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radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

*ilm that
awaits me*

Facebooking
our lives

To beget
love

Hypocrites
hypnotism





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Facebooking our lives



Imagine our smartphones having a near crash. Chances are that we will too almost have a mental crash along with the phone. After all, we had to catch up on the numerous 'important discussions' going on in various Facebook, Whatsapp, Instagram, and other groups. Important discussions? Errr... anything that we are a part of is important to us, in fact, if not all then most of us, just to make ourselves feel important, jump into all those 'important discussions'.

We even read the hundreds of comments that follow those 'important discussions'. At times I wonder who has time for all of those, with so many other productive things to do and better conversations to make with Allah ﷻ, no?

Once upon a time... we lived happy lives without social media. They surely have come to disrupt the norm - but now they are the NORM. Apart from the medical problems like being bad for the eyes, putting on weight and making us lazy, it especially is seen causing many emotional and so-

cial ills. But science also has a surprise for us; social media is also making us downright dumb!

That's what a new study published in the Journal of the Royal Society Interface suggests. It's making people less imaginative and creative. When people have nothing to do, their brains should be able to come up with imaginings that keep them entertained, whatever these might be. In the past, this was quite common, but these days, people simply turn to social networking sites when they are bored. This often leads them to become just as bored, but since they are somewhat stimulated, this turns into a habit.

It's not just that all those hours clicking (snooping?) your peers' profiles and the like simply represents the time that could be spent, say, reading a book and actually learning something. The greater problem seems to be the human tendency to copy, as well as envy others. With the click of a button, we can see what our cousin's cute little daughter had for breakfast this morning, or what our friend wore to the wedding or where they went for outing etc.

So even though your profile might show regularly updated pictures of you smiling away, those very pictures are a proof that inside you feel like your life isn't as cool as everyone else's. Thus you try and copy them. We as humans are naturally inclined

to engage in social comparisons.

Social media can also reveal information you might not want to share with some people. And worst of all, it can become addictive. Do you think society's most common addictive substances are coffee, cigarettes, and alcohol? Think again. The DSM-V (Diagnostic and Statistical Manual) includes a new diagnosis: a series of items evaluating Internet Addiction.

Now is there a way out of this World Wide Web? Social media is here to stay and as much as we can try and keep our engagement with it to the minimum so to be saved from its downsides, we can instead use it for deen's benefit. The things we can do online to benefit the Muslims are enormous. But it requires us to get our focus together and support the authentic campaigns out there that are trying to work for the betterment of the Muslims. Like creating awareness about the Burmese Muslims as the media of the rest of the world is as silent as a mouse in such matters. They have documentaries being played the whole day long about the particular species of cats getting extinct, but Muslims tortured and brutally murdered, well, not their concern to say the least.

Just a word of caution: don't like and share pages while you are in

Continued on pg 05

To beget love



Maria Sheikh's story guides us about a great deal to remove all resentments and help us gain love instead

Taha was quite sad these days. His best friend, Ahmad, was not talking to him for a couple of days. The reason was that Taha had accidentally pushed him during the sports lesson and this has bruised his arm. Taha kept on telling him that he did not mean to do it, but Ahmad did not even bother to listen to him. Finally, Taha decided to take the matter to his grandpa, who always found a solution to situations like these. After listening to his advice, Taha suddenly got up.

"Yes, dada Jan! I will do this and Insha'Allah it will work! Jazakillah Khair!"

With this, he left the room.

Now Taha was waiting impatiently for the next day.

-----/-----/-----

The next day was Saturday. Taha, with a gift bag in his hands, was walking towards Ahmad's house.

"Ding dong!"

Ahmad's elder brother came out.

"Assalamualaikum Ali bhai! Please give this to Ahmad... Jazakillah khair!"

"Walaikumussalam Taha. Okay, Insha'Allah I'll give this to him."

-----/-----/-----

"Ding Dong!" somebody was on Taha's door. He ran to open it.

"Assalamualaikum! Hope you're well Taha!"

Taha could not believe his eyes. It was Ahmad with a gift in his hand. After all, our beloved Prophet Muhammed ﷺ has prescribed an easy way to removing all resentments and begetting love by saying:

تَهَادُوا تَحَابُّوا

"Exchange gifts as that will increase your love towards one another."

Continued from pg 04

the company of your family, especially elders. It is bad manners at the phone instead of looking at the lovely people in our lives. We don't want to make them feel they are less important, do we?

