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respect

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need us

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HEARTS

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# Our brothers need us



*Bismillah-hir Rahman-nir Raheem*

Nothing seems the same anymore. It keeps pinching us, hurting badly when our brother is in extreme pain. The greatest tragedy in the history of the world is taking place right now in Syria. Although that is tragic enough itself, however, even worse is the fact that the whole world chooses to stay silent on the matter. How could the world watch a genocide unfold over half a decade and do nothing about it? They waited for the superpowers to act and that didn't happen. The 'red line' apparently was imaginary. The leaders who kept giving empty warnings clearly were just trying to save face. Where are the human rights agencies of the 'so-called' civilised world?

Allahu akbar! Indeed Allah is the Greatest! He will soon show who is right and who is wrong; who is weak and who is strong; who is a terrorist and who is not.

Certainly, these children of Syria are the test of the people, and the people are their test, for their misfortune in this world came at the hands of the people, and it could be that the people's misfortune in the hereafter comes because of abandoning them. But they are the winners, they are going through shocking sacrifices for deen in this world to be blessed with beautiful gardens in the hereafter.

Tough times on Ummah are the periods which distinguish the hypocrites from the true believ-

ers. So while most of us feel dejected, we often ask, what are the things for us to do in such life-threatening times?

**Praying for them.** A hadeeth beautifully says that 'dua is a weapon of a believer.' Like weapons can kill the enemy, dua too has its power, in fact, worldly weapons are nothing before the supremacy of dua as dua can even make those visible weapons go to waste. So we should make it a point to earnestly make dua for them after every namaz and whenever else we can. When we put our Tawakkul in Allah ﷻ and sincerely beseech Him, he surely listens.

**Giving charity.** We cannot reach them directly so essentially we can only help by helping those who have the means of helping the Syrian. We need to help them, believing it to be obligatory on us, as it really is essential for us to aid them with whatever possible. We are fortunate to have the Baitussalam Welfare Trust from Pakistan continuously working on the ground together with the Turkish government and through them, our funds can reach the deserving refugees In'sha'Allah.

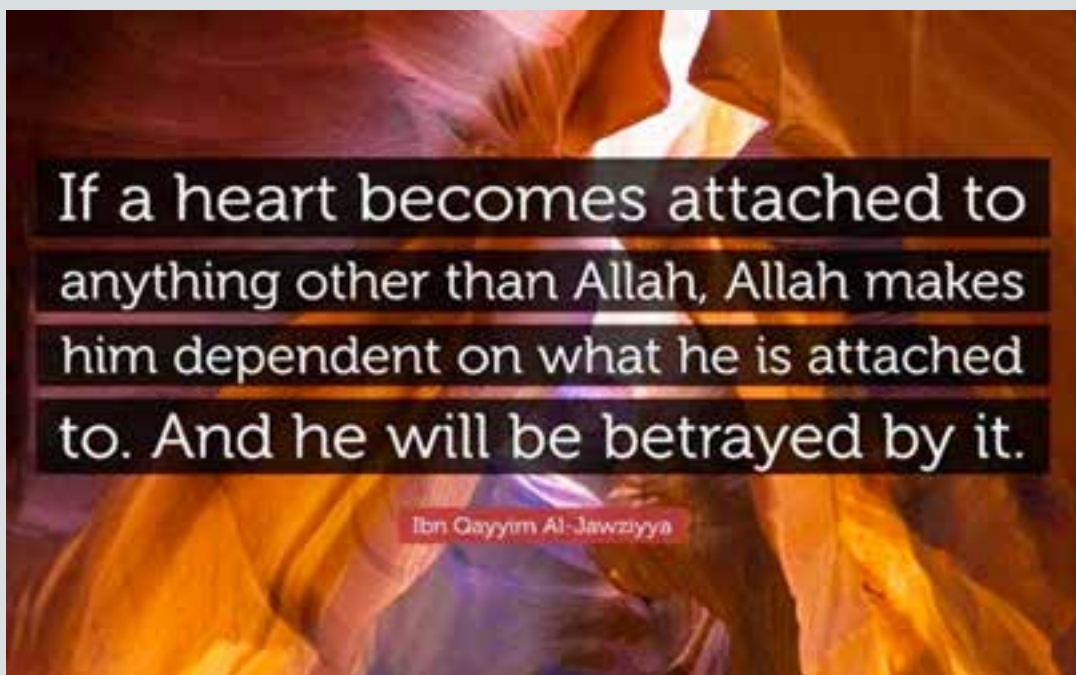
**Tell the world.** We have the power of pen, we have the social media to tell the world who is the real extremist. So lets use social media for prop-

agating the truth instead of promoting ourselves on Facebook, WhatsApp statuses etc. Also, we should raise our voice; pushing the leaders and those in power of our Nation to help the Syrian Muslims.

