

My body is my witness



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بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

Written and designed

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"Today We place the seal of silence on the mouths of the unbelievers and transgressors. **Their hands shall speak to us, and their feet shall bear witness to what they have done.**" (Qur'aan; Yaseen: 36:65).

الَّتِي كُنْتُمْ تُوعِدُونَ ﴿١٣﴾ أَصْلَوْهَا الْيَوْمَ بِمَا كُنْتُمْ تَكْفُرُونَ ﴿١٤﴾ الْيَوْمَ نَخْتِمُ عَلَىٰ أَفْوَاهِهِمْ وَتُكَلِّمُنَا أَيْدِيهِمْ وَتَشْهَدُ أَرْجُلُهُمْ بِمَا كَانُوا يَكْسِبُونَ ﴿١٥﴾ وَلَوْ نَشَاءُ لَطَمَسْنَا عَلَىٰ أَعْيُنِهِمْ فَاسْتَبَقُوا الصِّرَاطَ فَأَنَّى

*"When men are gathered together before Allaah on the day of resurrection, everyone will be given the record of his deeds. **When they see the list of their crimes and their sins, they will begin to deny them and they will refuse to confess. Then the angels will bear witness to those sins having occurred, but still the sinners will swear that they have done none of the deeds of which they are accused. This is referred to in the verse,***

'On the day when Allaah shall resurrect them all and they will swear lyingly to God as they once swore lyingly to you'
(Qur'aan; Al Mujadilah: 58:18).

أُولَٰئِكَ أَصْحَابُ النَّارِ هُمْ فِيهَا خَالِدُونَ ﴿١٧﴾ يَوْمَ يَبْعَثُهُمُ اللَّهُ جَمِيعًا فَيَحْلِفُونَ لَهُ كَمَا يَحْلِفُونَ لَكُمْ وَيَحْسَبُونَ أَنَّهُمْ عَلَىٰ شَيْءٍ أَلَّا إِنَّهُمْ هُمُ الْكَاذِبُونَ ﴿١٨﴾ اسْتَحْوَذَ عَلَيْهِمُ الشَّيْطَانُ فَأَنسَاهُمْ

It is then that Allaah will place a seal on their tongues and cause their bodies to begin speaking about what they have done." (Imam al-Sadiq, *Tafsir al-Qummi*, p. 552)

The Noble Qur'an makes it clear that the testimony given by sinners in the court of divine justice will be utterly unique in nature, bearing absolutely no similarity to the juridical procedures of this world.

On the day of resurrection, the hands, feet and even the skin of the sinners will disclose the hidden sins that they committed during their lives and that were previously unknown to all but Allaah; the sinner will stand revealed, to his utter dismay and terror.

Deeds are recorded both in the external world by the angels, and in the various organs and limbs and event he body of the mother has recorded what was decided for her baby.

"Let them fear a day on which their tongues, their hands and their feet shall bear testimony against them." (Qur'aan; Al Noor: 24:24).

وَالْآخِرَةَ وَلَهُمْ عَذَابٌ عَظِيمٌ ﴿٢٣﴾ يَوْمَ تَشْهَدُ عَلَيْهِمْ أَلْسِنَتُهُمْ وَأَيْدِيهِمْ وَأَرْجُلُهُمْ بِمَا كَانُوا يَعْمَلُونَ ﴿٢٤﴾ يَوْمَئِذٍ يُوقِفِيهِمُ اللَّهُ دِينَهُمُ الْحَقِّ

"A day on which all the enemies of Allaah will be drawn into the fire as they stand next to their destined abode, their ears, their eyes and the skin on their bodies shall testify to the sins they have committed. They will address their limbs in astonishment, saying, 'How do you testify concerning our deeds' They will answer, 'Allaah who gave speech to all creatures has also given us speech. First He created you, and now He brings you back to Him. **You concealed your ugly deeds not in order that your ears, eyes and skins should not give witness today, but because you imagined Allaah unaware of what you hid from other men.** It is this groundless assumption that has brought about your perdition, for today you are in the ranks of the losers." (Qur'aan; Ha-Meem-Sajdah: 41:19-23).

