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Our silent heroes

A lethal disease -
false love

Comic: The sweet
sweet Sunnah

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days...

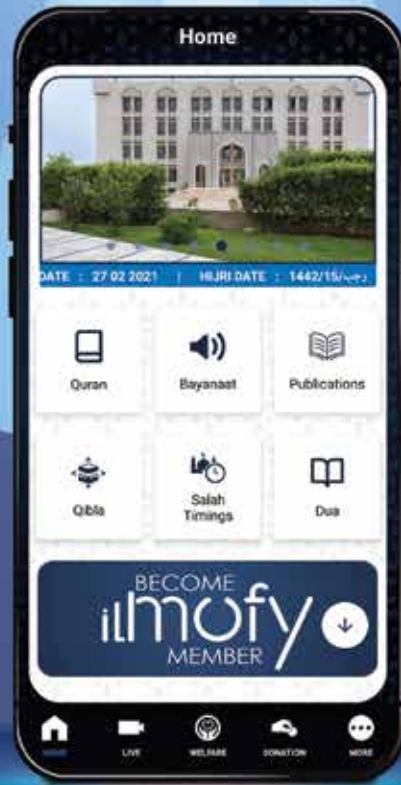
Born to Be



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This heart's been taken!

Assalamu alaikum warahmatullahi wa-barakaatuh,

On entering my class one fine morning, I find out that my best friend has reserved the seat next to her for me, as usual; I feel special. But then I discover that she has reserved the seat on her other side for another one of her friends – my ‘feel-special’ mood disappears instantly.....

The teacher announces the final-term grades and I soar to cloud nine hearing that I had secured the first position. Then she continues and I discover that I have a tie with another classmate of mine – sigh! Someone else was as brilliant as I was; nothing extraordinary here.....

We can't help it, can we? Despite knowing all too well about the perils of pride, envy, stinginess, etc, it shouldn't be hard for anyone of us to admit that at such points in time, when we have to share with someone else, something that we wished was especially ours, it sure gets hard for us to accept it. It is foolish, funny and very bad, but true. And you know what's funnier than that? It is the ironic fact that the things we dislike sharing are not even our rightful possessions; they are only a few of the many blessings of our dear Allah ﷻ upon us.

Now consider this! Your heart, my heart, all believers' hearts are supposed to be residences for Allah ﷻ, the Rightful Owner of these hearts. Now if we, despite all our unworthiness, can dare to dislike sharing, are we so naïve to think that Allah ﷻ can accept sharing His residence with anyone or anything else? No, in fact, that will be against His Dignity. So He blesses His

Worthy presence to only those hearts that are vacant; empty of any other love, attraction or inclination.

So yeah! These red, pink, glittery and rosy hearts, ribbons, cakes and candles that surround us with their darkness and filth in this particular month of February, are sickening and depressing to say the least...Not only because the festival, the tradition and the celebration is merely a borrowed foolishness, but more because these hearts of us believers were special; they were meant to house our beautiful Allah ﷻ. And no, we are not implying here that you quit loving your loved ones. But we are just urging you to distill and purify the feelings of love in your heart and channel them properly.

How to do that? It is simple indeed! Give your heart to your Lord ﷻ, the One and Only! You know what? Since it is Only Him Who is the Creator of every kind of love that exists in this world, when we have Him in our hearts, He doesn't let the pure love get mixed with the foul one. It's just like the way our physical hearts automatically separate the pure blood from the dirty one and then channel each of the two types to where they belong, when Allah ﷻ resides in a blessed heart, the right kinds of love are automatically distinguished from the wrong/unhealthy ones and then they are channeled in the most correct manner.

May His ﷻ Divine love never cease to leave our hearts. Ameen!

Was'salaam,

Zawjah Zia

A lethal disease - false love

An excerpt from the spiritual discourse of Hadhrat Abdul Sattar Hafidhahullah enlightens us the lethal consequences of a heart grounded in false love and its false fantasies

Sadly, some hearts are such that they are occupied by feelings and desires that are not lawful. Such a heart does not only entail that a person has a dirty heart, rather, it also entails contaminated eyes, a bobbed conscience, lost human values, the death of modesty, ruined respect of the parents and an overall mutilation of the religion and the sunnah of the beloved Prophet ﷺ.

An unlawful love can turn a perfectly good person blind; and into a loser who loses absolutely everything that has value. So, in fact, an unlawful love is a lethal disease of the heart.

How does a person catch this lethal disease? Anyone whose love for this material world and its fancies exceeds its limits is vulnerable to this disease of false love. The lethality of this disease is disastrous because it then forces a person to disobey the commands of his Lord ﷻ in multiple ways; all his strengths and his body parts are affected and start malfunctioning.

Therefore it is absolutely necessary to avoid this disease and try to protect our hearts from it.

We take much care and precaution to avoid physical diseases and then go to all lengths to treat them if we ever catch them. Even a little pimple or spot on the face which blobs the beauty of the face is taken quite seriously. Why? Because this face and our physical forms are what we present to this world and its inhabitants.