**Seeking forgiveness.** Our sins hold back Allah's mercy from descending upon us. That is why it is imperative that we seek forgiveness and keep steadfast on our Taubah, for we don't have any guarantee that we could be saved from the atrocities of the world's terrorists.

Oh Allah ﷻ, please come to the aid of our brothers in pain, help them to endure and remain faithful, knowing that nothing can separate them from Your love. Protect the little bodies of the Syrian children and bring healing to those injured. Keep away predatory people who are looking to harm or profit from them. Bring compassionate people to nurture them as they strive to survive the harsh realities in which they are living. Oh Allah, make us of those kindhearted people too who can awaken to the needs of the Syrians, for our brothers surely need us. Oh Allah, please don't let us fail this test. Ameen

Was'salam,  
**Bint Zahid**  
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# Retrieving Our Lost Sight

This excerpt from **Hadhrat Maulana Abdul Sattar Hafidhahullah's** spiritual discourse would help us retrieve our lost sight and look beyond the superficial charms masking this fleeting world

At this stage of the world, where a new fitnah makes an entry with every changing season, the youth has no idea of their purpose in the world and why this world was made; the purpose of life and living. Time is passing by faster than ever and with every day that fades into the night, and every night that once again breaks into the day, we have lost the sense of our true goal and the meaning behind our existence.

Unfortunately, such is the case that not even once throughout the day does the thought of the meaning and purpose behind this world and the life that has been given to us, strike our minds. Ignorant of the real world that awaits, we are immersed in the momentary joys and worries this world offers, believing this to be our failure and this to be our sole success.

If success lies in the material, fitnah-filled temporary gains of this world, then Karoon should have been the most successful man to have ever existed, with

his seemingly infinite wealth and power. He should be our inspiration and his wealth our aspiration. Then who is Hadhrat Bilal ؓ? To the world, he was just a slave but in reality, he was a king. He is the man who is worthy of inspiration and his wealth is what we should aspire for, because the one who is worthy of inspiration is not the one who has collected enough wealth to grant him the temporary luxuries and security in this world, but he who has spent days and nights, earning the pleasure and mercy of his Lord, and bought his security - an everlasting place in Jannah.

Hadhrat Bilal ؓ did not have even a thousandth part of Karoon's wealth - he wore torn and mended clothes, he had no food on his table for days; days that were spent in fasting while he put his countless efforts in learning and spreading the deen, nights that weren't spent sleeping on luxurious mattresses, but instead spent praying to the Creator. Yes, this is the success that is worthy of envy and aspiration.

Him or Hadhrat Abdur Rahman bin Auf who despite having so much wealth, that when his camels would stand in line, the gains from his trade would be farther than the human eye could see. Allah ﷻ is happy with the likes of Hadhrat Bilal and with the likes of Hadhrat Abdur Rahman bin Auf whose days and nights were spent collecting the real wealth; the wealth of Iman and deen, earning the pleasure of their Prophet ﷺ and their Creator, which brought them their place in Jannah in the hereafter.

Their worries were not for saving up money and other material things, their worries did not include investing in land and gold to secure their future, because for a true Muslim; for a momin, it is not his living standards and his status in society that defines him as successful, but their investment in what actually secures their future; they stocked up on the amaal that will secure them a safe place in Jannah, away from the heat and punishment of Jahannam. These are the fortunate ones who are blessed with the worry of their Akhirah and who keep reminding themselves of their true purpose in life that is to please Allah ﷻ and his Prophet ﷺ and pass the test that we've been put in. This blessed worry is the actual peace and security of this world, and it is this what will make even the worst of obstacles bearable because the belief that this all is temporary is strong in the hearts.

The Holy Prophet ﷺ said in a hadith that blessed is he who receives this blessing of making their akhirah the centre of his worry and attention, Allah

relieves him of the worries and obstacles of this world. Then this is the Jannah of this world, this is the reward that Allah gives in this world. Those blessed people who are worried for their Akhirah, for them this temporary world also becomes an easy road to their destination. While those who are bent on achieving the success and luxury of this world are never content because they do not truly believe that this is all temporary and for them following deen is a mere distraction from their purpose in this life Nauzubillah.

*Those blessed people who are worried for their Akhirah, for them this temporary world also becomes an easy road to their destination. While those who are bent on achieving the success and luxury of this world are never content*

According to Hadhrat Thanwi Rahimahullah, those who are immersed in any sickness, poverty or any other worldly worries, and their unease is eating them up as they are worried about their problems all the time, surely the worry of hereafter has not even once touched them; because it isn't possible that the worries of this world reside in the heart with the worry of the hereafter. This blessing of peace and contentment in this world is rewarded to the Sahib-e-Iman only if their struggle and concern for the hereafter has a constant place in their mind and heart and hence reflect in their lives, that is what will ensure their ease in this world, as well as their success in the hereafter.

