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choice

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blessing

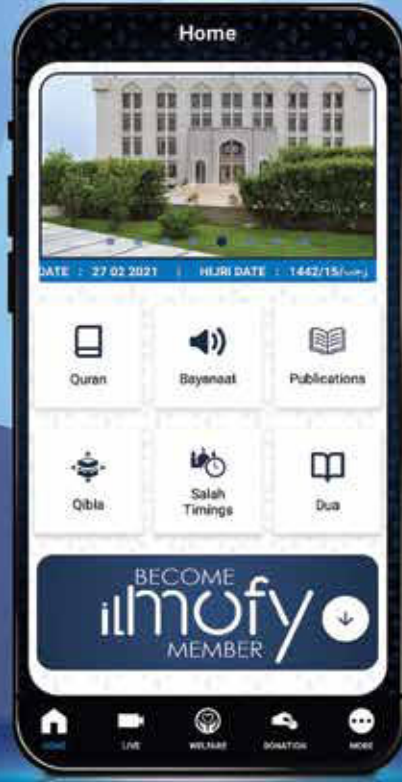
The
expedition
of Hajj



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If I was a Haji

Waves of utter joy speared through her entire being as she received the news of her friend preparing for the journey of her lifetime. How lucky mash'Allah, to be chosen as Allah's guest this year. Immediately the images of all the rituals and places of Hajj came sweeping every corner of her mind. However, a deep piercing thought also engulfed her: "Will I be called again by Him? Ever? Perhaps no chance after the not-so-good-enough-Hajj I performed some years back as well as considering the Covid dismay everywhere..." she thought to herself.

She recalled how after coming back from the spiritual high of Hajj she had fallen into total despair. She didn't know what she was expecting, but at least expected things to be "different" you know? Like if Allah ﷻ accepted her Hajj and her duas then life should have started to change for the better. It almost felt like her Hajj wasn't good enough although she did everything to the best of her ability and knowledge.

Once a Haji arrives back home, he can feel a striking contrast between the lands of Hajj and the 'normal' home environment, as if Madinah, Makkah, Mina, Arafah and Muzdalifah are not in the real world. She recalled how she too returned to the surroundings of hardship, laziness and sin. Despite all the wonderful gains from the weeks she had just spent as a guest of Allah, and while she knew that the real work of Hajj only starts once you get home - in that you need to live your Hajj for the rest of your life - the circumstances of normal life soon eroded all the ambitious plans she had for spending her life as one of Allah's special people.

So now what? Tiny pearls paved their way down her eyes as she recognised that she is bound to slip. But hey... isn't being a human itself mean that we would slip and fall into sin? So she understood that the test is whether she follows that sin with immediate repentance or not. In this way, she can keep her slate as

clean as possible Insha'Allah. Even when she won't recognise sins, she should make it a habit of daily istighfar (seeking forgiveness from Allah) for it is reported that the Prophet ﷺ made istighfar more than 100 times a day! So making istighfar not only helps keep one spiritually clean, but also gives us more virtues for acting upon a sunnah.

It's like pelting that Shaytaan again and again, just as she stoned him in those ideal days. Whenever we notice his whisperings/temptations coming to us back home, repeat that pelting in your mind.

She recalled how very sad it was to leave Makkah, especially after she'd made her final tawaf and left the Grand Mosque. Like millions of others before her, she dreamt of going back for Hajj again. But to make this desire a reality, those feelings need to move beyond just nostalgia and emotional yearning. Allah promises that if we're grateful, He will give us more. (Ibrahim, 14: 7)

Somehow, in that moment, she felt that if she showed true gratitude for the journey He had granted her, Insha'Allah she can earn an invitation to go again. Real gratitude to Allah ﷻ is to use His blessing in a manner that he desires of them. For instance, using the eyes for seeing the lawful only. Likewise, those who performed Hajj should be very keen to avoid evil and shameful deeds especially after Allah has forgiven all their previous sins.

Nonetheless, now that she wasn't invited for the sacred journey this year, she prayed to Allah ﷻ that may He still help her be like a Haji, like a new born baby who is washed of all sins by the golden gates of repentance that are open for anyone, anytime, anywhere. Aameen

Was'salam,

Umm Abdullah

Editor.radiance@baitussalam.org

Wise sayings from Ibn Tahmiyyah Rahimahullah

“If you do good in secret, Allah will show-
er His good on you in public.”

“Some people have the disease of criti-
cising all the time. They forget the good
about others and only mention their
faults. They are like flies that avoid the
good and pure places and land on the bad
and wounds. This is because of the evil
within the self and the spoiled nature”

“Seek (beneficial) knowledge, because
seeking it for the sake of Allaah is a wor-
ship. And knowing it makes you more
God-fearing; and searching for it is jihad,
teaching it to those who do not know is
charity, reviewing and learning it more is
like tasbeeh. Through knowledge Allaah
will be known and worshiped.”

“Avoiding the temptation to sin and be-
ing patient upon that, is greater than
being patient whilst being afflicted with
trials.”

“The disease that knowledge brings is
arrogance, and the disease that worship
brings is showing off.”

“Men mixing with women is like
fire mixing with wood.”

“The sincere hearts and
the pious supplications
are soldiers which can
never be defeated”

• “Men mixing with
women is like fire mixing
with wood.”

My journey to Hijab

Part 2 of 2

Hafsa Kamal shares some insider hopes and fears when back in life she started her beautiful hijab journey

What if they make fun of me? Or worse, call me an extremist? Does it really make me an extremist to want to cover up a lot more than an average Muslimah? Allah knows.

