



“OH ALLAAH”

**AN ANTHOLOGY OF ISLAMIC POEMS,
STORIES, ARTICLES AND
CALLIGRAPHIES.**

**Edited by:
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LAN REY HASSAN**

ALLAHUMMA! *(O Allaah!)*

(An anthology of Islamic poems, stories, articles and calligraphies).

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EDITORS' NOTE.

"When there is a violent storm and the seas are turbulent, the occupants of the boat call out, O Allah! When the camel driver and the caravan are lost in the desert, they call out, O Allah! When disaster and calamity occur, the afflicted call out, O Allah! When doors are shut before those who seek to enter through them and barriers are placed before those who are in need, they all cry out, O Allah! When all plans end in failure, all hope is lost, and the path becomes constricted, O Allah, is called out. When the earth, vast and wide though it, is straitened for you, causing your soul to feel constricted, call out, O Allah! To Allah ascend all good words, the sincere supplication, the tears of the innocent, and the invocations of the afflicted. Hands and eyes are extended to Him in times of hardship and misfortune. The tongue chants, cries out, and mentions His name. The heart finds peace, the soul finds rest, the nerves are relaxed, and the intellect is awakened—these are all achieved when we remember Allah, *Subhanahu wa Ta'ala* - How perfect He is, the Exalted." — *'Aid Al-Qarni* (Don't be Sad, pg 4).

Whenever believers find themselves in trying moments or are struck with adversities, there is no safe place, no passage, and no breakthrough, except from Allah. Adversities come in different forms, depending on what Allah deems fit to test an individual with. War, persecutions, poverty, the triad of temptations (affluence, influence and women), mental illness, health, sins, etcetera. Allah sends adversities forth to put believers to test, to know who is truly good in deeds. Whoever perseveres while keeping in mind that Allah is his source of comfort is saved, while those who seek relief from hardships through other sources besides Allah are doomed.

In line with the above, this anthology was compiled in good faith to give voices to established and budding Muslim writers to write on various topics of their choice whilst keeping the all-encompassing theme "*Allahumma*" in mind. The contributions in this collection are intellectually mind-blowing, spiritually warming and wonderfully amazing. Contributors boundlessly explored their inner selves, weaknesses, religious struggles, and what have you. It was not easy sieving and selecting from the entries received. Deciding which pieces will make the cut was

herculean, and at the end, we had to settle for a list of 29 contributors (excluding calligraphies). Their works are what you're about reading in this compilation.

While some pieces are fictional, and others, nonfictional, what connects all the pieces remains the contributors' exploration of what lies deep within their hearts, of the words unsaid, of the sins unexposed, of burning persecutions, of trials and tribulations, of the struggles with faith, and of divine intervention. From Afolabi's *"Great Gracious God"* which explores the fallibility of men, perpetuation of sins, and Allah's unending mercies through the powerful use of alliteration, to Amin's *"Apocalypse"* which dwells on the ruins of time and the awaited day. Oniwarere's *"A Sacred Wear"* relates the tale of a struggling Muslim woman in her religious attire, alongside Oredola's *"Hope is the sword of our tongue"*. Haneefah's *"Drifted"* is a perfect depiction of a faithful woman's journey through the cruel phase of depression, anxiety and despair, her piece goes hand-in-hand with Timi's *"Trials and Tribulations"* which explores the steadfastness of Muslims in the face of poverty and seemingly unending temptations.

The works are there for you to savour. This is just an intro to wonderful pieces unrevealed. You're about to be taken through a heart-warming spiritual journey, so sit up and say "Bismilllah!".

The editors,
Allahumma Anthology
21st of Jumadal Uula, 1441AH,
equivalent to the 16th of January, 2020.

EDITORS' CHOICE

Poetry: "Taming a beast" – *Aisha Oredola*

Prose: "Drifted" – *Haneefah Abdulwahab*

Article: "Divine cure for every disease: Hadith 27 of al-majmu' al-mufid as a case study" – *Raji Lateef Agbolahan*

Calligraphy: Usman Ahmad

BREAK NOT THE BOUGH

A.Hameedah

Their story was not really different from all.
For their love was beyond betrothal.
Their trials had such a regular trend
But every month, she was always fighting
That destiny that made her go nut.
Verily, she yearned for a lad
But sadly, he didn't come.

Here came another fall.
So now, she didn't want to breathe.
"You're all I want", the husband would tend.
"You really need not to keep mourning".
Though, what she lost was a lot
But in homes, it's a fad.
So, this time again, he didn't come.

Not long, her tummy turned a ball
She's happy, at last she's freed
From the searches and bend
Her days, now made for smiling
But then, what happened when she got cut?
Her heart shattered from what she had
She lost him. He didn't come.

It didn't end there. She got a call.
Just again, she's filled.
From everyone, away, she was made to lend
She couldn't help but be bedridden
With prayers and belief, she fought
And what she had now, she couldn't be mad.
It's a she. He didn't come.

Stories are different among all
God bestows to whoever He wills
In some people, nothing would mend
Never does it mean they're overridden.
Some are gifted, some are not.
Whether a gal, or a lad,
Be faithful even if s/he doesn't come!

GREAT GRACIOUS GOD*Afolabi, Quazim Abimbola**(Sacred-Ink)*

Great Gracious God gave gift-of Goodies.
 He has helped His helpless, heeding heart-filled hollow humans.
 Man made mistake missing Mighty Mansions mainly meeting Man's Mischief Maker
 Satan sabotaged submissiveness saliently sowing seeds-of supernatural superiority.
 Man made massive mistakes mixing misconceptions marking Man's misfortunes.
 Adam – *Alayhisalam* admitted an attrite act-of attributed atrocity alongside an associate.
 Little life leading-to longer living-in lavishing longitude.
 O! Owner of Ownerless
 Gift gravitational goodies
 to the true tasking,
 Sincere Servants serving such servitudes, sieve such sins.
 Serve such sonorous seedlings sweet stress-free service.
 Beseeching beyond beeping bleaching blessings
 Beneath beautiful blushing bards-of bleating and blasting blessings.
 Pardoning pardoner! pardon provoking persons, permit Paradise
 as an Asylum abiding abode above.
Allahuma aatina – Our Owner, own-to-us
Fii Dunya Hasasanata – Earthly everlasting enjoyment,
Wa fil Aāakhirati Hassanata – Heavenly heart-filled-rewards
Waqiña 'adhaba Naar – Hold-us-out-of hungry Hell.

MY E'ER COMRADES.

Al badriyyah

My Witty seductive whisperers
My *quranaan*
My e'er comrades.

Arise Oh comrade,
Came the first whisperer,
Salah is better than sleep.
Spend, a goodly loan.
Fast, recall *Ar-Rayyan*.
Embrace her, primal taqwa.

Wait! Retorted whisperer two.
Life is not so hard.
Deen is no retard.
You only live once,
Enjoy it to the core.

Oh! My e'er comrades.
Lo! My boon is *taqwa*.
Help me in righteousness.
So I attain success.

For you first whisperer,
I'm grateful I have you
And by Allah, I love you.

But you, whisperer two,
Bad bad, you are.
Leave me you won't.
But defeat you I will.
With the aid of who aids best,
Ar Raqeeb, my caretaker.
Trust me, I'm ready for you.

APOCALYPSE

Amin Aisha

In the last days,

Strange sights shall visit the earth.

Sights that'll make man tremble,

And the world crumble.

You ought perceive now;

while trees do not talk

nor a beast that brands walk

and human nations do not war.

Perchance if God wills,

You come at a time,

When women are naked, yet dressed

Do as the great man stressed;

Lower those eyes

And let not your gaze stray.

When the sun sets at the place it rises,

And *Dajjal* surely arises,

and wreak havoc upon his arrival.

Let's not forget *Al-mahdi*,

and of course *Eesa*

Their coming will bring all things good,

As foretold in the book.

,

ALLAHUMMA!

21, Jumadal Uula, 1441AH

But now, when faith is not tainted,

and the heart still painted;

with the pure hue of remembrance,

harken ye to repentance.

In the last days,

Shall strange sights visit the earth,

The trumpet will be blown,

All thing shall cease;

for the end is here!

LEAD HIM TO THE LIGHT

Balogun Abdulbasit Umar

Allahumma!
You're the Turner of hearts,
Make my heart firm upon your obedience,
For by myself I have no strength.

Allahumma!
You're the Master of the Day,
Put me in your shade,
Let me enter the garden,
As quick as the blink of an eye.

Allahumma!
You've made the world a prison,
to those who believe in you.
Do not make the hereafter for me—
Another prison.
For whoever is imprisoned on that day,
Is forever doomed.

Allahumma!
Your mercy is not elusive,
Your grace is everlasting as you're.
Both of them,
If granted, my here and there is perfect.

Allahumma!
Your slave is lost,
In search for his calling.
Guide him through his troubles
Lead him to your light,
For your guidance assures him,
A blissful living.

SHOW-OFF

Barakat Nurain

We saw it
though we weren't there
How they were once lovely, to each other; so dear!
They flaunt their happy marriage life on media,
Photo-shoot monthly in India.
He woke me up for *Tahajjud* today 'she boasted'
She's the best cook ever 'he posted'.

Ooops! With the aid of evil eye, the worst happened
A great misunderstanding which ended in divorce!
And deleted their pics on media with shame like a drenched horse.
This is the end of the end,
Result of stupidity from both ends.

Together forever they once promised each other,
Now they hate and speak ill of each other.
Yoruba will say: *Bi isu eni ba ta, a n f'owoboo*,
But no! they choose to advertise themselves in a transparent bowl
This is the end of the end
The end of show-off in marriage life which greatly trends.

YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE*Haashim Yusuf Amao*

If those whose health has been provoked by illnesses
 Could manage to fulfil their spiritual promises
 If those who have been caged away from joy
 Could promptly hasten to the call of their Lord
 Oh neglecting sound mind, what excuse shall you bring forth?

If those whose physique had call for jest at public glance
 Could, regardless, uphold their obligatory prayers
 If those who are old and very grey
 Could establish their Salāt come what may
 Oh fit mind, why take Salāt as a thing of play?

"I have not created the Jinn and Humans except they worship Me"
 So said the uncreated Creator
 It's a command, which at all cost, must be hearkened to
 Indeed, awaiting the disobedient is an impending woe.

Hāfidhu a'la Salawaat - maintain with care, the obligatory prayers
 For it brings tranquility and abolishes one's fears
 "Oh you who have believed, seek help through patience and prayers"
 For it is a relief which wipe one's tears.

Beloved, Salāt is a fundamental of this *Deen*
 The pinnacle to the spiritual life of a true *Mu'meen*
 The main divergence between you (Muslim) and the *Kāfir*.
 Worshipping Him is your primary duty.
 Be conscious of Him and establish the Salāt to its fullest sense
 Indeed, awaiting the obedient is everlasting happiness.

You have been permitted to sit if standing would bring distress
 And allowed to perform *Tayāmmum* if water could not be accessed.
 Relief has been granted to the aged and women on menstrual duty

4 *Raka'aat* can also be shortened to 2 while on a long journey.

Indeed, on you, your Lord has been merciful
 Being an ingrate, YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE!

