

celebrating
the joys of
submission!

radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The flag in the
Attic

Comic: Freedom
of Sorts

The martyrs
of nation

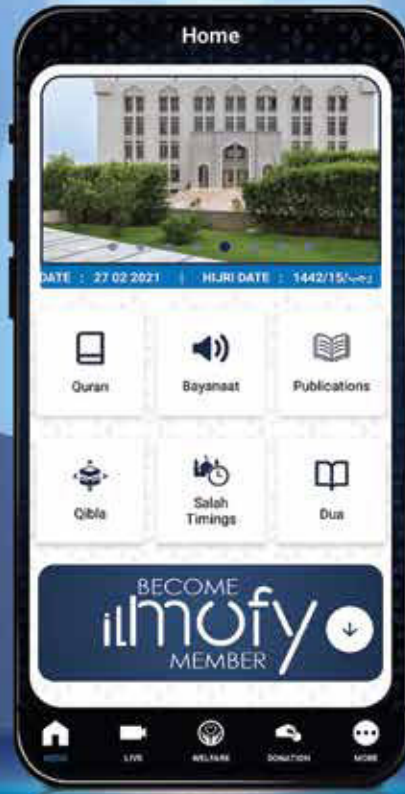
Fear is a
liar



PKR 60 USD 3.5
GBP 3 DHS 10

 BAITUSSALAM
PUBLICATIONS





AT A
DISTANCE
OF
**ONE
CLICK!**



**ALL MAGAZINES OF
BAITUSSALAM
PUBLICATIONS**

Download the Baitussalam App
from Play Store and read away...



Monthly Fahmedeen (Urdu) | Quarterly Majallatussalam (Arabic)
Quarterly Intellect (English) | Monthly Radiance (English) | Baitussalam Bulletin (Urdu & English)

FURTHERMORE, YOU WILL FIND IN THIS APP:

- Mushaf for recitation of the Holy Quran
 - Prayer times (Inflight Prayer Timings)
 - Qiblah guide (will help in finding the Qibla, especially during a journey)
 - Sheikh ul Islam Hadhrat Mufti Muhammad Taqi Usmani Hafizahullah's spiritual discourses
 - All spiritual talks of Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar Hafizahullah, Booklets of Islahi discourses
 - Details of the educational and welfare services of Baitussalam both locally and internationally.
 - Ways to contribute in our educational and welfare services provided by Baitussalam
 - Guidelines on sending zakat, alms and donations online, including participating in the Collective Qurbani
- And much more



Patron

Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar
Hafidhullah



Executive Editor

Umm Abdullah



Associate Editor

Zawjah Zia



Advisory Board

Maria Sheikh

Hafsa Kamal

Adeen Ahmed

Asiya Marfani

Zawjah Ibrahim

Bint Abdul Ghafoor



Design & Layout

Zawjah Jahangir



Printers

wasaprinters@cyber.net.pk



Reach us at

30-C, Basement 2nd Comm. Street,

Phase 4, D.H.A., Karachi, Pakistan.

P +92 21 35313278

W radiance.fahmedeen.org

E radianceteam8@gmail.com

For Advertising Queries

E marketing@fahmedeen.org

P + 92 314 298 1344

Please Note All contributions must mention full name and address. We accept original contributions only. If the matter is from a book or any source, it is expected that the source be mentioned. The editorial team does not assume any liability on the part of the contributing writer's deliberation nor necessarily agree with their views

You may use any part of this magazine to © propogate the *deen* of Islam, but alongside you **MUST** provide the reference where the original article was taken from. No change or amendment should be made to the information itself without prior permission from the editorial team

This magazine contains the sacred name of Allah ﷻ and Prophet ﷺ. Please maintain their due regard. Do not throw the magazine in trash. Either circulate, share, keep, recycle or dispose in proper Islamic manner.

SNEAK A PEEK

ed's den 04

O Allah, pour Your infinite
Mercy on myrespected
father

PAGE 18



leading lights

Hadhrat Usama bin Zaid ﷺ

dear diary 06

Death of humans or
death of humanity

heavenly highs 08

The Martyrs of the
nation

Homework helper 10

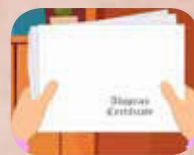
Enlighten Yourself With
the History Of Islam!

misty mirrors 12

The flag in the attic

poster 15

PAGE 16



storynory

Fear is a liar-1

KIDS CORNER

screws n bolts 20

A mixed bag of fun and
frolic

fresh pens 22

Sorry Mom

Your habits define you

poetic rush 24

My Country Flag

The Independence Day

Our responsibility

fresh strokes 25

comic 26

Ain't No Eraser Like That

O Allah, pour Your infinite Mercy on my respected father



The day of Arafah is special to all Muslims around the worlds, but this year's Arafah was a little more so. It was the day Allah ﷻ choose as the meeting of my respected father with his Lord, SubhanAllah.

Even now after almost a month, it doesn't sink in and most of the time it seems like I'm stuck in a dream - as if everything that is going on isn't really happening.


He was seventy one, yet strong and active like a young man, as in my words that I used to tell my brothers: "Abu ji is more active than all three of you Masha'Allah." Just a couple of months back, he had been enthusiastically working with the labourers on the rooftop garden and then calling me to enjoy the Barbeque dinner there, not to mention the business trips to London and the world over all alone.

But then his sickness started which didn't last for more than two, three weeks. Watching someone who was strong become weak and bedridden and eventually drift away eats away at you. It's difficult to describe the tumultuous

wave of feelings that used to overwhelm me seeing him in pain. The utter powerlessness because you can't cure the illness and just keep crying in front of Allah ﷻ to bring on a miracle and cure our respected father.

It was his sweet loving nature that he would never want to disturb anyone and always wanted things to be done by himself only, although my brothers are the best sons Masha'Allah and would be there with him all the time almost. And the one sentence that was there on everyone's tongue on the day he died was: how helpful he was for everyone and was always there for them in times of need.

Even when extremely sick, he had called and helped someone about whom he got to know had recently lost his job and was in need. Always going an extra mile for others and when we used to ask why he does that, he used to attribute it all to his own dad's helpful nature. Like once in his teenage days, my father had to get admission in the college and had to go himself standing in lines etc but glancing around the



place, he saw his own father there with someone poor, getting admission done for him. My father was so surprised that his father wasn't worried about his own son as much he wanted to help others. Later, when my respected father asked him he told, "Beta, I knew you would get the admission anyways, but that poor person had a very slim chance of getting admission and thus I had to be there with him."