وَتَجَبَيْنَا الَّذِينَ ءَامَنُوا وَكَانُوا يَتَّقُونَ ﴿١٨﴾ وَيَوْمَ يُحْشَرُ أَعْدَاءُ اللَّهِ إِلَى النَّارِ فَهُمْ يُوزَعُونَ ﴿١٩﴾ حَتَّىٰ إِذَا مَا جَاءُوهَا شَهِدَ عَلَيْهِمْ سَمْعُهُمْ وَأَبْصَرُهُمْ وَجُلُودُهُمْ بِمَا كَانُوا يَعْمَلُونَ ﴿٢٠﴾ وَقَالُوا لِمَ لُجُودِهِمْ لِمَ شَهِدْتُمْ عَلَيْنَا قَالُوا أَنْطَقَنَا اللَّهُ الَّذِي أَنْطَقَ كُلَّ شَيْءٍ وَهُوَ خَلَقَكُمْ أُولَٰئِكَ مَرَّةً وَإِلَيْهِ تُرْجَعُونَ ﴿٢١﴾ وَمَا كُنْتُمْ تَسْتَتِرُونَ أَنْ يَشْهَدَ عَلَيْكُمْ سَمْعُكُمْ وَلَا أَبْصَرُكُمْ وَلَا جُلُودُكُمْ وَلَكِنْ ظَنَنْتُمْ أَنَّ اللَّهَ لَا يَعْلَمُ كَثِيرًا مِمَّا تَعْمَلُونَ ﴿٢٢﴾ وَذَٰلِكُمْ ظَنُّكُمُ الَّذِي ظَنَنْتُمْ بِرَبِّكُمْ أَرَدْنَاكُمْ فَأَصْبَحْتُمْ مِنَ الْخَاسِرِينَ

"On the day of resurrection they will find whatever they have done confronting them." (Qur'aan; Al Kahf: 18:49)

يَنبِئَلْتَنَا مَا لَمْ نَحْتَسِبْ وَلَا تَكْتُمُ صَغِيرَةً وَلَا كَبِيرَةً إِلَّا أَحْصَاهَا وَوَجَدُوا مَا عَمِلُوا حَاضِرًا وَلَا يَظْلِمُ رَبُّكَ أَحَدًا ﴿٤٩﴾ وَإِذْ قُلْنَا لِلْمَلَائِكَةِ



My body is my witness!

I thought for a long moment about these words on my way to my town park.

A doctor, for example, understands the language of the body. The rate of the pulse may indicate fever, and yellowness of the eye proclaims the presence of jaundice.

We can tell the age of a tree from the circles within its trunk.

We can tell the health of a plant by the colors of the leaves; we can tell right away if we can save it or if it is too late.

We can tell our ancestry by looking at a hair's DNA.

We can predict the weather by the way animals behave.

We can tell about a person by his facial traits.

We can tell if a person prays at night by the light on his face, and we can guess how sinful a person is by looking at the way he behaves.

Imam al-Sadiq said: "Sin cuts more deeply than a knife." (*Bihar al-Anwar*, Vol. LXXIII, p. 358)

I remove my shoes, wrap myself in a long and light veil. The earth is a mosque said our Prophet (saws). I isolate myself.

I need just to isolate, and then pray wherever I am. My body can tell when the time for prayer is coming; it kept record of the time.

Sometimes when we pray, voices in our blood run and speak to us; the voices are called *waswass*. They make us remember what we did

yesterday or the day before; we dream about what we will do in the next hour and sometimes we even find solutions to problems.



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I shake myself up, stop the prayer, wrap myself into the clothe again, but more tightly, the veil almost over my face. I recall wrapping the arms inside the fabric is not allowed.

“Cursed the Shaytan, the despised one!”, and then *Bismillaah*.

I am seeking *khushu* (concentration) from the most intimate part of myself, more isolated from the outside world than a Bedouin in the desert, more isolated then ever, me and my body.

My soul touches a moment of grace several times a day.

My soul is refreshed five times a day.