Have we ever thought how important it is to take the blobs of our hearts seriously too? This heart is what we present to Allah ﷻ. Rather we have ignored our hearts so much that they have been turned into garbage dumps! If the eyes watch filth it is dumped into our hearts. The tongues utter all imaginable filth and it is too dumped into our hearts. The ears listen to all imaginable filth which too is dumped in the hearts.

The lethality of this disease is disastrous because it then forces a person to disobey the commands of his Lord ﷻ in multiple ways; all his strengths and his body parts are affected and start malfunctioning.

How sad a state is that! It's a heart that was meant to receive and entertain the blessings, light and guidance from its Lord ﷻ!

Imagine an old deserted house! No one went into it for ages. All stypes of snakes and scorpions and stench and garbage are in there. Such a scary house, isn't it? No one would want to enter it.

Our hearts have been turned into such haunted places for ages! And there is no wonder that our hearts are now filled with all kinds of fears. There are serpents of discomfort and restlessness because the environment in there is so very suitable for them to dwell in. Nothing good was ever put into these hearts so they host only these monsters of hopelessness and fear.

Allah ﷻ says:

أَلَا يَذْكُرُ اللَّهُ تَطْمَئِنُّ الْقُلُوبُ (الرعد: 28)

“Verily, in the remembrance of Allah do hearts find contentment.”

What kind of a dwelling place would be a heart like this! A place that has been receiving the light and blessings of the remembrance of Allah ﷻ for ages! Why wouldn't it then have the perfumes and happiness and contentment!

So a heart that is attached to everything and anything but the remembrance of its Lord ﷻ

(who deserved its attachment the most), is a heart that would be filled with filth and dirt. Meanwhile, the same heart has the potential to become the fountain of eternal peace and success:

يَوْمَ لَا يَنْفَعُ مَالٌ وَلَا بَنُونَ

The day on which property will not avail, nor sons...

إِلَّا مَنْ أَتَى اللَّهَ بِقَلْبٍ سَلِيمٍ

Except him who comes to Allah with a heart free (from evil).
(Ash Shu'ara: 88,89)

SubhanAllah! The one who'll reach his Lord ﷻ with a heart that was protected against all of these lethal diseases of false love and attraction, will be blessed with an eternal life of peace, tranquility and success – just because this heart was void of unlawful and untamed love and attraction of this world and its beauties, this person's worship was accepted. Otherwise, the worship remains empty gestures without a soul; failing to give any pleasure in this world and any benefit in the Hereafter. May Allah ﷻ help us take care of the real health of our hearts and save them from these killer diseases of false love. Ameen



Mosque Facts

There are two major types of mosques: Masjid jāmi, or “collective mosque,” a large state-controlled mosque that is the centre of community worship and the site of Friday prayer services.

Smaller mosques operated privately by various groups within society.

The tallest minaret in the world is the minaret at the Hassan II Mosque in Casablanca, Morocco. It is 689 feet tall.

The Masjid al-Haram is 4,000,000 years old in Saudi Arabia and is the largest capacity mosque. As of August 2020, the Great Mosque is the largest mosque and the eighth largest building in the world.

Now let’s check out what else do you know about the mosque of the world.

- Which is the first mosque in Islam?
- Who is the founder of mosques?
- In which country there is no mosque?
- What is the smallest mosque in the world?
- Which five mosques are mentioned in The Holy Quran?
- How many mosques does Turkey have?

- Quba Mosque
- Hadhrat Ibrahim AS.
- Slovakia
- Taj-ul-Masajid
1. Masjid-ul-Haram [Kabaal]
2. Masjid-ul-Aqsa
3. Masjid-al-Zarrar
4. Masjid-ul-Nabawi
5. Masjid Quba
- Turkey has 82,693 mosques.

Answers

Our silent heroes

by Binte Hanif
South Africa

I lifted my pen and gazed at the blank page in front of me. Nature sang its melody around me and calmed my nerves, however it was that time of the month again. I was in a predicament of racking my brains pondering over the fact of what to write for next month's radiance magazine.

I bit my pen and waited for nature to play its trick as always. Indeed it did a wonderful job! My beloved father took simple steps towards the balcony with a cup of hot tea in his hands. He ran his hand across his grey and black beard as he smiled towards me and sat on the opposite bench. He gazed at the trees with dreamy eyes and sipped his tea. I lifted my pen and decided to write. I feel like an artist, nevertheless, my image is hidden in my words.

I looked closely and realised how wisdom, tiredness, hardwork, patience and most of all the magic word 'love' were all embedded in my father's eyes and veins. The proof of him being a magnificent individual was unequivocally visible. A wonderful husband, caring individual, our role model, confident and luckily for me, the cherry on top... my loving and dear father. That wise man who has the solution to all my hundred and one problems after Allah swt. It's absolutely true my mother gave me my drive but my father gave me my dreams.

I pondered over all the nazms I had listened to with regards to parents and conceived the fact that majority of them are on mothers. Yes one hundred percent correct. Our mothers are the reason of the garden of life always being blossomed, however that very garden is watered by our silent heroes. THE FATHERS...

