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Be WhatsApp  
Wise

What the virus  
proved

Here comes  
Ramadan!

A test  
from Allah



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# What the virus proved

We humans thought quite a lot about ourselves.

It's completely understandable. We weren't savages anymore. We weren't ignorant anymore.

We weren't nothing anymore.

After all, we were busy living a life that was so much greater, better, and more advanced than the lives of the primitive and 'foolish' humans that lived about a century ago.

We were busy shopping in our malls and markets, entertaining ourselves in cinemas and theaters (or for some, bars and clubs), earning for ourselves with business trips and multinational ventures.

We were involved in making amazing scientific discoveries, digitizing the world, inventing new cures and medicines.

And what made us most confident, of course, was that we were also busy snuffing out each other's lives. We were busy imprisoning each other, torturing each other, and imposing curfews on each other. We were busy tearing each other's families apart, bombing and displacing each other.

All in all, we were quite a big deal. We could do things. We were quite a lot.

Then, destiny bit back. And we realised we weren't.

All it took was a creature that's barely classified as a creature, something so small and tiny and insignificant. Something that is almost nothing.

The shopping stopped. The entertainment stopped. The business stopped and the economy crashed.

The footprints on the moon didn't exactly help us here.

Then, we imprisoned ourselves. Imposed lockdown on ourselves. Tore our own families apart, and displaced ourselves.

Life stopped. And we stopped it.

So, if we haven't realised this yet, it's high time we do:

We aren't the big deal we thought we were.

We're nothing.

We're absolutely, completely, utterly nothing.

This Ramadhan, under the shadow of COVID-19, is the perfect time to realize our helplessness and nothingness as human beings - and the perfectness and completeness of the One who afflicted us with this test. It is the best time to seek repentance for daring to rival ourselves with our Creator. The greatest time to realize our reality versus Allah's Reality.

This year, the devils will be in lockdown - but we may be as well. Let's not waste this precious time. Let's repent. Let's prepare for the greater trials that lie ahead, like the trial of Dajjal.

Let's remember who we really are, why we're actually here...and to Whom we have to return. If this lesson is learnt this Ramadhan, then we have spent it well

Was'salam,  
**Aymun Sajid**

# Here comes Ramadan!

dear  
diary

by Maria Sheikh

“Oh my gosh! I just realized Ramadan is only a few weeks away! I’m actually late for making all the preps!” she muttered as she completed putting on her eyeliner in front of the mirror. Her husband shook his head in approval.

And then from the very next day, her ‘preparations’ for Ramadan began. Ordering spring rolls and samosas for storage, planning menus for the iftaar parties that were to be hosted at her place, ordering designer suits for herself and her daughter for all the iftaar dinners and obviously, the most important chore, checking out good brands to shop Eid clothes from, in the last ashra of Ramadan.

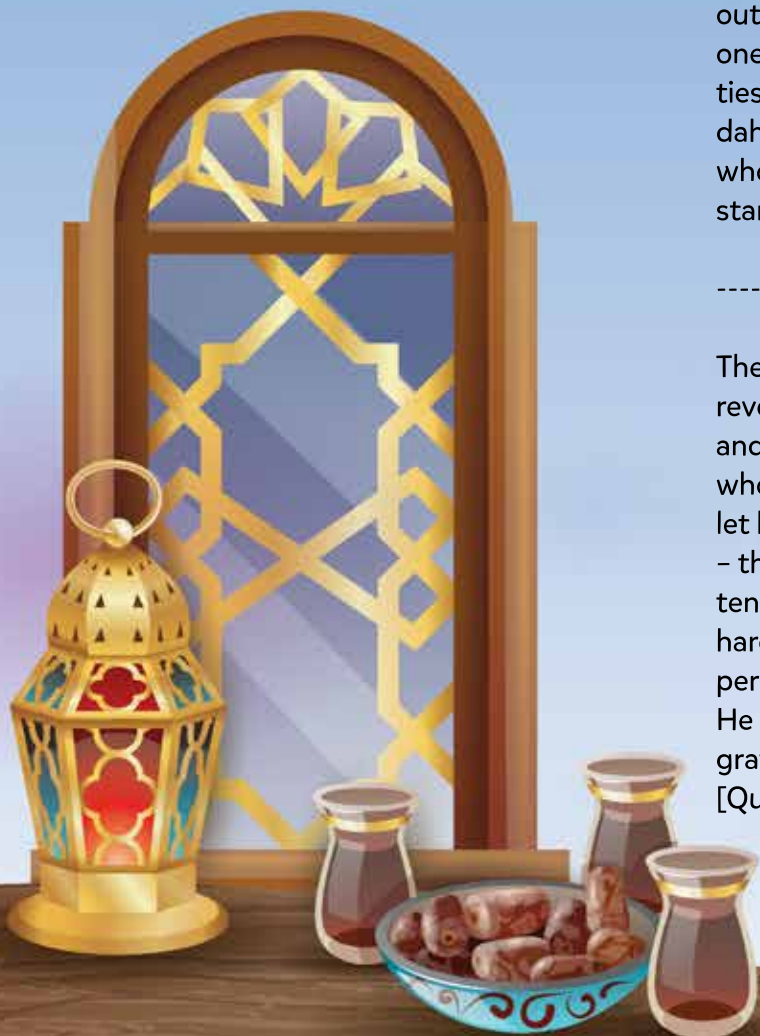
“Inna lillahi wainnailaiirajioon, we’re terribly late for preparing for Ramadan this time,” she said to her husband as the family sat around the table, having dinner.

“Oh yes, that is exactly what I was about to say, it’s high time we make arrangements for this blessed month,” her husband agreed.

And from the very next day, their arrangements for Ramadan began. Making worship timetables along with the kids to ensure that most was made out of this precious month and preparing frozen food for iftaar so more time could be utilized for ibadah. Apart from that, supplications related to Ramadan, iftaar, sehri, the last ten nights of the month, were printed out, cut and pasted on cupboards so that no one would forget them. Books based on bounties and blessings of Ramadan, along with ibadah guides were bought. Eid clothes for the whole family were bought before Ramadan started so time would not be wasted.

The month of Ramadhan [is that] in which was revealed the Qur’an, a guidance for the people and clear proofs of guidance and criterion. So whoever sights [the new moon of] the month, let him fast it; and whoever is ill or on a journey – then an equal number of other days. Allah intends for you ease and does not intend for you hardship and [wants] for you to complete the period and to glorify Allah for that [to] which He has guided you; and perhaps you will be grateful.

