

## My life to Dawah

(Dawah means invitation to Islam)

“Whosoever shows enmity to someone devoted to Me, I shall be at war with him. My servant draws not near to Me with anything more loved by Me than the religious duties I have enjoined upon him, and My servant continues to draw near to Me with supererogatory works so that I shall love him. When I love him I am his hearing with which he hears, his seeing with which he sees, his hand with which he strikes and his foot with which he walks. Were he to ask [something] of Me, I would surely give it to him, and were he to ask Me for refuge, I would surely grant him it. I do not hesitate about anything as much as I hesitate about [seizing] the soul of My faithful servant: he hates death and I hate hurting him.”

Written by

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Sunni Waqf Book

<http://www.ummah.com/islam/taqwapalace/>

One day, I decided to write a book. I finished the story and showed it to my friends. They read it and declared:

"You have too many things to say. Choose one and say it well"

Others said:

"We will help you correct your English if you do not mind."

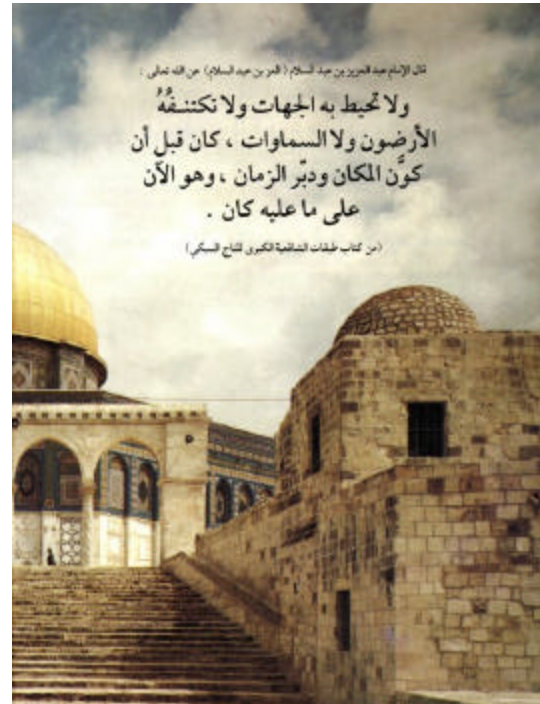
I then felt very alone. So, I took my pen again and described my life, not to them, but to myself. And I felt that was good because others would always find a wrong in my writings and I needed it to think.

Early in life, I wanted to convert people, but I forgot that I had to strengthen my faith first, so they converted me instead. I got lost for many months until I found the path again.

That was my second chance.

Then, I went back to them alone again rather than with my friends. People asked me specific questions, and they were not questions of faith. When I looked around for help, I was only surrounded by people of other beliefs, and I doubted myself.

To find the path again, I decided to go for Hajj.



On my way over to Mecca, with the intention of making the pilgrimage, I flew over to Jerusalem first. In the "city of Peace" I saw people at war. Some were saying that they were chosen by G-d, others were saying they were the sons and daughters of God; my people were saying they had the only true

religion sealing the coming of all the other Prophets (peace be upon them).

Among so many disagreements, I felt even more confused. I did not know what to make of all these disputes.

So, I flew over to Mecca and I saw millions of pilgrims, all rich. Suddenly, a flood crashed into the Kaa'ba and the only rich men left there were the few who continued performing the Tawwaf while swimming. They did not care about the wars, about the flood; they just kept on praying to Allah, circling counter clockwise, forgetful of the time.

So I got wet like them and I got dry again.

I returned to my homeland, but before that I stayed in Israel for sometime.

There, I saw two kids throwing rocks at each other. I came in the middle of them, took the rocks away from their hands and went to see their mothers standing a few feet away.

They explained:

"We have tried to stop them many times, and everyday they meet and get angry and throw rocks at each other again."

"I, will make them like each other," I declared, "If for you mothers peace is too much effort, there might be hope among you children."

So they laughed at me and declared:

"You must be very young for yet believing in miracles!"

I prayed Allah and I took the hands of a boy and the hand of a girl, I emptied them and fastened them together.

After that, I advised:

"Go spend the day together. Only today..."

So they disappeared and came back the same night.

When they arrived, their mothers put their arms around them and asked:

"So? How was your day?"

They inspected the children for wounds as they usually did and could not find any. They looked at each other in dismay and uttered:

"Are you wounded somewhere?"

The children answered:

"O mother! The wounds that we wear are invisible to the eyes and they are more cruel than those left by our stones."

"So, what have you decided in prevision of the days to come?"

"We refuse to fight anymore. Now that we have known each other, now that we know things we did not know before."