A father is neither an anchor to hold us back nor a sail to take us there, but a guiding light whose love shows us the way. Fathers play a key role in their daughters' psychological development from the moment they are born. ... When fathers are present and loving, their daughters develop a strong sense of self and often become more confident in their abilities, mature in their ways and wise in their thoughts. What a relationship!

The heart of a father is the masterpiece of nature. A Father's tears and fears are unseen, his love is unexpressed, but his care and protection remains as a pillar of strength throughout our lives. Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pouring them all out, just as they are, chaff and grain together, certain that a faithful hand will take and sift them, keep what is worth keep-

That man who sacrificed his dreams for us, his morsel for us, his health for us, and his life for us. We owe it to our fathers! The least that we can do is ardently do their khidmat.

ing, and with a breath of kindness blow the rest away.

They nurture us, care for us, mould us into confident individuals, educate us, not only with physical education, but they also try their best to instil spirituality, wisdom, bravery, confidence and demeanour to the core of our very souls. They all have their ways of doing this which makes each father unique and the best dad in the world for their children.

That man that would throw us up in the air when we were toddlers, making us giggle and squeel with delight. Oh the trust we had that we won't be dropped. Is that trust still present when that same man gives us advice and grants us a sense of direction when we become teens? "hmmm he can't keep up with the times.." "Dad your times were different" blah blah blah. This is what we are all guilty of uttering.

That man who sacrificed his dreams for us, his morsel for us, his health for us, and his life for us. We owe it to our fathers! The least that we can do is ardently do their khidmat.

The following is very common, most of us have read it a hundred times, however let's ponder over its meaning this time and realise before its too late as those who don't have their heroes wish to just see them once.

4 years: My Daddy can do anything!

7 years: My Dad knows a lot...a whole lot.

8 years: My father does not know quite everything.

12 years: Oh well, naturally Father does not know that either.

14 years: Oh, Father? He is hopelessly old-fash-

ioned.

21 years: Oh, that man-he is out of date!

25 years: He knows a little bit about it, but not much.

30 years: I must find out what Dad thinks about it.

35 years: Before we decide, we will get Dad's idea first.

50 years: What would Dad have thought about that?

60 years: My Dad knew literally everything!

65 years: I wish I could talk it over with Dad once more.

"What can you say to someone who has always been one of the most essential parts of your world. Someone who took your hand when you were little and helped to show the way?

What do you say to someone who stood by to help you grow, providing love, strength and support. So you could become the person you are today?

What can you say to let him know that he is the best there is and that you hope that you have inherited some of his wisdom and his strength?

What words would you say if you ever got the chance. Maybe just 'I love you' and hope he understands."

Tears rolled down my eyes as once again I looked at my father. He had finished his cup of tea and given me my article for this month without even realising it. I walked towards him hugged him from the back and kissed his forehead. He looked into my eyes and motioned for me to sit next to him. I took the seat next him and enjoyed mother nature around us.

Blessed

Born to Be

Part Two: Breaking News
by Yusra Farhan

It had been two years since the launch of Tania Ansari's first music album. Two whole years that flew by with plenty of crazy things happening that Tania could have never imagined two years back. Among them, the craziest one was probably getting the chance to record a song with Mehreen Ali. When her manager told her about this, Tania was literally jumping up and down and screaming in joy. Then, she laid on her bed astounded and could not speak a single word the entire day. Just getting to meet Mehreen Ali would have been enough of a star struck moment, but singing with her? That was huge! Mehreen Ali had been Tania's idol ever since she was a little girl. The first song Tania had performed on stage as a seven year old was one of Mehreen Ali's songs. She knew the lyrics of all her songs by heart, but never did she imagine that they would share the lyrics of a song. Yet, it happened when no one could have guessed it would happen, just like what happened today no one could have guessed would happen...

It was a cold evening. The winds were roaring in anger. The sky looked pale, as if all its colours had been sucked out. Tania was driving back home from the studio, which was taking longer than usual due to the intense traffic. She turned up the radio, when she stopped at a traffic light which seemed to be stuck on red forever. The reporter was talking about the usual boring stuff which Tania did not pay much attention to until he said, "Breaking News: Our reports confirm that Mehreen Ali passed away this morning..."

Tania's ears caught that one line loud and clear, and they began to bleed. All the background noises went hush in that moment. The only sound Tania could hear was the rapid beating of the organ trapped inside her chest. She didn't realize that the traffic light had finally turned green and people behind her were furiously honking at her. When that didn't work, a man came out of his car and hammered on her window, which made Tania shudder and

Tania's ears caught that one line loud and clear, and they began to bleed. All the background noises went hush in that moment. The only sound Tania could hear was the rapid beating of the organ trapped inside her chest.

return back to reality. The man pointed at the traffic light in frustration. Tania looked at it and nodded. She was driving a car when the world was collapsing right in front of her. People could have bet that she will crash the car and land in the hospital, fighting for her last breaths. But, guess what? She made it. Despite the throbbing pain in her head and her heart beating in a violent way, she managed to safely pull up the car in front of her house and walk in like nothing happened.

“Tania?” her mom called her and looked at her with wide eyes, as she stepped in the house. Tania could tell she was wondering if she had found out the news by now, but none of them dared to say it out loud.