THE AWAITED REWARD

Adeyemi Islamiyat Omowunmi

The delicate heart is wounded and bruised,
But the soul needs no comfort and praises.
Life has certainly not been a bed of rose,
Even the prince has got his tears.
So from where does such assurance spring?

The feeling of unhappiness dominates the heart,
But still, but still it found its hat.
It left all pains and broken patch...
To feel the joy of that lovely part...
Where all sorrows would be left aside,
With just a sudden moment pass.

Oh Allah! Oh Allah! My Lord and God...
To you is all my pains and tears.
I know with you is a great reward,
For all the scars and broken hearts...
I just can't wait to hear you laugh...

HOPE IS THE SWORD OF OUR TONGUES

Aisha Oredola

The walls are white and the lights, blinding
If death had a colour, you'd think it black
Because it is the stamp of the seizure of light,
The signature of what's behind shut eyes, the colour of nothing.

If death had a taste you'd think it pungent,
Like the pounding bitterness of drugs at the back of your throat,
Dancing on your taste buds,
Sending signals to your brain.

If death had a smell,
you'd think it offensive.
Like blood, metallic and strong
Or medicine, substantial but harsh.

If death had not a scroll with a list of names against time,
I'd probably be gone
You'd probably be too.
But we wait for our time...that ticks away with every blink

My heart pangs maniacally...
Warning every pump it makes to beware
That it has no right over itself

And hospital visits are reminders,
That anybody can stay and anybody can leave.

That the years of my hands washing themselves for prayer
Wouldn't be as long as the years I stay under the ground.

That my breath. can. stop.

and. cease.

I have to live today like it's my last,

And a shield of hope against my torso

And I must pray for life anyway (even if I'm aware of the cold hands of death)

Because hope is the sword of our tongues as believers.

CONGREGATION

Sadiq Abdulsalam Adeiza

In mammoth swarms of enormous crowds,
in twos, or a couple rows.
standing still, heads bowed,
hearts united by aligning feet.

Allahu Akbar!

Allahu Akbar!

In open fields, under a sunny sky.
in cool confines, or a drizzling rain.
backs spread as table tops,
tongues moisten as they glorify.

Allahu Akbar!

Sami'allahulimanhamidah!

Like broomsticks with a single belt.
three in tandem, or a scanty five.
on all fours, in prostration,
prayers whispered with daring faith.

Allahu Akbar!

Allahu Akbar!

ALLAHUMMA!

21, Jumadal Uula, 1441AH

Like a flight of souls in esteemed assembly.

in multitudes, all together.

sat in position and testament,

bearing witness to a manifest truth.

Allahu Akbar!

Assalamu alaykum!

TAMING A BEAST

Aisha Oredola

Before blood spilled from her mouth, and thighs, it spilled from her eyes

Her mother warned her to not give her soul to a disbeliever

A man who was a blade and a dagger

And wore smoke in the replacement of musk

He hammered fists in her belly

Reforming what he had planted

A foetus, now murdered with drilling kicks

Slipping from between her thighs

And her heart knew she was no victim

Even if she deserved better.

Thoughts reminded her of times she had choices

But she squeezed them into a ball and tossed away

Blood was how her name was spelt,

With threats upon her mental health

And the skies had cried all their tears

But she held on to a marriage that ended before it begun

She wanted to tame a beast into a child

Who gave her that responsibility?

She wanted to plant flowers in a desert

ALLAHUMMA!

21, Jumadal Uula, 1441AH

Who cursed her with recklessness?

Now she rolls like a sausage on their Persian rug

For every statement she made in the cloak of advice

And her non-Muslim husband's alcoholic breath

Can't and won't still say the shahadah.

SILVER LINING

Mariam Jimoh-Olayinka

Oh, Allah!
She cried; lips trembling
Heart quivering
Shoulders shuddering
Nose sniffing

Oh, my Lord!
She whispered,
With words, she's failing
Her pain is blinding
So, she remains bowing
Fearing and Hoping
For a tiny silver lining

If only she knew
Her invisible blessings;
Heaven rejoicing
For her Lord's mercy;
Assuring and promising
To the servant prostrating

Alas! She felt it!
In the stillness of the night
She can feel it in her heart
Her worries feel light
Like papers in flight,
For her Lord has heard
All her deep-seated despairs

ALLAHUMMA!

21, Jumadal Uula, 1441AH

And then, she stood tall
Ready to face it all
It's a bright day after all;
She is now in the best of *Eeman*
As the beloved servant of *Ar-rahman*.

AGAIN**Sobogun Mariam**

*Rabbi!
Here I am tonight
Once again,
Like every night
With heavy heart
And feeble soul
Palms raised to the sky
Puffy eyes, red from tears-
With traces of distinct landmarks
Looking up to the heavens
Nose in alliance with its foggy stream
And lips in unending quiver
While the tongue perpetually trembles
In absolute helplessness
And utmost remorsefulness
I seek you, my Allah
Rabbi!
Again! I'm here
Seeking thy mercy
And forgiveness
Again!
I went back again
To that same place
Forbidden to my flesh and blood
Just like yesterday
Again!
I'm back to seek your mercy
For it is greater than my fall
Rabbi!
Forgive me! Again!*

SETTLING STORM WITH A BOTTLE OF TAWAKUL

Ayeyemi Taofeek (ASWAGAAWY)

My body is a pond formed
by the tears of Ibrahim.

– I've poured myself into the earth
in a way I never wished to grow.

As in, I want to become a sea of skull,
a museum of things that once lived.

But God has been in the poems of my becoming.
Today. I am reading it to you
with the tongue of a soldier that returns.

– by this I mean the road to God seems
long. But, when the night shifts, we'll see
that the path to sunup is short –
only laden with things that cut –
packing your blood and weaving
your wounds is tawakkul:

I pray to God
then I spill my forehead
on the floor;

My face is a song formed
by the smiles of Ibrahim.

THE POOR CHAP OF YESTERDAY

Abdulfattah Morakinyo Wittage

Allahumma

Yesterday,

I was that child born in the Sahara
parched of guidance for tens of eons
who You found an oasis in the nick of time
where he quenched his thirst with the spring of truth.

Allahumma

Today,

This is not a reminder for
You (we)(a)re never unaware of anything.
This is a thankful poem from the poor chap
that You guided to the truth yesterday.

Allahumma

Tomorrow,

Yes, tomorrow is the future but I'm no seer.
Keep me firm upon your Deen.
Make me stand the tests of time
till that day when I breathe my last.

JIHAD*Ayeyemi Taofeek (ASWAGAAWY)*

The world has defined it
 with everything that is hard,
 as if to say all thing terror – i.e:
 referring to death, Islam, as a religion;
 a doctrine – are birds
 falling from the sky of our scripture.

But such definition is a voice
 of ignorance. hardihood of thought
 birthed by mental gymnastics;

'cause jihad is a dove – as in love –
 told to them in a nest that's not its:

- i. a boy still carries the strong hope that
 his parents will return. for God cannot
 bear to see him become an orphan
- ii. a couple went to church to give
 testimony of fertility but their car returns
 with their ashes & bones – martyr
- iii. who says the blood of the martyrs dry?
- iv. the gardens is not for those
 who pluck flowers away from
 the eyes of their beholders.
- v. no one has ever harvested laughter
 by sowing the seeds of grief.
- vi. houris are not for those who find closet
 in the thighs of Chibok girls
- vii. those whose bloods & fleshes
 mixed with the soils of the mosque
 will come asking for them.

- viii. how do you answer to call of men
whose fuchsia were crushed into
the bottle of poisoned burgundy?

- ix. when you pick shards of broken bottles
from the roadside, Jihad.
– safeguarding the creatures of God

- x. when you feed the hungry and/or lend
breathes to the one gasping for it, Jihad.
– the way tears choreograph into smile

WORDS FROM A DYING SOUL

Aaminah Qasim ONIWARERE

As morning crawls in with the pace of a snail.
Ending another night of insomnia... supplications of gratitude flow
For the grace of another beautiful morning.
There's the thought of getting the day nailed.

As fear crept into the corner of my heart.
seeking comfort, increasing my body heat.
I dispensed and swallowed the tablets of hope.
Expectant of the day, I begin to live beneath the earth.

All I do have is right now.
Exactly how I should have lived before now.
Were my obligations well delivered?
I should have known! This isn't forever.
Forgive me oh Lord. This is all I have left.

For the days I kept running from you,
Like a prisoner on the run
Through the path you warned me against.
Freeing myself of your restrictions
Yet, it ended in more complicated bondages!

Allahumma!
Forgive me of the days I stared long into his eyes.
When I demeaned the touches, hugs and kisses.
I knew deep down I trampled upon your rules.
Defiantly, I chased happiness on a path of ruins.
I am weak oh Lord! I can no longer run.

Days I waved off your warners and
Buried your words on the shelf.
I stutter trying to recall your verses,
While I hum fluently to all others.
Save me from the pool of my own sins
I am drowning *Yaa 'Afuww*, I can no longer swim.

A BRIEF STORY OF KAHF*Ridwan Abdulhameed*

(Prologue)

I was not fortunate to
 read *Suratul Khaf* from a tender age
 but I am gratified I was not 18
 before I knew Chapter 18.

At 12,
 every *Asr* on *Jum'uah*
 saw heads buried in *Masaahif* in
 a cluster of green uniforms
 and tongues swirling simultaneously
 to words that illuminate you till the next.

it was like we were in a battlefield,
 with the commander's voice
 reverberating from the Masjid's speaker.
 We tried every time to keep up
 with the horse's pace without
 misplacing *Hamzah* for *'ain*
 or *Qaf* for *Kaf* while shortening
 the six elongation stretch to four.

In my later years,
 I carefully placed all the
 one hundred and ten verses on my bed
 and the four major trials became clear.

(Epilogue)

The four major trials;

1. Trial of Faith – People of the Cave/ Ashab Al-Kahf (Verses 9 – 26)
2. Trial of Wealth – The story of the rich and the poor (Verses 32 – 44)
3. Trial of Knowledge – Moses and Al-Khidr (Verses 60–82)
4. Trial of Power – Dhul-Qar-nayn with Yajuj Majuj (Verses 83–98)

ALLAHUMMA!

Lan Rey Hassan

Allahumma!
In you, I have found hope,
and for You,
I have turned away friends and pleasure.

Allahumma!
although love is scarce,
let me find it in the darkest of nights
when my head caresses the earth you've spread.

Allahumma!
peace is hard to come by here,
do not then, let me face you again in fear
of the grave not being my place of rest.

Allahumma!
before the mat of time is folded
and this earth is stolen
from beneath my forehead,

Let me taste of the little happiness of life;
Surround me with friends
who would desert me when
I desert the Qur'an.

HOW DID HE END UP THIS WAY?*Aladodo Abdus-Salam*

They said he was found in his basement;
 blood gushing from his wrists,
 eyes widening like one struck by lightning
 lips summoning courage for help.

They said he moaned as he was
 lifted to the stretch,
 he made hush wishes as the ambulance carted him away,
 and as the nurses rushed him to the ICU.

They said the doctors were not the only ones who tried their best,
 that he also beseeched his soul to help him fight death
 that he never wanted to lose himself,
 even when the Grim Reaper was leaning forward with his scythe.

