

**In the name of Allah, the most Merciful, the most
Compassionate.**

Be a Prophet's Companion (follow in his footsteps)

Dedication

To the dearest amicable

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To the beloveds of Aisha, Khadija, Fatima and Asmaa, Be a Prophet's Companion (follow in his footsteps). Enjoy this wonderful feeling while you are on the way, enjoy the sweetness of faith and the pleasure of obedience, and pass in your life on the happiness market, and finally do not leave good company and be with them where salvation is.

Chapter one

"Be a Prophet's Companion"

1

Captive of Love

Days pass, and they devour from our lives what they swallow up. We are left with nothing but history that each of us memorizes; to count how old it was and wonder what was left. Between happy moments and others in which we bemoan the time that we occupy and occupy us with a lot, we sometimes say it honestly: I wish I had been born during the era of the Companions.

We escape with that impossible wish to loved ones we knew from among the line of the fragrant prophetic biography. So we loved in them the justice of Omar, the kindness of Abu Bakr (the highly truthful person), the wisdom of Ali, the light that Uthman had, and the soft voice that Bilal was endowed with. May Allah be pleased with them.

It is wonderful that in this pure era, wonderful female companions, each one of them a shining planet alone, It is wonderful that in this pure era, wonderful female companions, each one of them a shining planet alone, If we delved into her biography, our women's conditions would change, and every Muslim girl would be a companion in the language of her condition and actions.

And today I stand under the light of a great planet for a wonderful girl, whom we knew to be the righteous daughter of her father, as you, my love, do when you receive your father every day with a cheerful face that bows at the order of your righteous heart; To imprint a kiss on the palm as long as he carried you when you were young, and lifted your mouth to the delicious sweets, so that you would make a face happy as long as his eyes watched you while you tasted them; They smiled with tenderness and mercy.

So, she was captured by love; she is Asmaa, the daughter of Abu Bakr.

Captivated by her father's love; she was righteous when she helped him to emigrate, so she carried food for him and the Prophet – peace and mercy be upon him – while they were in the cave of Thawr. How wonderful was her persistence in the truth when Abu Jahl came to her to lure her into revealing her father's secret and telling him of his whereabouts! She refused and did not speak, and went away in anger at her steadfastness after hitting her hard.

Likewise, when you keep your father's secret, and keep yourself as trust in every path you take in your life, you protect yourself; You abstain from the forbidden, the

relationships, and friendships with young people that they put under rosy slogans in the name of love; Your status will increase with your father, you will increase in reward with Allah, and the angels will love you.

So stand firm in front of every temptation that twists and turns to reach you from here or there, and even if the days slap you... Be like Asmaa.

She was captivated by her love for her husband when her heart knew the finest meanings of love and romance. She fell in love with her husband, Al-Zubayr Ibn Al-Awwam – may Allah be pleased with him – who was poor and owned only a horse. Furthermore, she accepted, was patient, served the horse, carried water, and ground the nuclei, all because she loved him.

She did not seek too much, and she had the blessings of assistance and the graces of a beloved, kind and affectionate wife. The one who was patient with the hardships of living and severe deprivation until Allah opened for them and poured blessings upon them in the morning, and this is how you are when a good husband comes to you, be a good wife to him.

Be like her.

Be a prophet's companion.

2

Emigrant Heart

Let's emigrate together to a time when pure hearts flew, worked, ascended and broke through the clouds searching for the light.

Let's get close to a girl's innocent heart beating, trembling, and glorifying Allah emigrating alone leaving her father, relatives, home, money, and power complying to the call of Al-Haqq and embracing Mohammed (PBUH) It is the heart of the beloved "Umm Kulthoum bint Uqba".

She emigrated with her heart cuddling the comfort and quietness of our religion. She believed in Allah and converted to Islam even though her father "Uqba" and her brother "Al-walid" and the other one "Umara" mastered the art of torturing slaves and the weak for converting to Islam. Still, she did not fall back, but flew with them.

Just like what you do when you emigrate with your heart, abandoning time crowded with sins. When you rush to all forms of obedience, raising your head to the sky with your eyes closed, breathing easily so that your heart is soothed because of your constant tie with Allah.

She emigrated by herself when she made a courageous decision to abandon her home fleeing with her religion to Al-Madinah, leaving behind her family's power, her father's protection, her kinsmen's welfare, turning right and left finding nothing to ride.

Alone, with no one to keep her company, she was surrounded by night and its darkness. The burning sun was so cruel that it parched her, and she still didn't give up, but she softened her lips, glorifying Allah, grapping the ends of her veil asking for peace. Asking her heartbeats to keep her company on the impassable road.

Even the soft sand didn't have mercy on her little feet, swallowing them with their delicacy and tenderness. Despite that, she moved on her feet, migrating from Mecca to Al-Madinah with a virtuous soul and emigrant heart.

So are you, in every second you are unflinching, clinging to your religion, veil, dignity and your obedience to Allah even if everyone is mad at you.

When you respect bounds set by Allah to regulate human behavior!

When you investigate, what is Halal ("what is allowed")!

When you stay away from Haram ("what is forbidden or prohibited")!

When you don't present false testimony!

When you say "No" to those who say "Yes" to sins!

When you slap devils on their ugly faces, throwing them away out of your way!

Occasionally you might be alone like her, but you do not give up because you are just like her. With your Emigrant Heart.

At last, you arrived, you cheered up, and here she is in Al-Madinah, but they stole her joy when her kins rushed to Al-Madinah asking the prophet to hand her back committing to the treaty of "Hudaybiyyah "and its terms which stated that whoever came from Mecca converting to Islam should be handed back to his or her kins.

The beloved grieved and her emigrant heart was wrecked flying high begging and praying to Allah, so the sky shivered, and the wings of angels quivered with the trusted Gabriel approaching holding verses sent down by Allah to sooth her heart.

The "Almighty" said:

"And if you know them to be believers, then do not return them to the disbelievers; they are not lawful (wives) for them"

(Almumtahanah: 10)

Allah is the greatest.

Congratulations to you, Emigrant Heart, only now you can spread your wings and fly safely.

That was how our beloved was, so emigrate with your heart just like her.

Be like her.

Be a prophet's companion.

3

Dim Light

Some lovers sit by the precious chandeliers' light; as they set foot on the most precious carpets, on seats that are distributed in an accurate system, in the finest well-known hotel halls;

The girl got all dressed up and set to cut using her accurate knife, and its hard sharp edge, in a decent way, surrendering slavishly steak in order to make it suitable to her thin body, though. There was no happiness.

But our Ansari princess.

I had a beautiful dining table...

Her prince and passionate lover can't get enough of looking at her, but he was trying to make her look at him from time to time, so there is love.

And the glances embrace together. In their quiet home, he whispers to her from time to time saying simple words with his affectionate voice that whip straight him out so long until it repented, in order to hear her friendly voice.

Her kind, generous husband was from the Ansar. He once left after her eyes saw him off and the heart flourished assuredly; after her tongue muttered praying for him. He went to where the beloved peace was sitting, to be satisfied seeing his pure face. To have the honor of being around him.

Then he heard the Prophet saying peace would be upon him, and he hosted a man, who asked his wives to cook food for him,

And the reply was unexpected!

We have nothing but water.

The Prophet, peace upon him, turned around, saying:

Who will host him.

Who on earth will have the honor?

And who hosts the beloved guest?

With our prince's heart racing as he got excited, seeking the reward and a wage, he responded quickly. Also, he was confident because he left a supportive wife.

He didn't hesitate and said "it's me."

The Prophet, peace be upon him, was cheered, and our prince accompanied the guest to our beloved woman. He knocked her door and peered at her with his smiling face, and he told her of the guest's arrival. He said with a voice full of confidence:

"Be generous to Allah's Messenger's guest"

Our beloved woman got confused for a moment and turned her eyes around her simple house, quickly, timidly, she said "we have nothing but the boys' living!"

He was touched and silent for a moment, but he smiled again.

He looked at her confidently saying: prepare the food, and repair your lamp, then take your boys to sleep if they want to have dinner. She obeyed him immediately, without tugging or objection.

Tenderly, she embraced her kids, caressed them until she put them to sleep hungry while her heart was ripping apart. But she remembered that it was Allah's Messenger's guest, and now he's her husband's guest.

Her heart was still beating because of hearing her sons' regular breaths, seemed to exalt with Allah's praise

So she obeyed Allah before she obeyed her beloved husband. Prepared a simple dining table without precious chandeliers above. The dining table wasn't on a classy carpet, nor were there cushy seats around it. Then she seemed to repair her lamp and turned it off.

Both of them sat with the guest, and as they moved their hands seemed to eat on a dim light from a heart's love to Allah and his messenger, peace be upon him.

The night passed, and the guests became full while everyone was hungry, but both of them tasted together the pleasure of selflessness.

The following day, her husband went to the Prophet, peace be upon him, and he told him that Allah liked what they did and loved it.

My beloved, for the sake of Allah

You may not have fine furniture in your house.

You may not have classy chandeliers.

And someone whose situation is low may marry you, search for the happiness between you and him.

Don't search for it in lifeless finances.

Together, make something simple and true that pleases Allah. In order to have a "dim light" in your home from a kind, sincere heart so, you live around it as this companion lived.

And be like her.

Be a companion.

4

Green Hearts

A heart may love, adore, like, admire and suffer, but it repels to fail and declines to do whatever is haram. That happens when the soul is pure, the spirit is divine, the heart is ripe green beating to nothing but halal.

That is our story, a story of love between two of the most pure hearts ever. “He”, was brought up with “her” in the same house and was related to her father. When “He” first noticed her, he wished her as a wife but never raised an eye, whispered or eluded her.

He was acting as if her heart was beating between his ribs, and as if his heart had moved away from hers. She was only a dream, and his tongue was unable to reveal his love and was kept as a prisoner of his shyness. That pure tongue which was eloquent in

everything, wise in revealing the truth and clear in offering an opinion, but when it comes to her or asking her hand in marriage, the one thing it can do was silence and quietness.

The impatience of making his dream come true followed by pain remained as it is. I can now feel as if I was looking at her; walking tranquilly in a home cloaked with reverence, inhabited with his mercy, and lit up with her father's face. She is moving on her toes delicately like a butterfly flying happily, hovering around him, kissing his noble hand, having him surrounding her with her arms, letting her hair the most gorgeous prayers.

She was so dutiful to her father, and he was so content with her that she was called "her father's mother."

My beloved is now about eighteen years old, and what a beautiful girl she is everyone knows who that honorable, shining girl "Fatima" is. Suitors rushed upon the prophet, proposing to her. First Abu Bakr proposed, and then Omar "May Allah be pleased with them", but the prophet gave them a subtle refusal, wishing a much proper husband to her which was" Ali".

Ali was watching from a far distance with a breath sometimes bated, and some other times held or suffocated until his heart rebelled and took shelter in his ribs asking her kind tongue to speak out and propose so that both of them would find happiness.

Ali was encouraged and decided to go to his cousin. When Ali. Approached, he was all mixed up with his hearts beating so loud as if it was a war against his silence. He sat down shyly near him, but the words fled from him, his tongue was frozen, and he forgot what he wanted. The prophet realized that he became tongue-tie from shyness.

He looked at him and smiled asking him kindly to comfort him:

"What does the son of Aby-Taleb need?"

Ali answered quietly "it's about "Fatima" – the prophet's daughter.

Words got lost again and started racing his heart beats and breaths to be the first to hold his startled heart while he was trembling.

Painful glimpsing moments passed by until the merciful beloved prophet said with his smiling and tender look.

"Welcome, it is my pleasure to have you here."

"Welcome, it is my pleasure to have you here!" What happy words for my disturbed heartbeat and troubled lips.

These words had the influence of safe cold water on Ali's flaming heart. Now, he figured out that the prophet was willing to take him as a husband for his daughter. That was the beginning, a few days later he went to the prophet again and repeated his proposal, and his marriage was finally fulfilled.

Her bridal dower and marriage contract was a heavy piece of armor that Ali owned. The prophet neither asked for thousands nor luxurious nights were held for her. The wedding party wasn't held in a famous hotel, nor did she wear a jeweled white dress. She didn't compare herself with so-and-so, and she didn't decorate her house from A to Z.

Her marriage was simpler and more honorable than that because she wasn't good, and her marriage wasn't a deal. She was a queen to be crowned in her husband's house everyone was happy for her, how possible not to, and the pride was the prophet's beloved and the apple of his eyes.

Al-Ansar (the supporters) held a feast for Ali and Fatima.

Beautiful scents and perfumes were everywhere on that joyful day. A feast for everyone to share the pride and the groom's happiness.

This is how an Islamic wedding should be. The wedding was held in a house with no precious chandeliers, no expensive carpets on the floor or fake tableaus on the walls. Even its corners had no antiques standing around. With a single bed and a curried leather bellow stuffed with fronds. With only one cup and a bottle.

That was their house, and what a pure honorable house it is.

The prophet went to the bride and groom and asked for a bowl to prepare for prayers, then he poured it on Ali saying "May Allah bless you; send his blessings over you and save your future children.

Fatima came walking shyly, so that she kept stumbling in her gown from her excessive shyness. The prophet sprinkled her with some of that water and prayed for her, then said,

Fatima, I refused to give you in marriage to anyone but to my best kin.

This is our prophet; the standard human father who is blessing his daughter's marriage, assuring that he exerted so much effort picking her Ali for a husband and choosing the best kin to her.

Sweet days passed by, remarkable moments and days smiled at them together. Fatima gave Ali; Al-Hassan, Al-Hasan, Um-Kalthum, and Zeinab. The parents along with the prophet felt happy with their kids. And the two grandsons along with the two granddaughters were the apple of the prophetic honorable house.. That is how a bride should be...

That is how a groom should be!

Be Fatima!

To have a righteous husband.

Just like Ali.....

Be like her, in her faith and shyness, in her dutifulness to her father, in her obedience to her husband and in her patience in taking care of him. Expedite your marriage if you found who you deserve.

Be one of those green hearts who don't have the flowers of love growing inside them unless it is Halal.

Be like her.

Follow her steps.

5

Orchard of love

Richness is grace and money is wealth.

That is what our beloved knew by heart, walking around the big garden of her.
House.

She was walking leisurely with her kids around her, laughing innocently as they
moved around the orchard.

Their laughs lit up her heart, making her smile, waving to them as she watched
the fruits hanging down from trees just like precious pearls.

A portrait created by Allah, glorified is he, forcing you to say: Glory to Allah!

She stretched her arm pulling off fruit with her eye closed before her tongue feeling pleased, so she thanked Allah.

As day passes by, her husband isn't there, but still happiness. Never leaves the place.

Even her little heart became so big with love and extended to allow everybody in just like that orchard is big enough for thousands of palms which are craved by all the city's merchants for their outstanding dates talking about the brilliance of the orchards, the palace and everything around it.

She really loved that orchard a lot.

Then came moments passing by to witness just like the angels along with everyone there what happened.

