

# Al-Islam



## Web Magazine

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Email: [alislam24@gmail.com](mailto:alislam24@gmail.com)  
Website: [alislam24.weebly.com](http://alislam24.weebly.com)

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A photograph of a wooden boardwalk or path winding through a lush, green forest. The path is made of several parallel wooden planks and is covered with fallen leaves and small debris. The surrounding vegetation is dense and vibrant green, with many trees and bushes visible in the background. The lighting is soft, suggesting a shaded forest environment.

# STORIES OF INSPIRATION

# **The Day I Died**

**It was Halloween night. I made plans with my friends Omar and Malik to go watch SAW 3 at a nearby theatre in Santa Monica, California. We were running late and I realized that I had not prayed Isha but I didn't say anything because I did not want to upset the mood. "I'll just pray afterwards," I told myself.**

**I only lived 26 years. My 27th birthday was exactly two weeks away. I always imagined I would live long. At least until age 60. It just wasn't imaginable that I would have such a sudden, unexpected death.**

**I graduated from the University of Southern California three years earlier with a degree that means absolutely nothing right now. Shortly after, I landed a job as the marketing director of a major clothing company. Aside from the usual life problems, I was living a normal life.**

**My girlfriend of 4 years was starting to pressure me into us getting a place together. I knew I wasn't supposed to have a girlfriend in the first place but I enjoyed her company and friendship. I wasn't ready to give that up. I used to always tell myself**

**that eventually I would marry her. Plus, what would these few years of living a sinful life mean by the time I got older?**

**My job, girlfriend and life-friends took up the majority of my time. It seemed I never had time to pray. I hardly even had time to sit down and eat. Offering prayer was always something that irritated me. I did give an effort to keep up on my prayers but for the last two years of my life I gave up. I pretty much stopped praying altogether.**

**I never made it home in time to pray that night. SAW 3 was a walk through the rose garden compared to what I was about to experience. I was doing 80 on the route 10 freeway. At 12 midnight, 80mph is not considered speeding. Omar flipped through FM radio stations searching for the song he liked. Malik had fallen asleep in the back seat. I began to doze off too. I used to hate when that happened. I shook out of what seemed like a 10 second snooze. I tried to keep my eyes open. But again I dozed off.**

**Omar screamed, "HEY!" It was too late. The car struck the centre divider and spun back into the flow of traffic. An on coming car hit my door. That car was also hit by another vehicle. We finally came to a halt somewhere in the middle of the freeway, a hundred yards from the spot of the collision. I didn't feel any pain. I was just dizzy. I heard Omar and Malik moaning as good civilians tried pulling us from the wreck.**

**I wasn't rescued until the fire fighters arrived. It was quite a task recovering my battered body from my totalled car. Breathing became difficult. The fire fighters huddled around me and frantically applied device after device. "He's not gonna make it," I heard one of them say. I'm not gonna make it? How? I didn't feel like I was dying. I felt nothing. My heart started pounding. I was soaked in sweat and blood. I saw Malik standing over the top of me with tears in his eyes. "Don't quit on me", he told me. At that time I knew it was over. I started to cry.**

**The fire fighters moved him away as they made last attempts to revive me. I died. An angel came to me and removed my soul. I watched him fly away with it in disbelief. "How could you? I'm not even 27," I pleaded. "It's time," he told me and left...**

**Two minutes later they pulled a white sheet over me. Omar and Malik, apparently doing better than me, pulled the sheet back to look at me one last time. They cried their eyeballs out. I had known them ever since I was 13 years old and had never seen either one cry. It was a depressing sight.**

**The ride to the morgue, until then, was the worst experience I ever had. I was alone. It was dark and cold. I missed my mom. I missed my brother. I missed my sister. I wished I had spent that last night with my family instead of with Omar and Malik. I worried**

**what my mother was going to do when she saw me in this state. I was ugly. When we finally arrived, I was placed in another cold room with dozens of other dead people.**

**I missed my family so much. Every so often a family came in to view their dead. I always thought it was my family but it wasn't. Hour after hour passed. No mom. No dad. I started to cry again. Then one odd hour I recognized voices. My father walked in with my mother in his arms. His face was worn from stress. Hers wet with tears. They just stared into my eyes and cried. I stared back. I wanted to tell them I loved them. I couldn't. I wanted to hug them. I couldn't. Mom stroked my bloodied hair and kissed my forehead. Dad held her up from collapsing. He slowly pulled her away.**

**I was to be buried the next day. When my parents left, it hit me. I never made Isha prayer! My heart jumped out my chest. I owed Allah a prayer and failed to deliver it to Him. I had hundreds of missed prayers over the past two years. Now I was about to face Him. I felt powerless. For those of you who have never experienced guilt at death, there is not a worldly feeling that amounts to it. It is guilt and sorrow at another level. I tried getting up to make Isha prayer but I couldn't move. It was over. I had no second chance.**