As I was performing *wudu*, I thouhgt how Allaah is One and likes odd number. We wash our body parts three times each; we perform one *Rak'aa* (unit of prayer), so the last prayer of the day will give us an odd number, and some Muslims even eat an odd number of fruits. Tawwaf (circumambulation around the Kaaba) is seven times, etc.

Five parts of my body are my witness as the cameras witnessed my passage on my way to the parc. But my hands, knees, toes, front and nose, like the five obligatory daily prayers, wear traces of invisible lights.

I know that each one of my fingers fit at the same place, delicate rays of lighter colors gliding on the ground. These fingers, I use for every evil and for every blessing; those fingers which perform *wudoo* (ritual ablutions), write, pat, wash and busy themselves; they will be witnesses the last hour of mankind.



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Through those fingers, my sins flow away at *wudoo* time, and when they touch another Muslim's hands, those sins slide away like water streams.

They write good deeds when they do *zakaat* (charity) and harvest more *hasaanat* when they give, one hand forgetting and not knowing what good the other hand did.

Those hands do not wear rings, those wrists do not bear jewelry; this is because they are full of the gifts of Allaah after the *du'aas* (supplications) poured by the lips.

Those fingernails are trimmed because they do not carry the dirt of the earth. As each fingerprint is unique, they carry the weight of the scale of Doomday and who knows how much they will weight one day?



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My knees fall on the ground like falling leaves that the wind picks and twirls and picks back, up and back again.

They unfold from the ground and lightly come resting on it, following the touch of the mosque on my hands.

Those knees carry my steps and give my body stability. They open widely, fitting my shoulders width and stretching completely in the bowing position (*Rukuu*) so that a pool of water could remain on the straight of my back. They help shifting my body in *sujoood*, *rukoo*, *tahiyah*; they are the best helpers in prayer; they make it easy or hard for me to complete the pillars of Islam; it is not allowed for me to draw them to my chest while sitting; they make me look modest, sagely retired at my sides with no hand support, yes, so modest. As I complete the *tahiyah*, I draw one foot under my right ankle.

Oh! The feet are our carriers to sins or to good deeds. After our hands, they are the most badly needed. Our feet will speak one day of the ground they have pounded; the way they were treated. Mines will say that I stood on my toes for graceful walking, that I used their curve and cushioning for running. I will say that they contributed in giving health to my body and that they always faithfully flushed the blood through the whole set of my veins, up, by the heels. I am trembling thinking that only footsteps will be heard on the Day of the Hour when no worldly possessions will be needed, not even a tree to breathe by. Each one of my feet is a friend or an enemy, even in small matters like leaving a space in congregational prayers or touching my sisters' feet to prevent the Shaytan running between us.

The feet are the ones that keep *wudoo* when clothed in leather socks. They are the last covered and the last to be washed before my prayer. They contain all the organs to be massaged and the only ones to carry the whole weight and the essential balance of the body. Without them, I could not stand up, and shoe racks in mosques would not be needed. They are the first to be taken care of (f) when entering a place and the last to be put on when leaving the same place as for our *du'aas*. *La Awla La Quwwata ila billah*.

I rest on my left thigh and let the wind play into my scarf. It sails on the town's lake, one blue veil among the veils of the masts. The compact shadows of the trees on the ground hide my shadow. Nobody can know what is in my heart and nobody can know another's person's heart; only Allaah ta'aalah knows. "One never sees well but with his heart; the essential is invisible for the eyes", says a famous poet. I watch and see how lives entertwin; they cross each other's destinies like the branches of the trees in a forest casting their shadows, one shadow among other shadows. But it does not matter if I feel like one of those shadows; my life will be accountable and other lives that crossed mine will be witnesses of my deeds. I shiver. Every life touches other lives; this is why a Muslim who saves a life is considered as if he has saved humankind.