A situation in which pure tears were dropped.

And a crying noise was heard!

Her husband "Abu-Aldahda'h" was passing by the prophet when he heard a boy crying for being an orphan. He stood and was interested in his matter, desiring to make him feel less sad.

The orphan said with words full of tears and torn by sadness.

AllahAllah-Messenger of Allah, I was building a fence around my orchard when a palm tree fell on it. Something stood in the way of completing the fence, and it was my neighbor's. I asked him to give it to me or Sell it, but he refused.

The prophet asked his companions to bring him that neighbor to ask him...

The neighbor came, and the prophet asked him to give away or sell the palm tree because he is an orphan. And it is just a palm tree.

But he refused.

The tears came back to the orphan's eyes and moved to the prophet's face begging and waited.

The prophet said once again:

Sell him the palm tree, and you will get a hundred in Heaven.

Everyone was quiet waiting for the neighbor to agree immediately after that generous offer and amazing good omen.....

But he refused.

Sadness spread, with the orphan crying while the neighbor sat surrounded by looks of amazement and others of denial and admonishing, but he didn't change his mind.

"Abi Aldahda'h" heart was getting bigger.

Craving Heaven, he asked the prophet:

- If I bought that palm tree and gave it to a young man, am I going to win one in heaven, prophet?

The messenger replied, delighted with him:

- Yes.

Abo Aldahda'h said, addressing the man: Do you know my orchard?

The man replied: yes

He said: sell me your palm tree in return for my orchard. And the selling was done.

He ran quickly with his heartbeats racing, his strides calling his beloved wife with a discontinued voice echoed throughout the walls of the city reflecting his happiness.

Ommu Aldahda'h, get out of the orchard, He is Allah.

She stood out from her kingdom, dusted the fruits off her hand and wiped off the remains of bites from her kids' mouths with her heart answering Allah "here I am, O "great Allah".

She yelled, approving and obeying Allah before her husband without questioning or objecting. Satisfied, supporting his decision because she knows for sure that it is for Allah's pleasure. She said full of confidence.

Abu Aldahda'h has won, it is a winning trade.

Our beloved got out from the mortal orchard and moved to immortal paradises.

What a winning bargain and what a satisfied wife helping her husband to seek Allah's pleasure. She didn't blame him for his decision, even though her heart might be attached to the orchard.

My beloved, Go out of the mortal orchards, no matter how courageous they are. Give to charity what you love, offering it willingly between the hands of Allah and step ahead to the immortal orchards.

Be like her.

Be a prophet's companion.

6

Nectar of Love

Legal love has sweet nectar, and it has flowers whose perfume is precious, longed for the longings of lovers. Its bottles are never spilled except on the hands of its owners, and this is how our pure flower is, its mother is Khadija, and her father is the Prophet (PBUH).

She is (Zainab) – may Allah be pleased with her -

Zainab grew up, so the Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - married her to her cousin (Abu al-Aas Ibn al-Rabee), so her heart blossomed, and her love became nectar. The Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - was sent and made his call public, and the infidels wanted to harm him in it, so they gathered and went to Abu Al-Aas, and offered him their most beautiful daughters to marry and divorce Zainab, so he turned to them and said:

Wallahy, (I swear) I will have never nether divorce nor leave her no matter how many Arab daughters you propose to me.

And how can he marry another woman after he has tasted the nectar of love?

Days passed, and the Prophet – Peace and mercy be upon him - migrated, and (Zainab) remained with her husband who had not yet converted to Islam, and he went to fight in the Battle of Badr, and was captured, and the people of Mecca sent money as a ransom for their families, she collected what she could, even that necklace that she gave She had her mother (Khadija), and she sent her with them, she was placed before the Prophet - may Allah bless him and grant him peace -. They decided to release Abu Al-Aas and return his money and the necklace.

After he promised them that he would release his wife to migrate to her father, he returned to Mecca with sweet memories collected by a necklace that freed him from his captivity, but captured his heart, and his wife migrated to Medina carrying a fetus in her womb that she aborted on the way, and she carries in her chest a wounded heart that does not stop moaning.

Days passed and love was still captive, and (Abu Al-Aas) went out to trade, and his convoy fell into the hands of the Muslims, so he fled, looking for Zainab's house, and knocked on her door, not knowing whether this was the sound of his knocking on her door or the sound of the beating of his longing heart, and sought her; So she took him to her house and went out to the mosque screaming to announce that she had

sheltered him, so the Prophet – Peace and mercy be upon him - accepted her tenderly, saying:

My daughter, honors his resting place, and let him not come near you. Now you are strangers, you are now not his wife.

She turned around shyly and said:

He came asking for his money.

And she set out on her way, obedient to her Lord and her father, even while she was longing for her lover, gathering the nectar of love and holding back the longing, and praying to a merciful Lord to guide her beloved to Islam, and she finally arrived and stood before Him, and our flower refused to pour out its pure perfume, and was pardoned. It is not permissible for him and he is not permissible for her, so he returned with the money to Mecca, and he contemplated all the way about the greatness of Islam, and returned the money to its owners and set off for a return, and entered the Prophet – peace and mercy be upon him - aloud with the two testimonies, and finally spring came, and our flowers opened and both of them perfumed with Halal love.

And so are you, my love, so save the nectar of love until Allah permits and a righteous husband comes to you, and even if longings fluctuate in your chest, then protect yourself, as Zainab preserved.

Be like her.

Be a prophet's companion.

7

Warm Tenderness

The nights are the same and the evenings are identical, except for those in which we have a sweet memory, a laugh with your sister, when your heads are close together, a whisper of it with a light joke as you arrange the house, tenderness that flows perhaps with a touch on your head from her good palm when you are sad. Or an abundance of giving when she gives you something special, or shares with you something else, or she distinguishes you over her and identifies you with something you love. Perhaps sweet and long nights lasts and stories are born from stories, and dreams intertwine and harmony will overshadow you.

This is how life is when you have a sister, an elegant piece of candy mixed with the purest and sweetest feelings, and decorated with love, and this is how our sweetheart

was living those sweet moments with her sister in an honorable house, where there was a great light... But two great lights.

Our talk now is about the beloved (Umm Kulthoum), the daughter of the Prophet –Muhammed peace and mercy be upon Him.

Umm Kulthoum was born six years before the mission, and she was the third child in a time and environment fascinated by the birth of sons. The Prophet - peace and mercy be upon him - and his beloved wife, the Mother of the Believers (Khadija), were happy with her. Days passed, and the girls grew up, and when (Umm Kulthoum) and her sister (Ruqaiya) - may Allah be pleased with them - reached the age of marriage, the two cousins of the Messenger of Allah - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - betrothed them. -, Abd al-Uzza (Abu Lahab), the engagement took place, and they were happy together, but after the Prophet peace and mercy be upon Him - was sent and invited to Islam, they were the first home to which the infidels of Quraish resorted to hurting the Messenger of Allah Peace and mercy be upon Him - and to harm him in his house.

A man knocked on the door of the Prophet's house – (PBUH). At noon, a time when people rarely visit; because of the intense heat of the sun, and quickly spread the news; Utbah and Otaiba divorced the two daughters of the Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - The two daughters were shocked by the news, as they were preparing for the wedding, but their mother hurried to hug them firmly, embraced them with her big heart, and comfort them.

The beloved Umm Kulthoum was patient, and strengthens her sister, days passed, and she married Ruqayyah.

She migrated to Abyssinia, and for the first time left her soul mate and tender sister, Umm Kulthoum.

She embraced her with her warm tenderness, and the nights became silent except for the laughter of her little sister. Her most difficult days passed for her while she was with her father and mother, and they were boycotting with Bani Hashem in the people of Abu Talib. She suffered from hunger and siege, but she was patient and steadfast on faith and Islam, she also took care of her mother and father, she did not complain or groan; rather, she was a stake in the house they were leaning on, and a tender touch helped everyone who lived in the house of prophecy. Then a sad day came in which she suffered with her father – (PBUH). As they watched the great struggle, the Mother of the Believers (Khadija) as she breathed her last, and it was a severe blow. On her back, it hurt her badly.

But she remained patient and completed her journey in her mother's house and followed her approach, and did what she was doing, she raised her sister (Fatima), stood next to her father, took care of him with her righteousness and warm tenderness, and pain for his pain, she tried to appear with a strong appearance despite her tenderness and tenderness in her heart. But she could not hold back her tears when she saw her beloved father – peace and mercy be upon Him; enters the house.

And one of the infidels has scattered dust on his head, so she ran to remove it and shake it off while she was crying, while the prophet peace and mercy be upon Him was patient saying patiently to her:

- Do not cry, daughter, Allah forbid your father.

Ruqayya fell ill, and the moment of her death came, to renew the sadness in the heart of her sister and her beloved (Umm Kulthoum), and she was patient with her separation as she was patient with the separation of her mother (Khadija), but she remained patient and tight-knit in her father's house, taking care of her sister (Fatima) with tenderness, helping her father and be thankful to Allah. We are not surprised that she was the second light that shone in the house of our master (Othman bin Affan).

A year after the death of his wife, Ruqayyah, when he was walking worried about the interruption of the brother-in-law between him and the Prophet – peace and mercy be upon Him so the Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - married him (Umm Kulthoum), and his eyes were comforted by her and her eyes by him. She remained with her husband for six years, and she did not have children, so she was patient did not groan nor ache, and she remained on her faith and steadfastness. Patience refuses to leave until confirming that he was his companion on her path, and that she was his guidance, so illness struck her, and she began to suffer while she was lying in bed, and the Prophet peace and mercy be upon him - watched her with a broken heart, and she left quietly; So he grieved for her greatly, and shrouded her in his lower garment, sat on her grave crying, crying for the separation of the tender heart, her husband cried

for her, and Fatimah cried, our beloved Umm Kulthum died, the owner of warm tenderness died.

I can almost see you sad, my daughter; Maybe because you lost a mother, or a sister, or maybe you got divorced, or you suffered days of distress, or maybe a little poverty, or you didn't have children, or maybe you are sick, but all of these combines in one heart that suffers and keeps sending light and overflowing with tenderness, and we keep remembering it. And we feel this warm tenderness, while the letters of his companion's story embrace us as if she showed us her kind features and her tender smile, this is the wonder!

Love her as I loved her, love the daughter of the Prophet, peace and mercy be upon Him. - love (Umm Kulthoum).

Whatever your affliction, be patient like her, and do not deprive those around you of this (warm tenderness) whose effect remains even if you are absent, be patient my love.

And being like her...

Be a prophet companion.

8

She and the moon

I can almost see her walking weakly behind her tender-hearted husband on the hot sands, holding hands, with him trying to shade her with his tall figure. They were taking turns riding their two animals; sometimes they mildly walked behind them with their baby resting on her chest after hunger stroke him.

How is she going to breastfeed him, and she is as hungry as him!
From where is the cloud going to rain, and rain drops have abandoned it!

Her husband's tender hand was stoking her shoulder, unexpectedly dismissing the doubts out of her tired head. His kindness and tenderness were soothing her that she used to forget everything felling safe around him.

What a draught it is! It was a dry barren year that desiccated plans, dried breasts and stiffed lives and here she is with desperate and pain signs covering her and her husband's faces.

Riding two bony and old animals not producing even a drop of milk, they desired what others desired. Seeking the same target.

The baby is still crying out of his painful hunger and the father is still feeling sorry for them, stroking the baby's back and her shoulder.

Their companions got bored from them because they are the slowest, riding these two perishing animals. They were burdened with their companions' looks of impatiens, women's grumbling, and heads' movements, surprised from the baby who doesn't stop crying day and night. The puzzled looks of men towards her husband, having no idea why does he love her even though she is poor.

The curious looks of women towards her, having no idea why does she love him even though he is poor and humble.

Even her eyes are draught that she can no longer cry, but having her husband supporting her made their eyes wet that she closed them for seconds trying to seek patience, and she saturated.

She finally arrived and ran from door to door trying to pace her companions to a one of Mecca rich parents so that she can win a baby to breastfeed and makes her kins and boy happy.

And wealth is spread.

She did find nobody except an orphan boy who she refused after whispering to her husband:

“How can we benefit from a child’s mother with no father?”

They left him behind and went away.

Every woman won a boy because each one of them but the dreaming “Halima” can speak smoothly, supply and demand, smile.

She was surpassed by their steps, defeated by their skills, and she was left behind holding her baby, trembling, turning left and right holding his clothes wondering to herself why am I not like them?!

They were almost leaving when her husband looked at her while she was walking shyly behind him, grasping his clothes to cover her. He held her face with his eyes, saying kindly:

“Don’t bother yourself, take him, May Allah make him a reward for us!

Yes, he is an orphan with no father, but does good provision come from his grandfather or from his Allah?

Is love and mercy now restricted to rich people only!... Glory be to All- Provider!

She came back shyly and held him in her arms, then she put him on her lap. She took him just now to return empty-handed and avoiding women mocking her making her going back heart –broken...but it was the moon in her arms.

Her eyes got attached to his shining face, which made her forget all her pain. She was covered with prestige from an unknown source. It was as if he held and comforted her small arms and hands, assuring her rest and peace. She and the moon.

A smile almost appeared on his immaculate lips, innocently making her heart his. Her baby who was torn apart from crying was also quiet next to her.

Soft-hearted! My beloved prophet. What kind of pureness, beauty, clearness and light have you been created from?!

We have missed you, Allah's messenger!

The beloved was provided with plenty of provisions, tasty and pure milk. He nursed till he was saturated and closed his eyes to sleep after he touched her face with his little hand. Halima's baby also nursed, and he finally stopped crying for the first time after hunger stopped biting him. They both slept, along with her and her husband, feeling tumorous.

Isn't he beautiful?

Yes, he is beautiful'

Look at his smile!

What a sweet smile! Did you smell him?

Yes. Just like musk.

She wiped his face with her hand, and what an honor! She put her finger in his little hand, which made him tenderly close his hand on it right away. Furthermore, she touched his nose with hers and breathed in his pureness roaming out of his chest. What an honor and Bliss!

His smell is just as sweet as his soul and breath as an infant.

Her husband suddenly overturned their old, barren she camel, surprised to find her breast completely full of milk.

Halima!! Do you see what I see.

He walked towards her, disbelieving in his eyes, milked her and drank. He milked some for his beloved Halima, and she drank. They drank full and were satisfied, then slept nicely in a blessing night.

When they woke up and the face of the beloved shone on them- They attentively looked at him as he looked innocently at them with a tenuous smile on his smile.

Her husband leaned on her and whispered with love:

Do you recognize “Halima” that you have won a blessed child?

She said, with her eyes still attached to the beloved’s face:

He is, and I am expecting endless welfare from him.

They got out of Mecca on their weak animals with “Halima” holding the beloved and surrounding him with her arms, starting to feel tied up to him as if he is a piece from her. Suddenly, their animal started to eat the road and go ahead the rest of the animals which made everyone feel astonished with her and her husband laughing.