And, I said, *لَا يَكْلِفُ اللَّهُ نَفْسًا إِلَّا وُسْعَهَا*, Allah, I can't bear any negativity. I fear the slightest criticism will make me crumble. I do not want to give up on this.'

I heard my dad walk behind me. I got into the car. That was that.

I recall the very first step I took in school, I felt like a museum piece. Every pair of eyes I passed by was gawking at me unabashedly. But I stood my ground. I looked ahead. I slowly paced towards my assembly line. And, I might choke up a bit reminiscing this, every girl in my class, including the two Christians in our batch, came to hug me. A warm embrace. A simple, 'What you are doing is wonderful.' Not one person did otherwise. Then our teacher, the most fashionable one in the entire school,

clad in her stunning jeans and shirt, walked up to me and asked if my decision was a recent one. I responded with yes. She patted me on the shoulder and smiled.

Slow breath, so far so good, I was getting used to the idea of being this odd sheep in the class. However, knowing my girls had my back felt nothing short of a miracle. We were supposed to fill in our diaries. I opened the first page. An interesting question about our achievements popped up. I raised my hand. The teacher came to me.

'I don't have any accomplishments so far, may I leave this blank?'

'Write about your niqab,' her glossy lips stretched into a smile, 'that is the biggest accomplishment a person could have.'

I cannot explain the warm fuzzy feeling filling my insides after she said that. No one had made me feel so good about myself before this. I absolutely love her, still. And, that is for another story, but it really shows how Allah

I recall the very first step I took in school, I felt like a museum piece. Every pair of eyes I passed by was gawking at me unabashedly.

can pave the way for others through you and your actions.

Is Hijab really this easy though?

A decade and a half later, Allah brought me to this country and I went through all the hardships and backlash any person would formerly receive who is into the beginning of their journey. The glory of Allah, however, is how He shows me that I became way too comfortable with the niqab.

He reminded me this act of faith is not just a habit, but a lifestyle. And He showed me that it is not what and how I think of it as. The world scrutinizes our every move under a microscope. We have been rejected apartments for the mere fact that I covered my face. I have been screamed at, before my kids, simply for a cloth on my face. I have been stopped on the streets and told to take my veil off. I have been harassed by passersby, interjecting on my right to practice my religion as per the country's law (Oh, the irony), because, 'Das ist Deutschland.'

However, just when I had been demoralized and dehumanized enough, Allah brought another miraculous encounter into my life. The supermarket was crowded. A woman in a muted beige Hijab with four boys in tow, walked by. I did not think much of it till she intercepted me and complimented me on my bravery. Then she asked me for my number.

That one day, when I was at my lowest point

in life, I met Yasmin, my now Austrian convert best friend. The pillar who showed me that the light does not always have to shine brightly to be beautiful. Even the bleakest moments did not seem so bleak after I talk to her. To find a soul that loves me purely for the sake of Allah is the most cherished gift I could have ever asked for in return for the many nights I cried into my pillow over the way I had been treated for my niqab.

Lo and behold! With the novel COVID-19 and the sanction of masks, face coverings are no longer taken as threats. I tread on the streets of Das Deutschland without being stared down or flipped off at. Oh, how the tables have turned.

I reiterate the eye-opening journey I have had as a niqabi. It really does feel more like a roller-coaster ride every day. It is always a zigzagged high and low. It has helped me recognize that people in general do not have an insight on how and what niqabis are besides the stereotypical fundamentalists. I started using social media to vocalize how misjudged we are as a group. And I fight for our rights to be recognized as respectable members of society who are just as normal as the next person. A cloth on our head and on our face is simply a token of what we think is right. It does not make us any less literate or any less human.

This was my niqab journey. A decade long one. And I definitely intend to make it longer. Insha' Allah



The Killer Silence

Bint e Abdul Ghafoor opens up a window for us all into the fearful life of a palestenian child; awakening awaited...

Living in the heart of Palestine, Gaza, I have never felt peaceful in my entire life. There has always been a silent alarm of danger going off in the city. It's just like a nightmare that doesn't end...

Thick tension hung in the room as our family sat on the dining table, having our food. The only sound that could be heard was the clattering of the cutlery and the blaring of the screen that hung on the wall not too far away. The host of the channel was portraying the news of the dozens more martyred and the hundreds that got injured that very day. I clearly remember how just a few days ago my father and sweet little sister were among those killed. I remember how it shattered my mother, and the burden of being the breadwinner of the family fell on her shoulders. The news had affected us all, we were never to hear again our

father's gruff voice scolding and laughing with us. We were never to hear one-year-old Alia cry for her food...

Just hours ago, we had waved them off, praying to Allah SWT for their safety and now, they were returning home lifeless.

But, nevertheless, we had to stand up. Palestinian children have to bear that burden.

"Your Aunt Maryam was martyred today as well. May Allah grant her a place in Jannah." My mother speaks in a low voice that seemed to come from very far away. Her eyes were losing the spark she had before. There were dark circles under them.

"Ameen." My brother and I chorused. Minutes later, a loud bang burst my eardrums. I



couldn't even scream before a heavy weight fell on me.

The next thing I knew, I was waking up in a strange room, my body feeling extremely heavy all of a sudden. I was feeling pain all over but then in a frenzy, I tried to sit up, only to be met with intense pain. I fell back onto the bed as I examined everything around me. Everything in my line of sight was white, the ceiling, the walls. There was a constant beeping noise coming from somewhere, when I turned my head towards it, I found a machine showing some kind of a heart rate pattern. I saw some wires were connected to it leading down to my arm.

All of a sudden a voice echoed in the room. When I turned my head in the direction of the voice, I found a man covered in white from head to toe.