They said while the doctors were performing their tricks,
 his hushes were loud
 and clear:

"Allahumma!
 if this is a pain from the pit of Your hell,
 please, take it away.
 I live each day seeing my soul leave my body,
 only to return and taunt it the more.
 I watch each day as I struggle with my own addiction,
 only to seek forgiveness and go back to them.

Allahumma!
 I cannot give account for the bottles of rum this mouth has tasted
 for the barrels of whiskey this stomach has housed
 for the hours of pornography these eyes have seen
 for the endless *zinaa* of my limbs
 I cannot give account for the slanderous moments.

Allahumma!
 I cannot stand your judgement without the Qur'an as a shield
 without the Prophet as an intercessor

without enough good deeds enough to outweigh my scale of evil.

Allahumma!

my chest is constricted

my heart has hardened

my soul is lost

I cannot survive

not for the next minute.

I am completely drained

I am tired. I am finished. I need You now. I need Your touch. I am sorry.

Allahumma!

this is my best

I leave myself in Your hands

and in the hands of these specialists,

who cannot cure except with Your grace.

Save my soul,

purify my deeds

let me live to praise Your name,

let me live to redeem myself.

Please.”

ALLAHUMMA!

Nafeesah Omolewa

Allahumma!
For You I cherish loyalty in all ramifications
For the one who dislikes loyalty
lacks the presence of sight.

Allahumma!
For You I've become faithful
Hoping You'd grant me
Your mercy,
and ease my affairs.

Allahumma!
I keep returning to the sublimity of prayer;
to remember You,
So my happiness can reach its peak;
the beauty of existence

Allahumma!
I've diverted my soul from
the whims of life,
As collection of wealth
recklessly,
only blinds one's eyes and soul

Allahumma!
I'm taking my time in prostration
Your mercy I seek
with tears dripping down
the rough path of my eyes

Allahumma!
I've shortened my night;
rising and praising Your name,
for I know not
when Malakul Maut
will visit me.

Allahumma!

To a path illuminated by Your Noor
I've always returned;
giving my little,
hopeful of your mercy and
being a good example to humanity.

Allahumma!

I've been for my country;
a good follower and builder,
for my parents;
a good offspring,
cognizant of account
my rights and wrongs.

Allahumma!

I irrigate life with love affectively,
share smiles and good words;
that I might be worthy
of the Prophet's intercession

All for your mercy;

I'd hope,
as I strive like a bird
with determination; roaming in the sky.

ALLAHUMMA!

Bashir Lucas Samson Lukman

Allahumma!
Teach me, the art and acts
That I may tame what tames me

Allahumma!
This nafs, mine
That which I should control
Does control me

Allahumma!
That I tame and purify, hence succeed
Not to corrupt and opt for perdition

Allahumma!
My cries loudly silent
That I may be of the inhabitants of Jannah

Allahumma!
Men want, yet flees
He craves, but, abandons
He needs, but is deprived
He searches, he finds not

Allahumma!
He seeks in the mountains
He checks in the cinema
He seeks in music
He finds in the stadium

Allahumma!
Like me, I am troubled
The nafs like all men's, in need of peace
Does man not know peace has an abode?
Peace lives in the remembrance of Allah

Allahumma!
Ease for me, to find

ALLAHUMMA!

21, Jumadal Uula, 1441AH

What man does want and crave
Suffer me not with your remembrance
That this nafs finds rest and meets You in peace

IT COULD BE ME

Abdul Qadir Adebayo

Allahumma!

I know it could be me, leaning without my shadow
Trying to get things right, like a pilot on the red sea
In the dark hours, only hearing the sounds of my heartbeats

Allahumma!

It could be me, shrouded in the white piece
Causing my family mourn, for they know not my next minute
Making friends lose a friend, digging a hole in their fun

Allahumma!

It could be me, seeing the flies in my meals as proteins
Trekking miles with the tip of my toes in happiness
Using my fingers as buttons to hold my shirts
Seeing belts as extravagance when there are ropes.

Allahumma!

Be my shield in the tough war
I hope for your *rahmah* in the silent hours
I seek Your help when the road seems far
Above all, grant me Your Paradise.

A SACRED WEAR***Aaminah Qasim ONIWARERE***

I heard faint footsteps approaching, accompanied with whispers: ‘Ismail, your name has been on the principal’s lips, I think you should go see her’. I looked up and saw our class coordinator wearing a half-baked smile. Ismail, my father’s name which automatically became mine two months ago when I gained admission into a prestigious School of Nursing in Nigeria. I was sighted at the first row and first column towards the left side of the hall, head tilted to a side – facing the wall. The picture of the Amala and Luru soup I would have for lunch had sent me into the land of fantasies before I was interrupted by a figure I so much dreaded. My eyes boggled as they met the principal’s, who was seated at the other side of the hall.

With eyes almost popping out of her glasses and lips synching as if close to screaming, she quizzed “why are you not singing?” I needed not to strain my ears to hear, despite the high pitch of voices bustling in the hall. I had barely been in the school—which was supposedly owned by the nation—for two months, yet, had been a victim of discrimination and insensitivity more times than I had ever been in my entire life. At first, it was having to do without the hijab while on uniform, then sitting in a God-forsaken class while *Jum’ah prayer* was ongoing and to finish it all, compulsorily participating in Christmas carol.

It was becoming too much and lumps as big as my fist were gathering in my throat. “*If I ever make it out alive, Oh Allah! let those coming after me never have a taste of this. Give me the physical, spiritual and emotional strength to fight this through. Soften the heart of these people and grant unto us a miracle*”. I silently whispered a *du’a*.

“I am not a Christian ma”, I replied.

“What is your name?” Her questions were like a detective’s, interrogating a prime suspect.

“I-S-M-A-I-L” I responded with quivering lips.

“Oh! you are the Ismail?”

I didn’t know if it was rhetorical or not, so I waited for her to either finish the sentence or repeat it.

“Ilyas didn’t tell you we sing Carol here?” without waiting for an answer, she continued:

“We are all one. We don’t discriminate here”.

Searching through my memories, I remembered Mrs Ilyas telling me the location of the central mosque meant for *jum’ah* prayers while she was advising me as a fresh student. Mrs Ilyas was a friend to my mother’s cousin who eventually became my guardian and happened to know the principal well enough. She never mentioned anything about singing carols to me.

“Or why do we sing?” The principal pressed further.

“Because of Christmas Ma”,

“What are we singing it for?”

“For the birth of Jesus Ma”

Not pleased with my well-tailored responses, she added:

“Are we not singing for the patients?”

I could have answered ‘Yes’, but NO! that was an opportunity to drill in my points. With all the confidence in the world or maybe the amount I could summon at that moment, I carefully responded; “*Ma’am, if we are singing for the patients, we would have done it any other time of*

the year and sang any other type of song”. She gave a look that could have sent me into my grave, only that the angel of death was not ready. At that point, my class coordinator joined us and after hearing my side of the story from the principal’s narration, she mentioned how she thought I had been sleeping before walking up to me, but amazingly found me awake, staring straight at the walls. I was instructed to return to my seat and to not participate from then onwards.

Getting to my seat, I assumed the position I had earlier, chin resting on my palm, head tilted sideways; this time around, not facing the walls, but the principal. I started moving my lips, opening my mouth widely and closing it at intervals in an attempt to rhyme with others who were joyfully singing in the hall while reciting different *adhkaar*.

When Ramadan came, I dedicated my nights and days to asking Allah to grant us ease and beseeched Him to change our situation; that he should help us overcome our worries and have no fear of being intimidated or facing grievous repercussions. I cried in the darkest of nights, although I was very clueless and had no plan to execute, I held on strongly to my faith and believed Him. I believed in His promise to answer the prayers of the oppressed.

YOU'RE NOT A VIRGIN

Rosheedat L. Akindete

Fatima rummaged the makeshift shelve while disposing the useless papers. It was the week of finals and the school would close the hostels two days after the exams. She was about to dispose a paper when the writings caught her attention. It's her roommate's handwriting. She'd have ignored it but the first two lines entranced her.

Seven days after the marriage. Seven days of agony and despair. It took seven days to compromise. He had told me two days ago that we'd divorce today and I agreed. "You're not a virgin," he'd sounded defeated. He said it repeatedly as if it were a mnemonic he mustn't forget. It was just after Subhi prayer. I sat on the edge of the bed with my back facing him. One glimpse at him and I'd break down again. Although this might be strange, he'd silently packed my clothes. I occasionally glanced at him and I could feel my heart clenching. He didn't deserve this pain. He loved me so much and I knew it. Seven days ago, he was staring at me in front of hundreds as if I was the most precious thing in his life. I was there beside him looking aloof with plastered smile on my face. I'd known what was going to happen that first night. I winced as I remembered the crestfallen look on his face.

It all started three months ago. I hadn't known that I was about to set out on a journey of despair. It was after I finished my sophomore year in Zamfara State University (ZAMSU). My father summoned me that fateful evening and told me I was going to get married. I remember telling him that I was not ready and still young, although I was with a guy who was a final-year student in ZAMSU as well. I couldn't dare tell him that I was dating someone because it was a forbidden relationship. He'd told me that the man - Yasir - would visit us with his family the next day. Mother tried to convince him that it was too early but he shouted at her. I cried uncontrollably

that night and that was qhow I was betrothed to Yasir. I had no say in the matter. After all, I was a girl and a girl would only marry who was chosen for her.

The first night of the marriage, he wanted to touch me but I turned him down. I wasn't going to sleep with a man I didn't love. He let it pass probably thinking I was stressed. The same thing happened the following day. Then, on the third day he sat me down and asked to talk about it. Yasir was well mannered and religious. He was a guy any girl would dream of but when there's no love, it's nothing. I told him why I wouldn't allow him to touch me and he nodded painfully with understanding.

I'd be lying if I had said I was not hurt. It hurts because I love you so much and I respect you. I won't blame you and I'll never force or even lure you to have sex with me. But, do you love someone?" he said, looking confused. I told him about the guy I was dating before the marriage. He asked all about him, then nodded and left the house. That day, he came back from work lately looking dejected. He told me he didn't go to the office. He spent the whole day doing a background check on my ex.

You're not going to like this but the man you love is seeing three other girls and even got engaged to one two months ago. He'd marry her next month." I was stunned. I was lied to. I felt betrayed. Yasir and I compromised. He was going to divorce me. He wanted to help me out of an unhappy relationship. I persuaded him to tell my parents I wasn't a virgin and that's why he divorced me. They wouldn't have any option or try to reconcile. I was ready for the shame. We agreed to divorce that day.

#

Fatima gasped upon getting to the end of the note. Here's the girl they'd ridiculed and slandered. She'd been told how the girl was whoring around and was divorced by her ex. The sound

of bathroom door creaking jolted her awake and she hurried to hide the paper but was caught anyways. They were both silent for a minute until the girl talked-

"You shouldn't go around reading other people's stuff. Being my roommate doesn't give you that right"

"Zaynab, are these true? Subhnallah! Why didn't you tell anyone?"