Oh, Allah!! What kind of generosity and bless have come upon us!

How bless doesn't come upon those who have mercy on a fatherless orphan!

She came back home to “Bani Saad” which was the poorest, most barren and infertile land- but she came back with the beloved.

Her sheep used to leave early to pasture, and then come back at night to be milked, providing them with plenty of milk to drink, and the others cannot even milk a drop! Her people started shouting and yelling on their shepherds to follow her sheep and let their own pasture and eat in the same place as hers.

Two years passed by with satisfaction and pleasure floating over the good wife. She had mercy on a blessed orphan loving, nursing and taking care of him following her husband's encouragement and advice sharing her with her kindness toward him, Thus, Allah had mercy on them.

And that is how you are going to be happy and blessed if you once took care of an orphan at your house, feeding him with what you feed your own kids, providing them with the same clothes and making them equally happy.

Or, you might be one of those whom as Allah kindly destined cannot have children of their own and that is a tremendous tribulation that we might not figure its rationales because we cannot see with our eyes “Allah’s hidden complaisant” because we cannot see what Allah sees. But still, you can take care of a girl or boy orphan.

Mother ship is a giving from a mother and that is so sweet with another kind of sweetness if given to an orphan.

The sweetness of giving,

The tenderness of a heart ... Which was felt by “Halima” when she was with... herself and the moon.

Be like her,

Be like her, Be like “Halima” Be a prophet’s companion

9

Sweet Jasmine

Al-Yasmina Al-Hilweh

She did not know that she would love him so; every moment that passes while he is in front of her with his tolerant face increases her love and affection for him! Even when they were still in their first days of marriage, she felt that they had known each other for a long time, his touching eyes, his warm voice, his kind demeanor, and his good manners. She was staring at his face as he told her the time of the travel.

We're leaving today, sweetheart.

She had some clothes and a lot of hope, she was a little confused, but his strong shoulder made her feel safe:

Do not be afraid; we will go together.

She wore a dress that humbled her body, and covered herself with her robes, and walked timidly to investigate the place of his feet to put her feet in his place out of love and obedience, and how not? And the heart follows the heart! And her heart resided with him - may Allah be pleased with him and give him pleasure.

The heat of the daytime sun did not hide his bright face from her eyes, and the darkness of the night did not succeed in swallowing his bright features. How does darkness hide a face that resembles the Messenger of Allah (prophet Muhammed) – Peace and mercy be upon Him.

And our kind sweetheart tasted the bitterness of harsh alienation and her affliction, and she was patient and tied to her heart, the sweetness of reverence, the deliciousness of faith, the splendor of the verses of the Qur'an, her comfort and solace in the long nights, far from family, loved ones and the homeland.

And Allah wanted to be kind to this green heart, so the beloved was given a baby from her husband, who was her first child, and he (Abdullah) was the first to be happy.

The face of (Jafar) was filled with joy while he was holding his son in his hands. He resembles him, he resembles his father, and his father resembles the beloved Prophat Muhammed – Peace and mercy be upon Him. He remembered him as he looked at him and said to him:

(Look like appearance and character)

My darling, O Messenger of Allah!

His longing to meet the Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - increased, the more his eyes looked at his son, he missed him, and the more (Asmaa) looked in her eyes between her husband and her son, she remembered the Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him. She misses the honor of his neighborhood and his company, the whole house misses you, O Messenger of Allah!

The days passed, and the longing still roamed here and there in the sidelines of the good house. After that, Asmaa gives birth to a child, Muhammad and Aoun. She was busy taking care of the three grains of her heart, and when the Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - ordered the immigrants to go to Medina, she was glad and almost flew out of joy. She carried her kids and went back behind her husband looking for his footprints to put her foot in its place, following in the footsteps of her beloved, walking in love and obedience.

After a long way, the lovers finally arrived, and Jaafar came forward from Prophet Muhammed –Peace and mercy be upon Him – the prophet met him with the gladness, kissed his forehead, saying: "Wallahy, I do not know which one is happier, the conquest of Khaybar or the arrival of Ja`far?" The Prophet – peace and mercy be upon him - loves him, so how can (Asmaa) not love her husband and melt in him with love?!

The beloved again was happy as she contemplated the resemblance between her son and the Prophet -peace and mercy be upon him. She looked at her son happily and wished that he resembled him in character, and what an honor!

It was inevitable pain and affliction; our beloved lived with her eyes on Paradise, and the people of Paradise are nothing but people of trial, patience and kindness.

The Muslim army headed to Sham, and there on the battlefield, Allah chose her beloved, the joy of her eye, and the first of her joy (Jafar) to win the martyrdom, and the prophet Muhammed peace be upon him - comes to her house, with sadness impression on his face.

She felt like something was wrong! The constriction of her heart, and that fear that mediates her chest and hurts her!

The prophet peace and mercy be upon Him asked about the three boys, and he took them to him, sniffed them and wiped their heads with mercy, and his honorable eyes shed tears.

The Prophet Peace and mercy be upon Him - is crying!

What hurt you, beloved of Allah?!

Her heart was deeply broken and wounded by the separation of her lover and the apple of her eye, she broke down crying. Weeping love and youth and her soul ached in pain from separation, as if his soul was attached to hers, and now she is being stripped of her to ascend to heaven, death throes for every living person who loses a lover, suffering from it while he is still alive!

Prophet peace and mercy be upon Him consoled and prayers for her. The beloved was patient and patient over the separation of her martyr husband, she kept silent as her

Lord healed the wounds of her heart, folded and tied them to the magic supplications to Allah. She deposited the reward of her patience over the separation of her beloved and the apple of her eye to Allah, and she began to wish to have martyrdom. To win it as her lover won. The Prophet peace and mercy be upon Him comes again and greets her son:

((Peace be upon you, O son of two wings))

Asmaa' - may Allah be pleased with her - understands the meaning of what prophet Muhammed Peace and mercy be upon Him - said to her son; Allah has replaced his amputated hands when he is trying to embrace the banner of monotheism with any piece of his body in order not to be offended and falls to the ground with two wings with which he can fly wherever he wants!

The beloved realized that her beloved is now flying in heaven, she did not panic or despair, but rather she devoted herself to raise her three children, and it did not take long until Abu Bakr - may Allah be pleased with him - got engaged to her, after the death of his wife Umm Roman - may Allah be pleased with her - Asmaa could not refuse Al-Siddiq, and thus she moved to the House of Al-Siddiq to inspire more from the light of creation and faith. Spreading love and loyalty into his house. She gives a birth to child from him, and she was the faithful and loyal wife, helping him to carry the trust and perform the message, when he is the Caliph of the Muslims, patient, loving and friendly, and a great merciful mother, but this did not last long; Her husband fell ill and became severely ill, and sweat started pouring from his forehead, so he felt - with the feeling of

a true believer – that that his life is approaching to the end. He hastened with his commandment: that his wife, Asmaa bint Umays - May Allah be pleased with her – give him ablution.

It was also from his will: that she should break her fast on this day, and he said to her: (It is stronger for you), and Asmaa felt the approach of the tragedy, so she turned back and asked for forgiveness, and Allah Almighty strengthened her as He had strengthened her before, then she does not turn her eyes away from the face of her husband, who has been overwhelmed with withering. Until the soul is handed over to its Creator; her eyes shed tears, heart was humbled, and the heart broke again.

But she did not say anything except what pleases Allah - Blessed and exalted be Him - so she was patient, then she carried out the task that her husband asked her to do, as she was trustworthy. So she started to perform ritual ablution, seeming to be exhausted with sadness and sorrow, she also forgot his other will, and she kept fasting, and when the immigrants came, she said to them: I am fasting, and this is a very cold day, so do I have to do an ablution?

They said: No.

At the end of the day, she remembered her husband's commandment to break her fast, so what should she do now when the time is at the end of the day, and it is only a short period and the sun sets and the fasting people break their fast? Will she respond to her husband's determination and will? Yes, she obeyed him even after his death, and

prayed with water, drank and broke the fast in fulfillment of him! And she said: wallahy, I do not follow him today in perjury.

She stayed at her home taking care of her children from Jaafar and Abu Bakr Al-Siddiq - may Allah be pleased with both of them - she embraces them to her chest, and gives them tenderness and love with a heart that heals its wounds after its break with the beloved and the husband twice, and bent over them, asking Allah to fix them, set them right, and make them an imam for the righteous.

The days passed, and here is Ali bin Abi Talib - may Allah be pleased with him - the brother of Jafar, the two-winged pilot, proposes to marry her, and after hesitation, she decided to agree to marry him; To give him the opportunity to help her to take care of his brother Jaafar's children.

And she moved with him to his house, she was to him the best good wife, she had the best husband in good company. Asmaa still rose and transcended in the eyes of her husband, so she became great in his eyes.

What kindness is that, O Habiba (sweetheart), the children of Jaafar and Ibn Al-Siddiq are with you in the house of Ali - may Allah bless his face -!

Days pass and Ali –may Allah be pleased with him- sees a son of his brother Jaafar quarrel with Muhammad Ibn Abi Bakr, and each of them brags about the other, and says: I am more honorable than you, and my father is better than your father, and Ali did not know what to say to them!

And how to reconcile them to satisfy their emotions together!

All he had to do was to call their mother, Asmaa, and said to her: judge between them.

With present thought and great wisdom, she said:

I have never seen a young man from among the Arabs better than Jafar, nor have I seen an old man better than Abu Bakr.

Thus, the quarrel ended, and the two youngsters returned to hugging and playing, but Ali, who admired the good judgment between the boys, turned to his intelligent, sane wife, and contemplated her with admiration and contentment, and his love and reverence for her increased.

And Muslims chose Ali - may Allah be pleased with him - as a caliph after Othman bin Affan - may Allah be pleased with him - and Asmaa became for the second time the wife of the Commander of the Faithful, the fourth of the Rightly-Guided Caliphs - may Allah be pleased with them all - and what an honor!

Our beloved was steadfast, and sought the help of patience and prayer for what had befallen her, so she remained a symbol that every woman who lost her husband could learn from.

(Asmaa) lived like a jasmine branch; she was patient despite her house arrest on the harsh land when her husband was martyred at the beginning of her life, while she was still like a soft green branch. And she endured the scarcity of life just as the jasmine tree endures the scarcity of water, and whenever the factors of steadfastness were lost to break its branches, Allah provided her with a shade that she could shade with, so her marriage to (Al-Siddiq) was first, and then to (Ali) after him, may Allah be pleased with them both.

The suffering, the cruelty of life, and the wounds she had inflicted did not prevent her from giving all those around her love, tenderness, kindness and safety.

She spread around her a sweet scent that comforts the soul and the mind, and she gave those around her love until the end, and her eyes were on heaven. Be the broken heart bereavement for your beloved like asmaa bint Umays, Be a sweet jasmine on a green branch, imitate the jasmine trees, and stand firm.

Be like her.

Be a prophet companion.

10

Arms of those who love you

Some people yearn for their mother's bosom, and some of them are looking for the bosom of their father, and some of them dream of hugs and hugs, and there are those who long for the bosom of the beloved –Muhammed peace and mercy be upon Him.

There is peace and mercy in the Cave of Hira, away from people, as the mountain used to embrace this cave with vengeance and pity, and the cave yearns to embrace our beloved Prophet Muhammed peace and mercy be upon Him - so that he embraces it while he meditates, worships, and contemplates the kingdom of the Creator, Glory be to Him.

Gabriel descended upon our Prophet Muhammed peace and mercy be upon Him and the words were repeated: "and recite the Qur'an in slow" (Read).

And the beloved repeated it to the beloved and then hugged him tightly, and the Prophet was trembling! And shivering! And the situation was great, and the moments were terrible, and then finally he left him to say: Proclaim! (or read!) in the name of thy Lord and Cherished, Who created- So the first verse was revealed after the generous embrace of a great angel for the noblest of Allah's creation - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - whom Gabriel loved; because Allah loves him,

(Great embrace)

This situation ends, and Gabriel disappears; so the Prophet (PBUH). Hurried to his house trembling! Trembling! Perspiring! Fleeing to his wife's chest

Wrap me, wrap me.

Our pure Mother Khadija puts woolen blankets on him, wipes the sweat from his forehead, and hugs him to make him feel safe; It was another hug from an honorable wife to her husband; To reassure him, and make him feel safe, in the arms of our beloved Prophet - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him.

(Sharif's embrace)

The Battle of Mu'tah, when Zaid bin Haritha - may Allah be pleased with him - was fighting until he was martyred, and Jaafar bin Abi Talib - may Allah be pleased with him - set out after him, so he took the banner, and kept fighting until his right hand was cut off, and blood flowed, and he saw the flag almost fall; So he insisted that he exalt, raise it, He embraced it, embraced it in his left hand, until his left hand was cut

off, so he bent down on it and embraced it again with his arms, a great embrace for the banner of monotheism, wet with the pure blood of the martyr, embraced with a heart that loved the Prophet and the Prophet peace and mercy be upon Him - loved him.

(Embrace of a martyr)

The news of his martyrdom reached the Prophet – Peace and mercy be upon Him, and he hurried to his house, looking for the sons of Jaafar – may Allah be pleased with him - and embraced them, and kissed them while weeping.

(Compassionate embrace)

Battle of Uhud, he is Abu Dujana, the brave knight, the strong young man, and the great companion. Here he is tying his head with a red bandage, and walking strutting between the ranks, fighting bravely, wielding his sword, when you see him, you will admire his skill, but you will love him also. Here is the fighting intensifying, and the Prophet –Peace and mercy be upon Him was wounded and blood ran on his face, five of the Ansar came to protect him, and they were all killed, so Abu Dujana ran and split the ranks, embraced the Prophet peace and mercy be upon Him - and made from his back a shield for the Messenger of Allah - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him - protecting him with his body, back and shoulders, bearing stabs, and suppressing groans! He did not care about his blood that flooded his back, which became like the back of a hedgehog, filled with arrows, and he is bent over protecting his honorable

body with his body, and his soul is a sacrifice for the Prophet of Islam – peace and mercy be upon Him.

(Lovely embrace)

My slaying without yours O, prophet of Allah peace and mercy be upon Him.

Abu Talha said it, raising his head, trying to lengthen his neck as much as possible to protect the Prophet – peace and mercy be upon Him - as he embraced with his arms the shoulders of his companions of the Prophet –Peace and mercy be upon Him as they circled around him when the polytheists surrounded them, and they wanted to harm the Prophet - Peace and mercy be upon him.

(A collective hug), all letters cannot describe its sweetness, I read in it the finest meanings of love in Allah, as if our hearts were there with them, when their hearts were beating in their honorable chests; overflowing with love for the Beloved - may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him -It is as if they are in our hands now, as if they are in our meanings, our buildings, our souls, and our words, as if we are in them, as if they are here, breathing with their pure souls, and feeling the warmth of their breath around us. We missed, O Messenger of Allah, we missed your light, your mercy, your vision, your neighborhood, and your prestige, and we missed your face.