"I see you are awake." All of a sudden a voice echoed in the room. When I turned my head in

the direction of the voice, I found a man covered in white from head to toe. From the stethoscope that hung on his neck, I automatically assumed he was a doctor.

"What happened?" My voice came out screechy, as panic took over.

"Now now, I want you to calm down. Take deep breaths." The doctor spoke in a gentle voice as he came towards me. For a few minutes, I struggled to keep calm. Then, he spoke, "Your house got targeted in an air strike." At that moment my heart stopped beating. "Your family has gone to heaven. I am sorry but only your brother is alive and he too is in a very critical condition." The world crumbled underneath me. I started gasping for breaths as my heart squeezed till I couldn't even breathe. Everything started going black as I wondered why the leaders of the World that stood up for every small cause were silent today. Why they turned a blind eye to the fact that hundreds and thousands of children were losing their families? Why are the Muslims silent today when they should have spoken a long time ago? If they had truly spoken for their religion, no one could have stood in front of them...

The Righteous Choice

Part 1 of 2

1st prize winner of Haya (modesty)
Story writing competition

Adeen Ahmed's
spectacular story shows how girls giving in
to peer pressure finally lose all prestige and
stay with the guilt all their lives

“Eraj! Come on, you’ll be late for college!” called her mother.

Eraj flew down the stairs. Finally the long-awaited day’s sun had risen. She was going to college! And not just any college – one of the most prestigious colleges in Islamabad. She stopped to look at herself in the hall mirror. Her eyes sparkled with the mere thought of reaching another level in her life.

“Eraj, darling, here you go,” her mother handed her the lunch, “and where’s your hijab?”

All happy thoughts were suddenly stamped out with reality. “What?”

“Your scarf, dear,” her mother told her, looking deep into her daughter’s eyes.

“Oh, mum! Do I really have to wear it?” Eraj’s face distorted into a look of pain.

“But Eraj, it is Allah’s command and obligation on us!” Her mother admonished, handing her a scarf. “Besides, everyone in our family wears the hijab. Go on, be quick, or you’ll be late.”

Eraj dolefully donned the vile yellow scarf. It was a pretty print, but Eraj was in no mood to admire the design. She sat silent in the back of the car as her mother dropped her off, placed a kiss on her cheek, and drove off to a Dawah

meeting.

The campus was enormous – if it weren’t for the big map attached on a wall, Eraj might’ve gotten lost. She looked about her, unsure of what she was to do. There were students and teachers walking across the campus, people in groups chatting, some people running by to classes. She felt lost amongst it all. Didn’t that teacher tell her that there would be someone to show her around? But she couldn’t see anyone. She nervously fidgeted from foot to foot, wondering what to do.

Suddenly a girl with long hair approached her. “Hey, you a newbie?”

“Um – yes,” she answered.

The girl looked her up and down. She seemed surprised – not to see her, but Eraj felt that she thought there was something strange about her.

“Your name is...?” queried the girl.

“Eraj Hashmi,” she told her.

“Oh, it’s you! Yeah, Miss Rana told me to look after you. Hi, I’m Lila. I’m in Third Year.” She smiled with her lipsticked mouth.

“Oh...uh, hello,” said Eraj, feeling guilty at not saying Assalamoaleikum. But after all, this is a

A few months had gone by with Eraj's scheme. That was when, one chilly day in early December, her aunt Maryam came to visit from Karachi.

hi-fi college.

"Come on, I'll show you around," the girl gestured her towards a few others of her own age. "I've been making friends with all the other newbies. This is Bushra, Maria, Faizeen, and Jameela. Follow me, you girls!"

The day passed by in a blur. They had visited the different departments, explored the library, had an orientation with the seniors, and an introduction class with Miss Rana. Although Eraj enjoyed her first day of college, something kept eating away at her inside.

She was literally the only girl with a hijab in the entire campus. Everywhere she went, she felt that people were staring at her. She didn't know why they were staring until Jameela pointed out during lunch, "Hey, Eraj! Why are you wearing a scarf? Do you take it every time? Why you do so?"

Eraj was taken aback at that point. She mumbled something about her mother telling her to and that everyone in my family wore it. Immediately after her answer, the group broke into a light laugh.

"It looks a bit simple on you," said Bushra.

"We're just girls now," said Jameela. "When we're older we'll wear stuff like that."

"Anyway, what about that new hairstyle of yours that you were going to get, Maria?" asked Faizeen.

"Oh yes," said Maria. "I'll get it tomorrow, full-on golden dye."

Sitting with those girls was the only option Eraj had, and whenever they talked, it was about fashion. It made her feel sad that she herself couldn't do it, and she felt left out. Why couldn't she put on some makeup once in

a while, or wear tights sometimes? Her mother had forbidden her, but why couldn't she do what everyone else was doing? She was only a girl, not some old woman!

A fortnight had passed by. She felt bitter and sad. Everyone ignored her. And then - in a frantic attempt to be like the others, to be accepted - she did it.

It was a nice, clear morning. She rang up Jameela's number which she'd gotten from Lila. The phone rang four times. "Hello?"

"Hi, Jameela," said Eraj, hoping her voice wasn't wavering. "I - I want to ask a favour of you. Can I come over to your house in a few minutes?"

"Uh, why?" Distaste and confusion were flowing in Jameela's voice.

"I - I have to - to -" she hesitated, and then, in the time span of two minutes five seconds, she told her the plan.

The plan was simple. She asked her mother to drop her off at Jameela's instead, because it was getting tedious for her to drive her to college five miles North and then head back fifteen miles South to her dawah meetings. In fake consideration, the trick worked and as soon as Eraj entered Jameela's house, off went the hijab and simple clothes and on went a T-shirt with tight leggings and makeup. Jameela's mother drove them to college.