So as with anything in the life of a believer, it's all about moderation and not forgetting to make the best use of our time in this temporary life. Remember there are the angels on our shoulders Facebooking our lives to the minutest details

Wassalam,

Bint Zahid

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A modest encounter experienced by Zawjah Aamir
that yielded the world of treasure opening up to us
by studying the word of Allah ﷻ

*I'm that
awaits me*



M“Mama I am never going to learn these verses.” The outright denial in her tone made me shudder for a minute. I tried to control the sudden anger building up inside of me.

Instead I quickly changed my tone and lovingly asked my four years old daughter, “Why my child, but you are such a good girl. Don’t you want to send your audio like all the kids in the Radiance group?”

She didn’t think for a second and instantly replied, “Yes of course I do mom.”

“Then why aren’t you even trying to learn?” I continued softly.

“Because you are not telling me it’s meaning,” she retorted.

The simplicity in her voice took me by surprise. She was certain that I was hiding something from her on purpose. She had no idea that I did not know the meaning of that simple verse myself. She was simply upset for the fact that I was not telling her something I knew. The fact that in my thirty-two years of life I never bothered to find out the meaning of such a small yet important verse of Quran was enough to put me in a pool of shame. My four year old daughter’s simple request was out of her sheer innocence and she knew that her super mom who keeps telling her about Allah ﷻ must have known what His book says.

I quickly opened up the Quran with translation in my phone and read the meaning of “Surah Kau-thar” and quickly googled some of its tafseer in order to make her understand the context of revelation too because I knew only meaning would not suffice her hunger to know.

My four year old daughter’s simple request was out of her sheer innocence and she knew that her super mom who keeps telling her about Allah ﷻ must have known what His book says.

All of this exercise was enough to make a contrast of what kind of a child or an adult for that matter I had been all my life. I realised how lightly I had taken memorising those little Surahs from my childhood. I don’t remember who helped me memorise them, maybe my mother, but the difference I see is that I never wondered what I was reciting and till date, most of us know a lot of small Surahs by heart but hardly know any of their meanings.

Although the merits of reading and memorising the Quran are themselves beyond all measures but we also need to find out what these beautiful words of Allah taala have in store for us so we can abide by their lessons Insha’Allah.

Being a mother has taught me how heedless I had been all my life and my little girls have opened up doors of wonders for me. Now I realise how much time I have wasted on useless books in my youth which only gave me the ilm of this duniya and how little time I am left with to amend my mistakes and get the real ilm of my divine deen. May Allah gives us all the hidayah to benefit from the time we are given with in this temporary world. Ameen

A story by Muqaddas Ali exploring what life is like for millions of Muslim children being brutally tortured in Burma and Syria

Does anyone care?

Have you ever imagined yourself in a dark dusty street with nothing on your body except the straps of cloth you were wearing and with your hair in a mess, full of dirt?

Imagine a groaning empty stomach and freezing temperature?

How it will feel when your little siblings take their last breaths in front of you and all you can do is stare at them in despair and when your best friend let out his last breath in your lap out of hunger and cold and all you can do is kiss his forehead and cry.

Cry aloud and cry in silence!

Could you then give it all up and wait for your turn too?

He ran as fast as he could, his hand still clutching a bottle he had found on his way,

A sob escaped his lips. He was scared, hungry and alone.
Where are you, mama? He placed his arms around himself.
Baba? He cried aloud but the world was louder and no
one heard him.

he ran and ran until he fainted. He tripped and fell.

A sob escaped his lips. He was scared, hungry and alone.

Where are you, mama? He placed his arms around himself.

Baba? He cried aloud but the world was louder and no one heard him.

Bilal? He put his head on his knees.

There were cries and running feet and sounds of explosions and bombs and voices of kalimah everywhere.

He listened.

The sky was black and grey with stars twinkling on it and the moon, full and bright.

Badar.. the moon of fourteen. His baba had named him Badar. He lay on the dusty ground looking at the sky and wondering whether people are capable to see things which he can spot in the sky.

To him, the sky was not black, it was full of magical colours. Blue, red, green, violet, silver and much more.

It was the combination of different colours but each colour was prominent, each colour was beautiful, sparkling.

And stars - they are such a brilliant creation of Allah. And the beauty of sky - it is full of magic, full of secrets.

He always wanted to study astronomy and become an astronomer when he grew up but now it seemed impossible for him to study.