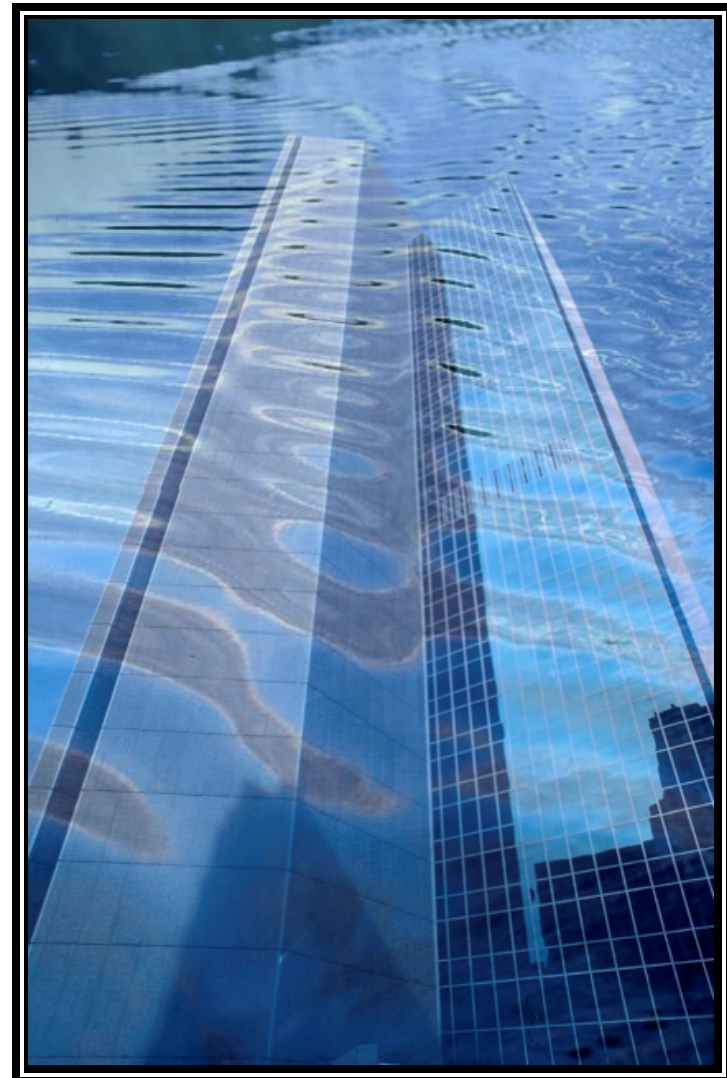
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My eyes will be my witnesses one day. Through their green reflects I did not only see the forbidden, I did not allow myself to partake in it. Seeing is not wanting to see, it is to catch unvoluntarily. The essential is invisible to the eyes; it is only seen by the heart and what the heart sees either it stains it or washes it. I made *du'aas*, so that the angels would dress a barrier between the sins and myself, and I fasted. My eyes fasted and my heart fasted along. And in my whole prayer I fasted. I saved myself from sinning so maybe I saved humankind as well, one tiny individual who maybe is a reminder among the vast town, who wishes to be a remainder of the Faith, can maybe save others.

As my twin-half and I stroll along the windy streets, our feet, hands and eyes are our witnesses of the purity of our heart. I wish it for all mankind. As his hands touch the fountain, ripples of water seem to skate on the dark shiny rock until they reach mines.

His tanned palms are barely visible under the shining waters over the flat surface, and contrast strongly with mines that look like tiny magnolias cuddled in a beautiful dish.

The skyscrapers reflecting on the surface reproduce the form of the pyramid of the water fountain and their windows look like an alley to the big abode lake. Our way to *Jannah* (Eden) is paved by purity and a pure heart is the health of our body. The *ummah* (Islamic community) is like a body, one body, when one part is sick, the whole body hurts and I think that maybe when a part of the body recovers, the whole body is satisfied. As we push the waters side by side, what one person can do looks like a water slide; one never knows how far it will reach and how deep the ripple will be; one never knows how much he contributes to the health of his Body. What reaches my twin reaches me and vice versa. It ripples back. One *du'aa*, one *salat*, two words, who knows how much this carries. Who knows how far the words will reach and how deep the ripple will go. Our words are our life or death. Who knows how much good they might do to us. Who knows how blessed the pleasure of being together can be, maye a ripple to charity, a ripple to *Jannah*. Ameen.



