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want to
play video
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Design & Layout

Zawjah Jahangir



Printers

wasaprinters@cyber.net.pk



Reach us at

30-C, Basement 2nd Comm. Street,
Phase 4, D.H.A., Karachi, Pakistan.

P +92 21 35313278

W radiance.fahmedeen.org

E radianceteam8@gmail.com

For Advertising Queries

E marketing@fahmedeen.org

P + 92 314 298 1344

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Competition or Loyalty?

A believer and Virtual Reality

Assalam u Alaikum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuhu,

Imagine a child who has been promised by his parents a treat if he finishes his work in time. He gets to work with full motivation and finishes it in time; having conviction in the promise. He was informed and he believed. Then, his parents ask him to get into the car because they would be going to the candy store to get his promised reward. In the store, he chooses his treat and observes his parents taking it to the cash-counter and paying for it. He can almost imagine himself tasting that candy quite soon. And then, finally he experiences the first bite into that delicious candy. No doubt left now, he sure has received what he was promised.

Can we notice that at all three stages of this process of him getting this reward, his conviction in his parent's promise kept increasing? When he heard them say it, even then he believed them but there was a chance of not actually getting it if he couldn't finish his work on time. Then again, when they were actually buying it for him, he was almost sure of getting it except that he'd be asked to share it with others first. But when he finally had it in his mouth, the conviction about the truthfulness of the promise became absolutely firm.

In the matters of conviction, these are the very sources for us to acquire it; knowing it, seeing it and actually experiencing it.

Interesting is the affair of the believer! For he has been made a whole list of promises with, by his Lord ﷻ as to what he'll get and what he might lose if he behaves in certain ways in this world. But the trick is that here, in this world, he can only have the first level of conviction; knowing that is. The conviction that is attained by seeing and experiencing shall come in the afterlife. And here's the catch! While the conviction in the promises about the afterlife; the real life; Jannah or Jahannam can only remain at level

one in this world, there are other ideologies of falsehood that are dangling their visuals and offering their experiences to us in this world.

Recently, this deluding catch has taken a wicked turn. As yet, the matter was only as worse that anyone could see the falsehood from around the world on his very personal screen. The more he saw it, the more his conviction developed in that falsehood being the real thing. But now the technology has a new name- aka - The Virtual Reality. Rumour has it, that now these very screens shall be able to provide their users with virtual experiences of just anything their minds would fancy.

Phew! I cannot even begin to imagine how far that can go. If the effects of just our eyes being constantly exposed to falsehood can have such horrific effects upon our faiths, imagine what havoc can spill if this virtual experience would become as accessible as that!

You see, we as believers cannot afford to let any of these bogus visions or experiences dampen our conviction about the 'real' reality which Allah ﷻ has informed us about. So the salvation lies only in limiting our exposures to these tools that are making these hollow and false visions and experiences available to us.

The world shall definitely move towards a time when Dajjal would be released. Our Prophet ﷺ has told us that Dajjal would bring about the climax of this visual and experiential delusion by the decree of Allah ﷻ. And only those shall be saved from his horrible delusion who would have safeguarded their conviction in the knowledge given by Allah ﷻ by keeping their eyes away from seeing falsehood and being cautious about the quagmire of the virtual reality.

May Allah ﷻ help, guide and protect us all and save our faiths from all evil. Aameen

Wassalam,
Zawjah Zia

Saving homes from satanic vibes

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plous

The love and peace that is void from various houses has a reason behind it, explains this short excerpt from Hadhrat Maulana Abdus Sattar Hifzallah's spiritual discourse

Once, when the Apostle ﷺ entered his house, he saw a curtain on which there was some picture of a living creature. His face changed colour, he took that curtain and tore it apart. Then he said: "On the day of Qiyamah, the worst punishment will be of those people who draw pictures of this kind (i.e. of living creatures)."

Having pictures of living creatures on clothes, boards or on anything will earn great punishment on the day of Qiyamah. Allah subhanahu wa taalaa's Messenger ﷺ has forbidden this act with his tongue as well as his actions.

gives a punishment that love and respect finishes in the hearts of people for each other.

Wherever there is filth and dirt, flies and germs settle at such a place and as a result, illnesses cultivate. Likewise, Shayateen settle in homes where sins are committed and destroy those homes as we see happening today. When filthy germs are present in a place, there sure will develop illnesses. Then, don't cry that sicknesses are spreading abundantly. About the places where there are sins and Shayateen, don't ask why 'it's happening to our home', "why isn't

Wherever there is filth and dirt, flies and germs settle at such a place and as a result, illnesses cultivate. Likewise, Shayateen settle in homes where sins are committed and destroy those homes as we see happening today.

We must realise that in a home, where care is not taken of Allah Subhanahu wataalaa's greatness and respect and sins are not put to a cease, in that house, Allah Subhanahu wataalaa descends such a punishment that mutual respect for each other vanishes from the hearts of the dwellers of the house.

Ibn Qayyim Rehmatullah alaih used to say that in whatever way a sin is committed (i.e. whatever kind of sin is committed), Allah subhanahu wataalaa also sends the punishment in that particular way (i.e. of that kind). If a sin is committed in the way that no heed is paid to Allah ﷻ, His greatness, His respect, then Allah ﷻ also

there any peace in here', don't question about the instabilities in it because the devils are present there and cause such severe situations like we see in houses today. For no reason at all, brothers are fighting with each other. For no reason, arguments flare up! Small issues turn into huge mountains of conflicts and lead to destroy a home.

The punishment for disobeying Allah ﷻ is brought down on houses in this way.

May Allah ﷻ save our homes from all demonic vibes and instead help us make them places of peace, love and tranquility. Ameen!

So you want to play video games?



by Binte Hanif
South Africa

Dear diary,

I am truly exhausted today. I actually spent the entire day with my aunt. All the family members are taking turns to be with her since she broke her neck, tore her ligaments and a couple of fractures. She actually had an awful tragedy which has placed me in a deep train of thought since the last ten days.

She was totally exhilarated to start level 1500 of Candy crush saga, while climbing down her staircase she was swiping through the colourful 'fake' candies. Suddenly! She missed a step and was sent rolling down the stairs. In her own words she describes, "firstly, you don't really remember a lot, only the aftermath, I was heavily absorbed in my game, I put my leg a little too further and toppled due to losing my balance, I felt like a cartwheel and at that point I was knocked unconscious at the bottom when my head hit the floor. I fractured my C1, two thoracic vertebrae crushed, a broken clavicle and two fractures in my left wrist. I am grateful to be alive, moreover, I will never place my fingers on those "murderous" games."

