

HOCUS POCUS

AND BOGUS!

I sat in the line of the waiting room, secretly examining those around me. To my left was a shabbily-dressed woman with bloodshot eyes who'd clearly spent the past few days crying. To the right I spotted a balding man who constantly fidgeted. He was trying to put on a calm demeanour and display a brave front, but the stains of sweat rapidly spreading on his shirt betrayed his nervousness. Everybody here, it seemed, had a problem "too huge to cope with" and had knocked on the door of renowned herbal doctor from Uganda, Prof. Ali Baba, for relief.

"Next!" We all jumped as he called for the next "patient" to come through. I suddenly realized that it was my turn and stood panicking, my heart thumping in my chest. I stood for a moment, breathing deeply, trying to soothe my nerves. I clenched and unclenched my fists, feeling my chewed nails dig into my sweaty palms. "It's now or never." I thought. I braced myself and pushed open his door entering the unknown...

It all started about six months ago when I transferred to a new school and hooked up with some new friends. Their clique were the absolute "elite" in school. They were held in such awe that other wannabe students actually formed a fan group in

their honour. Being the new student in the school, I did feel kinda odd, not having any friends, so when one of the clique came up to me out of the blue and invited me home, I saw this as a major step up the social ladder and grabbed the rungs with both hands. She approached me in the break and said, "I'm Khadeejah. Why don't you join us at my place after school for lunch today? Oh and you can call me "Kat", hardly anyone calls me Khadeejah anymore. See you later!"

I wonder why they took an interest in me? I'd be foolish to stare a gift horse in the mouth though. She turned and, with the Swarovskis studding her glasses flashing, whirled away like the whirlwind in my life she was soon to become.

I got closer and closer to the clique over the next few weeks, Kat in particular, until I finally won their trust. I was now privileged to join them for sleepovers. Little did I know that these sleepovers would leave me sleepless for a long time to come...

"Hmmm!!!" we all inhaled appreciatively. "Nothing beats the smell of freshly baked muffins, hey Kat?" laughed Tasneem. We all grabbed a few hot muffins and settled down on the floor to watch the latest release in the "Twilight" series we'd all

been waiting for. Halfway through the movie, Kat turns to me and asks, "Are your muffins working yet?" "What do you mean "working"?" I ventured cautiously. "I mean are you getting high yet?" she asked matter-of-factly.

My heart skipped a beat. I was NOT ready for this. Nobody had told me that the muffins were laced! But I didn't want to lose my new friends either. "Um... Not yet." I hastily replied. But I soon was high, very high, way too high, and all I wanted was more "magic muffins" to scoff down.

Before long we were all giggling to ourselves, each of us in a "happy zone". The fun wasn't over though, in fact - it was only just starting. Kat brought out the pencils - it was Charlie Charlie time.

That was the first of a series of many "sleepovers" (we never actually slept) in which each outdid the last in the drug we'd take, and the way we'd clown around calling Charlie. Our taste in movies went from bad - to worse - to purely satanic and the EDM music we blasted was none the better. That was also the beginning of my misery.

Whether it was the drugs, the movies or the whole Charlie Charlie - thing to blame,

I was soon seeing ghosts and having nightmares EVERY night. I'd hear knocking on my cupboard doors despite being alone in the room. The fear was eating away at me, I was perpetually on edge, and I was going to go out of my mind.

My grades naturally dropped and my parents were, by now, frequently hearing me scream in bed. They knew that there was a problem at hand but didn't know what it was. **I could have NEVER told them the entire story though and so... they obviously blamed it on jaadoo.**

"I'm telling you! It's Yasmin and her lot! Always jealous of us they are! It must be them putting jaadoo on our little girl!" my mother ranted and raved to nobody in particular. *"She even smirked at me in Spar the other day as if she knew we had a problem!"* she justified.

I sat huddled in the corner, just wishing this nightmare would be over. Knowing well that I had brought all this misery on myself just made me feel worse. My dad managed to get an appointment with a so-called 'aamil, I'd be seeing him tonight...

I think my mind must have blocked out the memory because I honestly can't remember how it happened. I do remember that we were alone in his room as his "jinn-catcher" hadn't pitched. The one moment he was holding my hand to "check me up", and the next – he'd taken advantage of me!

How could my dad be stupid enough to leave me alone in there with him anyway?