"mind your business Fatima"

Fatima was so sad and sorry for her friend. She knew Zaynab was seeing someone but didn't know who as she only sometimes heard her talk on the phone. They're now writing their finals and she should be thinking of settling already after all, she thought. She was still thinking of how to redeem her friend's reputation when Zaynab arrived from class. When she noticed that she'd settled on her bed and was reading, she sat beside her thinking of how to approach her about what had been going on.

"So, are you seeing someone now? I noticed you've been talking a lot with a guy on the phone" she waited for some minutes, she'd wanted to leave her thinking she was going to ignore her question.

"It's Yasir". Zaynab replied silently

She was caught by surprise and stuttered for some seconds before she found her voice.

"Are you seeing him? Is anything between you two? Do you want to go back to him?"

"Maybe or maybe not".

But if Fatima hadn't been staring at her, she wouldn't have caught the smile that stretched her lips in a millisecond.

DRIFTED

Haneefah Abdulwahab

The plane was finally stable in the air a few minutes after it took off from Lagos. Several thoughts fogged my memory as I glanced at the window to observe the clouds.

“Is this your first time travelling by air?” A female voice beside me asked.

“It is.” I turned to see a petite lady clad in a black gown and a red veil.

“Assalaam Alaykum. I am Ummu Abdillah, and you are...?” She stretched her hand for a handshake.

“Wa ‘alaykum salaam. I am Maryam.” We shook hands.

There was something unique about the way she smiled. She drew out a magazine from her bag and read through its content.

“Subhanallah!” She exclaimed.

“What happened?” I asked, peering into the magazine.

“A sixteen-year-old girl committed suicide.” Her lips curved into a frown.

“Did they state why she did so?”

“They said she was depressed.” She replied.

“Are you sure it is not one of those phoney stories?” I asked almost immediately.

“Phoney or not, it is happening and becoming rampant,” She blurted.

“You are right. I lost my best friend to depression years ago,” I said bitterly.

“I am sorry about that. Do you know what prompted her to do so?” She looked at me. I turned to the window as I recalled the story.

“It has been about seventeen years since I last saw Hannah Abubakar,” I started

“Hannah Abubakar?” She repeated with a slight shock on her face.

“Yes. She was my best friend in secondary school. Hannah was called a sadist by everyone because she snubbed everyone that talked to her. Her behaviour was strange and I thought there was something more to the way she behaved. So I took a great risk and started trailing her. One day, I trailed her into a remote road.”

“Were you not scared of trailing her into a strange road?” she asked.

“I was. But I was curious to know where she was going, so I followed. I saw her walk into a derelict building, sat on a brick and wrote almost endlessly inside a small diary. She went there often and cried all alone,” I paused and noticed Ummu Abdillah’s fixed gaze on me.

“I wanted to be friends with her so I tried various means to gain her trust until I did. We became close friends and did things together. She lost her mother when she was nine. Her father married another wife few months after the death of her mother. Hannah’s stepmother maltreated her and her younger sister so much that they were deprived of a lot of things. She told me her sister died of asthma when their stepmother refused to give her money to buy inhaler...” I continued.

“What about her father?” Ummu Abdillah cuts in.

“He was away from home during these incidents. She suffered a lot and was even sexually abused by her stepmother’s brother. She said she went to the derelict house whenever she felt the urge to take her life and wrote scary suicidal notes in her small diary to pour her pains since no one cared to listen to them. I prayed for her and told her stories of people who were going through worse situations in their lives. I even quoted a verse from the Qur’an that states: *“And certainly, we shall test you with something of fear, hunger, loss of wealth, lives and fruits, but give glad tidings to As-Sabirun (the patient)”* {Q2:155}. I did all I could to keep her alive.” Hot tears trickled down my face as I spoke in pain.

“So, what happened?” Ummu Abdillah stroke my back.

“One day, she disappeared but left me a short letter. Hannah explained how she appreciated my love and care. She went to a far place to take her life, a place where no one could stop her.” I turned to see Ummu Abdillah crying.

“Are you all right?” I asked as she covered her face with her veil.

“Please fasten your seat belt. The plane is preparing to land.” A flight attendant announced.

I stared out of the window, holding my breath as the plane gradually descended towards the ground. Ummu Abdillah adjusted herself on the seat and I saw her boarding pass slid from her hand before she hurriedly grabbed it.

“I was the Hannah Abubakar you narrated in your story,” she said with teary eyes.

“You are?!!!” I stared in shock.

“Welcome to Nnamdi Azikiwe International Airport, Abuja. We wish you a safe journey back to your various destinations.” The air hostess’ voice filled the plane.

“I ran away from home but I didn’t kill myself. You saved my life. You gave me reasons to live when everyone deserted me.”

“You said your name is Ummu Abdillah.”

“My first son is Abdullah so people call me that.”

“You look so different, Hannah. I thought you killed yourself. I came to visit a family in Abuja and I am glad I met you,” I held her hands tightly.

“I live in Abuja with my family and run an organization that fights against child abuse, depression and the like,” she grinned.

“That’s very nice,” I said.

“I feel sad each time I remember that I almost took my life years ago. We need more people like you, Maryam. Can you give a speech in my forthcoming programme?” She asked and I nodded.

“We will meet again soon.” We hugged and exchanged phone numbers.

It dawned on me at that instant that it is necessary to care for people around us because we never know who is going through pains.

TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS

Timi Sanni

The Imam was getting up. *It's now or never.*

"I'm sorry," Mr. Adelaja said. "I don't know if you can ask the *jama'ah* to give me some money. I'm hungry. I've not eaten since morning and neither has my family."

"I'm sorry," the Imam said. "We do not do that here."

"I mean to eat." He put his hand to his mouth.

He isn't a beggar, he used to be a Public Affairs Officer at the Ministry of Education. But he retired and his first son began to battle a terminal disease.

"I'm very sorry sir..."

Frustration seeped into his voice. "But we are hungry."

When he arrived home, he was beaming. "*Salam alaykum, Aisha!*"

"*Wa alaykum salam.*"

He picked out the packs from the nylon bag in his hand. "I brought food."

She opened a pack and her jaw dropped. "Where did you get this?" she asked.

"At the mosque."

"So you went begging at the mosque? Has it gotten to that? Look at me." She showed him her sticky hands, I'm making *mosa*... going through hardship doesn't reduce us to nothing, dear"

"I didn't go begging, Aisha." He said. "I went to the *masjid*."

On a Sunday morning, he was home alone and deep in thought when two men came visiting.

"Good morning," the taller of them said. "You're Mr. Adelaja, right?"

He nodded.

"I'm Mr. Mark and my colleague is Mr. Oladipo. We are here to offer you an awesome opportunity from the NGO 'Breaking Crosses'." He brought out some papers from his brief case. "These Programme gives you allowance to monthly provisions from our initiative, and a salary-paying job within the initiative as well as a capital of fifty thousand to start a business of your choice"

Mr. Adelaja was awed. *This is too good to be true.* "So what do I have to do to be eligible?"

Mr. Mark passed a paper to him. "All you have to do is sign."

He squinted his eyes as he made out the tiny words. "But it says here that the Programme is for the new members of a church called 'House of Zion'."

"Yes, the Breaking Crosses initiative is funded and administrated by House of Zion, it aims to give relief to people."

"What you're saying is I become a member of your church?"

"Not necessarily, the programme is different from the church. It only seeks to help people live a complete new life in all aspects. We have people from other churches in it too."

"I can't." He said, "I'm a Muslim"

"Well, it doesn't matter."

"I am a Muslim!" he repeated. "Please leave."

"I understand your pain, sir but you should reconsider, for your family." Mr. Mark stood. "I'm leaving the document in case you change your mind, send it to Breaking Crosses Initiative at no. 2 Bayero road."

That night, he kept waking up at odd hours. "*Aisha is really trying*, he thought. *She's helping me out now that I could no longer support the family. But how long would she do it, before everything falls back and she challenges me to do something? I should tell her about the relief Programme. What would she say? Perhaps that my faith is weak, and I am the one who always say that faith is the bedrock of one's life*".

When he woke, it was morning. He got up with a start, performed ablution and began to pray. But his mind kept drifting off. When he was done, he sat on the mat for a long time. Then suddenly, he got up and brought out the document. As soon as the men had left, he made to throw it away but at the last moment did not.

"What's that?"

He was shaken. Aisha had entered the room. *What should I do now?* He thought. He told her all about it, his heart pounding.

"Let's sign it." She said.

His eyes widened.

"I'm not saying we should disbelieve o." She said. "What I'm saying is we should sign it to be entitled to the offer, but inside ourselves we know we are Muslims."

"I can't believe you're saying this, Aisha," he said.

"But we need the money."

"So, we should go to the Programme?"

There was a pause. "Well...I just thought it was an opportunity"

“No, it’s not.” He replied. “It’s doom”.

Mr. Adelaja was reading an old newspaper while his wife spoke over the phone. After the call ended, he looked up from the paper and saw that her face was gloomy. “What’s it?” he asked. “Who was that?”

“Yusuf” she said. “He wouldn’t be allowed to write his exams if he doesn’t pay his school fee”.

He removed the spectacles from his face and turned to face her. “When did he say they are starting their exams?”

“Next week” she replied. Tears were forming in her eyes. “How are we going to come up with fifty thousand before next week Monday?”

He went to her side and put his arm around her.

“It’s okay, Aisha. We’ll find a way around it. I’ll think of something.”

“Today is Thursday” she said, “and we only have till Monday. Why can’t we just sign that relief form? We really need the money.”

He was silent. He only continued patting her back.

It was Sunday night. He was worried. Yusuf, only two years to graduate from medical school, was the hope of the family. He didn’t observe his usual supplicatory prayers, he sat on the mat, muttering: “*Allahuma*.” over and over.

The next morning, he was out by the crack of the dawn. When he came back, he was in despair. “I’ve only managed to gather twenty thousand so far. What are we...?”

“You don’t need to worry anymore.” Aisha said. “Yusuf just called, he has been awarded a scholarship.”

“*Masha Allah*.” He said. And then they broke into laughter.

TANGLE WITH THE BUTTERFLY

Ashraf Akintola

The human mind is an engineer that picturizes countless mind-boggling scenes dressed in expensive suits of imagery. For me, I have not, for once, deprived him his dividend of his hard work. I have been paying wages for his amazing products that people sometimes, if not often, give kudos to. He, however, disappointed me for not letting me be in the know that *labalába' shubu' lálàbá* – a butterfly having head-on collision with Alaba, that the *Yorubas* use as a tongue twister, can really and truly be really true. It sounds strange to you, right? Look, my people, *Àì d'ègbé jìnà lài rí abuké òkéré. B'èyàn bá dẹ odò jìnà, yí ò rí eja tó y'arọ* (If one stops being a lazy hunter in shrubs around the homestead and ford forests where brave hunters dare, he'll encounter a hunchbacked squirrel. Whoever embarks on an offshore fishery will sight a lame fish). Come with me. Today, it seems I woke up from the wrong side of the bed.

