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radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE

The Pandemic Year

Comic: Defeated
by chocolates

The Worlds We Live In

Long way home



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A new beginning

“Though no one can go back and make a brand new start, anyone can start from now and make a brand new ending.”

Beginnings are beautiful. Whether it be the first page of a new chapter, the beginning of a workout/diet program, the start of a new semester or job, or even a decision to quit a bad habit. They can be different from what we are used to, and it can be hard to adapt, but there's just something so liberating, so freeing and so beautiful about new beginnings...

As the new Islamic Year starts off, it can be so easy for us to ruminate new resolutions. Say goodbye to bad habits of your past and hello to a healthier life. You open a brand new chapter of your life, full of endless possibilities and leave behind the anchors that made you feel small. Decide to meet new people who remind you of Allah ﷻ, lift you up and motivate you. A new beginning can mean freeing yourself of what cages you in, of what makes you feel less whole.

Sometimes, though, a new beginning can also mean saying farewell to someone, a career, or a habit that holds us back from the righteous path, the one that we often don't want to leave. Sometimes, through the mercy of Allah ﷻ, we don't get to decide when our life is switching gears; all we can do is hold on tight for the ride.

We aren't always ready for a change, and hardly do we ever want change, but our fear of the unknown will hold us back more than anything else in our lives. We have to let go of our need to control the future, we have to move out of our comfort zone. If we choose to stay, we remain in the dark from Allah ﷻ's opportunities and Rahmah. But if we believe and have firm faith on the fact that Allah ﷻ has much greater things planned

ahead for us then we embrace that change - that's when we will truly notice the beauty of new beginnings.

If you're like me, you might be unclear whether a new beginning is what you're after, or just a pause from life. While you can't actually stop time, you can, and you should, pause what you're doing and take the time to rest your body, your mind, your soul. Reflect upon your priorities and if you're prioritizing the right things. It can be exhausting going through life without ever stopping and taking a deep breath, and it can have detrimental effects on our bodies. Take the time once in a while to listen to what your body and mind are telling you. If you're not liking the work you've been putting out, figure out why and fix it. And if after your timeout, you're still yearning for something more, a new beginning could be what you need. And it's easy to start one, even if you're not sure what you want out of it.

I've also learned that a new beginning does not happen overnight. Whether we want to make the change right now in this exact moment or not, we won't see a major change in our lives the next time we wake up. But if we are determined, and we keep pushing for the change we wish to see, it will certainly happen.

And that new beginning we were so scared of will now be a comforting friend we can always turn to when we're in need. I pray with the start of this New Year, Allah ﷻ gives us all the strength to leave behind habits and people that radiate negative energy, have newer, healthier beginnings with wholesome resolutions, may He enable us to come closer to Him and may we excel in our emaan. Ameen!

Was'salam,
Maheen Zia

The Worlds We Live In

misty
mirrors

A fascinating story by Ateefah Sana Ur Rab
welcoming the simple, sweet take on life

The ting of her mobile device brought a smile to her face. For some time, she had been sitting with a book in hand, jumbling through sentences of the same paragraph. Summer vacations had started just a week ago and with most of the homework finished, she had had trouble keeping herself engaged and focused. On Facebook, there were her classmates sharing albums from their hikings and picnics. It made her experience mixed emotions. For her family members, despite coming from the upper middle class, weren't up for holidays outside home. Trips were a scarcity. The last one she remembered was from quite many years ago. Perhaps when she was eight. Time sure did relay a lot, but not the outings she had hoped for.

"What's up, Hania?" Read the black font inside a familiar blue bubble.

"The usual. Extremely bored. What have you been up to?" Her fingers typed back.

"I am in the middle of convincing my cousins to go out for a change. Why don't you come along? It'll be really fun!"

"Wow, where are you all heading to?"

"The initial plan was to go to Hyderabad. But due to the rising temperatures, we've decided to have a picnic at Hawk's Bay."

"Nothing can beat the heat, I agree. Better stay away from hotter cities."

"Yeah. That's so right. Anyway, are you coming with us?"

"I don't know. I can't say for sure."

"Okay, let me know when you decide."

"I will."

Closing the app, she put her phone aside. The

It wasn't until the maid left that Hania noticed a new set of notifications on her phone. It was another friend of hers, showering pictures once again.

laptop was fully charged now. She started playing games on random websites to kill time. It wasn't until an hour later when Shaista came to inform her of the guests' arrival.

"I don't remember mom telling me we were to have someone over!"

"Chotibibi, your mother has requested you downstairs. She said they have come from Gujranwala."

"But we don't have anyone living in Gujranwala? I think, phupho lived there for some time... but that was probably when I was three!"

"It's one of her school friends, Chotibibi."

"Oh, wow! I mean, she can't let me have fun with my friends and I am supposed to tend to hers?!"

The maid did not know how to deal with sudden outbursts. And so, she remained quiet; glued to her place. Hania stared at the woman with a sour expression; not a good sign. The bomb could go off any minute and Shaista wasn't keen on letting guests hear what went on in the premises of the house. Her brain worked faster and faster every second. It was now or never.

"As you wish, Chotibibi. Do you want me to get you some ice cream? Your father brought some of your favourites."

"Ice cream? Is chocolate among those?"

"I think, yes."

"Okay, get me the tub."

It wasn't until the maid left that Hania noticed a new set of notifications on her phone. It was another friend of hers, showering pictures once again. Of course, it was more about the banknotes that supported the shopping spree. Each of the photos, somehow, had more focus on the price tag than the product itself.

"Look what I got! These red heels are such a killer! You know what, that's the last pair of a very limited edition! And see that brown coat? Seems familiar, right? It's the one we saw in that Korean ad! Don't ask how I managed to get my hands on it, okay? I don't know how either. I feel it's more about being destined for me. What do you think?"

Shoving her phone under a pillow in frustration, she went back to playing games. Completely oblivious to how most of the things she owned, fell under the list of luxuries for many.

.....

Parveen walked out of her room and into the kitchen. It was early evening and about time for her father to arrive home. Just as she put the saucepan on the stove for tea, Zahid, her brother, entered with a few plastic bags in his hand. "Here, I saw these new types of samosas and cupcakes at the bakery."