Oh Allah, we ask you to gather us with him, behind him, and under his banner, oh Allah, we witness that we love them, and we love him, may Allah's prayers and peace be upon him.

Chapter Two

"Wonderful Feelings"

1

First rejoice

Everything has a start, and every experience has its first time:

The birth of a new baby, the first step, the first word you say as a baby, the first piece of candy you like, the first prize you feel proud of, the first halal love for your wife and the first heartbeat you feel meditating your husband.

It is the first rejoice!

Sometimes, we don't realize that it is the first time until we go back, meditate and think about how long have we been enjoying that rejoice.

In so many cases, we need someone to draw our attention that it is the first time indeed! To take our breath, meditate and realize..

Really? Yes, it is the first time.

There are also first times for pain, affliction and soreness.

My beloved prophet, I wonder how did you feel when you trembled for the coming down of revelation?

How did you feel when you were carefully looking at *Gabriel*, spreading along the sky for the first time?

How did you feel when you were breathless from running towards the orchard of Utbah and Shaybah as you were heading to "Al- Taif "with them stoning, wounding and bleeding his feet for the first time?!

Was it your first wound? Did you cry my beloved prophet?

How painful was the agony in your chest as a baby when you were told that you mother has passed away, for the first time?!

Did you cry when you knew you are an orphan for the first time?

How did you look like crying out of fear of Allah for the first time?

Your eyes.. How did your honorable eyes look when you got one of your teeth broken in a battle for the first time?

Your tears... How were they when you were delivered the news of your beloved Khadija's death for the first time?

And more than that how was your hug to Abi-Bakr in the cave when you immigrated with him alone for the first time?

When am I going to meet you at the Basin for the first time?

When are you going to quench my thirst with your honorable hand for the first time?

I wonder when will be the first time to feel the companionship of Allah, that we are really close and that we are with him?

When will be the first time that to figure out that that tear which is almost leaving our face to make our cloth wet or escape heading to the floor is actually shed fearing Allah?

When will be the first time we are submissive in prayer, reading in it as if we are reading to Allah exalted be he his own words, having our souls departing their narrow spaces in our chests to float in the kingdom of the Hallowed, returning at the last hymning to rest in our chest once again relaxing our disturbed souls.

When are we going to desert sins repenting faithfully for the first time?

When are we going to escape to him?

When will it be your first time on the road, first time feeling the sweetness of faith, the beauty of submissiveness, the first tie to be in his company, prostrating to him alone?

There will be a first time on the SiraT Bridge, so prepare yourself for the first step.

There will be a first time for you in the grave alone.

There will be a first time to see Allah's glorified and exalted be he face, to have a caller calling O people of paradise, you have an appointed time with Allah, and you become overwhelmed with dreadfulness.

An appointed time with Allah...a meeting with the All-Merciful (may his majesty be glorified).. and who am I to meet him...Glorified is he?

So, you walk in a procession happy, laughing and cheerful, lifting up your head and opening your eyes which have never been opened in Haram, to have the veil uncovered enabling you to look, see and meditate, loving what you see, trembling, humbled, feeling sweetness you have never felt before and incapable of closing your eyes nor even moving your head.

But you can't really breathe. Craving tears are escaping from your eyes to see what you see!

A wonderful sensation to see Allah's face...for the first time!

A wonderful sensation to see Allah's face...for the first time!

2

Aspace for Amity

On the sides of our passing lives, we sometimes need to calm down, meditate, breathe love, and enjoy the breezes of pure hearts; May peace descend upon us, and spread spaces of affection in our hearts; in which there are plenty of space for many mercies.

Aspace for amity

Simplify it to him tenderly, and wait until he finishes his words, lower your gaze a little, or look at him tenderly, it is your father, those stern expressions on his face were only temporary. Only moments and you will see the tender smile lighting up his face.

Aspace for amity

And ask about him if he is absent, and miss him even if he is not occupying any social space. I know he is not your favorite character, maybe he is the least flickering of your buds, and maybe no one will notice that he is walking with you, I also know that he is not special, but in his eyes you are the special one.

Aspace for amity

Look mercifully, talk briefly, argue kindly, pat gently, and stroke the orphan's head tenderly.

Aspace for amity

Prepare to meet Him, having all your senses humble, leave the world behind your back, remember Him (Glory be to Him) in yourself, purify yourself from your sins, break yourself in His hands, and spread zones of friendliness to your heart, and say it with reverence: Allah is the greatest.

Aspace for amity

Listen, and calm down to understand, read to learn, and examine his biography – (PBUH) and pray for him every night; He loves you, be one of his companions to meet him at the basin, drink and get pleased.

Aspace for amity

And gather from your lips letters that were scattered in vain, intertwined harshly, and disturbed the purity of your Allah praising breaths, to injure, hurt stabs and accuse, breathe in affection, and speak beautifully.

Aspace for amity

And do not disappoint them, and know exactly what they expect from you, and know for sure that they know that you can do it, and be there whenever they need you, and arrange your priorities; Because you are important to them, you are the whole family in the eyes of every one of them.

Aspace for amity

And do not injure your other half, no it is actually your whole because you are now one entity, one part, one heart, so do not whip your other self, and kill yourself; He is you, and you are him.

Aspace for amity

And love them as they are, do not judge them for things that they cannot update, there is what lives in us, and we live in it, and we do not have the right to uproot, throw or replace it with others, accept from people what you know that you have but in another way. If you have the power to change an unchangeable thing (such as your features) then you can ask them to change!

Aspace for amity

Contemplate the beautiful universe, and look at the world with the eyes of the traveler who is preparing to leave. Do not forget to prepare your travel bag, while you are enjoying building your beautiful nest, be merciful, and live friendly while you are on the way to the hereafter, where the is certainty.

3

Angels Talk

They talk, whisper, and transmit the news, carrying it philanthropically with happiness. They also invite each other to cooperate in your love. Yes, you who are reading my words now. You are the talk of angels!

They know your voice; They heard you calling him on a dark night in a long prostration, with your tears witnessing, They knew your beautiful features, which were formed by the smiles of magic while you were asking for forgiveness, and the whispers of prostration as you called on him, and the tears of repentance which were shed in a route which sins escaped from, and your face lit up.

And they know that handsomeness that came upon you when you approached from Allah and ran away to Him, but they also heard you're groaning after sinning and repenting.

They know your caring palm that patted tenderly on your mother's shoulder, and with love on your father's back, and with reverence on the hand of the poor, and with kindness on the head of an orphan, and with awe over the Book of Allah before you open it to read and chant; Your rank will rise in Heaven.

They know your looks, for they witnessed it chaste and humble behind your abluting eyelashes, when you turned your face away from that image. They know the sound of your heartbeat, when it was beating louder and louder, as if it was warning you of that war waged by Satan against you to make you fall into disobedience. That is when you hastened and sought Allah's help, performed ablution and have your heart prostrate, making its beats getting slower, and you became comfortable with your prayers.

They pass on your nickname and your name among them; because you love Him, but because He loved you.

Because you are one of the righteous.

Because your heart shakes when you hear the Noble Qur'an.

Because you fear the Hereafter and hope for the mercy of your Lord.

Because your heart is broken at remembrance.

Because you long to see the face of Allah.

Because you like to be cramped in the company of the honest and trustworthy.

Because your face is illumined by the divine light of Allah.

Because you love the righteous, and befriend the righteous.

Feel while you are sitting now reading my words that you hear and witness the creaking of the pens of angels as they write down in your book what you say, feel and do.

Try to travel with your imagination there, under the throne while you wait, meditate, listen carefully, and turn around, seeing light from here and light from there, the angels greet you and call you by your name, and wonder; You do not know them, but they do, for in your life you were the talk of the angels!

Imagine them as you take your last breath, and they gather around you to give you good news and reassure you; they know you.

Imagine them ascending with your pure and faithful soul to Paradise.

Imagine yourself raising your head with reverence and reverence in great prestige to open your eyes, with which you have never looked at forbidden things, to see the face of Allah. O Allah!

We need a pause, in which we review ourselves and ask her, do we really deserve this love?!

Does Allah love us to call: “Oh Gabriel, love so-and-so, for I love him”... Glory be to Him!

And does an angelic voice crack the clouds, making the heavens tremble, the clouds sway, the stars twinkle, and it is called in the Most High: “Love so-and-so, because God loves him,” so the angels love you!

Our hearts are craving, and here are the breezes of mercy upon us, so let us flee to Him, and come to meet Allah.

O Allah, cast your love upon us, make us look upon Your eyes, grant us the pleasure of looking at Your Noble Face, and longing to meet You, and make us, O my lord!

(Angels talk).

4

Paradise's train

The smell of coffee fills the place, and it is very cold, the sounds of the surrounding vendors, coats running, umbrellas approaching, young children running, and an elegant young woman standing shy, hiding her tears with her tender palm, He stands submissively before her, not daring to wipe those tears, and wishes the train never arrives; Until the moment goes on, and a brother cries for the separation of his brother, and a wife cries for the separation of her beloved husband.

Lots of feelings and some pain, as if, with their departure, they took something from the heart and snatched it with them, some cry, some have their tender smile making their way between the tears while he is waving his hands, and another one shouts goodbye to his son: Goodbye.. I love you so much... Bye... Pay attention to your studies.

And here goes the train with rain drops falling down and getting mixed with tears.

This is life!

We are all about to travel, and we are all getting ready to leave. We have a small amount of supplies and our journey is long. As for our train, it is not like any other train. Some people ride it without even knowing, others are not even aware that they have booked their own tickets and other are still paying its price.

Kamal, a friendly man, a kind face, and honest eyes with two white crescent moons on them, above them all a rug that turned gray on the head. Every single hair in him bears witness to good manners, patience over the death of his wife and his beloved, and sincerity in raising his three daughters, waiting his reward only from Allah, each of them became like a star shining in the sky of her husband, radiating morals and illuminating the Qur'an, and like a butterfly spreading chastity wherever it lands.

He did not know that he had cut the ticket, and that he was paying the price, and the moment of departing came, and the breath was accelerating and then narrowing, and above his head his three flowers...

Goodbye dad! We meet you in heaven.

Habiba, a wonderful girl and a clever young woman, who is beloved by all, asks about this, feeds that, walks at night to So-and-so's house to give her the rent for her dwelling, knocks on the door of their neighbor, the doctor, and brings him a sick child at night, and he does not refuse her; Because he knows her and works with her for the

sake of Allah, and she gathers from her companions to buy medicine for another, and she opens her cupboard to make others happy with the best clothes she has.

The white dress did not stop her, nor did the sparkle of light snatch her heart when it rests on the pearls lined up on it, but another sparkle occupied her mind that one dwelling in the eyes of the orphan, and the looks of the widow, and the patient's looking at her tender face, while she patted his shoulder, and here comes the train and she has to ride, and on her right Another girl takes care of her, not her sister, nor her daughter, but she knows her because she fed her one day, loved her and did her good Goodbye (Habiba)! See you in heaven.

Ahmed, a wonderful young man, you see him as if you are looking at a full-featured painting of a young man, tall, with a muscular arm, two black eyes embracing them tenderly, sleepy eyelids, and the eyelashes waving as if they flutter around his tender eyes like a dove of peace, The cloud of days rained on him some pain, and wet him with weakness, and the signs of time landed on his head, and the disease nested between his ribs, he was satisfied and patient. His tears were not an objection. Rather, they were patience, anticipation, and pity due to the lack of obedience, and regret for the past moments of youth. So, he maintained his strength and took the Qur'an as his companion, and here comes the train, cracking the fog, and here comes the voice of the angels calling him, and his mother patting his head and healing him, perfuming his tongue with the declaration of faith, and finally whispering in a voice choked with tears:

Goodbye, the apple of my eyes! I will meet you in heaven.

Hosam, an intelligent young man, strong in character, successful and persistent, good and polite, as they described him, longed for heaven and bid farewell to his wife and mother, and departed there, where perfume is the smell of blood, and where the survivors are only those who are under the dirt, and where injustice rose and prevailed in the country, He landed on his luggage and purchased the ticket, He got on the train, and won martyrdom, the earth bid him farewell, the sky rejoiced for him and was decorated, the evening birds sang for his arrival, and the heavens welcomed him with crave, love and greed.

Peace be upon you, martyr! We will meet you in heaven.

wipe your tears, and do not grieve over them; They have preceded us, and they are the winners, so rub your eyes removing the veil to have a clear vision, contemplate where you are and look for the ticket, and watch the train; He has no appointment, and he does not have a wide station filled with the smell of coffee.

Stand with us on the road, waiting, watching, and preparing our provisions to travel... on a journey fraught with difficulties, but it is worth it; because it is to heaven.

5

Veiled But

She took off her veil on her wedding and was topless!

And she put the piece of cloth again on her head. I went to her along with my husband to congratulate her and to get to know. We sat down, and she came to me smiling with her wonderful wedding pictures, and wanted us to see her!

Of course, I closed it after I saw her, and told her that my husband wouldn't see her because she was without a hijab (veil).

Veiled, but forgot that she is veiled!

Veiled But

Her sister's arrival from the Gulf approached, and she rushed to welcome her at the airport, with craving preceding her.

She waited her sister for a long time because the bags were late, and finally the face of her beloved sister along with her husband Mr. So-and-so has appeared,

She received her with hugs, and in the midst of the crowd, she embraced her sister's husband and pressed her chest against his! He wrapped his arm around her, and placed her lips on his face kissing him on his cheeks.

Veiled! But she forgot that her sister's husband is temporarily forbidden to her!

And that this is not proper to her veil and doesn't please Allah.

Veiled But

A party and a big wedding, and she is one of the attendees. All dressed up, everyone is happy, everyone claps and sings, loud music, her vertebrae couldn't control themselves; shook and quaked.

Her mother got up and grabbed her by the hand and said to her: (Rejoice, my love, and live your age!) So, she went in, swayed, quivered, laughed, and giggled. Unfortunately, some pointed at her and laughed sarcastically. Not from her, but from the veil!

Is she happy now?

Veiled But

She went out in her long black skirt and a large veil covering her chest, but as she got into the car, she raised a leg to enter the car, and the tip of the cloak rose; half of her white leg appeared, and everyone passing by saw her leg.

Veiled But

She bought a black cloak with wide sleeves that showed not only half of the arm, but rather the whole arm. Whenever she raised her hand to rub her nose or greet her friends, the covered becomes uncovered.

Don't think that she doesn't know, but she knows for sure that the sleeves are wide.

Because she once wore lace sleeves for a gorgeous black dress to a big hotel wedding, and ditched the sleeve lining.

Veiled! But she is nakedly dressed.

Veiled But

The chest of the cloak is wide, and the veil is transparent.. An opportunity!

Yes, an opportunity to wear the wonderful necklace you own; it's even more gorgeous when it's right on her alabaster skin, and it'll be magical as it shimmers under the sheer veil.