My sister had told me categorically on a fateful Sunday that I had a faulty memory. Her assertions shocked me to the marrow until she spoke her mind and told me it was the only awful experiences I remember vividly. My nerves calmed down as I was about giving her a deafening slap. Sure it was, as I admitted in my mind. A testimony to what I am about to share with you. Being the best student, I was chosen to represent my school, in a tough and very competitive contest organized by one of the multinational companies that loved mathematics. Saturday, the day of the exams, was a day my body was conditioned to rest a while after my morning prayers. This would be followed immediately by my household chores which includes trekking close to a kilometer to fetch water for domestic use; a routine that takes three to four trips.

My innocent and thoughtful mind skipped the part that I still had an hour drive with thirty minutes trek in order to get to school before making another one-hour sojourn to the venue of the exams which was to start by 9 a.m.. Still hungry and un-bathed at 7 a.m., my slumbering soul was put in forward gear when the scream of my sister threw the house in commotion. “Brooooooother Aaaaashraf! She yelled. Aren’t you supposed to be in school by now?” It was at that point that the voice of my principal rang in my head: “You must be in school by 7 a.m.!” , a command to which I answered yes.

Trusting the authenticity of my faulty memory, I got to school safely around 8:00am with all my running, tumbling and all sorts of skills too dangerous for the gymnastics in Olympics. It was then I put my golden medal in athletics in primary school to use. Oh! I was so superb!

On getting to school, I was told my *oga* and other colleagues had left 30 minutes ago. Where did they go?, was my question, knowing fully well that the centers for writing the exams were many. Trusting my guts, I headed back through the route I took when coming to school to a center I thought would be the venue. On getting there; I mean by trekking and running, I met them assembling the students into the classes. To my amazement, I was told the center was for the junior section! Flabbergasted, hungry and tired, I was thrown into a state of psychological quagmire, emotional stupor and intellectual phantasmagoria. Oh! I am dead already! My principal would kill me with every weapon he has. Cutting the long story short, I finally got to my center when everybody else was halfway through. So perplexing was my mood that all my focus was on the milk they would distribute after the exams. A beverage I later did acute justice to, knowing quite well what I was into.

Fast forward to Monday, my principal was fully briefed on how rascally and puckish I was. It was surely my judgment day. As I had predicted, I was summoned to the front of the assembly, this time not to receive applause, but to feel how painful it was not to win. During the course of his usual school address, a boy of my height and complexion, who would later be my hero and savior, interrupted his speech from the normal murmur that characterized boys' school. Visibly angry, he ordered him out and commanded that six different canes of different sizes are brought out. My heart literally ran out of my body. But I kept my faith that I was not going to be beaten.

Eventually, the boy was beaten severely more than he imagined as the atonement for his crime. Little did he know that the principal thought it was me he was thrashing heavily. I could remember the boy looking at the principal in the face and thinking "*wetin I do to deserve this na*". Even the teachers couldn't understand what was happening as I stood on one side of the stage, gazing as a spectator in my own game. Strangely enough, no one could say, "Sir, you haven't beaten the culprit", an evident pointer that I was loved by majority of the students and teachers. They couldn't bear seeing their superstar in pain.

Everyone looked at me in amazement and wondered what prayers I said that saved me from ululation. Although I couldn't recognize the face of my savior, but since then, I learnt an indelible lesson that reaffirmed my belief in the fact that whatever is meant for you would not miss you and whatever misses you is never meant for you. Little did the boy know that he would be punished for something he knew nothing of and how else could I be sure that I would be saved from that disgrace at such precarious moment.

DIVINE CURE FOR EVERY DISEASE: HADITH 27 OF AL-MAJMU' AL-MUFID AS A CASE STUDY

Raji Lateef Agbolahan

On the authority of Abu Hurayrah, may Allah be pleased with him, he said: “The messenger of Allah ﷺ said: Whenever Allah inflicts a disease (on a man or on a society), He provides a cure for it.

Exposition

In Islam, health and disease are part of Allah’s creations, and for several purposes, subject man to pass through alternating periods of happiness and suffering. However, this does not mean that man should not strive to dispel disease or seek relief from his afflictions. The glorious Qur’an prescribing the divine cure for man encourages him to use the Qur’an as remedy for his soul and body illnesses, specifically stated thus:

And We send down from the Qur’an that which is a healing and a mercy to those who believe (in Islamic monotheism and act on it), and it increases the Zalimun (polytheists and wrong-doers) nothing but loss. Qur’an 17:82

In another chapter, Allah says:

O mankind! There has come to you from your Lord (i.e. the Qur’an ordering all that is good and forbidding all that is evil), and a healing for that (disease of ignorance, doubt, etc.) in your breast,- a guidance and a mercy (for the believers. Qur’an 10:57

The noble Prophet was reported by Abu Hurayrah and Jabir as saying:

Seek medical treatment, for Allah Has created no disease except that He created its cure apart from old age and death. (Reported by Ahmad and others).

This prophetic statement attributing cure to every disease is a general rule that encourages people to undertake research and understand the right medicine needed to cure their illnesses. In exactitude, this is the goal of modern medicine – the acquisition of the knowledge of disease and the cure. In the second part of the hadith, the Prophet made the recovery (from illness) dependent on correspondence between the disease and the medicament.

Ibn Qayyim in his *Tibbu Nabawi* (The Prophetic Medicine) commenting on the above Hadith, says:

When the medicament (mentioned for every disease by the messenger of Allah) exceeds the degree of the disease, it causes another disease (instead of procuring a remedy), and whenever (the medicament) is in shortage, it fails to combat the disease and the cure will be ineffective. And if the curer does not discover the remedy or if deterrent agent impedes its influence, then (in all these cases) no healing could take place, owing to the incompatibility between the disease and the remedy. But if both the disease and the medicament match together, healing would unavoidably occur.

By any chance, Allah did not put the cure for any disease in what he had forbidden for the Ummah, all unlawful things are considered to be impure, thus, they would only cause more evil or harm to the health instead of procuring remedy for it. It is impermissible to seek medication with impure substances, or anything that contains an iota of impurity such as meat of unlawful animals, or any form of intoxicants for medication. By and large, the Prophet was once asked about intoxicants being brewed for medication, and he responded:

“Indeed, it is not a medicine but a disease”. (Abu Dawud).

The Prophet encouraged us to strive to keep our bodies healthy and souls purified, by seeking cure for all diseases through lawful means, for all kinds of good deeds can only be done with a healthy

body. It is reported in several collections that the Prophet, in recognition of the relevance of sound and healthy believer over a weak and feeble believer, has said:

A stronger believer is better and dearer to Allah than a weak one, and both are good. Adhere to that which is beneficial to you. (Muslim)

It is on this premise Al-Qardawi in his book; *Ar-Rasul wal-ilm* said in categorical terms:

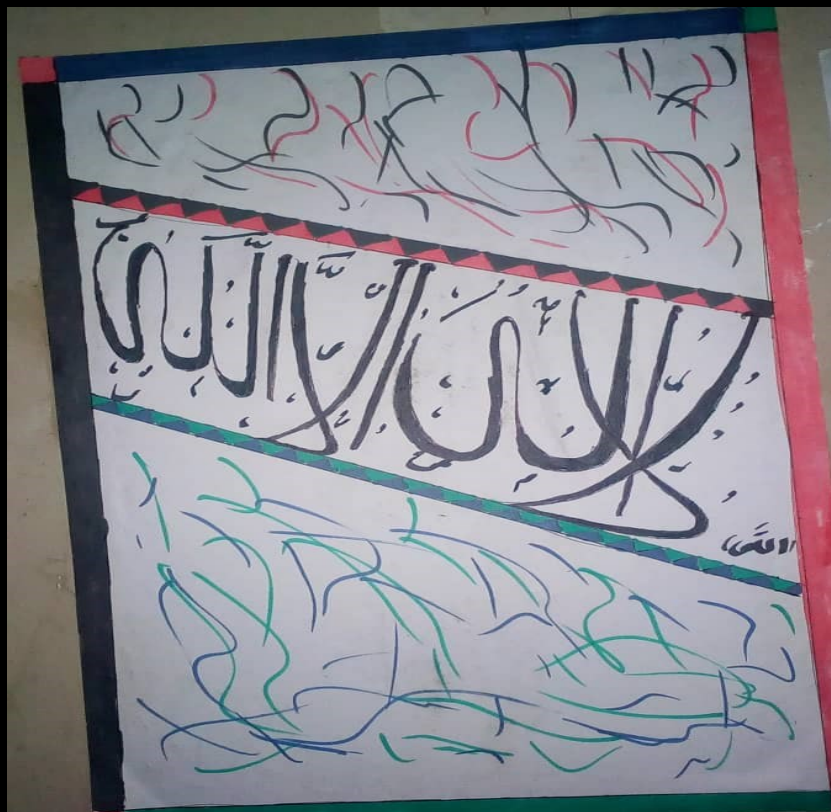
...it is obligatory upon the Muslim community to get some of its citizens to specialize in all the various fields of human endeavor, to be able to teach them perfectly and also to transform and present them in their (hitherto) original Islamic viewpoints/perspectives, and in their Islamic garbs.

In conclusion, Allah has sent no disease except with its cure and that for every disease there is a lawful remedy. It is also deducible that the Qur'an and Sunnah serve as bedrock for every cure; be it spiritual or physical disease, hence, Muslims are urged to seek healing from divine sources.