So one of the mothers invited her neighbors and they did not feel like hating each other anymore. But later, the fathers came back home from the lines of war where they had actually seen children be killed on both sides.

As a result, they became angry and forbade their children to see each other again.

I came back the next day and I walked in the street where the two children looked at each other from their windows, across the street. Looking at them, I felt like a stranger and even more alone than I had ever felt before. I knew the children would find a way to meet again and their fates were in their hands.

So, my job was over. Before I left, I met the fathers and admonished them:

"Allah only changes the situation of those who reform their hearts first."

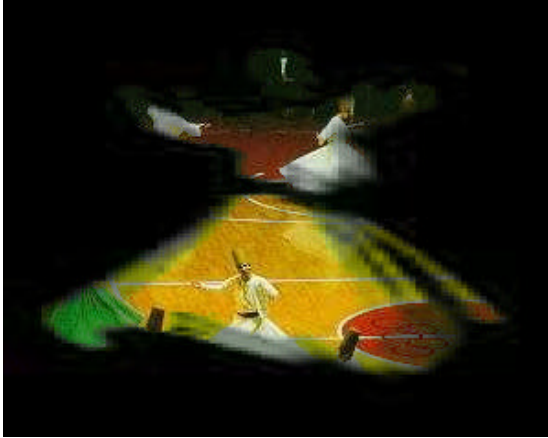
And indeed, they promised to work on it. I believe that until now, they are trying.

I said to myself: *'it is not important how many people I convert; what is most important is the quality of faith of this one person I meet. Only quality counts, not the number.'*

I had now educated them; the rest was their choice. Nobody was in need of me anymore.

After Jerusalem, I thought I was strong again, so I met with the people who called themselves Muslims but who were actually sects.

I thought I could enlighten them. Instead, they enlightened me. In this town, there were indeed a group of Sufis and a group of Shias. When I met them for the first time, they were facing a big plain going from one mountain to another. Each group claimed they could build a better city there, so they divided the place in two and began to build on it.



The Sufis planned a lot of mausoleums for singing, dancing and poetry reciting. They decided not to build any mosque so that everyone could decide the way they wanted to pray. They obeyed a spiritual guide who had exempted them from many religious duties. He claimed that the heart had to be purified before one could fast or pray sincerely, so they spent most of the day reciting Dhikr (religious invocations) while rocking their body from side to side.

I approached them and asked:

"Why are you following a man who is not even a prophet?"

They answered:

"Few men are worth following, this is why we are following this one."

When I came to them, they were beginning to build columns in circles and fountains in the shape of stars. They were also planting a lot of flowers and on one of the stones where they buried their dead, they had already engraved these verses of Rumi, from the 13<sup>th</sup> Century:

"In the garden of mystical lovers, these... are not true distinctions: I, you, he, she, we."

And they entered a state of trance and ecstasy to talk to God, and I saw that Shaytan the accursed one was the first guest to these ceremonies. And this state, they called it a state of infinite love, an "astounding lucid confusion" and they did not know who they were anymore. And they claimed they needed that state to communicate with God. And these people began to grieve and look for that grief to drink every human feeling to the brim. Suddenly, they turned and turned around, reciting beautiful verses in their grief.

So I went among them and I began reciting the verses of the Qur'an:

Says, "If the oceans were ink (wherewith to write out) the words of my Lord, sooner would the oceans be exhausted than would the words of my lord, even if we added another ocean like it for its aid." [Al Kahf 18:109]



Image courtesy of Icham Takache: <http://www3.sympatico.ca/hicham.takache>

"And if all the trees on earth were pens and oceans (were) ink with seven oceans behind it to add to its (supply), yet would not

the words of Allah be exhausted for Allah is exalted in Power, full of Wisdom." [Luqman 31:27]

They stopped, listening. So, I asked them:

"Which is the most beautiful and closer to the truth, Rumi's verses or the Qur'an's ayahs?"

They looked at me in astonishment and declared:

"Allah's words are unparalleled."

"So, what don't you stick to them?"

"Allah's words are the most beautiful, but Rumi's books are the best-selling poetry books! Nature is our only scripture and we like to follow our nature. Our body speaks more truth than any prophet; it will be a witness in the day of resurrection."

So I began to feel alone again.

The name of Muslim was a convenient name for these Sufis who claimed all the religions theirs. And I know from them that it was better for me to meet a Jew or a Christian rather than to meet those who knew the truth and had once been Muslims, but had fled from it and falsified the truth. I recognized that Islam was not mystical because there was much danger in mysticism.

So I went to see the group of Shias and asked them about what they were planning for their town. Each one of them answered me differently. As I asked them why they had done so, they quoted:

"One who exposes something from our religion is like one who intentionally kills us." (Usool al Kafi, p.88)

Contrary to the Sufis, the Shias had planned a town full of mosques. But their mosques did not look like any I had ever seen. First of all, there were stones on the ground so that whosoever prayed did not make contact with the earth where Hussain had been buried.

