons. There were so many of them, and when I started looking for gray ones, and other birds altogether, I couldn't find any, there were just white pigeons. I figured this had to be a very special place. There is a great saint buried there, and people believe

it is his miracle that all birds which come to this city are turned into white pigeons – God knows best. I tried to visit the shrine, but was not allowed to enter as a non-Muslim, and I promised myself that I would come back here one day, and nobody would recognize me as a non-Muslim and stop me.

A short distance from Mazar-e-Sharif is the ancient city of Balkh which, besides its historical sites is also famous for its hashish, of which I used to be an occasional user at that time, and so I paid this old city a short visit too. Only later on I came to know that Balkh actually was the birth place of Mawlana Rumi, the saint from Konya who had been yielding such a compelling influence on my decisions during this journey of mine, and who was to overtake my destiny altogether.

That evening after returning to my hotel room, I finally decided to start reading that enormous book I had been given in Konya, and which I had avoided all along because of its size, the '*Mathnawi*' of Mawlana Rumi. It was absolutely amazing, the moment I opened the book and started reading, he was right there. A strong and vivid presence, which I could feel so real and near, as if he were sitting right in front of me. Although my eyes were reading the words, it was actually he, speaking to me what I was reading, like a personal message which went straight to my heart. In this moment I knew, if there was anything worthy of being called truth, then this was it, there was no doubt! I realized I had found, or rather I had been given what I had been searching for all along. I have never before or afterwards had an experience like this with a book, and after this I would not let go of this book and spent every free minute reading it, devouring its content like someone who had suffered two thousand years of starvation of the mind.

(To be continued, in sha'Allah)







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# A WEEK IN IRAN

## (Episode 3)

Excerpted from the travelogues of Mufti Taqi Usmani Sb دامت برکاتہم

Translation: Zawjah Zia

We left for Chabahar before Fajr next morning. Our flight was to depart at 6 AM. We prayed our Fajr at the old Mehr'Abad airport of Tehran which was now being used for domestic flights only. The flight was around an hour and a half late. We landed at the Bandar Abbas airport after flying for one hour.

Bandar Abbas is the famous coastal city of the Hormozgan province of Iran. Interestingly, apart from the Shiite community here, the Muslims following the Shafai school of thought live in considerable numbers here as well. We took a flight of another fifty some minutes from here and arrived at the Chabahar airport.





Chabahar is known to house a grand Madrassah founded by Mawlana Abdur Rahman Mullazai from Karachi. He himself is a graduate of the famous Mazhar al Uloom Khaddah in Karachi and now illuminating the land here far and wide with the light of divine knowledge.

The day we arrived was the day of the annual gathering for the distribution of certificates. We had been specially invited to attend this ceremony. Mawlana Abdur Rahman, along with many other Suuni and Shia scholars of the area, and accompanied by the Imam of Jummah Salah and the commissioner of the city welcomed us as soon as we disembarked from the plane. Outside the airport, there was a huge crowd of scholars, students of knowledge and general masses assembled in lines on both sides of the pathway. Amongst them were scholars who were our very old students and graduates from Darul Uloom Karachi. They had traveled hundreds of miles in order to meet and greet us here. Valuing the regard of these people, we spent quite some time shaking their hands and reciprocating their love. Our flight had already been behind schedule, so we proceeded directly to the gathering hall of the Madrassah.

This was a grand masjid and the gathering hall was teeming with attendees. The program of the gathering and different events planned by the Madrassah's students and faculty were fairly engaging. The commissioner and deputy commissioner of the locality also addressed the gathering. I was to address the gathering at the end and after that the *Dastar Bandi* of the graduating students commenced.

After the gathering concluded, we prayed Zuhr and had lunch. We reached our place of residence by three in the afternoon. Our stay had been arranged in a beautiful guest house

at the seashore. We took a much needed rest here till Asr. After the Asr prayer, we went out for a walk and to appreciate the amazing coastal scenery. Chabahar is a coastal city of Iranian Baluchistan. It is situated around two hundred kilometers north of Gawadar. The landscape here is pretty similar to Gawadar. However, it is a fairly developed city as compared to Gawadar. The Iranian government has declared it as a free port so there's a huge amount of trade activity here. Therefore, the infrastructure, the roads and the commercial areas are highly established.

It was a cloudy day and the cool coastal breeze refreshed the mind and the soul. The few minutes we spent walking on the seashore truly rejuvenated us.

There was another gathering at the madrassah after Maghrib, arranged just for the scholars. This place is surrounded by a number of madrassahs and religious institutions. So many people of knowledge were present. It was quite heartwarming to know that a considerable number of these scholars hailed from Darul Uloom Karachi. I spoke to this gathering till the Isha prayers. Mawlana Muhammad Qasim was translating my speech in Persian alongside. After the Isha prayers, a local businessman had hosted a dinner for the attendees. In all the hustle bustle of the gatherings, I had not yet found time to have a heart to heart discussion with some dear old friends. So the dinner time was spent with them in lengthy, fulfilling conversations.

We had to depart for Zahidaan the next morning at ten. There was this small last minute alteration made in our schedule.

Almost ten kilometers away from Chabahar was another coastal city of Konarak. Mawlana Abdul Malik sahib of our Darul Uloom Karachi has established a madrassah here

and was beginning to build a Jamia Masjid with the Madrassah. He requested me to visit him there for the ground breaking of the Jamia Masjid. So before going to the airport, we went to Konarak and had the honor to commence the noble work of building of this masjid. The gathering here was large as well. Together, we made du'a and then proceeded to the airport.

Flying for around fifty minutes, we landed at Zahidaan; the capital city of the Iranian Baluchistan. The chief administrator of Darul Uloom Zahidaan, Mawlana Abdul Hameed sahib, along with many other scholars from Ahl e Sunnat and Ahl e Tash'ee were there at the airport to receive us. Outside the airport too, a huge crowd had gathered, many of them having traveled great distances to be here. I started meeting and greeting them as I couldn't ignore their love and regard. But Mawlana Abdul Hameed sahib intervened and politely suggested that we didn't have time to personally meet all these people. So I had to resort to paying my salaam to the rest of them in a collective manner only.

Our stay in Zahidaan had been arranged in the Istaqtaal Hotel. A local businessman here had invited us over for lunch that day. The leader of the opposition from Pakistan, Mawlana Fazl ur Rahman sahib had arrived in Zahidaan the same day. We met him at the lunch.