The drones had taken his everything. He closed his eyes. He hadn't slept for the last five days and now he was completely tired and his legs hurt but who cared?

People were dying, they were being killed ruthlessly. Does anyone even care?

Thunder and lightning woke him up, clouds of smoke became curtains. He rubbed his eyes, the sky was orange and pale with a hint of red and blue. He was sitting on the debris.

It was the coldest morning of December while looking at the sky he wondered what people in other parts of the world were doing? Sipping bed tea or having breakfast. Kids preparing for schools and young boys for colleges and universities.

And what he and the people around him were doing?

He stood up to pray.

He was staring blankly at the ground with his forehead coated with blood when they rescued him and in his lap was a dead body of a small baby barely six months old.

The rescue team looked painfully at him. When they tried to pick the baby from his lap, he refused.

"Let me alone!" That is what he whispered after ten minutes.

"Let me, please," he repeated.

Tears rolled down his cheeks and he repeated softly.

"Let me die with my little brother. I too want to meet my parents in heaven."

screws
bolts

JOKES!

Q: What side of the cow has the most spots?
A: The outside!

Q: How do you make a milkshake?
A: Give a cow a pogo stick.

Q: What do cows get when they are sick?
A: Hay Fever

Q: Where does a cow live?
A: The Milky Way!

Q: Why don't cows have any money?
A: Because the farmers milk them dry!

Q: What do you call a grumpy cow?
A: Moo-dy

Q: Why did the cow cross the road?
A: To get to the udder side!

Q: Why do cows wear bells?
A: Their horns don't work.



Riddles



1. I am the centre of gravity, hold a capital situation in Vienna, and as I am foremost in every victory, am allowed by all to be invaluable. Though I am invisible, I am clearly seen in the midst of a river. I could name three who are in love with me and have three associates in a vice. It is vain that you seek me for I have long been in heaven yet even now lie embalmed in the grave. What am I?

2. I am a cold man without a soul. If there is warmth in me, it slowly will kill me. What am I?

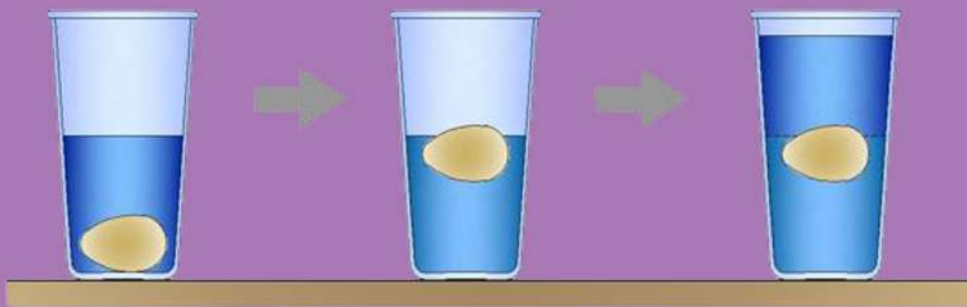
3. What gets broken without being held?

4. Two people are born at the same moment, but they don't have the same birthday dates. How could this be?

1. The letter 'V'
2. Snowman
3. A promise
4. They are born in different places, in different time zones.

Answers





Make an Egg Float in Water

A fun experiment to explain the concept of density

An egg sinks to the bottom if you drop it into a glass of ordinary drinking water but what happens if you add salt? The results are very interesting and can teach you some fun facts about density.

What you'll need:

- One egg
- Water
- Salt
- A tall drinking glass

Instructions:

1. Pour water into the glass until it is about half full.
2. Stir in lots of salt (about 6 tablespoons).
3. Carefully pour in plain water until the glass is nearly full (be careful to not disturb or mix the salty water with the plain water).
4. Gently lower the egg into the water and watch what happens.

What's happening?

Salt water is denser than ordinary tap water, the denser the liquid, the easier it is for an object to float in it. When you lower the egg into the liquid it drops through the normal tap water until it reaches the salty water, at this point the water is dense enough for the egg to float. If you were careful when you added the tap water to the salt water, they will not have mixed, enabling the egg to amazingly float in the middle of the glass.



My Umrah: My Journey to Islam

Let's get enchanted by Zohra Noushin Ahmed's Umrah journey Part 2 of 2

I don't know how else to explain it; the hair on the back of my neck stood on end, every fibre of my being felt Rasulullah's ﷺ presence then - and I ran. I ran all the way back to my hotel room and wrapped my arms around my mother and cried. I didn't understand what had happened, and I was afraid. My mother cried with me, assuring me that it was all right; there was nothing wrong with me. My father, when he came later, shrugged off the experience like it was no big deal; because he would experience the same each time.