**Then I began to think back. I never knew my memory was so good. I had more than enough time to ponder as I was awaiting my burial. I literally remember every single**

**prayer I missed and reasons why I missed them. Most were laziness, procrastination and neglectfulness. I knew I was in trouble. I wished they would take longer to bury me. I failed! I failed!**

**My girlfriend paid me a visit. She was a devil. When I was alive I saw her as a pretty angel. My pretty angel who loved me and would do anything to make me happy. If I had the ability, I would have cursed her and demanded her to leave the morgue. She put her hand on my forehead. I allowed her to do that for the past four years. Now that I opposed to it, I could do nothing about it. The devil cried for hours at my side. She just would not leave. I felt cheated. I felt like she pulled a joke on me for the past couple of years of my life. I hated this devil! She was ugly! She smelled horrible! She finally left... As she walked out the door my heart was filled with fear and anxiety.**

**The funeral was simple. My body was washed. I didn't seem to care that my naked body was exposed. My worries far surpassed my desire to be modest. I was wrapped in three white sheets. About 300 people attended my funeral. I was saddened not to see my mom at the funeral. I wished she came to see me one last time before they put me in the ground. I never knew so many people cared about me. Many just stared at the tightly wrapped figure in disbelief. Others cried and cried some more.**



**The mass prayed for me. Thousands of individual prayers were made. They asked Allah to have mercy on me. They asked Him to forgive me. I wanted to pray for myself but I couldn't speak. I was helpless. I was carried to the hole in the middle of the barren desert. The people followed. It seemed like slow motion. I didn't want to go. If I had 24 bonus hours I would pray non-stop. They lowered me into the ground. The anticipation was eating away at me. I had surely failed life.**

**I thought back on everything I had worked so hard to accomplish. I earned a college degree. I had a well paying job. I spent hours and hours in the gym ever since I was 16 years old developing my body. I had a pretty girlfriend who loved me. In that life, that was a badge of honor. But as they were lowering me into this grave, which seemed like it took forever, I realized I couldn't use any of those "accomplishments". If only I had been that dedicated to praying five times daily, I would have been at peace right now. Instead I am a nervous wreck beyond anything you all can comprehend.**

**Dirt fell in my hole. Darkness overcame my new home. The last shovels of sand filled the grave. Everyone sadly walked away. The graveyard started to empty. Family by family. Mine was the last to leave. I could hear their footsteps as they walked away. By nightfall it was just me. All alone. My wrapping was soaked in sweat. I nervously awaited the angels to come and question me.**

**They finally did. My final judgment has not been reached yet. I am now waiting for judgment day. Still lying here, alone, as day comes and night falls. Soon I will meet Allah Himself and He will decide whether He will forgive me or not. I can only lay here, wait and hope The All Forgiving, The Most Merciful forgives me and does not punish me. I hope. That is all I have right now. Hope.**

**-END-**

# 3 Questions

**There was once a man who was an enemy to Islam. He had three famous questions that no person could answer. No Islamic scholar in Baghdad could answer his three questions...thus he made fun of Islam in public. He constantly ridiculed Islam and the Muslims. One day a small boy, who's age was 10, came along and heard the man yelling and screaming at Muslims in the street. He was challenging people openly to answer the three questions.**

**The boy stood quietly and watched. He then decided that he would challenge the man. He walked up and told the man, "I will accept your challenge".**

**The man laughed at the boy and ridiculed the Muslims even more by saying, "A ten year old boy challenges me. Is this all you people have to offer!"**

**But the boy patiently reiterated his stance. He would challenge the man, and with Allah's help and guidance, he would put this to an end. The man finally accepted.**

**The entire city gathered around a small "hill" where open addresses were usually made. The man climbed to the top, and in a loud voice asked his first question.**

**“What is your God doing right now?”**

**The small boy thought for a little while and then told the man to climb down the hill and to allow him to go up in order to address the question.**

**The man says “What? You want me to come down?”**

**The boy says, “Yes. I need to reply, right?”**

**The man made his way down and the small boy, age 10, with his little feet made his way up.**

**This small child`s reply was “Oh Allah Almighty! You be my witness in front of all these people. You have just willed that a Kafir be brought down to a low level, and that a Muslim be brought to a high level!”**

**The crowd cheered and screamed “Takbir” ....”Allah-hu-akbar!!!”**

**The man was humiliated, but he boldly asked his Second question... “What existed before your God?”**

**The small child thought and thought.  
Then he asked the man to count backwards. "Count from 10 backwards."  
The man counted..."10, 9 ,8 , 7 , 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1,0"**