Tania kept arguing with herself the entire day that she must have heard it all wrong. She convinced herself that she'll see Mehreen again and she'll be there flashing her glamorous smile like she always did. But the next time she saw her, she wasn't smiling or talking in her sweet voice. She just laid there motionless, not even looking at anyone who came to see her. Although Tania had been a fan of Mehreen Ali since as far back as she could remember, she had only gotten to know her for the few days they had worked together. Mehreen was a young spirit despite being in her forties and her voice was the kind you could listen to all day. But above all, it was the way she treated everyone like they were someone that made Tania respect her even more. It was hard to accept that someone

whom you saw just last week, laughing and singing, could be gone. She showed every sign of a happy, healthy, and lively person, didn't she? How could she just die with no significant reason? The week following the funeral, these thoughts kept Tania confined behind the door of her bedroom. It was the seventh day and probably a Tuesday, Tania guessed. Her alarm clock went off and declared that it was 7:50 a.m. in the morning. It kept ringing and ringing while Tania simply went on staring at it. On any other day, she would have immediately hit the snooze button and closed her eyes to get an extra ten minutes of sleep. However, today she had been wide awake a long time before the alarm clock started ringing. She wasn't even sure if she had slept at all. Maybe she did doze off at some point during the night, she wasn't sure though. At last, she reached out and turned off the alarm and got up from the bed. Her heart was still aching and her soul was still sore, but somewhere she knew she was gradually healing.

Two nights back, Saima, Tania's manager, had called and advised Tania to go on a mini vacation before she starts working again. Tania thought this idea was extremely queer at first, but Saima continued with her speech on how it will be nice and calming to inhale some fresh air of a new place and exhale all the sorrows.

“No matter what happens or who dies, the world just keeps on going and we need to learn how to do the same thing,” Saima said at the end of her speech and Tania found herself re-

luctantly agreeing with those words.

She couldn't just lie in her bed forever. At some point, she had to go back to work and attend to her commitments. Thus, leaving all her woes behind, she got dressed and caught a flight to Islamabad, because that was the farthest she agreed to venture out. It felt strange being in a city all alone. Sure she had been travelling back and forth for work during the past two years but never on a 'vacation' like this all alone. However, she did feel grateful for the change. Saima had done a fantastic job at booking her a hotel room that had the most beautiful view. Tania could see the entire city from the balcony and it was truly an alluring sight at night. The hotel room was also enormous and Tania didn't know what she was going to do in such a huge space. She snuggled in the white comforter on the bed and despite reminding herself that she wasn't here to just sleep, she snoozed. The fatigue hadn't yet completely worn off from her aching bones.

It was five in the evening when Tania woke up. She changed and decided to take a stroll and check out the nearby places, so at least the day does not turn out to be total waste. She walked down the block and went inside some shops but ended up buying nothing, which was so unusual of Tania. When she exited a jewelry shop and crossed the street, she realized she was standing in front of a library. Something itched within her and bugged her to go inside. The last library she had been in was probably the one in her school. She recalled how she would never miss a chance to go to the library during her free periods. But, what kind of person goes to a library when they're on a vacation, she thought to herself. Yet, her feet took charge and she found herself walking into the library. The moment she pulled open the door, she was welcomed by the warm smell of books and a friendly smile from a librarian. The library was not too big but had a cozy vibe, which Tania instantly liked. Tania hadn't read a book in

a long time and she doubted if she still had the ability to read a book in one sitting. She roamed around for a while and caressed the spine of the books in the bookshelves. After some time, she finally picked up a book and flipped through its pages. When she looked up, she found a pair of eyes staring at her from down the aisle.

The pair of almond-shaped, honey brown eyes staring at her looked so strangely familiar that it made Tania uneasy. They tried to pick at some memory buried deep within her mind which she could not clearly recollect at the moment

Continued Insha'Allah...

Continued from pg 19

ed some tents to keep the prisoners. History proves that Muslim women were equally brave as their men. These women tugged out the pegs of the tent and attacked the Romans. Meanwhile, Muslim army also reached there and attacked them. Muslim women were rescued and Hadhrat Zazaar managed to kill Peter.

Death

There are many different narrations about the death of this daring and dauntless companion of Prophet ﷺ. It is said that he received martyrdom in the battle of Ajnadain, regardless of the first one in 13th Hijra or the second in 15th. Some historians say that he was not martyred in Ajnadain and participated in the Battle of Yarmouk. He died in 18th year of migration in an epidemic. Every soul who opened the eye in this world has to leave. Hadhrat Zazaar is also gone but has left many lessons behind for us. May Allah help us to understand the true meaning of life that is lived for His sake



Date Balls Recipe

cook
some
fun

Ingredients:

- 3 cups of pitted dates
- 1 tsp of chia seeds (optional)
- 3 tsp honey
- 1 cup of ground almonds
- 1 cup of finely shredded coconut
- 3 tsp cocoa powder
- 2 tsp of rainbow sprinkles (optional)

Method:

Soak the dates in warm water for 2-3 minutes.
 Drain the water.
 Combine the drained dates with honey, chia seeds, ground almonds and cocoa powder.
 Put the mixture into a food processor and blend, or, you can mix it using a fork instead.
 Once everything is mixed well, roll a small amount of the mixture into a small ball and coat it with either finely shredded coconut, cocoa powder or sprinkles.
 You can also put the balls on lollipop sticks and dip them in melted chocolate.