"Wonderful."

"By the way, what's for dinner?" He asked, carefully placing the packets on the counter.

"Mother cooked biryani."

"Okay, cool." He nodded in approval.

“And... I made your favourite custard.”

“You know very well, how to make someone happy. I am so sorry... I... uh... forgot to bring your chips...”

“Tomorrow, then.” She smiled at his sheepish state.

“Tomorrow, for sure.”

It was true that his sister was very different from those his friends used to complain about. In their opinion, having a sibling wasn't a blessing; for all they did was to demand things and get bitter when life didn't go their way.

Parveen, on the other hand, always remained calm. Never once had he remembered her raising voice over anything. Kindness was a trait of hers and she was among those who never pressurised people to succumb to manipulation. Neither did she rub anyone's past mistakes on their faces nor did she chastise people for being imperfect. Perhaps that was why their home had been so full of love despite the financial struggles they had been through in the last five years.

“I wonder, don't you get tired of staying at home? I mean, I don't see you even asking permission for trips? Your classmates were planning something, I heard from Hammad.”

“They went to Muree, for a change.”

“And you?”

“Oh, I am not interested in such type of trips.”

“College's off for two months and I don't even see you on your phone that much.” His puzzled expression brought a smile to her face.

“Family time is quality time, isn't that right?”

You know, when I saw Ayesha after her mother's death, she was heartbroken. But that's not what's important... No, it is what she said to me that day, with tears in her eyes. It wasn't only the death that had badly hurt her, but the regret of not giving time to the one she loved the most.

Zahid, time is so unpredictable that it scares me. We all have to go. But when? None of us knows. So, I want to keep trivialities aside. Focus on what's of utmost importance at the present moment. People don't last forever. And I want to cherish the minutes I have left with them. I want to prioritise my family, no matter what.”

Her brother stared in silence. There wasn't anything left to say.

“And as much as trips are concerned, our family times are trips for me. I don't need to travel to another city to have the time of my life. No, a walk to the neighbourhood park with all of you is enough for me to freshen up. Trips aren't bad at all, don't get me wrong. If Allah wills, like others, we shall have them too. But for now, I want to make the best of what I do have. Because I know, when we're no longer together, our memories will be the ones I treasure the most.”

“I wish more of us had the privilege to see the world from your perspective. And realise what matters before it's too late.”

“Well, we humans have yet a lot to learn,” Parveen gave her shoulders a little shrug.

“That is right. Anyway, are you ready?”

“Yeah. Almost done.”

“Great. I'll set the table.” He smiled, grabbing plates from the cabinets and went on, playing the role of a good and cooperative brother

The Pandemic Year

It is a different world speculated from the eyes of those going through a pandemic, ponders Khaula Owais

Like every year, 2020 started with great expectations, strong resolutions and some extraordinary goals. Although an Un-Islamic ritual, but the people around the world bellowed and blew out the candles at New Year ceremonies. The dark sky lit up many times with coloured flashes of fire as the fireworks burst. Thus nobody considered then that a small virus named as 'Covid-19' would spoil all their pleasures, desires, and dispositions.

As the days of January progressed, the curtains rolled up and soon every state from USA to New Zealand was overtaken by the virus, leaving humans tottering and struggling in the thick sheets of the pandemic. Similarly, tourists and travelers got stuck in other countries and those shelves that were once decorated by the factual books, were a residence for spider's web. Stationary items lost their colour as dust covered them; students were promoted to next grades without giving exams and thousands of employees were forced to stay at homes. Undoubtedly, as schools and offices were closed, there was no question left for public places like parks, shopping malls, playgrounds, parlours to remain open.

Meanwhile, my grandfather reminded me of those days when people believed that spending time with relatives can improve mental health and provide entertainment, but in this situation thoughts whirled and everyone considered that maintaining six feet social distance would be one of the best precautions against Covid-19.

With that, the rich people remained in their houses, filling their stomachs while the needy ones or the daily wagers lost their lives because of hunger and poverty. Every day, newspapers announced sudden deaths as the thread of various scholars and elderly people's lives broke. Many corona cases were incurable, ventilators were occupied and there was no place for the new cases. The current updates screeched that the immediate family members were not found in the namaz-e-janazah of Corona sufferers. It was somehow an immense test from Allah (swt) upon each person, whether poor or rich; for a poor to survive in this severe condition without basic necessities and for the rich to turn to his Creator, remember his hereafter, and help the needy.

Partly, I was happy in digging the past memories and refreshing previous incidents like finding my third grade report card, late coming letters, cards from friends etc when suddenly I found an article with the bold words "The Pandemic Year"

I was sitting before the heap of paper trash that I took out from the corner of my library shelves, examining each paper and deciding hastily whether to keep them in my drawer or hand it over to my dear 'waste paper basket'.

Indeed I was quite tired of doing it when my ears heard some voice and I think it was my mom's. "Khaula, what's your important business in the library! Sitting idle in there the whole day? Every time I get in here, I find you still, hiding behind the books. At least do care for this room in which you are sitting, there is a huge mess at the end of those shelves." In a quick and sharp voice she pointed to the wooden overloaded shelves from which the useless papers were hanging out saying that they wanted themselves to be freed from this jumble. I shook my head gravely, straightened my spine and had a final look at the rough brownish pages of the book that was currently placed on my lap.

Partly, I was happy in digging the past memories and refreshing previous incidents like finding my third grade report card, late coming letters, cards from friends etc when suddenly I found an article with the bold words "The Pandemic Year" written upon it. This piece was written few months back by myself only. I reached for the pen with the intention to re-edit and posting it for publication but my script prisoned me and the droplets of sweats appeared on my forehead as I read it, yes my script amazed me!

And there seemed to be an endless chain of thoughts connecting each other; my mind questioned as to why corona emerged? It was definitely a test from Almighty Allah but how did we appear in that exam, by taking online

classes and reading books? Away from the social life, we were so behind that after waking up at two or three in the afternoon, we asked the date and the day from our parents. "Oh Khaula, do care for your Imaan? What did you change to prove that you are scared of this virus? You did not even bear to pray Salah on time!" With a sudden shock my body wobbled and the paper slipped away from my trembling hands.