**The boy asked, "What comes before 0 ?"**

**The man: "I don't know...nothing."**

**The boy: "Exactly. Nothing was before Allah, for He is eternal and absolute."**

**The crowd cheered again...."Takbir!" ...."Allah-hu-akbar!!!!"**

**The man, now completely frustrated, asked his final question. "In which direction is your Allah facing?"**

**The boy thought and thought.**

**He then asked for a candle. A candle was brought to him. The blessed child handed it to the man and asked him to light it.**

**The man did so and remarked, "What is this supposed to prove?"**



**The young boy asked, “In which direction is light from the candle going?”**

**The man responded, “It is going in all directions.”**

**The boy: “You have answered your own question. Allah`s light (noor) goes in all directions. He is everywhere. There is no where that He cannot be found.**

**“The crowd cheered again....”Takbir!” ....”Allah-hu-akbar!!!”**

**The man was so impressed and so moved by the boy`s knowledge and spirituality, that he embraced Islam and became a student of the young boy.  
So ended the debate.**

**Who was the young boy?**

**The young boy was one of our leaders and one of the greatest scholars, Imam Abu Hanîfa (May Allah bless him).**

**-END-**

# **A Patient Old Man**

**When passing through a mountain pass, a Bedouin (villager) once came across an old man who was blind and who seemed to be afflicted with various ailments all over his body. It was clear that he was wasting away. He was even paralyzed and was constantly forced to remain in a seated position. The Bedouin could clearly hear him say, “All praise is for Allah, Who has kept me safe from ailments with which He has tested many among His creation; and He has indeed preferred me over many among those that He created.”**

**“My brother!” exclaimed the Bedouin. “What have you been saved from? By Allah, I think that you have been afflicted with every single kind of ailment!”**

**“Go away from me,” said the old man, as he raised his head. “Do I not still have a tongue with which I can pronounce His Oneness, and with which I can remember Him every single moment? And do I not still have a heart with which I can know Him?”**

**These words of the old man were enough for the Bedouin to repent to Allah for his sins and ask Him for forgiveness.**

**Remember, there is always someone else who has more problems than you. [END]**

# Al-Islam 24's

## Blogs & Bloggers

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# Dua's & Supplications

# Dua's from the Qur'an

***Rabbana innana sami'na munadiyany-yunadi lil-imani an aminu bi Rabbikum fa'aamanna***

Our Lord! We have heard the call of one calling (Us) to Faith, 'Believe ye in the Lord,' and we have believed. [3:193]

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***Rabbana faghfir lana dhunoobana wa kaffir 'ana sayyi'aatina wa tawaffana ma'al Abrar***

Our Lord! Forgive us our sins, blot out from us our iniquities, and take to Thyself our souls in the company of the righteous [3:193]

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***Rabbana aamana faktubna ma' ash-shahideen***

Our Lord! We believe; write us down among the witnesses. [5:83]

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***Rabbana la taj'alna ma'al qawwmi-dhalimeen***

Our Lord! Send us not to the company of the wrong-doers [7:47]



# Dua's for Students

IN EVERY ISSUE, THERE WILL BE 1 DUA FOR STUDENTS TO RECITE BEFORE THEY STUDY

Dua before studying:

لِّلّٰهُمَّ اَكْرِمْ نِّيْ بِنُوْرِ الْفَهْمِ وَ خَرِّجْنِيْ مِنْ ظُلُمَاتِ الْوَهْمِ وَ افْتَحْ عَلَيْنَا اَبْوَابَ  
عِلْمِكَ، وَ اَنْشُرْ عَلَيْنَا خُزَّانَ مَعْرِفَتِكَ يَا اَرْحَمَ الرَّاحِمِيْنَ

O Allah, honour me by the light of understanding and take me out from the darkness's of doubt and open upon us the doors of Your knowledge and open upon us the treasure of Your recognition, O the best of the Merciful ones.

# Al- Islam 24 Word Search

Clues:

- 1) The First Prophet Of Allah
- 2) The First Woman Created by Allah
- 3) The Book Revealed To Dawud (A.S)
- 4) The Book Revealed to Isa (A.S)
- 5) The Gift Given to Muhammad (S.A.W) After The Meraaj
- 6) The First Month Of The Islamic Calendar

M	U	H	A	R	R	A	M	A
I	S	A	L	A	A	H	D	R
N	R	H	M	Z	L	A	Y	T
J	R	U	A	Y	M	R	Y	T
E	X	Z	B	W	Y	T	D	R
E	T	B	N	A	A	N	G	B
L	J	Y	R	L	Z	G	X	Y

Answers to previous CrossWord:

1) Witr 2) Taraweeh 4) Quran 5) Olives 6) Isa

# السلام

## As- Salaam

Anyone who recites this name continuously, Allah will protect him from all calamities and maladies. If said 115 times and blown on a sick person, In Shaa Allah they will be granted Shifa.



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