There were three Syrian scholars, Ustadh Adnan Darwesh, Muhammad Qashlan and Ala'uddin Haik who had come to attend this gathering at Darul Uloom Zahidaan. We met them at the lunch too. All three of them had an introduction of me through my writings and communicated heartily that meeting me in person had been their long-awaited wish.

I was scheduled to speak to the local scholars

in the grand Hall of Darul Uloom Zahidaan after the Asr prayer. The hall was so full of people that we literally had to wade through people in order to reach the microphone. Many people didn't even have a place to sit and they kept standing throughout the whole event. Mawlana Abdul Hameed sahib informed us that this gathering had scholars from not only Baluchistan, but also from Khorasan, Hormozgan and a number of other Iranian provinces. Therefore, it was more befitting for me to address this gathering in Arabic. So I complied with the suggestion and spoke to them in Arabic about the responsibilities of the people of knowledge. This speech lasted till the Isha prayer. I could see many familiar faces in the crowd; a number of them from our Darul Uloom Karachi and I was seeing them after so many years. Even though it was not possible to meet each one of them in person amongst this huge crowd, the longing and happy expressions on these faces were truly endearing. We could only convey our love and longing for each other through those expressions. Although I did get to meet a handful of them in person after the gathering, but meeting all of them personally was beyond accommodation.

(To be continued, *insha'Allah*)





# THE MODERN-DAY RAT RACE

By Jamie Freeman

The alarm clock buzzes at 6:30 a.m., yanking you from restless sleep into yet another miserable day in the life of a British family. Your body aches from a night of tossing and turning, the relentless stress gnawing at your peace even while you sleep. Welcome to the reality show you didn't sign up for—the endless grind of existence on this dreary little island. Outside, the weather is predictably depressing: a suffocating blend of grey skies, drizzle, and mist hangs like a damp blanket, refusing to lift. England—the land of weather manipulation, chemtrails, and misery.

You stumble into the kitchen, barely functioning. You gulp down a cup of instant coffee (barely warm), the cheap granules dissolving into something vaguely resembling fuel for the soul. It does little to wake you up, but it's enough to get you moving towards the daily torment known as the school run. The roads are a battlefield—endless traffic jams, roadwork signs on every corner, and streets littered with potholes deep enough to swallow a Mini Cooper. Traffic lights flicker from red to green with cruel efficiency, herding you like cattle through the labyrinth of urban decay.

Each honk of a car horn feels like a jab at your sanity. Car fumes mix with the chemical stench of fake rain and geoengineering experiments disguised as “natural weather patterns.” You feel the metallic taste of the air, and your thoughts wander—what exactly are they spraying today? The kids sit in the back, half-asleep, scrolling on their phones—mindless zombies, faces illuminated by the cold glow of TikTok and Instagram. Their silence is unnerving, broken only by the occasional sound of a notification pinging.

By 9 a.m., the school drop-off is complete, and it’s your turn to join the madness on the way to work. Another round of bumper-to-bumper traffic awaits, with every commuter trapped in their own bubble of frustration and despair. You glance at the grey faces walking along the pavement, headphones glued to their ears, oblivious to everything except the mind-numbing entertainment piped directly into their brains. They shuffle like the walking dead, hypnotized by the digital narcotics they’ve been fed since childhood. Each step they take is a sleepwalk deeper into the Matrix.

And for what? To work a dead-end job under the fluorescent glow of an office, serving some faceless corporation while your dreams wither and die. The walls hum with the vibration of computers and the low murmur of small talk—conversations about weekend sales and Netflix shows. The architecture around you is a blend of concrete brutality—an endless sprawl of uninspired grey boxes designed to keep you uninspired, just like your life. Every day, you trade hours of your life for a meagre pay cheque, handing most of it back to the state in the form of taxes, rising energy bills, and the privilege of barely surviving.

At 5 p.m., your day is far from over. If you’re lucky, you might pick the kids up from school; if not, someone else handles that. By the time you drag yourself home, you’re too drained to cook a decent meal. The fridge hums as you stare at its contents, hoping for inspiration, but there’s nothing there except processed

junk and the same ready meals you’ve heated up a dozen times this week. The microwave hums with a familiar, monotonous tune as it heats up another round of cheap, processed freezer food—chemically enhanced and nutrient-deprived, just like the society that produced it.

The kids vanish to their rooms, eyes glued to Xbox consoles and YouTube screens, while you and your wife collapse on the sofa to “relax.” You flip on the TV for the latest dose of fear from the news—another murder, the looming shadow of economic collapse, crime waves flooding the headlines—each one designed to stoke fear and keep you docile. Everything carefully curated to keep you anxious and obedient.

By now, the weight of the day has you questioning everything. You worked so hard for what? Extortionate mortgages that leave you trapped for decades, relentless inflation, and the rising cost of even the simplest pleasures. Taxes are squeezed out of every corner of your life—road tax for the pothole-ridden streets, council tax for services you barely see, and income tax to fund wars you never asked for.

Britain—a country once proud and strong, now reduced to a crumbling dystopia of high crime rates, decaying infrastructure, and Orwellian surveillance. This is no longer a nation; it’s a giant hamster wheel, spinning endlessly, keeping its people running in place while the elites dine at the top.

The worst part? Most people don’t even realize they’re trapped in the Matrix. The system has trained them well—keep running, keep paying, keep consuming, and above all, don’t ask questions.

Welcome to the British rat race. A life you never chose, in a game you never signed up for, yet here you are—running to nowhere, day after day.

(Originally posted by the writer on Facebook; minor Editorial changes made for clarity)



# Seeking Compensation for its Actions

Shaykh Abu Abd al-Rahman al Sulami رحمته الله

Among the infamies of the soul is seeking compensation for its actions.

This condition is treated by the individual seeing his shortcomings in his deeds and his lack of sincerity. Indeed, the person who is astute about his actions turns away from compensations out of etiquette and piety, and knowing that what is appointed for him will come to him in this world and the next, and that nothing but sincerity can remove him from whatever is against him.

- Excerpted from Abu Abd al-Rahman al Sulami's 'Uyub al-nafs wa adwiyatuha', translated by Musa Furber as 'Infamies of the Soul & their Treatments'



# A Tale of Two Eras

By Rabia Ilyas

The era of caliph Hazrat Umar Farooq 🌸

It was an era of splendid regime,  
Where Islam reigned supreme.  
Where devotions were combined,  
from Makkah to Palestine,  
Where justice prevailed,  
and crime derailed.

where good governance got off the ground,  
And disparity was held within bounds.

