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the joys of
submission!

radiance

LIVING AND LOVING THE YOUNG MUSLIM LIFESTYLE



Tired?
Stressed?
You'll feel
better with...

My Umrah:
My Journey
to Islam

Eid-ul-
Adha Quiz

Comic:
Real me Fake me





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Real me fake me

Tired? Stressed?

You'll feel better with...

Sleep? Food? Vitamins? Or with something else...?



Life can be pretty tiring and stressful. Homework, exams, peer group pressure, sibling rivalry, pressure to perform, pressure to succeed and the list goes on.

A healthy lifestyle can help indeed. It is good to eat well, exercise, take nap in the afternoon with the niyyah of implementing upon a Sunnah. But sometimes the issues are deeper than just a healthy lifestyle.

Sometimes our tiredness is more than a lack of sleep. Sometimes our stresses are caused by more than just an upcoming deadline. What do you do then? Where do you turn for help?

It seems that we all have moments in life when we are troubled by the important questions.

Questions like, "What's the point of it all?" "Why should I go on living anyway?" "Does anyone really understand me?" Does anyone really love me?" "Is there any meaning or purpose in life?" "Why is this happening to me?"

If you have ever asked any of these questions you know that the answer must be more than just eat better or exercise more like doctors or psychiatrists most often tell. Check out what the Beloved Prophet ﷺ say about the stress and hardships we face in life: "Verily if Allah loves a people, He makes them go through trials. Whoever is satisfied, for him is contentment, and whoever is angry upon him is wrath." (Tirmidhi)

So we need to trust Allah and come to Him in humble submission, giving our lives to Him as our Master and Saviour. This means learning how to live life the way we were designed to live it. This means not caring for our own desires but those of our Lord, entrusting our entire life to Him. And this doesn't even mean that we give up all our wants! Only those which make our Master unhappy and angry with us.

The blessed first ten days of Dhul Hijjah came to remind us of our obligation as slaves of the Greatest Master there ever can be. But with their passing away, hopefully, the lessons it brought

to us won't disappear into thin air too.

And Allah ﷻ makes a great offer too: "And when my servants ask you concerning me, [tell them] I am indeed near. I respond to the invocation of the supplicant when he calls." (Al Baqarah, 2:187)

Allah doesn't want us to carry our stresses and anxieties by ourselves. He wants us to bring them to Him in our Duas. And as we give Allah our stresses, He will give us His bounties and mercy. Why not give it a try right now? Whatever it is that is bothering you now, pray about it now and see what happens.

We just need to make sure that we don't become impatient, for a Hadith tells: "The invocation of anyone of you is granted (by Allah) as long as he does not show impatience by saying "I have invoked Allah but my request has not been answered." (Sahih Al-Bukhari, Muslim)

Tired? Stressed? You'll feel better with Allah ﷻ, the one who loves you the most, waiting for you to turn to Him

Was'salam,

Bint Zahid

editor.radiance@gmail.com

Assalamualeikum dear Editor,

I'm a recent subscriber of the Radiance magazine and I must say that I'm totally impressed. Never saw such entertaining and inspiring content anywhere. It's a pleasure holding Radiance in one's hands. Maybe because I'm a great book lover, but magazines are more fun as they have shorter stories and other stuff too. I wish you can have more pages in it though so it's all the more engaging. But you would be knowing better, perhaps you want the readers waiting and yearning for it that is why.

Anyways, all I can say is it's a total package full of cool knowledge, wisdom and entertainment.

Keep up the good work.

P.S: You would be happy to know I have introduced Radiance to many of my friends and most of them have also subscribed to it now.

Regards,
Sadia Imtiaz
Lahore

Jazakillah dear Sadia for your kind words and for spreading the word about Radiance. It is Allah's ﷻ infinite mercy and then dedicated readers like you who help us to have more and more people benefit from the radiance of Islam that out spreads from the Radiance magazine Alhamdulillah.

As for increasing the number of pages, well we plan to do so Insha'Allah but our criteria for including articles and stories in the magazine is quite selective and thus need more refined writers for that. Remember us in your duas.

Ed

Assalamualeikum,

I'm writing to you for the first time but I really wanted to praise the superb job that the Radiance team is doing mashAllah. The magazine is very attractive and fantastic with great stories in it. I particularly like to read the stories and poems by young writers who are encouraged by your magazine. I'm a great fan of Radiance and wish to read all its previous issues too, so please let me know if there is any possibility for that.

JazakAllah khair,
Farha Khan
Karachi

Dear Farha,

You can get our previous issues by calling or emailing at the contact provided in the magazine.

Ed

Rewind

Part 2 of 2

A diary by Hafsa Kamal of events past long ago but still somewhere in the back of memory playing their chilling roles

Rewind.

Flash back to grade one. I was outside, strolling in my apartments while cramming chips in my mouth from the oversized packet of chips in my other hands. A girl rushed to me. Crisp brown hair with the sunlight reflecting on it and giving it a strange glow. Her dark eyes were a mesmerising contrast to her fair skin. Her confident demeanour intimidated me. I was never a friend. She never acknowledged me before then. What brought her to me now?