On my respected father's death bed, once he caught me trying to suppress my tears and counseled me: "There's nothing to worry about, just keep praying." Like always, he was more worried for us than for his own self. He would show his love by all means, by welcoming us wholeheartedly whenever we arrived at his house, taking us on ice-cream trips when we stayed over, even by giving one lakh Eidi only to me.

If they've always been there, helping and supporting you, it's hard to imagine coping without them. Now every time I want a second opinion, I've felt so lost and alone. But slowly I'm learning to live with my respected father's spirit inside me, and if I'm completely honest. I usually know what he would say or want me to do even though he's not here to say it. But yet it's not the same as he had that farsightedness which is hard to equal for anyone.

Losing a parent can feel like losing part of yourself. His wise jokes keep ringing in my ears, especially those that we had with him in the last moments of his life. Even while being in excru-

ciating pain, he would welcome me and say, "O my sweet daughter is here!" and not only me but even those who used to keep coming in his room every now and then like my sister-in-law tells, "He wasn't able to talk due to discomfort but yet whenever I used to enter the room, he would say in a heavy voice 'aaaa' (come in)."

I have seen him in my dreams many times already and in the best of places Alhamdulillah. So what if we can't feel your sweet smiles anymore, you are Insha'Allah smiling at a much better place. So what if we can't take your wise advice in almost all matters of life, your words of wisdom give me strength to live each day. So what if my children can't enjoy and laugh at your jokes anymore, we're grateful for having the opportunity to be with a person like you.

I will remember that one of the best ways to benefit you is to remember you in duas and keep doing good deeds in your name. Allah knows best, Insha'Allah we will all be reunited in Jannah where we will see each other again. Just as I was the apple of your eyes being the only daughter, you were the balm of my soul. I miss you so much respected Abu ji!

O Allah, forgive my father and elevate his station among those who are guided. Make him eat and drink in Your hands, and forgive him, O Lord of the worlds. Enlarge for him his grave and shed light upon him in it, *O Ar-Rahamur Raahimeen*. Surely we belong to Allah ﷻ and to Him we shall return

Death of humans or death of humanity

Aatika Fatima bellows at us to stop ignoring our Muslim brothers and rise to action

B“Blast!” it echoed in the street, followed by screams and cries of innocent women and children.

The same scene repeated again and continued till the complete city was bombarded. The only sound to be heard were the cries of injured, widowed and orphans. All that I could see as far as my sight reached were the burnt buildings, smoke and innocent casualties who were known as terrorists on media. While the one’s doing this were claimed doing nothing rather than ‘SELF-DEFENSE’. I repeated, “I wonder whether I shall cry on the death of humans or the DEATH OF HUMANITY.”

Tears flowed down my cheeks and I questioned myself, “Why is this all happening? Why?

Why are the innocent being claimed as terrorists?

Why are the houses bombarded?

Why are the children kidnapped?

Why is the UNO quiet?

Why is the world sleeping?

Why? Why? Why?

Where is the Muslim Ummah?

WHERE??”

I continued crying.

This is Gaza!



The Blessed land...
The Holy land...
The Bombarded land...
The Seized land...
The Occupied land...
The Destructed land...
The Grave yard! Of? Of Innocent Muslims...

“Help!” they call every day.
They shout, they scream, they cry but at last
they DIE!
We sit in our homes like deaf, like blinds...
We are divided.
The Muslim Ummah has fallen asleep.
Wake up O’ Muslim Ummah!
Wake up before it’s too late!

Save Gaza!
Save Masjid-ul-Aqsa!
Save the lives of the innocent Palestinians!
Wake up! Stand up!
Get up before the time runs out...
Get united...
The Ummah is struggling!

O Allah! Help Us! We are weak, make us
strong, we are divided, unite us. Mas-
jid-ul-Aqsa is also Your house.
We give it under Your protection.
O Allah! Protect not only it, but protect us,
our Imaan and our Islam as well.”
Aameen ●

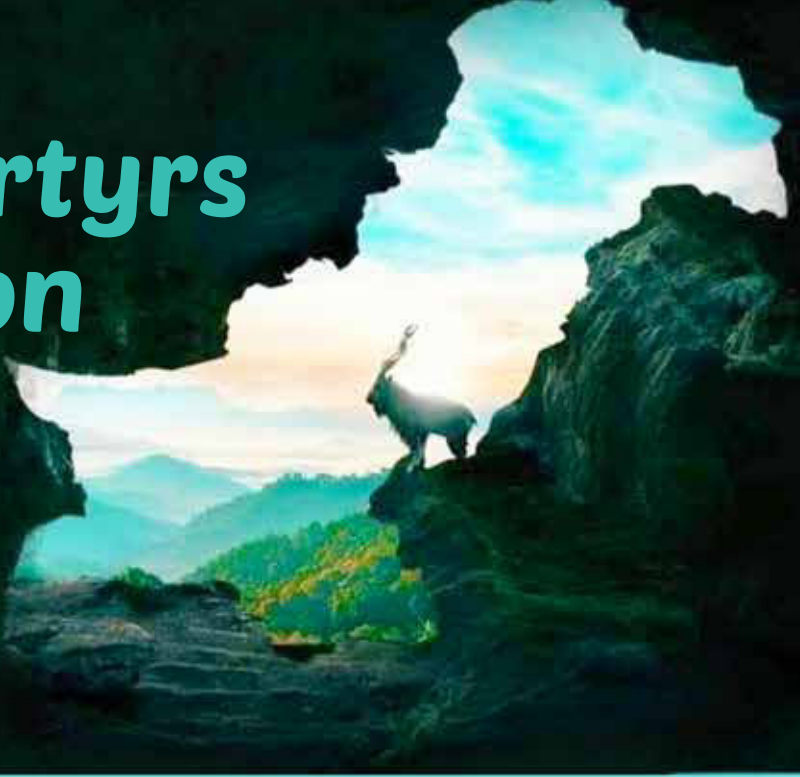


The martyrs of nation

Written by Khaula Owais

Grade 8

The Intellect School



The city of Lahore was drowned in gloominess. Streetlights off, shops and restaurants closed, no LED gleams in the houses, even the moon and the stars were dim and murky: Giving the horrific news of blackout! The silent breezes allowed the firing bullets on Wahga border to be heard back by the citizens. Elders gathered near radios and the mothers were on Musallahs, while youngers couldn't help themselves to sleep amidst the roaring, rustling and rumbling of fighter jets and helicopters. Many courageous women sent their boys to the border to fight for the sake of the country, all the same their faces dazzled and sparkled rather than carrying any trace of tension or despair.