- 1 long red chilli, finely sliced (deseeded if preferred)
- 15g/1/2oz fresh coriander leaves
- 10g/1/3oz fresh mint leaves
- 15g/1/2oz roasted cashew nuts, roughly chopped

For the dressing

- 3 tbsp water
- 3 tsp caster sugar
- 1/2-1 tsp dried chilli flakes, to taste
- 4 tsp dark soy sauce
- 1 tsp toasted sesame oil



Method

To make the dressing, place the water, sugar and chilli flakes in a small saucepan over a low heat and warm gently until the sugar is dissolved. Bring to the boil and cook for 30 seconds, stirring. Take off the heat and stir in the soy sauce and sesame oil. Leave to cool.
 Half-fill a saucepan with water and bring to the boil. Add the noodles and cook for 3-4 minutes, or according to the packet instructions, until tender. Stir occasionally to separate the strands. Add the soya beans or peas to the noodles, stir well and then immediately drain in a colander. Rinse the noodles and beans under cold running water until the mixture is completely cool. Tip into a large mixing bowl.
 Carefully peel the carrot into long, wide ribbons or cut into long, thin matchsticks. Add the carrot, pepper and mangetout to the noodle salad. Cut the chicken into thin slices and place in the bowl.
 Pour the dressing into the bowl and toss so everything is well mixed. Add the spring onions, red chilli, fresh herbs and nuts to the bowl and toss lightly before serving

Chicken Noodles Salad

Ingredients

- 70g/2 1/2oz medium egg noodles
- 50g/1 3/4oz frozen soya beans or frozen peas
- 1 carrot, peeled
- 1/2 small red pepper, seeds removed, sliced
- 75g/2 3/4oz mangetout, trimmed and halved lengthways
- 1 cooked boneless, skinless chicken breast (about 125g/4 1/2oz)
- 4 spring onions, trimmed and finely sliced

There'll be days...

Written by
Manahil Waqas

There'll be days
When life feels like a maze
On you like a burden it weighs
In your mind the past replays
And things go the wrong way,

There'll be days,
When in cheering you up
Even the bright sky fails
And your heart's weather remains grey
Like a gloomy rainy day,

There'll be days
That'll be flying
Keeping up your pace
In a race against time
You'll think you're losing yourself
There's no getaway

And there'll be days
To reach your face
Smile will find its ways
And I pray that a little longer
May these days stay.

But all these days,
They won't stay always
So have patience and faith
Because yes
There'll be days...

أَفَلَا يَنْظُرُونَ إِلَى الْإِبِلِ كَيْفَ خُلِقَتْ

Do they not ever reflect on camels —
how they are created? (Al -Qur'an 88:17)

The Miracle of the Camel

Can close the nostrils at the time of a sand storm

The long eyelashes are double layer, it stops sand from entering

Can drink 130 liters of water in 10 minutes and can stay without water for weeks

The hunch is the food storage

Heat proof coat

The mouth & stomach is suitable to eat even thorny foods

Callus that protects from heat when sitting



Let's
Reflect

radiance

I didn't steal her story



Khaula Owais's story grants a fresh perspective to how fickle life is and yet how we worry about it

I "I didn't plan to steal her idea sir!" He interrupted.

"I don't know anything more than this... I received a phone call this morning, the person said that he had seen the same story as yours in another magazine a month ago. He also said that he would be sending a copy of it in a day or two and he is a great fellow of mine. So it wouldn't be wrong now to say that you are not allowed to write further in this magazine." The words echoed in my mind once, twice and then thrice.

My shoulders drooped and an ache started deep in my stomach. My hands went blue as if an alligator has bitten me. My face turned violent and my trembling lips were not able to carry on the conversation further but I had to do so.

"But sir, this would be a great resemblance in both our ideas, I didn't Oh sir! I never tried

to steal anyone's idea..." an articulate voice rose behind my throat.

"No more correspondence please! I've a lot of work to do," he stopped for a while, "if any reader will notice this error, it would be a huge shame on me, God bless Asad, he told me before any blunder happened," he again stopped then sputtered, "I have added your name among the black listed writers miss!"

The speech blasted in my mind, creating obscurity and thoughtlessness, my eyes were open but I could see darkness before my eyes, my heads resting on the pillow uncomfortably, hairs giving a disheveled look, mouth wide open, eyes moisturized, my hands resting at the top of the mattress, feet straight, body cold. I couldn't feel anything, only the breezes touching my face and causing my lips to shiver.

Oh how mournful am I? No voice to comfort me? Solely, the tick tock of the clock. There is

With a hanging head and lazy steps, I went outside. My two sisters were shuffling on the sofa engaged in something, but when they saw me, they whispered something in each other's ear and hid that thing from me.

another voice also, yes, conscience, it's still awake, illuminating my mind again, consoling me and determining my hopes. I know Allah ﷻ will never waste my hard work and would make me successful in future. If a horse rider fell from a horse, next time he is careful not to do that mistake again.