Well, literally! She now labels video games as "murderous" after her terrifying ordeal... Are they really murderous? Are they perhaps, destroying lives, careers and relationships? As-

tonishingly, when I delved my mind into this subject and done further research I realized all of this has become a bitter reality. Nevertheless, how can this addiction be given up. Yes! I call it addiction as these games really hook up the individual to the core whether it be adult or teenager.

Millions of lives and relationships have been 'demolished' due to these unworthy games. Teenagers have become rebellious, marriages are destroyed, violence and aggression is on the increase, careers have gone downhill and suicide has become common. Unfortunately even if the gamer tries to protect itself he/she falls deeper into this den. Two days back I came across a research which opened my eyes even wider: According to Dr Cindy Gellner "Many of the most popular games emphasize negative themes. They promote the killings in war-like scenarios, sometimes criminal behavior, disrespect for the law and other authority figures, foul language and obscene gestures. There is growing research on the effects of video games on children. Studies of children exposed to violence have shown that they can become immune or numb to violence, imitate the violence they see and show more aggressive behavior with greater exposure to violence. Studies have also shown that

From today onwards I will try to make that difference in whomsoever I can, starting with myself first of course. Perhaps the next time my sister asks for the ipad to play a game I will take her outside for a walk or play a game of scrabble with her.

the more realistic and repeated the exposure to violence, the greater the impact on children. Kids can become overly involved and even obsessed with video games, which I've been seeing a lot lately, especially in kids who are doing only online learning. Too much video games can lead to poor social skills, time away from family, school work and other hobbies, lower grades, reading less, exercising less, becoming overweight, and having aggressive thoughts and behaviors. I can say that I have definitely seen and heard from parents that decrease grades and increase weight have been directly correlated to kids staying inside and playing video games over the past year."

Oh my word! All of this is just too much, I guess the old days were so much better; streets would be filled with kids peddling on the bicycles, playing a game of hide and seek or being mischievous, nevertheless, innocent children and later mature adults.

Perhaps we can change this, even one person can make a difference, the story of the starfish comes to my mind which I heard last month at a seminar: a little boy was at a beach which had dozens of starfish washed off onto the sand, he started picking up a starfish one at a time and threw it in the water in order to save its life and return them to their original habitats. Coincidentally a man passed by and exclaimed, "Hey! You little kid, the sand is lined

with these, how many will you save? ... you are plainly wasting your time, what difference will it make?" The innocent boy instantly turned around picked up a starfish, returned it to its original habitat, gazed into the man's eyes, pointed at the starfish swimming in the water and exclaimed with pure innocence, "Oh uncle I made a difference for that starfish, I did make a difference, it's a difference even if it's for one."

You know what? From today onwards I will try to make that difference in whomsoever I can, starting with myself first of course. Perhaps the next time my sister asks for the ipad to play a game I will take her outside for a walk or play a game of scrabble with her, it's a game, enjoyable, yet a vocabulary enhancer.

I unequivocally do not want my younger ones to see me as a gamer. That's not the influence I want to place, at least not anymore. Tomorrow, during recess I will encourage my friends to delete their gaming apps and start giving up their addiction to video games.

Why not beneficial games such as, general knowledge, scrabble, maths 24 and much more... enjoying nature, listening to the lullabies of nature, exercising or perhaps learning a new skill.

Nani and Dadi were not wrong after all... smart devices have not made us smarter, they have made us stupider...

Modesty Robbed

How it's like when you have friends who are slowly making you drift away from your Lord... Let's find out in this story by Rania Imran

She couldn't believe her ears. Her father had actually accepted defeat.

Sara was a university student and a simple girl who used to wear a black abaya while going outside. However, other girls at the university wore tight t-shirts, high jeans, left their beautiful hair open and applied a lot of makeup. At first she tried to persuade her friends to leave the lifestyle in which they were earning Allah's wrath. However, her friends used to laugh and taunt her and in fact it was she who started to convert gradually...

Initially, she started wearing colored abayas instead of black and applying some makeup. Next she talked her mother into letting her wear a chaddar instead of an abaya. Her next initiative was that she started wearing it with her hair all visible. She used to observe her dadi gazing at her with a look of sorrow and used to notice her hands going up for dua. But she used to ignore her. According to her friends, wearing hijab was some old fashioned practice people with old minds followed and her friends were all that mattered to her. This evening, however she was arguing with her father and mother that she wanted to go to the university without a chaddar with just a dupatta on her head which was unacceptable for him. He had already scolded her mother for letting her leave her abaya. However, this night he lost his temper.



“Don't talk about things you don't understand! You are too young. You haven't seen the real colors of this world and when you will you will repent on making such a decision. Don't you dare utter one more word!” he added warningly as he saw Sara open her mouth for another counter-argument. “You wear your abaya tomorrow and that's final!” he said decisively. “But that's unfair! All my friends wear just a duppata or nothing at all. I am legally an adult now and you can't impose your silly rules upon me!”

These words were followed by a long silence. She had never misbehaved like this.

“Didn't you hear your father?” This time it was her mother who broke the silence in an angry tone.

“But I don't want to go in an abaya! You'll have to let me do as I will now.”

Looking hopeful, Sara turned her head from her mother to father, watching them do a non-verbal discussion.

“Ok you may do as you wish but remember Sara I won't be solving any of your problems now onwards,” said her father.

Ecstatic, Sara skipped to her room and quickly sent a message to her friends that her father had agreed. Then she started deciding what to wear. The next morning, Sara excitedly jumped

Looking hopeful, Sara turned her head from her mother to father, watching them do a non-verbal discussion.

“Ok you may do as you wish but remember Sara I won't be solving any of your problems now onwards,” said her father.

out of her bed and started getting ready enthusiastically. She was ready very early and she waited in her room admiring herself in her mirror until she heard the beep of her van's horn. She raced down stairs where her father was drinking his tea. She hugged her mother and greeted her father. Waving aside the fact that he did not respond, she quickly stepped into her van greeted with a number of bewildered stares from everyone. She couldn't wait to get to her university and get admired by her friends.

That afternoon she reached home feeling exhausted but extremely happy. She told her mother happily, “You know mother? Everyone told me I was looking sooo good . And please can I wear that black shirt tomorrow that I wasn't allowed because its length was just till my thigh?”

“Don't ask me do what you want to. Just think that you are ignoring Allah's command.”

“Oh come on mom.....”

The next morning she also removed her scarf at the university. Gradually she was falling into the hands of Satan. Her Dadi had come to her room the last night to make her see sense and understand but she wasn't ready to listen a thing. She told her dadi that she was covering her head and that was enough for Allah. Her Dadi, defeated, left her room with a very worried expression on her face.