Amongst them was a fearless mother 'Shahida'. That night she roamed on the terrace of her house, her heart thumped and wobbled when a fighter plane passed over her roof, or when bullets were fired continuously. Again and again her eyes would imagine the battlefield in which her son was fighting, her eyes would bring tears and she would start supplicating, "O Allah! O the Creator of the whole universe, make it easy for my son to fight, and all those brave soldiers who left their families unpro-

tected solely to defend the homeland, O Allah I know You are Just, You can clear the truth in front of misguided Indians and show them righteousness, O Allah, accept my child to reach the level of a Ghazi or if You will then.....," her voice would break with desperation and love for her only heart's desire every time she prayed this, but she carried on, "O Lord, if You will then uphold me to accept his martyrdom".

Just then an abrasive knock budged the door, she hopped three stairs in a single step down to see who was there in such a terrible blackout? But the knock again shoved the door.

A man shouted gravely from outside, "Is this the house of Major Shabbir?"

Shahida stopped with a shudder, her eyes narrowed and her heart jumped, indeed Shabbir was her son but there was knocking again, this time, harder than the last times. Shahida managed to say 'yes' in a low voice, "but beta Shabbir is not here." she added few more words confidently wondering who would be there?

"Yes I know," the heavy voice called again, "who

Just then an abrasive knock budged the door, she hopped three stairs in a single step down to see who was there in such a terrible blackout? But the knock again shoved the door.

are you to him?”

“I am his Mother,” she said precisely.

“Ma ji we are here to congratulate you! You are the mother of a martyr.”

Shahida lost the earth beneath her foots. She was fast to grasp the railing of stairs to grip her emotion, a shaking hand placed on her chest to console the leaping heart... her face blazed white in dark. Indeed there must be Noor on the face of a Shaheed’s mother! Those black, watery eyes permitted big drops off and the lips forced themselves wider and wider. After all, they are the mothers who suppress the miseries of losing their sons yet are blissful for sacrificing them in their Muslim country’s defense.

The door knocked again.....Shahida held herself up. Hurriedly wrapping a scarf round her face, she opened the door. There were six cadets in brown uniforms, their name tags shined and the flag of Pakistan was thumped on their shoulders. It seemed that six green and white flags thanked her saying:

The death of a martyr is the life of nation

The blood of the martyr is the charity of nation

Shahida looked up. The six uniformed people held the coffin of a martyr, one leading them was carrying a tray in which the uniform, the martyr’s badges and sword with the awards Sitara-e-jurat and Nishan-e-haider was decorated. The tray was served to the fortunate mother and the lady lightened up more than

the moon on that night, she recalled the time when soldiers had brought Shabbir’s father’s coffin home and Shabbir had asked innocently, “Mama, I also want to fight for my land and be a martyr like baba.”

At that moment, Shahida was astonished at the prospects of her young kid, so she petted his shoulders and pulled him near, “But you are too small for it.”

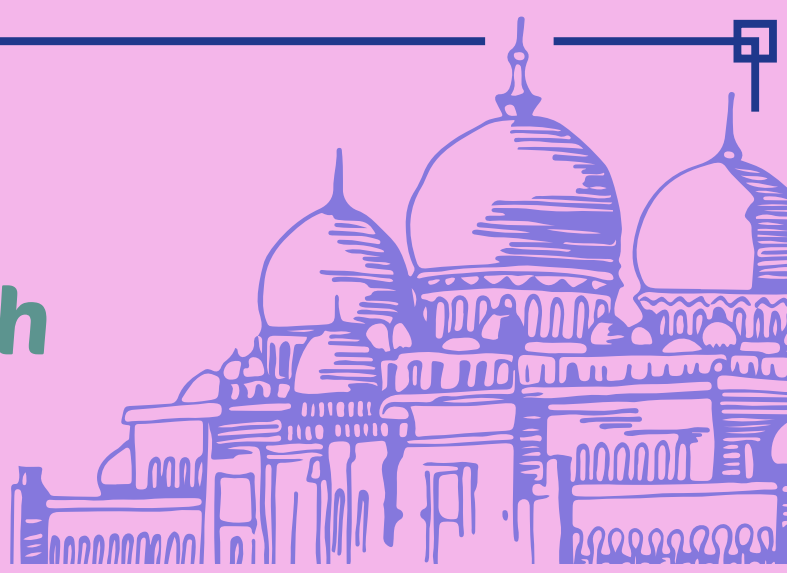
“No mama I am so big now, I can fight!” he showed his elbow making a hard fist. Shahida had smiled..... this smile got refreshed after 20 years and she hugged the uniform, up siding down the awards in the shimmering of torchlight, her heart bounced and chin went up towards the sky to thank her Allah. Gratitude brought water in her eyes and finally she stammered loudly, “Fatima see! Where are you? See my luck..... my son is the hero, yes, the hero of the nation! Ya salam, may Allah accept from him.” She ejected her sorrow by evoking the verses of Quran:

“And do not call those who were slain in Allah’s way ‘dead’. Rather they are living but you are not aware.” (Al-Baqarah, 154)

Apparently, countries aren’t gained with ease, those hardships are acknowledged that sometimes conquer the pages of history but many silent sacrifices are buried into the soil of the nation. Unfortunately this daring courageousness is forgotten by the descendants.

So are your visions like Rashid Minhas, Major Shabbir Shaheed too or are you just a reader of daring stories?

Enlighten Yourself With the History Of Islam!



Islam is the world's second-largest religion with 1.9 billion followers or 24.9% of the world's population. Let's take this quiz and test how well we know our religion's history...

1. What region is the birthplace of Islam?

- A. Asia Minor
- B. North Africa
- C. Palestine
- D. Arabian peninsula

2. Beloved Prophet's journey from Mecca to Yathrib is known as the _____.

- A. Hijrah
- B. Sunna
- C. Hajj
- D. Shari'a

3. How were conquered people treated by the Muslim Empire?

- A. They were treated as equal citizens with Muslims.
- B. They were allowed to become first-class citizens upon converting to Islam.