[Quran 2:185]



Sadly today, Muslims have lost the true spirit of Ramadan. What was meant to be a month devoted solely to making a connection with Allah, is now filled with show-off, immodesty, and superfluous display of rank and status.

Ramadan is the only month termed as the month of Quran, in it the Holy Book was sent down to the earth, Laylatul Qadar lies in the last 5 odd nights of Ramadan, and most of all, Muslims all around the world are obligated to fast in this month. Fasting alone has many advantages that will act as a savior for us on the day of judgement.

Hadhrat Abu Hurairah reported that the Prophet of Allah ﷺ said: “When the month of Ramadan starts, the gates of the heaven are opened and the gates of Hell are closed and the devils are chained”.

The question that arises here is: How can we best utilize these thirty days to make a strong connection with our creator? Below are some basic tips to help you with this.

### Cut yourself off from all social-media platforms:

Yes, you read it right. Deactivating all of your social media accounts for only thirty days out of 365, should not be a problem. If it still is difficult, make sure that you do not use any gadgets etc. without need and restrict the use of social media as far as you can.

### Make a timetable:

Before Ramadan starts, make a proper ibadah timetable for each of the three Ashras, and especially the last one, so that you are able to do maximum ibadah and do not waste any time. Apart from that, sketch out a plan to read as much of Quran as you can eg. the number of pages/paraas to read every day.

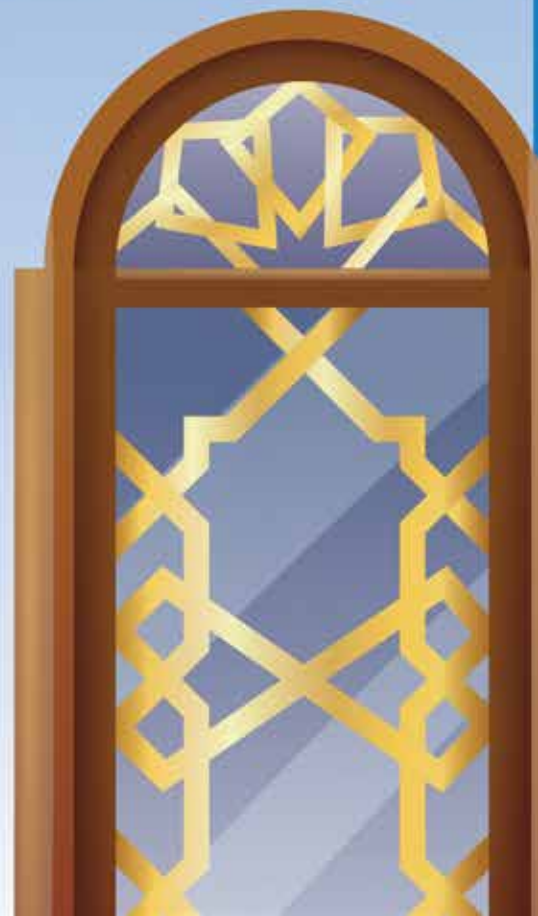
### 3. Collect all available resources for duas etc:

Books with different duas for Ramadan or your own Ramadan duas collection can be made beforehand so that you do not miss out on anything.

### 4. Last, but definitely not the least, shop for your Eid outfits before Ramadan!

We all know what a hassle our eid outfits' shopping can be. And obviously, the hassle wastes A LOT of time, and we cannot just afford to waste that time in Ramadan. So, the best way to avoid this is to shop everything beforehand, so you do not miss out on your laylatul qadr ibadah while choosing a matching trouser with your embroidered shit.

As the Holy Prophet ﷺ said: “Actions are but by intentions”, let's make an intention to utilize Ramadan in the best way possible In'sha'Allah. So here comes Ramadan! May Allah taala help us spend this Ramadan in the way He likes it to be spent. Ameen ●



## A drop of tear

by **Alif Sheen**

I was drowning  
 Deep into the ocean  
 Ocean of my sins,  
 Ocean of wrong doings.  
 In that ocean  
 There was only one drop  
 A drop of tear,  
 Tear of repentance  
 Yet He ﷻ saves me from drowning  
 And purifies my soul  
 Soul that was stained,  
 Stained of my mistakes  
 He is indeed Al-Raheem, the most Merciful.

## The Path to Heaven...

by **Fatima Rajpoot**  
 8 year

If you fly,  
 Up to the seventh sky  
 You'll find a place,  
 Best for the human race!  
 There you'll taste enchanting fruits,  
 And see the most unusual roots.  
 You'll be speechless,  
 You'll be wordless!  
 This place is Heaven,  
 The wondrous level seven.  
 There you'll find the One,  
 The Most Beautiful and Loving One!  
 There you'll find Prophets too,  
 Many of them, not few.  
 Adam, Ibrahim, Ismail, Isa  
 Nuh, Yunus, Yusuf, and Moosa.  
 And Muhammad ﷺ, the Chosen One,  
 The Final Prophet, Abdullah's Shining Son.  
 There's nothing like Heaven!  
 The best place for fun!  
 But to go there,  
 You must be kind and fair.  
 Speak the truth,  
 Never be rude!  
 Let his sayings run in our blood,  
 Always be as good as Muhammad ﷺ!



# Be WhatsApp Wise

Umm Aymun provides smart tips to enslave social media, especially WhatsApp instead of becoming its slave

WhatsApp – that green icon in your smart-phone holds great potential of wasting your precious time. The sound of a message arriving distracts you every now and then, and let's admit - it's addictive. So many times you find yourself lost for no reason and scrolling without purpose. I call it the WhatsApp Jinn that has possessed us. Many times you open WhatsApp for messaging or calling someone, but before you get to it, the inbox messages confront you and make you forget what you had to do!

The forwarding craze also has great potential of overcoming good sense - after all, it feels good to come across as a well-informed, well-educated visionary. My biggest grudge with WhatsApp is that it does not have a log-out feature! But I have a list of other grudges as well.

It has an impulsive nature because of the Read Receipts and other features, and haste usually makes waste. Its demanding nature makes you ignore your real surroundings and tasks. I wish we could concentrate as much in Salah!

It gives you a superficial feeling of being connected while you may practically be missing out on more important aspects like voice-calling your loved ones.

Precious ideas written as posts easily get lost as they have very short lifespan.

WA groups can become a mess because the admin cannot moderate messages, which can sometimes lead to social disasters.

You can't deactivate a group and re-activate it as and when required.

Honestly, discussion forums used to be so much better in every respect! Categorized, purposeful, long-life discussions. WhatsApp and its likes -Instagram, Twitter etc have only caused information overload and social disruption - definitely more evil than good.

So how can you become #WhatsAppWise?

