

“I Am Not Sad”: From the son of a Shaheed

Translated by Umm Rawhiyah

This a translation (from Urdu) of a letter written by the son of a Shaheed, to Allaah, subhaanahu wa ta'aala, after his father was martyred in Kashmir.

My dear, Allah. How wonderful You are. You have blessed us immensely, yet we fail to thank You for these blessings.

Despite this fact, You continue to bless us every day, in so many ways.

O Allah, You are so Great. You guided us to the straight path and informed us of the deeds we should perform in order to enter Jannah. However, we are so imprudent that we neglect those deeds which will take us to Jannah.

O Allah, How is my Daddy? He is well isn't he? You have admitted my Daddy into Your Paradise, haven't you?

O Allah! My Daddy abandoned everything and sacrificed his life to glorify Your Deen. He did not give priority to anything in this World; neither wealth, nor property; as a matter of fact, he forgot about everything else and just remembered that Islam should be superior on this Earth. O Allah! It is for this reason that he used to tell us stories about Muhammad Qasim, about Mahmood Ghazanwi, about Tariq Bin Ziyaad and of Khalid Bin Waleed. Eventually, he too, like them, raised arms against the enemy and continued to fight until the last drop of his blood had spilt from his body. O Allah! Give my Salaam to my Daddy and tell him that his little boy is absolutely fine. O Allah, please also tell him that his little boy kept the first fast of his life, during this Ramadhan.

Oh Allah swt! Tell my Daddy not to be worried in our absence; the life of this world is very short. Mummy says that the life of this world will end suddenly, and then no Mummy, Daddy, brother, sister, son, or daughter will be of any use. However on that day the Shaheed will be able to intercede for seventy members of his family and lead them into Jannah.

O Allah! Tell my Daddy that whenever Mummy talks to me about him, she is very sorrowful, but she gives me a lot of courage. She weeps silently, but has never cried impatiently and uncontrollably. O Allah! Tell my Daddy not to get distressed; My mummy is very courageous.

She earns a living by sewing clothes and washing dishes for people in our neighbourhood. She sends me to school during the day and to the mosque in the evening. At the mosque I learn the Qur'an from the Qari. My Mummy has never complained to anyone.

Instead, at night time after finishing her work, she she tells me stories of bravery and courage, as my daddy used to, and says I must avenge the killing of my daddy.

O Allah! Eid is near. The other children are going to buy new shoes with their fathers. They have had new garments tailor-made and have bought Eid gifts to exchange with friends. Whenever I ask Mummy to buy me some new shoes and clothes she does not answer me. She just remains silent and goes into the other room. Now I have stopped asking her.

Maybe she has a good reason.

But Allah! Tell my Daddy not to worry. Even if I do not get new clothes, even if I do not get new shoes; so what? Eid is but a day, it will pass. Instead of passing the day playing, as children do and instead of going to the markets, I will spend it in the company of my Mummy. Anyway, I am no longer a child. I have matured. My courage and resolve are very strong.

O Allah! Tell my Daddy that we are very happy. We do not lack anything. Just tell Daddy to remember us; and Allah, tell my Daddy not to worry, as I no longer cry.

There is no one who will lovingly tell me off, there is no one to play fight with me, there is no one who will pretend to be upset with me, but Mummy tries to ensure that I am always happy.

When I hear of the children of Afghanistan and Iraq, that their homes have been destroyed and their parents murdered by the oppressors, I forget about my own sorrows. I see their pictures in the newspapers; they sit despondently; some sit on the rubble of their houses, some sit forlorn on the dead bodies of their relatives. And that is why, Allah, I would like You to tell my Daddy not to worry, because I am not sad.

'Abdul-Hameed Hamza