When we went back to the Masjid the same day for prayer, I was overtly conscious of every little thing. It was not just a 'trip' for me now. I knew something in me was changing. We took a taxi to tour Madina the next few days, and I was in awe of the places we saw. Places I had only read about in books or heard half-heartedly about during classes. There was the house Fatima ؓ, the daughter of the Messenger, used to live in. There was the house in which the Messenger of Allah ﷺ was brought up. I remember thinking that their homes should have been

There was the house Fatima ﷺ, the daughter of the Messenger, used to live in. There was the house in which the Messenger of Allah ﷺ was brought up. I remember thinking that their homes should have been grander, like the homes of our leaders in present times.

grander, like the homes of our leaders in present times. But these were so small and plain. There was the well of Usman Ghani ﷺ, that still gave water to this day; water that was sweet to taste and so refreshing. There were the mountains of Uhud Everything was so real. It was all here, that fight for the survival of Islam; the very first steps towards laying down the Ummah of Mohammad ﷺ.

We reached Mecca some time in the evening, tired and exhausted from hours of travelling. My father decided that we would go perform our Umrah rites at nearly 2 am, when the crowds were thin. I remember the first time I saw the House of Allah ﷺ. It was surreal; I almost believed it was a mirage. We managed to squeeze our way into the crowds and started the tawaf, my mother and I both following my father's lead; tightly holding each other's hands. Only a few minutes had passed when people started pouring in from all sides; worshippers coming to pray in the last 1/3rd of the night. The place suddenly seemed to squeeze in from all sides, and the crowd swept us with it. It was exhilarating.

I remember praying alongside the rest of them, feeling the unification of the worship down to my very bones. I knew He heard me; I could sense it. I felt tears well up in my throat and desperately tried to get a hold onto my emotions. We turned towards the basement next and gingerly stepped into the crowd to complete our rites for Safa and Marwa. It was a mad rush of adrenaline; for some reason the guards decided to close all the exits, while people still continued to pour into the basement, till the point that it was so flooded with people I began to have a panic attack (I'm not very good with crowds in closed spaces, unfortunately). We were able to finish our Sayee rites and go up to the Masa' area; where the large space brought back the air to my lungs. We prayed Fajr prayer with the rest of the

worshippers, bowing and prostrating before the Ka'aba.

The day after was Friday, and we prayed Jumu'ah in congregation at Masjid-ul-Haram. I remember watching in silent pleasure as women of different nationalities interacted with one another as if they had known each other their whole lives. Old women helped take care of others' young ones during prayer, patiently sitting the crying children on their laps as the mothers stood next to them, praying. Nothing joined them but a common love for Allah ﷻ and the belief in Al-Islam.

My mother and I decided to wait until the worshippers had left before making our exit. I remember standing behind the window frame inside of Masjid-ul-Haram, gazing down at the sea of people that seemed to pour from all sides into the square. How did so many people fit into the Masjid? It was magical. It was the Ummah that we, you and I are a part of. It was raw power – the power of Islam, that crosses over boundaries and customs to join people together in the strongest of bonds; overcoming all previous ties of kinship and country.

When we were flying back to Pakistan the next day, I remember thinking how far I had come in less than a week. I had completely changed. My Umrah had been a blessing in disguise; Allah ﷻ saved me from destroying myself and pulled me into His fold, Al-humdulillah! My thirst for Al-Islam began that week, and it has only continued to grow brighter each day as I delve deeper into the ocean of knowledge that this Deen of Allah ﷻ is. This is just the tip of the iceberg; a drop in the ocean. There is so much to learn and so much to do. May Allah ﷻ guide us and help us to reach the potential He knows we have; and may we serve Deen Al-Islam the way it deserves to be served. Ameen

Pakistan expedition

by Abdullah Baber Zubairi

8 years

Baitul ilm, Hifz section

In April, my family decided to go on a Pakistan tour and what a nice trip it was. I love my country very much and had always wanted to see its various places.

First, we went to Islamabad. We stayed in the Margalla hotel where we rested for some time and then went to the birds' park. There were all sorts of beautiful birds there.