When the coronavirus lockdown started, I noticed that my family and I started spending unreasonable amount of time on social media. So one fine morning, I started the day by locking up all the devices in a cupboard and made a rule that they will not be released until after



**So one fine morning, I started the day by locking up all the devices in a cupboard and made a rule that they will not be released until after lunch, except for a valid purpose.**

lunch, except for a valid purpose. We've assigned timeslots for social media usage and try to keep the devices under lockdown as much as possible, especially in the first half of the day. This has helped us to indulge in better activities, for example badminton, knitting, book reading, writing, baking and crafting have been rediscovered, all with an air of more sanity and serenity in the household. If none of these attracts you, just go sit in the sun for a while - you do need that Vitamin D!

Other than adopting the lockdown strategy, there are some other tricks that can work to make you a smarter and wiser user - one who enslaves social media instead of becoming its slave. Try these:

Make a daily schedule for social media: 1-2 hours of usage is more than enough.

Make your daily schedule for other real-life tasks so that you know that you have other things to do in life.

At non-scheduled hours take only important WA calls e.g from parents.

Keep study and work totally separate from WA. Skype is a better option.

Put a password on WA, push it to a secondary screen, mute all its notifications.... anything that requires more taps to reach there and makes it less visible.

Many a time you will think of doing something on WA or social media during the devices lockdown times. Make a list of those tasks on paper and refer to it next time you open WA, before opening any inbox messages. For example, my task list from one day was: send craft ideas to cousins, inquire Jv's health, check BL progress, call Fr. It really helped!

Tell your friends about your new resolutions: build some pressure for your own

conformation!

Make your Last Seen visible ;) Don't try to hide your over-usage.

Forward only those posts which you feel have some real value for someone. Ask yourself this question before forwarding: will it make any difference to the recipient if they do not know this? Don't try to compete with others in breaking latest news or trends.

Forward only verified news if it's important enough to be forwarded.

When it comes to Islamic messages, resolve to forward only the authentic ones. For this you should have some base knowledge to judge a post and it's always a good idea to research or ask a more knowledgeable person. Realize the gravity of circulating false information on Islam. It's not a light matter!!

You'll notice that when you start forwarding carefully, you'll receive lesser forwards too.

When you feel like writing your thoughts on a topic, BLOG! You can copy/paste or refer to the post in WA, but please don't waste all that wisdom to be lost after a few days in the WA jungle!

If you have a religion related query, do some research on websites run under scholars like askimam.com and muftisays.com, instead of posing the question in a WA chat/group. Believe me, you'll feel more educated and assured in much lesser time, while also saving other people's time.

Avoid getting into arguments on groups.... it can spiral out of control and eat up your precious time and mental energy. Find better things to do.

**Continued on pg 22**



# Long way home

Part 2 of 5

Zawjah Junaid's story finds the beauty of having a separate homeland

I don't know what the time was at night when I woke up. The wick of the lantern had gone off but the attic was full of light. It was not the blinding light that was frightening, it was the loud piercing cries and shrieks of hundreds of humans in pain and agony. I felt numb, I could not move. I looked at Aliya, she was still sleeping peacefully. I wished it was a dream but it was not.

Women, children, men, all voices could be heard. Some were hollering while others were attacking. What happened to Amma, Dadi Amma, Yaseen and so many others? I had to see. I had to find out. Gathering all my courage, I crawled toward the door of attic. The scene downstairs was horrifying and frightening. The blood drained out of me. The worst fears had come true. The Muslims were attacked!

The white walls of my magnificent haveli had red patches of Muslim blood all over it. Corpses with slit throats, and punctured stomach were spread wildly on the marble floor. I saw Yaseen - my close friend and dearest cousin. A Hindu was holding him high on the tip of his spear with blood pouring out of his stomach. I felt a massive lump stuck in my throat. I could not make out why the Muslim men were not defending these women and children but a closer look told it all. Many Muslim men had lost their lives while defending and many others were still defending. Worst of all, the Hindu and Sikh attackers were uncountable.

They had set the baithak on fire and the flames were shimmering ferociously. So that was where all the light was coming from. I turned around to check on Aliya, she had woken up

# In her trauma, she had only me and she was ready to obey me in every way.

and was sitting in the corner with widened eyes full of terror. I went to her and sat right next to her, we were both sobbing and deadly frightened. They would soon find us and our fate would be the same. The wailing and screaming was still piercing our ears. Suddenly I felt an urge to live, an urge to protect my sister. But how I would do that, I didn't know.

Within a few minutes I knew what I had to do and I knew this was the right moment to do it. I gently explained my terrified sister to stay where she was and went to the attic door. With all my strength I pushed the ladder down from the attic entrance and quickly ran back inside without seeing on whom the ladder fell. The hanging ladder would be a clear indication that there was somebody hiding in the attic, so I knew we would be safest without it.

That night clock was ticking very slowly, just like our hearts. Aliya was in a terrible state. She was continuously clanged to my arm letting me know that she wanted to go to Amma. I also wanted the same, but the difference was that I could not tell her this.

After an eternity, or so it seemed, the wailing stopped and evil laughter took its place. They did not only kill, they looted too. I could hear some of them running here and there in the haveli to find the valuables while the others were pulling off jewellery from the dead women. In whispers I tried to make Aliya understand that she will have to stay silent, very silent or they will discover us. In her trauma, she had only me and she was ready to obey me in every way.

They finally left. They had tainted history. They had scarred thousands of lives and had left an awful example for the future generations to come.

“Bhai, they have left. Let's go find Amma.” Aliya was so innocent but I knew better. I had to take her to a safe place. We had no ladder but I had an idea. I had once seen Amma and Chachi making a wall decoration with different coloured dyed ropes tied together. This was exactly what I had to do. I dug the whole attic to find ropes but there was only a small piece so I left it and found dupattas and tied them tightly one after the other. Next I tied one end of that cloth rope to a heavy trunk and let it hung down the attic.

It was very difficult to convince Aliya to descend but she had no choice left. I had ascended and descended down the mango trees many times so it was not challenging for me but Aliya found it very tricky to follow me. Once we were down, the scenario was far worse than what we saw from the attic. We saw many mutilated corpses of our loved ones. Chachi Noor un Nisa was clutching her youngest daughter, Samina, tightly in her arms and blood was pouring out from her back where the stone hearted devil had struck with a dagger.