Where politics delivered prosperity,  
And aggrandizement was a bane to morality.  
Where accountability became the rule of law,  
And recklessness was an impeachable flaw.  
Where honesty graced the order of the day,  
And corruption was swept away.  
Where righteousness was quested for,  
And moral decay was shaken to the core.  
Where simplicity became the norm,  
and luxuries were abstained from...

*Today*

It is an era of "you only live once."  
and Islam, an outdated stance.

Here loyalties belong to the states,  
The unity of Ummah resides only in debates.

Where Palestinians bleed,  
And the rest of the Muslims pay no heed.

Where justice is a distant dream,  
Accountability is nowhere to be seen.

Here malpractices are prevalent,  
"Put yourself first," becomes pertinent.


Here lavishness is thriving,  
Modesty and simplicity are perishing.

Where ears are deaf to the call, "come towards success,"  
Fortune is a connotation for money, fame, and status.

It is the time of moral degradation.

"My life, my rules" is its unrepentant justification.





By Tanzeela Ahmed

## The Body under Capitalism – a Nervous System in Revolt

Your body was never meant to live like this. Under capitalism, your nervous system is forced to navigate a world that treats rest as laziness, productivity as the only measure of worth, and scarcity as a constant state.

The relentless pace, deadlines, bills, unpaid labour, hustle culture...pushes your body to its limit, then demands more. It's a system designed to keep you in survival mode, where exhaustion is normalized and burnout is inevitable.

Capitalism hijacks your nervous system, flooding it with stress hormones as you respond to never-ending demands. You wake up tired, not because you didn't sleep enough, but because the weight of being "useful" to the system never lets you fully rest. You feel your heart race when you open your inbox or check your bank account. Your stomach tightens at the thought of not doing enough, not being enough.

This system creates a world where your fight – or – flight response becomes your baseline. Rest? A luxury. Joy? A fleeting moment stolen between shifts. Community? An afterthought when you're told self-sufficiency is the only way to survive. Even your pleasure and leisure are commodified, marketed back to you in bite-sized doses that never fill the void.

Capitalism thrives by breaking your connection to your body. It teaches you to ignore your needs – skip lunch for meetings, push through the pain, silence your instincts that scream for slowness. It turns your body into a tool, a means to produce for someone else's gain. And when your body can no longer perform, you are discarded, blamed, made to feel like a failure for not keeping up.

The weight of capitalism doesn't just live in your mind; it burrows into your body. The chronic aches, the tension in your shoulders, the knot in your stomach – they are symptoms of a system that demands everything and gives nothing. The nervous system wasn't built for this. It was built for connection, for community, for cycles of activity and rest for safety.

Under capitalism, safety is a privilege. Rest is resistance. Slowing down is rebellion.

To care for your nervous system under this system, is to reject its lies. It's saying no to grind culture. It's choosing rest even when it feels impossible. It's reconnecting to community, to pleasure, to practices that remind your body it is more than a tool. It's remembering that your worth is inherent, not earned through productivity.

Your nervous system wants to heal, to find its rhythm outside the chaos. The question is not how you adapt to capitalism but how you dismantle the way it lives in you.

(Courtesy: Instagram post by Patricia @ pat.radical.therapist)





# Kindling the Light: Taqwa in a World of Shadows

By Rabia Fatima

The modern world is a battlefield for attention. Notifications demand constant responses, endless tasks pile up, and our minds are pulled in a dozen directions, all at once. In the chaos, something vital is lost; the ability to be fully present, to experience stillness, to connect with what truly matters.

Islam provides an antidote: Taqwa, a deep, unwavering awareness of Allah ﷻ. It's not just a theological concept; it's a way of seeing the world, a state of being that shapes thoughts, decisions, and actions. In a world that thrives on distraction, cultivating Taqwa is the key to reclaiming focus, peace, and purpose.

- **Walking the Tightrope: The Essence of Taqwa**

Taqwa is often translated as the "fear of Allah ﷻ," but its meaning is far richer. It is not fear in the sense of terror, but a deep

consciousness of Allah's ﷻ presence in every moment. It is the inner voice that stops you before you lie, the hesitation before an unethical choice, the weight in your heart when you've strayed from the right path.

Umar ibn Al-Khattabؓ once asked Ubayy ibn Ka'bؓ to describe Taqwa. Ubayy responded with an analogy:

"Have you ever walked on a path full of thorns?"

"Yes," Umar replied.

"How did you walk?"

"I gathered my garments close and treaded carefully."

"That is Taqwa."

It's a state of constant awareness of

watching your steps, making deliberate choices, and avoiding anything that distances you from Allah ﷻ. But in an age of speed and distraction, this level of consciousness is often lost.

- **A Prayer Without Presence: The Struggle to Connect**

Salah is designed to be the ultimate moment of stillness; a direct conversation with Allah ﷻ. Yet, for many, it feels routine, rushed, and even empty. The body performs the motions, but the mind drifts elsewhere replaying conversations, planning the day, worrying about the future.

The Prophet ﷺ gave us the key to true presence in prayer:

“Pray as if you see Allah ﷻ, and if you cannot see Him, then know that He sees you.” (Bukhari & Muslim)

Imagine standing before Allah ﷻ, truly aware of His presence. Would the mind still wander? Would the words of Surah Al-Fatiha pass unnoticed? Or would every moment be filled with awe and sincerity?

The Qur’an warns of those who pray absentmindedly:

“So woe to those who pray but are heedless of their prayer” (107:4-5).

Salah is not about physical movements it’s about the state of the heart. Before beginning, take a deep breath. Remind yourself: this is not a task to complete, but a sacred meeting with the Creator.

- **The Mirror of the Soul: Muhasaba and Self-Reflection**

Taqwa is not built overnight—it requires Muhasaba, the practice of self-accountability. Umar ibn Al-Khattab ﷺ advised:

“Hold yourselves accountable before you are held accountable.”

At the end of each day, pause and ask:

Did I remember Allah beyond just prayer?

Did my words and actions reflect my values?

Did I let anger, pride, or distraction take over?

This is not about guilt; it’s about awareness. Without self-reflection, the heart becomes numb, desensitized to its own spiritual state. Taqwa is like a flame it needs to be tended, or it dims.



- **Small Acts, Big Impact: The Power of Daily Mindfulness**

Spiritual consciousness is not just about grand gestures—it's built in the small, everyday choices.

Start with intention. Before checking your phone in the morning, say Bismillah and remind yourself of your purpose.

Turn waiting into worship. Instead of scrolling through social media in idle moments, engage in Dhikr; whisper SubhanAllah, Alhamdulillah, La ilaha illa Allah constantly to yourself.