On the walls of the mosques, the Shia five pillars read:

"Islam is based on five pillars: Prayer, Fasting, Pilgrimage, Poor-due and Imamah. Out of these, the most important and the most preferred is the belief in Imamah." (Usool al Kafi, p.368)

I looked everywhere for the Shahada that proclaimed Allah as One God and I could not find it.

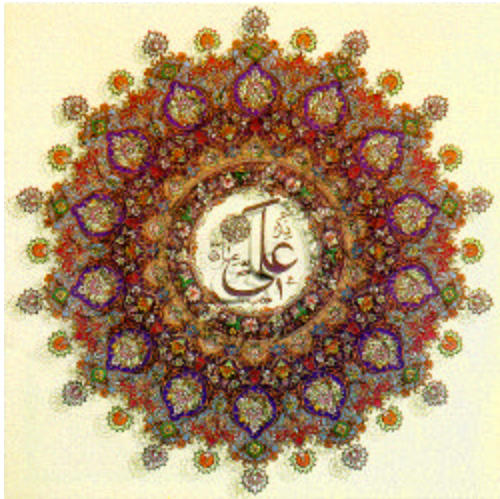
They also planned many mausoleums. In these tombs, they had hanged many instruments of torture for the commemoration of their first leader's death.



<http://www.al-islam.org/gallery>

On the walls of the town, they had engraved with their blood the name of their religious martyrs and next to it, many graffiti cursed the names of the first successors of the last prophet (Peace be upon him):

"One should detest the four idols namely Abu Bakr, Umar, Uthman and Mowaiya and four women namely Aisha, Hafsa, Hinda, and Um ul Hakim." (Majlisi: Haq al Yaqin, p.685)  
They had a special market where men could purchase brides for a given amount of time and they prevented anybody from wearing color outfits in the streets.



"dhikr Ali ibdada" (remembrance of Ali is an act of worship)

<http://www.al-islam.org/gallery>

I saw that they were maybe stronger in their beliefs than many of my Muslim fellows, but my heart was not drown to

them because they had the truth in them ad melted it with many lies.

They also printed the name of Imam Ali (may Allah be pleased with him) and pretended he knew who would go to Hell and who would go to Heaven. There was a calligraphy that said: So I asked them how come a man other than a prophet could know about who is going to Hell and who is going to Heaven and they told me that Allah had purified and inspired him.

I replied: "None has the right to say where this person or that person will go in the Hereafter. Only Allah Ta'alah has the right to do so because this decision belongs to Him. Even if it is an obligation for me to consider the people of the sects among the people of the Fire, I cannot point at you as an individual and judge you before I have made sure that what you do and believe in are plain innovations."

"Don't you believe in diversity? Each one of us has his own way to worship Allah; that' s the beauty of it all!"

"Diversity is a wonderful thing, but only when it does not come from somebody who calls me brother and come with the same message our prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him)

used to spread but this message is offered as a way to trick me into disbelief. I would not harm you as long as you leave me in peace, but I surely would never encourage you to leave the pale of Islam."

"But we are Muslims!"

"I do not think so. You have created another religion."

So, I felt alone again and more in danger among them than I ever felt because I started doubting myself. I was among people who called themselves Muslims but they followed a different Islam at the same time. Then I reflected on this fact and I went back to our Qur'an and I realized that Islam is perfect, and perfection needs no improvement:

"This day I have perfected your religion for you and completed My favour upon you, and have chosen for you al-Islam as religion." [Qur'an 5:3]

"Verily, the best of speech is the Book of Allah, and the best of guidance that of Muhammad and the evil of all religious matters is their own innovations. Every innovation is a **bid'ah**, and every **bid'ah** is a misguidance, and very

misguidance is in the Fire." [Haadith from Abu Dawood, an-Nisaa'i and others]

I was so sad and angry with them that I almost ran back to them with accusing words. But I restrained myself. Islam was full of compassion and Allah would surely show compassion to me for showing compassion to others.

There was nothing else I could do here except boycotting them.

Among them stood other Sunni Muslims who lived in peace with the sects. They all had their own practices and religions and did not interfere with each other. Some of them wanted to go among the sects and join them. I was so angry and frustrated that I almost killed them, but I suddenly remembered the teachings of our prophet (Peace be upon him):

"Invite [all] to the way of your Rabb with wisdom and beautiful preaching..." [an-Nahl:125].

So, I spent more time with them and I learned from being patient.

Some of them were so tolerant, they wanted all sects to gather and form an *ummah*, on indivisible community of Muslims.