May Allah ﷻ help us make the life in the hereafter our true goal, may we retrieve our lost sight and look beyond the superficial charm of this fleeting world. Ameen

Radiance is going to ask you folks a question each month. If you want your answer to be featured in the next issue in the 'Expressions' section, then send it to [radianceteam8@gmail.com](mailto:radianceteam8@gmail.com) along with your name, age and country before 31st April' 2018.

Next issue's question is: **"The time wasters I want to remove from my life so my precious time in Ramadan, and this life, isn't wasted In'sha'Allah"**

**Sharjeel Ghauri:**

I wish to respect my elders, not pick fights with anyone and never tell lies.

This issue's question was: **"The top three qualities I wish to see in myself!"**

It is amazing seeing so many young children sending in their answers, enthusiastically trying to change for the better. May Allah ﷻ always keep your spirits high and shine you with these and many more qualities that you want in yourself. Ameen. We apologise that due to lack of space not all the entries could be published.

**Muhammad Saad:**

I wish to be a good son, a good Muslim and a Hafiz-e-Quran.

**Dania Irfan:**

I wish to obey my parents, offer Salah regularly and recite the Quran.

**Muhammad Ibrahim Khan**

I wish to have patience, good character and to be kind to my siblings.

**Zainab Zahra:**

I wish to be intelligent, kind and honest.

**Khawla Saud:**

I wish to memorize the Quran, be obedient towards my elders and become a good Muslimah.

**Muhammad Maaz:**

I wish to be obedient towards my parents, become a good Muslim and take care of my grandparents.

**Zainab Siddique:**

I wish to never lie, never leave my Salah and to recite the Holy Quran beautifully.

**Zakariya Yahya:**

I wish to be respectful, truthful and obedient.

**Mohammad Fahad:**

I wish to become a Hafiz-e-Quran, a good brother and a practising Muslim.

**Maria Armoghan:**

I wish to become kind, helpful and generous towards the poor.

**Sulaiman Kamal:**

the three qualities I want in myself are kindness, no jealousy and piety/steadfastness on the truth.

**Fatima Noorani:**

I want to be humble, kind and polite.

**Afeefa Saad:**

I wish to be obedient to Allah ﷻ and become His favourite, and regularly recite the Quran when I grow up.

**Hafsa Abdul Wahab:**

I wish to become a Hafiz-e-Quran, a well-behaved Muslimah, and obedient to Allah, His Prophet ﷺ and my parents.

**Huda Tinwala:**

I wish to see in myself honesty, kindness and respect for my elders.

**Muhammad Abdullah Tarar:**

I wish to respect my parents, I want to memorise the Holy Quran and regularly perform Salah.

**Khaulah Noorani:**

I want to be polite, honest, self-disciplined.



by Manahil Atif  
The Intellect School

dear  
diary

With  
all due  
respect

Dear diary,

It often happens. We're so badly hurt, all those depressing posts about heartbreak and disgrace and the pain that feels like the end of the world really comes to life. And when it gets too much we drop down on the musallah, the prayer mat, and trembling in pain before our Lord, we cry and cry and shed tears of agony because it hurts. Someone has hurt us really bad. They don't even know it. Don't know how our eyes are puffy from crying through the night all because of them. They don't know how our chest feels empty because there is no more of a heart left.

The generation of today is indisputably a rebellious generation ready to challenge anything and everything that they don't preview as right. With the voice that social media has provided, every other person is now expressing their perspectives about the trending political issues, raising their voice against the most commonly occurring social injustices in our society and without any fear calling out people who are to be blamed. While that is a promise for a better and vocal future, the shadows that linger show that the youthful voice is not just vocal on social media, it is also rising in volume and harshness against parents and teachers and other individuals to whom we are indebted to show our utmost respect, even if they are wrong.

Yet the rebels we all are, we fight against our own elders and morals but ironically, never rebel against the dark parts of our heart, that so frequently threaten to completely take over us. We're not revolting against the cruellest crusader.

# Talking back to your parents and the very reason why the youth

It's sad and shameful, this freedom of speech that is now referred to as 'confidence' and as being 'practical' and 'courageous', to speak out and let your side of the story be known... If you're misunderstood, it is your right to defend yourself but not so furiously please, thinking you must put the other person as low as can be. If you're being wrongly accused by an elder, we think it's your right to claim out loud, interrupt in between with the loudest of voice and rudest of words and the most disgracing 'EXCUSE ME! That's not what happened!' and when you're shushed to listen, you roll your eyes, exchanging meaningful glances with friends and not even trying to hide that snarky smile that just makes the other person want to stop and break down crying. Even if they are older and wiser than you. It's all your right. But it's not what's right. Especially not with your parents and your teachers.