Many months had passed now. Everybody had tried to convince her but without success. Her brother had also tried to make her believe she was doing wrong but she would suddenly turn deaf. Her father and brother weren't talking to her now. Her mother was extremely worried and would always turn teary-eyed when she would see her in the

western clothing. Her Dadi was also staying sick because she was grieved by the careless attitude of her granddaughter.

It was nearly a year to that episode. Her dadi had passed away and her brother was out of the country for his studies. This meant that no one could stop her. She had been in a concert on the night her grandmother died. Later that night she went into her room to discover a piece of paper on which it was written in what was unmistakably her Dadi's writing, “It is my deepest wish that my Sara turns back to the attire which is loved by my Prophet ﷺ and Allah. I don't know what has changed her mind to such an extent. It must be those girls at the university. Ya Allah please help my Sara to come on your preferred Sirat ul Mustaqeem.” Sara was deeply touched by these words. However, she shook her head and instead of following her Dadi's advice and gaining the pleasure of Allah she thought that her Dadi was unlucky to have died without changing her conservative thoughts and mindset.

She went into her room remembering how her Dadi always had wished for her wellbeing and pondering about the possibility if her Dadi was really right. She was distracted however when her cellphone's screen brightened and started ringing indicating her brother wished to speak to her. Frowning she received his call.

“Yes! What's the matter now?”

“Where have you been?”

“To the concert with a couple of friends.”

“To where? And did you even consider ask-

ing me? What do you think if father is away you'll do what you wish? I wanted to speak about something else but you just have to increase my worries. Anyways who dropped you home?"

"Ahmed."

"Ahmed? Who's Ahmed?"

"My friend."

"What do you mean by 'my friend'?"

She declined the call. Farhan had always been possessive about her and she had liked it. But now she thought he was being stupid. But deep down she knew she had misbehaved with her brother and she should not have done it. But then she thought furiously what Farhan had to do if she made a hundred friends named Ahmed. It was her life and her decision was everything that mattered to her. She loved her brother and knew he loved her too but she didn't like the kind of tone he had used. She lay down to sleep and she remembered how her brother had always stood up for her and a tear twinkled in her eye. She was missing him a lot but she knew he wasn't pleased with her. The next morning, she awoke to hear the sound of his bother banging at the door and calling out to her.

"What's the problem?" she asked opening the door.

"Problem? Problems! And thousands of them.

"What do you mean?"

"What has happened to you Sara?" he sat on her bed.

Sara was astonished at such a worried tone.

"Is everything okay Bhai?"

"No. Nothings okay. Have a look at this."

He passed his phone to her. Astonished at such a mild tone, she took the phone. She had been expecting an outburst of anger but it was all opposite.

However, when Sara took a look on the screen, she saw her pictures on different wrong and cheap websites. They had been posted everywhere and she had been edited in a very wrong way.

"One of my friends told me about this. I tried talking to you last night but you weren't ready to. I couldn't wait one moment after looking at this I took the first flight and came here I can't understand what's got into you. You were always such a modest girl And now-"

Tears were continuously pouring down her cheeks. Her brother also wiped his tears and said, "Now don't you think a lot of tension has entered your life after leaving your hijab?"

"Yes bhai," she said. "Sorry"

"Come here.. Instead of saying sorry to me ask Allah to forgive you. Now go wash your face and greet father down stairs and say sorry to him too. He doesn't know about this. He'll get very angry and scold you even more. I am happy you are guilty and ready to repent. This will stay only between us."

She nodded and went to her bathroom. When Sara came out of the washroom she was wearing shalwar qameez again and had a dupatta on her head.

"That's more like a my dear Muslim lady. And now lift up your mood, father won't scold you."

"Assalamualaikum Father."

Her father looked up and his expression turned from puzzlement to joy. Even her mother was beside herself with joy.

"Ya Allah alhamdulillah my daughter is changed, don't let her ever get astray again."

Sara smiled at her brother and he smiled back. "Ya Allah please forgive me I have been a very disobedient and ungrateful girl. Ya Rahim please grant my friends hidayah too. They robbed my modesty. Please help them convert too. Please fill up the damage caused by me."

She went to her dad's room and took out the piece of paper she had come across on her death. She picked it up and kissed it. She then opened a book kept in the cupboard and started reading it. The first page said: "The Prophet sallallahu aleihe wasalam said: 'If you have no shame, do as you wish.'" (Al-Bukhari).

How true!



Be bowled over by our
nourishing soups.. recipe
contributed by Maheen Ali

CHICKEN VEGETABLE SOUP

INGREDIENTS

One chicken
Carrots (1 cup, sliced)
Green broad beans (1 cup, sliced)
Spring onions (2-3 sticks, diced)
Green peas (1 cup)
Soya sauce (to taste)
Vinegar (to taste)
Chilli sauce (optional)
Cornflour (2-3 tbs)
Salt and pepper (to taste)
Cooking oil (for frying)



DIRECTIONS

1. Wash the chicken and boil it, adding 2-3 garlic cloves, 1 stick of cinnamon, and a pinch of cumin seeds, with black pepper seeds and salt. When it is fully boiled and the chicken is soft and tender, pour out the chicken stock in a bowl and shred the chicken and put it in another bowl and set aside.
2. Dice up all the vegetables. Heat some oil in a wok and fry all the vegetables, except for the spring onions, for ten minutes at medium flame. Then cover the lid so that they become soft and tender.
3. Add the chicken in the wok, frying it with soya sauce and vinegar, and salt and pepper. Fry for at least ten minutes.
4. Add the chicken stock and let it simmer. You can add a little more water if you think the consistency is low in the soup.
5. Mix 2-3 tablespoons of cornflour in a cup of water and pour it in the soup, then stir. Sprinkle spring onions over it.
6. The soup is ready for supper!



Why the Hijri Calendar?

Manahil Waqas exhibits the unique charm of the Hijri calendar that we more often than not fail to admire and acknowledge in our lives

If I ask you, “what is the Hijri date today?” you are most likely to search google or just open some app before answering, unless it is the blessed month of Ramadan, Eid, Hajj or the beginning of the New Islamic year. Although the Hijri calendar is held significantly, and is used by Muslims throughout the world, nonetheless its place is only secondary in our lives. While planning things in our personal or professional life, we never keep in mind the Hijri calendar. But why does it even matter, you might wonder? Before answering, let me first fill you in about the significance of the Hijri calendar and the blessings we will experience if we switch from using the Gregorian calendar to the Hijri one.