We also did boating in the lovely river. Then we went to the Faisal mosque which is one of the largest mosques in the world, offering a fantastic view of the whole city.

The next day we went to Murree. It started raining there. My father was driving the car and it was a lovely drive. But suddenly something jumped on the wind screen of our car. It was a monkey!

"Oh, it is so cute!" my little brother shouted.

"It's cute as well as naughty," replied our dad, "we need to move it down so we can drive further."

So dad hushed it away and soon we were on our way. There were many other monkeys too on the road and we thought what if they also jump on our cars.

We finally reached Murree where we visited many places. Then we went to Ayubia.

It was Asr time when we reached Ayubia. My father quickly booked a hotel and then we all boys went for the prayers in the mosque.

Outside our hotel was a chair lift too. We enjoyed the chair lift ride, it seemed we as if we were flying in the sky. My little brother was a bit scared though.

The next day, we went to Nathia Gali and Kaghan. There we played in the parks and enjoyed getting wet in the little lakes. We also visited many other places the names of which I don't even remember.

But one thing is for sure: Pakistan is amazing. So very beautiful. May Allah taala always keep our beloved country safe from all evils. Ameen.

How can we help the ROHINGYA MUSLIMS?

01

Supplicate
for them

اللَّهُمَّ اكْفِنِيهِمْ بِمَا شِئْتَ

O Allah, protect me from them
with what You choose
(or as You will)
[Sahih Muslim:1544]

02

Recite
Qunoot-e-NaaZla

Sign
petitions to urge
the authorities
to take timely
action

04

Financially
help them
through trusted
organisations

03

Rise
on
Ummah

radiance

Up to Us

by Mariam bint Imran
Islamabad

Every seed that we sow,
Every plant that we grow,

Every move that we make,
Everything we give or take,

Every word that we say,
Be it night or a bright day,

Kiraman katebeen record it all;
Not missing anything, big or small.

It is up to us what we choose to be;
What we are and where we want to be.

Roses

by Inshirah Shoaib
9 years
The Intellect School

Roses are red
I like to put on my bed
I like it when they are fresh
If not cared, they will be dead,

I will be sad
I will ask my dad
To bring me a thread
In which I will put my roses red.

Dua

by Muhammad Taha
6 years
Karachi

Allah o Allah

Please Allah

Give us the right path

Allah o Allah

We are your people

Allah o Allah

We are in trouble

Allah o Allah

Please shower your blessing on us

Allah o Allah

We love you so much

Allah o Allah

We thank you for everything.



Hadhrat Umm Salamah



Zawjah Junaid Mukaty astounds us with the tests and patience of Umm Salamah and as a result, the rewards bestowed by Allah ﷻ upon one of the most affectionate women on earth

the truth and the Muslims are now gaining strength, they decided to return back.

However, polytheists contrived ghastly plans of persecution on Muslims. As Islam made its way into the hearts of many, polytheists became more vigorous in their actions. Eventually, orders of migration to Madinah came. Abu Salamah along with Umm Salamah and their child were amongst the first who headed towards Madinah. They had only reached till the outskirts of Makkah when someone from Banu Makhzoom saw them and blocked their way hindering them to move further. They could not stop Abu Salamah but they rigorously snatched his wife and child from him explaining to him that she was their daughter and they cannot leave their daughter in shatters. Abu Salamah was one against so many so he could not retrieve his wife from them.

Hind bint Abu Umayyah, known as Hadhrat Umme Salamah was an honourable woman belonging to the Makhzoom tribe. Her father was a generous man who served the whole convoys from his own pocket, therefore he was well known as "Zaad ur Raakib". Her husband, Abdullah bin Abdul Asad, known as Abu Salamah after their son, belonged to another tribe. They were early converts, reported to be among the first ten, marking Umm Salamah to be the second woman to embrace Islam. They like the other Muslims also faced severe harassment from the Kuffar and when permission for migration to Abyssinia was announced, they both left behind their comfortable house and belongings and moved towards the unknown land.

Though Negus, the ruler of Abyssinia was very kind with the Muslims they still wanted to return back to the Prophet ﷺ and spend maximum time with him. Therefore when they heard that Makkah's two brave and daring men, Hadhrat Hamza and Hadhrat Umar bin Khattab have accepted

Upon this skirmish, Abu Salamah's clan declared that if you can snatch your woman from her husband then on their son they had the most right. During this pulling and dragging, their son's hand was also injured. Ultimately the trio broke and was dispersed; Banu Makhzoom took Umm Salamah and her husband's clan took the son. Abu Salamah having no choice, continued his journey alone.