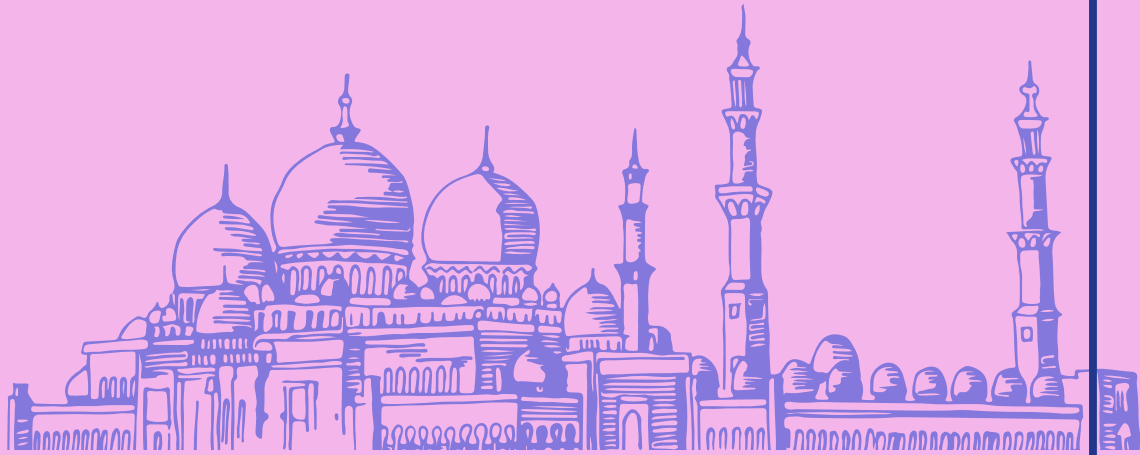
- C. Their religions were tolerated, but restrictions and taxes were imposed
- D. They were forced to give up their religions and convert to Islam.

4. What is the term for the clans of Arab nomads that were organized in small groups before Muhammad arrived in the 7th century?

- A. Persians
- B. Byzantines
- C. Bedouins
- D. Sassanid

5. Which of these territories was not controlled by the Muslims?

- A. Egypt
- B. Arabia
- C. Germany



D. Syria

6. What is the Arabic for “cube,” a shrine where religious idols were kept by various Arabian tribes.

- A. Islam
- B. Ka’aba
- C. Quran
- D. Allah

7. The first martyr of Islam was:

- A. Abu Bakr
- B. Sumayya
- C. Hamza
- D. Fatima

8. _____ was the first masjid built by RasoolAllah ﷺ

- A. Masjid ul Nabwi
- B. Masjid ul Haram
- C. Masjid ul Aqsa
- D. Masjid ul Quba

9. Which country has the world’s largest Muslim population?

- A. Saudi Arabia
- B. Egypt

C. Iran

D. Indonesia

10. What is the name of the youngest daughter of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ?

- A. Zainab
- B. Fatima
- C. Ruqaiya
- D. Umm Kulsoom

10-B

9-D

8-D

7-B

6-B

5-C

4-C

3-C

2-A

1-D

Answers

The Flag in the Attic

Yusra Zafar Mahmood's enchanting story makes us yearn to live and die for the flag of our beloved country. Lets read on...

"Aa..Aa..Achoo!" as soon as Arwa opened that old hand-carved wooden chestnut box, dust rose up in the air and spread through the room and made her sneeze. Quickly she pinched her nose to stop the series of sneezes that had started, because if someone would have gotten even the wind of her existence in the attic, she would be rebuked for touching the things there without Amma's permission.

Arwa remained quiet and still as a mouse for a few moments then rubbed the dust from her hand, keeping the other on her nose. She was there, in that dark attic, because a day before she had heard her elder sister saying, there is a huge number of old story books in the attic.

Arwa, by nature was an intellectual and kind-hearted but not a brave girl, she avoided entering dark-rooms but her craze for reading dragged her there. And after scanning the whole attic, she didn't get anything but only this old box.

She was open-mouthed, her eyebrows arched upwards and the wrinkles of surprise appeared on her forehead when she saw something in the box that she never imagined would be there.

There was a flag, our national flag, Pakistan's flag.

The white crescent and star was hand-embroidered upon dark green and the colour of the flag was quite faded. Apparently, that flag seemed quite old, maybe 50 to 55 years old.

Arwa was amazed, why her mother had kept this flag here and didn't hoist this one on any Independence Day? She had never seen it in her 14 years life. A question stirred up in her mind and she couldn't stop herself from heading towards Amma's room.

Amma was engrossed in making crochet lace on Dado's white dupatta and Ahmed was completing his homework beside her, as Arwa entered her room and placed that box in front of her.

Amma looked at her in a questioning manner and before the appearance of any more expressions on Amma's face, she grabbed her ears with a jerk and said, "Sorry for touching your things, I should have taken permission from you."

"Oooh! So you were there!!" Ahmed, her naughty but darling brother rolled his eyes with a mischievous smile on his face.

"Where?!" asked Arwa with two twists between her eyebrows.

She was open-mouthed, her eyebrows arched upwards and the wrinkles of surprise appeared on her forehead when she saw something in the box that she never imagined would be there.

“In the attic!” he replied in his know-it-all tone.

“And how do you know that?” inquired Arwa.

He shrugged his shoulder, keeping the same smile on his lips. She knew his detective nature very well.

“Aah!” She exhaled a long breath and shook her head and then turned to Amma, leaving this matter for later.

“This box is not mine. Once, your Dado handed it to me and asked me to keep it in a safe place.” Arwa just opened her mouth to say something that Amma started answering herself, “She trusts me with her things, that’s why I didn’t open it till today.”

“So I should also apologise to Dado and she is the only who can answer my questions,” Arwa murmured.

“Yes..for sure!” Amma smiled, wrapping up her crochet stuff.

Dado was sitting on her specific place, the divan which was placed in the spacious balcony of her house. After telling Dado the whole story, Arwa made an apology to her and tried to find some words for her question. Sweet Dado grasped her curiosity instantly and said, “This flag is not just a flag. Many memories and emotions are woven with it, that’s why it’s very precious to me.” Her voice began to get heavy with sentiments.

After a moment, she continued, “You know who made this? It’s made by me and my elder sister,

Safia. It was my father’s wish. I still remember those scorching afternoons of June when we both used to do the embroidery upon it and our hearts were filled with dedication, passion and patriotism. The tranquility that the mere mention of the word ‘Pakistan’ brought to our hearts would make us utter words of gratitude repeatedly. Although eighteen years had passed since Pakistan was liberated and still we were facing conflicts in those days too, we were sacrificing the lives of our loved ones to protect this motherland from the evil eyes.” A tear got independence from Dado’s aged but soft eyes.