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Our whole body is charity and a call to Islam (*dawah*). My words are a reminder of *dawah*, wearing the veil is a reminder; it is *dawah*.

Good manners are a reminder; it is *dawah*.

Words are somehow not as useful as being silent because we never see properly but with our ears, and this is why we have two ears and only one mouth; to think and ponder much. But words are a powerful reminder; they are *dawah*.

Al-Aswad ibn Sari'ee says: *"I went to the Prophet and said, 'Messenger of Allaah, I have praised Allaah in some poems and praised you.' He said to me, 'Your Lord loves to be praised.' I went on and recited some poetry. A tall, bald man sought permission to see the Prophet, and he said to me to stop. The man came in and spoke to the Prophet for a while before leaving. I then resumed reciting my poems, but the man came again and the Prophet told me to stop. This was repeated two or three times. I asked the Prophet: 'Who is this man for whose sake you told me to stop.' He said, 'This is a man that hates falsehood'." (Related by Al-Bukhari in Al-Adab Al-Mufrad, Ahmad and Al-Hakim.)*

Can one hate falsehood in the way of the utterance of words? It is not to say that the poet recited some falsehood, but some men have another ethic. A man who takes such an attitude to falsehood is worthy of being honored for what he feels. And this man, Umar ibn Al-Khattab (RU), was certainly a man who watched his words.

All of his body was the witness of Islam, even his ears, even a few lines overheard that he wanted protected.

Another witness in *salat* is our forehead.

It is said that some Muslims have a stain on the forehead where they pray. This stain is there for all of us, on all of us foreheads, only it will be only visible on Doomday; it is recorded on us and not visible for the eyes to see, for most brothers and sisters it is like that. Our forehead, our forelock, they are the link between us and the ground; it is the settlement of our thoughts and feelings; it is where everything is sorted out and decided. It has been found that the *salat* position increases the activity of the brain as it allows more blood to flood this area. It is maybe the fattiest part of our body, a part that is fragile, well-protected in a thick skull.

Our body is our witness, our helper or the parts that will condemn us. As I think about our privacy, the thoughts well-kept into our skulls, I think of it being violated at all levels of the society. I also think that, in Islam, between Allaah and us, there isn't any privacy.

"Bismillaah" I say while doing something private because I know it prevents the *Jinns* from seeing my *awrah* and make the Shaytans leave. Reciting *ayaat al-kursyii* makes them flee from the house. There is so much we cannot see! **(Qur'aan; Baqara: 2:255)**

But the angels never cease to record my deeds or my most intimate thoughts and there is nothing that can be hidden from Allaah.

The translucent stream of water over the flat surface of the modern fountain flows like events and actions over our life, incessantly, uninterrupted. What flows cannot be found back again. As the minutes slip away, they carry along with them my thanks to Allaah for my companionship of a lifetime, and my best companion in Islam. I remember how playing with a little bit of water is much more fascinating than any other game. I remember that watching grass flowing along the brim of the basin teach me more about the creation of Allaah than any library because for the knowledge to be effective, it must be felt by the heart. I love these moments of serenity, of enjoyment and gratitude and try to make them as many as I can. My tongue is witness of the praises given to Allaah. *Allaah u Akbar*.

I ask my twin half:

“Have you ever spent a complete journey giving praises and thanks to Allaah?

Do you ever thank Him for every minute you breathe, for everything that enchanted you, for being healthy, for not having difformities, for having the usage of your legs, for being able to speak, for seeing the beautiful colors of life?

I did. Sometimes I spend hours recounting all the graces and ask these same graces be bestowed on my brothers and sisters.

Maybe one day you will feel that way during *Hajj* or during *Umrah*, but try it even before that.

Begin by being grateful, think, read, eat and make the *du'aa* with it.

Thank Allaah for the people you meet, for the beauty of a smile, how confident it makes you feel, for being able to share even a few words in charity.

Have you ever stopped in an airport just to see the birds following in trails the gracious human creation and see how it can never equal the delicate flopping of the wings and the drifting of the bodies along air currents, a stream of air that we do not see?

Birds swim in air as a ray swims in an ocean.