Eraj knew her plan had been successful. Within days her status was elevated to those of her friends. She became instantly popular. She hung out with Jameela, Bushra, Maria and Faizeen. After college, when Eraj's mother thought she was studying with her friends, the group was shopping at the mall. As Faizeen put it, Eraj was living the life. She no longer

cared for her hijab – that flimsy old thing that she only wore at boring old family gatherings or when she was out with her mother. While guests of her mother praised Eraj for her modesty, it was a very immodest Eraj hanging out with the cool girls at college.

Everyone knows that one time or the other a person must get caught for the wrong he does. May it be soon or may it be late, Allah always lifts the veil from the eyes of the one being tricked. Satan may have had his time of luxury by dwelling in people's hearts, but Allah always shows the right way to the right people.

A few months had gone by with Eraj's scheme. That was when, one chilly day in early December, her aunt Maryam came to visit from Karachi. Eraj's grandmother held a family gathering and there was quite some happenings in the house as everyone was busy making preparations. Finally the day arrived. At eight o'clock, when the guests started arriving, Eraj's mother bade her to go upstairs and change her clothes, as she had been extremely busy in the kitchen. "Do wear the white dress with the little pink flowers on it, dear, the one with the cream hijab," she told her, as Eraj rushed up the stairs, "you look so sweet in it!"

Eraj quickly changed her clothes, carefully setting the scarf on her head in the way Aunt Maryam had showed her. She looked at herself in the mirror. She wanted to smile, to feel happy, but she felt a little prick of guilt when it suddenly came to her that approximately eight hours ago, she was wearing something entirely different. And looking at herself in the glass, suddenly her reflection spoke aloud, 'So, this is you with your mother, hmm? You do look sweet. But outside with your friends. . . nice sight you look then.'

She shook her head. As if the person in the mirror could talk. It was nothing but a stupid hallucination. She slipped on her sandals and went down to meet the guests.




After serving everyone the delicious chicken curry she had made, Mrs. Hamid smiled at



Eraj and her mother. "What a lovely daughter you have," she praised. "So unlike in dress and manner than the other girls one meets. May Allah bless her!"


Comments like these were being showered down on her. Cold guilt was flowing through her veins. Oh, she thought, I wish this horrid feeling would stop! I oughtn't feel awful at such a happy occasion.

Continued Insh'Allah..

Continued from pg 17

butcher the companion of Hadhrat Moosa  in Jannah. It was his mother's khidmah also that gave Hadhrat Owais Qarni  the title of a blessed companion despite never having met the Prophet . It might just be your obedience and respect for your parents that will grant you Jannah and everything good in this world as well!

And for those of us unfortunate to have lost our parents, the Prophet  is known to have said that any child that wishes to be resurrected amongst the Muslims who had been obedient to their parents, should remember his parents when he is doing good deeds and make esaal-e-sawaab for them (i.e. make niyat to dedicate the reward of his good deeds to his parents). He should meet their loved ones, relatives and friends with politeness and respect and most of all he should continuously make dua for their forgiveness. Insha'Allah Allah  will raise him along with the obedient children on the day of judgement.

May Allah  make all of us a sadqa-e-jariyah for our parents. Ameen

Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed



Lets see if you remember the details about Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed. You and your friend can also do this together. The one who knows the answer will raise the hand first and will get a point. At the end of the quiz, the one who scores more points will be the WINNER.

Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed participated in more than battles.

- 78
- 79
- 8
- 81

2. Saifullah means,

- Love of Allah
- Sword of Allah
- Mercy of Allah
- Nearest to Allah

3. Nine swords of Hadhrat Khalid broke during the battle fought in the valley of

- Mautah
- Uhad
- Badr
- Tabuk

4. Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed is buried in

- Makkah
- Madinah
- Syria
- Mautah

5. Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed was taken unbeatable by his oppressors because of his

- Military prowess
- Intelligence
- Generosity
- None of the above

- 5. Military prowess
- 4. Syria
- 3. Battle of Mautah
- 2. Sword of Allah
- 1. 81 battles

Answers

Brady's

The nourishing taste of Scott Baking

Plain Cake




Delicious & Delightful



Intend
Ithram at
Miqat

Welcome
Tawaaf



Farewell
Tawaaf

DAY 1
8th Dhu'i Hijjah




DAY 2
9th Dhu'i Hijjah

ARAFAT



MUZDALIFAH




HAJJ GUIDE

DAY 5/6
12th Dhu'i Hijjah
13th Dhu'i Hijjah





MINA

DAY 4
11th Dhu'i Hijjah





MINA


DAY 3
10th Dhu'i Hijjah




Tawaaf




Sa'ee




EID




MINA



Udhiya



Jamarat



Out of Ithram

radiance

Labbaik
Allahumma
Labbaik

The expedition of Hajj



Written by
Fatimah Zeeshan Khan
7 years
Riyadh

Hajj is the fifth Pillar of Islam
There are three types of Hajj
Ifraad, Tamattu, and Qiraan
Pilgrims recite Talbiyah
While wearing Ihraam
On the 8th of Dhul-Hijjah
Pilgrims go to the Tent City of Mina
The 9th of Dhul-Hijjah
This is the Day of Arafah!
Pilgrims make lots of dua

While staying in Arafah
Then Pilgrims spend their night in Muzdalifah
On the day of 10th Dhul-Hijjah
Pilgrims stone the largest Jamarah,
Sacrifice animal and perform Tawaf-ul-Ziarah
This is the day of Eid-ul-Adha!
11th, 12th, 13th stoning Jamarat
And staying in Mina
Now the Hajj comes to an end
After performing Tawaf-ul-Widaa!