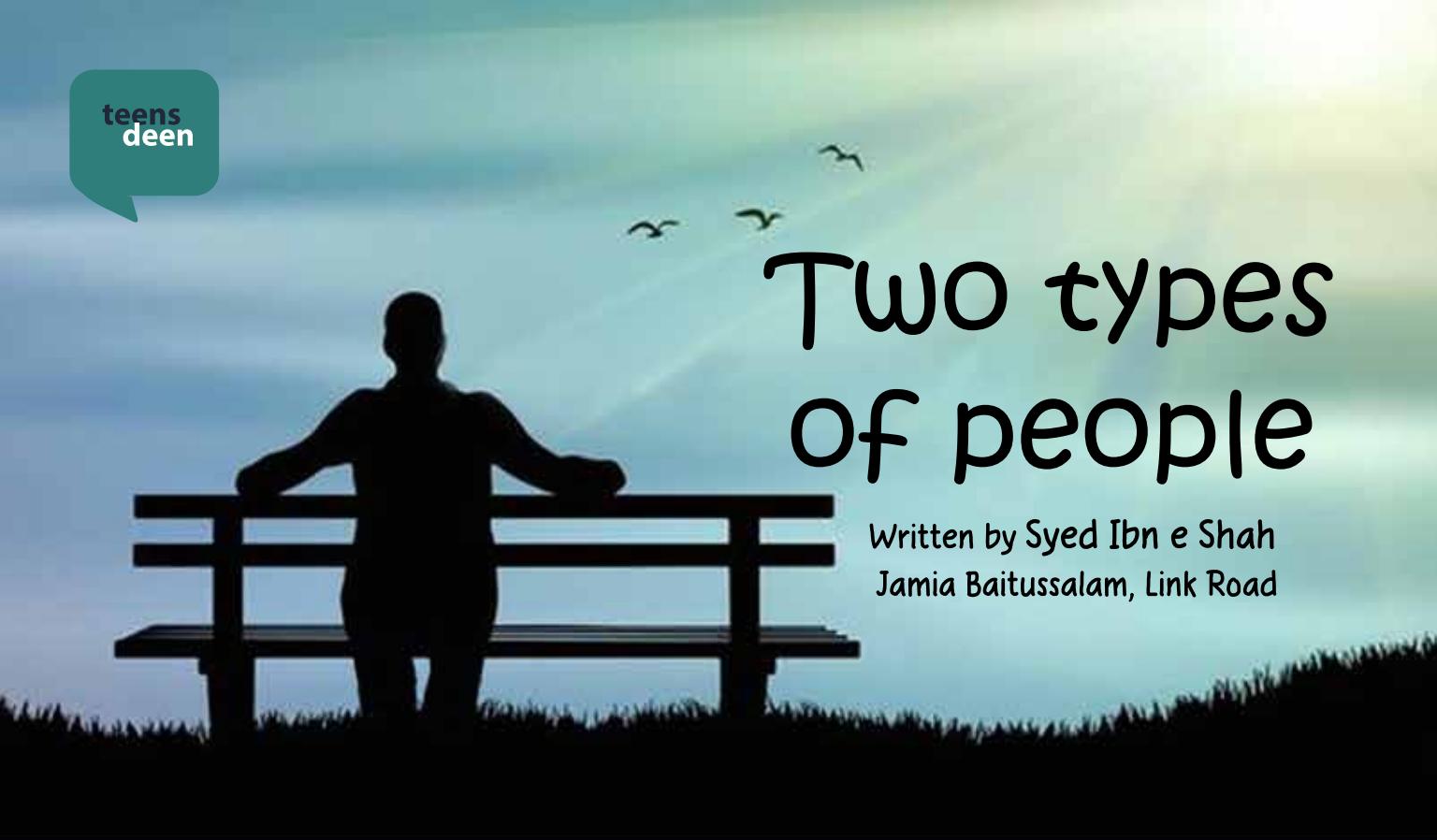
Aliya loved Samina. She could not control her emotions and sprang onto Samina. She was crying and wailing and was getting hysteric. I wanted to console her but I myself was so frightened that I could not speak. I thought this must be the Qayamat which Amma and Dadi Amma discussed with us.

I wanted to leave the haveli as soon as possible but I could not move. My body was tense and stiff. I could not decide what my next step should be when suddenly I heard mocking laughter and whistles. Who could laugh or whistle in this situation except those who were responsible for this atrocity. Aliya also froze.

**Continued In'sha'Allah...**

May - 2020

**radiance**



# Two types of people

Written by Syed Ibn e Shah  
Jamia Baitussalam, Link Road

The sky was unclear; clouds had begun to envelope the vaults of the heavens. There was a slight chill in the atmosphere, not to mention the inconsistent squalls of wind which made the nearby trees prance with the instrument-like rustle of their leaves. The clouds had managed to cope up the shafts of the sun, which would otherwise be the javelins of scorching rays boiling the earth.

It was ten in the morning; the market was starting to buzz with the flurry of activities. Under the giant trees of the park the flowers bloomed in cheer. To my irony, on a bench juxtaposed by the plants sat an upset boy in his early twenties. His complexion was fair with a dark beard accentuating his face. From his facial expressions he looked depressed, plunged deep in an ocean of worry. The pleasant weather seemed to be mocking his dreary mood.

I was out to stroll in the moist grass of the park, so I preferred sitting beside that wretched soul and share his grieves.

“Assalamualaikum, hi bro!” I tried to strike up a conversation with him, “if you don’t mind, may I sit beside you?”

He nodded in answer, with a forced smile on his face. What misfortune had befallen him? I wondered— his eyes were sunken into their sockets, with the dark circles around them.

“Bro, you look deadbeat! Is everything ok with you?” With a feeling of emotion I questioned, in fact, intrigued to know the story.

At first, he just stared at me, but when he found out that I had some sympathy for his emotions, he burst out, “ Actually, I have kept vigil because.....” But stopped.

“ Kept vigil? You mean you spent the night on this bench?” I asked rather wondering.

“You see,” he continued, still grave, “I am the only son of my parents. I completed my intermediate in the town college and wanted to

## From his facial expressions he looked depressed, plunged deep in an ocean of worry. The pleasant weather seemed to be mocking his dreary mood.

carry on with my studies in the LUMS university along with my other class friends. My parents never allowed it; the rest of my friends were allowed by their parents. My mates kept insisting on coming with them and blamed my parents for the deprivation, and marked them as uncaring about their son's desire and happiness."

My eyes transfixed over his face, I kept listening to him.

"This aroused in me the feeling that what my friends said was true and my parents really don't care about me. So I fought my parents and joined my friends, indifferent to what they say or feel, never thinking about the reasons and consequences.

It didn't cross my mind and never touched my desensitized senses that my old mother and father would be left all alone with no one to care for them. Possessed by my emotions, I pursued my desire and left my parents for Lahore – LUMS University."