When we emerged from the room to my anxious parents, he confirmed their worst fears – I had a jinn in me. "A very powerful one too!" he said shaking his head gravely. "Lucky you weren't in the room with us. He was on the verge of getting quite violent" he lies to my gullible parents. He prescribes some treatment and sends us home with a sly grin on his shark-like face.

I felt humiliated, violated and helpless. I cried the entire trip home.

The treatment obviously didn't work. My

parents were now more worried than ever and so confided in their various friends, asking them if they knew of anybody powerful enough to remove the jinn who'd "fallen in love with" and wanted to "possess" their dear daughter (wherever did they get those details anyway?).

Jaadoo was Nani's absolutely favourite topic so she obviously couldn't let herself be left out of the action. *"I wonder if it's not jaadoo instead of a jinn?"* she said, thinking out aloud. *"Must be hidden away in our freezer!"* she declared with a sniff. *"Yasmin knows we only clean it out after every second 'eid."* she concluded, even swaying my mother with this line of reasoning. Dad rolled his eyes to himself and replied, "No jaadoo is powerful enough to find place in that freezer."

Aunt Zubi eventually came to the rescue, phoning my mother and insisting that the most powerful healer of any sort to be found in the COUNTRY was Prof. Ali Baba from Uganda. He was apparently SO powerful that he'd succeeded where all previous 'aamils had thrown up their arms in despair - he told her which maid was stealing the teabags and sugar! After the appropriate oohing and aahing, my mother fell for the story, hook line and sinker and an appointment was made.

That was how I now found myself entering his room with my mother at my side (I'd never go in alone a second time!).

A wrinkled old man called us in from behind the desk of a surprisingly modernly furnished office. The Prof, in fact, didn't seem to fit in with the whole PC, fax machine, Mercedes car key and coffee machine décor as he was wrapped in seemingly nothing but a few tatty old leopard skins. *"Da ancestahs said me dat you coming today."* He announced in a wheezy voice. He squinted at us through glasses that were so thick; if he looked up at the sun he'd probably burn a hole in his head. As he spoke, I noticed that he had hardly any teeth left and even those were terribly rotten. I felt slightly nauseous and wished we hadn't come. After my mother told him

her version of the problem, he turned and handed me a small leather bag. As I took it I heard the contents rattle. *"Throw da bones and let da ancestahs speak!"* he urged, rocking back and forth in a frenzy. More than a little afraid of this old lunatic, I reached in and - Ugh! – pulled out some disgusting bones which I flung on the floor as quickly as I could. *"Hmm. . . It looking like a very powaful muthi has been used on this gehl!"* he declared with an air of success. "Was it Yasmin? Is it in my freezer?" my mother eagerly asked. "Same one! But in fridge, not freezah." he confirmed.

After dishing out a staggering R5000 (which was apparently a bargain), we departed for home with a list of weird instructions to follow.

On arriving home, mum made a bee-line for the fridge and began frantically digging through all the contents. I, however, was now at my wits end. This was the last straw. I'd had enough! I was NOT going to be sprinkled with the blood of a black rooster slaughtered at full moon and thereafter bath in the waters of Blue Lagoon. I could think of only one person who could help me. I picked up the phone and dialed...

She answered on just the second ring and I wasn't surprised. I mean, that's what superhero-apas do right? I poured out my heart to her, confiding in my childhood mentor, the woman who'd taught me the basics of deen which I'd now sadly neglected. Being the superwoman she was, she instantly comforted me and made my dilemma seem easily manageable. **"Don't stress!"** she insisted. **"All you need to do is re-connect with Allah Ta'ala. He'll solve all your problems in NO time!"** she advised.

I maintained contact with her and through her help and support, I kicked the habit and changed my circle of friends. I even realized that I hadn't suffered from jaadoo at all – I was merely hallucinating and suffering the ill-effects of all the drugs I was poisoning my body with. She managed to get me onto a program of reciting at least quarter para of Quraan Majeed daily which I thereafter worked on increasing. I guiltily lifted my

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MIND OVER MATTER

Ever heard of “Mind over Matter”? Wondered what it’s all about?

The following incident, extracted and summarized from “The New Scientist” of May 2009, sheds some light on the matter.

Late one night in a small Alabama cemetery, Vance Vanders bumped into a witch doctor who shoved a bottle of unpleasant-smelling liquid under his nose and told him he was about to die and no one could save him.