Make Dua real. Instead of rushing through supplications, speak to Allah with sincerity like a child confiding in a parent.

End the day with gratitude. Before sleeping, reflect on one blessing, no matter how small. Even a kind word from a stranger is a sign of Allah's mercy.

- **Letting Go: Trusting the One in Control**

One of the greatest distractions in life is worry. We stress over our careers, our families, our futures forgetting that Taqwa and Tawakkul (trust in Allah) go hand in hand.

The Qur'an gives a powerful promise:

"And whoever fears Allah, He will make for him a way out, and will provide for him from where he does not expect" (65:2-3).

When Musa عليه السلام stood before the Red Sea, trapped between Pharaoh's army and the impossible, he did not panic. He trusted. And with a single command from Allah ﷻ, the sea parted.

Taqwa teaches us this: Do your part, and then trust Allah ﷻ with the rest. Stop carrying burdens that were never yours to bear.

- **Stillness in the Storm: A Life of Presence**

Islamic mindfulness is not about withdrawing from the world; it's about being fully engaged while remaining anchored in Allah ﷻ. It's about standing in prayer and feeling every word, walking through life with intentionality, and knowing that Allah ﷻ is near, always.

The world will always be loud. But the heart that remembers Allah ﷻ will always find peace. And that peace, that connection, is worth everything.

# Iqbal's Vision: Rise of Islam & Decline of West

By Dr. Asad Zaman

Iqbal's poetry became the inspiration for the creation of Pakistan, which changed the lives of millions of people, and turned the tides of history. Central to his thought is the vision of the transformation created by the message of Islam in the lives of the plain and simple dwellers of the desert. He foresaw the revival of this message in many of his poems — for example

نکل کے صحرا سے جس نے روما کی سلطنت کو الٹ دیا ہت  
سٹا ہے یہ فتیوں سے، میں نے، وہ شیر پھر ہوشیار ہوگا

The lion, from the desert, which over-turned the thrones of the Romans — I have heard from the angels that he will re-awaken.

Both *Shikwa/Jawab-e-Shikwa and Musaddas-e-Hali* paint the picture of the former glories of the Islamic civilization, and how modern Muslims have completely forgotten their past, and the message which illuminated the world, and created a brilliant civilization which dazzled the world for a thousand years. However, Iqbal foresaw the end of the era of Western domination –

تمہاری تہذیب اپنے خنجر سے آپ ہی خود کشی کرے گی  
جوشخ نازک پہ آشیانہ بنے گا، ناپائدار ہوگا

Your civilization will commit suicide with its own dagger (knife) ... The nest built on the weak branch will not be permanent, stable

Since Ibn-e-Khaldun started the systematic study of history with a deep analysis of the causes of rise and fall of civilizations, this has been a favorite topic among historians. Many historians have stated that all the signs of declining civilizations have now appeared in the Western Civilization, and thus it is time for emergence of a new world leader.

Sociologists are predicting an Asian Century, and predicting the emergence of China and East Asia as the new leaders of the 21st Century. However, at these turning points in history, leadership passes to those who are best prepared for it — the characteristics required of leaders are spelled out in the Quran, and have been demonstrated for us in the Sunnah of the *Khulfa-e-Rashedeen*. Iqbal has listed the required characteristics in many different verses. For example he writes that (*Yaqeen Muhkam ...*) Strong Faith, Perseverance in the Struggle for the Good, and a Love which conquers the world — these are the swords used by those who would rule life itself. Another verse along similar lines, which predicts the rise of Islam, is given below:

سبق پھر پڑھ صداقت کا، عدالت کا، شجاعت کا  
لیا جائے گا تجھ سے کام دنیا کی امامت کا

Actually, leadership of the world is promised to the Muslims ON THE CONDITION that we are true to our faith — we have the characteristics of love for the welfare of the entire humanity which was in the heart of our Prophet ﷺ, who was the Mercy for All Nations, and who suffered grievously because he deeply felt compassion for all others — whether they were Muslims or not. Today, we have come very far from the model of simple living with excellence in conduct that was the hallmark of our Prophet Muhammad ﷺ, may Allah T'aala shower him with infinite blessings.

Here, I want to list some of the characteristics which have appeared in the Western Civilization which are signs of the decline of the West. (While there are many different



types of lists of characteristics of decline which have been made, the following points provide a convenient summary):

1. **Nihilism:** The idea that life has meaning and purpose has been lost.
2. **Drugs:** When life seems meaningless, people seek new experiences to fill the void in their lives. This leads to experiments with drugs which create new sensations. The article *Ten Indications that the Western Society is Collapsing* by Sammie Dove states: *By the year 2000, opium production in Afghanistan had nearly ground to a halt. But after US and NATO forces invaded Afghanistan in 2001 under the pretext of 9/11, production started reaching record highs. In what's surely an unrelated coincidence, the American opioid epidemic has spiraled out of control since 2001.*
3. **Rising Financial Inequality:** Today, the top 60 people own more wealth than the three billion poorest. Increasing inequality is reflected everywhere. Ex-UN Secretary Ban Ki-Moon says that US society is deeply immoral because basic healthcare is denied to vast numbers of the poor, when trillions of excess in wealth is readily available for foreign wars which bomb and destroy millions of other lives. Millions living in misery while a few enjoy billionaire lifestyles reflects a spiritual deficit, a lack of feeling for fellow human beings, which is spreading throughout human societies.
4. **Erasure of History:** People have lost their connections with the past. History defines who we are, and gives us a sense of mission, continuity, and a vision for the future. Imagine what life would be like if we forgot our past — we would be just like robots without character. Today, this is a common condition..
5. **Extreme Injustice:** Legal systems in the US routinely ignore police violence —

many famous incidents of police killing poor minorities without any excuse have been featured recently. This led to the creation of the movement “Black Lives Matter” in the USA. On the other hand, minor crimes, like failing to pay a parking ticket due to poverty, can lead to prolonged jail sentences (but only for the poor). This is in stark contrast with the high standards of justice which Islam brought to the world — do not let enmity sway you from justice, and be just, even if it goes against your self-interest and that of your kinfolk.