While travelling in these thoughts, I smelled the aroma of hot chocolate and whipping cream filling my room gradually, 'my sisters are once more struggling to bake a cake' I thought. I stood up, trying to forget all my sorrow and pain.

My legs immediately went down the bed and dragging my torso behind, it seemed like an old person surviving from many diseases was putting all his strength to stand up.

My foot touched the fluffy carpet spread on the floor. With a hanging head and lazy steps, I went outside. My two sisters were shuffling on the sofa engaged in something, but when they saw me, they whispered something in each other's ear and hid that thing from me.

"What happened Khaula? Are you all right, this dupatta dragging behind you, we've got a surprise for you," my sister remarked.

"But after you just wear fine clothes," the younger one added.

I idly went inside selecting white simple clothes and went in to change. When I saw my face in the mirror, I was shocked at what

I saw; my hairs moving here and there, big drops of sweat rolling downwards, my eye holes darker than ever. I washed my face, tied my hairs and went outside.

A pop sound was heard as I stepped out of my room and many multi-coloured particles flew in the air and then coming directly on me. "What happened? Saudah!? All right, why blowing party poppers on me," I asked, partly enjoying and partly surprised.

"Khaula! You've got the award on writing the best story in the magazine" my sister spoke joyously.

"What!?" I stepped back having my hand on mouth, "But the editor said he'd black listed me" they both started laughing, "C'mon he must have been mistaken Khaula! Look here!" she showed me a brown envelope with a glossy magazine inside and then quickly skimming the pages, showed me my story in which the top title said, "Best story of the magazine by Khaula Owais".

For several minutes I couldn't trust my eyes but then I finally realized that it's me, floor slipped beneath my feet and I felt like flying in the sky. I jumped and hugged my sisters, they had made a delicious cake for me.

While tossing the cake in my mouth, I thought how life is? I didn't know that after an hour I would be this satisfied. If only I wouldn't have wasted so much time in being gloomy...

Hadhrat Zarrar Bin Azwar رضي الله عنه

Let's embark with Zawjah Junaid Mukaty on a daring journey of the Roman's defeat at the hands of a handful of Muslim and the story of the Sahabah who killed their commander

Hadhrat Zarrar bin Azwar Asadi, a prominent warrior and chieftain of his tribe accepted Islam in the eighth year of migration, right after the Conquest of Makkah with his fellow tribesmen. He then stayed with Prophet ﷺ with an intention to learn the principles of Islam and all this while his love for Prophet ﷺ flourished extensively. He took every order of his beloved Prophet ﷺ heartily, and when he was told to go to two different tribes to preach Islam, he immediately left without any hesitation.

Military Tactics

Satan never stopped and will never stop, till the horn is blown. He urges man to take different steps that will take him to the road to hell. One such unfortunate man, Tulayha bin Khuwailid, who belonged to Hadhrat Zarrar's tribe, proclaimed false prophet hood. His headquarter was Sumaira where he made his evil plans of misguiding people. Prophet ﷺ

sent Hadhrat Zarrar there to teach him a lesson. Different tribes of the surrounding area joined the Muslim army and defeated the hideous army but Tulayha was wicked enough to flee and take refuge at Bazakhaz.

All this while Tulayha strengthened himself and appeared again as a false prophet after the demise of Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ therefore the first caliph, Hadhrat Abu Bakr, sent the war hero, Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed, to eliminate this group. Hadhrat Zarrar joined this army and succeeded in overthrowing them but once again Tulayha ran away to Syria. The Muslim troop then turned their attention to the people who denied to pay Zakat where Maalik bin Naweerah was killed by Hadhrat Zarrar.

Maalik bin Naweereah was the chief of his clan who did not send the Zakat of his tribe to the caliph. Though he expressed his faithfulness to Islam but secretly he served another false female claimant of prophet hood, Sajjah bint

Due to his courage and bravery, Hadhrat Zaraar was well known to Romans as "Genie" and wherever he went, Romans turned and ran away.

Harith. He and his mischievous associates were arrested by Muslims and kept under strict surveillance on the orders of Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed. It was winter season and the nights were freezing cold. Islam teaches us to be careful with the prisoners and not to be cruel with them so our Commanders of Islam have set hundreds of examples on this instruction. Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed ordered his men to provide heat to the prisoners which according to some Arab tribes meant killing. Hadhrat Zaraar mistook Hazrat Khalid's words to mean 'Kill' and thus he killed Maalik bin Naweerah and his companions.

In the 13th year of migration, Muslims besieged Damascus. Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed made Hadhrat Zaraar commanding officer of two thousand riders with the responsibility of security of the army. There they received the information that the Romans had left to attack the Muslims. Hadhrat Khalid sent Hadhrat Zaraar with five hundred riders to hinder them but when they reached there they realized that the army was a huge one, approximately twelve thousand in number. The brave Muslims never lose hope so they decided to fight. Due to his courage and bravery, Hadhrat Zaraar was well known to Romans as "Genie" and wherever he went, Romans turned and ran away. While this small number was becoming a nightmare for the large number, Hadhrat Zaraar's horse tumbled down and made its rider fall. Romans counted that as blessing and arrested him and a few other Muslim soldiers.