The accepted dua

What is the surest thing for every success in this and the next world?
Let's discover in this uplifting spiritual discourse by
Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar Hafidhahullah

Having a parent make dua for you is one of the biggest blessings of Allah ﷻ. We often request our peers, relatives or spiritual leaders to make dua for us. How many times have you asked someone to remember you in their duas? What we don't realise is that the best person to make dua for us, whose dua will be accepted the most, is our parent; our mother and father. The dua that they make for us is most sincere and most valued one in the eyes of Allah ﷻ, because so is their love, most sin-

every command right away, refrain from habits that irritate them, talk to them, spend time with them exclusively, without using electronic gadgets alongside, help them with their duties and chores, rub their feet and kiss their foreheads, buy or make them gifts and tell them how valuable they are to you. Thus force them to make dua for you with your khidmah, which springs forth from your love. Such a dua will be more precious than the one that any other person will make for you, no matter how pious.

It might just be your obedience and respect for your parents that will grant you Jannah and everything good in this world as well!

cere and valuable.
Even better than the dua that they make for us on our request, is the dua that they make unasked, the dua that our actions, our obedience, our care and love forces out of their heart. So yes, ask your parents to pray for you, but even more than that, do something for them that makes them happy; obey their

This is the best way to get success not only in this world but also in the hereafter, through your parents' khidmah. Making parents happy will help us receive not only their duas but also countless reward from Allah swt as well. It was his ﷻ mother's khidmah that made a lowly

Continued on pg 12

Hadhrat Hassan bin Thabit رضي الله عنه

Poetry has always been a supreme tool for the expression of emotions. Imagine this beautiful tool being used to express love, through the words of a beloved companion, for the beloved Prophet of Allah ﷺ; SubhanAllah!

Written by Zawjah Junaid Mukaty



Allah has blessed every human being with a particular ability which makes him different from the others. It is then up to him how intelligently he uses it for good. Same was with Hadhrat Hassan bin Thabit رضي الله عنه, an eloquent poet with amazing capability to transfer his motives and thoughts to other minds.

Family Background

Hadhrat Hassan belonged to Banu Najjar, a branch of Khazraj tribe in Madinah. His mother was first cousin of Hadhrat Saad bin Ubadah and an early convert. Apart from this there are some interesting facts about his family. His father, grandfather, great grandfather, son and grandsons were all remarkable poets. Not only this, his father, grandfather, great grandfather and he himself all died at the age of hundred and twenty years.

Acceptance of Islam

Hadhrat Hassan bin Thabit رضي الله عنه at times remained drunk like the other poets before he embraced Islam but once he converted, this

habit became his past. Back then his poetry used to ignite the fervour of the people of his tribe when they faced Aws but as soon as he became a Muslim at the age of sixty, his poetry turned out to be a strong tool for protecting the religion and its Messenger ﷺ.

Poetry

According to class of poets he was a Mukhadram, a poet who had seen both the Islamic and pre-Islamic periods. His poetry contains different desert themes and lifestyle of Arab nomads. His articulated and powerful poetry contains a lot of admonitions and enlightenments which can be analysed through his divan (collection of poetry). This divan has been translated and published in many languages. Historians have also used his poetry as references to contemporary events of that time.

Being the first poet of Islam, he has used many phrases of Quran. The outstanding feature of his poetry was that it was used in defence of honour of our Prophet ﷺ. Prophet ﷺ was so happy with him that he praised him, suppli-

Those were the days when not many Arabs knew how to read or write but their language was pronounced and distinct and were very well versed in poetry.

cated for him and ordered him to give reply to the blasphemous verses said against him. He had also ordered to construct a pulpit for him to stand upon and deliver his poetry. All in all, he was a poet laureate of Hadhrat Muhammad's ﷺ court.

Those were the days when not many Arabs knew how to read or write but their language was pronounced and distinct and were very well versed in poetry. In 9th Hijra, a delegation from Banu Tameem came to Prophet ﷺ. Their poet Zabarqan bin Badr praised his tribe to which Hadhrat Hassan replied. They were amazed to listen to his poetry while their chief spontaneously praised him by saying, "O Muhammad ﷺ, I swear upon my father, your poet is better than ours." Later the chief and his poet both accepted Islam.

Participation in Battles

Hadhrat Hassan was physically present in all the battles with Prophet ﷺ but he was weak at heart therefore could not fight but his role there was of great importance. He instigated the bravery in the army with his poetry which was of no match with the others.

During Battle of Trench, the Muslims dug a trench outside Madinah and sent their women and children in a fortress. Prophet ﷺ left Hadhrat Hassan with them as their guardian. Taking advantage of the situation, a Jew tried to infiltrate the fortress but Hadhrat Safia timely saw him and asked Hadhrat Hassan to take care of him. Hadhrat Hassan being old and not able to see properly, could not fight him back therefore Hadhrat Safia took the charge and killed him with a club. She then rolled down his head to let the other enemies

know that the fortress is completely guarded. How brave the women were!

Event of Ifk and Hadhrat Hassan ﷺ

In the fifth Hijra, Hadhrat Ayesha ﷺ, beloved wife of Prophet ﷺ, was wrongly accused. The chief hypocrite, Abdullah bin Ubai RTA, made sure to spread the rumour so much so that people start considering it as the truth. People could never think of such a thing from the wife of Prophet ﷺ and the daughter of Hadhrat Abu Bakr ﷺ but a few ingenuous and naïve companions of Prophet ﷺ believed Abdullah bin Ubai. One of them was Hadhrat Hassan bin Thabit.