I did spend hours trying to figure this out.

Have you ever gone away far from your course just to smell the flowers of a botanical garden or planted flowers in a special secret site, maybe not for you but for others to see the brisk humming birds attracted by their polens?

How wonderful thee little birds are! When in flight, they flap their wings at a rate of fifty times per second, and as much as two hundred

times per second when in a power dive, their mating ritual!
Hummingbirds can fly forward, backward, and they can hover.
They have also been known to fly upside down.
They would come studying you as curious about you as you are of them, among the red and orange flowers they ravel in. We had many Hummingbirds feeding from our Impatiens, at home. I recall, the most popular seed is the Ipomopsis, calling the humming birds with its irresistible trumpet shaped blooms...

Have you ever watered public trees because they badly needed it or pulled a plank under a falling branch in order to save the fruits from breaking the tree?

Have you ever removed rocks from the people's way or pulled your car to the side to help a person to cross the road?

Have you ever baked a meal for your neighbor or offered gifts just for the joy of it?

Have you ever prayed for the non-Muslims and the Jinns to be guided rightfully?

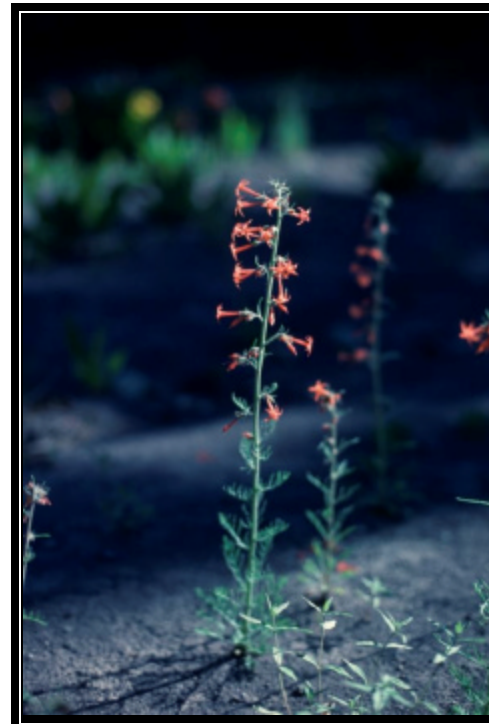


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Have you ever remembered that Our prophet (saws) has heard Jinns uttering the *Shahada* after he read the Qur'aan in privacy, thinking he was alone?

Have you ever prayed for those who did you wrong so that their worse punishment would be to become Muslims. Becoming Muslims, maybe they would change people like them.

Have you ever sought forgiveness from the people you have injured and be quick to recognize your errors?

Have you ever refused to collect even a date from the street for fear of picking something that might have been given in charity?

Have you ever gone to Muslim public places and cleaned them just for making the *ummah* happy without anybody seeing?

Have you ever done anything with your right hand that your left hand does not know about because it was spontaneous?

Have you ever felt small before all the things you could do and didn't do? Have you ever thought that your hands, feet, tongue would be the witnesses of all of it?

Have you ever tried to make lists of all the good and the bad coming from all parts of your body and balanced them this very day on the scale of honesty? Did you notice how hard it is?

Did you see how much the *nafs* fights back?

Did you ever feel weary under the weight of your sins and just cried out yourself to sleep like a small child just thinking of it?

Have you ever felt ashamed while thinking about *Hajj*. How trivial our daily life seems before the Al Bait Allaah?

Every time I pray it is a small pilgrimage. I put on my *ihram* and I say in my heart, "*Labaik Allaah, labaik*", "I come, my Lord, I come and I obey". I submit and my soul is uplifted by each *salat* position; my soul is refreshed and how much I pray for each one of my words and acts to be in accordance to Islam that I may gain the reward of charity for pleasing Allah.

Islam does not ask me to give up who I am with my strong points and weaknesses, but it enriches me. Islam did not force me into anything; it just fit inside my soul or I fit with it as a recognized friend. No need to push hard; no need to complicate things.

Islam is easy.