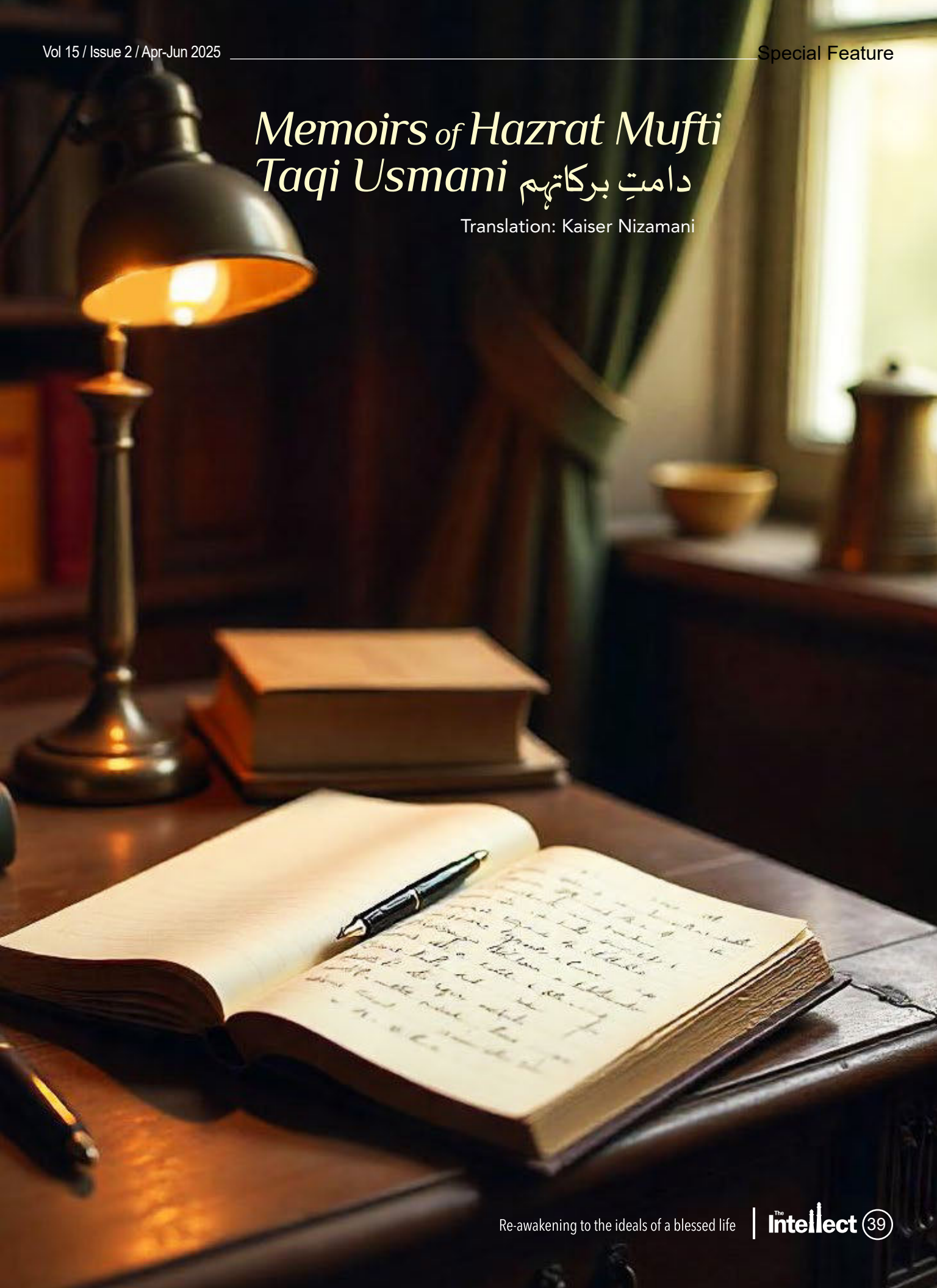
6. **Destruction of the Family:** Today, the majority of children are born to women who are not married. Children who never experience a stable family environment where they receive love, nourishment, stability and support, grow up with many different kinds of psychological deficiencies and disorders.

It does seem that, as Iqbal foresaw, Western society is self-destructing, by following their own desires to the extremes with complete disregard of consequences to others, or to the future generations. Unfortunately, instead of rejecting these errors which are destroying the West, we Muslims are eagerly embracing the same errors and rushing to adopt them in our lives and societies. The dagger which is likely to be the cause of the suicide of the West is also cutting our own throat as well. Instead of thinking about the decline of the West, the urgent task today is to protect our fast-fading Islamic values, to work to re-create an Islamic society on the model of Madina Munawwarah. This can be done by renewing the promises that we made to Allah T’aala to live for Him and to die for Him, and to be first among those who surrender completely to His Will.



# *Memoirs of Hazrat Mufti Taqi Usmani* دامت برکاتہم

Translation: Kaiser Nizamani





Our respected father رحمۃ اللہ علیہ was so overjoyed at the completion of our *Dawrah al-Hadith* that he organized a banquet on this occasion and called it a *walimah*. In addition to family members, close associates were also invited. Later, during the madrassa's Annual Gathering, our *dastār bandī* also took place (The graduation ceremony in Islamic seminaries is known as "*dastār bandī*" - literally: turban-tying - during which a senior scholar ties a turban around the graduating student's head). Since, by that time, it had not yet been decided as to what we would do after completing *Dawrah al-Hadith*, I composed a poem bidding farewell to Dār al-'Ulūm. Some of its verses are as follows:

سلام اے میرے گلشن، علم و فن کے پاک گہوارے  
 ہدایت کے فلک پر علم کے تابندہ سیارے  
 تری آغوش شفقت سے نکل کر جا رہا ہوں میں  
 مرے قلب و جگر بے چین ہیں، گھبرا رہا ہوں میں  
 چلا جاؤں گا میں ان علم کی دلکش فضاؤں سے  
 تری ان روح پرور اور کیف افزوں ہواؤں سے  
 جہاں پر عمر کے میں نے سہانے دن گزارے ہیں  
 جہاں کے پھول تو ہیں پھول، مجھ کو خاد پیارے ہیں  
 جہاں کا ذرہ ذرہ واقف اسرار الفت ہے  
 جہاں کا ایک اک گوشہ مرے خوابوں کی جنت ہے  
 جہاں آ کر میں آسی اپنی ہستی بھول جاتا ہوں  
 خدا کی نعمتوں میں خود پرستی بھول جاتا ہوں  
 مگر اے میرے گلشن! تو نہ ہو اندوہگین اتنا  
 ہماری اس جدائی پر ملول اتنا، حزیں اتنا  
 سبق تو نے پڑھایا ہے ہمیں عزم اور ہمت کا  
 صداقت کا، شجاعت کا، امانت کا، عدالت کا  
 نہ بھٹکیں جس سے ہم تو نے ہمیں وہ رہ دکھائی ہے  
 تری تعلیم ہی تو ہم پر بنکر نور چھائی ہے  
 خدا توفیق دے، اس سے ہمیں زائل نہ دیکھے گا  
 اور اپنی کوششوں کو ہم پہ لا حاصل نہ دیکھے گا  
 امنگیں ہیں ہمارے دل میں اب کچھ کام کرنے کی