"Were you sleeping when your Allah wanted you to turn to him? Khaula what would you do on the Day of Judgment?" A tear got independence from the soft eyes.

"Okay, don't panic, Mr. Conscience!" the brain lost this war and at last accepted its defeat. The cries of the heart were washing my inner bad deeds while the tears were wetting the cheeks of the sinful ones.

"Khaula how much is left, your father's here!" With a jolt, I came back to the present situation. My lips moved to supplicate, 'Oh Allah, let us be protected from all kind of diseases and help us fulfill all Your commands.'

The door opened with a screech..... And my sister entered with her hands on her hips, "Dear, can't you hear our screams out there?" her brown eyes frowned at me as a teacher scolds her student for not doing the homework, "Baba is there and we all are waiting for you as if some dignitary is going to arrive and have dinner with us."

"I'm sorry I..... I" but she was out and I hurried towards the dining room, hopefully not forgetting the decision that I had made a few seconds ago

Long way home

by Zawjah Junaid's
Mukaty

Three days had passed and Akbar Bhai's condition was deteriorating. Though he was given a corner in a bull cart and some first aid but nothing seemed to be enough. I assume I was the one who was scared the most. Within three days I had seen two deaths, one of a child who could not bear the heat and the other of an old man for whom the strenuous journey was too much. Without bathing them they were buried at night on unknown grounds. I prayed for Akbar Bhai as this was the only thing I could do.

The next two days I kept his head on my lap and Aliya held his hand tightly. Our silent tears told an unsaid story. The sun was about to set and the caravan was taking a rest, when I heard two young men talking with each other. They both had taken the utmost care of Akbar Bhai. "I think Akbar will not be able to see tomorrow morning," and the other man agreed with him. They both were sympathetic for me and Aliya but I could not hear them anymore. I had seen immense massacre with my own eyes but this news broke me much more than anything else.

I longed for the happy days with my family. I wished I could mend all that had been torn. That night I prayed and prayed for Akbar Bhai's life. He had not opened his eyes since afternoon. It was Fajr when I saw him looking weakly towards me. I also felt his lips moving, he wanted to say something. One of the two men who looked after him told me to listen closely by bending towards him.

"Pakistan ka matlab kiya?" I stared at him back but his eyes kept questioning me. Slowly I replied, "La ilaha illallah." A weak smile crossed Akbar Bhai's face.

"Farooq, make sure you mean it." He then closed his eyes and kept repeating my answer. His eyes never opened back.

Akbar Bhai was buried after the Fajr prayers. Aliya and I continued our journey clung to each other. Extreme weather, financial shortage and a journey full of hardships had become physically and emotionally difficult for everyone.

Ah! Those were terrible days but Allah's promise was righteous. "Verily with every hardship there is ease." We finally reached Pakistan.

Men, women, children and their animals, all had become weak and tanned. With all praise to Allah, The Almighty, we were not attacked.

The small groups which kept on joining us had frightening news about the Muslims being attacked.

After Akbar Bhai, I and Aliya felt very lonely and insecure. Women took special care of us but the sadness remained. I felt very weak. I assumed it as tiredness but Khala Mehtab, a gentle and kind lady among us, told me that I had high fever. Fever prevailed and I slept most of the time. Aliya had gone quiet, very quiet.

Ah! Those were terrible days but Allah's promise was righteous. "Verily with every hardship there is ease." We finally reached Pakistan. The excitement was tremendous. Some dropped in Sajdah thanking Allah while some started crying and were dumbfounded. Some started filling their garments with the soil of Pakistan. What a scene it was! No story, no drama and no movie can describe our feelings.

The refugee camps set were very helpful. Medical care and food restored the health of many. Within a few days Aliya was adopted by a childless couple who treated her exactly like their own daughter all their life. She did Hifz and also got a bachelors degree from a reputed college and then got married to a doctor. Alhamdulillah, they were blessed with three daughters and four sons. Proud Aliya was Dadi Amma of twenty one grandchildren. She looked exactly like our own Dadi Amma. Aliya was seventy-five when she died in 2017 and recalled the turmoil every day of her life.

Different migrants reached to different destinations. Khala Mehtab had property documents of her house that she had left in Bhopal. Pakistani Government gave her the property against it. The two men who had taken care of Akbar Bhai earned well in Pakistan and lived a peaceful happy life in this beautiful country. Thus Pakistan proved to be a shelter and a wide field for the experts to give the best out of them.

So this is our story. Stay blessed and
What? What did you just say? What happened to me?

Well, I died before reaching Pakistan. Yes, I died. My fever proved to be fatal. Aliya had lost every hope but the kind people around her took great care of her. Dear Readers, do you know how important Pakistan is for you all? I told you my story to clear my point of view.

You have always heard that Pakistan came into being after a lot of sacrifices and with a lot of bloodshed. The word "sacrifices" and "bloodshed" might be easy to say, read or write but it is not at all easy to feel it. When the time comes and the sacrifices are demanded, only brave can give it. And to see the bloodshed and experience a feeling that we might be the next is enough to make your heart stop. This soil has the blood of many Muslims. Actually what happened to each one of them, we don't know and will never be able to know but it is important to know that whatever the situation they faced was brutal and full of agony. We cannot waste their blood; their blood is in the foundation of this country.

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Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah bin Al Jarrah رضي الله عنه



Ever imagine being so honest that the honesty becomes the trait that people identify you with? A beloved companion of the Prophet ﷺ did earn such honesty and integrity; take a glimpse with **Zawjah Junaid Mukaty**

Once Prophet ﷺ said, “Every Ummah has a trustee, the trustee of my Ummah is Abu Ubaidah bin Al Jarrah.” SubhanAllah. This tall, slim and handsome man was the image of dignity and grace and was widely known for his integrity and honesty. Hadhrat Abdullah bin Umar رضي الله عنه reports that amongst the tribe of the Quraish there were three people in whom manners and modesty exceeded all others. They also had the gift of eloquent and gentle speech. If people looked at them, they wished to keep on looking at them. In his opinion, the three people were Hadhrat Abu Bakr Siddique, Hadhrat Uthman bin Affaan and Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah bin Al Jarrah.