When our mothers scold us for not cleaning up the mess we made after eating, we don't let her finish but in a voice louder than hers, tell her it was just today, not every day, and then add in a compliment about how she's always assuming things.

"When I do it, you never see it, and when I don't, you don't let go of it! I won't ever clean up now, you can do it by yourself!"

We're all letting go of the hold we must keep on our tongues and the check on our attitudes that is as significant as the hold the shore keeps on the sea, keeping it at bay from flooding a nearby civilization entirely. And that's what is happening because we don't keep the hold, we let it take over us, wash off our good deeds, let it become our personality.

What is known as a lihaaz is now no longer present in our genes. Or so it seems.

There was once a time when children and students couldn't imagine looking their parents and teach-

ers in the eyes even on a good day; that was their proximity of respect. Today, it is normal, it is confidence, looking square in the eyes with a challenge in our own.

It is said, '*you can only give what you have*'. It does appear to be true because people who respect others have respect in society. If I'm not respecting my parents and teachers, does that mean I have no respect amongst my peers? That's a point to ponder over.

I get it, and I have been there too. It does frustrate you when your mother begins scolding you suddenly, spoiling your good mood. But before you cut her off sharply with that tongue of yours that is so not meant to be used in arguments with your mother, you should think what a rough day it must have been for her. When your teacher makes an error or is too dominant or hard on you, you must look at her side of the view. Silencing our voice is not what is right either but speaking out the right way is what all of us direly need in our lives. We all pride ourselves on having a voice, we do not let go until we have made our point but we forget, we're not the only ones with the voice. It's not just me who shall speak. The other person gets to speak too. Why don't we just speak in a manner filled with all the due respect, a manner that is more favourable to peaceful conversation and not heart-break and disrespect?

Why do we say, "Miss, you are wrong! The exact opposite is written in the book. You're not teaching us right. Look!"

Why can't we say, "Miss, please look at this. Could there be a confusion?"

But it happens all the time. Talking back is the current tongue terror that now makes a person 'cool'. But of course it does not. Our characters are drop-

# teachers though is what I think today is an unpleasant crowd

ping, they're darkening, and they are depressing other people about their own self-esteem. Now when we speak, we speak to incur surrender. When we do listen, we listen to reply, not to sympathise. There's envy between friends that later ends in no true friends but most drastic of all, there is no respect between a child and a parent, a student and a teacher. When we hear the ahadith and the Quranic verses of how our mother has the highest honour among all the other people we know, how we must not mutter even an 'uff' in her direction and surrender our life completely to our mother's look after, we don't feel ourselves obliged to do so because we now no longer hold that regard for her. Instead, our mothers fear us for the reply we may give her. We don't want to listen to her. When she says no, we begin complaining about how she mistreats us, always doing this to us and begin taunting her about how other mothers are so different than her.

And another prophecy about the signs of the Last Day comes true. Aren't we now the masters of our mothers? *Inna Lillah Wa Inna Ilaihi Raujioon.*

There are all sorts of tongue terrors really that eat up who we are. Backbiting, lying, gossiping, the list goes on. Talking back to your parents and teachers though is what I think the very reason why the youth today is an unpleasant crowd. Why friends detest friends, why students have difficulty understanding what they are taught and feel deeply misunderstood by their parents. One thing I firmly believe in and have lived through is that if you don't trust and respect your teachers, you will never learn or excel at school, never to your fullest potential. It's as though you're preparing for an exam without any resource at all, you simply cannot exceed. You may think your teacher is not good enough and you may actually really not be understanding her but if you try, if you really, really try to give her all your attention and keep a positive image about her in your mind, hold that tongue in front of her and

behind her, trust me, miracles do happen. *Ba adab ba naseeb...*

But for that we must understand, your tongue is a lethal weapon, its rightful use can reshape hearts, repair broken bonds and change the world to a place completely new but its unjust use can cause mountains to crumble, hearts to break and when Allah's servant cries before Him with a name on his lips and hurt in their heart— may Allah never incur His wrath on us, we cannot survive it!

Prophet Muhammad ﷺ did say that the most excellent of men is: "One from whose tongue and hands the other Muslims are secure." And also: "When the son of Adam gets up in the morning, all the limbs humble themselves before the tongue and say: 'Fear Allah for our sake because we are with you: (i.e., we will be rewarded or punished as a result of what you do) if you are straight, we will be straight; and if you are crooked, we will become crooked.'"

So think about it. We're humans, we make mistakes, we get hurt and we cause hurt, but we are the only ones who can stop people from getting hurt. It can be hard to keep a hold on our tongue, especially when it's now the master of us but think of the consequences that could possibly happen, think of the rewards Allah would bestow on us. Now think of the void we feel inside our chest, it could just be because of all the harsh words we threw out at people. Keep them in and we'll find, we're healing ourselves.