Arwa could see that how much the ebb and flow of time had chiseled away at her wisened face. She could feel Dado’s love with this Islamic Independent country from her eyes.

Arwa was all ears.

“I remember that rainy day, we had just completed our work upon this flag when an Armed force jeep stopped at our door. We knew it was not anything usual that was coming. Two Army Officers sought permission to enter our house. They had brought my father’s badges and cap to my mother, with the news that he fought for his homeland till his last breath. My brothers followed his footsteps and Allah ﷻ honoured my mother to become a mother of two martyrs. This soil has blood of many Muslims, our loved ones who laid down their lives for its protection.” She wiped her eyes with a corner of her dupatta.

“Dado! So why have you kept it in the attic? A flag is itself precious but your feelings making it even more precious, shouldn’t it wave?” Arwa asked softly.

“I thought the new generation couldn’t get the emotions and feelings that I have with it, they prefer new ones upon olds, that’s why once I kept it in a box and never opened it again.”

“But Dado! I would like you to give me permission to wave it on this Independence Day? Please would you?” Arwa pleaded.

“I promise, I’ll do as my uncles did, I’ll serve my faith and my country till my last breath..In’sha’Allah.” Arwa said as her eyes were sparkling with determination and hugged her grandmother.

Dado smiled and there were a lot of megawatts in it! It totally transformed her face and the years dropped away from it. A ray of hope could be seen in her eyes and her teeth gleamed like piano keys and she whispered, “In’sha’Allah” which carried yet more stories in it.

The cool breeze is blowing and tickling me. The fluffy clouds are latching to the unending sky. The scent of terra, which has the fragrance of the blood of martyrs today also, is making the gratitude flow through me. The old Neem tree is waving at me by fluttering its green leaves to and fro. The melodic sound of rain is tugging at everyone’s heart’s strings. The birds by their chirping and the wind by its whispers are sharing their happiness with every soul. Everyone is happy on this special occasion and me?? Obviously.. Me too.

I know you all might be wondering, who I am? And which new character appeared in this story?

I am a flag, flag of La Ilaha illa Allah, a flag of an Islamic Independent country, the country when you pronounce its name, your heart beats in love and harmony. Yes...You are right... I’m Pakistan’s flag, the same flag that Arwa got from the attic.

All those days are fresh in my mind when her Dado lost her loved ones and hid her tears in me. I can feel those sobs and hiccups echoing in my ears today also.

Although, I am feeling full of joys of spring because I am being waved after a huge number of years, but I feel a corner of my heart is gloomy and downcast.

I have seen and felt the early days of this country’s birth when the patriotism was on its peak. I know that people still love this Muslim homeland with their hearts and souls but the fog of complaints and hopelessness have made their visions foggy and hazy.

I can see many youngsters making those personalities their ideals who hate us, they are inspired by them! Then they say, What is here in Pakistan?

I see the Muslim women trying to jettison the trait of modesty from them in the name of modernism and freedom, although I’ve seen that for this very trait many girls and women had sacrificed themselves.

The insouciant youth who is celebrating this day on roads by removing the silencers from their bikes, doing one wheeling, laughing in a haphazard manner and dancing on high-pitched music is opening the doors to many questions. Did the million people lay down their lives for this purpose?

And many are still doing the same on our borders till today to protect this land.

Things should be pondered upon!

If you could see me, you would see the wet corners of my eyes but I have an optimistic smile on my face, because I am a flag and flag is a symbol of pride, it interprets the future of the nation, the message of love, brotherhood and peace and the determination to kill the enemy’s impure intentions.

So I am going to spread my message through wind, hoping that my eyes will not weep next time but only with happiness and gratitude.

In sha Allah 

OUR RESPONSIBILITY AS KHALIFAH UPON THE EARTH

Water conservation in our everyday lives



The Prophet ﷺ used to **take a bath with one Sa` up to five Mudds of water and used to perform ablution with one Mudd of water.**

Sahih al-Bukhari 201



1 mudd \approx $\frac{2}{3}$ liter
1 sa' to 5 mudd \approx 2-3 $\frac{1}{2}$ liters

It was narrated from 'Abdullah bin 'Amr رضي الله عنه that:
The Messenger of Allah ﷺ passed by Sa'd when he was performing
ablution, and he ﷺ said: **"What is this extravagance?"**
He said: **"Can there be any extravagance in ablution?"** He ﷺ said:
"Yes, even if you are on the bank of a flowing river."

Sunan Ibn Majah 425

Save
the drops

radiance

A tale of
solidarity, trust
and reassurance
by Lina Shaukat
14 years
Canada

Fear is a liar

Part 1 of 2

Adoption
Certificate

“Mom, am I... adopted?” The words were barely a whisper but they crashed into my brain unleashing a roaring beast inside. Waves of panic rolled over my body. My legs itched to run...to hide.

I knew this day would come one day; it was just too soon. What if I just told her...

No, I could not let my precious girl fall apart like this. Instead, I threw my head back and let out a laugh that was faker than plastic flowers.

“What made you think that, Sarah?”

“It’s just that...” She bit her lip, “My friend at school asked if I was adopted and when I asked her the reason, she said that I look nothing like either of my parents. I refused but then she told me that some adoptive parents never tell their kids that they are not the ones that gave birth to them. I was just a bit confused.”

I studied her softly rounded nose with her pale complexion and rosy cheeks that were in contrast with my olive toned skin and pointed features; searching for some sort of resemblance that could reassure her. I stroked her face delicately.

“You have your father’s jawline.” I told her even though it did not look much similar.

“Yeah I guess,” she muttered, clearly not convinced.

I held her hand to console her. “You are my daughter, no matter what anyone says, remember that.”

Her shoulders straightened like a burden had been lifted off them. Her face finally broke into a lovely smile, which was relieving for me.

“I love you mom.”

I nodded and smiled in reassurance.

“Now go and change your uniform, it’s about time for Asr.”

As she left, I sank into the couch and held my head.

‘You should have told her’ said a voice inside me, but then other thoughts skittered through my brain, which opposed the idea. Little did I know that I could not run away from this anymore...

“Mom! Where are you? Look I got the first position in my midterms!” Sarah shouted excitedly as she entered the house.

I threw my arms around her and kissed her on the cheek.

“I knew you could do it,” I grinned, “how about some ice cream to celebrate?”

Sarah giggled, “You just want an excuse to eat ice cream.”

“You know me too well,” I sighed.