He had accepted Islam at the hands of Hadhrat Abu Bakr رضي الله عنه in the very beginning. Like the remainder of his brothers who had accepted Islam, Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah tolerated the persecution in Makkah with patience and the harm did not turn him away from the religion of Allah, instead, it had increased his belief in Allah and following of the Sunnah. His first migration was to Abyssinia but then he returned back because he could not bear to live without looking at Rasulullah ﷺ. His second migration was to Madinah where he was known to be gentle and soft to his friends but hard as iron for disbelievers.

His real name was Amir. He passed every trial and tribulation brave heartedly. The difficult situations created by the Quraish were met with courage and patience. During these times of hardship, he and the other companions of the Holy Prophet ﷺ remained steadfast.

The first test arrived for him in the foothills of Badr. Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah bin Al Jarrah رضي الله عنه teared chivalrously into the ranks of the enemy. His valour made people leave his way and run for shelter but there was a man among them who stood in front of him and challenged him to attack. This man was his own father, Abdullah bin Al Jarrah. Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah tried to avoid him but he kept on urging his son. This was the moment when this daring companion of Prophet ﷺ chose between the two: Allah or father. He struck his father and killed him, nothing is impossible for such people in Islam, nothing can stop them from believing in Allah and his Messenger ﷺ. In Surah Mujaadalah, Allah praised him and his choice.

In the battle of Uhud, the polytheists surrounded Prophet ﷺ intending to kill him. One of them, named Ibn Qam'a, struck Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ with his sword making the two links from his helmet pierce his cheeks. With the two middle incisors Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah

Hadhrat Abdullah bin Umar ﷺ reports that amongst the tribe of the Quraish there were three people in whom manners and modesty exceeded all others. They also had the gift of eloquent and gentle speech. If people looked at them, they wished to keep on looking at them.

extracted the two links from the cheeks of the Prophet ﷺ. His two middle incisors then fell out but there was no sign of despair on his face. The way these companions loved Prophet ﷺ is incomparable.

Once a delegation from Yemen asked Prophet ﷺ for a person who could teach them Quran. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ took Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah's hand and said, "This is the trustworthy one from this Ummah," and sent him with them.

Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah was mainly the man of sword. He fulfilled the duty of being a commander many times. Once he was made the leader of the Muslims upon three hundred companions. During the battle, they were afflicted with severe hunger so much so that they began to eat the leaves of trees. Therefore this army was then named "The army of leaves". Nothing had remained for the army except those dates which they had with them. Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah used to then give the men one date per day which the men used to suck and then drink water after doing so. And it sufficed them till the night. Allah rewarded these patient warriors with a huge whale in the sea which was more than enough to satisfy their hunger.

After the death of Rasulullah ﷺ, the sword of Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah was in the service of Islam. He was a commander of the Muslim army in the victories of Syria. Rather he was the commander of the army in Yarmouk which put an end to the existence of the Romans in Syria and returned Baitul Muqaddas to the power of the Muslims.

The Romans reinforced their army and attacked the Muslims. Once again Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah faced them and completely destroyed their might. His contribution in the battlefields as a commander cannot ever be forgotten.

After the glorious victory, Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah was made the governor of Syria. Within this time, a fatal disease of plague spread in the city as it had never before. People were affected by it rapidly. When Hadhrat Umar Farooq came to know of this, he sent a letter with a messenger to him.

He wrote in the letter that he had some important business with him, and he wanted him to make preparations and immediately set out for Madinah to meet him. He was not to delay.

When Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah read the letter, he sorrowfully said that he knew what the important business was. Hadhrat Umar wanted to keep alive a man who was not born to live in this world forever. He then wrote a reply to the leader of the Muslims, Hadhrat Umar, he said that he knew what work he had for him and that the Muslims were facing severe problems, he could not leave them alone in this state, unless it was Allah's will as He is the one who decides on their fate.

He appealed to Hadhrat Umar to consider him helpless in disobeying his commands in this matter and requested him to give him permission to stay with the Muslims.

When Hadhrat Umar received this letter and read it, his eyes brimmed with tears, the

Continued on pg 17

An illusion

by Ayesha Mairaj

UAE

The ocean feels no harm
When a meager stone is thrown in;
It doesn't distress -
It doesn't fret.

The leaves don't cry
When maddening humans pass by,
And crumple and tear
Their perfect form.

When man is blamed,
He'll break out in cold sweat
And forget -
Allah is looking after him.

Allah won't leave
His believers in pain;
When called,
Allah always responds.

It's the nature of man
To despair and forget
That this world is
But an illusion.

The birds don't weep -
They don't whine,
Because they know that
Allah is sufficient for them.

My veil

by Muqaddas Ahsan

Al Badar Secondary Girls School, Karachi

Every Muslimah should observe a veil,
It's mandatory for you, my dear
Don't take it as a burden,
It's your Lord's command, my child.

It keeps you away from Shaitan
Hijab is your respect and pride, my child
Hijab is your beauty and honour

It'll never let you down, my dear
Don't be afraid of your Purdah,
Beloved Ummahaat always covered their faces,
my dear

Every Muslimah observes hijab, my dear
If you do it so you'll never fall
You are a precious gem, my child and,
You should do it only for your Lord, my dear....

You have 6236 unread
messages.
Let's read...

6236 114 30



يَهْدِي بِهِ اللَّهُ مَنِ اتَّبَعَ رِضْوَانَهُ سُبُلَ السَّلَامِ وَيُخْرِجُهُم مِّنَ الظُّلُمَاتِ إِلَى النُّورِ
بِإِذْنِهِ وَيَهْدِيهِمْ إِلَى صِرَاطٍ مُسْتَقِيمٍ ﴿١٦﴾

“By which Allah guides those who pursue His pleasure to the ways of peace and brings them out from darknesses into the light, by His permission, and guides them to a straight path.”