By then, I could see his sunken eyes moist in tears, though they had not started rolling down his cheeks, but a few more words and such would have ensued.

"I had hardly taken exams for my first semester, when one day I received a call from my neighbor friend, Ali, telling me about my mother's death owing to a serious heart attack."

He stuttered as he spoke now, "My senses went numb, I felt claustrophobic even in the open ground. There I fell unconscious. As soon as I came to senses, I flew back for Karachi."

Tears flowed on his cheeks with a series of sobs and sighs, "My mom had slept a deep slumber, after which there was no wake, I couldn't undo the done—remorse and guilt. If only I had

not disobeyed them, I am the reason she died, and then I realized my parents were right to have stopped me."

And now in a philosophical way, he tried to explain the hacks of life, the point where everyone is at loss, "There are two types of people in the world: one, who think about your happiness, be it by the right way or wrong way, careless of the pros and cons: two, who have a vigilant eye on your future, your benefits and success, selfless of any personal benefits. First can be classified as your friends and companions, while the second are your parents."

He looked at my face and continued rather emphatically, "The point where we go astray, is when we assume the temporary happiness our friends bring as real sincerity, on the other hand what our parents think about us, we find it bitter in the way of our comforts and never realize the fertility of the advice and the fruits it can bear."

"I could achieve in Karachi what I tried to gain in Lahore, but all is lost."

After listening long, I asked him about his father as to what was his reaction. Thereupon he replied, "My father forgave me and erased all the conflicts between us, but now what I can't erase and undo is the remorse over my doings. So please, learn to differ between who is really sincere with you and who isn't, for my friends brought no real benefit to me except a big loss."

I nodded in agreement and reverence, expressed my pity for him and at last shook hands and rose up leaving back for home. On the way back, I kept musing if I listen to my friends more or my parents, and what real good my friendship had borne yet. No, nothing in fact!

# Brady's

The nourishing taste of Scott Baking

# Plain Cake



*Delicious & Delightful*

# Daily Sunnah Schedule

Wake up before fajr ** praise Allah, wipe face and use miswak	Sahih Bukhari, 6312
Last 10 verses of Surah Ale Imran	Sahih Bukhari, 1120
Pray tahajjud	Al-Bukhaari, 4569
2 rakaats sunnah before Salatul Fajr	Sahih Muslim, 112
Morning adhkar	Sahih Abu Dawud 698.
2 rakaats of Salatul Ishraq	At- Tirmidhi 586
Be productive during the day	Ahmad, 26194
4 rakaats sunnah before and 2 after dhuhr	At-Tirmidhi No. 379
Midday nap	At-Tabaraani In Al-awsat, 28
Evening adhkar after Salatul Asr	Sahih Abu Dawud 698.
2 rakaats of sunnah after Salatul Maghreb	At-Tirmidhi, 380;
Nawafil salah any no. of rakaats according to ones ability between Salatul Maghreb and isha	Ahmad 22926
2 rakaats sunnah after Salatul Isha	At-Tirmidhi No. 379
Spend some time with family	Al-Bukhaari, 4569
Recite surah As Sajda and Surah Al Mulk	Al-Tirmidhi 2892
Recite surah Al Ikhlas and the Muawwidhatain	Al-Bukhaari, 4628
Last two verses of surah Al Baqara	Al-Bukhaari 5009
Say, "Allahumma bismika ahyaa wa amoot (O allah, in your name I live and die)"	Al-Bukhaari 6324

\*\* at least an hour before the adhaan of Fajr

# Hadhrat Abbas bin Abdul Muttalib ﷺ

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty captures the details of the vibrant personality of Hadhrat Abbas bin Abdul Muttalib ﷺ



Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ was born to Hadhrat Amna in Makkah while he was an orphan. His grandfather, Abdul Muttalib, took his responsibility and lovingly raised him. At the time of Prophet's birth Abdul Muttalib himself had a two year old son named Abbas. So Hadhrat Abbas ﷺ and Prophet ﷺ grew up together and their affection for each other could be visibly seen as he was better than a brother though he was an uncle. Later in their lives, very often, people enquired him as to who was elder, Muhammad ﷺ or himself. Hadhrat Abbas always replied them in an intriguing way, "Muhammad is much bigger but I am two years older in age."

A very important responsibility of Zam Zam well and distribution of water to pilgrims was efficiently carried out by Abdul Muttalib. After his death, this duty was transferred to Hadhrat Abbas. Professionally he was a spice merchant, a trade that made him wealthy and with that too he managed the system of water aptly.

## Conversion to Islam

When Prophet ﷺ began preaching Islam, the polytheists became his worst enemy. They tortured and persecuted him and his companions in all the worst possible ways. In those difficult times, Hadhrat Abbas protected him and helped him in his mission.

Some narrations report that though he pro-

tected his Muslim kinsmen, he himself had not accepted Islam till the eighth Hijrah, exactly before the conquest of Makkah. The other narrations reveal that he was an early convert but due to certain reasons he had not announced his new faith. His wife Lubaba bint Haris was the second woman after Hadhrat Khadija to embrace Islam. This couple was famously known as Abul Fadl and Ummul Fadl.

## Life in Makkah

Hadhrat Abbas acted as a spokesman in the Pledge of Uqbah. He took promise from the residents of Yathrib that they will protect Prophet ﷺ and also reminded them that they should not be amongst those who break their promise. He also accompanied Prophet ﷺ to different tribes in order to present Islam in front of them. Thus he supported his friend and nephew with complete devotion.

Hadhrat Abbas sought permission to migrate to Madinah but Prophet ﷺ refrained him from doing so by saying, "The way Allah ended Prophethood on me likewise He will end the migration on you." Words spoken by Prophet ﷺ had to be true. Before the conquest of Makkah, Hadhrat Abbas declared his faith and set off for Madinah with his family. All the while he was in Makkah, he was given a share in booty by Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ as he was a Muslim who stayed back for certain reasons.

Hadhrat Abbas did not want to come out



Later in their lives, very often, people enquired him as to who was elder, Muhammad ﷺ or himself. Hadhrat Abbas always replied them in an intriguing way, "Muhammad is much bigger but I am two years older in age."

against his nephew in the Battle of Badr but as he was still in Makkah and was severely pressurized by the Makkans to join them, he became a part of the Makkan army. Prophet ﷺ had warned his companions that there will be two people, if you see them do not attack them. One is Abul Bakhtari ibn al Hishaam and the other was Hadhrat Abbas. At the end of the battle he was taken captive and taken to Madinah. Clothes were provided to the prisoners by the Muslims so that they could change but Hadhrat Abbas could not fit into any of them as he was quite a tall man. Only Abdullah bin Ubai, a staunch hypocrite was tall like him therefore he provided his clothes to Hadhrat Abbas. When he died, Prophet ﷺ gave him his own clothes to be dressed in them and returned the favour that Abdullah bin Ubai did for his uncle.