“Hafsa,” she stuck out her index and middle finger together, a gesture we used to signal alliance. I matched the gesture and we struck a sudden, yet strange friendship. She sat with me against the apartments wall and started to gossip about almost every person on the block. I listened quietly. What could I say? I barely knew anyone to pass judgment. I was never the sort anyhow.

“You know that girl in B block?” her hand dug deep into the

packet of crisps in my hands, “she is mentally retarded.”

I could tell but that was nothing to talk about.

She chomped in contemplation before clearing her throat and spoke while reaching out for more crisps, “Her brother is embarrassed of her.”

Suddenly she pulled back and said, “It’s finished.”

I turned the packet upside down. A dust of chips flew as the packet rustled.

“You stay here,” I told her, “I’ll be right back.”

I rushed to my apartment, threw the packet in the bin, patted my dirty hands on my shirt and came out.

Nimrah?

I ran all around the apartments. I even called out her name. No one was in sight.

I suddenly found her climbing some random person's window bars. Another girl lingered below on ground staring at her newfound friend.

"Where were you?" I asked her, "I was looking all over for you!"

"I'm not friends with you anymore Hafsa."

Just like that.

I feel like the list of memories currently flowing

Whatever I have seen other people go through, has affected my own life, in fact.

Allah has always been there with me in every walk of it.

I feel like I'm tumbling on a rocky path. Sometimes I manage to hold myself up. Sometimes I trip and have to struggle to get on my feet all over again. It is so tough to tackle. But knowing what's waiting at the end is totally worth working hard for and gives enough motivation for me to keep on trying.

I feel like if I gave up, I'd be ensnared by the thorns

Her confident demeanour intimidated me. I was never a friend. She never acknowledged me before then. What brought her to me now?

from my mind through my fingers being tapped away to be blot out in virtual ink would go on forever. It is crazy come to think of it, how so many things have created such a deep impact on me. There are small instances that I've already mentioned which occurred far back when I was just a child. Then there are memories of current times. Memories I do not want to type but will always be committed to mind anyway. Then, there are memories in the making. The ones I can see rushing by me, plunging from one chapter to the next. My marriage, my newfound life, the people in it.

I have seen people come and go. I have seen things that matter so much to me turn into vague flickers of what I can't be bothered about. I have had a colossal shift in priorities. So many things have changed.

Everyone is living and telling a different story. Everyone has experienced a different life. Is that why empathy rarely exists? One wonders.

In this chaotic web of interdependence, we emerge as individuals surviving on our own two feet. Except...

My whole life gravitates around the mere fact that whatever experiences and occurrences in my life have passed, there has been wisdom behind it.

of this world. Worldly gains. Worldly status. Just world, period.

I have entered that phase of life. Yes, indeed. The phase where materialistic things, looking good and making the perfect dishes matter. The phase where the room has to be spick-and-span clean with my hair on point at the same time. Pressure to meet expectations of those around me.

It is so strenuous.

Things are stressful only because I allow it to get to me so much. If only I could meet His expectations-His approval.

A sudden thought knocks into me. I remember that one beautiful night when I felt so deeply connected to Allah. I had flashbacks and rewind my entire life just to see myself and feel myself all over again. Who was I? What sort of person had I been?

Late conversations with Allah echoed my mind. I sort of cringe at the way I used to talk to Allah. Childish pleas and complaints surfaced my recollections. However, I need to cut myself some slack. I was just a teen. A really confused, but devoted teen. A teen that fell and rose, but never gave up.

Continued on pg 14

His pleasure alone

With the thrill of a refreshing story, Umm Muhammad explains how we can fulfil an important hadith on intentions and reap Allah's rewards, so that He may be pleased with us

Insha'Allah

'Is it true that magnetic personalities like mine, *ehem ehem*, attract negativity? Or maybe it has something to do with trouble naturally following some people,' thought Ahmad, as he trudged back from school, his head hung deep into his chest.

Here's the deal. It was nearly the end of school's academic year and the teacher announced that there hasn't been a considerable amount collected in the donation box. At the start of the term, the children were asked to put in whatever little they can so no one gets to know what they were putting into it. Nor would they feel obliged to chip in if they can't.

However, today when the teacher told them about it, Ahmad instantly saw this as an opportunity to gain easy fame with his classmates and the