ترے پیغام کو مشہور کرنے، عام کرنے کی  
 چمن میں باغبان کے بھیس میں صیاد بیٹھے ہیں  
 نہیں ہے کوئکن کوئی، مگر فرہاد بیٹھے ہیں  
 بے، پھولے پھلے تو، اور جہاں میں جگمگائے تو  
 بہاروں کے حسیں جھرمٹ میں رہ کر مسکرائے تو

Translation:

Greetings, O my garden! Sacred cradle of  
 knowledge and art

The radiant star of knowledge on the celestial  
 canopy of guidance

From your embrace of love, I am departing

My heart is restless, I am growing anxious

I will leave these captivating breezes of  
 knowledge

From these soul-nourishing and uplifting  
 winds of yours

From the place where I spent beautiful days  
 of my life

Where even the thorns, let alone the flowers,  
 are dear to me

Where every atom is acquainted with the  
 secrets of love

Where every corner is the paradise of my  
 dreams

Where, upon entering, O Āsī! I would forget  
 my own being

Where, engulfed in Allah's blessings, I would  
 forget self-admiration

But, O my garden! Do not grieve so much

At this parting of ours, so dejected, so  
 mournful

It is you who taught us determination and  
 courage

Truthfulness, bravery, trustworthiness, justice

You showed us a path so we would never  
 stray from it

It is your very teachings that have engulfed  
 us as a radiant light

May Allah grant us the ability! You shall never  
see us bereft of them

And you shall never see your efforts gone to  
waste upon us

Our hearts now yearn to achieve something  
To spread your message, to make it known  
far and wide

Many a hunter lurks in the garden, disguised as  
a gardener

None a mountain digger, yet each pretending  
to be Farhad

May you flourish and blossom, grow and  
shine across the world

May you, amidst the beautiful spring, always  
keep smiling

### After *Dawrah al-Hadith*

Both of us brothers returned to our house at Lasbela House after completing *Dawrah al-Hadith*. Until then, it was not clear what we would do next. One opinion was that we should be sent to Al-Azhar University for further education and to attain mastery over Arabic. Due to my young age, my respected mother رحمته was not agreeable to sending me to Egypt, but she was somewhat willing to bear this in the case of my elder brother رحمته. Thus, many people insisted that he be sent to Al-Azhar. A second opinion was that we should begin teaching at Dār al-‘Ulūm itself. A third opinion was that, in order to serve the Dīn in accordance with the demands of the current times, we should learn English. A fourth opinion was that we should receive training in Fatwa under the guidance of our respected father رحمته.

Our respected father رحمته was not inclined to send us to Egypt, because “Al-Azhar” was no longer the “Al-Azhar” of old, and considerable changes had occurred to its environment. Perhaps our respected father also performed *Istikhara* for this, as a result of which the decision was made not to send us there. The final decision he made was for us to teach

at Dār al-‘Ulūm for two hours daily, and to spend the remaining time receiving training in Fatwa. Until then, there was no department of *Takhassus* (Specialization) in Dār al-‘Ulūm. It was decided that the department of *Takhassus* in Fatwa would be established from the next year. Meanwhile, I had a keen desire to learn English so that I could serve the Dīn through it in whatever way I could. To this end, I requested my elder brother Mawlana Muhammad Wali Raazi (may Allah grant him a long life) to teach me English during the holidays of Ramadan and Sha‘ban. Allah Most High has blessed him with extraordinary intelligence and exceptional teaching skills. He realized that rather than teaching me through a reader-like book, it would be more suitable to cover a substantial portion of English grammar within the two months. He correctly judged that since I had studied Arabic morphology and grammar in detail, it would be easy for me to understand and apply the rules of English grammar.

He thus began teaching me English tenses without relying on any textbook, which I not only easily grasped but also got to practice. In this way, I began understanding the basic structure of English sentences.

### Beginning of Teaching and Specialization

When the month of Shawwal (1379 AH) arrived, I completed seventeen years of my life, and having finished my formal studies, I entered practical life. Over the next ten years, my engagements revolved around four main areas: teaching, Fatwa, writing, and learning English.

### Beginning of Teaching

It had been decided that the year after completing the *Dars-e-Nizami* curriculum, we were to spend two hours teaching and the remaining time in undergoing training in issuing *fatawa*. Thus, for the first time, I was given the opportunity to teach two classes



in Dār al-‘Ulūm as a teacher. I was assigned “‘Arabi Ka Mu‘allim” and “Ṭarīqah Jadīdah” to teach to Year One students. I did not mind this teaching responsibility. I had already taught a student “‘Arabi Ka Mu‘allim” during my own study of *Hidāya*, the amusing story of which I have narrated before. Thus, as far as teaching itself was concerned, I had no issue. However, my appearance at the time was such that even my beard had not yet properly grown. And when I would think about my age and thin, frail build, the idea of entering the classroom as a teacher felt challenging. To make matters more daunting, the class I was assigned to teach included a good number of students who were older than me, with one or two of them having sizable beards. I felt somewhat embarrassed to enter the classroom by myself, so I requested my beloved teacher Hadhrat Mawlana Sahban Mahmud رحمته to take me to the class. He agreed and even conducted the first lesson himself. I began teaching the class thereafter. To mask my young age and slight build to some extent, I would wear a Sherwani (a knee-length coat that buttons up to the neck, traditionally worn as formal attire by men in South Asia) even in summer, and would walk in with an air of self-assumed dignity. I would also speak in a slightly raised voice, hoping to preserve at least some of the stature of a teacher. When I first entered the classroom unaccompanied, I noticed faint smiles on the faces of some of the bearded students, as if their expressions were saying: “Oh! So this is the teacher under whom we must now become students!”

But it was purely by the grace and favour of Allah the Glorious and Most High that, within just a few days, all the students became comfortable with me, and the awareness of my young age gradually faded from their hearts. So much so that they even came to tolerate my strictness when I wanted to get them to do some work. Among the students of that batch whom I still remember, Mawlana Abdul al-Samad Irani (may Allah keep him safe) is

especially worth of mention, because he would achieve outstanding results in all exams, and by the grace and favour of Allah Most High, is regarded among the senior scholars of Iran today. Besides him, Mawlana Abdul Qayyum Gilgiti, as far as I can recall, ranked first in every examination, and later worked in Umm Al-Qura University in Makkah Mukarramah as a researcher for a long time. He produced numerous research-related works there and is now working in Maktaba al-Haram Al-Makki as a researcher.