(Surah Maidah Ayat :16)

your
unread
messages
radiance

All about Muharram

Umm Ibrahim compiles the fact about the month of Muharram which we ought to remember

When is Muharram?

Muharram, also known as Muharram-ul-Haram, is the first month of the Hijri calendar and thus marks the beginning of the Islamic year. It is the only month which Allah's name has been attached to - the Prophet Muhammad ﷺ referred to it as 'the Sacred Month of Allah' - and is thus a highly blessed month.

It is one of the four sacred months, and its special importance is indicated by its name.

What is meaning of the word Muharram?

The word 'Muharram' literally means 'forbidden' - i.e. it is so sacred that certain actions become forbidden during it, as they would violate its sanctity.

Why is Muharram so special?

"Indeed, the number of months with Allah is twelve [lunar] months in the register of Allah [from] the day He created the heavens and the earth; of these, four are sacred. That is the correct religion, so do not wrong yourselves during them..." (Quran, 9:36)

Regarding this verse, Ibn Katheer ﷺ explains, "Allah has chosen elites from His creation: from among the angels He chose Messengers, from among mankind He chose Messengers, from among speech He chose remembrance of Him (dhikr), from among spaces on earth He chose the mosques, from among the months He chose Ramadan and the sacred months... So, venerate that which has been chosen by

Allah, for people of understanding and wisdom respect that which has been chosen by Him." (Tafseer Ibn Katheer)

What are the four sacred months?

Allah has also chosen Rajab, Dhul-Qa'dah and Dhul-Hijjah as sacred months.

Historically, one of the practical consequences of Dhul-Qa'dah, Dhul-Hijjah and Muharram being sacred was that pilgrims would be allowed to perform Hajj safely without worrying about banditry or war. Fighting was forbidden during Dhul-Qa'dah, when they would be travelling to make the Hajj; Dhul-Hijjah, when they would be performing Hajj in Makkah and its surroundings; and Muharram, when they would be returning home from Hajj. This standard was upheld by the Arabs in pre-Islamic times, and Allah confirms it in the Quran.

Rajab, meanwhile, is the seventh month of the Hijri calendar and stands alone as a sacred month. Historically, this was to allow people to perform Umrah in Rajab if they wanted to.

What are the benefits of Muharram?

Although many of us understand the importance of the month of Ramadan, we can often neglect the sacred months. However, they offer us a wealth of opportunities to seek the mercy and favour of Allah, the likes of which cannot be found at any other time of the year. They have been specifically selected by Allah Himself as the best times to draw closer to Him.

As mentioned before, our deeds carry more weight during Muharram, just as they carry more weight in the Ka'bah and its surroundings. Thus, there is an opportunity to gain more reward every day; but also the danger of gaining more sins with our bad deeds. This means we should be extra-vigilant when it comes to how we act, whether in our relationships, at work, in our worship, in our time management, or even how we take care of our health. With the right intention, every single action can become an opportunity for reward!

We've put together a quick list of easy ways to take advantage of the benefits of Muharram:

Say salaam more! This is the greeting of the Prophet ﷺ and the people of Paradise, and such a simple action can reap countless rewards and forgiveness.

Smile at everyone (even on Monday mornings). This simple action will weigh heavy on the scales during Muharram.

Give regular Sadaqah. Muharram is the beginning of the Islamic New Year, so it's the perfect time to make resolutions and establish good habits that you can reap the rewards of all-year round.

Seek forgiveness. Since sins are heavier in Muharram, you should ask for forgiveness as often as possible during this month, or even erase all your sins with a single action.

Read more Quran. It's an obvious one that always gets put on these lists - but it's the perfect way to draw closer to Allah during this incredible month! The best way to do it is to commit to just 10-15 minutes per day; set yourself a time and stay disciplined! Hopefully, you will stick to this New Year's resolution if you establish the good habit during Ramadan.

These actions aren't specific to Muharram, but they are highly recommended and it makes sense to increase them during this blessed month!

What are some recommended actions or Sunnah during Muharram?

It is highly recommended to fast as much as possible during Muharram. In fact, the sanctity

of Muharram was so established that even the Quraysh in the days of Jahiliyah (ignorance) used to fast on certain days. One such day is the Day of 'Ashura (the 10th of Muharram), which celebrates Allah ﷻ freeing Prophet Musa ﷺ and his people from the bonds of Pharaoh: The Messenger of Allah ﷺ said: *"Fasting on the day of Ashura expiates the minor sins of the past year."* (Muslim).

The Prophet ﷺ also advised us to fast on the 9th and/or 11th of Muharram in order to differentiate between his Ummah and the People of the Book and as we know, following his Sunnah contains immense blessing

Continued from pg 13

companions sitting around him were shocked to see this and asked him if there was some tragic news, if the commander of the Muslims, Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah had passed away. He answered, "No, but death is very near him."

Hadhrat Umar's statement turned out to be true and correct. A few days later, Hadhrat Abu Ubaidah was struck by the plague.

In his last days, he made the following statement to the Muslims, "Today, I am giving you some advice. If you accept it, you will find peace and security. Establish Salah, be regular in your prayer, fast during the month of Ramadan, give sacrifices and be charitable often, perform the Hajj, perform the Umrah, encourage and instruct each other to do good actions and do not be lost in worldly pursuits. Listen carefully to what I have to say next. Even if a man gets to live a thousand years, one day he will be in the same position in which you see me today, no one can escape death."

With these humble words on his lips, he became the beloved of Allah. May Allah shower His blessings upon him

KIDS CORNER

Riddles

Riddle 1: I am greater than God, more evil than the Shaitaan, the poor have me, the rich don't, and if you eat me, you'll die. What am I?

Riddle 2: I am the blessed Surah of the Quran every verse of which contains the word "Allah", which surah am I?

Riddle 3: I never had a mother yet I am the mother of everyone. Who am I?

Riddle 4: Leave me and you will never find the treasure, Use me and you will attain Allah's pleasure. What am I?

Riddle 5: When you use me wrongly you can't undo your mistake, so please control me for sake. So use me well or atleast try, now tell me who am I?

Riddle 6: What is Haraam, but when swallowed loved by Allah?