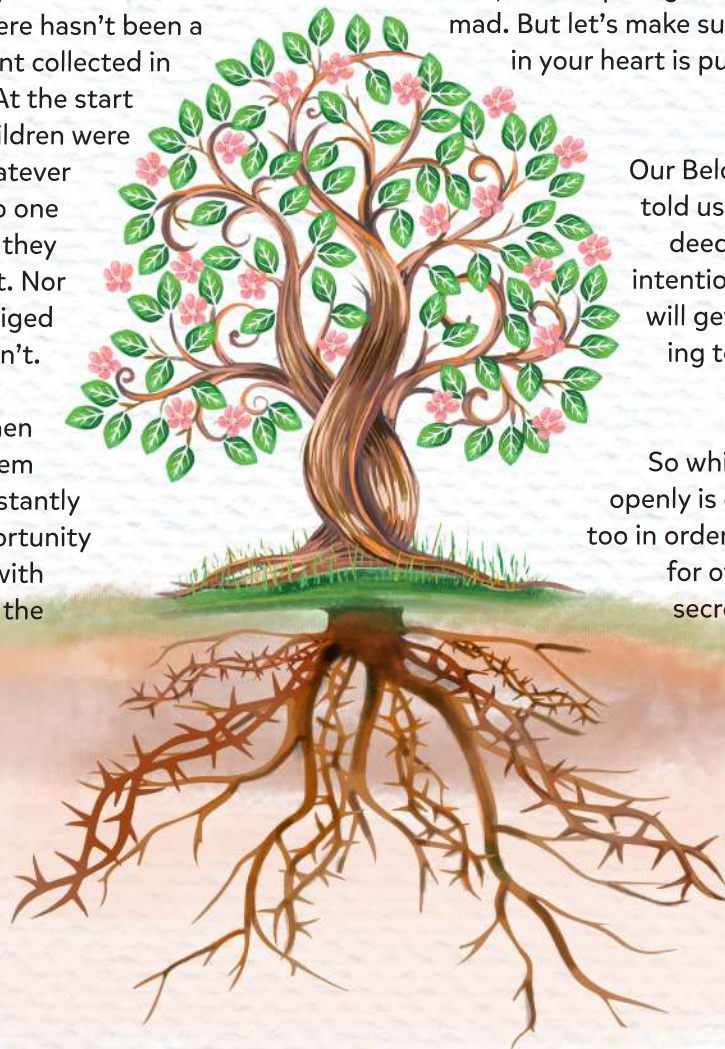
teacher. So he went up to the teacher and handed her some money.

"Here Miss, I want to give up my lunch money to go in the donation box," he declared proudly and rather loudly (so everyone could hear him).

"Oh, that is quite generous of you dear Ahmad. But let's make sure that the intention in your heart is purely for the pleasure of Allah ﷻ."

Our Beloved Prophet ﷺ has told us that, 'The reward of deeds depends upon the intentions and every person will get the reward according to what he has intended.'

So while sometimes giving openly is encouraged by Allah too in order to be an inspiration for others, giving money secretly is comparatively



a safer way in order to make sure that our intention was solely for Allah's pleasure. And that is the idea behind this donation box; it was meant to help us keep our good deeds secret and pure.

Giving money secretly would mean your intention was solely for Allah while giving it in front of others might have an amalgamated desire of showing off to people too. Sometimes it may be hard for we may have the intention of appearing good before people. In such cases, remember Allah's reward is greater than what we can gain here and we shall get only according to our intentions."

Beloved Hadith

إِنَّمَا الْأَعْمَالُ بِالنِّيَّةِ
وَإِنَّمَا لِأَمْرِي مَا نَوَيْ

"The reward of deeds depends upon the intentions and every person will get the reward according to what he has intended."

Bukhari :: Book 1 :: Volume 1 :: Hadith 1

Quiz Time

Insha'Allah by making the appropriate niyyah for each of our action, we can turn our routine activities into activities with rewardable deeds, so they become acts of ibadah too.

What intention can you have when:

- Waking up in the morning?

- Brushing teeth?
- Visiting relatives and friends?

Answers

- **Waking up in the morning:**

I wake up so that my day will be filled with worshipping Allah.

I wake up to help people.

I wake up in the morning to make Fajr salah.

- **Brushing teeth:**

I am doing this to please Allah for Allah loves cleanliness.

I am following the sunnah (especially by using miswak before prayers and arriving at home). Being clean and presentable will help me do dawah.

To give people a good impression of Islam.

- **Visiting relatives and friends:**

I want to rekindle the relationships.

I want to say salam and get rewards for it.

I want to shake their hands and may my sins fall off due to this act.

You may brainstorm for more intentions for each act that you perform during the day. By making multiple intentions we can add more rewards to our daily activities Insha'Allah

Riddles

What am I?

Pronounced as one letter and written with three, two letters there are and two only in me. I'm double, I'm single. I'm black, blue and grey. I'm read from both ends and the same either way. What am I?

My answer will cause you pain.
But a smile you will gain.
Today I am like a July evening dream.
To find my answer you may need a team.
What am I?

The first on Earth

I am the first on Earth,
The second in Heaven,
I appear two times in a week,
you can only see me once in a year
Although I am in the middle to the sea.
What am I?