Umm Salamah adored her family. Her husband was her life and her son her world. Since the dreadful day, it was her routine to go to Atbakh, the place where she lost her family and sat there crying the whole day until the night fell. She could not eat or drink properly and kept on suffering and struggling, deteriorating day by day. This practice continued for a whole year when finally one of her cousins saw her and felt concerned for her. He convinced her tribesmen that this poor woman should be allowed to go and reunite with her husband. Her tears were answered and they agreed to let her go to Madinah but one obstacle was still there, her son. She did not want to go

Allah ﷻ had someone better than Abu Salamah for Umm Salamah in answer to her prayers. She had declined the proposals of Hadhrat Abu Bakr and Hadhrat Umar but when Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ sent her the proposal she accepted and became Ummul Momineen, Mother of the believers.

back leaving him behind. Some people with soft hearts jumped in the situation and persuaded Bani Abdul Asad to let the lady go with her son. Thus Umm Salamah, now a happy woman, was ready to leave for Madinah.

Umme Salamah did not want to waste time waiting for a convoy to travel with for she was afraid of any mishap which could obstruct her from travelling towards Madinah. She quickly prepared her camel, took her son and started her journey. She was still at Taneem when she met Uthman bin Talha who had still not accepted Islam. He was a decent man, the man who was responsible for keeping the keys of Kaaba. He asked her, "O daughter of Zaadur Raakib, where are you going?"

She replied, "I'm going to my husband in Madinah." He took hold of her camel's rein and took her to the city of Quba where her husband was. Umm Salamah describes this man as the most honourable man in the Arabs.

She was now with her husband who was desperately waiting for her faithful wife. Abu Salamah fought bravely in Battle of Uhud and returned badly injured. He could not recover and ultimately left for the eternal world. Umm Salamah was left all alone as she had no relatives in Madinah, while the departure of her husband was itself an enormous trauma. She was then known as Aaimal Arab, widow of the Arab.

The companions of our Prophet ﷺ are the best examples for us. In these despondent and melancholic moments, Umm Salamah proved to be a patient woman. Her hopes were all in the direction of Allah. Her husband had taught her a dua which was taught to him by the Prophet ﷺ. It was to be recited in distress in which the slave of Allah asks for help and the best alternate. Umm Salamah also asked Allah for help but she was not sure if there

could be a better alternate of Abu Salamah.

Allah knows the best. Allah ﷻ had someone better than Abu Salamah for Umm Salamah in answer to her prayers. She had declined the proposals of Hadhrat Abu Bakr and Hadhrat Umar but when Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ sent her the proposal she accepted and became Ummul Momineen, Mother of the believers. From that day on she was no longer the mother of Salamah alone but became the mother of all believers, Umm al-Mu'mineen.

Umm Salamah ﷺ reported: "I heard the Messenger of Allah ﷺ saying, "When a person suffers from a calamity and utters: *`Inna lillahi wa inna ilaihi raji'un. Allahumma ujurni fi musibati, wakhluq li khairan minha* (We belong to Allah and to Him we shall return. O Allah! Compensate me in my affliction, recompense my loss and give me something better in exchange for it), then Allah surely compensates him with reward and better substitute."

Umm Salamah ﷺ said: "When Abu Salamah ﷺ died, I repeated the same supplication as the Messenger of Allah ﷺ had commanded me (to do), so Allah bestowed upon me a better substitute than him." (Muslim)

History remembers her as a problem solver. She was a woman of intelligence and character. At the treaty of Hudaibiya, it was a very difficult situation when the Prophet ﷺ and Sahabah were asked to take off their Ihrams without having performed the Umrah. Rasulullah ﷺ consulted Umm Salamah what can be done. She advised that Prophet ﷺ should take off the Ihram and the Sahabah will follow him. And so is what ensued.