Once back home, Vanders felt ill and his condition soon began to deteriorate. Some weeks later, extremely thin and near death, he was admitted to the hospital where doctors were unable to treat him as they could not find a cause for his symptoms. Only then did his wife tell one of the doctors, Drayton Doherty, of the incident with the witch doctor.

Doherty thought long and hard. The next morning, he called Vanders’s family to his bedside. He told them that he had, the previous night, confronted the witch doctor and somehow got him to explain how the curse worked. The medicine man had, he said, rubbed lizard eggs into Vanders’s stomach which had hatched inside his body. One lizard remained which was eating Vanders from the inside out.

Doherty then called for a nurse who had, according to his instruction, filled a large syringe with a powerful emetic (medicine that causes vomiting). He made a great show of inspecting the instrument and then injected its contents into Vanders’ arm. A few minutes later, Vanders began to vomit uncontrollably. In the midst of it all, unnoticed by everyone in the room, Doherty produced a green lizard he had stashed in his black bag. “Look what has come out of you Vance!” he cried. “The voodoo curse is lifted!”

Vanders was shocked. He stumbled back to the bed and drifted into a deep sleep. When he awoke the next day, he was alert and had regained his appetite. He rapidly recovered his strength and was discharged a week later.

The facts of this case, from 80 years ago, were corroborated by four medical professionals. *(end of extract)*

This incident reflects the incredible power with which Allah Ta’ala has blessed the human mind. When the mind is convinced that something has transpired, its power causes even the physical body to behave accordingly. It is therefore absolutely essential for us to always remain positive in our thinking.

Mujaahid (rahimahullah) once complained to ‘Abdullah bin ‘Abbaas (radhiyallahu ‘anhuma) of seeing jinn and demons that would scare him. Ibnu ‘Abbaas (radhiyallahu ‘anhuma) conditioned his mind with just a few words: *“Don’t be afraid of them for they are also afraid of you. You don’t be the coward.”* This pep talk gave Mujaahid (rahimahullah) the courage he needed and armed him with the weapon of positive thinking. This empowered him to such an extent that the next time the jinn showed up, he attacked it with a stick until he actually heard it hit the ground! (Musannaf Ibni Abi Shaibah #24069)

If we entertain the belief that we have a jinn-related problem, our bodies will react and behave as if we really do – **even if the reality is that we don’t.** Similarly, by dwelling on and allowing our minds to be caught up in conspiracy theories related to “Dajjal and his agents ruling the world”, “The Freemasons”, “The Illuminati” and the like; we will ourselves be paving the way to our mental defeat after which we will feel nothing but helplessness and depression. We will refuse to accept responsibility for our actions, choosing to instead blame everything

on the jaadoo which is apparently everywhere around us. While a small percentage of cases may be reality, most of the time it is just ‘mind over matter’.

The harms caused by this mindset are serious enough. But even worse is the fact that this way of thinking clashes directly with the teachings of Rasulullah (sallallahu ‘alaihi wasallam).

A Sahaabi of Rasulullah (sallallahu ‘alaihi wasallam) was once riding on an animal seated behind Rasulullah (sallallahu ‘alaihi wasallam) when the animal stumbled. As it stumbled he uttered, “May Shaitaan be wretched and destroyed!” Rasulullah (sallallahu ‘alaihi wasallam) immediately corrected him saying, “No! Do not say ‘May Shaitaan be wretched and destroyed’ for when you say that (and show him importance), he continues to swell (out of arrogance and pride) until he becomes the size of a house and he says ‘because of MY power!’ You should rather say ‘Bismillah’ for when you say that (ignoring Shaitaan and showing importance to Allah Ta’ala), he continues to shrink until he is the size of a fly.” (Sunan Abi Dawood #4982)

If Rasulullah (sallallahu ‘alaihi wasallam) could not tolerate the mere stumbling of a horse being attributed to Shaitaan, would he be happy with us attributing any and every random world event to Shaitaan?

By giving Shaitaan – the attention seeker – the attention he craves, we are actually pleasing him and displeasing Rasulullah (sallallahu ‘alaihi wasallam), as it was his instruction to turn our focus to Allah Ta’ala.

A lover has eyes for his beloved alone. Is Allah Ta’ala our beloved or Shaitaan? If the answer is Allah Ta’ala, let us turn all our focus and attention to Him alone.

Quraan from the shelf where it had lain discarded, covered in dust for the past few months. As I started to read, I felt such a feeling of peace and happiness wash over me and warm me from the inside that I literally felt high – high on the love of Allah Ta’ala.