No one can deny the great significance held by calendars in our daily lives and their power in driving economic, political and social interests. Calendars have been in use for over 2000 years now. Thousands of years ago, the patterns of time and seasons had been observed by human beings which eventually led to the invention of this present system of organizing days, called calendar. This was done by allocating specific names to different periods of time.

The two calendars

Despite the fact that many calendar systems have been introduced and used over the time, the Gregorian calendar is the internationally accepted calendar today. This is a solar calendar

introduced by the Head of Catholic church Pope Gregory in 1534. On the contrary, the Hijri calendar, dictated by the moon cycle, was introduced by the 2nd Caliph Umar ibn Al Khattab رضي الله عنه which begins from the year in which Holy Prophet صلى الله عليه وسلم migrated from Makkah to Madina.

Adopting the Hijri Calendar

Have you ever thought about replacing the Gregorian with the Hijri calendar? Neither did I, until I came across an article while surfing the internet. The article fully explained the blessings of living a ‘hijri first life’ (as the author calls it). Would you believe that the Hijri calendar used to be the primary calendar for Muslims globally, for fifteen centuries! However, over the last 100 years it has paled into insignificance, so why is it something to worry about?

Let’s delve into the history of the Hijri calendar. The names of Islamic months are the same as they were in the pre-Islamic era. Some scholars observe that this calendar system was inherited from prophet Ibrahim عليه السلام however, the Arabs had manipulated it by practising Nasi which is described in this Ayah: Indeed, the (nasi’) – postponing [of restriction within sacred months]- is an increase in disbelief by which those who have disbelieved are led [further] astray. They make it lawful one year and unlawful another year to correspond to the number made unlawful by Allah and [thus]

The riddance of human manipulation from the Islamic calendar draws attention to the fact that we completely need to submit to the will of Allah in all matters including how we organise our days.

make lawful what Allah has made unlawful. Made pleasing to them is the evil of their deeds, and Allah does not guide the disbelieving people.” [Quran 9: 37]

The importance of Hijri calendar

The writer of the article ‘Why Islamic Calendar matters more than you think’ expresses that the riddance of human manipulation from the Islamic calendar draws attention to the fact that we completely need to submit to the will of Allah in all matters including how we organise our days.

Consequently, the writer discusses that the Hijri calendar is a spiritual calendar that connects us to our Lord while creating a spiritual realm to life through the alternations between sacred and non-sacred time. He explains, “Consider the annual Islamic cycle: You start the year with a sacred month, and the blessed days of Ashura (sacred time), you then enter Safar (non-sacred time), then comes Rabi Al-Awwal and then comes three months of Rabi-Il, Jumada I, and Jumada II (non-sacred time), then enters Rajab (sacred time), then Sha’baan – which although is not a sacred month, but the Prophet Muhammad emphasized its importance, then comes the highlight of the year – Ramadan, followed by Eid in Shawwal, then we end the year with the two sacred months of Dhul-Qui’da and Dhul-Hijja, before starting a new lunar year with the sacred month of Muharram.”

By understanding the spiritual importance of Islamic calendar, it is easy to see how it is a symbol of our deen on which is the basis of many commandments such as fasting, Hajj etc.

Along with its spiritual importance the Hijri

calendar is a civilizational identity which links us to our roots and unites the Muslim Ummah. Muslims all over the world arrive for Hajj in the same month and fast at the same time with the difference of a day or two. Likewise, anyone can determine the start and end of the month by observing the moon. This simple system was used efficiently and easily even before the satellite invention.

Steps to adopt the Hijri Calendar

Now you’ll be thinking that replacing the Gregorian with the hijri calendar is difficult. It indeed is, however it is not impossible. Let’s divide it with three As:

Awareness: according to the writer this step involves being intentionally aware of the Hijri calendar by knowing the exact year, month and date according to the Hijri calendar and being mindful of its sacred months and their time of occurrence.

Alignment: This level includes planning of voluntary fasts according to the Ayyam e beedh, consciously increasing good deeds and avoiding sins in sacred months, planning special life events with special dates in the Hijri calendar and adding the Hijri calendar to your phone or computer.

Adoption: This is the final step you will reach when you are comfortable dealing using the Hijri calendar and communicating with your friends in Hijri first. At this step you adopt your age according to the Hijri calendar and plan your months and year accordingly. So let’s revive the Hijri calendar by taking small steps towards a ‘Hijri first lifestyle’!

Heart of gold

Written by Asma Parekh

As we all gear up
To embrace gusts so cold,
Why not adopt a change,
And wear a heart of gold.

Before choosing woollies,
Arranging vacation spots for fun,
Imagine those have-nots,
Whose ceiling is just the sun.

Little children, bare footed,
Greedily eyeing the malls,
Their desires are short lived,
Dreams of poor... can never get tall.

Warmth can be felt,
When you spread smiles,
Generosity is a blessing,
Its radiance is felt over miles.

Before saying anything about my Muhammad Know him

Written by Maharun Nesa Maliha
Bangladesh

One old Woman of Makkah, who hated Muhammad ﷺ,
She'd throw garbage on him when he passed by her
home,

One day he didn't see any garbage on the path,
It made him concerned so he went to her home,
He found her sick so nursed her and cleaned her home.
Before saying anything about my Muhammad ﷺ
Know him.