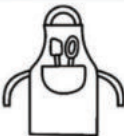


Riddle 7: I am the only female whose name has been mentioned in the Quran. Who am I?

- (1) Nothing
- (2) Surah Miyadala
- (3) Hawa
- (4) Quran
- (5) Tongue
- (6) Pride, Anger
- (7) Marium

Answers









ODD ONE OUT

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

(ANIMALS IN QURAN)



Ready to be riddled?

The Old Woman Who Lived Alone

An elderly woman lived alone in her house by the suburbs. She rarely left the house and knew only a few people. One Friday morning, the mailman called out for the woman but didn't receive a prompt answer as usual. Upon peeking in through the window, the mailman realized that the woman was murdered. The police investigated the house and found Tuesday's newspaper by the dead body. Also, by the door outside, there were three unopened bottles of milk, one of which had gone bad. The police arrested the killer the very next day. How did they figure out so quickly?

Hidden treasure

I have cities, but no houses. I have mountains, but no trees. I have water, but no fish. What am I?

Spring ahead

What is seen in the middle of March and April that can't be seen at the beginning or end of either month?

Answers

1-The mailman killed the old woman because the newspapers weren't found in or outside the house. This means he knew there would be no one to read them. (He tried to trick the police by reporting the crime himself - but turns out he isn't too smart at creating riddles after all)

2- This riddle aims to confuse you and get you to focus on the things that are missing: the houses, trees, and fish. You might guess you need to think about something inanimate. The answer is a map

3- The letter "R."

Cook once, eat twice with these scrumptious recipes by Misbah Hussain Sayani

cook
some
fun

Chicken filled nuggets

Ingredients

Boneless Chicken
1 egg
1 tbs lemon juice
All purpose flour
Paprika powder
1 tbs black pepper
1 tbs sugar
Salt to taste

Method

Cut chicken into small pieces.
Add dry ingredients into the chicken.
Add lemon juice.
Marinate it for half an hour.
Then dip the chicken cubes first into egg and then into flour.
Do the same until all done.
Fry these juicy chicken nuggets until golden brown.
Boast it with your sauces.

The best ever chocolate chip cookies

Method

Cream the butter with granulated sugar and brown sugar with the help of a spatula. Beat in the egg and vanilla extract. In a separate bowl, sift the flour with cornstarch, baking soda and salt. Add this to the butter mixture and stir well until blended. Stir in the chocolate chips. Using the small ice cream scoop or a table spoon, scoop spoonful of dough, shape them into a ball and place onto a greased baking paper. Chill the scooped cookies for at least one hour or once chilled. Preheat the oven to 325 F. Arrange the chilled cookies leaving 3 inch between them. Bake for 15 or 18 minutes, until brown around the edges. Cool the cookies on the baking tray. Let cool slightly and enjoy with a glass of cold milk. Yayayay

Ingredients

1/2 cup (115g) unsalted butter at room temperature
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1/2 cup light brown sugar
1 large egg at room temperature
1 tsp vanilla extract
1 and 1/4 cup all purpose flour
1 tbs cornstarch
1/2 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt
1 and 1/2 cup dark chocolate chips

Give and get

Written by:
Tayyaba hussain
12 years

A baby darling Suraksha was born in a family known for their money. However, unluckily, Suraksha opened eyes in a home where there was no concept of God. Suraksha studied in a High Educational Morality School. Well, she had so many friends to encourage and entertain her, but what always bothered her was that she could never score better than her classmate, Aisha.

Aisha was a very well-mannered Muslim girl and was awarded the “best student of the year” title multiple times. Suraksha was envious of Aisha and tried to befriend her many times but Aisha always refused as Suraksha was a non-Muslim.

Suraksha was very impressed by Aisha’s morals and values and she believed all of it were because of her religion. For this reason, she wanted her family to revert to Islam, but they would always scold her. They had a Muslim house-help Ayaz and Suraksha had often seen him sobbing in the dark, praying very late at night.

It happened so that her father’s company went bankrupt and her family had to go through very unstable financial conditions. Everybody was worried and did not know what to do or whom to plead for help. Suraksha suddenly had an idea; she decided to ask Allah for assistance. She somehow had faith that He surely will find a way out for them. She borrowed a prayer mat, and begged before Him to shower His blessings upon her family..



When she finally got up and was folding the mat, the door-bell rang. A few minutes later, the servant came and told her that there was a poor man on the door, who needed help. Suraksha asked her dad if they could help the old man, but he got angry and rebuked her because they already had to pay someone’s debt. Suraksha got disappointed. She instead gave the man a Rs.100 note from her limited savings.

The next day, Suraksha’s father returned from work and told them that his company had a deal with another multinational one and that they will recover all their losses very soon. Hearing this, Suraksha rushed to her room and fell in prostration to the most merciful and beneficent, and tears of happiness flowed down her face.

”مَنْ جَاءَ بِالْحَسَنَةِ فَلَهُ عَشْرُ أَمْثَالِهَا“

(He that doeth good will have ten times as much to his credit). (Surah Al-Anaam: 160)