After the siege of Makkah, Hadhrat Abbas took part in the battle of Hunain. This battle was a test for Muslims because the opponent's arrows were proving to be perilous. In these arduous moments, Hadhrat Abbas stood implacably. He firmly held the reins of the Prophet's ﷺ horse and called the Muslims to fight back bravely. This valiant and daring man also took part in the Battle of Taif and then Tabuk.

On the auspicious occasion of Hajjatul Wida, Hadhrat Abbas was mounted with Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ on the same animal. There Prophet ﷺ nullified all the money given on interest since the days of ignorance. He further declared that to begin with this rule he void the interest of Hadhrat Abbas bin Abdul Muttalib. On the sad demise of Prophet ﷺ, Hadhrat Abbas and two of his sons, Fadl and

Qutum, were among the companions who bathed him.

### **Relationship with Rashidun Caliphs**

Hadhrat Abbas was a stalwart. He was equally loved, admired and respected by all the Muslims. Once Hadhrat Umar was reconsidering the stipends given to the companions of Prophet ﷺ. He revised the stipends of Hadhrat Abbas and made it equal to that of the participants of Badr.

In that same period, they faced a draught. This year was named "Aam-ur-Ramadah", the year of dry spell. As it is a habit of Momineen to ask for Allah's help by Salah, they came out for Salat ul Istisqa (salah for rain). They came out once but it did not rain, they prayed the second time but still it did not rain. Hadhrat Umar announced that he knows a man on whom Allah would have mercy and will grant rain. Hadhrat Abbas was an old man then. Hadhrat Umar requested him to come out and pray for them and then raised his hands for dua, "O Allah! We are asking you with Abbas, the uncle of Prophet ﷺ present in our midst, with Ali bin Talib and Hassan and Hussain, to grant us with rainfall." Hadhrat Abbas then started praying and before his hands descended it started to rain. It rained such that it ended the draught.

### **Death**

In thirty two Hijra, when he was eighty six or eighty eight years old, he died on a Friday. He was buried by his son Hadhrat Abdullah. He left four daughters and eight sons. May Allah grant us their companionship in Jannah. Ameen



**HAHAHA!**

This sentences contains exactly threeee errors.

The third error? The fact that there are only two errors.

## RAMADAN WORDSEARCH

Ramadan is a very special month for Muslims. This year, try and pray every salah and read more Quran. You get extra reward for any good deed you do in Ramadan!

E	A	R	A	S	U	H	U	R	E
R	U	E	T	A	O	P	H	T	W
T	E	E	A	B	T	S	A	F	M
I	W	W	S	A	I	R	L	H	A
F	Q	A	B	R	A	E	I	R	S
L	V	V	E	W	H	W	F	T	J
U	Q	D	E	U	G	A	T	I	I
D	J	E	H	S	B	R	A	F	D
I	H	O	R	P	S	D	A	Q	U
E	Q	U	R	A	N	N	R	O	A

TARAWEEH	REWARD	MASJID	EID UL FITR
TASBEEH	IFTAAR	SUHUR	QURAN

How do mathematicians scold their children?

A: "If I've told you n times, I've told you n+1 times ..."

Jenny: I can tell if someone is lying just by looking at him.

Penny: Really?

Jenny: Yep. I can tell if he is standing too.

A guy gets pulled over by a cop. The cop asks, "You're speeding! Didn't you see the speed limit sign?" The man replied, "Yeah I saw the speed limit sign, but I didn't see you."

Q: What happens when an artist has trouble finding inspiration?

A: She draws a blank.

What is the ONE WORD  
which can be used to  
Complete ALL these  
words?

DE \_ \_ \_ ST

F \_ \_ \_

SH \_ \_ \_

ST \_ \_ \_

D \_ \_ \_

P \_ \_ \_ NT

C \_ \_ \_





# A test from Allah

Written by Lina Shaukat  
12 years, Hifz student  
Canada Toronto

I stared at the doctor's mouth form those words, those terrifying words and time begin to slow down.

At first I felt numb, then reality sank in. I realized it was real, it happened, this wasn't some bad dream. My body started to shake with the realization and tears started to leak out. I wanted to scream, I wanted to cry. This didn't make sense.

I kept on shaking my head.  
'No no no no!' I thought. This can't be happening to me.

I'm Aaliyah Ahmed, the girl whose life goes the way she wants, how she wants it. The girl with the perfect family, successful parents, great looks, high intelligence, immense popularity and a lot of money. Basically, the easiest and most carefree life anyone can ever ask for. But I took it all for granted until... it was all over in an instant.  
My perfect life was over.

My family, the three people I cared about the most were gone.

And it happened so fast. It felt just like it was a second ago when my mom was right beside in the car laughing at something that my sister had just said and how I rolled my eyes saying it was the lamest joke I've ever heard, not knowing that they would be the last words I would ever say to them. Not knowing that one minute later it would all disappear, and the next thing I knew, the car jerked sideways, I heard someone scream as a shot of pain went through my body and everything went black.

I was the only living one in the car accident. That's what the doctors had said. They said it was a miracle that I survived with a concussion at most.  
But all I did was cry. Then the Janazah happened.

I couldn't move, couldn't think. I just stared at the pale lifeless bodies of my family. Wonder-

“Even when I had everything I had never felt this peace that I felt right now, although I was grieving.”

ing why?

Why did this have to happen?

It wasn't fair. Why did Allah have to do this to me?

People embraced me so tightly that it hurt to breathe, weeping and whispering promises that it was going to be okay. All I did was stand there numb, not having anymore tears to cry out.

These people didn't even care about me or my family anyway. Their tears were fake. They just wanted our money. That's why they came in the first place. You see as soon as the news of my family's demise spread around town and the fact that I was the only one left, adoption requests from people who I had never even met came flying in. My case worker immediately declined them all and decided to send me to an orphanage far away from this city for the next four years.

I was still staying at the hospital until I recovered completely.

“You're discharged,” the nurse said the next day.

She looked down shaking her head. “I'm really sorry for your loss.”

Well she was the only one that offered her sincere condolences. Some random nurse who didn't even mean anything to me. None of my friends did, I couldn't believe them. They didn't even visit me or even send me a text if you don't count the funeral.