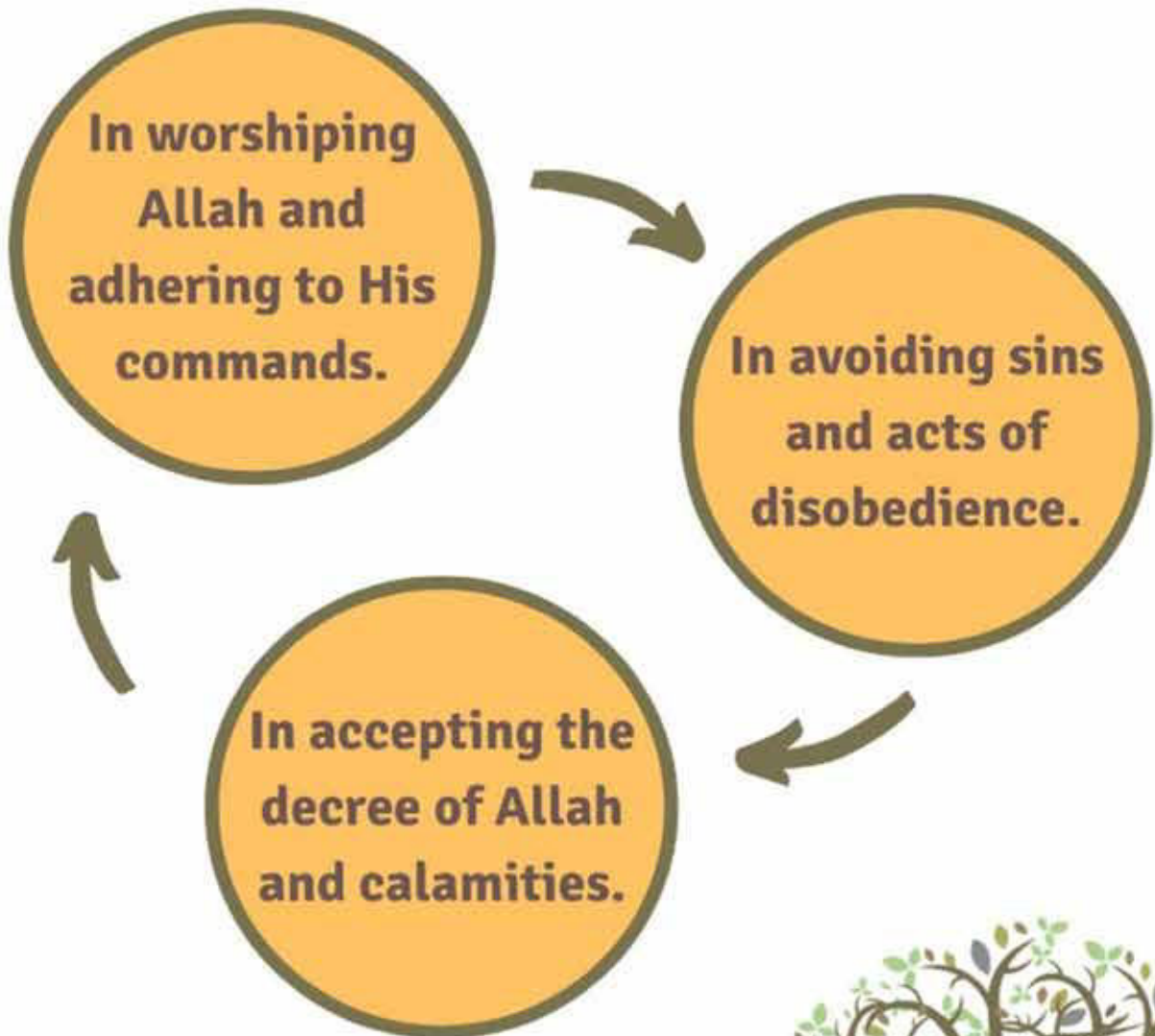
He married eleven women, mothers of the believer,
For every marriage, there was some specific reason,
Because that was the order of his Creator.
Before saying anything about my Muhammad ﷺ
Know him.

One day, the people of Madina were gathering,
They wanted to see what was happening,
They saw the greatest man on the earth with children
Playing like a child himself.
Before saying anything about my Muhammad ﷺ
Know him.

Animals complaining to him about injustice,
Enemies secretly admitted his true words and expertise,
Trees wept because of his absence,
Stone began to talk to witness his truthfulness.
It is not a fairy tale, he was not a magician,
He is Allah's Habib, our Rasul ﷺ.
Before saying anything about my Muhammad ﷺ
Know him.

WHEN IS PATIENCE NEEDED?

PATIENCE IS REQUIRED IN
THE FOLLOWING AREAS OF LIFE:



SOURCE: PATIENCE &
GRATITUDE BY IBN QAYYIM

#MYROLEMOELMOHAMMED 齋
#MERCYTOMANKIND 齋
#MYPROPHETMYHONOR 齋



Forgiving isn't always easy

Read on a refreshing story by **Ayesha Muneeb** to find the solution and reaction of how to deal with one of life's most difficult situation which most of us are faced with so often

Are my eyes playing tricks on me or am I day-dreaming?

I wondered as I stood still dumbstruck and open-mouthed. My hands trembled as they reached out to pick the neatly coated white thing that was placed over the class rack.

"It can't be happening!" I whispered to myself.

My heart palpitated wildly as I finally gathered my courage to read the name in my Chemistry Practical Journal. All my doubts proved wrong as it turned out to be my own journal after all. My brain overworked as the memories of that unforgettable day, one year back, began to flash one after another.

It started as a totally happy summer day for me as I was selected as the Head Girl of the school. All was going perfectly fine until the class teacher addressed me directly:

"Ayesha! Collect the practical journals of all students for certification and bring them to my desk within half an hour."

I returned to the classroom, conveyed the teacher's message to everyone and got to my seat to take out my own. A shock awaited me as I was bewildered to know that the journal was no longer present in my bag. I was pretty sure that I had put it in the bag myself and that it was not left at home by me. But now, it was simply GONE!

The incident was immediately reported to the concerned teacher and she ordered an investigation at once. Although the whole class was searched thoroughly, it seemed like my journal had disappeared into thin air.

The feeling of losing my whole year's hard work, just a week before the final examination, was too much of a trauma for me. Unable to hold back anymore, tears began falling out of my eyes. After a short while, I was summoned by the principal in the head office:

"On the basis of your overall excellent academic performance, the school committee has decided to give you full marks in the practical and compensation will also be done. But this kind of criminal act is unacceptable in any condition. So if you suspect any of your class fellows for the theft, you can take their name without any hesitation." She patted on my shoulder reassuringly.

After getting a negative reply by me on the suspicion matter, I was handed over a complete and tidy journal of a top student of the previous batch so that I could prepare for the upcoming assessments. Even though I was fairly paid back by the authorities over my loss, I still couldn't get over the tragedy because of my sensitive nature. It badly affected my health and I attended all my exams in an extremely weak condition.

Thanks to Almighty Allah that in spite of all the difficulties and intrigues to pressurize as well as

discourage me, I secured first class first position in the whole town. At that time the Quranic verse echoed in my mind: "If Allah helps you, none can overcome you; and if He forsakes you, who is there after Him that can help you? And in Allah (Alone) let believers put their trust." (Surah Al-Imran)

Cutting to the point, the memory of that disturbing period had become vivid at last with the passage of time. And here I was holding my journal after a year or more, feeling my old resentment flaring up again, even though it was very kind of them to return it after I had almost forgotten about it and that too in the same condition as it was on the day it was stolen.

Never saw or heard of such a considerate thief! I thought sarcastically.

As I lifted up the cover of the journal, a brown envelope slipped out with my name boldly written on the top. I glared at it as if the mysterious appearance of my journal was not enough of a torture for me. There was a short message typed on the paper which was folded inside:

A week later...