That same year, my elder brother Hadhrat Mawlana Mufti Muhammad Rafi‘ Usmani رحمته was assigned the second-year books *Hidayat al-Naḥw*, *‘Ilm al-Ṣiḡha* and *Taysīr al-Mantiq* to teach. Among his students that year were Mawlana Azizur Rahman (who, MashaAllah, is nowadays a teacher of *Dawrah al-Ḥadith* and the director of the monthly magazine *Al-Balagh*), Mawlana Muhammad Ishaq Jehlami (who is currently a teacher in *Darja ‘Ulya* and serves as the manager of the students’ hostel in Dār al-‘Ulūm) and Mawlana Mehtab (who, *MashaAllah*, is one of the prominent scholars in his region and an active member of the Tablighi Jamā‘at). Some of his students would study some topics from me outside the regular madrasa hours, and later, some of their lessons, such as *Maqāmāt Ḥarīrī*, were also assigned to me to teach.

The books we were assigned to teach advanced each year. Both of us brothers were highly enthusiastic about teaching and preparing for the lessons. When we returned to our rooms, even during meal times, our conversations would often revolve around the key points of the books we were teaching, the overall state of the students, and suggestions on how to make our teaching as effective as possible. Even though Dār al-‘Ulūm had largely retained its desert lifestyle, after becoming teachers, many affectionate students insisted on taking upon themselves certain tasks that we used to handle ourselves previously, such

as fetching kerosene for lanterns and stoves, or purchasing other necessities. However, our immersion in teaching and working on fatawa was so deep that the hardships of this desert life became pleasant for us. Even during our leisurely strolls after ‘Asr through the nearby gardens, our discussions would usually center around some aspect of our lessons.

It was during one of those days that after studying at night, I felt mentally fatigued. Hadhrat Mawlana Shams al-Haq رحمته الله also came to our room. It was a moonlit night of the fourteenth of the lunar month, so we all decided to go out for a walk. Thus, brother Rafi’, Hadhrat Mawlana Shams al-Haq, Hakīm Musharraf Husayn, and I set out for a stroll. Since on moonlit nights the desert appears more scenic than gardens, we headed westward. At that time, there were no buildings or structures in that direction, all the way to the sea. Under the vast spread of moonlight, the cool sand felt very pleasant. Engrossed in conversation, we wandered so far that Dār al-‘Ulūm’s buildings faded into the distance until they were no longer visible. After walking a little further, we spotted the silhouette of a man who had been standing still in the distance for quite some time. We were astonished —why would someone be standing still in the middle of the desert at this hour of the night? Nonetheless, we gradually moved closer to him, only to see that he was holding a rifle. As soon as he noticed us from afar, he took position, aimed the rifle in our direction, and in a booming voice commanded: “Stop right there!” We stopped in our tracks, while he began advancing towards us. As he drew closer, we saw that he was dressed in a military uniform. The sight of his uniform gave us some reassurance that he was not a bandit. However, he took position a short distance ahead of us, standing at a slight angle, and asked: “Who are you? And what are you doing here at this time of the night?” We responded: “There is a Dār al-‘Ulūm located some distance from here to the east. We are teachers there and ended up

here while taking a walk.” After questioning us for a while, he accepted our explanation. Once he was satisfied that we were unarmed, he lowered his rifle and then sat down with us on the sand and began conversing.

When we inquired about him, he informed us that his name was Major Sultan and that he was a Major in the army. He explained that some sensitive pipelines passed through this area and that he had been assigned to guard them. Within a short time, the respected Major became friends with us. He told us that his hometown was Chakwal, and that he had met Mawlana Qaḍi Mazhar Husayn رحمته الله as well. We invited him to visit Dār al-‘Ulūm, and indeed, he came several times. He also gave us his phone number.

A long time after this incident, when Dār al-‘Ulūm’s walls had been completed and its gates had been installed, it so happened that some people who harboured malice towards Dār al-‘Ulūm incited certain individuals from Sharafi Goth against it, saying: “Dār al-‘Ulūm has blocked your route to Korangi by constructing its boundary walls.” (Even though a passage for them existed along Dār al-‘Ulūm’s eastern wall, which, in fact, was shorter for them). Misled by these provocations, some armed men from among them launched an attack on the northern gate, opened fired on it and attempted to break through. As I was returning from Maghrib prayer, I witnessed a commotion at the gate. The sound of continuous hammering against the gate could be heard, and gunshots were also being fired. At that moment, I called Major Sultan Sahib. He responded: “I am nearby and will arrive shortly.” At that time, we had acquired a license for some firearms for Dār al-‘Ulūm’s security, and had also given a pistol to the security guard. Seeing this situation, and with my permission, he advanced towards the gate and fired a short in the air. At the sound of the gunshot, the intensity of the attack subsided somewhat. Just then, Major Sultan arrived in



his military vehicle. Not only did he disperse the crowd, but he also lodged a complaint with the elders of the Goth about those responsible. As a result, the elders of the Goth later came to Dār al-'Ulūm, expressed their regret over the incident, and a plan for the future was mutually agreed upon. Alhamdulillah! After this event, relations between Dār al-'Ulūm and the residents of the Goth were never strained again.

Major Sultan played a pivotal role in this entire episode. This is the same Major Sultan who is known today as Colonel Imam, the man who later rendered outstanding services in the Afghan Jihad against Russia. We remained in contact during those days and also met in Kandahar. Our last meeting took place in Rawalpindi. But alas! In the end, this brave warrior was unjustly declared a spy by the Pakistani Taliban, who brutally shot him and martyred him. **إِنَّا لِلَّهِ وَإِنَّا إِلَيْهِ رَاجِعُونَ**

This isolated world of ours would sometimes serve as a picnic spot for those who had grown weary of the hustle and bustle of city life. Thus, our brothers, relatives, and friends would occasionally visit us to spend some time in this tranquil atmosphere—and in this way, we too would get the opportunity to enjoy their company.