The hidden secret

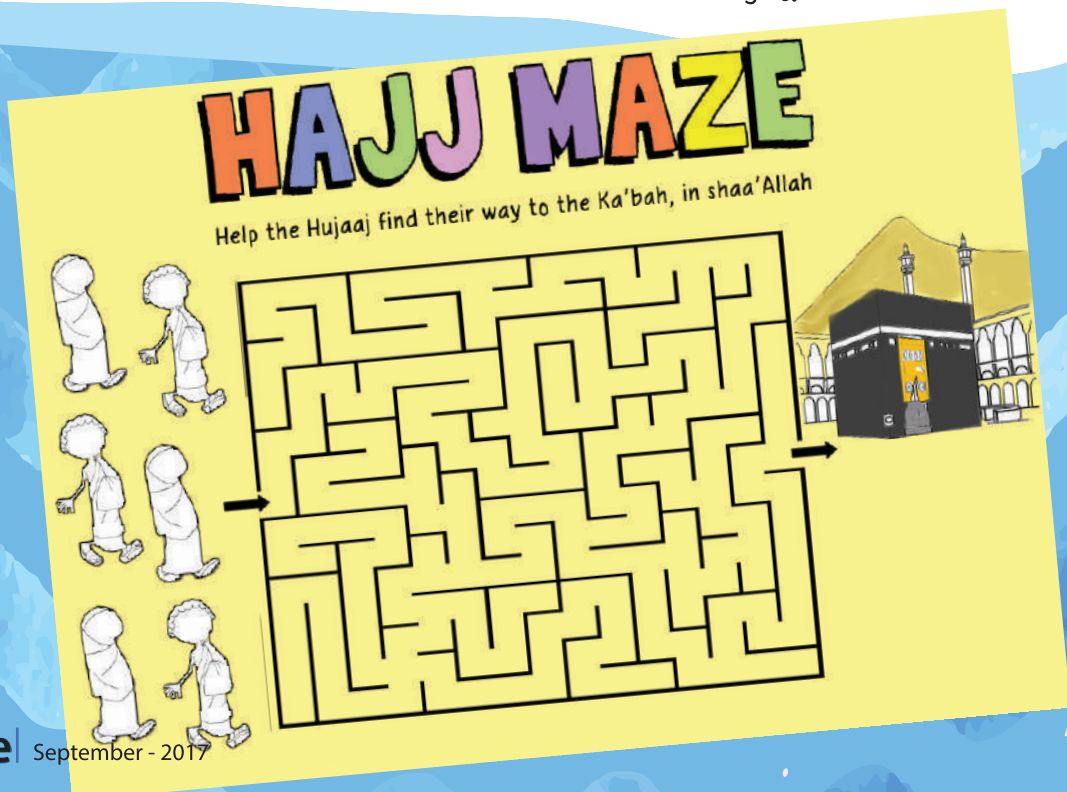
I have wood but no bark,
leaves that don't fall,
I am made up of branches,
and I come in sizes of all.
I am completely devoured many times,
over and over by a worm of a kind.
If you desire to know the answer of mine,
look for the secret that I've stored inside.
What am I?

Take your time

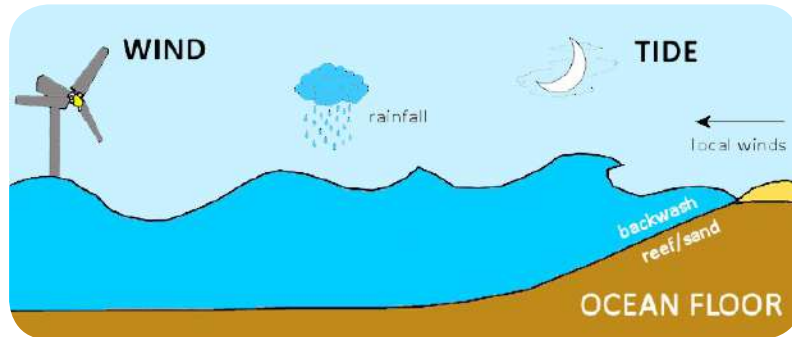
Take your time do not fear.
Sadly I am never clear.
My answer stares you in the face.
Read me over and over just in case.

Dark as night

Follower of man,
Dark as night,
A trained Choreographer,
Comes after light.



How are ocean waves made?



Most waves are caused by the wind. As air blows across a water surface, there is a little friction between the air and water. That tends to slow down the lowest layer of air and drag along some of the upper layers of water. A blowing wind does not blow smoothly. Almost always it is gusty or churning around. So the drag on the surface is uneven. That's enough to make little waves. Once there are little waves, the wind pushes against them to make bigger waves.

As the wind goes farther and farther across the ocean, the waves get bigger and farther apart. The waves can travel a great distance. They can keep going after the winds that started them have died. In fact, ocean waves usually keep going until they reach the shore.

fun experiment

Make your own waves! Place a plastic plate on the kitchen drain board or take it outside. Fill the plate almost to the top with water. Then get close and blow across the surface of the plate. Now you can see why wind and waves go together!

An eye
Letter 'E'
The riddle
The bookstore
A shadow

Answers

heavenly
highs



My Umrah: My Journey to Islam

Zohra Noushin Ahmed reminisces about her trip of a lifetime, the journey that changed her life... it all happened one fine summer day

There was a time I used to think that Allah was an omnipresence; a vague notion humans believed in to give their life meaning because their existence otherwise made no sense. Allah was the ever present Listener of their grief when they had no one else to turn to; a counselor conveniently available at hand to weep one's woes to. He was the Silent Witness to everything that was happening; unable to do much else except silently watch as the world

burned itself to the ground. There was a time the word "God" to me was representative of man's bleak hope in a future that increasingly seemed as dark as his past.