They would claim:

“How can you be so prejudiced? The Qur’an says:

Wa inna hathihi Ummatukum Ummatan Wahidatan wa  
Ana Rabbukum Fattaqun

And verily, this Ummah of yours is One Ummah, and I  
am your Lord, therefore fear Me.

[Qur'an 23:52;21:92]

All Muslims should be respected as equals and should not belittled or denounced because of their choice of Fiqh or their application and/or understanding of Islamic Aqeedah. Islam was never restricted to a particular sect. So, we should work along with each other. It is the beauty of diversity.”

So I realized that these people were telling three fourth truth and added one fourth lies so that they instilled doubt in people’s minds. I also realized that it is poor faith to please men by displeasing Allaah.

Finally, I declared:

Allah's Prophet (s.a.a.w.s.) said: "Verily this nation [of Muslims] will divide into seventy-three sects", and in another narration: "All of them [these sects] will be in the Fire except one.' When asked which it was, the Prophet replied: "The one which adheres to my Sunnah (way of life) and the Sunnah of my Companions.'

And I left.

Now, they would make their own choices.

I had accomplished what I had been sent for. It was not use to argue further.

Realizing that going alone was not the solution, I decided to meet my fellow Muslims. I stayed a long time among them. I met with people of true faith and people of true hypocrisy. I encountered very ignorant ones who made thousands of mistakes a day. But I also encountered illiterate people who knew about Islam more than I would ever know. I met also scholars and ordinary people. However, one day we traveled a few companions and I in the desert. We came to the vicinity of a cave and finally got trapped in it.

My companions and I were very anxious to remove a huge stone fallen from the walls. So we prayed Allah to judge our deeds and in the name of that deed to give us our freedom back.

One of the fellows declared:

"I had once an employee. And this employee had to leave the job once to go to a foreign country. Since he was afraid of losing his money, he asked me to safely keep it for him. Not only did I preserve what was entrusted to me, but I also used the money to make him rich. So that when he returned, he found in his possession more than what he had left. If my deed has pleased Allah, so be this rock removed from our path."

We pushed the gigantic rock and it actually bulged a little, but not enough to let us pass. So, another companion declared:

"I was very much in love with one of my cousins. I had proposed marriage many times but she had refused me. It happened that one day she was in great need of my help. I lay her on the bed and was ready to take her in compensation for my help, when she screamed "Fear Allah!" So I left her there and gave her my help anyway. If this deed pleases you, Allah, let us see daylight."

And the rock moved more, but still not quite enough for us to go through. Then it was everybody's turn to confess their good deeds, and the rock would slide a little but never enough for us to flee.

Suddenly it was my turn. I remembered how one day I was inclined to kill my enemy when I decided to be merciful on him. Right after that, he became a Muslim.

I was the last one to speak and the last one to make the rock move decisively.

I realized that every one of us had united to make our escape possible. I thought about unity, a unity of faith. But this unity was not based on arguments; it was based on the purity of the intentions. Each one of us, if he was misguided, at least he was trying to find the truth with all his heart. That was what delivered us.

And I looked for my loneliness and could not find it anywhere. This state lasted many years, but since our unity did not have a way to prove itself, the loneliness came back again.

Then one day, one of my dearest friends was caught in a war and died in it. My companions looked at me and asked:

"Why are you not crying? Where is your love for him?"

So I answered back:

"I do not love him for your sake. Think as you wish. My heart does not need tears to prove it. My love goes beyond this earth."

While I was saying that, I smiled gratefully to Allah because I knew that my friend was not dead. He was still alive, roaming as a green bird in Paradise. He would never feel alone again as I did.

Then I saw that people often thought themselves better than others. I saw that they often felt in total control of their lives even when they were about to fall. I saw that they were quick to judge without investigating, so that they might look better before everybody else. But I also saw those who had so much compassion they never had any opinion at all.

And I saw how alone I was once again and I felt sadness poised into my chest cause I wanted to know and never could

understand. At that time I noticed a migrating bird going overhead and this was a bird that goes from country to country, from city to city. And it said to me:

"Tame me!"

I looked closely at it and I saw that it was called true faith, without interest, for the sake of Allah. And I tamed it. And I spent almost all the rest of my life trying to save myself instead of trying to save others. And I realized that trying to save others had often misled me, that saving myself was all that what was required.

So, the bird came every day to me. At first it sat far away from me. I recited *duas* (prayers) to charm it till it perched on my hand. And I discovered that, at last, we had made friends.

Suddenly I realized that despite all I knew of life, I did not know anything about life anymore. But I did not feel alone and never felt alone again because this green bird had planted its wings into my heart, and this green bird reminded me of my pilgrimage to Mecca.