On one such occasion, some friends of my honourable brother, Hadhrat Mawlana Mufti Muhammad Rafi **رحمۃ اللہ علیہ**, came to spend the night. After 'Isha, a camel cart was rented, and we decided to go to the shore of Korangi Creek. The moon of the fourteenth was shining in all its brilliance, draping the vast desert landscape in a radiant blanket of moonlight as far as the eye could see. Amidst the waves of desert dunes, the camel trotted along in its carefree stride. In this mesmerizing atmosphere, one of Bhai Sahib's friends began reciting a poem about the moonlight in a captivating and melodious voice, which further enhanced the enchantment of the moment. After spending the night at Korangi Creek, we returned early the next morning.

Our elder brother, Hadhrat Muhammad Zaki Kaifi **رحمۃ اللہ علیہ**, was himself a distinguished poet and had close friendships with many of the renowned poets of that time. On one occasion, the late respected Jigar Muradabadi was visiting Karachi, while Bhai Jān was also in Karachi. On the instructions of our respected father **رحمۃ اللہ علیہ**, he invited Jigar Muradabadi to spend a night at Dār al-'Ulūm. On this occasion, he also invited some of Karachi's most esteemed poets. Thus, as evening fell, along with Jigar Muradabadi, Mahir al-Qadri, Adīb Saharanpuri, and Tabish Dehlwi (may Allah have mercy on them all) arrived at Dār al-'Ulūm. Our respected father **رحمۃ اللہ علیہ** had arranged a dinner for these honoured guests in the oldest building of Dār al-'Ulūm, which we used to call "Purana Bangla". After dinner, a gathering of poetry took place. Hadhrat Jigar Muradabadi **رحمۃ اللہ علیہ** recited two of his Ghazals in his distinctive tuneful voice, and their echoes, in his very tone, still resonate in my ears to this day:

بے تاب ہے، بے خواب ہے معلوم نہیں کیوں؟  
 دل مائی بے آب ہے، معلوم نہیں کیوں؟  
 دل آج بھی سینے میں دھڑکتا تو ہے، لیکن  
 کشتی سی تیر آب ہے، معلوم نہیں کیوں؟  
 ساقی نے جو بخشا تھا بصد لطف و بہ اصرار  
 وہ جرعمہ بھی زہراب ہے، معلوم نہیں کیوں؟

Translation:

It is restless, it is sleepless, I do not know why

My heart is like a fish out of water, I do not know why

My heart still beats within my chest, but  
 Like a ship sunken beneath the waves, I do not know why

The sip that the cup-bearer bestowed with such grace, such insistence

Even that now tastes like poison, I do not know why

And the following Ghazal:

نغمہ ترا نفس نفس، جلوہ ترا نظر نظر  
اے مرے شاہدِ حیات اور ابھی قریب تر  
عرض و نیازِ عشق کا چاہیے اور کیا صلہ؟  
میں نے کہا بہ چشمِ نم، اُس نے سنا بہ چشمِ تر

Translation:

Your melody flows with every breath, your  
radiance graces every gaze.

O witness of my life, come even closer still

O the one witnessing my life! Come even  
nearer to me

What more can one ask in return for the  
pleas and devotion of love?

I spoke with moist eyes; he listened with  
tearful eyes.

Other poets also recited their poetry. Then, when Bhai Jān informed them that our respected father رحمۃ اللہ علیہ was also a poet, everyone insisted that his poetry be recited as well. Thus, Bhai Jān recited two Persian Ghazals composed by our respected father رحمۃ اللہ علیہ.

The first Ghazal was:

دیوانہ خوشتر است، نہ فرزانه خوشتر است  
کانانکہ خواست جلوہ جانانہ خوشتر است  
زاهد! میں حقیر گدایانِ عشق را  
انفاسِ شان ز سُبْحِ صد دانہ خوشتر است  
دیدي کہ رنجِ ہائے جہاں را کنارہ نیست  
پس با منے بہ گوشنہ کاشانہ خوشتر است  
خوش درسِ علم و شغل فتاویٰ بہ دیوبند  
لیکن شبے بہ خائفہ تھانہ خوشتر است

Translation:

Neither the mad lover is superior, nor the  
wise one,

Rather, the one who longs for a glimpse of  
the Beloved is the best

O ascetic! Do not look down upon the  
beggars of love

For their breaths are worth more than a  
rosary of a hundred beads

You have seen that the sorrows of this world  
have no end

So for me, retreating to the solitude of my  
humble dwelling is far better

Teaching sacred knowledge and issuing  
fatawa in (Dār al-'Ulūm) Deoband is  
admirable

Yet, a single night in the Khanqah of Thana  
(Bhawan) is more cherished

Hadhrat Jigar Sahib delighted in every verse  
of this Ghazal, and would spontaneously  
express his admiration at each line. The  
second Ghazal was:

بگزر زمن کہ حالت زارم نہ دیدہ بہ  
بگزار حال من کہ ہمیں ناشنیدہ بہ  
چشمت اگر رود بتاشائے غیر دوست  
زیں گوئے دیدہ، بخدا، کور دیدہ بہ  
ناکندنی ست در رہ محبوب خارِ پا  
کیں خارِ عشق در رگ جانم خلیدہ بہ

Translation:

Leave me be, for my wretched state is not  
worth witnessing

Do not ask about my plight, for it is not worth  
hearing

If your gaze strays to any other than the True  
Beloved

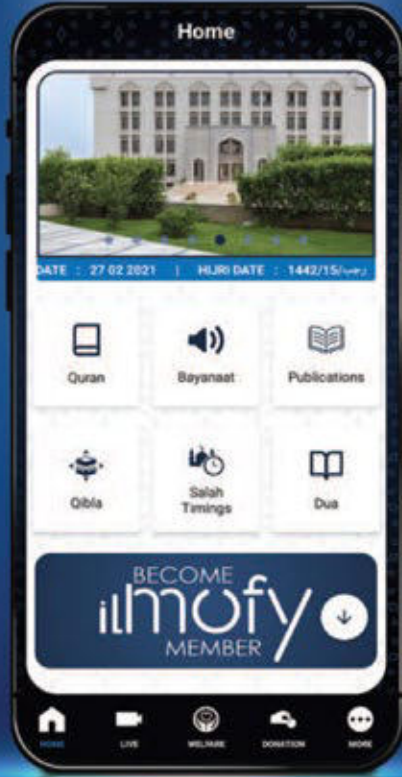
I swear by God, such sights are nothing but  
blindness

A thorn in the foot upon the path of the  
Beloved cannot be removed

For this thorn of love is lodged deep within  
my soul's vein

[Both of these Ghazals have been included  
in full in our respected father's رحمۃ اللہ علیہ poetry  
collection, "Kashkol". Only a few couplets  
have been reproduced here].





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