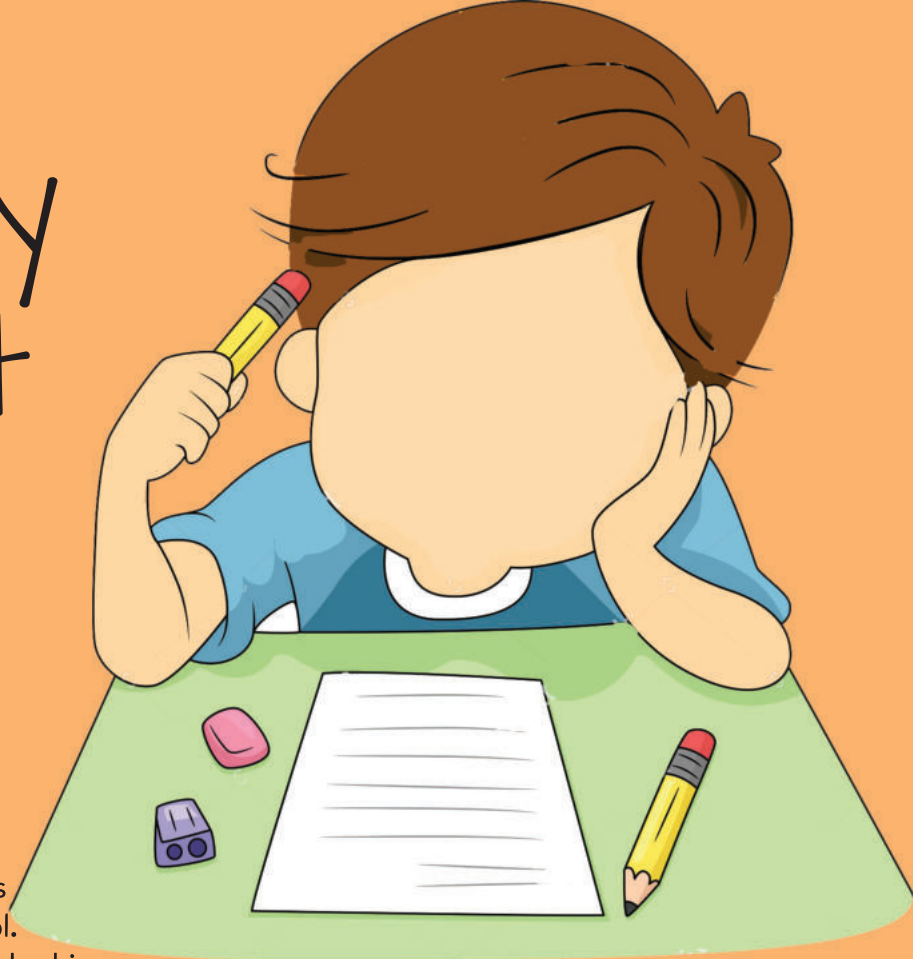
Honesty is the Best Policy

Written by:
Ruqaiya Imran

Hamza and Abdullah were twin brothers who were classmates at the same school. Abdullah used to get bullied everyday by his brother, because he was not as good at studies as Hamza was. Actually, Hamza was dishonest and he cheated on every test to get good grades. Afterwards, he would mock his brother for scoring low.

One day, there was a scheduled math test in their class, and Abdullah had very thoroughly prepared for it while his brother had thought of doing what he always did. It happened so that the teacher caught Hamza while he was copying answers from the textbook and cancelled his test. On the other hand, Abdullah scored the highest marks out of the whole class, which shocked Hamza.

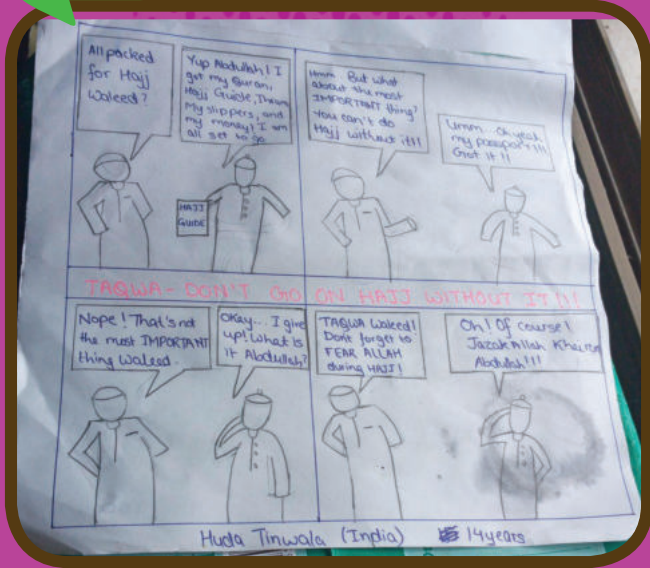
He recalled all the times he had bullied his brother and made him feel inferior. Hamza was so embarrassed that he could not face his brother out of shame. Abdullah, however, went up to him and told him that he had forgiven him for all wrongs he had done to him. From that day, both of them became best friends and Hamza vowed never to exhibit dishonesty again.



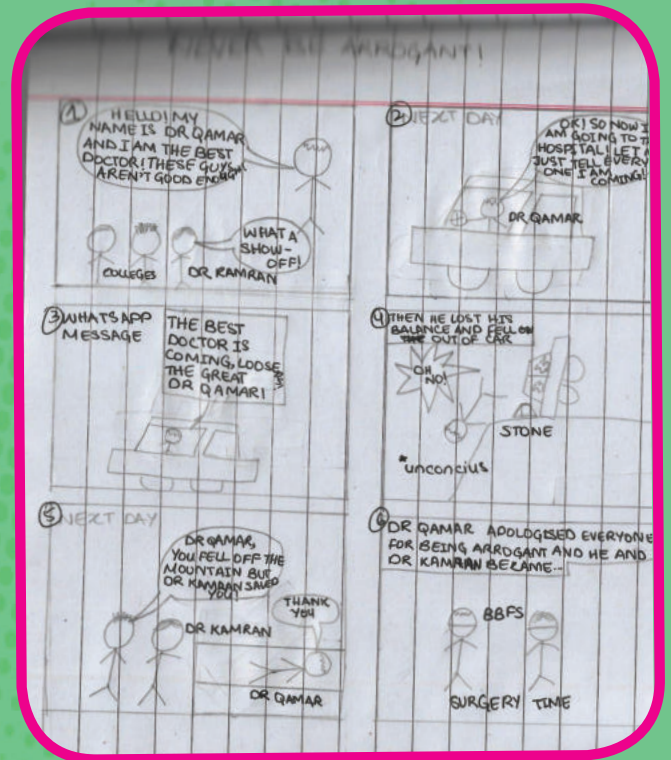
Continued from pg 11

The youngsters of Pakistan are the backbone of this country; they must definitely understand “*Pakistan ka matlab kiya?*” All those who were living here believed in it, all those who gave their lives had this motto and all those who left everything behind and reached here empty handed came with this reason. You all are now supposed to protect this country, take it to the skies, follow Islamic principles and apply those principles in this country. This country should now be run on the standards of *La Ilaha Illallah*.