While performing my duty of checking the classes during recess time, I came across my own class. The door was slightly open and a faint murmuring sound was coming from inside. Upon concentrating, I perceived a hoarse voice that was undoubtedly Sarah's, one of my best friends. She was speaking in a low tone but loud enough to be heard by me.

"Are you sure that she won't figure out that it was you who stole her journal after you have left the note?"

"No! She will not get any clue as I had typed the letter instead of writing it in my handwriting otherwise she would have guessed right away. I don't think..."

"Ahem!" I stepped in. The duo was startled by my sudden emergence as they didn't expect me to come there in my duty hours.

With Sarah, there was Maham, my competitor. It was more of a shock for me because I couldn't even imagine that the evil-doer could be her. This trust was due to the reason that we never

As I lifted up the cover of the journal, a brown envelope slipped out with my name boldly written on the top. I glared at it as if the mysterious appearance of my journal was not enough of a torture for me.

"I know that because of me, it became an uphill climb for you to succeed in the last class. I sincerely apologize for my mistake and as I won't be able to get on good terms with you ever again if I tell my name so it has to be kept confidential. I beg you to forget everything that happened regarding this. Yours truly."

I was rather dubious at that moment. I couldn't decide whether to be happy with getting the journal back or to snoop around to find the culprit and solve the mystery. In the end, I finally chose the first one to just be satisfied and thankful that my long lost thing was finally recovered.

fought and were always nice to each other.

"Why did you do that?" I asked, trying to control the raging storm inside.

"Ayesha! I am so sorry. I know I was wrong but I was afraid that you would get more points than me and secure a better position. That is why I did this, stealing your journal so you would fail. However in the end, you won and I lost. That's when I realized that one can't win by using treacherous means. I-I didn't know how to face you so I kept it a secret and requested you to do the same or my reputation would be ruined." Maham burst out crying.

As a matter of fact, it was a difficult decision

Continued on pg 19

Hadhrat Jareer bin Abdullah رضي الله عنه

Zawjah Junaid Mukaty reflects on the trials n triumphs of a beloved Sahabah, Hadhrat Jareer bin Abdullah رضي الله عنه

It was Ramadan of the tenth year of migration right before the victory of Makkah when a delegation from Bajali tribe came to Prophet ﷺ with the intention of accepting Islam. Something amazing was witnessed that day; Prophet ﷺ left his place upon their arrival and offered his robe for the chief of that delegation stating, “When the leader of the tribe comes to you, treat him as he deserves.” This lucky young handsome man was Hadhrat Jareer bin Abdullah whose ancestors were also the rulers of Yemen.

Though he had accepted Islam in the last blessed days of Prophet’s ﷺ life but the impression that he attained was everlasting. His generosity and philanthropy for the Muslim Ummah is finely articulated in the books of history. Not only this, he proved to be a gallant warrior too. Though he did not get the opportunity to participate in any battle along with Prophet ﷺ but he played important role as a soldier in the era of Rashidun Caliphs. He preached Islam to his tribe and succeeded in demolishing the idols and constructing mosques there.

Once while he was in the presence of Prophet ﷺ, he briefed about his struggle for Islam. Prophet ﷺ appreciated it and expressed his

delight, but on the same time he felt grieved because of Dhul Khalasa’s idols. Dhul Khalasa was the centre of tyrannical and autocratic activities in Yemen, also known as “Yemenite Ka’aba” or “Southern Ka’aba” because the temple over there was built to rival the Ka’aba in Makkah. Prophet ﷺ assigned him the duty of demolishing the idols there which was definitely not an easy task. But folded in love of Prophet ﷺ, he rushed towards the skirmish with a small troop of Muslims. He was met with a lot of resistance but he and the Muslims fighting under his leadership fought fearlessly and boldly and washed away the infidelity there.

Some narrations report that Hadhrat Jareer burnt down the den of fornication for ever and sent the news to Prophet ﷺ through Abu Artah while the others report that he gave the glad tidings to Prophet ﷺ himself. Prophet ﷺ was immensely pleased with the news and asked Allah for blessings and barakah five times for those who participated in this combat.

Hadhrat Jareer رضي الله عنه, like other companions of Prophet ﷺ, loved and respected his Apostle ﷺ extraordinarily, their grief was uncontrollable on the departure of Prophet ﷺ from this world. Hadhrat Jareer was in Yemen that day

Prophet ﷺ assigned him the duty of demolishing the idols there which was definitely not an easy task. But folded in love of Prophet ﷺ, he rushed towards the skirmish with a small troop of Muslims

but as soon as he heard the news after three days, he left for Madinah. On his way he also heard that Hadhrat Abu Bakr ؓ had been selected as the first Caliph therefore, on his arrival there, he pledged his allegiance on his hands and returned to Yemen, his hometown, once again.

Hadhrat Jareer had requested Prophet ﷺ to gather the dispersed tribes of Banu Bajali but before it could receive approval, Prophet ﷺ left his people. He again presented his wish in front of Hadhrat Abu Bakr but it went on pending because Hadhrat Abu Bakr had to face quite a lot of difficulties after the demise of Prophet ﷺ which kept him occupied. Then in thirteenth year of migration, during Hadhrat Umar's caliphate, battle of Jasnabud fought against Persians took place in which many Muslims along with their commander, Hadhrat Abu Ubaid Thaqfi received martyrdom. Hadhrat Umar ignited the Arab tribes through his forerunners to be ready for Islam in any way. At that crucial moments, Hadhrat Jareer again put forward his request which was immediately put into action and tribes of Banu Bajali were gathered and given under the leadership of Hadhrat Jareer.

Hadhrat Jareer was honoured to lead a huge army which had to join Hadhrat Masna, who replaced Hadhrat Abu Ubaid Thaqfi at Baweeb. Hadhrat Jareer with Hadhrat Masna led the huge army and gave their enemies a serious defeat. Thousands were killed while fleeing the battlefield and thousands drowned in the river. This was the first battle of Hadhrat Jareer fought after Islam.

His second battle was of Qadsiyyah fought with Hadhrat Sa'ad bin Abi Waqqas against the Persians. Strong opponent leader, Rostam and his army collapsed in front of brave and lionhearted commanders of Islam and opened doors to further territories. This proves that a Momin is always brave and strong; may Allah bless our Ummah with those mettlesome qualities once again.

Hadhrat Usman appreciated his services to Islam and Muslims and therefore he appointed him as the Governor of Hamdan. His services during the caliphate of Hadhrat Ali are also numerous. His life was full of adventures but every soul has to say goodbye to this world, same way he also left in fifty fourth Hijra in Qairqissiya leaving behind four sons.