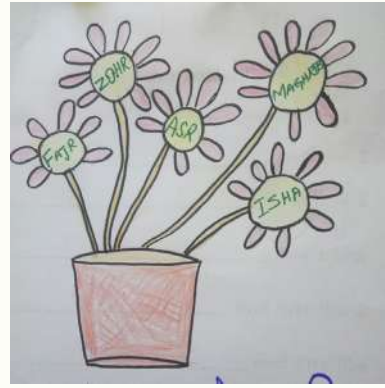
She was a model of endearment, love and affection. During the last days of Rasulullah ﷺ, she also gave

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fresh artists



Noor-ul-Arz



Muhammad Ayaan Owais
5 years



Mustabshirah Salman
4 years



Abdullah Ibrahim Shoab
4 years



Zuneera Armoghan
The Intellect School



Roha Tauseef
4 years



Musfirah Zafar
5 years



Hafsa Imran
5 years



Zunaira Nabeel
5 years



Ali Muaaz
6 years



Muhammad Haadi Khan
The City School



Asiya Yasir
Kenya

Hypocrites hypnotism



Ayesha Marfani explores the hypocrisy in the world today and how we can find inspiration from the seerah of beloved Prophet ﷺ to combat it head on

My father came back home feeling quite grumpy. That day, he had witnessed three major incidents. He said, “People these days are hypocrites. They say something and do just the opposite. I saw one group on the road wanting charity for the poor and victims of the flood. I felt my responsibility by giving them whatever I could. I took out the amount and handed over to them. The man who received the money eyed it greedily, and this made me suspicious. I drove away but then waited for them to remove their camp. I followed them privately and saw they reached the biggest betting area. The man put my money saying, ‘today I will make a big bet,’ and I caught him red-handed and fought with him. He denied that I gave him any money.

The other incident happened when I heard someone telling a young boy not to waste water and to put the cap belonging to mosque back in the basket as it’s our religious duty to return Amanah. I felt impressed and my bitterness on the morning incident subsided. I followed him to tell him how great I felt about him. I reached his cloth shop. I being a cloth merchant know about the quality of the fabric quite well. The man lied to almost everyone regarding the quality of the cloth and gained undue profit.

When I left the masjid after the Esha prayers, I heard a man making fun of Muslims and Islam although he belonged to a Muslim family, it seemed that faith hasn’t entered his heart.”

My father refused to eat and went into his room. My granddad called him. He enquired of his reason for not eating. He told the incidents. Grandfather sighed saying, “My son, this hypocrisy is not new, our Prophet ﷺ also endured deep sorrows because of the Munafiqeen, those who say that they were on the right path but in reality they were friends of Satan. Let me tell you about one of the biggest hypocrite who was named Abdullah bin Ubay.”

Abdullah bin Ubay’s anguish on Prophet ﷺ gaining love in Madinah

Grandfather related the following story. Abdullah bin Ubay was a crafty man. He worked on creating a strong goodwill in Madinah and dreamed of becoming a leader. The fulfilment of his dream felt near when Prophet Muhammad ﷺ entered Madinah, and people accepted Islam. They made Prophet Muhammad ﷺ their true leader, and Abdullah’s planning and dreams were ruined.

Cunning attitude of Abdullah bin Ubay

When Abdullah bin Ubay saw this, he recited Kalimah showing himself as a Muslim, yet Islam had not entered his heart. He spent his whole life in developing conspiracies against Muslims and created many hurdles for them.

Abdullah bin Ubay's hidden viciousness

He sided with the Jews and Kuffars and conspired against Muslims. He targeted the Muslims with weak faith and showed them the wrong path. He was the one who created the conspiracy against Hazrat Ayesha رضي الله عنها too. He convicted Hazrat Ayesha with false blames and spread wrong news about her. He was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم knew about his hypocrisy but never confronted him.


The death of Abdullah bin Ubay and his son's request to Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم

When Abdullah bin Ubay died, his son, who was a steadfast Muslim, asked Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم to offer the Islamic funeral prayer (names-e-Janazah) of his father. Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم agreed to do so which totally surprised Hazrat Umar. He asked why Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم was doing so when Abdullah bin Ubay was a disbeliever.

Muhammad wishes for the forgiveness of Abdullah bin Ubay

Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم replied that maybe because of praying Namaz-e-Janazah, Allah would forgive Abdullah bin Ubay since he was such a great man. However, Allah refused and ordered Prophet Muhammad صلى الله عليه وسلم not to offer it.

Then grandfather said, "Ya ibni, the world is filled with hypocrites. Their hypocrisy may not induce us to lose our faith in goodness and purity. There are many who follow Islam in the true sense too alhamdulillah. We may pray for all so that they find the right path before death."

My father said, "Jazakumullah khair ya Abi, you have always helped me towards the right path. You always make me think positive. I will try and never again lose faith in goodness Insha'Allah." 