Allah banished this false claim by sending revelations of Surah Noor that declared Hadhrat Ayesha innocent and pure. This whole event in history is known as the Event of Ifk. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ and Hadhrat Abu Bakr were deeply hurt by this false accusation. Prophet ﷺ pronounced punishment of lashes for all those who believed in this false propaganda. Hadhrat Ayesha later forgave them all. Hadhrat Safwan bin Muattal who was also blamed with Hadhrat Ayesha, was quite angry with Hadhrat Hassan because he considered him as the mastermind of this claim therefore he attacked him with a sword but Hadhrat Hassan remained safe. Hadhrat Hassan was also ashamed on his mistake and he repented.

Hadhrat Hassan lived enough to see the Rashidun Caliphate and finally left this world in fifty four Hijra during the caliphate of Hadhrat Ameer Muawiyah. We must make sure that we use our abilities in a genuine and just cause so that on the day of judgement we find our destination under the throne of Allah. Aameen



screws
bolts

KIDS CORNER

Come on lets play 'I spy...' . Join each clue with the correct answer below

I spy with my exploring eye
The month in which we do Hajj

Kabah

I spy with my exploring eye
Something black and square

Jabal-e-Rahmat

I spy with my exploring eye
Something we sacrifice

Zilhajj

I spy with my exploring eye
Something we can do a lot of during Hajj

Muzdalifa

I spy with my exploring eye
Something we stone

animal

I spy with my exploring eye
Something we should not do during Hajj

Dua

I spy with my exploring eye
The place where we spend the night of 10th
Zilhajj

fight

I spy with my exploring eye
the mount in Arafat

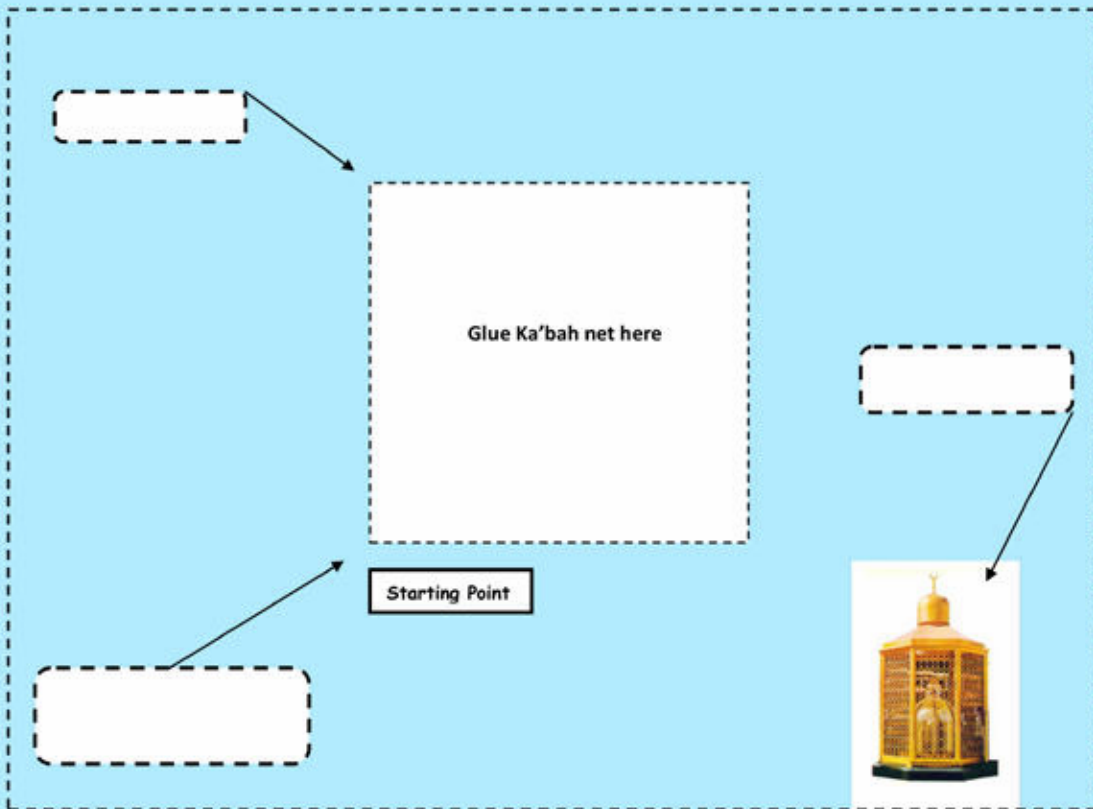
Jamaraat

TAWAAF ... CIRCLING THE KA'BAH

Maqam Ibrahim

Yemeni Corner

Al-Hajr al-Aswad
(The Black Stone)



What is the starting point for Tawaaf and how many times do we circle the Ka'bah?

What should we do while making Tawaaf around the Ka'bah?

What should we do immediately after completing Tawaaf?

Draw arrows to show the direction of Tawaaf



Mudassir bin Adeel
The intellect school



Muhammad bin Adeel
The intellect school



Tayyaba,
Thailand



Hamza Jaffri, UK



Atika Shehryar



Zoya Hurain,
India, 12yrs





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cook some fun



POWERED BY CANOLA!