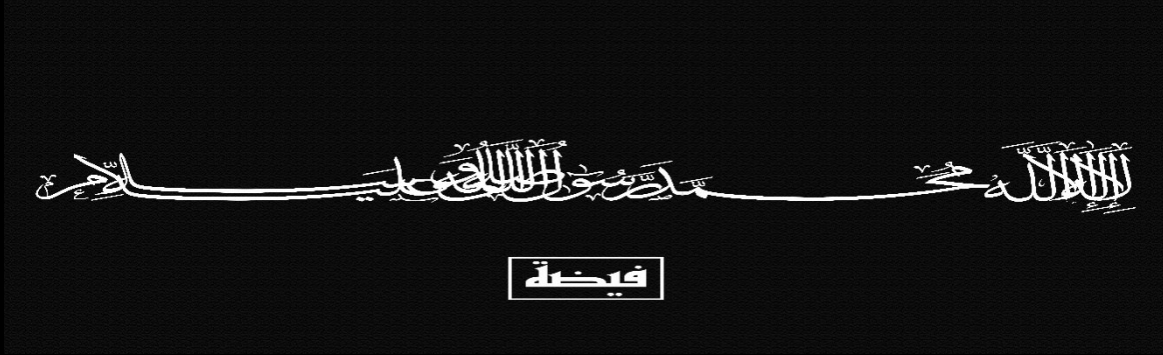
CALLIGRAPHIES

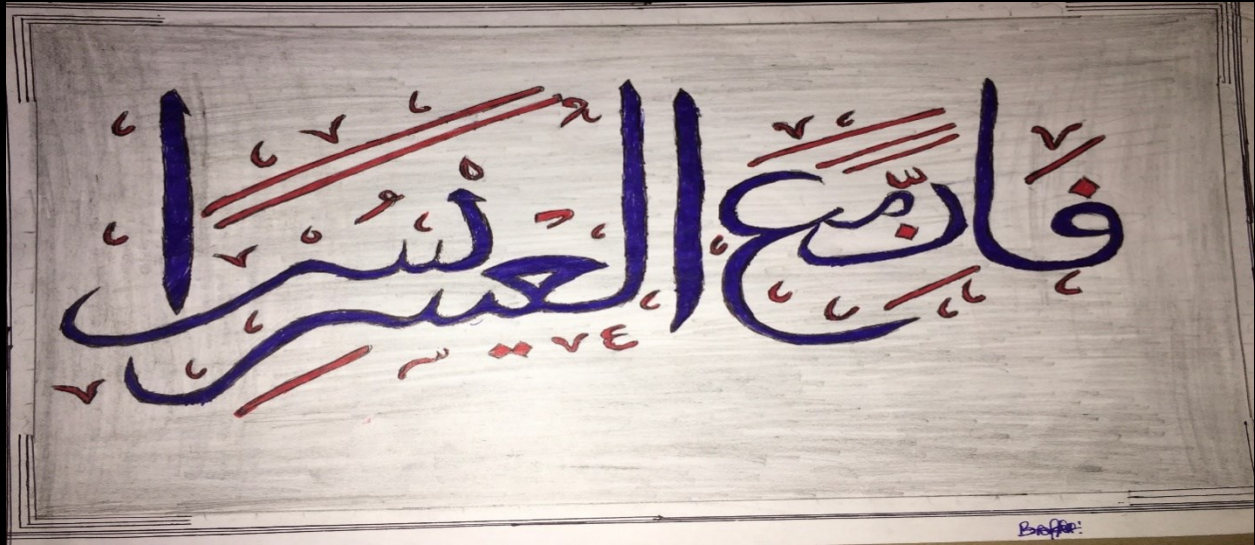


ABDUS-SALAM FAHEEDAT



BABATUNDE AHMAD

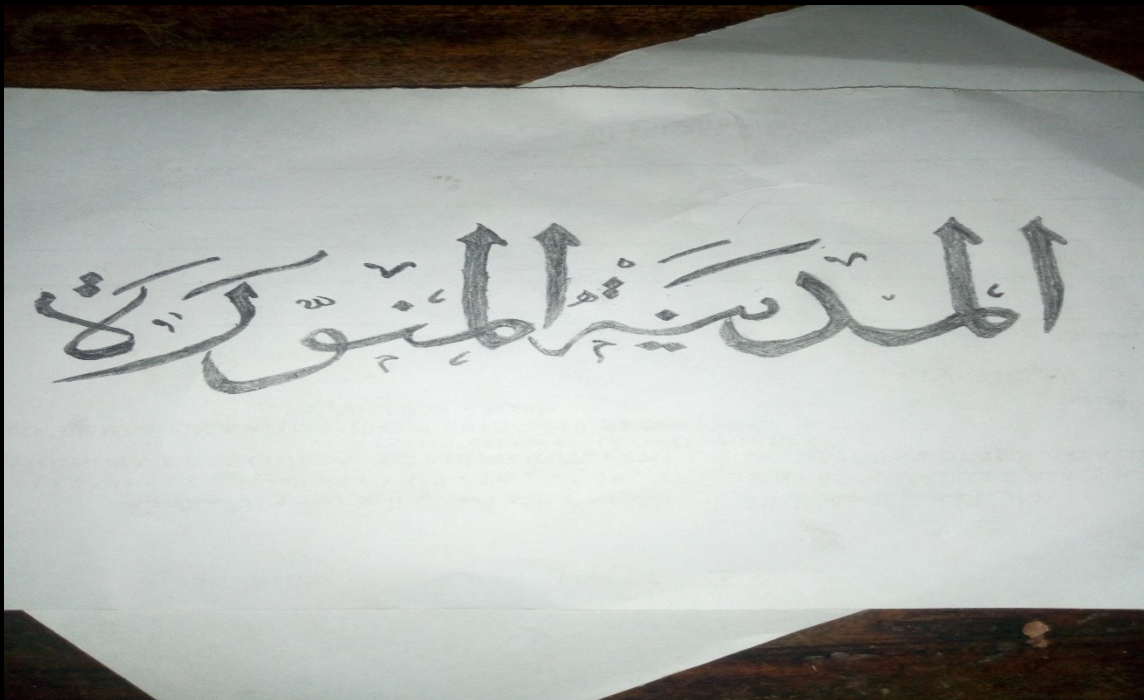




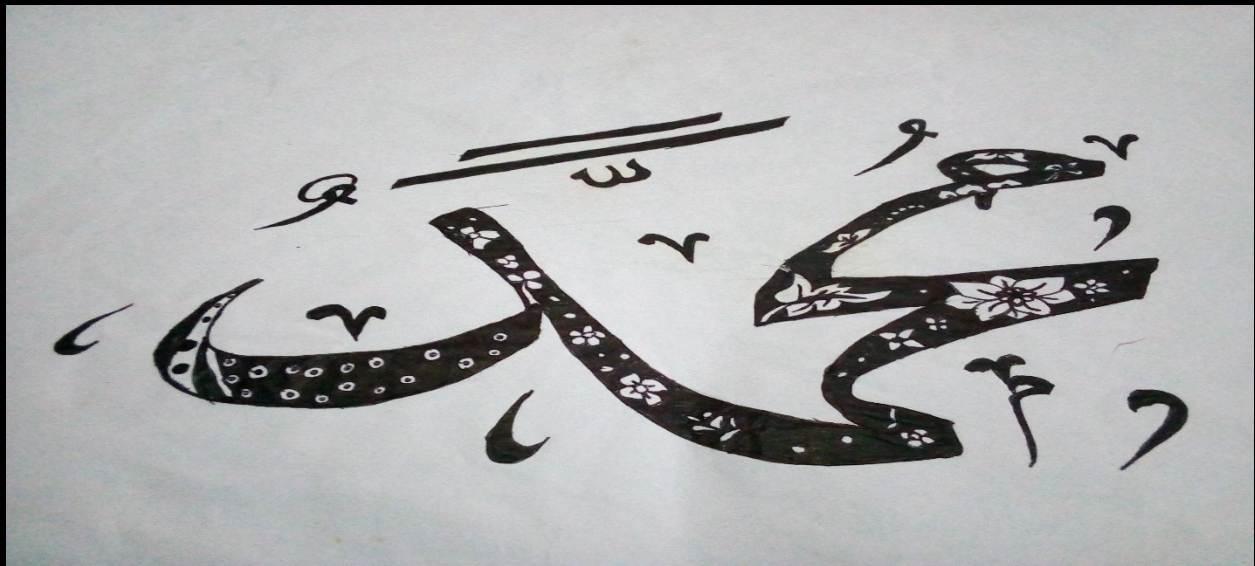
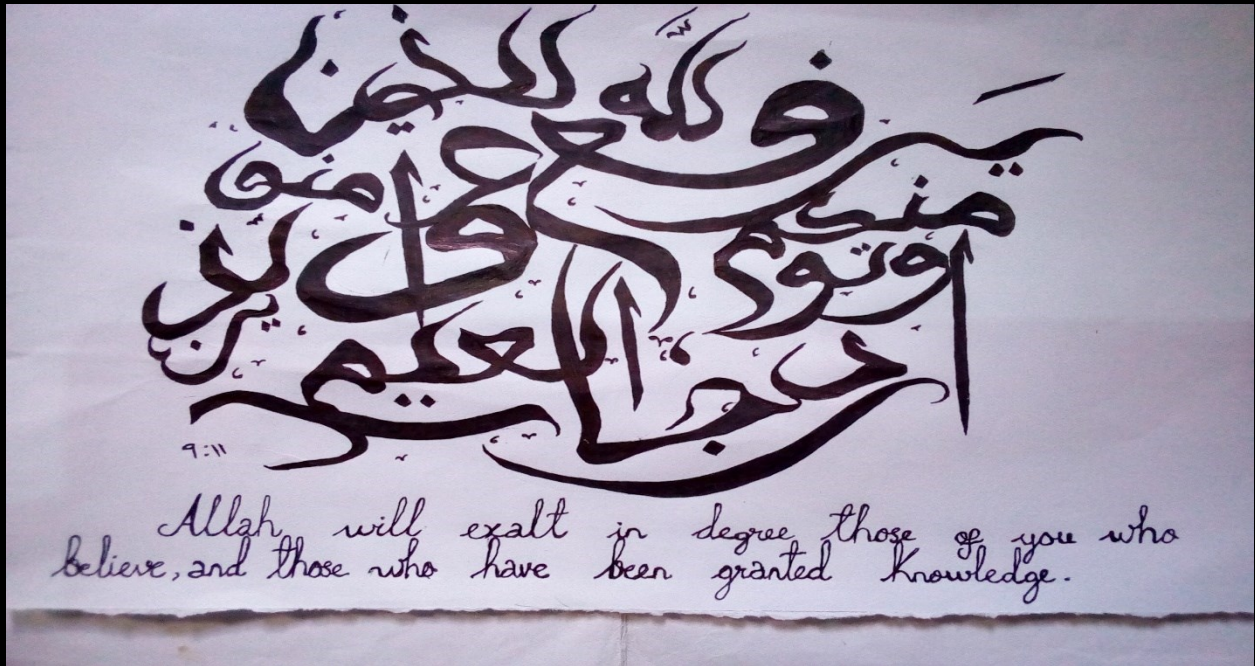
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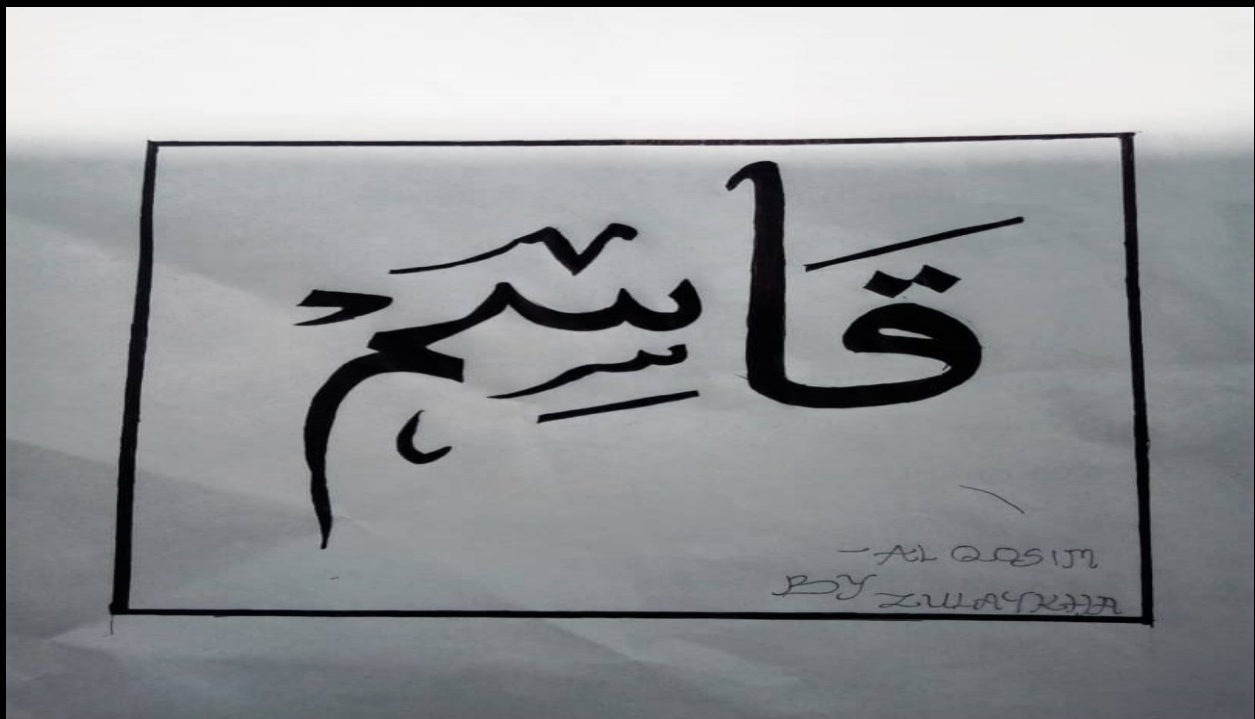
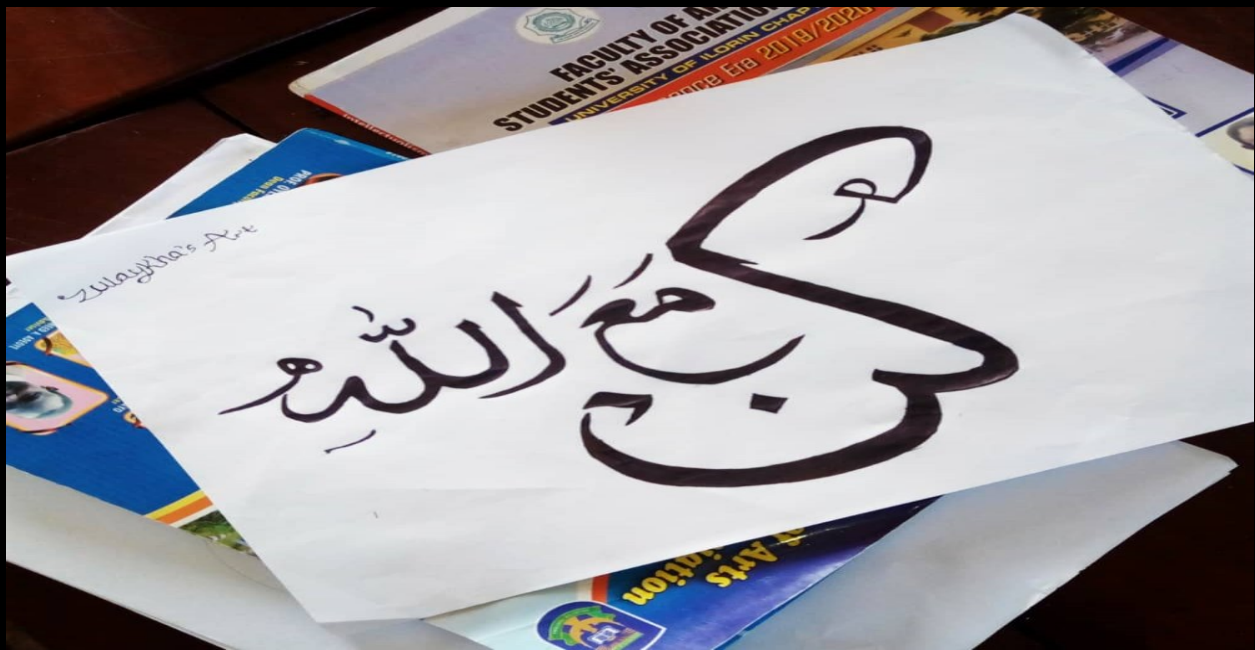
HADIYAT THAMIN