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up her turn in favour of Hadhrat Aisha رضي الله عنها so that Rasulallah صلى الله عليه وسلم can stay with Hadhrat Aisha more.

She narrated many Ahadith and had many students from amongst the Sahabah. She was the last of the wives of the Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم to pass away at the age of ninety. May Allah help us to extract the lessons from these beautiful lives.

Choose the correct answer from the bracket:

- a) Umm Salamah got her name after her (daughter, father, son)
- b) Aimal Arab means (widow of the Arab, key bearer of Kaaba, mother of the believers)
- c) Umme Salamah passed at the age of (60, 80, 90)
- d) took her safely to Quba. (Hadhrat Umar, Hadhrat Uthman bin Talha, Hadhrat Hamza)
- e) First migration in Islam was towards (Abyssinia, Madinah, Quba)

A few words are jumbled for you. Can you reassemble them?

- a) maahals
- b) laims
- c) cepantie
- d) mfliay
- e) eaclm

The Baitussalam Youth club For girls!

Let's go to Jannah together!

Zohra Noushin Ahmed introduces to us the Baitussalam Youth Club for Girls where teenage girls no longer have to feel as if no one understands them as well as parents no longer have to feel at a loss for ideas with regards to bringing their young adults closer to the Deen

The long awaited Baitussalam Youth Club for Girls (BYCG) is finally here! An extension of the Baitussalam Youth Club, it solely caters to teenage Muslim girls; and aims at providing an Islamic support group to young Muslimahs.

Historically, most religious institutions and madaaris have largely targeted Muslim men, who have been perceived as responsible

for introducing whatever they learnt at religious gatherings to their households. In recent years, this circle was expanded to include women from more affluent, educated backgrounds; and slowly the well-heeled (women) in Karachi began to turn to Islam, increasingly participating in various religious events.

There was, however, still a large gap between the older and the

younger generations; with the former being pulled towards religion and the latter having no clear path towards it, except for those rare friends from "conservative families". Even then it is highly unlikely that teenagers will ever think about how Islam affects any part of their lives, so busy are they in living their lives to the fullest. As far as teenagers are concerned, religion is relegated to jaded aunties with no life who



As far as teenagers are concerned, religion is relegated to jaded aunties with no life who love to make others miserable by their ill-timed lectures and claims to piety; or for their mothers, who need a break from the daily toil of the housework.

love to make others miserable by their ill-timed lectures and claims to piety; or for their mothers, who need a break from the daily toil of the housework. Islam, for most teenagers in Pakistan, is something to consider when one is old, with no other option with regards to socialising or keeping oneself busy. Very rarely will teenagers or adolescents talk religion, unless they are moaning about Islamiyat exams.

In such a jaded atmosphere, where Deen Al-Islam has previously been relegated to a few dowdy aunties with nothing better to do, it is extremely refreshing to see new blood stepping up and finally taking hold of the reins. The Baitussalam Youth Club for Girls (BYCG) is a society led by young, energetic Muslimahs for teenage girls, and it aims to be a support group for girls in these most trying years of their life by providing

both Deen and Duniya in a fun-filled atmosphere of learning.

The BYCG will be a host to numerous exciting events for the young Muslimahs that join it, and it will aim to provide them with a platform to achieve their potential in accordance with the Islamic Shari'ah and Sunnah. It includes numerous features significant to the Baitussalam Youth Club, such as workshops on various topics of interest; youth counseling sessions with dedicated experts specialising in youth-related issues who will offer their advice to both the youth and the parents; motivational speakers that will groom the participants to identify their strengths in order to reach their fullest potential both as contributing members of the society and as their various roles as Muslimahs; along with various short courses aiming to provide the participants with a deeper under-

standing of specifics of Al-Islam.

It is very common for many Muslim parents to despair of their teenage children, especially daughters, with both unable to properly communicate or understand each other. The Baitussalam Youth Club for Girls (BYCG) is like a light at the end of a dark tunnel, a haven for both as it will also act as a much-needed platform towards mutual understanding between parents and their Muslim teenagers. Parents no longer have to feel at a loss for ideas with regards to bringing their young adults closer to the Deen, and teenage Muslim girls no longer have to feel as if no one understands them and that they are all alone. The Baitussalam Youth Club for Girls (BYCG) is a society to bridge the long-present gap between Muslim parents and their teenage daughters and create a healthy and loving connection between Deen and Duniya.

Brave behind the screen

Concept by Umm Sahla and Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