We have that rebel in us, the one that stands against what isn't right, let it fight against this evil trait in us. We'll be struggling against ourselves, but we'll be doing the best of jihad as Rasulullah ﷺ said, "The best jihad is against one's own Nafs." May Allah help us all in our life's path, take us to Paradise and on the way, give us the ability to let others shine so that in their gleam, we may glow as well



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# An epitome of true love

by Asma Khalid

poetic  
rush

Wearing an affectionate look  
Rasulullah ﷺ respectfully praises his wife,  
The honourable one who was his moral support  
The one who consolidated his life,  
Khadija ؓ put her blind trust in him  
Shielded him from all painful strifes,

This is what is an epitome of true love  
Pure hearts, innocent feelings, pious eyes,  
O, superficial celebrators of Valentine!  
What are your fake visions compared to a love divine,  
Even if you get your Valentine the whole world  
You would still be stabbed in the back with a knife.

## Myself

by Hafsa Armoghan  
Grade 2  
The Intellect School

My name is Hafsa  
I study in grade two

I am six years old  
My hair tied in a fold

I am tall  
And sometimes I fall

My hair is long  
And I am strong

I like to eat toffee  
But I do not drink coffee

My favourite colour is black  
And sometimes I hide in a sack

My father's name is Armoghan  
My favourite month is Ramadhan

With Allah by my side, everything is fine  
O Allah, please send me to Paradise.

# Manners

Concept by

Artwork by Z



# Minus Me

Zawjah Zia

Zawjah Jahangir



# lol

Asiya: I've got such a bad headache.

Natasha: I know why.

Asiya: Why?

Natasha: Well, yesterday when I had stomach ache, mummy said it was because it was empty, so I guess that's the problem with you too!

Q: Why did the boy throw a bucket out the window?

A: He wanted to see the waterfall.

Q: Why did the boy throw butter out the window?

A: He wanted to see the butterfly.

Q: Why did the boy throw his watch out the window?

A: He wanted to see time fly.

Saud: Calculators are a man's best friend.

Jahanzeb: Why?

Saud: You can always count on them!

Can you name the three most important inventions that helped man get up in the world?

Elevator, escalator and alarm clock!

## find the way





## Hidden pictures

Start your stop watch and have fun competing with others in who finds the pictures in lesser time



## Why is iron good for us to eat?

Yes, it may seem odd that we are told to include a metal in our diet! However, we don't have to dine on an anvil, like in the artwork at right. The form of iron that our bodies need is not a big piece of hard metal. Instead, it's the smallest possible piece of iron—an atom. This iron is found naturally in foods that we eat all the time, especially meat, seafood, and poultry. It is also in vegetables such as kale, peas, and sweet potatoes; beans; nuts; and dried fruits, like raisins. Some products—usually orange juice, bread, pasta, and breakfast cereals—may have iron added to them.

Iron is important because our blood uses it to help carry oxygen throughout the body. In the blood, inside tiny pockets called red blood cells, iron atoms are bound into many copies of a molecule called haemoglobin. Each iron atom can hold on to a molecule of oxygen. So in the lungs, haemoglobin can pick up lots of oxygen from the air we breathe to drop it off later in every other organ of the body.

# The Ace of HEARTS

The story of a  
sensitive matter  
of hearts by  
Muqaddas Ali

I watched her standing in the pouring rain.

Sometimes, she sat on the dusty pavement but only when her legs refused to lift her weight. Otherwise, she kept standing or running barefoot after people, asking for money; at times when I watch her running after someone, I wonder how her feet manage to even walk on that dusty, rocky road with iron bars, bricks and stones spread everywhere.

And at times I laughed when someone gave her an unexpected amount and her jumping in amazement after they had left and her counting the money again and again, smiling at herself with joy.

She lived in a small room with her handicapped mother, she had no one to look after her, no one to earn for her. Her mother was blind and unable to even walk.

I have been observing her since the past two years; she wore the same old clothes with faded colours and her rough hair always combed into a braid. Every time she found me, she ran towards me with widespread arms, smiling lips and sparkling eyes. When she comes closer she rubs her hands on her torn clothes before embracing me, I don't know why she always does that. I asked her once and she replied sheepishly that she doesn't want to put dirt marks on my coat.

"What is your name, child?" I asked her when I noticed her crying after an older kid had stolen her

money and ran away.

"Gul," she cried more while saying that.

That was the first time we interacted and I fell in love with those glimmering eyes that day. And we have been friends since then.

I have heard her soft, smooth, low voice and I have felt her wild, loud tummy growling. I have listened to her running feet and I have seen her tripping and falling, I have seen blood oozing from her feet, hands and face. I have seen her in chilly mornings and in the scorching heat. I have watched her in those deadliest nights when the dogs barked and the wolves howled and when there is moonlight.

She is always there.