After we had ice cream, we drove back home. My husband came back from work while Sarah was at evening madrasa and was pleased to hear about Sarah’s midterm results. He decided to go buy her a small present while I cooked her favourite food and dessert. Sarah was pleasantly surprised by the gifts, and we spent the evening eating, laughing and talking.

"I ran out of shampoo, so I wanted to see if you had any in your closet, but instead I found this." She thrust a file into my hands, all the blood drained from my face as I realized what it was.

It was easily one of the best family nights I had in a long time, if not the best.

"Do you know where my phone is?" I asked as I cleaned up the dastarkhwan.

My husband shrugged, "I don't know, ask Sarah."

"Sarah is taking a bath."

"Then check upstairs, you probably left it in the bedroom."

When I reached my room, the first thing I noticed was Sarah standing in front of an open closet with her back towards me.

"Sarah, what are you doing in my closet?" I inquired.

She turned around to face me; her face wet with tears.

"I ran out of shampoo, so I wanted to see if you had any in your closet, but instead I found this." She thrust a file into my hands, all the blood drained from my face as I realized what it was.

"The adoption certificate!" I whispered.

Before I had a chance to react, she turned and fled the room.

I ran after her but she slammed her bedroom door in my face.

Normally that height of disrespect would have infuriated me but right now, I could not care less.

"Sarah, open the door."

She would not answer.

"This is exactly why I didn't tell you yet," I muttered.

"You're saying that like I'm mad about you not telling me," she finally answered.

"Then why are you mad," I was confused.

"YOU LIED TO ME, YOU BROKE MY TRUST! I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU EVER AGAIN!"

I jolted awake.

My alarm beeped 6:00 am.

I sighed in relief.

Thank God it was just a dream!

However, I was going to have a very long talk with Sarah that day.

"We made a mistake concealing it from her," I told my husband during my morning coffee.

"What do you mean?"

"I feel like we should tell her."

He raised his eyebrows. "I thought you wanted to wait a few more years."

It just feels like since we didn't tell her, it's as if being adopted isn't as good as being a biological child."

"And that's your only reason?"

"I had a dream-more like a nightmare. It was so vivid and clear that I did not realize that it was just a dream and... it kind of felt like a sign from Allah," I stated.

He sighed, clearly not agreeing to this plan.

"What's wrong?"

"It's just that, she's way too young and I don't know if she is strong enough to bear it emotionally," he mumbled.

"I had feared the same thing and this was one of the main reasons I never told her, but I do not think she would be ready at any age for a secret about her birth identity, nobody is - and she has to know at some point. Plus it's our fault for not telling her in her early years when she could have accepted it naturally as a matter of fact."

He still didn't seem convinced.

"She's growing up and is intelligent enough to find out some way or another," I gazed at him.

"And I really don't want her to find out by someone else," I was still cringing at the memory of my nightmare, "other than us".

That seemed to strengthen his resolve.

"Find out what?" a voice said from the stairway



Hadhrat Usama bin Zaid رضي الله عنه

A charismatic personality, a sturdy soldier, the beloved of Rasulallah ﷺ was none other than Hazrat Usama bin Zaid رضي الله عنه
Written by Zawjah Junaid Mukaty

Hadhrat Usama bin Zaid, a stalwart young companion of Prophet ﷺ and son of two most honourable Sahaba was a born Muslim. His father, Hadhrat Zaid bin Haritha was the adopted son of Prophet ﷺ and a former slave. He had spent a lot of years with Prophet ﷺ and both loved each other immensely. His wife and Hadhrat Usama's mother, Hadhrat Umm Ayman or Barakah bin Thalabah, was also extremely close to Prophet ﷺ. She was the one who took care of the Messenger ﷺ when his mother died while he was merely six years old. This caring, brave and gracious lady was married to Hadhrat Zaid after her former husband died during a battle. Therefore, this dynamic connection of Usama's parents with Prophet ﷺ proves that he had the privilege of being raised in a family who were early converts and very near and dear to the Prophet ﷺ. He was born in the seventh year of prophethood and since he was a child, the love of Allah and His Messenger ﷺ was infused in him which revamped his personality.

Love of Prophet ﷺ

When Hadhrat Usama was a small child, he loved playing with other kids. Once he was playing with Hadhrat Hasan رضي الله عنه, son of Hadhrat Fatima رضي الله عنها and Hadhrat Ali رضي الله عنه, when

Prophet ﷺ came and also started playing with them. He lovingly made both of them sit on each of his thigh and said, "O Allah! I love both of these kids. You also make them your beloved."

He had the liberty of coming to Prophet's ﷺ house whenever he wished. Many a times he was fortunate to pour water on Prophet's hands for wudu. Thus, the companions of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ honoured him with the title "Hubb un Nabi" (Love of Nabi) which expresses the endearment that Prophet ﷺ exhibited for him. What an honour and what a blessing!

On several occasions, Hadhrat Usama accompanied Prophet ﷺ while travelling while he was young, but on the Conquest of Makkah, which is known to be a remarkable and victorious day in Islamic history, he was sitting behind Prophet ﷺ on his she-camel while Hadhrat Usman, Hadhrat Talha and Hadhrat Zubair were walking on its sides.

As a Commander

In early days of migration, Muslims had to face fierce aggression from polytheists. Both faced each other in different battlefields but Hadhrat

The companions of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ honoured him with the title "Hubb un Nabi" (Love of Nabi) which expresses the endearment that Prophet ﷺ exhibited for him

Usama was not allowed by Prophet ﷺ to participate in these battles because of his young age. By the eighth year of migration, he turned fifteen and was then a young, fearless, responsible and robust man.

Prophet ﷺ sent him as a leader of Skirmish of Harqa or Harqaat with a troop to fight against the enemy. Muslims returned victorious but Hadhrat Usama made a vague mistake. While he was fighting, Mardas bin Naheek came in his sword's range. He recited Kalimah spontaneously but Hadhrat Usama killed him. When Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ heard the news, he said, "Usama, you killed a man while he was reciting Kalimah." This statement of Prophet ﷺ brought a lot of regret.

At the trivial age of eighteen, he was appointed commander of the troop of seven hundred Muslims which included some leading companions of Prophet ﷺ like Hadhrat Abu Bakr, Hadhrat Umar, Hadhrat Sa'ad bin Abi Waqqas and many more. The main incentive of sending this huge army was to take revenge of Battle of Mautah in which Hadhrat Usama's father, Hadhrat Jaffar bin Abi Talib, Hadhrat Abdullah bin Rawahah and many more received martyrdom. Another reason was to crush the uprising on Syrian borders.