May Allah Ta'ala grant us too a rational and pragmatic approach towards life where we can evaluate the right from wrong. The evil has spread its paws everywhere but each one of us has to be a Momin who is sensible enough not to fall for anything that is harmful to their Imaan ●

Continued from pg 17

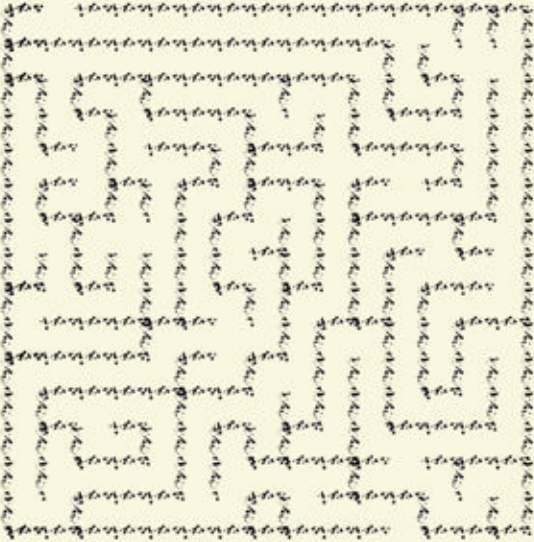
for me on what to do after the theft was finally revealed and confessed. There were two possibilities. One was to tell the school authorities straight away and get her punished or to forgive her for all the hardships I had to deal with. Eventually, I went with the later one after literally fighting with my inner self.

What would you have done, if you were in my place? ●

screws
bolts

BE A'MAZED

Its time for Fajr Salah. Help Abdullah get to the Masjid quickly as possible.



Salah is an important part of Islam. Muslims must perform Salah, five times a day. The five prayers are Fajr, Zohr, Asr, Maghrib and Isha. According to Hadith, a person who performs Salah with Jamaat (congregation) will get 27 times more reward than performing it on his own.



KIDS CORNER

MORAL WORD SEARCH

Look for the words listed below.



RESPECT

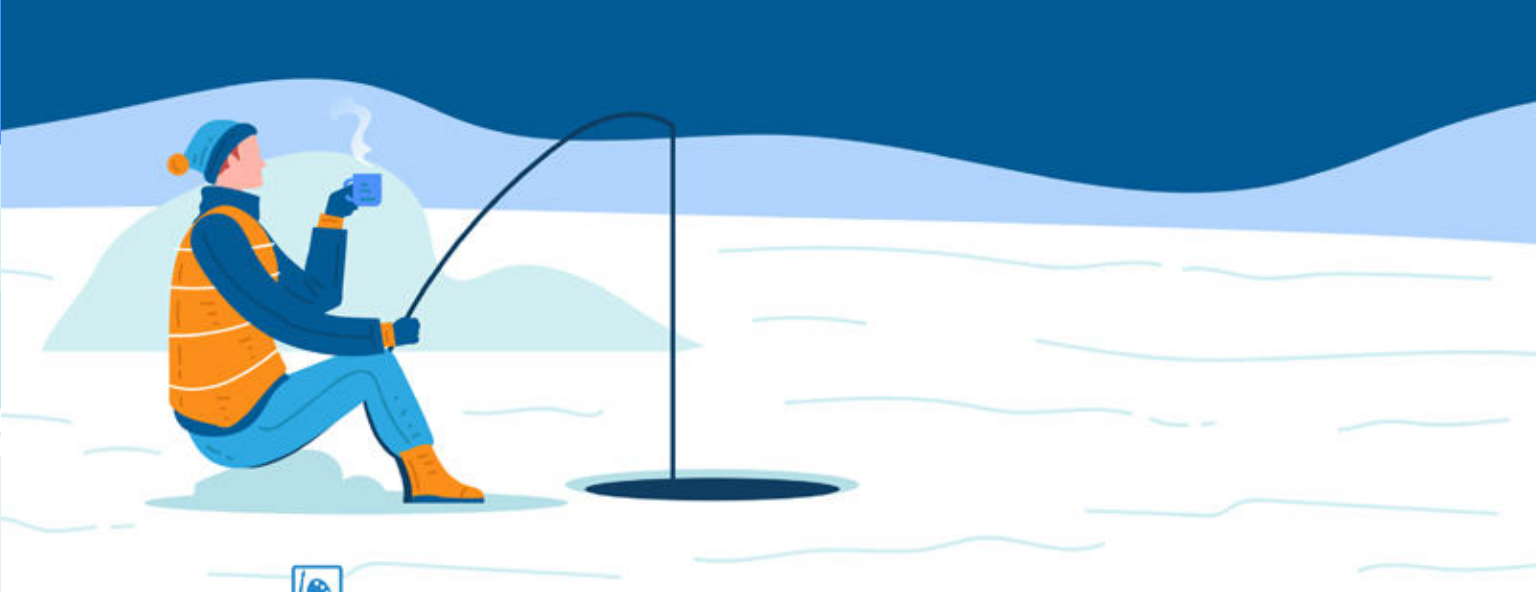
- love
- courage
- kind
- polite
- fair
- decent
- respect
- honest
- generous
- positive
- care
- righteous

WORDSEARCH

I	T	O	P	S	H	A	H	A	D	A	H
S	H	I	U	A	U	V	T	B	L	X	V
L	Z	A	K	A	H	K	Z	X	B	Z	P
A	J	O	U	B	P	M	I	Q	R	H	I
M	H	W	S	P	H	A	J	J	S	L	
Y	G	S	S	A	G	O	C	S	S	A	L
P	C	C	V	L	F	I	V	E	H	B	A
S	A	W	M	A	H	K	I	Z	S	K	R
H	E	E	R	H	L	L	T	I	R	F	S


CAN YOU FIND THESE WORDS ?


- FIVE
- PILLARS
- SHAHADAH
- SALAH
- ZAKAH
- SAWM
- HAJJ
- ISLAM





Flag Crossword


Identify Country of flag & complete the crossword


1 ↓ 


3 ↓ 


7 ↓ 


5 → 


6 → 

4 → 

8 → 

2 ↓ 

9 → 

10 → 

Crossword Grid:

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  1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
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School Lesson Is A Life Lesson

It was a bright day when a group of students of Grade 8 were on their way to the school, howling and buzzing around in the bus. They waved byes to their parents and as the bus drove off, they all started chit chatting with each other, having the usual gossips about the school and the studies they were forced to do, back biting about the struggling teachers when suddenly one of them realized he forgot one of his course books at home.