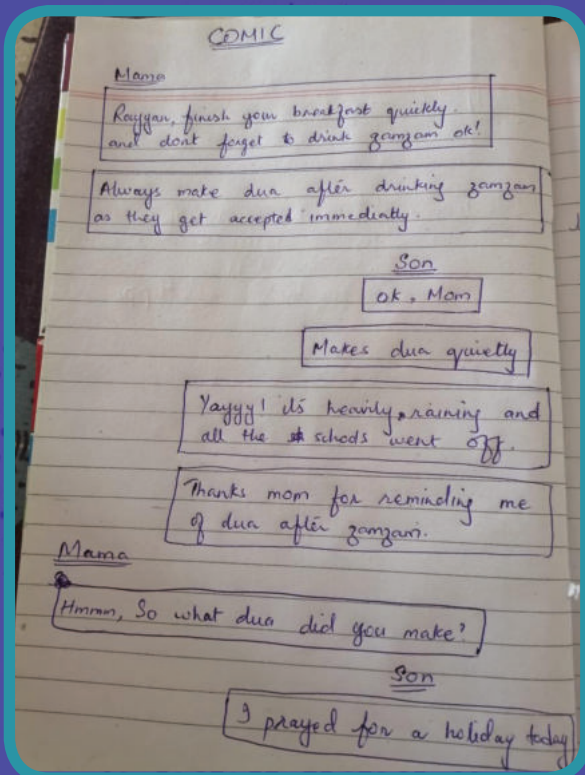
Our stories are not only stories of the past, our stories are a lesson to be learned from. I pray to Allah that He accepts you all in His way and you prosper immensely in this independent country. Ameen



Huda Tinwala



Atika



Ramsha Nauman



Fatima Junaid

Brady's

The nourishing taste of Scott Baking

Plain Cake



Delicious & Delightful

Nutrition Facts

The Nourishing Taste of Scott Baking

Brady's Plain Cake is a soft, moist cake that is perfect for any occasion. It is made with high-quality ingredients and is a delicious treat for the whole family.

Nutrition Facts	
Per Slice (1/12 of Loaf)	
Total Fat	15g
Total Sugar	10g
Total Protein	2g
Total Fiber	0g
Total Sodium	100mg
Total Calcium	100mg
Total Iron	100mg
Total Phosphorus	100mg
Total Magnesium	100mg
Total Zinc	100mg
Total Selenium	100mcg
Total Manganese	100mcg
Total Copper	100mcg
Total Potassium	100mg
Total Vitamin A	100IU
Total Vitamin B1	100mcg
Total Vitamin B2	100mcg
Total Vitamin B3	100mcg
Total Vitamin B6	100mcg
Total Vitamin B12	100mcg
Total Vitamin C	100mg
Total Vitamin E	100IU
Total Vitamin K	100mcg
Total Vitamin D	100IU
Total Vitamin F	100mg
Total Vitamin G	100mg
Total Vitamin H	100mg
Total Vitamin I	100mg
Total Vitamin J	100mg
Total Vitamin K	100mcg
Total Vitamin L	100mg
Total Vitamin M	100mg
Total Vitamin N	100mg
Total Vitamin O	100mg
Total Vitamin P	100mg
Total Vitamin Q	100mg
Total Vitamin R	100mg
Total Vitamin S	100mg
Total Vitamin T	100mg
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Total Vitamin W	100mg
Total Vitamin X	100mg
Total Vitamin Y	100mg
Total Vitamin Z	100mg

Delicious & Delightful

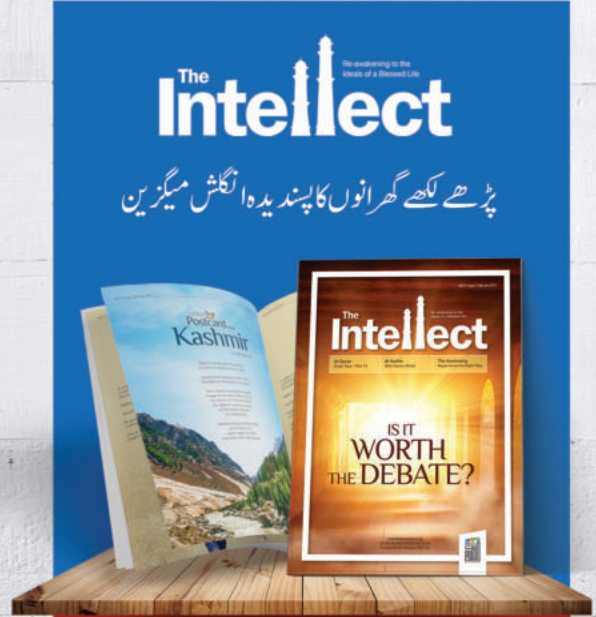
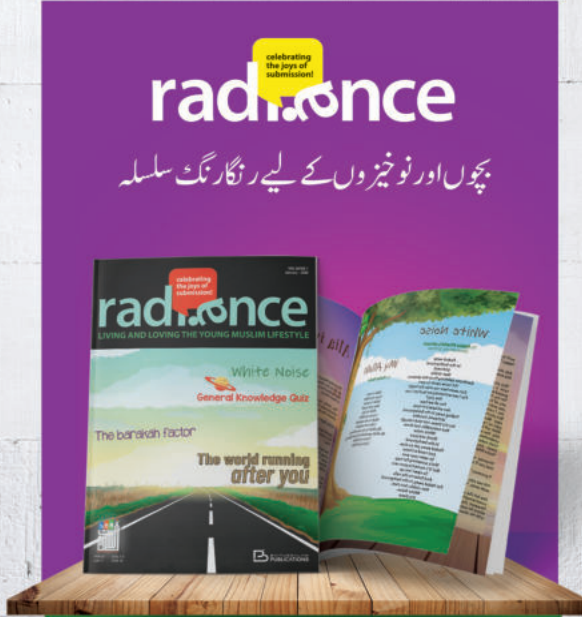
Defeated by chocolates

Concept by Umm Abdollah Zubairi

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



جید علماء کرام کے زہرتگرانی شائع ہونے والے میگزین



THE BAITUSSALAM BULLETIN

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