INGREDIENTS:

- 3 Tbsp ground flaxseed
- ½ cup coconut cream
- 1 Tbsp vanilla
- **B-well™ Canola Baking Spray**
- ½ cup **B-well™ Pure Canola Oil**
- 1 cup all-purpose gluten-free flour (standard AP flour, optional)
- 2/3 cup cacao/cocoa powder
- ½ cup dark chocolate chips or 1 slab 85% dark chocolate, finely chopped

Combine for creamy flax egg

- pinch of salt
- ½ cup walnuts, chopped (optional)
- 1 tsp baking powder
- 1 Tbsp hemp seeds
- berries, optional

HOW TO MAKE:

1. Spray some **B-well™ Canola Baking Spray** into a square 20x20 cm pan. Preheat your oven to 180°C.
2. In a small bowl, combine the flaxseed powder and coconut cream. Allow to sit.
3. In a large mixing bowl, sift and combine all of the dry ingredients: flour, sugar, cacao, baking soda and salt. **little fingers can help mix**
4. Add wet ingredients: **B-well™ Pure Canola Oil**, flax egg mixture and vanilla extract.
5. Fold in the hemp seeds and walnuts, the dough will be thick and doughy. Use greased or wet hands to press into the greased pan. **little fingers can help pat batter down**
6. Bake 20-25 min, until the edges and top are crisp (your choice of mushy to crisp ratio).
7. **WITHOUT TOPPING:** cool, and then cut into squares.
WITH TOPPING: add the dark chocolate chips/chopped pieces into a bowl and a heaped tsp of icing sugar. Heat the coconut cream and add the heated cream into the bowl, slowly stirring until all the pieces are melted and you have smooth chocolate spread. Pour over brownies, spreading evenly. Allow to cool, then cut into squares.
8. Serve with ice cream, berries and sprinkles. Keep leftovers covered and at room temp. Can be frozen for up to 2 months, allow to thaw to room temp before serving.

Nano the little girl

Written by
Farheen Farwa
Lahore

Ahmed and Aisha were in the middle of a fight when Nano entered the room.

“That’s my ball!” Ahmed was screaming. And when Ahmed screamed, the house rumbled.

“Look, Nano’s here!” little Mariam was the first to spot Nano. She ran towards her and complained, “Ahmed and Aisha are fighting again!”

Aisha, seeing that Ahmed was distracted by Mariam, snatched the ball from him.

“It’s mi-i-i-ine,” Ahmed whined.

“Is it about this ball?” Asked Nano.

All three of them nodded.

“Ahmed, why don’t you share your ball with Aisha?” suggested Nano.

“But it’s my ball,” Ahmed tried to take the ball from Aisha who was now hiding it behind her back.

“Well, if you two stop fighting,” said Nano as she reclined against a bolster pillow, “I will tell you all a story.”

“Yay! Story time!” Mariam clapped her hands and climbed up in Nano’s lap. Aisha and Ahmed also

sat down on the dhurrie in front of Nano, eager to hear the story.

“Once upon a time,” began Nano with a smile, “not very long ago, there lived a little girl who loved mangoes. She loved mangoes so much that she never shared it with anyone else.”

“Not even a single slice?” Mariam’s eyes popped open.

“Not even a single slice,” confirmed Nano.

“One summer she had been waiting, and waiting, but the mangoes hadn’t rippled yet. After a lot of waiting, one day her father came home with a bag full of mangoes! The little girl was excited and wanted to gulp them down right away. ‘Unh, unh, unh,’ her mother shook her finger. ‘First, wash your hands and finish your lunch.’

The little girl obliged. She watched excitedly as her mother sliced the mangoes and put them in the fridge to cool. She gobbled down her food and said, ‘Now, Ammi! Can I have my mangoes, please!’ Her mother nodded, ‘Bring all the mangoes and we will eat together!’

The little girl clapped her hands and brought the tray full of mangoes. She picked up a mango slice and its delicious aroma had only just filled

her nostrils when the doorbell rang.

‘Oh, dear. Could you first go and check who it is?’ said the mother.

The little girl hastily went to open the door and lo and behold! Aunty Jameela from Hyderabad was standing outside with her three kids! The girl met them and quickly brought them inside. But she realized with horror that her mother was offering them her mangoes!

‘Ammi...’ she quietly protested but her mother gave her an apologetic look and turned to the guests, ‘Chotu, why aren’t you eating? Here you go, Chotu, have some more!’

The girl watched as Chotu devoured slice after slice of her delicious mangoes. It seemed like he hadn’t eaten in ages!

When the guests had left, her mother gently patted her head, ‘You look upset.’

‘They ate all of my mangoes!’ complained the girl.

‘That sure is annoying. But I am so proud of you for sharing your mangoes. I know how much you love them,’ the mother said.

‘Now, why don’t you go and see what your aunty has got you and maybe that will cheer you up.’

The little girl thought there was nothing in the world that could cheer her up at that point. Still, she went inside and saw two big wooden crates sitting on the floor. Her father smiled and took the lid off of one carton, revealing glistening yellow mangoes! The girl could hardly believe what she was seeing. She jumped and squealed and bent down to inhale the deli-

ghtful mango scent. For many days ahead she enjoyed eating those mangoes. They were the most delicious mangoes she had ever tasted!”

“Wow! Two whole crates of mangoes!” said Ahmed licking his lips.

“Such a lucky girl,” Aisha sighed.

“I sure was very lucky,” said Nano.

“What? That story was about you?!” Ahmed exclaimed.

“How can Nano be that little girl? She is a big girl,” said Mariam innocently.

“It was me, indeed,” Nano laughed. “I was once a very little girl.”

“Nano, you too didn’t like to share?” asked Ahmed.

“Oh, no, certainly not my beloved mangoes! Just like you don’t like to share your ball.”

“I don’t like to share my colours,” admitted Aisha.