I wonder sometimes that she too is a girl. Like me, like my sister, like my friends and like all the other girls enjoying the royal treatment from their families and taking their love for granted. She too is a little girl, but her smooth skin is now covered in dirt and is quite rough, she too has a delicate heart that often breaks like ours, and she too has tears clinging on to her eyelashes like me and other girls.

But she is not treated like girls. No one treats her the way they treat their own daughters and sisters and nieces, no one even gives a second thought while jerking her hand away or before pushing her. She too is a princess like us. But no one has the time to spare, to look in her bright midday coloured eyes which sparkle on your slightest smile and approval, which glow when you wave at her, which shine when you give her half of your sandwich and juice. Have you noticed her smile? Bright like the moon, her lips spread wide, showing her broken teeth and her cute dimples.

.....

I woke up at 6:35 and checked my phone. Lined

**I had not given her an I-phone or a tablet, I have never even given her a KitKat or Toblerone or brownies. But she always treated me like I have done something very special for her.**

up were a whole bunch of messages, hearts and pictures congratulating me on achieving an A1 grade. I re-checked all the messages, making sure I replied to each one of my friend. I had received and opened my gifts last night and I was so happy. Yes, it was the happiest day but in some other respect too. This, however, I didn't know at 6:35 in the morning.

I slipped into my coat, it was Sunday but I had to go somewhere special that early. I picked the pink wrapped gift with a shining flower on it and another red-coloured wrapped gift box and walked out. It was a 10-minute walk from my house. When I reached the spot, I watched her sitting and eating something. I waited for her to finish.

When she finished, I went and sat beside her, she turned her face and smiled; she was not surprised, I come here in the morning once every week.

She rubbed her hands on her blue over worn shirt and hugged me tightly. I never did anything for her except for spending some time and accepting her little hugs and smiling at her while walking, through the car window, from the bus stop and believe me, every time she waved back at me and smiled enthusiastically.

I had not given her an I-phone or a tablet, I have never even given her a KitKat or Toblerone or

brownies. But she always treated me like I have done something very special for her.

And after exchanging pleasantries and inquiring about her mother's health, when I brought forward the presents, I saw a strange look on her face. I have never seen someone so surprised in my whole life! When I gave her the boxes, she refused at first. She was hesitant.

"No one has given me something like this before," she said.

She patted the boxes, she lifted them up, she touched the flower ribbon, she hugged the box-

to her chest and I sat there spellbound. She hugged me again.

"Can I kiss your hand?" she asked me politely.

"No", I said and kissed her rough, sunburnt hands. I wanted to sit under the tree and weep at that moment. She was so happy.

And I cried all my way back. If any day I count my good deeds, I will only count this one. If someone asks me the happiest day of my life, I will mention to them this.

Making someone happy makes you happier no doubt, I realised it that day.

.....

I was running to catch the bus when I noticed someone in a yellow frock and light blue shoes, feverishly eating a chocolate.

"Gul?" I cupped my mouth and shouted.

She had not seen me yet but her lips curved into a smile and when she finally located me, standing at the door of the bus, she waved.

"Allah Hafiz Aapiiiiiii!" she shouted back.

I smiled



Alishba Ayesha



Sabur Zubair  
DA Iqra Model School



Bilal Sultan



Muhammad Abaan  
Atif Khan



Sheikha Ahmed  
Riyadh



Aqsa Irfan



Faizan Ahmad



Hafsa Abdul Wahab



Saad Lakhani



Haleema Salman



Mahibah Nadeem



Maham Bint Wajih



*At the mention of our dear Sahabah, the eyes become watery, the hearts beam out in love, and the tongues spontaneously utter, Radhi Allahu radhuan (Allah is pleased with them). Zawjah Junaid Mukaty mesmerises us with the story of one such astounding Sahabi – Hadhrat Jaffer Tayyar ﷺ*



Amr bin Aas: O Najashi! These people who have taken refuge in your country have abandoned the religion of their ancestors and are also not ready to accept your religion. They are following an entirely new faith about which we do not know. Their families have sent us to bring them back as they know them better for they will never enter your religion.

Najashi (angrily): By God! This cannot be done until I do not hear them myself. They are under my protection.

Amr bin Aas and Abdullah bin Rabee, the two Makkans who had come to the Christian king of Abyssinia (Ethiopia) to take the Muslims back to Makkah, felt a pang in their stomachs as things were going against their plans. A group of Muslims, after being humiliated and severely persecuted by the Kuffar had migrated to the land of Najashi (Negus) on Prophet Muhammad's ﷺ's order. The two envoys had come there with lots of valuable gifts for the king and his clergy to bribe them and to make sure that the king does not talk to the Muslims directly. But the king had finally summoned them.

There was silence in the court. All hearts were pounding. What would the verdict be? Hadhrat Jaffar bin Abi Talib stepped forward as the Muslims spokesman.