Out of these arrested soldiers, two companions of Prophet ﷺ managed to escape and

reach Hadhrat Khalid. The next strategy by Hadhrat Khalid was quickly planned and he left thousand soldiers back at Damascus and took the remaining army to get Hadhrat Zaraar released from the Romans.

The attack and the fight was severe. In this battalion, there was a masked rider who was fighting lion-heartedly. Hadhrat Khalid bin Waleed approached him and praised him and asked to reveal his face. The masked rider told him that she was no other than Hadhrat Khaula bint Azwar, sister of Hadhrat Zarrar bin Azwar. Amazing brother's amazing sister! Hadhrat Khalid was surprised and said, "No enemy can defeat a nation who has daughters like you."

Muslims managed to arrest a small troop of the enemy from whom they got the information that Hadhrat Zaraar had been transported to Hams in security of hundred riders who will let Heraclius, their king, know what kind of Genies his army had to face. Hadhrat Khalid sent Hadhrat Raafa'e bin Umaira with Hadhrat Khaula and hundred riders to bring back Hadhrat Zaraar. Soon this party got hold of the Romans who had Hadhrat Zarrar and returned victorious.

These Muslims were still in the battlefield when two Roman commanders, Peter and Paul, attacked the rear side of the army, where Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah was with the women and children. The attackers were sixteen thousand but they managed to arrest only a few Muslim women. Hadhrat Khaula was among these women too. This troop of Romans with Muslim women stopped at a place and erect-

Continued on pg 10

KIDS CORNER

JUKES

The teacher of the earth science class was lecturing on map reading.

After explaining about latitude, longitude, degrees and minutes the teacher asked, "Suppose I asked you to meet me for lunch at 23 degrees, 4 minutes north latitude and 45 degrees, 15 minutes east longitude...?"

After a confused silence, a voice volunteered, "I guess you'd be eating alone."

"Isn't the principal a dummy!" - said a boy to a girl.

"Well, do you know who I am?" - asked the girl.

"No." - replied the boy.

"I'm the principal's daughter." - said the girl.

"And do you know who I am?" - asked the boy.

"No." - she replied.

"Thank goodness!" - said the boy with a sigh of relief.

While visiting a country school, the chairman of the Board Of Education became provoked at the noise the unruly students were making in the next room.

Angrily, he opened the door and grabbed one of the taller boys who seemed to be doing most of the talking. He dragged the boy to the next room and stood him in the corner.

A few minutes later, a small boy stuck his head in the room and pleaded, "Please, sir, may we have our teacher back?"

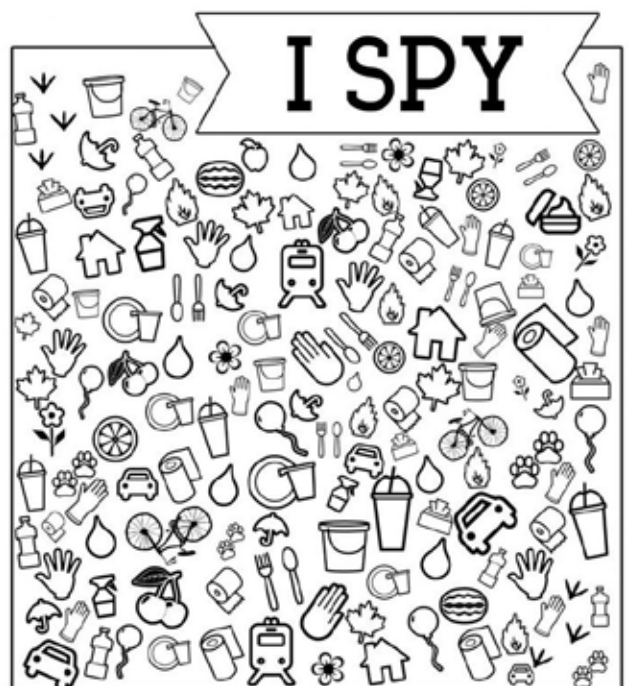
Teeth said to tongue, "If I just press you little hard, you will get cut."

Tongue replied, "If I misuse one word against someone, then all the 32 of you will come out at once."

A man telephoned an airline office and asked, "How long does it take to fly to New Delhi?"

"Just a minute," answered the clerk.

"Thank you," he said and hung up.



2	4	4	2	4	5	7	4	6
1	6	7	1	3	6	7	4	7
3	2	4	6	2	7	3	9	6



Your deeds always find a way of coming back to you

by
Rumaisa Sakhi
12 years



Ali was coming back from school. He was famished so he took out his leftover lunch and started eating it. On his way back home he met an old man whose clothes were like rags. He didn't pay much attention to people like that but still he noticed how hungry the old man looked. Although his family was not well off too, he gave his lunch to the old man and started walking home. He was still starving but yet he felt very happy to have helped a poor man.

Some days passed by and he forgot all about that incident but little did he know that this deed was going to change his life forever.