“Mariam doesn’t like to share her chocolates,” Mariam quickly added.

Everyone laughed.

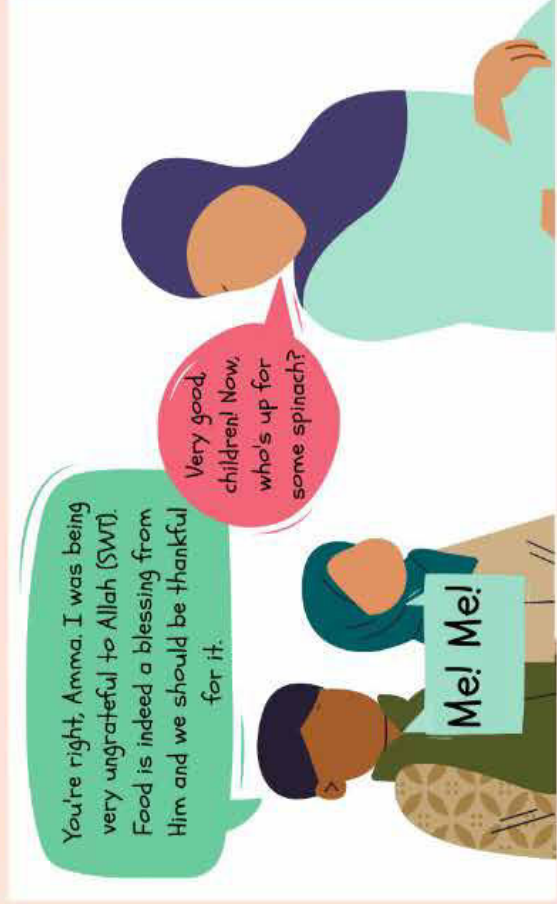
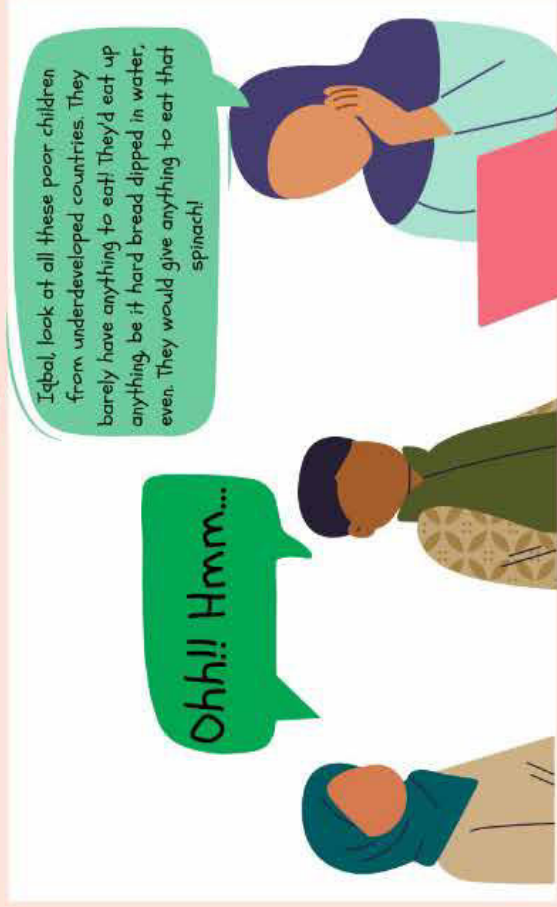
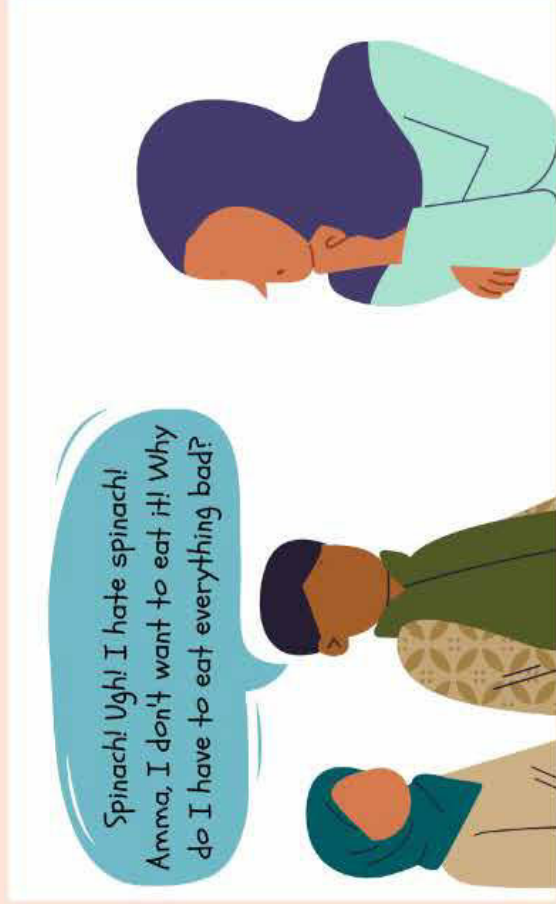
“Nano, you got two crates when you shared your mangoes,” Ahmed calculated. “What do you think I will get if I share my ball?”

“Oh, I can’t say for sure,” said Nano. “But there’s only one way to find out.”

Ahmed smiled knowing what he had to do next

Food's a blessing

Concept and Artwork by Adeen Ahmed



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2021



GOAT


Goat B	Goat A
20,000	25,000

Cow B	Cow A	COW 
10,500	12,500	
Cow C		
7,500		

SHEEP


Syria / Burma
30,000

Palestine

50,000

SHARE


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