Oh well, it's not like I needed them anyway.

I heaved a sigh and dragged myself to the cab waiting for me.

When I reached the place I once called home, nothing felt special anymore.

All those memories were just ghosts of my fam-

ily. I was supposed to pack my belongings and anything important because I would go live at an orphanage until I was eligible to inherit my parent's wealth. I looked for things to pack and I finally found some family photographs that caught my eye.

My heart started to clench as I stared at them. My old wounds that were patching up had opened up again and all the hurt and sadness that I felt numb to since the funeral came rushing back. As I went through the photos, I saw a photo of me and my sister reciting the Quran and our mother teaching us. It reminded me of how religious I was and how I was always mindful of Allah subhana wat'aala's blessings. How all of this had come from Allah and he could take it anytime he wished. It made me realize that in all the time I was grieving I did not even think of Allah subhana wa ta'ala. All I did was complain to him. He was the one who took their lives away by His will. That this was a test from Allah subhana wa tala. He was the one I was going to return to and he was the one I should turn to. I was too busy complaining about how it wasn't fair that it happened to me of all people even though there were so many people that went through so much worse than me.

I slowly walked to the prayer room and for some reason, maybe out of guilt, my eyes welled up with tears. I performed 2 raka'at nafl Salah and took the Holy Quran from the bookshelf. My hands trembled as I slowly opened the book of Allah - guilty that I hadn't recited anything but Surah Yaseen at the funeral.

My voice started to shake as I begin to recite the Quran. As I was reciting I came across an ayah which I knew the meaning of and tears began to spill into an endless waterfall, the

ayah was as follows:

“Every soul shall taste death, and you shall surely be paid your wages in full on the day of resurrection; then whoever has kept away from the fire and admitted into Paradise, he has indeed attained the goal. The life of this world is but the stuff of delusion.” (Ale-Imran:185).

I was trapped in that delusion. And I was so caught in this world that I forgot that one day I had to return to my Creator. And it took the death of my entire family for me to realize that. I forgot that my perfect life was Allah Subhana wat’ala’s blessing and because I did not thank Allah for it, he took it away...

I cried and cried praying to Allah because he was the only one I had left. And as I cried, I realized that real happiness lies with Allah subhana wa ta’ala.

Even when I had everything I had never felt this peace that I felt right now, although I was grieving. My family’s death had also made me aware of how Allah could take a person’s life any time, any place He wants and it made me aware that this world was all fake and our true life lies in the hereafter. Wealth, popularity and beauty did not matter in this world.

I heard the cab driver call me and I realized it was time for me to go. I rose from the prayer mat and made a promise, a resolve to myself that I would try to get closer to Allah. I would not forget that this world is a trial and our real lives were in the hereafter.

As I stepped out of the house, I also stepped out of my old life and now, I was not the Aaliyah Ahmed who had a perfect life that got destroyed. I was just Aaliyah Ahmed, a girl who went through something every believer does - a test from Allah

### **Continued from pg 09**

Refrain from responding needlessly, especially on bigger groups where each message and laughing emoji lands in a dozen inboxes. I mean, value other people’s time as much as you value yours.

Reply to people in private whenever possible to reduce message pollution on groups. Exit unnecessary groups, especially high traffic ones.

Turn off wifi on your phone for as long as possible, eg in the night hours, and turn it on only when you are ready to receive messages. This is the only hack for WA not providing a logout feature. Some people diligently follow a schedule for wifi hours, and it works perfectly for them.

Call people, instead of messaging, whenever possible. This will save a lot of time and keep things easy.

If you want to share a nice link/image/post with many people, just post it on your status instead of forwarding individually.

Sometimes, deleting WA from your phone and using only the web version from your computer may provide a befitting solution. Never open WA on computer when studying or working.

All in all, use social media and cellphones like a fitnah (trial) - carefully and sparingly, instead of indulging into them like a pastime or a habit or a luxury. As a teacher said: “The Bani Israel were inflicted by frogs which contaminated everything around them, doesn’t it feel like we have been infested by cellphones in the same way?”

So yes, you can reclaim your sanity and #Be-WhatsAppWise! It’s not that hard after all.

*Umm Aymun is a homeschooling mother and blogs at [pakistanhomeschooler.wordpress.com](http://pakistanhomeschooler.wordpress.com)*

Laziness begets nothing  
but a Great Loss!



Written by  
Manaal Amin  
The Avicenna School  
Karachi

“Today, I will play pakram pakrai in the garden next to the masjid. Will you join me?” Aamir wrote on the piece of paper and passed that chit to his friend, Ali, sitting close to him. In return, he wrote a reply and passed it to Aamir. These two back benchers, unknown to teacher, were busy in chatting, not even realizing how important was the lesson that she was delivering.

At home time, everybody was worried and gossiping about the test the next day. But not Aamir and Ali. They were talking related to their play time.

.....

As soon as the poor farmer laid down his head on the small, hard, uncomfortable matters to take a little nap, he heard the voice of his son entering the house. He called his son Aamir and told him to sell the two dozen eggs in the market and from that money bring the flour during the day light. When he went out, he paddled on the road for few minutes, kept the basket

aside and began to play with his friends.

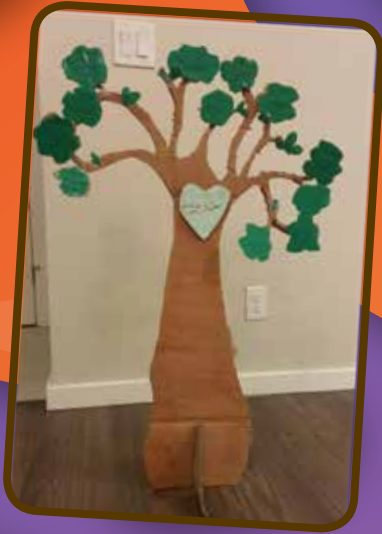
When the darkness prevailed, all the friends starting saying goodbye to each other. Suddenly the order of his father made him worried.

He immediately rashed towards the market. In the darkness, he didn't see the empty can and slipped. As a result, all the eggs got broken and his hands and legs were little injured too. Aamir angrily, half ashamed and empty stomach went to sleep.

.....

Two days later, when the teacher returned their test papers, Aamir was jealous of his friends and classmates who got full marks and he got a straight zero.

At night, while lying on the bed, he realised his mistakes and thought that his laziness brings him great failure. His laziness has made him a loser. ‘So, why don't I change myself from tomorrow onwards?’ he thought to himself



Haniya Abbasi



Hooria Farhan



Maheerah M. Ali



Muhammad Ahmed  
Ali



Ameera Mahar



Muhammad Zaid  
Zainab Zia



# Star and crescent moon mobile

## You will need:

Card  
Paint or glue and glitter  
String  
Stick

## Instructions:

Draw crescent moon and stars. Cut out.