Perhaps if one of them drew her attention gently, she might look at sideways, making her feel guilty as if she was the one who made a mistake!

Veiled But

She wears tight pants and a short shirt, and if someone argues with her, she looks at him with an angry look, and says with contempt:

What a complicated one! The pants cover me more than the cloak!

Suddenly, when she sits, the pants shrink and wrap around her legs, embodying them and revealing the details.

And because she lived freely and acted freely her concept is wrong; she sits as men sit, taking their style of sitting; opening her legs, or lifting one over the other to the top, her femininity shrinks and her body language and even gestures increase.

The calamity is if she bent down to carry a child or even to wear shoes, the veil would disappear and the meaning of the veil would evaporate, and even if she gained weight, she insisted on tight pants, as if she regretted wearing the veil.

Veiled But

She stood, after getting ready to go out, and looked at her face to the right and to the left, and saw that she would be more beautiful if she showed some hair from her bangs; She removed her veil, rolled up her arms to reveal the color of her skin, and finally put on the wonderful, penetrating perfume that turns the head of youth, She left after smiling at the mirror, and the devil smiled back at her.

Veiled But

She stood calling out loud her friend in college; everyone turned to the source of the sound, She followed her loud call with a loud laugh that was not devoid of pampering and submission; they turned one more time!

Why wouldn't she do that even though she got used to her mother scolding her little brother in the middle of the road with her loud voice, and perhaps arguing with the seller louder and making him laugh to reduce the price, as if the veil was only a piece of cloth, which did not cover the senses, and did not hide the sedition!

Veiled But

She logs in the Internet and forgets everything, spoils this, laughs with this, and puts up thousands of sarcastic verbal sentences that come out as joking, which she does not dare to utter in front of her father, or her husband if she is married, and perhaps also do not dare to say it to so-and-so if she sees him face to face - And she doesn't even know him - in a public place.

And she has guffs, prods and symbols at inappropriate times with so-and-so, which perhaps makes everyone pauses to laugh, but in the end they will not respect her,

Unfortunately, they say she is veiled!

Veiled But

She wears a tight blouse and anything above it, even if it is a net that does not cover anything, thinking that she is covered in that way.

Veiled But

She looks at the one who speaks to her boldly and looks at his features, and transfers her looks indicatively between his eyes; until she gets him occupied with her, and perhaps her words will be accompanied by a tender voice and a warm dialogue; because she cares, and because he is so dear to her!

He is the colleague who sits next to her complaining to him about her husband, and telling him about her secrets getting him to know her so he might open his heart, and perhaps he gets to know accurate details of her married life, getting drowned in a long chat, making him feel comfortable with her, removing all the boundaries, and dissolving all the barriers!

But in the end, he will not accompany her to her grave, even if her eyes and lips were as sweet as honey.

Even if she is a neighbor of the moon, she will remain in his eyes a woman who abused her veil and her goods are lost.

Veiled But

She enters under a nickname and starts chatting, falling in loves, or thinking that this is love, and get involved in a relationship that she hides from people's eyes; because she is ashamed of them, followed by emotions and then losses, and after she finishes that chat session, she gets up and wears the veil and goes to the poor and gives them alms; to protect her from fire on the Day of Resurrection, and it will continue to oscillate between this and this, and we hope that Allah will offer her repentance.

Why her veil did not veil that sedition from her?

Does she really know what it means?

Veiled But

Her throat is spiral, and her hoarse voice disappears only when she talks to young men, and turns into a soft, velvety voice that resembles the sound of cats, so she starts groaning when she picks up the phone!

She is very skillful when she changes it, and because it makes her hoarse at times, she is an artist and deserves an award for excellence; she is an actress, and she is good at pretending!

Well, why the frequency changes?!

Isn't it the same wave?

Pictures that I might have seen and seen, and we will all see, made me know for sure that there was something wrong,

And that the true meaning of the veil is incomprehensible, and perhaps some men also do not understand it!

Are those veiled?

Or are they veiled...but?!

What is the benefit of the veil if it does not veil greed and conceal sedition in you?

Veil is a saying, an action, a look, a whisper, an application on real life, there on the Internet, and between you and yourself.

The great writer (Mustafa Sadiq Al-Rafi'i) says about the veil:

“The veil is nothing but a symbol for its morals, meanings and religious spirit, and it is like a coincidence; the pearl is not veiled, but it is nurtured in the veil by a pearly education.”

It is the veil of the senses my daughter!

The fortress in which women take shelter in.

Oh Allah, kindly veil us with a beautiful veil and make what we veil a source of pleasure for us.

6

Wonderful Sensation

〈Part One〉

To perform ablution, to stand with humbleness having my chest at ease and my eyes delighted with comfort.

Wonderful sensation

To walk with my loose veil covered as a hidden pearl, careless of looks of attraction that I lost with my veil, because a look of content from God to me is enough and satisfying for me.

To bend over kissing my mother's compassionate hand with she feeling pleased with me. To turn around hearing her prayers penetrating space hugging the clouds and

spreading their wings flying high and invoking the lord of the heaven leaving my heart at ease.

Wonderful sensation

To have my father proud of my manners all the time, trusting my behavior, my honesty, my pledge keeping, protecting myself. To have him turn his back, walking and leaving me behind trusting, because I am chaste.

Wonderful sensation

To have a good company flying with me to absorb the nectar of the Quran together, getting pleasure from the sweetness of faith together and walking down the roads of obedience together.

Wonderful sensation

To pat on the head of an orphan, to help with my forearm a poor fellow, to ease the heave troubles of widows being a savior in hard times and a compassionate light in dark roads.

Wonderful sensation

To keep all the beautiful love words and hold them in in my heart as pure birds captivated until they are released through a decent marriage.

Wonderful sensation

To wipe with my hand a tear of pain and implant a touch of hope instead of it making smile break through its way between tears feeling happy because I did good.

Wonderful sensation

To never bow my head except to my creator and to never bend over unless in my prostration to Allah.

Wonderful sensation

To know that if happiness time got late that doesn't mean that it is not coming but that all my wishes are on hold and that Allah will never let me down and waste my wishes.

Wonderful sensation

Not to grief for being alone because the moon is alone nevertheless it is the most beautiful thing in the sky.

Wonderful sensation

To sit down quietly raising my hands invoking Allah, having happiness coming to me as a butterfly that is going to escape if I chased her, but my confidence in Allah makes me believe that she is going to come by herself willingly and quietly to land on the tips of my fingers.

Wonderful sensation

To know that nothing deserves feeling pain on unless my sins which makes me stick to repentance to have Allah forgive me.

Wonderful sensation

To do something beneficial with my own hand and fingers, glorifying Allah using it, patting with it, writing what pleases God with it until I find what defends me if God made it speak in the Doom's Day making her tell all in details all about my good deeds along with my bad ones which I have ever committed.

Wonderful sensation

To feel myself on the road of true guidance even if I committed a sin, neglected, did wrong or got away because no matter how much I stumbled, eventually I am going to reach because I chose the road and frequently asked for it in my prostration from my beloved...Allah.

Wonderful Sensation

I am not going to collect it in lines because obedience to Allah has a sweet taste which cannot be described with words and commitment has a limit which exceeds my words.

I wish I were a man

To run while the water of my ablution is still on my face with cold air touching my neck to direct myself toward the Ka'ba, raise my voice and call for prayer.

Allah is the greatest.

Allow...Hoe beautiful he is!

I wish I were a man

To walk early five times a day to the mosque near my house which I can see from my kitchen window. Earning a good deed for every single step and removing an evil one.

Walking fast with my heart beating to win a place behind the Register in the first row, stretching my mouth saying "Ameen" and humming with the angels getting mercy.

I wish I were a man

To have a good wife waiting for me every day, a wife that I choose with my own free will, to love, to have her marriage bond in my hand and to rightfully possess her hence obeying me.

Preparing food for me, washing my clothes, taking care of the affairs of my kingdom, ensuring quietness at home to let me sleep after a long day of work.

Waking up with smoking hot tea, sipping it sip by sip quickly with enjoyment while I am watching the Television with her sitting next to me. Am I not a king?

I wish I were a man

A chaste young pious man, lowering my gaze and keeping my body parts away from any sins having the characteristics of guidance on my face.

Walking down the road loved from people and greeting everyone.

Sleeping with full eyes having fair ones grooming for me. What beautiful fair ones they are.

I wish I were a man

To be able to perform ablution easily and without effort anywhere with no need to remove a veil or uncover hair because I am a man...How easy would it have been, if I were a man.

To run on the beach laughing with my rolled up pants, giggling with no one blaming me if I jumped into the sea to swim and have fun. How splendid summer vacation would be, if I were a man!

I wish I were a man

Having my kids calling me ‘dad’, having the right to be obeyed even though I haven’t carried them for nine months nor changed their diapers, haven’t also waked up in a cold night to hold or carry them.

I wish I were a man

Not to be mocked at from any one telling me all the time that I have incomplete common sense and religion, and that the majority of people in hell are of my kind.

I wish I were a man

To be proud that prophets and messengers are men and that people having their leadership entrusted to a woman will never succeed.

But, I don’t want to be a man ignorant of all these blessings.

And maybe.....

Maybe if I were a man I would be unfair to my wife. Threatening her every now and then to get myself another wife along with her.

Maybe, if i were a man I would sleep and set in front of the Television and computer for hours without praying in mosques.

Maybe if I were a man I would be magnetized to women disturbing my eyes and ruining my heart ending up unaware and damned.

Maybe if I were a man I would have been a father that doesn't really exist,

Or a spoiled young man with no aims!

Or an invisible man even though he exists!

Thanks Allah.

Thanks Allah I am a woman, Praise to Allah that if a woman was a good a wife to her husband, she would equal that all.

I still miss the mosque, I still wish to have the opportunity to call for prayer, my soul is still dreaming of winning the first row behind the Imam to stretch my mouth saying "Ameen" behind him, having my 'Ameen' said along with the Angels flooding me with mercy.

Thanks Allah.

8

Wonderful sensation

〈Part two〉

Wonderful sensation

To escape from the worries of your world, and to jog and perform ablution in the coldest water, then a prostration will contain you, and your tears will be whispered and your tears will be revealed, and your voice will be heard in the sky, so the angels will know you, and you know for sure that the Merciful hears you; Expand your chest.

It's a wonderful feeling to be alone!

Wonderful sensation

To stand there while everyone is in prestige waiting, silence pervades the place, and you are confused, muttering a prayer and begging the Most Merciful to cover you, and you hear its voices flying from afar, and some of them pass by you, so your body shudders, and suddenly you raise your arm and open your hand and receive your newspaper with your right, so you are pleased with yourself, and your soul rejoices And the angels rejoice over you and call out to you in their merciful voice to read your book!

Wonderful sensation

To repent of a sin you know, your mind knows it, your heart knows it, and your body knows it, then you will be surprised on the Day of Judgment when your beloved, the Most Merciful, has loosened his jacket on you, and reminded you of it, while you do not remember him! Your bad deeds are turned into good deeds, and memories are erased.

It is a wonderful feeling to be reborn (by repentance), and to live immortally in heaven.

Wonderful sensation

To review yourself, search in your memories bag for one of your fingerprints, and sign it on a soul in pain, then you are surprised that you released this, paid this debt, laughed this, fed this, and dressed on this and this holiday, then those memories return while you are there, turn in a record Your goodness.

It is a wonderful feeling to be preceded by good and waiting for you in heaven!

Wonderful sensation

To see the basin, and you are thirsty, so you run and run, some crowd you and others push you, so you cry and scream from the horror of what you see, and suddenly the angels call you! And the face of the Prophet (PBUH) shines, so he knows you and you know him! And you haven't seen him before, but you know him!

The rows will be divided in front of you and you will progress quietly, then he will extend his honorable hand, his palm will touch your skin, and he will give you water; don't get thirsty anymore.

A wonderful feeling to meet the Prophet – (PBUH) -!

Wonderful sensation

That a caller calls out: “O people of Paradise, you have a promise with Allah.”
prestige prevails you,

An appointment with Allah!

A meeting with the Most Merciful - His Majesty -!

And who am I to meet him?!

Allah Almighty.

So you walk in a procession while you are happy, laughing and cheerful, and you raise your head, and open your eyes that you have never opened to forbidden; The veil is revealed and you look, see, meditate, love what you see, tremble, fear, feel the sweetness of what you felt before, and you cannot close your eyes or even move your head one iota, but you really do not breathe, and tears escape from your eyes longing to see what see it!

It is a wonderful feeling to see the face of Allah. Oh Allah!

Wonderful sensation

To long for Allah, so long for prayer; Because it is standing in front of him, and you miss reading the Qur'an because it is his speech, you miss the night because it calls you to you, you miss the day because it gives you, and you miss the sound of the call to prayer because it is its call, you miss the Prophet (PBUH) because he is his lover, and you miss heaven because it includes seeing his holy face, and you miss To die because he met him.

Wonderful sensation

It is an encounter with Allah.

9

On the sidelines

We were taught in schools to line the margins, maybe leave them blank, maybe mark them, and sometimes write in small and faint fonts some notes, and a lot of explanation! On the margins of life, and behind the faces hidden in its corners, which we often forget to read, life wrote them.

He.. He sees you every day, with his bright eyes, as you pass by your charming perfume, and your luxurious shirt, and perhaps your strange phone will ring, and his ears will be pleasant, he closes his eyes for a moment and inhales deeply, “Allah!” He says it, smiling innocently, wishing for everything you have, and perhaps feeling a little heartbreak when you disappear from his sight.

I wish you looked on the sidelines...

I said, peace be upon you, and gave him a bottle of perfume, and something that you have; because he is a young man like you.

She.. Knows for sure that this is the sound of your footsteps, and perhaps she will get her head full of dreams from the gap in the door of the butterfly room to see you as you enter the door of the company you work for. She looks for a moment, and suddenly notices the coffee rising; so she hurries and puts out the fire before it eats her deprived heart.

I wish you looked on the sidelines..

Smiled at her, and gave her a dress, necklace, and shoes, and a beautiful memory.

He.. He stands every day when he hears the sound of your car, and jogs to take the bag from your hand, and also carries the bags of fruit, ascends quietly and with quiet steps behind you on the stairs, you arrive at last and give him a pound, and he disappears in front of you, and goes out into the street until the smell of fruit evaporates from his clothes before he returns baby girl; He is afraid to smell it on his clothes while he is cuddling him.

I wish you looked on the sidelines..

I saw him shaking his shirt in the air to evaporate the smell of apples, and I gave him a bag of them at least once.

She.. Comes every week and helps you, lifts the mattress, removes the dirt, bends down and cleans under the living room sofa, and now she spreads your clothes, and she washes with her hands this elegant shirt of your son, which her son always wanted, and she will keep waiting and waiting, a big bag containing some of what you hated clothes that have narrowed you, or worn out, or faded in color.

I wish you looked on the sidelines...

And I gave her something old and something new together in one bag, with one joy.