I remember long discussions with friends about social freedom, equality and rights for all – reflected off of a religion we barely understood or even bothered to understand. It would have been too

I didn't understand it either; this sudden thought about Umrah in my head, this excitement that was building up to a crescendo, this feeling that this could actually happen.

much effort. Being agnostic is easy; one never has to do much else except sit on a fence and ponder the creation of the universe, without actually seeing the evidence for said a Creator. I remember restlessness deep within the crevices of my soul; a restlessness that only grew worse as time passed, a restlessness that I could never outrun or stop feeling, no matter how much I tried to understand its cause.

Music became my life. I would listen to music constantly, from the time I'd wake up in the morning until the time I'd go to sleep at night with the earphones still in my ears, churning out one song after another. I would wake up to realise the ipod was still playing music in my ears. I had nearly 3000 songs in my Ipod; different genres, because I could never truly settle for one. I was addicted to music. It seemed to give my life meaning when nothing else made sense. My emotions would reflect the music I would listen to: if I was happy, pop would be the genre my eyes would search, anger would bring out the blasting tunes of Heavy Metal, while melancholy would be accompanied by the sad tunes of blue; the list is endless. Music would also affect how I reacted to the different people and situations in my life. Sometimes, I would just think about certain songs and their beats to either calm myself down or gear myself up for a fight. Music was my world. It was my drive. It was everything to me.

Despite leading a very busy (and in most ways a very fulfilling) life, there was always something missing. And deep down, that feeling never truly went away. I became increasingly enraged at the smallest of provocations, it was like I was looking for excuses to get into fights; if things did not go my way I would "rebel" and feel proud to own the act. I know I drove my parents to near distraction;

and I can only ask Allah ﷻ for forgiveness and His mercy for both them and myself. They were very patient with me throughout the entire "phase" that they hoped would end soon; never judging, never asking questions. May Allah ﷻ grant them both a long happy life. Ameen.

It was the most random thought that came to my head one day as I sat at work, typing away in front of my computer. My father and I are lucky to work in the same office together; and he sits very close to where I sit. I just looked up across the room at his side (thankfully no one else was there at the time), and said to him, "Why don't we go for Umrah? Everybody is going!"

He looked at me as if I'd lost my mind. How would we go to Umrah at the peak of the season, when everyone else had been planning their trip for months? "Umrah?" he asked, clearly bewildered.

"Just try!" I urged him on; quickly passing on the contact details of the travel agent my friend had just messaged me. I didn't understand it either; this sudden thought about Umrah in my head, this excitement that was building up to a crescendo, this feeling that this could actually happen. This trip was for me. I just knew it. How, I don't know. But the vague notion that Allah was calling me wouldn't go away.

It's unbelievable how things turned out. It took us three days to get all our documents approved and the visas in our hands, a couple more days for my aunt to fly in from the U.S.A specifically to look after my grandfather (who lived with us at the time) and one more day to delegate all last minute tasks at the work place. We were in the air in the next few days, flying towards Saudi Arabia. Everything just fell into place. What

Every fibre of my being felt his presence then
– and I ran. I ran all the way back to my hotel
room and wrapped my arms around my
mother and cried.

normally should have been a mountainous task took care of itself. Like an Unseen Hand was acting as the guiding force for all these events.

We reached Medina first; and my illation knew no bounds when I saw that our room looked out at the Masjid-e-Nabawi. It was beautiful; peace emanating from every side. What's weird is that my parents, usually so careful and watchful over me, became the most carefree souls I had ever seen. They let me walk out of the hotel and around the Masjid and the market place on my own; completely secure in the belief that I would return on time. It was a rich experience; being free to explore the dark corners of my soul.

It was our second day in the beautiful city of Rasool Allah ﷺ and I was alone when I stepped inside the gates of the Masjid. I remember breathing in the air, feeling it was different from the rest of the world somehow. The people hurried across the grounds, all worshippers come from across the world to pay their respects. It was magical.

As I walked towards the golden entrance of the Masjid, I remembered my father's advice: 'Say Salam to Rasool Allah ﷺ when you get there.' And so I always said as I passed underneath the giant umbrellas, heading towards the entrance steps. When I came out after offering my prayers a little while later, I once again said, "Salam ya Rasool Allah" on my way towards the exit; and my heart almost stuttered to a stop when I felt a greeting in return. I don't know how else to explain it; the hair on the back of my neck stood on end, every fibre of my being felt his presence then – and I ran. I ran all the way back to my hotel room and wrapped my arms around my mother and cried. I didn't understand what had happened, and I was afraid. My mother cried with me, assuring me that it was all right; there was nothing wrong with me. My father,

when he came later, shrugged off the experience like it was no big deal; because he would experience the same each time

Continued from pg 07

Those talks. That blissful feeling of spiritual oblivion. It's so hard to describe it. I haven't felt it ever since.