Najashi: What is your religion? Are you Christians?

Hadhrat Jaffer: No

Najashi: Are you Jews?

Hadhrat Jaffer: No

Najashi: Then describe your religion to me.

Hadhrat Jaffer: O King! We were buried in the depths of ignorance, we worshipped idols, we lived in promiscuity and disregarded every feeling of humanity, we knew no law but that of the strong, when Allah raised among us a man, of whose virtue, truthfulness, and honesty we were well aware. He called to the oneness of Allah.

Hadhrat Jaffer ﷺ praised Allah and expressed the message of Islam in well-chosen and beautiful words. His speech is known as one of the most eloquent speeches in the history of Islam. Najashi was very impressed; he dismissed them and told the envoys to return without the Muslims as they had been given protection. As the Muslims left the two Makkans tried to use the weakness of Najashi and said to him that these men say absurd things about Prophet Eissa. Najashi called them back and questioned them about Hadhrat Eissa ﷺ. Hadhrat Jaffer ﷺ described the Muslims beliefs regarding Hadhrat Eissa and recited the

Rasulullah ﷺ was very pleased to see Hadhrat Jaffer ؓ and said, "I don't know which event makes me happier- the arrival of Jaffer or the conquest of Khyber."

opening verses of Surah Maryam in a beautiful and magical voice. These verses left Najashi spell-bound. He cried until his beard was wet and his bishops cried until their scrolls were soaked. He ordered the two men to return with their gifts and gave the Muslims many facilities in his country.

Later on both Hadhrat Amr bin Aas and Najashi embraced Islam.

Hadhrat Jaffer handled the situation wisely and saved the Muslims from the oppression and injustice that the people of Makkah were planning of. He was the third son of Hadhrat Muhammad's ؓ uncle Abu Talib, and elder brother of the fourth Caliph, Hadhrat Ali. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ had great affection for his cousin and often said, "Jaffer, you resemble me both in looks and behaviour."

He returned to Medina with the other Muslims from Abyssinia in sixth Hijra when the Muslims were in Khyber. He immediately headed towards Khyber to join his beloved Prophet ﷺ and arrived just when the Muslims had won the battle. Rasulallah ﷺ was very pleased to see Hadhrat Jaffer ؓ and said, "I don't know which event makes me happier- the arrival of Jaffer or the conquest of Khyber."

He was loved by all, young or old, rich or poor. He was generous and kind-hearted. He was always concerned for the welfare of the poor and indigent and did his best to give them comfort. For this attribute, he was generally known as Abul Masakeen (Father of the Poor).

Hadhrat Jaffer ؓ accompanied Prophet ﷺ on the Umrah tul Qaza. On their return, Umamah, daughter of Shaheed Hadhrat Hamza ؓ came running to the Prophet calling him uncle. Hadhrat Ali ؓ picked her up and handed her to Hadhrat Fatima ؓ. Hadhrat Jaffer ؓ claimed that because she was his uncle's daughter he had more right to her. Prophet ﷺ declared that as Umamah's maternal

aunt was in the house of Jaffer, and maternal aunt is nearest in position to mother, so the girl would go in Hadhrat Jaffer's house.

This soft-hearted but strong and intelligent man was martyred in the Battle of Mu'tah, after one year of his return from Abyssinia. The Muslim army was in the field with Hadhrat Zaid ibn Harithah ؓ as the commander of the army. Prophet ﷺ had instructed the army, "If Zaid is killed, Jaffer bin Talib will take over the command. If Jaffer is killed, Abdullah bin Rawahah will take his place. If Abdullah is killed then the Muslims will appoint their own commander." This message was enough for the Muslims to know that their three commanders would be martyred. They were heavily outnumbered. First to be martyred was Zaid bin Harithah ؓ. All the responsibility shifted to Hadhrat Jaffer ؓ who took his horse deep into the enemy's ranks and fought bravely till both his hands were cut off. Eventually, he was martyred with many wounds on his body.

This scene of his martyrdom was described to the Prophet ﷺ by Jibraeel in Medina. The news saddened the Prophet badly. He went to Hadhrat Jaffer's house and asked his wife, Asma bint Anees, to bring his children. She brought them and he embraced them with tears in his eyes. Hadhrat Asma sensed something was wrong and therefore enquired about her husband. Prophet ﷺ replied, "Yes, he is martyred." Hadhrat Asma started crying. Prophet ﷺ said, "O Asma, do not be sad. Will you not rejoice instead? Indeed, Allah ﷻ has made two wings for Jaffer, that he may fly with them in Jannah!" Then Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ told his daughter, Hadhrat Fatima, "Prepare food for the family of Jaffer, for they are preoccupied today." Since then Hadhrat Jaffer was known as Zul Janaheen (The Winged) and Tayyar (The Flying).