One day when Ali was walking back home, he felt a little dizzy because of hunger. His father's business was at an extreme loss and because of that he hadn't been able to eat proper food for at least a week. Suddenly he fell to the floor and passed out. The last thing he saw was an old man's face.

When Ali woke up again, he was hooked up to machines and realized that he was in a hospital. He collected his energy and said, "W-What happened?" he asked, completely bewildered.

"Oh! Thank goodness you are alright!" someone said hugging him and Ali recognized this voice as his mum's. His mum explained to him that a gentleman had seen him fainting and took him to the hospital and called her. She rushed to the hospital to thank the man but found that he had already left.

While his mum was filling Ali with everything available to eat, the hospital room door opened and a nicely dressed man came in. He was wearing a business-like coat and he had a very charming smile.

"Glad to know you're alright, mate." He remarked cheerfully. His mum rushed to the man's side and thanked him continuously.

"It's alright there lady, I am just giving a pay-back of what this young gentleman did to me," the man said, and looking at Ali's puzzled face he added, "remember when you saw an old poor man and how you gave him your leftover food even though you didn't have much yourself? Well! That was me, I was walking to my house when suddenly a gang of robbers took everything from my purse and injured

me so bad that I couldn't even walk and I sat there for at least half a day until I started feeling hungry. I thought I was going to die of hunger, but thankfully you gave me food and I gathered all my strength and walked back home

and recovered quite well."

Ali sat amazed wondering how Allah taala never goes any of our deeds unnoticed and rewards us for them both in this and the next world

Lost Freedom



Written by
Owaisha Ayaz

14 August is coming. Let's tell Usman Baba to bring flags, bangles and badges like every year to prepare for the Independence Day celebrations. We also have to decorate our neighborhood.

Let's go....

Wait! Owaisha and Usman where are you going? Everything is closed outside. Wear mask and gloves, sanitize your hands and then get in the car. And don't get out of the car, okay.

But Mama, like every year, this year we also have to take all the things ourselves, and then even in school we have to go to celebrate Independence Day. We all friends join hands and sing the Pakistani Anthem together.

Kids! That freedom is no more, it will no longer

be a school celebration, you have to keep your distance.

Listening to Mama and Baba, it seems to me that Pakistan is angry with us. We have listened to the words of our leader a lot but we have not followed them. We have angered our leader Quaid-e-Azam and Allah Taala. We have read the national anthem but we have not become a good nation. Today we all have to seek forgiveness from Allah on this independent day.

And for our country Pakistan and for every Pakistani who living in it, we have to pray from the bottom of our hearts that may Allah protect this country and protect it from all kinds of disasters and troubles.

And let there again be freedom and prosperity in which we will join hands with our friends and celebrate freedom with enthusiasm. Ameen

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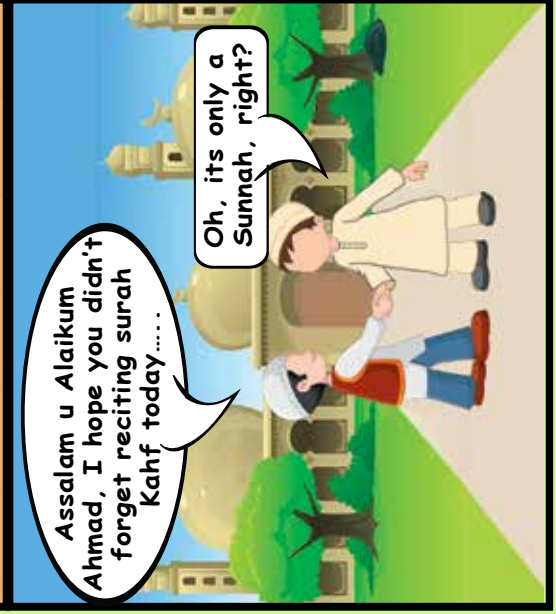
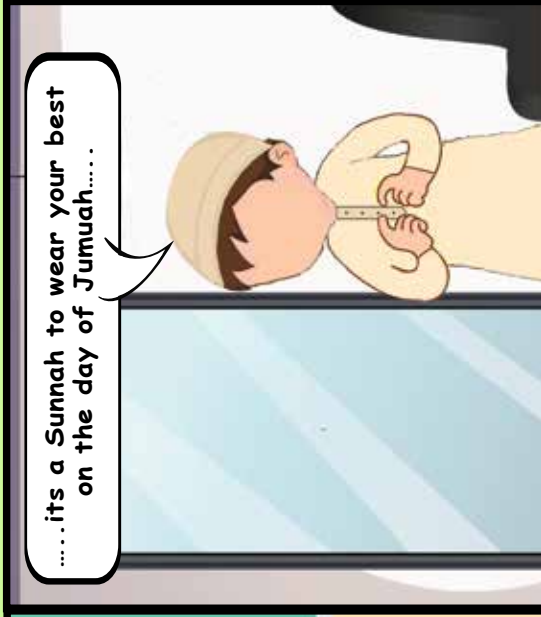
Humera Azam



Zainab Ali

The sweet sweet Sunnah

Concept by Zawjah Zia
Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir





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