I recall my routine just two years back. Tahajjud, Ishraq, Chasht, Quran, Zhikr... Where did it all go now? Do I have an excuse?

I could justify all I want but I don't. I know that I don't have an excuse. Not a legit one anyway.

I yearn for that feeling. I crave those lone conversations.

I came across all sorts of people in my life. People who tried to exploit me. I have undergone events that have disappointed me. I have caught the brunt of betrayal from a young age- being naïve and gullible.

The truest friend I possibly could ever have and will is Allah alone.

Allah, don't let go of me. All my life, you stuck by me. Please continue to stay by my side and accept me to endeavour on Your Path even now. Aameen.

FOUR THINGS TO DO IN THE BLESSED 10 DAYS OF DHUL HIJJAH

1. Fasting the nine days of Dhul Hijjah

Fasting on the day of Arafah is an expiation for the sins of the previous as well as the following year. *(Muslim)*

2. Offering the Qurbani (sacrifice of a livestock animal)

"It is not their meat, nor their blood, that reaches Allah, It is their piety that reaches Allah." *(Al-Hajj: 37)*

3. Reciting Tasbeeh, Tahmeed, Tahleel and Takbeer abundantly

SubhanAllah, Alhamdulillah, Laa Ilaha Ill-Allah, Allahu Akbar *(Sunnah)*

4. Doing more good deeds than usual

The Prophet ﷺ said there are no days in which righteous deeds are more beloved to Allah than these ten days [of Dhul Hijjah]. *(Sunan Ibn Majah)*



Labbaik
ya
Allah

radiance



Broken headlights

A black dog stands in the middle of an intersection in a town painted black. None of the street lights are working due to a power failure caused by a storm. A car with two broken headlights drives towards the dog but turns in time to avoid hitting him. How could the driver have seen the dog in time?

At the carnival

A boy was at a carnival and went to a booth where a man said to the boy, "If I write your exact weight on this piece of paper, then you have to give me \$50 but if I cannot, I will pay you \$50." The boy looks around and sees no scale so he agrees, thinking no matter what the carny writes he'll just say he weighs more or less. In the end, the boy ended up paying the man \$50. How did the man win the bet?

Thirsty friends

You have a large number of friends coming over and they all get thirsty. Your first friend asks for $\frac{1}{2}$ a cup of water. Your second friend asks for $\frac{1}{4}$ a cup of water. Your third friend asks for $\frac{1}{8}$ a cup of water, etc. How many cups of water are required for 20 friends if they keep asking for water like this?

- Answers
- 1) Who said it happened during the night?
 - 2) The man did exactly as he said he would and wrote "your exact weight" on the paper.
 - 3) Just one. If your friends kept asking for water like this forever one cup would be enough.

Eid-ul- Adha Quiz

Hope you all had a great time playing with your goats, sheep, cows etc and then enjoying with your family on the blessed day of Eid. Now it is time to check out how well you know about this great festival of Eid ul Adha, so exercise your brain muscles and answer the questions below.

1. The first day of Eid-UI-Adha is held on the 10th day of this Islamic month.
 - a. Ramadan
 - b. Dhul Hijjah
 - c. Dhul Qadah
2. The animals sacrificed during Eid-UI-Adha are known as:
 - a. Udhiyah
 - b. Sheep
 - c. Eidi
3. Eid-UI-Adha is the festival of:
 - a. Sacrifice
 - b. Brotherhood
 - c. Prayer
4. The Eid prayer consists of:
 - a. 2 units
 - b. 4 units
 - c. 6 units
5. Eid-UI-Adha is observed during the days of:
 - a. Fasting
 - b. Hajj
 - c. Zakat
6. Eid-UI-Adha commemorates the great sacrifice of this Prophet.
 - a. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ
 - b. Hadhrat Isa ﷺ
 - c. Hadhrat Ibrahim ﷺ



7. About animal sacrifice, it is said in the Holy Quran: "Their flesh reaches not Allah, nor does their blood, but it is your _____ that reaches Him". Fill in the blank.

- a. Knife
- b. Love
- c. Righteousness

8. When Hadhrat Ibrahim عليه السلام asked Hadhrat Ismail عليه السلام about fulfilling his dream of sacrificing his son, what was Hadhrat Ismail's reaction?

- a. He was hesitant and asked his father to think about it.
- b. He was a bit reluctant.
- c. He didn't show any hesitation even for a moment.

9. Who was the eldest:

- a. Hazrat Yaqub عليه السلام
- b. Hazrat Ismail عليه السلام
- c. Hazrat Ishaq عليه السلام

10. The hajji go to Muzdalifa after staying the whole day at:

- a. Mina
- b. Afarat
- c. Jamaraat

- Answers:
- 1. Dhul Hijjah
 - 2. Udhayah
 - 3. Sacrifice
 - 4. 2 units
 - 5. Hajj
 - 6. Hadhrat Ibrahim
 - 7. Righteousness
 - 8. He didn't show any hesitation even for a moment.
 - 9. Hadhrat Ismail عليه السلام
 - 10. Arafat



Poetry is a worthy expression of emotion, or deep feelings, or a sense of what is beautiful around us. It is a way to understand how language and symbol systems work.