Islam completes me; it does not remove anything from me; it makes my personality fuller and purer. *Alhamdulillah irrabbi al 'ameen.*"

As I pray and all my body prays along with me and all the angels make *tasbeeh*, I feel the load of my life vanishing like the waters of a puddle melting after the rime of cold. I feel as if given a gift to fulfill, a gift that grows with more gifts, the gift of nice speech, the gift of pure looks, the gift of flower pacing, the gift of holding *halal* hands, the gift of nourishment Lord pleasing.



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My jewels is my faith.

When I perform *Nafeelah*, I orn myself with light and pearls of wisdom.

My gold is my tongue shining with *hasaanat*.

My bangles are the rustling of my feet to compassion.

My precious stones are my sins replaced by good deeds since a perfectly performed *salaat* is rewarded with the pardon of our minor sins.

“We have neglected [left out] nothing in the Book” (An’aam: 6:38)

وَمَا مِنْ دَابَّةٍ فِي الْأَرْضِ وَلَا طَائِرٍ يَطِيرُ بِجَنَاحَيْهِ إِلَّا أُمَمٌ أَمْثَالُكُمْ
مَا فَرَّطْنَا فِي الْكِتَابِ مِنْ شَيْءٍ ثُمَّ إِلَىٰ رَبِّهِمْ يُحْشَرُونَ ﴿٣٨﴾ وَالَّذِينَ

“And everything they have done is noted in (their) Records (of deeds). And every small and great thing is recorded.”

(Qur’aan; al-Qamar: 54:52-53)

وَلَقَدْ أَهْلَكْنَا أَشْيَاعَكُمْ فَهَلْ مِنْ مُدَكِّرٍ ﴿٥١﴾ وَكُلُّ شَيْءٍ فَعَلُوهُ فِي الزُّبُرِ
﴿٥٢﴾ وَكُلُّ صَغِيرٍ وَكَبِيرٍ مُسْتَطَرٌّ ﴿٥٣﴾ إِنَّ الْمُتَّقِينَ فِي جَنَّاتٍ وَنَهَرٍ

“Allaah decreed everything for His creation fifty thousand years before He created the heavens and the earth.”

“Strive, and that for which each person was created will be made easy for him.”

But my true treasure is my life companion who helps me stay in the right path and gives me company.

I will search solitude and will not find it and each hour that went fast would be my reward because when time flies, all the bad feelings fly too. And when time slows down, it is for me a wasted land where nothing has been cultivated.

I ask more:

“Have you ever thought that your family had been given to you as a trial or as a blessing to make your worship easy or a proof of your commitment?”

How much time families spend arguing while other families have only kindness for one another?

How much time saving would we gain from driving shaytans away from home where they gain fame by separating those who love each other.

How much time would be earned thinking everyday of our last day on earth, it is our last day with them, with the love of them or the hate of them?

How many minutes would be gained feeling that this *salaat* might be the last *salaat*?

How many occasions of being forgiven from Monday to Monday do we lose by keeping a grudge against our fellow Muslims.

I do not waste that time in *haram*. I do not waste it being ungrateful. My actions are my witness and if I am weak, the act of seeking forgiveness justifies it. The heart then full of sorrow is a well-spent time.

But reconciling Muslims is better than *salaat* because it is all about communicating; because it is all about finding peace, and Islam means Peace.



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Because life is all about being compassionate with our mates, roommates, classmates, home mates, Muslim mates, worshipper mates including animals, plants, to share and be nice.

Have you ever thought that if we performed all the *sunnah*, little time would be spent on the rest and this time would be so precious we would spend it in beauty and Islamic beauty tips.

We would spend all this time in healing our hearts.

Unhappiness would not have its place.

La awla la Quwwata ila billah.

Allah is the greatest and surely his blessing is in worshipping Him.

One who revives his Sunnah will be taken as a full companion of Rasulullaah (saws); he will gain the rank of *Sahaba* since the *sahabas* and *sahabis* revived the sunnah.”

As my twin starts talking; I listen attentively.

In London, there are cameras all over the town, even in stoplights, watching people’s moves; this is the way they have found to fight against the IRA.

In airports, they can screen up to your bones to find any hidden devices.

