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Inspirational Stories

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. "Ill 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 center 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-

THIS IS A STORY BUT THIS IS ALSO THE REALITY OF LIFE. YOU WILL DIE ONE DAY. COULD BE TOMORROW. COULD BE TODAY. FOR THE SINNERS THERE WILL BE TORTURE IN THE GRAVE. PLEASE TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY. DO NOT WASTE THIS PRECIOUS TIME WHILE YOU ARE ALIVE.

It is more blessed to give than to receive

A student was walking one day with his professor. As they went along they saw lying in the path a pair of old shoes, which belonged to an old man who was working in a field nearby. His work for that day was nearly done.

The student turned to the professor saying: "Let us play a trick on the man: we will hide his shoes and conceal ourselves behind those bushes and wait to see his response when he cannot find them".

"My young friend" answered the professor, "we should never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. You are rich and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by the means of this poor man. Put a coin in each shoe and then we will hide and watch how this affects him".

So it was and they hid behind some bushes. The poor man finished his work and came to the path where he had left his coat and shoes. While putting his coat on he slipped his foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard he stooped down to feel what it was and he found a coin.

Astonishment and wonder were upon his face. He gazed at the coin, turned it around and around looking at it again and again. He then looked all around but could see no one. He put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put the other shoe on; but his surprise was doubled on finding the other coin.

His feelings overcame him; he fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven and uttered aloud a fervent thanksgiving in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless and his children without bread whom this timely bounty from some unknown hand would save from perishing.

The student stood there deeply affected and tears filled his eyes. "Now" said the professor – are you not much

better pleased than if you had played your trick?"

The youth replied, "You have taught me a lesson which I will never forget. I feel now the truth of these words, which I never understood before: "It is more blessed to give than to receive".

-END-

The Wooden Bowl

A frail old man went to live with his son, daughter-in-law, and a four-year old grandson. The old man's hands trembled, his eyesight was blurred, and his step faltered. The family ate together nightly at the dinner table. But the elderly grandfather's shaky hands and failing sight made eating rather difficult. Peas rolled off his spoon onto the floor. When he grasped the glass often milk spilled on the tablecloth. The son and daughter-in-law became irritated with the mess. "We must do something about grandfather," said the son. I've had enough of his spilled milk, noisy eating, and food on the floor. So the husband and wife set a small table in the corner. There, grandfather ate alone while the rest of the family enjoyed dinner at the dinner table. Since grandfather had broken a dish or two, his food was served in a wooden bowl. Sometimes when the family glanced in grandfather's direction, he had a tear in his eye as he ate alone. Still, the only words the couple had for him were sharp admonitions when he dropped a fork or spilled food. The four-year-old watched it all in silence.

One evening before supper, the father noticed his son playing with wood scraps on the floor. He asked the child sweetly, "What are you making?" Just as sweetly, the boy responded, "Oh, I am making a little bowl for you and mama to eat your food from when I grow up." The four-year-old smiled and went back to work. The words so struck the parents that they were speechless. Then tears started to stream down their cheeks. Though no word was spoken, both knew what must be done. That evening the husband took grandfather's hand and gently led him back to the family table.

For the remainder of his days he ate every meal with the family. And for some reason, neither husband nor wife seemed to care any longer when a fork was dropped, milk spilled, or the tablecloth soiled. Children are remarkably perceptive. Their eyes ever observe, their ears ever listen, and their minds ever process the messages

they absorb. If they see us patiently provide a happy home atmosphere for family members, they will imitate that attitude for the rest of their lives. The wise parent realizes that every day that building blocks are being laid for the child's future.

-END-

Let us all be wise builders and role models. Take care of yourself, ... and those you love, ... today, and everyday!



Al-Islam 24's

Blogs & Bloggers

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Random compilation of Inspirational Ahadith

By: Nafisa Kader

Rasulullah (SAW) said: “A word of wisdom is the lost property of a Muslim. He should seize it wherever he finds it.” (Tirmizi)

There is a polish for everything that takes away rust; and the polish for the heart is the remembrance of Allah. (Bukhari)

When you see a person who has been given more than you in money and beauty, look to those, who have been given less. (Muslim)

It is better to sit alone than in company with the bad; and it is better still to sit with the good than alone. It is better to speak to a seeker of knowledge than to remain silent; but silence is better than idle words. (Bukhari)

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Charity

By: Nafisa Kader

The best of alms is that, which the right hand gives and the left hand knows not of. (Bukhari)

Give to those less fortunate than yourselves, not to show others that you are generous! But for the sole pleasure of Allah.

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الرحمن

Ar- Rahman

If this name is recited 100 times daily after every salaah, In Shaa Allah hard heartedness and negligence will be removed from the reader's heart



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