So this time in our Radiance kids Whatsapp club we gave the children a pattern teaching them an easy way which they can go about and thus draft their own ideas into poems. Here are some of the poems written by them... lets check out how well our kids followed Mash'Allah.

Thank you, Allah

by Zahra Ashraf
7 years
London

Thanks to Allah for the world so sweet.
Thank you, Allah, for friends and family.
Together they make my life complete.
Thank you, Allah, for your countless treats.

Summer

Rumaisah Naveed
9 years

| | |
|---|---|
| Summer summer It's time for fun Summer summer Is playing in the hot sun | Summer summer Having ice cream to keep us cool. Summer summer Is almost here Summer summer Best time of the year. |
|---|---|



Butterfly

by Sumaikah Naveed
6 years

| | |
|--|---|
| Butterfly butterfly With beautiful frills, Butterfly butterfly With a body so thin, | Butterfly butterfly Lands on the ground Butterfly butterfly Flies together Butterfly butterfly Tastes the sweet nectar |
|--|---|

Cat

by Ayaan Imran
9 years

| | |
|--|---|
| Cat, Cat Sitting on the mat Cat, Cat Looking so fat | Cat, Cat Eating fish Cat, Cat In a big dish. |
|--|---|

Raindrops

by Noor ul Ard Zubair and SaburZubair
11 and 10 years old
DA Iqra model school

Raindrops, raindrops
On the street
Raindrops, raindrops
On my feet.

Raindrops, raindrops
In the month of June
Raindrops, raindrops
In full moon.

Raindrops, raindrops
Wet my pink bow
Raindrops, raindrops
Make a rainbow.

Raindrops, raindrops
Making me wet
Raindrops, raindrops
Removing all the sweat.

Raindrops, raindrops
Here and there
Raindrops, raindrops
Everywhere.

Raindrops, raindrops.
In the night
Raindrops, raindrops
In every sight.

Raindrops, raindrops
With a cold breeze
Raindrops, raindrops
Made me freeze.

Raindrops, raindrops
In the noon
Raindrops, raindrops
Please come again soon.

Raindrops, raindrops
From North to South
Raindrops, raindrops
Surrounding my house.

Raindrops, raindrops
In the puddles
Raindrops, raindrops
Made many ripples.

Raindrops, raindrops
Spreading happiness
Raindrops, raindrops
Taking away all sadness.

Raindrops, raindrops
It's a chance to pray
Raindrops, raindrops
Before they go away.

Mother



by Rijja Tauseef
8 years

Mother mother,
She is very nice,
Mother mother,
She makes yummy rice.

Mother mother,
She is twenty-seven,
Mother mother,
She is my heaven.

Winter winter,
It's too cold
Winter winter,
Days are short!

Winter winter,
Wear warm clothes
Winter winter,

Eat dry fruits and
hot soup!

Winter winter,
Brings snow
Winter winter,
Makes everything
white and glow.

Winter

by Sarah Kashif
10 years
The Patriots school

fresh
artists



Hafsa Mansoor
4 years



Emaan Ahsan
5 years



Mariyam Mufti

Fatima Mazhar
6 years



Zainab Waseem
4 years



Ushba Waqas
5 years



Hajirah Moin
6 years



Fatima Noorani
Nakhlah, Karachi



Fatima Nazeer

Amina Fatima
11 years
Riyadh



Inshirah Shoab
9 years
The Intellect School



Fatima Asif
8 years
Hyderabad



Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais رضي الله عنه

When the light of Iman enters a heart and engulfs a soul, it brightens the personality inside out! **Zawjah Junaid Mukaty** cites an example of one such beloved companion of the holy Prophet ﷺ

“O Rasulallah! We will protect you from whatever we protect ourselves, our women and our offspring from. We will grant you whatever we grant ourselves and we will consider you from one of us.”

These ensuring words were spoken by Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais ibn Sheemas رضي الله عنه when the Prophet ﷺ migrated to Madinah Munawwara. The people of that city chose him to speak and welcome the Apostle ﷺ on their behalf as he had a nice, well, clear and loud voice. He also had a charming personality which unconsciously drew the attention of people. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ seemed pleased with his charisma and appointed him his spokesman (khateeb) since then.

After pronouncing their commitment on the day of migration, he then asked the Prophet ﷺ what Ansars will get in return.

Messenger ﷺ replied with just a single word, “Jannah”. Can you guess what answer did he get to that? With radiant faces, they all collectively said, “Razeena Ya Rasulallah, Razeena Ya Rasulallah” (We are happy with that O Prophet, We are happy with that O Prophet).

Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais رضي الله عنه was from the Khizraj tribe. He declared his shahadah in front of Hadhrat Musa’ab bin Umair رضي الله عنه, after being mesmerised by the beautiful recitation of the Quran that he did. Hafiz ibn Hijr رضي الله عنه reports him to be Badri companion but according to other reporters, he was not. He was one of the Kaatib e Wahi (Scribe) too. Being Hadhrat Muhammad’s ﷺ spokesman, his main duty was to address the delegations which came to either embrace Islam or learn about it.