He is.. Not handsome and not elegant, not from a large family, and he does not know from the world what you know, but he studies with you in the same university, and he simply sits next to you sometimes, so you move away and approach the people of high rank, he wishes the company of you and those with you, not greed for Thing; He is dear to himself, but he complains of loneliness, and it is not his fault that he is like this.

I wish you looked on the sidelines..

I exchanged glances for a moment, gave peace and won the mercy that descends upon you when you love him (for Allah's sake).

She...she sits every day in the same place, calls you to buy anything from her, smiles at you and exaggerates your respect; Perhaps you will satisfy her, some stand and buy and do not discuss it in the account, and some hear her what she does not want to hear, and then throw her money while she is embarrassed and regrets what she did, and if she collects everything you earn and doubles it, the total will not reach the price of your mobile phone, nor the price of your expensive glasses.

I wish you looked on the sidelines..

And I bought something from her, and I gave her the money respectfully, and she meditated while she kissed her and put it on her head, and she heard you pray with cover, and that Allah would suffice you from the evil of the disease.

These.. the car driver, the cleaner, the office bed, the maid, the street children, the baker, the simple electrician, and the plumber, it is not their fault that they are simple, and it is not your fault that you are rich, elegant and educated, and you are not the one who divides the livelihood, and we are not required to suffer from the blessings that we have been blessed with. Allah out; Rather, we only need to look on the sidelines, so that we may see them clearly, share the joy with them, and draw a good smile on their faces, so that our hearts will be blessed, and we will stop complaining that despite the blessings we do not know the taste of happiness, because, in fact, the pleasure in giving, Happiness is hidden there behind their simple faces, and we will not see and feel it unless... we look on the sidelines.

10

Wonderful Sensation

〈Part Three〉

When you decided to pray Al-Fajr in the mosque near your house, stayed up late to win that great honor, opened the door and walked in dignity swallowed by darkness lightning up your heart with Allah's light.

Step by step, with something moving in your chest... Yes at the same position you put your hands on now.

Wonderful Sensation

When the Sheikh spoken on the platform and you were covered with quietness, mercy has been brought down on you, with you listening to the description of Heaven

making yourself craving, with tears descending from your eyes because you love him, glorified is he.

Wonderful sensation

When you intended to fast volunteering in times other than Ramadan, and here you are feeling tired, a little thirst, limbs weakened, and lying down for moments until your breakfast time. So, you held a date and approached it to the tip of your tongue but your tears raced it to your mouth.

Wonderful sensation

When you said it for the first time to your Muslim brother hugging him with your eyes closed while your brain is browsing every moment you got close together for God, when you whispered and your voice trembled saying “ I love you for Allah’s sake”.

Wonderful Sensation

When you desired to go back to him, and jogged to listen to a submissive reciting living in the bevel of a verse moving between its letters having yourself softened racing your soul to Heaven, hovering around it and having the lining of the heart approaching its walls making you cry and sob your heart out.

Wonderful Sensation

When you held that orphan on your shoulders, making him laugh and cheering up his innocent face with his eyes excusing yours with happiness light flooding from them having you pleasing him.

Wonderful Sensation

When you intended to do good with your brother after you stood next to him having your both shoulders as one. When you prostrated having your two faces side by side. When you both raised your voices to reach the sly in prayers having them blended together to ascend fulfilled.

Wonderful sensation

When you loved to meet your prophet desiring his neighborhood, loving his face, admiring what he did, said, and made, feeling jealous from his kindness to his companions and wishing to smell and kiss his hands and cried.

Wonderful sensation

When you felt pain for not obeying him, asked Allah for forgiveness knowing that he will forgive you then conceal your disgrace. You were sure that he gave you plenty of time and that broke yourself and made you repent to him.

Wonderful Sensation

When you reached Mecca and saw the Ka'ba from far away and circulated seven times around it, jogging and trotting and cried.

When you craved to see his face.

When you loved him.

When you saw him in everything.

Wonderful Sensation....in every single moment you are reborn again

Because you love him.

Chapter three
"Market of Happiness"

1

White flower

My beloved in Allah, the daughter of Islam, The white rose which saturated from the light of the most Merciful and grew in a house that is ardently in love with Quran so it became as immaculate as rain water and imitated with her pureness the purity of milk color and moon light.

Throughout ages, Flowers remain producing fragrances and flooding the universe with beauty, inspiring poets. So, we hear of their beauty, what takes our minds and hearts altogether away;

So, Happiness flows and overwhelms our souls.

And you remain at your father's house like a white flower blooming daily to spread the smell of righteousness on his kind hand, and how nice you are patting mercifully on

your mother's shoulder and leaning kindly to make your sister happy, removing all the boundaries and wiping her tears. So, you are a flower.

A flower has dignity, it never bends and its beauty lies in her straightness and continuous prayers to Allah of the sky. It never blooms unless there is clear sunlight, and so you are.

A flower has shyness, gathering up its leaves softly to cover itself immaculately till spring comes and so you are in your veil until you win a good husband allowing spring to come.

A flower has solid roots fixed in the rich land, so it leans along with the delicate breeze without uprooting it, because that she breezes it and the entire universe does, and so you are, so feel comfortable because your roots which are fixed deep in the ground humbling to the most Merciful and which are spread between the detritus looking for faith will always be solid ensuring your safety.

A flower has modesty because even though it is so distinctive and loved exceeding all the signs of beauty and its symbols, it doesn't take on other nor make them feel her superiority. She draws attention quietly in silent because she is a flower and so you are.

A flower is generous, she doesn't evenb refrain her green leaves, so every day she give alms to them watering them with dew drops and give alms to us with her fragrance making us happy and healed and so you are.

A flower is quiet and merciful, so she grows slowly and comes to light softly in order not to surprise us. Gradually she grows to become more ripen, beautiful and charming until she is complete making us admire and love her and so you are.

So, don't move quickly towards womanhood and have patience flower to give yourself the opportunity to gradually have your beauty perfected softly.

Don't jump before times from one phase to another, missing a lot of lessons that you have to learn from life and a lot of pleasure of life, fun and joy. Because every phase of your life has its own pleasure.

Don't you ever think that womanhood in wearing high heels, putting on lipstick and wearing a tight gown!

But it is a combination of delicacy of nature, elevation of soul, circumspection in handling the matters of life and a good taste in choosing everything not only the colors and the gowns but also the words and ideas and even the movements and stops. It is also good manners, broad culture, and knowledge in the matters of the world and with everything that pleases Allah.

So be a pure immaculate white flower all the time and keep your fragrance until you have spring.

2

Prince charming

Once upon a time, in ancient times, and it is not pleasant to speak except by mentioning the Prophet (PBUH).

The little girl calms down in her bed, and her tufts of hair have surrendered with her and branched out on a pink pillow around her innocent lunar face, in which her innocent looks settled, as she listens to a bedtime tale from her grandmother, so the good old woman begins to instill the idea from the beginning, and spins with her a beautiful love story, and in her voice The gentleman who was now accompanied by a nice hoarseness, describing to her how beautiful the princess was, and how the prince loved her at first sight, and how he ran with his white horse, extended his strong arm and carried her in front of him in her wonderful purple dress, and together they set out to the

castle, and in a decisive moment the grandmother cut off the little one in the imagination in a sentence We all saved:

And they lived a happy life and have boys and girls, that's the end of the story.

The little girl begins with her first dream, and begins to form an image of her charming prince.

Is he strong?

Or handsome?

Or a strong personality?

Or romantic?

Or the religious?

Or the rich?

Or all this? Or some of all of those traits?

The girls were confused between the stories of this knight (Shater Hassan) and Sat al-Hasan and al-Jamal, Antar and Abla, Romeo and Juliet, Qais and Laila. Why did the tales always focus only on this knight?

The girl was waiting for him to arrive at the door of the house to kneel on one knee and raise his stature on the other, extend his hand and gently hold her palm to tell her that he is here, and ask to marry her, waiting for the answer to say yes.

Unfortunately, the girls do not realize that this knight is illusory and imaginary until it is too late, unfortunately some of them accompany his imaginary image with them after their marriage in a dark corner of their head, invoking her from time to time, and still comparing him with her husband; The latter always loses the match, and the illusory dream knight sets her heart on fire; It burns, and she loses sight of reality and does not see the treasure in her hands; For she is wandering, fascinated and deceived, think that the bald, the skinny, the curly-haired, the calm and good-natured, is not a dream knight. Unfortunately, there are those who reject so-and-so because he did not obtain a specific degree, and so-and-so because his nose is big, and so-and-so because he is fat, and so-and-so because he is brown, and so-and-so because he is not an engineer. He is not a doctor, and because she is a doctor, she must marry a doctor, and this is a farmer, an indication of the difference in his printing and way of speaking, and this does not wear the latest fashion.

Glory be to Allah.

Our master Mousa - peace be upon him - was black in complexion like Africans, and so was Luqman the Wise. Black is not a defect, and a black-skinned young man may be more handsome and manly than others.

My daughter, the knight is truly the pious, the pure, the chaste, the honorable, who grew up in the worship of Allah, and perfumed with the water of ablution. When he speaks, and in all his dialogues thanks, admiration, request, hope, apology, farewell and meeting, all of them have divine words, and not only in words but also in deeds; He

does not accept the forbidden and does not do it, he is successful in his work, he has a presence, a mind and a distinguished personality, and he does not have to be famous, but he is effective.

If he comes to you, you are a queen; Because he crowns you a princess in his own kingdom, he will turn a blind eye to all beauty and look only into your eyes, he has never tasted sweetness before you; That is why you are the only taste he knows, perhaps he is not rich, but you are the rich if your husband is, perhaps he is not very handsome in your eyes, but Allah loves his face with which he never looked at a sin, you will know him from everything; Because he is really a knight, he is one of the companions of Yusuf Al-Siddiq, and if you ever pass by the mosque, you will know him.

Because he is a stake standing there, he leaves his heart after the tasleem of prayer and returns to him five times to feel that he is still alive, and that his beats are still swimming, and because his heart is there, you will calm his heart to help him until he continues to strive there, where tranquility, where he calls for prayer, A young man may have a handsome face, but.. The ugliness of sin. We must teach our daughters how to value men so that she can choose at a time when concepts are mixed. The Knight of Dreams remains a dream that comes after marriage, when it is realized in a good husband, whatever his form.

Marriage has become a deal, and some have devised a new way to flog every young man who asks for chastity, sometimes with high dowries, and sometimes by determination to hold wedding parties in places where large sums are wasted without

benefit, and sometimes with material demands if this wage-earner (I mean the groom) continues to collect and put all What he owns in addition to the price of his clothes - he will not get this required amount in exchange for the release of the hostage (I mean the bride).

Unfortunately, some think that the position of the wife in the heart of her husband is measured by the extent of his difficulty in obtaining her, and that the easy and easy of her marriage and the little dowry will be.

Cheap!

See how much your sister cost?

What value do you accept for the title of a good wife?

How much do you buy a good wife, dear brother?

Marriage goes deeper than this; It is the company of a lifetime, and the companionship of the path, and the road may be long, for marriage is not only a white dress, and not only a knight of dreams, it is a company and a trip that must be agreed upon in order to be successful, in which there is no place for exchanging roles, and you will only achieve understanding, the highest shares of the most patient and containment of the other party Because he loves it, maybe it's just like that game we used to play when we were kids when you held your friend's hand and he grabbed your palms and you started spinning and spinning with him,

Sometimes the balance may be disturbed, you almost fall and he pulls you, and in the next cycle you are the strongest, so you pull him when he approaches the fall. That is why you should only play this game with a good friend, because you cannot bear a silly prank from it, and falling on the ground may hurt you, so you will be miserable forever, but it remains a game!

As for marriage, it should not in any way be a game, not a game.

There are things that cannot be bought, so remember them, and in return give up what needs a lot of money to be bought.

PBUH" said:

“If someone with whom you are satisfied with his religion and his character comes to you, then marries him, and if you do not do it, there will be sedition on earth and corruption.”

[Narrated by Al-Tirmidhi and others].

This does not negate your right to accept or reject it. The decision is yours alone, and you will live with him under one roof, so that he will become a knight for your life, not just for your dreams, and for you to be the princess of his heart.

3

Flowers Petals

I will sprinkle the flowers petals of my life between the lines, maybe nostalgia to these memories or maybe I know for sure every one of you will experience these memories one day.

I was wearing my white shirt and scarf, also I still remember my blue skirt, and it's my school.

We were waiting the beginning of the academic year eagerly; the smell of the new books paper, binding notebooks, the new black shoes, and those new pens which we choose carefully like those pens will give us knowledge!

I will never forget the sound of her footsteps...tick tick tick, it's my beloved teacher (Teacher Mona) or (Miss. Mona) as some of my friends like to call her.

She was teaching us Arabic, but between a lesson and another, a tip was essential..

And definitely an advice.

I will never forget her beautiful green dress, indeed it was beautiful on her, I think she knew that because she was taking care of everything when she wore it, even the perfume!

A strong perfume caressing my nose while she was passing between the lines, while reading a passage from the lesson, or approaching me to ask a question so I answer, I loved her so much.

Because of a dignity in our hearts, and a respect for her within us, we couldn't confront her with a very simple thing, she wasn't implementing her advice!

She told us not to wear tight clothes or apply makeup, she told us this is Haram, and this shall not be done, she puts perfume and she was coming in all dressed up with a tight dress which highlighted the body charms!

Until the moment I think she will never forget, when she asked her students: ‘’what do you think about me?’’

I thought she was expecting compliment, a courageous girl stood and told her the truth: ‘’you don't implement what you advise us to do’’...

And between the gasps of the girls and the looks of wonder from some of them, some whispers and mirthless chuckles, moments passed and the bell rang so, the class is over, the days passed, and surprisingly...

Message received, and my teacher taught as the most important lesson she explained in her life.

As she didn't get angry, she didn't taunt the girl, and she didn't tower above to be her who learn from us,

After days, she came with a new look!

My teacher wore a long headscarf and loose clothing; she took leave makeup and perfume bottle when she went outside home.

It seems there was who was waiting this moment, a good man knocked her door, she got engaged to him, and so we all were happy.

I will never forget these days...

Excuse me, my teacher...

But the lesson isn't over yet...as your explanation continues.

4

Market OF Happiness

I wondered for minutes: What is the meaning of happiness?

What is its taste?

Have I reached it?

Where do I look for it?

How much is a kilo of happiness?

Where is the market to buy it?

Do you know?

So many pictures of people with smiling faces jumped to my mind.

The extreme happiness of a child is a piece of luxurious chocolate.

The extreme happiness of an old woman is to tell her that her food is very delicious after tasting it.

The extreme happiness of a six years old girl is a wide dress that turns around when turning around in front of her friends.

The extreme happiness of a ten- year old boy is to have his favorite team scoring a goal in a heated match.

The extreme happiness of a good father is to have his son succeeding the final stage of secondary school and to see him taller, probably stronger than himself, and certainly richer than him.