ISSA ABDULMUJEEB



KIKELOMO KAMARUDEEN



MAHMOOD ZULAYKHA



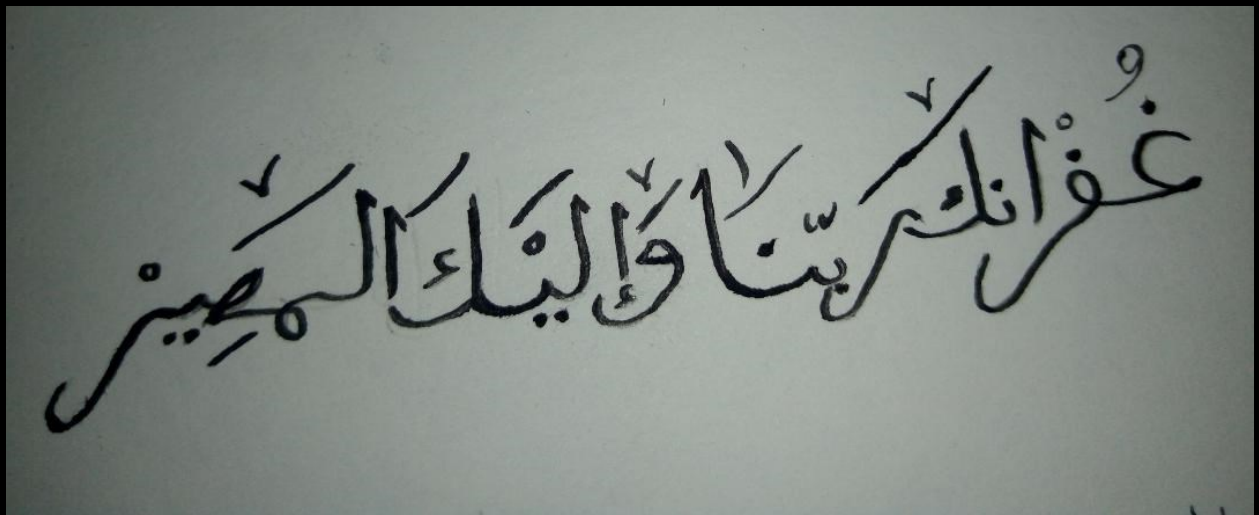
SUMMAYYAH MUSA



USMAN AHMAD



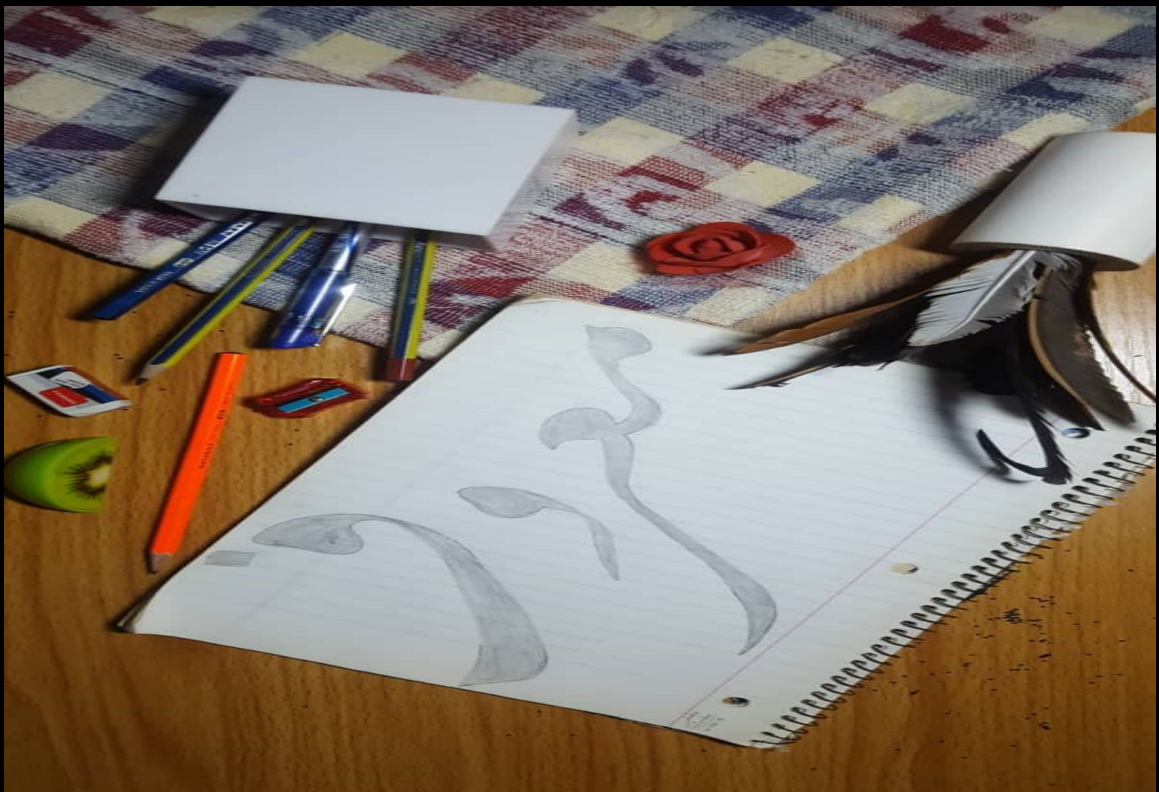
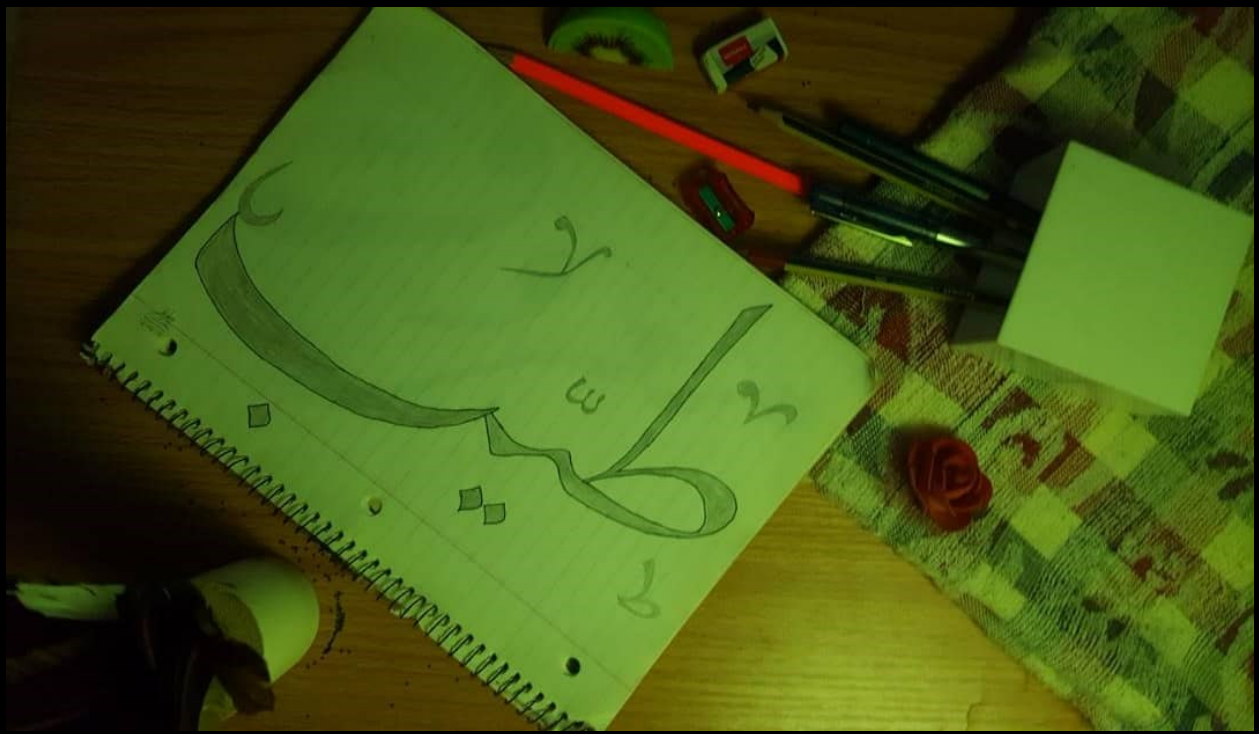
IDRIS ABDULWAHAB