Ahh! The very usual scenario with children forgetting their books at home for apparently no reason but never forgetting to eat their food. Dylan remembered all of sudden that their Social Science teacher had asked them to bring their Geography books along with them the next day as it was their first class of Geography in the new session. What a mishap for any student to go through in a new session?! Well anyway! These kids were not new with this trend. Dylan banged his head on his bag for a moment, when all his friends realized that they as well had forgotten to bring the same books with them.

Nobody knew that this was going to happen because every time when one forgets any book, we expect others to at least have brought the same book with them, but this was a different case

now. Dylan and his friends were so busy enjoying their school life days and the new teenage life that they didn't regret not bringing the required book. Now the time came when they had to enter the school.

To their misfortune, the very first class of the day was Geography. The first 10 minutes of the class were invested in having an introduction with the subject in a new class. Dylan, Maya, Amy, and Jake didn't know what was going to happen next, when suddenly the teacher held the chalk and wrote on the board the name of the very first chapter 'MAPS'. She asked the students to take out their books and when she noticed the four boys not having their books, she punished them to stand at the back of the class for not bringing the book. Their faces knew no guilt and apprehension for not obeying the teacher's words and instead they were giggling.

The teacher started explaining the first half of the chapter thoroughly. Throughout the 35 minutes period nothing touched the four kids to say sorry for their mistake or even listen to a single word of the lesson she taught. They had the same old attitude of arrogance and ignorance.

As soon as the school ended and they reached their homes, they got a glimpse of the mails they

had received from school. They got worried if the teacher had registered a complaint regarding their disobedience when they took a breath of relief after reading the heading of the notice which said 'SUMMER SCHOOL AT COMPOLLE UNIVERSITY'. It was a ten-day hostel summer camp with students getting to learn about their favourite subjects and content apart from the school knowledge in a very famous and hyped university. The four kids were granted permission for the camp and had already started their packing to leave by the upcoming Sunday from the school. It was a time for the students to reach out their maximum extends of surviving without parents and dealing with real life situations for ten days, experiencing a university life.

The day had arrived when they were supposed to leave. The four kids were all set to start their new journey in a university. The moment they entered the university, they were awed by the humongous campus they had ever seen in life. The campus and the infrastructure were unimaginably gigantic and mesmerising when to their unexpected thoughts, their parents were told to see off their kids and the students were supposed to clear the university documents themselves. After the completion of the documents, all the students were given a jute bag which had essentials like their identity card, a writing pad, a folder and a map of the campus of the university.

It was a new day at the University. They got up all ready, had their breakfast on time and were all set to leave for their respective classes when they figured that they all had different venues to reach and had nobody to guide them to their venues but a 'MAP'. They panicked and hassled thinking what if they couldn't reach on time and get suspended for the rest of the ten days since it was a very strict university. The campus was like an ocean for them to pass by and reach out to their venues when one of them thought of taking help of the map. They opened the map and were awe-struck looking at the different paths and creeds and landmarks. They started

with utterly no clue as to how to use the map because they had skipped the MAPS lesson at school.

Three days after Dylan and Amy had mapped the entire university map, they encountered an unexpected mishap. They were walking by on the campus roads when two strangers passed by them and stopped at a distance. They came nearer and asked Dylan and Amy if they knew the way to the University Auditorium Hall II. Dylan and Amy successfully passed this event with their three-day success story of reading, learning and understanding the map and walked off happily when Amy put her hand in her pocket to look at the time on her phone and realized that her phone was missing. They checked and found out that their money, devices and watches were all missing. With a sudden snap, Dylan caught the robbery that had been done to them by the two strangers. While Dylan and Amy were explaining the way to the University Auditorium II to the strangers, the robbers had slid accessories from their pockets and put them in their bags.

The strangers rushed as soon as they did their robbery. But Dylan and Amy were aware that the strangers had to go to the auditorium and if not there, then running outside the campus was also difficult for them, considering tackling the guards and sneaking away. Since Dylan and Amy had studied the map for an entire night so well that they could create visual images of the same map in their minds, they managed to get the robber's caught red-handed using short cuts and symbols to follow from the map pictured in their mind.

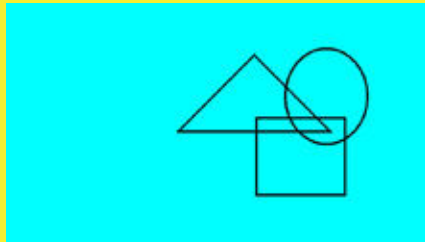
It was a great camp Dylan, Maya, Amy and Jake attended and learnt that school lessons are taught for life lessons and that one should never joke around what the teachers teach in class. A map is a requirement for one on a daily basis to tackle any hardship in life with silent directions to follow and comprehend

Math challenges



1. Easier by the dozen

Place the numbers from 1 to 12 as follows:
 The odd numbers go in the triangle. The even numbers go in the circle. The numbers that are divisible by three go in the square.
 How will this look?

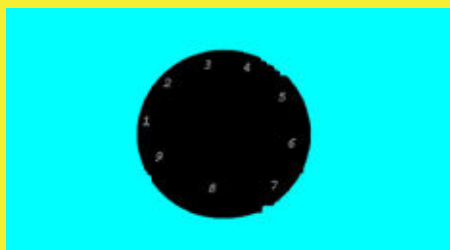


2. Waiting in line

At the local sandwich shop, every customer who enters is given a number. On one particularly busy lunch hour, customers 17 through 31 were waiting to be called. If you counted up all the waiting customers, how many would there be?

3. The magic circle

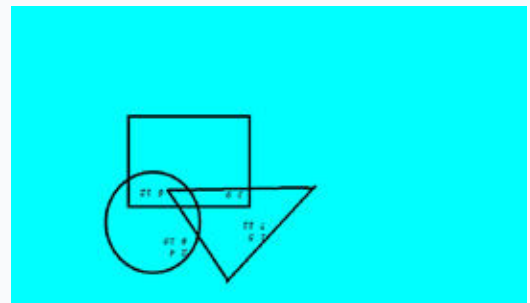
The numbers 1 through 9 are arranged in a circle. Can you divide the numbers into three groups-not changing the order-so that the sum of the numbers in each group is the same?



numbers in each group equals 15.
 as:
 (9-1-2-3) (4-5-6) (7-8), you can see that

Answer 3: If you can group the numbers

Answer 2: It's easy to guess 14 but the actual answer is 15.



Answer 1:



Timeline of the Makki period from the life of Rasulallah ﷺ
 Lovely assignments completed by the students ma sha'Allah
 in the Seerah course



Umaimah Muhammad
 7 years, Australia



Maisha Alam
 India



Mahrin Hasna
 9 years, Singapore



Binte Misbah



Fatima Rajpoot

Competition or Loyalty?

Concept by Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir





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