The extreme happiness of every girl on earth is to be a beautiful bride with her white dress.

The extreme happiness of a new bride is to know that she is pregnant in her first month.

The extreme happiness of an ambitious young man is to accomplish an achievement in his work to get a raise in his salary.

The extreme happiness of every lover is to marry his beloved.

And there, in other corners on the margin of life and in another place.

The extreme happiness of a poor young man is to find a warm corner in a garden to hide and sleep over his night because he doesn't have a house.

The extreme happiness of a mother who works as a maid in other people's houses is to have her house wife boss discover that her son's pants torn apart and have him take it off giving it to her to make her son happy.

The extreme happiness of a worker in a restaurant to have a good tip from a kind person pitying him enabling him perhaps to buy half a kilo of meat to feed his children.

The extreme happiness of a child from street kids to have the owner of a candy shop pitying him and offering him a piece of cake which he spent long hours looking at it carefully sticking his little nose against the luxurious glass of the shop.

The extreme happiness of a simple girl to have Allah honoring her with the shade of a man that protects and takes him as a shield instead of jumping from one job to another getting humiliated for few pounds which are completely inadequate and unsatisfying.

The extreme happiness of a sick man is to have the doctor look at his x ray or his test results smiling and saying "congratulations, you are healthy. And having a dangerous disease is excluded.

Actually, we are flooded with blessings and we don't actually see them unless we lose them. So, thank God for all the blessings that we have and don't know

Be happy.

Forget about the world.

Be happy for your share and what you have and own saying “Allah, satisfy me”.

Happiness exists and its market is so big, it is also for free but we have got astray.

5

There...and there!

There are those who don't talk much...but when they talk.. Their words are sweet unforgettable ones.

There are those who talk much...but their words are forgettable gossips.

There are those who don't keep coming up...but they are unforgettable present.

There are those who present everyday...but when they turn around.. They are forgotten.

There are those who do little.. but their deeds are unforgettable.

There are those who do much.. but they confer a favor and notify their deeds much, so their deeds are forgotten.

And there are those who do not make many mistakes, but their mistakes are painful.. Its pain is unforgettable.

There are those who wrong a lot.... but we forgive them, because of their unforgettable favors.

They are all spaces in the heart, and only a few occupy an unforgettable space!

The days are still sifting for us who we know, so some fall from our eyes some evaporate to escape from us, and we blow some into the air with aversion to them, and some approach when we praise them and move away when we advise them!

There are those who love us because we agree with them, some hate us because we disagree with them.

It's our mistake when we allow some people to get too close, so they forget respect and cross the line, so they lose their positions.

It's our mistake when we don't notice someone's magnificence, so we lose our position before him.

Some delete the age difference and think that they are the wisest. He brags, and some omit the age difference out of respect for his mature mind; and he succeeds.

We befriend ourselves in the hearts of others when we see their affection for our souls.

Others die leaving an enshrined painful space in our pulsating hearts with praying for them.

Some live among us and it is in fact a vacuum that we think for a moment as a human being, and we investigate and discover that it is a ghost, with no features appearing! We thought of him as human beings.

Some people sneak into our hearts..

So, they get in!

We keep looking for them while they don't feel.

We smile because of their happiness, we cry when they are panic, we miss them when they are absent, we pray for them if they need.

But we prefer to stay away from them, for their benefit and ours, and perhaps we will meet them under the shade of the Throne of the Most Merciful, for we love them for Allah and in Allah.

Sift, O days, and drop them, and even if some of them fall, I will love them for their closeness to Allah.

Oh Allah, bless me from loving you who love me for your sake.

6

Postponed Dreams

Every girl has a dream, and every dream has its own characteristics. The natures and personalities differ, and there remains one common dream for all girls, which is (marriage).

Sometimes it's her only dream; that is why she gets tired, suffers and grieves if he delays, and sometimes she is of a degree of intelligence, so she arranges her dreams, and accomplishes some of them, then rises to a position in which she realizes herself, so she does not feel that he is late; because she is already living other happiness.

And because our lives have different circumstances that fluctuate and change from one society to another, and vary from one class to another; the age of marriage has changed. There are societies in which girls marry early, and that is why the age of

spinsterhood is there - and I hate that label, but I had to mention it to clarify - around twenty, and there are other societies - especially the more educated societies - in which the age of marriage rises due to the insistence of the girl or her family to complete the study; That is why the age of spinsterhood - which they claim - is close to thirty.

They condemned her future to death by hanging if she exceeded her by a year or two. They threatened and pushed her to marry anyone who knocked on the door of her palace, and if it did not suit her, they broke her crown and the pearls were scattered, and they removed her from the throne, robbed her of her smile and stole the sparkle of her eyes.

Furthermore, they tried her in the court of witnesses, members of a society that knew nothing of her private world,

They do not know that she is very educated, very strong, active and successful, when she determines from the beginning that marriage is not her only dream, but is within a group of beautiful dreams, and the delay in marriage may not grieve her.

O good heart, your sustenance will come at its appointed time, a righteous husband whom your eyes will recognize, so do not delay him and take the reasons, for sometimes you may be part of the reason in the event of your delay in your marriage, my princess; And that is when you justify the trivial flaws of a person's rejection of religion and morals more than once, just because the specifications of the Knight of Dreams are not yet available.

Sometimes when you are not mature enough and poised for others to notice that you are now a bride fit for marriage.

I often suffer when I see girls who act in a way that is far from Stoic in front of people, even though they are of an age that does not suit them.

Calm, sane, armed with a veil and religion are your soldiers; So that Allah may facilitate for you a righteous husband who is worthy of you; the owner of religion and character is looking for the owner of religion and character.

Sometimes your parents cause your marriage to be delayed; with the many requests that are too exaggerated.

Why don't the uncles and their wives stop interfering in material matters that do not concern them?

Why do you give your permission to your cousin, neighbor, and colleague, to disturb the peace of an easy and easy marriage whose birthday is approaching? Despite your acceptance, they alienate you from them! Either because it looks and features they don't like, or because they don't like it financially!

Why don't they stop with Allah's words?

If they are in poverty, Allah will give them means out of His grace:

[An-Noor (The Light). 32]

Allah does not charge a soul except [with that within] its capacity.

[AL-BAQARA (THE COW) 286]

Allah puts no burden on any person beyond what He has given him. After a difficulty, Allah will soon grant relief.

(Al-Talaq.7)

Tastes differ, and what you like I don't like, and what I like may not like you at all, and we may agree on the beauty of a girl and a third comes and sees her as ugly, and vice versa. And choose yourself.

Also, never make excuses for your modest beauty and repeat that it is the reason for your delay in your marriage, because you are beautiful because you are Allah's creation, and beauty varies and differs from person to person, and one of them may see you admire him and be the apple of his eye, and another abstains from another even though she is very beautiful.

Just as beauty is internal, and it stems from a stable soul that enjoys inner peace, contentment, and contentment with what Allah - the Most High - has divided for it. - Which everyone sees as poor in beauty - those small details that are not seen with the eye, so he turns to them with his heart; He sees her beautiful because he loves her.

Look within yourself, open your heart and mind, enhance your self-confidence, and take care of your advantages, for every girl has a share of beauty, and beauty is a wonderful plant that needs constant irrigation and care, you are beautiful.. Believe me.

When you trust yourself, your appearance and behavior will change, others will trust you, and people will see the beauty of your soul and yourself.

And watch out; because they are looking at you, yes, all people are looking at you from afar, and because you are a moving pulpit that announces Islam, you must pay attention. The sister, mother, and aunt are always looking for a bride for her young relative. It is necessary to stand with the soul, reform the body and pay attention to appearance and form, arrange yourself, and your life, and organize your duties, and you and neglect, for yourself before it is for the sake of marriage.

Your body and soul have rights over you, but I tell you:

Who likes to look at a girl with unclean hands?

Who likes to approach a girl whose sweat smells strong?

Who likes to deal with a girl whose clothes are messy, and even repulsive?

Who likes to greet a sullen-faced girl day and night?

I do not say: display your charms, and I do not say: be submissive in speech, and I do not say: perfume with strong, seductive perfume and pass by the people, but be clean, respectful and cheerful, and before you are beautiful in appearance, make sure of the beauty of the essence and the purity of the soul, for everyone hates the grudge and the malicious girl is hated, and everyone rejects The stinging tongue, and remember that by abstaining from arguing and refuting, you are doing this to Allah Almighty.

Thou hast already fulfilled the vision!" - Thus indeed do we reward those who do right.

Finally..

Marriage is not the end, it is the beginning.

Marriage is a responsibility and a company that begins with your acceptance of him and his acceptance of you.

Marriage is obedience, and what comes after it, Allah willing, the Most High, must be obedience.

Do not make it only a symbolic goal, but make it a branching and manifold goal to build with your husband a righteous Muslim home that will be a building block in the whole society.

Do not think that it is a box full of pink dreams, and I do not tell you that it is not pink, but make sure that every stage has its beauty and every step has its successes.

Ask it from Allah in your prostration, to grant you a righteous and pious husband who will bring you closer to Allah, and when it is late in time, my queen, be confident that you are on a special (mission).

Perhaps Allah will make you happy for something else, and perhaps Allah has prepared and freed you for a task; Honor a mother, perhaps she will remain single if you get married now, and you will be tormented, and you're blessing with her will enter you

into Paradise, an additional time for advocacy and for memorizing the Qur'an, reciting and improving it, and even memorizing it for others, a work in which you are successful and achieve something new useful for Islam and society as a whole.

A practical effort to help orphans, the poor and the needy, and even the sick clinic. If you get married, you will not devote yourself to this great matter, you teach people goodness, and blessed are you if you are one of those who teach people good, for the Prophet (PBUH) said:

“Allah and His angels and the inhabitants of the heavens and the earth, even the ant in its hole, and even the whale in the sea, pray for those who teach people well.”

And contemplate.. How many girls have delayed their marriage until a gray hair grows in her head, and if a good husband seeks her without any effort from her!

How many girls married a radiant and handsome knight of dreams, and wore the most beautiful and most precious and precious jewelry and gold, and then ended up divorced, slaughtered and sad!

How many girls before us are married and happy, who are in fact imprisoned in a cell, and may wish for what you are in!

I do not mean here anything but a meaning that you may miss; And it is (Allah's hidden kindness). Perhaps your delay in your marriage or even the lack of it is a great blessing that you are immersed in, and if we knew the unseen, we would choose reality,

so let us be satisfied with what Allah - the Almighty - has divided us - and do not grieve,
learn patience and remember that the world is mortal and heaven remains.

I ask Allah to make you happy in this world and in the hereafter.

7

You are so beautiful

It hurts me a lot when I see someone, hear about someone or read words by someone who feels desperate or sad simply because he is either very slender, weak, maybe a brown-skinned girl, and a young man with a big nose or a nice but not great looking girl.

A young man might also be mentally detached, hiding from looks or withdraw from social areas other people offer him, because he is sad.

Slow down, my brother!

Slow down my sister!

Slow down my beloved sons!

Is it really true that you don't like being fully healthy, in the best stature walking on your legs, using your arms, seeing with your eyes, hearing with your ears.

Do you think that people are no longer interested in everything in the world but your nose?

Do you really think my sister that all the looks are focused on the color of your skin, ignoring what pours out of your tongue?

Do you think that a white girl has won a medal of being special and the luck of happiness just because she is white?

Are beauty queens the only happy and beloved ones?

By Allah, No..... Every day we meet many luminous characters, and we love them so much, even though they might be short or really dark skinned.

And more than that, we admire someone for his success and progression even though he is only a bit of luck regarding being handsome, but still, Allah may give him thousands of favorable judgments from different people.

And women sucking their lips, showing their amazement when they see a handsome man whose wife is less charming than him. If they tried to find out why, they will probably realize for sure that the real beauty is inside that woman, the beauty that

her husband saw in her entire entity from insider before outside, in herself and her breaths before her facial features. Not like how some people focus on features.

Actually, they fell that way especially as teenagers forgetting to explore themselves from insider, focusing only in their looks at their mirror. Needing someone to lead alert them to concentrate on building themselves from the inside. We need knowledge and culture in addition to a meaningful and deep dialogue long with information and away to deal with people in which we enjoy good manners.

Sometimes neither beauty nor charm is enough alone in dealing with people. It doesn't also bring happiness. Beauty is disgraced with ignorance, rudeness and also sinful deeds. Just like people are turning their backs on a piece of candy if it got dirty because of flies or because of being tarnished by someone ruining its beautiful appearance.

How bad it is to feel bitter after you put a piece of sweet candy in your mouth! And you are surprised by its rottenness and corruption, or you like the colors of that candy piece, which is decorated in red, green and yellow colors, and you discover in the end that it is a fake! It is made of salt, dust and deceptive colors only for the purpose of photography.

A human being is not only an image, but he is a bulk of feelings, value, standards, culture and reacts of behavior and above all, Allah consciousness in secret and public.

Worshippers of the most merciful!

Religion, good manners, righteousness, charity, sweet tongue full of good words, good deeds, love of people, embracing them, merciless, heart tenderness do all interact never appearing with its charm unless on a kind face.

Be sure that it will never appear on a face of a startling beautiful girl or on a face of a young muscular man as long as both of them are indulged in a sinful and rude deed along with a tongue uttering the worst expressions.

How many charming faces are disgraced by a sinful deed!

Even colors will not hide hideousness or bad manners...

A lipstick!

It will not color words nor beautify lips that know nothing but lies.

A blusher!

It won't be as beautiful as the natural blushing of shyness.

An eye-lined eye!

I haven't seen an eye more beautiful than an eye eye-lined with lowering the gaze.

Most expensive fragrances!

It won't be more expensive than the exuding fragrance of the history of a pious girl.

They think that becoming civilized comes from wearing make-up, wearing the newest costumes and memorizing the names of international brands. Having shyness slaughtered by the girl's eyelashes, innocent looks decreased, and the spirit of delicate girl fades away, making rudeness courage, isn't that strange!

The colored woman which shows off her best charms an elegant socialite. A Chaste woman covering her charms turned to an uncivilized and behind time woman

Even if she spoke with logic, science and stringency, they still look at her face only to look for make-up.

Mavourneen, don't bother yourself.

All the powders in that world regardless of its kind and quality cannot lighten a face darkened by a sinful deed.

Search for beauty in yourself, and you too young man search for beauty inside yourself and turn on light of faith between your ribs carrying love wherever you go.

By God, a look of satisfaction from good is more valuable than thousands of looks of admiration from his creations all.

To enjoy internal piece feeling satisfies with what Allah granted you, look for the internal satisfaction in your heart now.

Ibn- Alqayyem says:

Obtaining the satisfaction of Allah on his worshiper is greater than the paradise with everything inside it, because satisfaction is a characteristic of Allah and paradise is his creation.

(Pleasure is from Allah the greatest).

Allah's pleasure with them is a reward for their pleasure with him in the world. Whereas that reward was the best reward, it was for the best deeds.