Children soon will have a chip inserted under the skin that will record information about their health and daily habits.

Each time we go on the internet we are tracked down to the softwares we download.

And even if the end of the world is upon you, until the last minute, we say a good word or we plant a tree, because we never know what will be saving us from the Hell and the Fire.

New cars have already equipped with a device that warns the road police by satellite about speed excess. Soon our every moves will be watched and no privacy will exist.

It bothers me even if I have nothing to hide and I put my trust in Allaah. "And worship your Lord until there comes unto you the certainty [death]." (Qur’aan; Al-Hijr: 15:99)

وَأَعْبُدْ رَبَّكَ حَتَّىٰ يَأْتِيَكَ الْيَقِينُ ﴿٩٩﴾

_ Does that scare you?

_ Yes, it does,

_ Why’s that?

_ Because I would always been watched when I eat, what I drink.

My intimate life will be recorded.

_ Isn’t that part of Islam too? Is it an original idea? Wouldn’t that be a wonderful reminder that our body is a chip that Allaah Ta’aalah will read at the end of the world?

_ Maybe so, but then, if my life was monitored by humans, then all my excesses would be recorded and I would not be forgiven for my

mistakes. My errors would be in the open, before a human court, while Allaah Ta'aaláh hides them to the world. There would not be a place for a human being to live without seeing exposed his faults and weaknesses, we would be without rest. And part of being human is to make mistakes and be forgiven, to commit sins and those sins being forgiven and be sincere and learn from our mistakes.

_ Exactly. This is why mercy prevails in Islam. Allaah is the Most Merciful, the Most Generous. Do not we say that everytime we do something and everytime we read the Noble Qur'aan and everytime we pray and everytime we do anything?

_ Yes, we say *bismillaha ar-rahmaan er-raheem* in order to remember that in any ruling Allaah commands us to follow there is an open door for mistakes and for His mercy. We should begin every day by this sentence.

As the saying says: 'The best equality is to treat people unequally. It is to treat each individual separately. It is to treat them depending on their limitations and their different needs. It is to have mercy on them and put ourselves in their shoes.'

We might not change the world with good intentions, but pure intentions can save us from the Hellfire. Even our intentions are witnesses for or against us. Would humans see our intentions?

_ I wonder... And I think not, not always...

"Charity (sadaqah) is due upon every joint of a person on every day that the sun rises.

Administering justice between two people is an act of charity; and to help a man concerning his riding beast by helping him on to it or lifting his luggage on to it is an act of charity; a good word is charity; and every step which you take to prayer is charity; and removing that which is harmful from the road is charity."

(Reported by Ahmad and others)

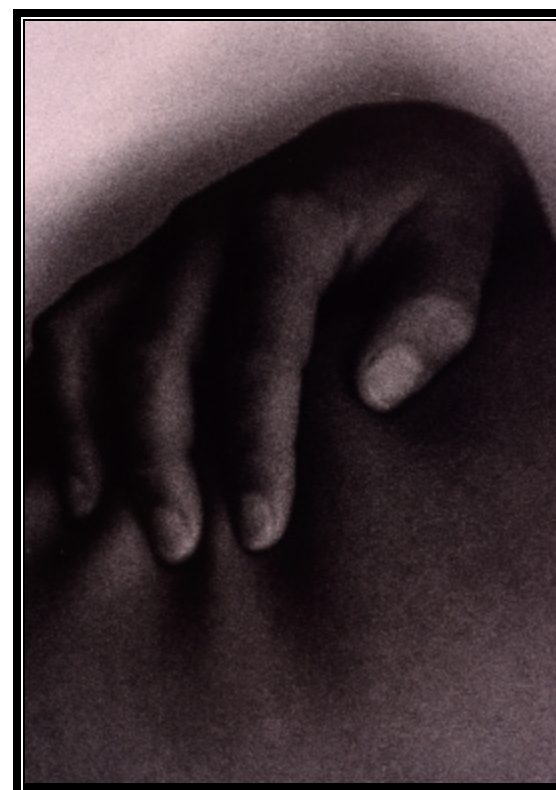


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