In those days, many countries

sent their delegations to have a speech contest in order to show their superiority over their opponents. Hadhrat Thabit رضي الله عنه always proved to be better than all those who came to Madinah Munawwara. In the ninth year of migration, a delegation of Banu Tamim came to Madinah to accept Islam. It comprised of 80 notable and noble people who placed a condition before accepting Islam. They wanted to hold a speech and poetry contest. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ nominated Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais رضي الله عنه as his spokesman and Hadhrat Hassaan bin Thabit رضي الله عنه as his poet. At the end of the day, the people of Banu Tamim were thoroughly convinced that Khateeb of Muhammad ﷺ was better than their Khateeb and his poet was better than their poet.

Hadhrat Thabit رضي الله عنه had an interpersonal intelligence with outstanding communication skills and prominent character. He was

After pronouncing their commitment on the day of migration, he then asked the Prophet ﷺ what Ansars will get in return. Messenger ﷺ replied with just a single word, “Jannah”. Can you guess what answer did he get to that?

well-dressed and had a decent lifestyle, but he was neither arrogant nor proud. He was a pious, God-fearing and a true Momin who always restrained himself from any act which would displease Allah ﷻ. When the ayah of Surah Luqman was revealed where Allah ﷻ said, ‘Allah does not like those who are boastful,’ he looked worried and daunted. Prophet Muhammad ﷺ asked him the reason on which he said that he was afraid that he would be destroyed. He was truly admired by the people and they praised his qualities too. And now he was afraid of being caught in reference to the above ayah. Prophet ﷺ gently assured him and said, are you not happy that you are praised in life, will receive martyrdom and will enter the paradise. With a beaming face, he exclaimed, “Why not, O Rasulallah!” The Prophet ﷺ replied that he would be granted all that.

Those individuals whose ultimate purpose of existence is to seek Allah’s pleasure, always keep a strict eye on their own acts. When the second ayah of Surah Hujuraat was revealed:

يٰۤاَيُّهَا الَّذِيْنَ اٰمَنُوْا لَا تَرْفَعُوْا اَصْوَاتَكُمْ
فَوْقَ صَوْتِ النَّبِيِّ وَلَا تَجْهَرُوْا لَهُۥٓ يٰۤاَقْوَمَ
كَجَهْرِ بَعْضِكُمْ لِبَعْضٍ اَنْ تَحْبَطَ اَعْمَالُكُمْ
وَاَنْتُمْ لَا تَشْعُرُوْنَ ﴿٢٠﴾

In it, Allah ﷻ prohibited Muslims to raise their voice above the Prophet’s ﷺ voice lest their deeds

would be wasted and they would not even know, Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais ؓ restricted himself in his house. When he was found absent from the Prophet’s ﷺ court, Hadhrat Sa’ad bin Mu’az ؓ went to see him and upon his return, informed Prophet ﷺ that he was grief-stricken and heartbroken. He said he had a loud voice which usually rose in front of the Prophet ﷺ and he was afraid this ayah was for him. He was afraid that his deeds would be wasted and he would be from the people of Hell. Hadhrat Muhammad ﷺ told him to go and inform him that he was not from among the people of Hell but he was from among the people of Paradise. Therefore he was given the glad tidings of Jannah in his life for which he was very happy.

Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais ؓ participated in every battle except the Battle of Badr. He knew he would be martyred and felt very excited for it in every campaign but martyrdom always smilingly crossed him untouched. During Hadhrat Abu Bakr’s ؓ caliphate, Musaylimah, The Liar declared prophet hood. The brave followers of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ could not stand this blasphemous step and declared war against him. The first day of this war was quite difficult for Muslims but their spirits were high. The second day, Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais ؓ addressed the Muslims with great inspiration and thrust himself in the lines of the enemy. He fought gallantly and valiantly and finally the tid-

ings of martyrdom embraced him and he fell down in the battlefield covered with severe injuries.

While fighting he had a valuable armour on him. Somebody had removed it from him after he had died. Another Muslim saw him in his dream where he told him to recover his armour and then sell it and pay back his debt. His will was regarded by Hadhrat Abu Bakar ؓ and his debt was paid off the way he had wished. Thus he was the only companion who made a will after his demise and it was acted upon too.

A magnetic personality is a summation of outward as well as inward virtues. We need to have a righteous heart with a serene brain and then it should be covered with a noble outward presentation to complete the demand of charm. Hadhrat Thabit bin Qais ؓ was honoured with all these traits but he was always humble, pleasant and understanding. May Allah ﷻ also help us to polish our personalities and let us appear as comprehensive Momins. Ameen

Quiz Time

Can you think of a few things by which you can polish your personality? Make sure you don’t displease Allah in any way.

We have read about another companion who was Katib e Wahi in the previous issues. Can you name him?

Real me Fake me

Concept by Umm Sahla and Zawjah Zia

Artwork by Zawjah Jahangir