Have you seen how beautiful are you now?

Do you feel like a beauty queen, my beloved in Allah?

Yes.

You are handsome, and you are beautiful because both of you love Allah.

O Allah, make your love the most loved thing to us and your fear the most fearful thing to us.

And provide us with satisfaction Allah.

8

Oh Sea ... Thank you!

Sometimes you love a person painfully, surround and strangle him, put a nail in him so that he does not move away from you, and you may force him to show you this love, he tries, but he fails.

Sometimes he is a husband, sometimes a father, sometimes a wife, and often a loving suitor to his fiancée, and sometimes a son who demands what his parents cannot bear.

Why do we hurt others?

Why do others hurt us?

If we stopped a little before every hurtful word or situation, we wouldn't do so much harm, and if we were a little slow we wouldn't lose what we lost, if we loved ourselves, we would never hurt others.

Because we will be satisfied with ourselves, we will never be offended by anyone, and we simply live in a wonderful state of psychological peace.

Love is interaction, tolerance, and giving more than taking and benefiting. If you love, be like the sun, giving others warmth and light, never being late, and arriving on time every day, continuous giving.

It can be like the sea, wide, clear, and clear.. Transparent!

You are very good and full of surprises, you can carry something as big as a cargo ship, or contain a small creature like a small fish, and despite your saltiness everyone loves you!

Even your scent and the sound of your angry waves crashing against the rocks are reassuring; because you're big enough to hold everyone. If they throw dirt at you, you throw it gently on the shore, and sometimes you accept all this with generosity when you throw a rose that has fallen from someone's hand and floats on your surface gently and sweetly.

A kind word is like a rose; It is charity, do not be stingy, O pious and pure Muslim, with your giving.

Be as you would like to have someone you love, and let everyone say to you in the end:

Oh Sea, thank you.

9

Marriage and the ruler

Some think that there are idealistic, wonderful and religious personalities, in whom there is nothing to deviate from the ruler's line.

She... She wants him to be a wonderful young man, more committed than her, who takes her hand in heaven, never makes mistakes, lowers his gaze and does not sin, all day he recites the Qur'an, and all night he stands and prays, and at the same time he works and succeeds and spends on it generously.

He.. He wants her more religious than he is. Furthermore, he turns around in his bed at night and sees her standing up, praying, not angry, not sad, not complaining, not bored, and at the same time beautiful women, memorizing the Qur'an, studying forensic science, and giving it to the children with a spoon, it must be like this. Because it is she who will rise.

Hey!

Why are you waiting for someone to take your hand?

Why don't you take responsibility?

Do it yourself...

Religiosity, commitment, and closeness to Allah are not measured by a ruler, and no one is 100 percent perfect. We are not robots programmed to obey to repeat regularly.

Humility does not have a button that you press and feel, and the sweetness of faith is not preserved in boxes that we buy and store.

Do not raise the ceiling of aspirations to the sky, and do not exaggerate the specifications of the knight of dreams, and the girl of the beautiful dream.

Accept from now that the one you are going to associate with will sometimes make mistakes or fall short, and he will wake up once or even times after the time of dawn, so do not collapse. She will get tired of serving you and your children, and she may stop reading her response sometimes, so don't be shocked!

There are basic things that stick to it, talk to those in front of you to know him as a human being and not as an angel, put your dream in his hands and contemplate his reaction, and listen to him, by passing some simple standards as long as most of it is good. Look for morals and take character into account.

Sometimes bad character collides with the rules of commitment that you are looking for, so you find a wife who is scientifically and legally educated, perhaps, but she is very stubborn, and her voice is very loud, and in every discussion she stands as an equal to her husband and does not respect him; He hates talking to her though she is very smart, their house is not inhabited; They are always in a heated debate, how will the children live?!

She finds another who only memorizes Al-Fatiha and the shortest of the chapters, but she is good at listening to her husband, comforting and making him feel that he is her only prince, even when she expresses her opinion that is different from his. Simply because they live in a quiet nest.

And sometimes the husband is rude, or he underestimates his wife's opinion, or beats her harshly, even though in front of everyone he is wonderful, religious, and he prays, and you find others who are not a jurist, but he is merciful, who does well to his wife and children, and they love him very much.

Evaluation is not a rule, take what is in front of you with everything in it, and know that he is human like you, and just as you are not always perfect, you make mistakes, fall short, and sin; Don't ask him to be perfect.

Do not prolong your search for imaginary models that have not yet been born, and do not fall into the trap of being judged only by appearances; they collide with reality and suffer.

We do not know which of us preceded the other in his determination, and who among us was sincere in one verse, recited in a light rak'ah, and everyone outperformed it.

I ask Allah to bless each of you with another half.

10

Walking decently

Walking decently is a Qura'nic expression indicating a constitution for every girl. A constitution that makes her live like a queen if she applied it, many years has passed by and she is still walking shyly in my mind, never leaving my soul.

I was twenty years old when I attended an audio lecture to the Sheikh (Ahmed Alqattan) entitled "Shyness and women's appeal". The sheikh talked about the verse "Then one of the two women came to him walking decently"

His words and explanation had a beautiful effect on my soul, just like mild rain. I sat down listening and imagining her walking along with her sister with shyness. Two delicate girls forced by surrounding conditions to pasture, which is not an easy mission for them.

Lost in a wide land and rough life. The beloved got out pasturing on foot with hot sand burning her delicate skin. Turning left and right, enduring the heat of the sun with increasing patience, respecting her fathers who is an old man and who cannot get out because of his age.

She got ready and got out, getting support from her sister to do her mission confidently because working to earn ones' bread is not against shyness.

The prophet (PBUH) himself had the very distinguishing quality of shyness.

And we forget that faith and shyness are inseparable.

The prophet (PBUH) says:

“Shyness and faith are together, if one of them is removed, the other is removed”

Spread your hands while reading my words now, now stick them together, raise them high together and put them down together. That is how shyness is attached to faith. If shyness doesn't exist in yourself, your faith will also be gone. If one is high, so is the other.

Shuaib's daughter approached Mousa walking with shyness, when her father ordered her to go back and invite Musa who was resting in the shadow of a tree praying Allah and approached.

The phrase “Walking decently” was once interpreted that she was covering her face with her cloth, and it was said also that she used her sleeve in doing so. And it was

also said that when her father sent her, our prophet Mousa walked with her asking her to go, so she walked in advance, but she was hit by the wind, so our prophet Mousa told her to walk behind him to avoid the wind uncovering her cloth in front of him guiding him if he missed the correct path. From behind, she guided him, throwing stones left and right.

Sheikh “Mohammed Refaat” may his soul rest in peace recited that verse as follows:

“(shortly) afterwards, one of the two (maidens) approached him, walking shyly”

Then he takes a pause then repeats

“Walking decently, and said”

This is a genius reciting because shyness is not only in the way she walked but also in the way she spoke. She doesn't swagger, jauntier nor ornamented.

She told him and clarified purposely that it is her father who is asking for him not her to reward him on his manliness, ingenuousness and help

Allah Allah!

Look beloved to the abstinence of our prophet Mousa.

The honorable and virtuous walked in advance, making her behind him shyly, not to be appealed to her if she walked in front of him. Shyness is his distinguishing quality

too. That's what people miss in the story of our prophet Mousa and the Madyan maidens. You too, young man, should be distinguished with shyness.. Be shy to Allah.

When she came back and told her father what happened, he realized with his witness that he is an honest and a pious man, so he offered him one of his two daughters as a wife saying:

“I intend to wed one of these two daughters of mine to you”

This means that the old man has asked him to take care and marry one of his two daughters.

Sufyaan Althawry said regarding her, that she is one of the wittiest people for saying:

“O my father hires him. Indeed, the best one you can hire is the strong and trustworthy”

Shuaib saw signs of manners and virtue in him, that's why he offered what he offered and the marriage was fulfilled.

Our mother “Aisha” may Allah be pleased with her was the greatest example of shyness for us. May Allah be pleased with her, says:

“I used to enter my house in which Allah's messenger and my father were buried and put off my garment saying that only my husband and my father were there but when

“Umar” was buried along with them, I swear by Allah that I didn’t enter it without having my clothes wrapped around me for shyness of “Umar”.

May Allah be pleased with you, the beloved one of the messenger of Allah -peace be upon him- What kind of shyness would ever be more than that.

Her Goodness is all to Allah, she is shy of a man who is dead and buried underneath.

So was Fatima, the daughter of the beloved (PBUH)- imagining herself after death in a five layer wrap in front of men, so she sat feeling sad and absent-minded until Asmaa the daughter of Umais asked her for the reasons why she is absent-minded and when she told her Asmaa replied:

“What about making you something I saw in Alhabasha? We put pillars in the corners of the coffin to raise the cover in order not to make anything exposed.

Fatima replied:

“May Allah unexpose you just like you did to me “

Her goodness is to Allah, she is shy in her death and that is the best manners ever.

May Allah glamorize us with shyness!

Real shyness doesn’t prevent you from having an opinion, knowledge, character, attendance or witness; it doesn’t prevent promotion of virtue or prevention of vice.

Shyness is different from bashfulness. They are quite different.

Bashfulness is some sort of weakness in one's self, while shyness is its dignity and power.

And to make a comparison between a successful (working woman) and a (shy one), for that comparison is not valid; because there is no contradiction between shyness, work and knowledge.

Anas said that the prophet (PBUH) once said:

"Every religion has a moral, and the character of Islam is shyness"

Shyness is not weakness or disgrace. It is not a shortage in a girl to be alive; On the contrary, this is intuition implanted by Allah in every female to beautify her. With her feminine aura and soft behavior. This quality is something a husband admires in his wife. Willing or not, but the shyness of a woman is much more attractive than the beauty of her looks in so many cases. But a good woman doesn't beautify herself with shyness for a man, but only for Allah.

Shyness is a behavior that we all value in girls, just like we reject and alienate the girl who confuses boldness with strength of character; distort her image.

Shyness is power; the ultimate power is that woman should be shy in her looks, speech, movement and even remain quiet is the extreme power. And that doesn't contrast with work and knowledge.

Seize on shyness beloved girls because it is the ornament of woman and adornment of girls.

Conclusion

My loved ones in Allah..

We used to review what we write; we find many errors, and we may not like the idea; we erase words, tear papers, and try again.

Sometimes we pass over the error and cross it out, and the mark remains; we remember and do not repeat the same mistake, but when we finish a paragraph we must put a full stop at the end of it, and go back starting again from the beginning of the line.

A fresh start, more space, another better chance, but when do we make the full stop? From which line shall we start?

Thus, our life is a set of events and a lot of actions, words, attitudes and people.

There are the spoilers, we must wipe them out completely and get them out of our way.

Every bad friend we must leave before he spoils what we are trying to fix, and every sin we have committed must be cleansed of. So as not to destroy the reassuring self that we seek, and let's make a full stop.

And there are the haters, so let us put them in brackets, ignore and stay away from them, and treat them as an objectionable sentence that has no place of expression, and we do not meditate on them and watch them so that we do not get distracted by them about what is more important.

And there are the wonderful ones, who add a charming touch to us every moment we communicate with them, so let's look for them drawing a red line under them.

And there are the pure, the transparent, the flawless, those who sincerely love us for the sake of Allah and for Allah.

If they find us good, they encourage us, and if we make mistakes, they advise us, and if we fall, they carry us, and if we are bad, they bear us, we see their faces and remember Allah, as if they were praise!

leaving them, and they follow us with supplication, meeting those increases faith and raise our enthusiasm, and our absence from them makes us feel alienated; we find a slight pain in the chest that is not without pleasure; because it hurts longing for loved ones in Allah and good company.

Those, lines do not be sufficient to them, and words will not express them, so let us put them in a special frame and assign them a love card, and carry them in a nearby

corner that our hearts contain, and our hearts preserve .We must free them from time to time, the butterflies of supplication, so that they shoot their wings towards the sky sincerely, so that they know the way and fly loaded with love and hope for a generous Lord, and the supplications are answered.

May Allah bring us together in the highest heavens.

Tear up the papers and cross out the mistakes, put an end to all sins and collect them from here and there, Allah, from his generosity, gave us a great opportunity for a new beginning, when every bad thing we repent of was turned into good, and by his mercy our pages turned into blank spaces, so let's start over...

Dot, and from the first line.

And let each one of you look for a good company that helps you to do good and obey Allah, a company like pure white pearls, always coming together to be a precious and precious necklace that cannot be sold or bought, but it will undoubtedly never be broken.

By

Poor to Allah

Hanan Lasheen

Glossary of Arabic terms

1- **Halal**what is allowed?

2- **Haram**.. What is forbidden or prohibited?

3- **Al-Ḥudaybiyah**

The **Treaty of Hudaybiyyah** ([Arabic](#): صلح الحُدَيْبِيَّة, [romanized](#): *Ṣalaḥ Al-Ḥudaybiyyah*) was an event that took place during the time of the [Islamic prophet Muhammad](#). It was a pivotal treaty between [Muhammad](#), representing the state of [Medina](#), and the [Qurayshi](#) tribe of [Mecca](#) in January 628 (corresponding to [Dhu al-Qi'dah](#), [AH 6](#)). It helped to decrease tension between the two cities, affirmed [peace](#) for a period of 10 years, and authorised Muhammad's [followers](#) to return the following year in a peaceful pilgrimage, later known as [The First Pilgrimage](#).

4- **Al-Ansar** (the supporters)

5- **The Cave of Hira** ..A cave in Mount Hira (near Mecca) is the location where the Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him) received his revelations from Allah SWT through the angel Gabriel.

6- **The Battle of Mu'tah**

The **Battle of Mu'tah** ([Arabic](#): مَعْرَكَةُ مُؤْتَةَ *Ma'rasah Mu'tah*, or Arabic: غَزْوَةُ مُؤْتَةَ *Ghazwah Mu'tah*) was a battle or skirmish fought in September 629 (1 [Jumada al-Awwal](#) 8 [AH](#)),^[1] near the village of [Mu'tah](#), east of the [Jordan River](#) and [Karak](#) in [Karak Governorate](#), between the forces of [Muhammad](#) and the forces of the [Byzantine Empire](#) and their [Arab Christian](#) vassals.

7- Battle of Uhud

The Battle of Uhud (Arabic: غَزْوَةُ أُحُدٍ, Arabic pronunciation: [ɣaz'wat'u uħud]) was fought on Saturday, 23 March 625 AD (7 Shawwal, 3 AH), in the valley north of Mount Uhud. The Qurayshi Meccans, led by Abu Sufyan ibn Harb, commanded an army of 3,000 men toward Muhammad's stronghold in Medina. The battle was the only battle throughout the Muslim–Quraysh War in which the Muslims did not manage to defeat their enemy and it came just a year after the Battle of Badr.

8- Gabriel: (jibril) is an archangel sent by God to Mohammed (PBUH).

9-Al-Ta'if: It is a city and governorate in the Makkah province of Saudi Arabia.

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