These stories of the companions of Prophet ﷺ are lessons and guiding lights for us. May Allah make it easier for us to walk on this enlightened path. Aameen

# An enlightening journey

**First Prize winner** - Juniors Category; 2018  
writing competition

by **Haleema Salman**  
9 years  
Nakhlah school

## **Topic: Things I learnt from the Radiance magazine and implemented in my life**

The window was opened and I could see outside easily. The train was moving at a great speed. After offering Fajr, I was sitting there, waiting to see the sunrise. Just then a girl peeked out of the booth beside ours and as she saw me, she smiled warmly. I smiled back and she came out of her booth and sat beside me. As we were of the same age and going to the same destination, as well as having our first journey by train, we soon became friends.

We were passing by the green fields and lovely farms and I uttered: "I wonder if I have planted this many trees in my Jannah."

"Huh!!" Manahil, my new friend, was surprised.

I continued, "Well, we say SubhanAllah 33 times, 33 times Alhamdulillah and 34 times Allahu Akbar after every Salah, and even one time we say Subhan'Allah, a tree is planted for us in Jannah, so I was wondering that my Jannah must be beautiful and full of green trees."

"Oh wow!" Manahil exclaimed, "I never knew about it. I just pray and leave quickly. Though it mustn't take a lot of time reading this tasbeeh."

"Nah!" I replied, "It just takes two minutes and we grow hundreds of trees in our Jannah five times a day."

"That's amazing!" Manahil was astonished, "from now onwards, I would also say these tasbeehaat Insha'Allah."

"MashaAllah, that's great Manahil. And do you know the story of the sahabi who gave his garden in charity...??" I asked her. She didn't. So I told her that once Hadhrat Abu Talha ؓ was offering salah in his garden. A bird came and distracted his attention and he forgot on which Rakah he was, so he gave his garden as a charity to the poor. His garden must be as big as the fields we were passing by, and he gave it all just because of a bird. And look at us! We are distracted by so many things in our salah but we never care."



Manahil was impressed and said: “How come you know so much about Islam?” I smiled and said: “Thanks to the Radiance Magazine, which provides me with all kinds of Islamic education from life of our Holy Prophet Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ to the history of the inspirational sahabah and much more, in such a fun way that we always remember it.

“That’s interesting,” she said.


Just then, our breakfast trays arrived and we departed promising that we will meet after breakfast with our drawing kits. So later, we were both drawing our work on separate sheets. When finished, we showed our artwork to each other. She had drawn some cartoon characters with English wishes on it, while I had drawn a boy without facial features, praying in front of the Kaaba, with some Arabic calligraphy on it.

with pictures on it. And that’s not as difficult as we think. After a little search, we find something with flowers or hearts or shapes on it, and therefore my things are always unique from others. And if there are pictures in any syllabus book we mutilate them immediately with markers or stickers.”

She asked, “And what about this magazine you are talking about. Magazines are full of pictures.”


“Ha!” I said, “That’s the best part of this magazine. Of course, it has no pictures at all and yet it is so attractive.”

“What!!!” she was astonished. I told her that it’s so beautifully illustrated with cute characters but without any facial features so I don’t have to worry about angels not entering my house while enjoying some best stories.



Manahil’s mother, who was taking out their bags, asked my mother, how come your daughter wears a scarf at such a young age as well as knows all these masnoon duas???

Manahil replied before my mother could, “She must have learnt them from Radiance magazine too.”



She liked mine a lot and said: “It is so different. But why didn’t you make this boy’s facial features and where did you learn that Arabic calligraphy from???”

“Islam has prohibited us from drawing animated pictures. Angels don’t enter the house in which there are pictures and when angels don’t come, then Shayateen invade that place and cause all sorts of problems.”

“Oh! Really! There are pictures all around us. In our books, bags, clothes and even story books. It is impossible to avoid pictures I think.”

“I too didn’t know about it earlier but then when I got this amazing Radiance magazine, I came to know about this. We also have a Radiance Whatsapp kids group in which there was an activity to mutilate the facial features in our books or anything else and post the defaced pictures on the group. Now my mother also never buys anything

She said, “That sounds interesting. I really want this magazine.”

I told her that I had got some magazines with me which I can give her. She loved the idea.

Now we could see the Lahore station approaching. I asked my mother if she could easily take out a Radiance magazine from the luggage and she nodded, while I loudly read the dua of reaching a destination. Manahil’s mother, who was taking out their bags, asked my mother, how come your daughter wears a scarf at such a young age as well as knows all these masnoon duas???

Manahil replied before my mother could, “She must have learnt them from Radiance magazine too.”

All of us laughed and my mother handed her a copy of our favourite Magazine

أَقْبِلِ رَمَضَانَ فَالْقُلُوبُ مَرِيضَةٌ.

*O Ramadan come forth,  
for the hearts are ill*

Balighna  
Ramadan

radiance



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