Paint both sides of each, or cover with glue and glitter.

Punch a hole in each and tie through a piece of string or yarn.

Tie the other ends of the string to a twig or lolly stick. Tie a piece of string to the middle of the twig to hang the mobile by the crib or somewhere high up.

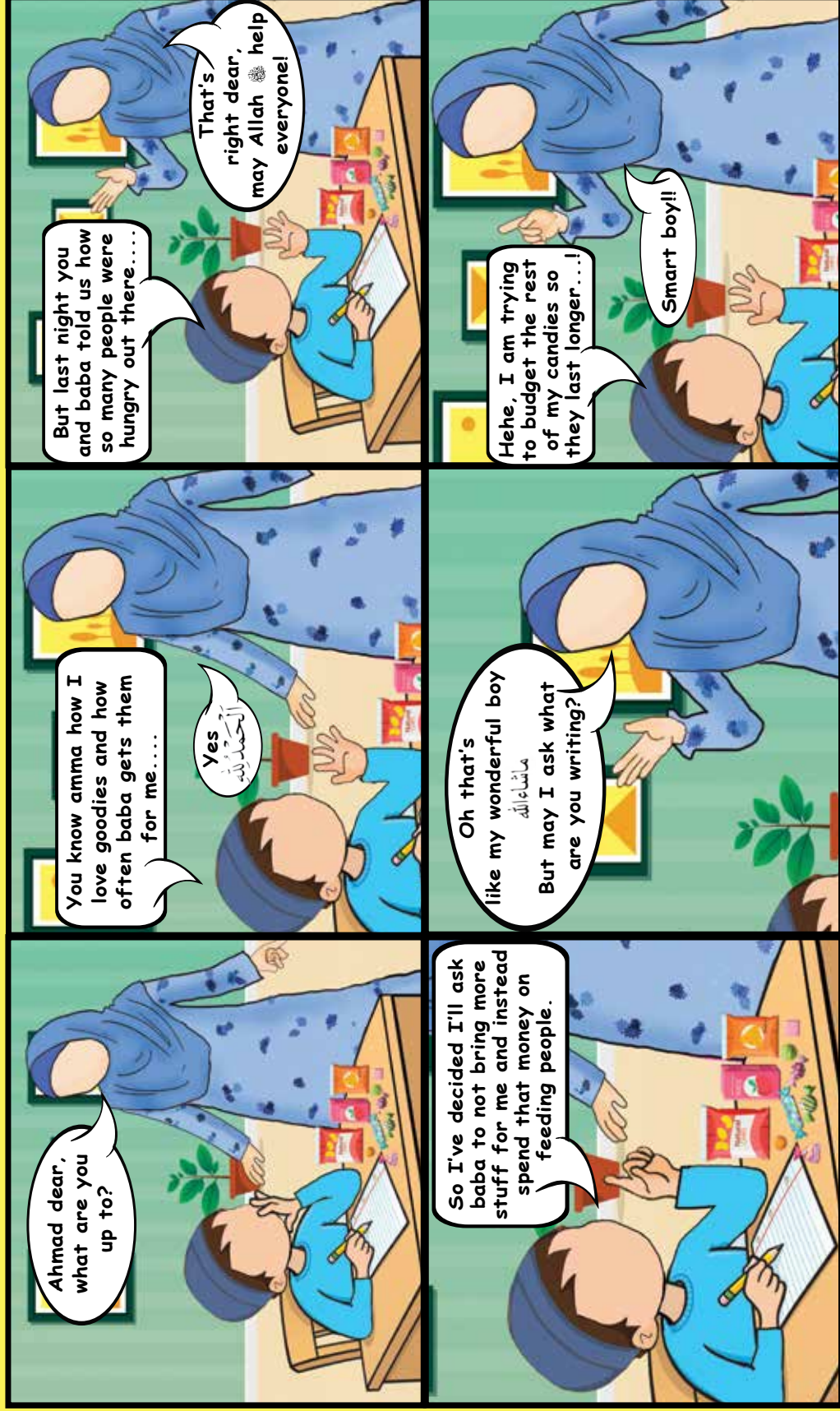
You can also make 3,4 like these and hang them together to make a bigger and brighter variation.



# Life lessons locked in by lockdown

Concept by Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir





کیوں نہ ہم ارادہ کر لیں  
کوئی ہمارا بھائی اس رمضان بھوکا نہ رہے

تحفہ رمضان تقسیم کرنے کے تین باسپولت اور منفرد انداز

**3**

سارے مہینے (ڈونرز) راشن کی باواسطہ وصولی کیلئے مستحقین کو ہمارے کر سکتے ہیں۔ رمضان تکبیر کی تکبیر کے وقت ڈانر مستحق کے کوآف (مکمل نام اور موبائل نمبر) مہیا کریں گے جسکے ذریعے ہمارے فائنڈس نامزد مستحقین کو مشورہ جاری ہے امدادی مرکز کراچی سے رمضان تک جاری کریں گے۔

**2**

مخیر حضرات چٹائی بنگلے کے بعد بیت اسلام امدادی مرکز کراچی سے 15 شعبان کے بعد دی گئی مقررہ تاریخ پر راشن وصول کر کے اپنے مستحقین میں ضرور قلمند خانہ داروں میں خود سے تقسیم کر سکتے ہیں۔

**1**

بیت اسلام امدادی مرکز کے رضاکارانہ خیر حضرات کی جانب سے خریدے گئے تحفہ رمضان راشن تکبیر کو تکبیر سے تصدیق شدہ اور رجسٹرڈ مستحقین تک امدادی کے ساتھ پہنچانے کی خدمت پیش کر رہا ہے۔

**MEEZAN BANK (ZAKAT)**  
TITLE: BAITUSSALAM WELFARE TRUST  
ACCOUNT NO: 0127-0101099706

**MEEZAN BANK (SADQA)**  
TITLE: BAITUSSALAM WELFARE TRUST  
ACCOUNT NO: 0127-0102749031

**BANK ISLAMIC (ZAKAT)**  
TITLE: BAITUSSALAM WELFARE TRUST  
ACCOUNT NO: 1024-1030892-0002

**BANK ISLAMIC (SADQA)**  
TITLE: BAITUSSALAM WELFARE TRUST  
ACCOUNT NO: 1024-1030906-0002

**بیت السلام ویلفیئر ٹرسٹ**

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