Some of the companions of Prophet ﷺ were surprised on nomination of such a young commander for a major and crucial mission. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ came out though he was seriously ill and addressed his followers telling them about the capability of Hadhrat Usama as a commander. He himself handed the flag to him and ordered the men to march.

This infantry had just reached Jarf, a place near Madinah, when they heard about the exceeding illness of their beloved Prophet ﷺ. They could not move further and thus re-

turned. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ left this mortal world leaving his Ummah in deep grief. Those strenuous moments were like mountain on Muslims and the most arduous job was to lower the Messenger of Allah ﷺ in the grave. Hadhrat Usama was one of those who performed this ritual though it was not easy for him.

Muslims selected Hadhrat Abu Bakr as the first caliph who made sure that the unfinished orders of Prophet ﷺ were finished therefore he resented this army again under the leadership of Hadhrat Usama. They kept on fighting the enemies far into Syria and reached near Damascus. From there they returned triumphant after approximately forty days. Historians state that this was the beginning of the victories in Syria.

Relationship With The Caliphs

Companions of Prophet ﷺ loved and trusted Hadhrat Usama exactly as Prophet ﷺ. In eleventh year of migration, Hadhrat Abu Bakr himself went towards Al Abraq to fight against the absconder rebels. He appointed Hadhrat Usama as his substitute in Madinah.

Hadhrat Umar Farooq fixed stipends for several companions of Prophet ﷺ. Hadhrat Usama was given four thousand Dirhams. During caliphate of Hadhrat Usman, he was persecuted which was not bearable for Hadhrat Usama therefore he withdrew himself. He stayed back till he died in either fifty four or fifty eight Hijra at the age of sixty during the reign of Hadhrat Ameer Muawwiyah. He was buried in Madinah. Hundred and sixty Ahadith are narrated by him.

May Allah help us to follow these leading lights. Ameen



screws
bolts



KIDS CORNER

Jokes and Riddles to Tickle Your Pickle!

Q: What did the ground say to the
earthquake?

You crack me up!

Q: Why did nose not want to go to school?

He was tired of getting picked on!

Q: How do you get straight A's?

By using a ruler!

Q: What did the pen say to the pencil?

So, what's your point!

Q: Why did the kid study in the airplane?

Because he wanted a higher education!

Q: What gets wetter the more it dries?

A towel.

Q: When you look for something, why is it al-
ways in the last place you look?

Because when you find it, you stop looking!

Q: It starts out tall, but the longer it stands,
the shorter it grows. What is it?

candle.

Q: I'm light as a feather, yet the strongest man
can't hold me for more than 5 minutes. What
am I?

Breath.

Q: Can you name three consecutive days with-
out using the words Wednesday, Friday, and
Sunday?

Yesterday, today, and tomorrow.

Q: They come out at night without being
called, and are lost in the day without being
stolen. What are they?

Stars.

Q: What is full of holes but can still hold water?

A sponge.

Hidden Picture

This family is visiting a farm together for family home evening. Can you find these hidden objects?



MUHARRAM

JUMADULAWAL

RABIULTHANI

SHABAN

DHULHIJJA

RAJAB

SAFAR

DHULQADA

RAMADAN

RABIUL AWWAL

SHAWWAL

JUMADULAKHRA

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

Months in Islam

Sorry Mom

“Sarah!” Mom was calling on loudly. Sarah was playing outside. She didn’t answer her mom. Mom came to the door, saw her playing and asked, “Why didn’t you answer me?”

“Oh, come on mom, I was busy playing with my toys. Don’t be so upset,” replied Sarah carelessly.

“You better mind your manners young lady... make sure you don’t do this next time!” Mom said in an annoyed tone and went back in.

Sarah was a pretty girl of eight. She was studying in grade four. She had two elder brothers who were studying in high school. They always used to order her around.

“Press our clothes, Sarah!”

“Polish our shoes!”

“Clean our room!”

They never played with her.

It was summer vacations. Sarah finished her homework and was free now. She spent all her time playing in the street. Mom often advised her to play inside the house but Sarah didn’t pay attention to her advices.

It was Saturday evening. Everybody was at home and busy in their own things. Sarah’s brothers were busy doing their academy work.



Mom was busy in kitchen.

Sarah drew some shapes on a paper. Then she got bored. She tore the paper and wanted to throw it in the dustbin, but because she was so used to roaming outside in the street now, instead of throwing it in a bin, she had this wild idea to go throw it in the street bin at the corner of the street. She went near it and tried to throw the paper, but the bin was too high for her. She couldn’t throw anything in there. She thought for a while and then climbed on a nearby pillar and tried to throw the paper again. Suddenly she found herself inside the bin. She started crying out loudly but nobody answered her cries. Sarah called her mom but all to no avail.

After sometime, mom came to the gate and called her, “Sarah! Sarah!” There was no reply. Mom thought that it was usual. Sarah used to ignore her mom’s calls often. So mom went back and started making dinner.

Sarah was crying in the bin. There was no one to hear her cries, literally no one!

After half an hour, a car entered the street. It was Sarah’s father in the car. Sarah was wailing at the top of her voice then. He heard her

cries. He hurriedly went to the gate and asked loudly, "Where is Sarah?" Mom came outside.

"In the street," she replied.

"What is she doing in the street?" asked father.

"Playing," replied her elder brother.

"There is nobody in the street. But I heard her cries!" her father announced.

Mom got astounded.

"Then where is Sarah?" she murmured in a low pitch. Sarah's brothers and father quickly went and started searching for her in the street. They were shouting, "Sarah, where are

you?"

"In the bin," Sarah replied sobbing.

They ran to the bin. Father helped her to come out. Her clothes were all dirty with trash.

Mom gave her a tight hug.

"Oh baby, I called you and when you didn't answer, I considered it usual."

Sarah was embarrassed. She knew it was her own fault. She put her chin up and mumbled, "Sorry mom!" Mom kissed her forehead.

Sarah promised not to repeat the mistake

There was a small girl named Ayesha. Ayesha was very good in studies but she had a bad habit of teasing her friends. She would secretly put her teacher's pen in her friend's bag and guess what? She laughed when others were punished. One day a girl named Fatima came crying to their class teacher Miss Safia. Fatima showed her workbook's page which she had completed with lots of effort and it was all torn and spoiled! The teacher understood that Ayesha would have done that. She stomped in anger and sternly said to Ayesha, "Ayesha very bad, how could you do such a thing?" saying this she showed her that page.