RAJI MARYAM

UMAR ALIYYU BABA





BINTU TAFA

CONTRIBUTORS' BIOS

Raji Lateef Agbolahan is an alumnus of the University of Ilorin. Raji graduated with first-class honours in Islamic Studies. He is a moralist, researcher, translator (Arabic-English), poet (Arabic genre) and facilitator. He has received several awards and recognitions for his academic excellence. He was the best graduating student in Islamic Studies for the 2017/2018 academic session. He can be reached via rajiagbolahan@gmail.com

Afolabi, Quazim Abimbola is an undergraduate of the Department of Religions, University of Ilorin, Kwara state - Nigeria. He is a Muslim, editor, poet, satirist, journalist, grass root volunteer, desktop publisher, blogger, JCI Active Citizen and graphic designer. His works have been published on www.librettong.com, www.allpoetry.com, www.thegiantpen.com www.hynaija.com and other magazines. He is an ambassador for Poets in Nigeria (PIN). He is an ailurophile and book aficionado.

Al badriyyah is a student of the University of Ilorin. She is a wannabe writer who toggles between learning the English language as a University course, learning about the Deen and writing from the little she knows. She is also a member of the editorial board of the MSSN branch of her university.

Balogun Abdulbasit is a student of knowledge, an editor, a writer, and researcher. He enjoys having good time with friends and having progressive discussions. Some of his poems have featured in a few anthologies and journals. He enjoys Amala any time any day.

Barakat Nurain is a native of Iwo, Osun State. A lady in her late teens and presently a student of KWARA STATE POLYTECHNIC, ILORIN studying Building Technology. A budding poet hoping to be prolific someday. She wishes her works would be a push for souls in despair, an encouragement for the depressed, and a reason for someone to find guidance (Islam).

Haashim Yusuf Amao is a striving servant of Allah and a graduate of Islamic Studies from the prestigious University of Ilorin (the better by far institution). He's a budding writer with great zeal to changing the world around him, positively, via his pen. *If he is not inking, he is thinking.*

Adeyemi Islamiyat Omowunmi is a second-class upper graduate of English Language from the University of Ilorin, with her popular pen name, (IYANIWURA'S PEN). She is a writer, poet, editor and English Language teacher. She loves writing poems more in comparison to other genres and as an editor during her stay in school, she was exposed to writings and got used to being with writers which increased her love for all forms of writing. She was a member of the MSSN editorial board for three years and was among the committee for organizing essay contests, debates and other writing related workshops. Some of her works featured in Al-Bayaan and Al-Bayyinah publications. Iyaniwura aims to be a prominent freelance writer someday.

Aisha Oredola is an author, a poet, graduate of Cell Biology & Genetics, and a Public Health enthusiast. She's a Collins Elesiro prize 2019 longlistee, was shortlisted for her poem in a Ramadan writing contest by Fitrah Review and was second runner-up in the fiction category. Her works have appeared in The Freedom magazine – online and in print, Kalahari Review, Brigitte Poirson Poetry Anthology, The Quills, Mixsie Audiobooks and blogs like Patabah, The African Writers & Cheers Stories.

Sadiq Abdulsalam Adeiza is a writer who hails from Okene, Nigeria. Abdulsalam is a Muslim and he believes in the use of literature as a tool to tell our everyday stories. He is also keen on contributing to telling Muslims' narratives. His poems and short stories have been published in Nigerian dailies such as *The Nation*. His works have featured in literary platforms such as *African writer magazine*, *Campus Vapour* and are forthcoming in *Animal heart press* among others. Abdulsalam testifies that there is no deity worthy of worship except ALLAH and that Muhammad ﷺ is the Messenger of ALLAH.

Mariam Jimoh-Olayinka is a medical doctor who is passionate about writing to impact positively. She goes by the pen name; Maryam Musings. Mariam is happily married to Abdulmojeed Olayinka and they are blessed with an adorable son. She hopes to publish meaningful books: fiction and non-fiction works, in order to bring positive impact to her society, especially the Islamic populace. She enjoys reading and spending quality time with her loved ones.

Taofeek Ayeyemi fondly called *Aswagaawy* is a Nigerian lawyer and writer. His works have featured in *Kalahari Review*, *Tuck Magazine*, *The Quills*, *Cicada's Cry*, *Akitsu Quarterly*, *Stardust Haiku*, *Modern Haiku*, *Failed Haiku*, *Frogpond*, *Cattails*, *Seashores*, *Presence*, *The Mamba* and elsewhere. He won the *PoeticWednesday Poetry Contest, 2018*; first runner-up, *Okigbo Poetry Prize 2016* and *Honorable Mention Prize in the 1st Morioka International Haiku Contest, 2019* among others. He's the co-convener of *Amrayn Poetry Series* and editor at *Fitrah Review*.

Abdulfattah Morakinyo Wittage is a freelance writer, poet and editor from Oyo, Nigeria. He's a third-year engineering student of UNILORIN who tries to bridge the wide gap between engineering and writing. He has a strong passion for writing, editing, studying grammar and

language psychology. He's currently an editor of a monthly magazine. He's a fan of constructive criticism and never stops clowning around just to crease people around him up.

Aaminah Qasim ONIWARERE is a Nurse, poet, writer and graduate of Nursing Science from Ladoke Akintola University of technology, Ogbomosho. She has her work published on poetrytuesday.com

Abdulhameed Ridwan is a seasoned content creator, with a wealth of experience working with various brands and companies. He's a serial volunteer, who had been involved in the success of big events like TedXYaba 2018, Qing's Journal; the launch & the lunch, Kengbe Oro 1.0 among others. As a poet, he co-authored *What The Kitchen Taught Me* and the sole author of *Leap Of Faith and I Love Black Girls*. His recent poetry chapbooks are “How You Died?” and “The Sermon On Friday”. He writes and analyses technical scientific articles. He lives for science and arts.

Sobogun Mariam is a graduate of physiology. She is an opera hub news creator. She writes poems and articles and looks forward to becoming a published writer. She creates contents for online brands. She is open to learning and willing to explore the boundaries of writing. Aside writing, she is interested in entrepreneurship, and manages a small scale fashion brand – Modest Muslimah Collection, the shop for modest wears. She enjoys reading, writing, sewing and ice cream treats.

Lan Rey Hasan is an admirer of poets whose writing journey started as a homeschooled 11-year-old. He was nominated for the 2017 Kreative Diadem prize for the best Nigerian writer under the age of twenty-one. He currently schools in Ilorin.

Aladodo Abdus-Salam is a freelance writer, entrepreneur, and a theologian. He is enthusiastic about mental health and self-help. He has two publications to his name, and his debut book on self-help is forthcoming this year. His works can be found on OperaNews, KnowIslam, Brittlepapers, African Haiku Network, Stardust Haiku, The Quills, ISWOT, Medium, ForReadingAddicts UK, WRR, Youth Shades International, and other platforms and or literary publications. He tweets @dodo_leleyi.

Faydah Yahya is a calligraphy enthusiast who has never been into any formal class, but was inspired by the calligraphic artworks around her. Learning to write properly was an essential skill she acquired in Islamiyyah which may have been the foundation for her good handwriting. She found her niche in Digital Calligraphy via the use of a software and derives pleasure working with Kufic and Thuluth fonts. She loves applying metallic gradients as font color and dark colors for backgrounds. To expand her calligraphy circle, she endeavours to teach those around her, specifically those with similar enthusiasm.

Summayyah Musa is Physiotherapist. She loves making Arabic calligraphy designs in different shapes and forms, mostly in thuluth script. She makes custom Arabic designs as wall arts and print on personalized items. Her social media platforms are: Facebook: Summees Arts Instagram: @summees.arts

Usman Ahmad Auwal popularly known as Zun_Noorayne (Noorayne), hails from Kano State and resides in Abuja. He is a self-taught Arabic calligrapher (still learning). He branded his works and named it 'Nooraynes Creations'. He makes Arabic customized frames of verses, supplications and names for sales. His works can be seen on his social media pages: @Zun_Noorayne on twitter, Instagram: @Zunnoorayne or facebook: Usman Nuraini Ahmad

Haneefah Abdulwahab is an undergraduate of Usman Danfodiyo University, Sokoto. She is an up-and-coming writer, and her interests cover religious issues and other prevailing events affecting the society.

THE REVERTS' WAQF INITIATIVE¹

The Reverts' Waqf Initiative is aimed at seeing to reverts' spiritual, psychological, and financial challenges across Africa. Instead of publicly soliciting for funds all the time, we think it is better to map out a plan to generate funds which will take care of reverts' financial challenges. In actualizing this, we have agreed that:

- The contribution should be in phases
- The first phase should be 10 Million Naira
- A separate account be opened for this
- The 10 Million naira be gathered within the period of 12 months, as a long-term contribution might make it tiring
- While the contribution is on, we bring those who have been in business together to discuss what business to invest in.
- The project would be *Fee sebili Llah* except for brothers and sisters that might be employed, who would eventually get paid for their roles.
- Other than cases of life and death, reverts who have embraced Islam for more than five years are not entitled to financial assistance from the reverts' waqf initiative account.
- Members of the public who are willing to donate can give as much as they have, and as little as they can afford.
- Individuals can make a pledge of any amount which should be completed within twelve months.

¹ This is a brief account of what the reverts waqf initiative is all about, we've published a document which gives better insight into the initiative. Kindly click (<http://reverts.knowislam.com.ng/wp/wp-content/uploads/2019/12/Knowislam-Reverts-Waqf-Initiative.pdf>) to access it.

ABOUT US

K[nowislam.com.ng](http://www.nowislam.com.ng) is an online platform solely for affairs about **Islam**. Its Da'wah-minded members strive daily in propagating Islam and most importantly, correcting the many misleading broadcast contents about the deen around the world.

WE PUBLISH NEWS UPDATES AND ARTICLES ON ISLAM, INCISE COMPARATIVE STUDY OF ISLAM AND OTHER FAITHS, REFUTING FALSEHOOD WITH THE TRUTH, AND DEVELOPMENTS IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

While doing these, we also give a voice to the many Muslim events which the mainstream media don't. You can bookmark our website (www.nowislam.com.ng) or download our app via playstore (<https://play.google.com/store/apps/details?id=xyz.appmaker.mjpizj&hl=en>).



“OH ALLAAH”