"I didn't do it!" cried the frightened Ayesha hoping that the teacher would believe her and would not punish her.

"You have wasted your chance and now you have to stand outside for two periods!" Miss Safia commanded. Ayesha started to cry as she sat on the twig in the blazing sun. Her face was red and her hands were sweating because it was too hot! After two periods when she came in to the class her teacher told her to go and wash her hands and face. She then gladly went and washed herself with cold water. Then the teacher asked her again, "Ayesha please tell, have you spoiled this page?"

Your Habits define you

by Syeda Hafsa
Mansoor

8 years

Generations School

Ayesha replied, "No I didn't."

Miss Safia then loudly said, "Please the one who has done it tell me!"

"Miss I am the one who did it, I'm very sorry." Maryam stood up.

"I punished Ayesha and you didn't even tell me?" Miss Safia roared like a lion.

"Sorry Ayesha!" Miss Safia apologized as well as Maryam. But still Ayesha had learnt a lesson that everyone is known by what they do. She always teased her friends that's why today they suspected her. From that day Ayesha promised herself never to tease her friends again

So here come the winners...

The Independence Day Poetry Competition was organized for 7 to 10 years old to develop the love for our country as well help them polish their writing skills and MashAllah what a fabulous display of talents was exhibited! There were more than hundred entries and selecting the winners was a very tough task indeed. We asked them to also read their poems so it was a poetry writing come elocution contest. Below are the poems of the winners. They were sent cash prizes too as a token of appreciation.

1st position: **Emaan Fatima**
My Country Flag

KPK in the North
Sindh in the South
Punjab in the East and
Baluchistan in the West
Our beloved country Pakistan is the best
The colour of my flag is green & white
My country is bubbled with a charismatic sight
Flag of my country, in freedom flies
Crescent and a star, are capturing eyes
Other might have forgotten but never can I,
That the flag of my country furls very high.

2nd Position: **Musfirah Zeeshan**
The Independence Day

Today is time for fireworks and fun
But we shouldn't forget its reason
This is one of the most important day
Of the entire summer season,
Today is when our nation became free
And the date of the country's birth
For so many years have grown to be
Make the most of it today
Because it is the Independence Day.

3rd position: **Haniya Ahmed**
8yrs

Our responsibility

Pakistan is my country I love most
Its greeneries, valleys and shores
This is the country where I was born
And this year it's 74 years old

Its every place is beautiful
Its every nook and its every corner
Sarhad has huge mountains
Punjab has flowing rivers
Baluchistan is full of minerals
And Sindh has some deserts

I love to visit its each place
And wish to work for its every space
Allah has gifted it to us
We should love it much
Allah has blessed this country with bounties
And it's our responsibility.



English creative writing class comic assignments done by the brilliant students mashAllah

fresh artist



Syeda Umme Hani Mansoor
12 years



Tayyaba Hussain, Khobar



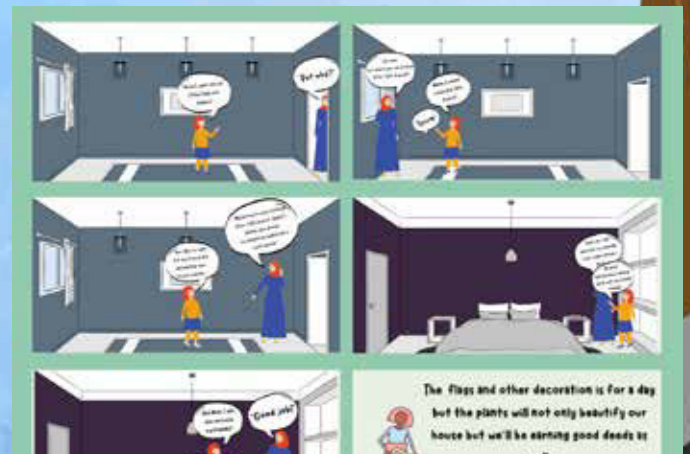
Hadiya Hussain, Khobar



Manahil ali, 9 years



Daniyah Barry, 10 years
UAE



Khunsa Altaf, Lahore
12 years

Freedom of Sorts

Concept by Zawjah Zia
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



You know amma, I made lots of dua for our dear country in fajar today as you had instructed.....



MashaAllah! and I love the flag decoration you've put up outside our house Ahmad.



Really!! Now please please amma can you buy me some crackers and that colorful horn too?! That'll complete my celebrations.....



Oh but my dear, don't you think those things cause trouble to others? There are babies, sick and elderly in our neighborhood whom you might be harming with the noise unknowingly....



But amma, everyone else has it...



Remember Ahmad, you are FREE to choose to not follow the crowd in what's not ok.

Wow! Didn't think it that way!

یتیموں کا سائبان بیت السلام

بیت السلام کر رہا ہے یتیم بچوں کی کفالت آپ کے
تعاون سے آئیں اس نیک کام
میں ہمارا ساتھ دیں

Address:

Baitussalam Imdadi Markaz, Mezzanine
Floor, Chapal Beach Arcade III, Clifton
Block 4, adjacent to Imtiaz super store
and opposite Hyperstar Carrefour super
store Karachi.

(For Karachi Residents Only)

ضروریات:

- کرنٹ پاسپورٹ سائز بچوں کی تصویر
- بے فارم
- سی این آئی سی ماں اور باپ کی کاپی
- والد کا ڈیٹھ سرٹیفکیٹ
- اسکول مارک شیٹ / اسکول کارڈ

شرائط:

- عمر 12 سال سے کم ہو
- بچہ اسکول کا طالب علم ہو

Joining
Hands
for Nation-Building
through
Education



Baitussalam Welfare Trust is running various educational institutes all over the country catering to no less than **40,000 students**. The education provided includes primary education, O-level, A-level, and religious sciences in urban as well as far-flung rural areas. Moreover, Baitussalam has established schools for **Syrian Refugees in Turkey** and the border camps.

BECOME A MEMBER NOW

<http://baitussalam.org/IlmofyPakistan>



A huge network of schools requires public support which we have on a monthly basis, Alhamdulillah! Now Baitussalam plans to expand its education network which necessitates a widening of its fundraising mechanism. For this purpose, an educational membership campaign, namely **Ilmofy Pakistan**, is being launched on a national level in which members shall donate **Rs.5000 per month for supporting the educational expenses** of Baitussalam.