The ecstasy “smarties” Tasneem had once stuck on the cupcakes were no match for the ecstasy experienced in making du’aa at the time of tahajjud (apa would punctually phone and wake me up every morning). Allah Ta’ala had given me a second chance and I was going to value it.

Looking back in retrospect, I guess I

learnt some really important lessons:

1. The most effective remedy is to have the lifestyle of a true Muslimah. With my aa’maal now in order, my dressing more modest, my circle of friends changed and the TV now out of the house (my parents took some convincing for the last one but eventually came around and even they are slowly changing their lives now), I slept soundly EVERY night, content with the knowledge that Allah Ta’ala had sent an angel to guard me.
2. Beware of bogus ‘aamils taking advantage of women with their hocus pocus!
3. Our first conclusion should not

have been that jaadoo was to blame. We would have been spared a lot of trauma and saved a lot of money if we had just dealt with my lifestyle problems.

4. I’m so thankful that my parents sent me to maktab madrasah. If they hadn’t, I’d by now be a totally lost case.

5. Mum, to this day, is unable to face Yasmin because of the rumours she spread and things she said about her. She should have never listened to Prof. Ali Baba.

The fortunate one is he who learns from the mistakes of others, don’t fall into the mess I did!



From the Pen of Hazrat Moulana Yunus Patel Saheb (rahimahullah)



Jaadoo and it's Treatment

Letter

Respected Moulana

As Salaamu ‘alaikum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuh

I always felt very strongly against people visiting ‘aamils and becoming obsessed in following different treatments when it comes to them having jinn/sihr problems. I feel that the sunnah offers the perfect prescription, with the ‘Quls’ and other masnoon du’aas. However, due to being affected by witchcraft by my in-laws, I too was encouraged to visit some ‘aamils and ended up going for different treatments and feel worse than when I started. Moreover, I was told that since my in-laws are the cause, I should keep away from them but I think this may hurt my husband’s feelings. Would appreciate Moulana’s guidance please.

Reply

Bismillahir Rahmaanir Raheem

Respected Sister in Islam

Wa ‘alaikumus Salaam wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuh

1. A major problem these days is that many, many Muslims frequent ‘aamils. But the

majority find themselves in deeper problems. Of course, there are those who are genuine and do offer great assistance to such afflicted people. There is a place for ta’weez and wazeefahs in Islam but for many it is a profession and they prove to be bogus. So one has to be very careful.

2. The sunnah of Nabi (sallallahu ‘alaihi wasallam) has taught us how to deal with and what to read when affected with jealousy, witchcraft and even jinn. Much relief is found in adhering to these advices.

3. Download and listen to the talk, “jinn and Jaadoo” – found on my website (www.yunuspatel.co.za).

4. I always discourage the habit that many women have, of visiting various ‘aamils. If it is a case of sihr, then if you are aware of one reputable, pious ‘aamil, it would be permissible to follow his treatment, but visiting half a dozen ‘aamils generally worsens the situation.

5. Moreover, there are many ‘aamils that escalate the individual’s problems. They also disclose information which is not necessarily true. Sometimes their information is taken from jinns or from other avenues which make the information flawed and unreliable... since it is plain lies and mischief.

6. You should not entertain the opinion that your in-laws are doing sihr on you. If this is a false accusation, it is a very, very serious sin in

the sight of Allah Ta’ala. If they are jealous, their jealousy will cause them more harm than good.

7. Adopt the following prescription, which is also very simple. Insha-Allah, you will see positive effects.

Read 3 x Durood Shareef, 3 x Aayatul Kursi, 3 x 3 Quls, 11 x La Hawla wala Quwwata illa Billah and 3 x Durood Shareef.

Blow over yourself. Blow on water and drink. This will benefit in warding off jinn and jaadoo effects. Do this morning and evening. Also make sincere taubah and istighfaar from all sins. Take out some sadaqah.

8. Do not break family ties. Your opinion that your in-laws are the cause of the problems must naturally be very upsetting and hurtful to your husband. This is, after all, his own mother and father. Yes, you should behave normal with all, and make du’aa that Allah Ta’ala protects you from anyone’s jealousy.

9. Visit your in-laws, take some baking or some little gift for them. Win them over. Insha-Allah, their hearts will change.

Was Salaamu alaikum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuh

Yunus Patel (Moulana)

Uswatul Muslimah is run by a panel of Ulama under the auspices of Madrasah Taleemuddeen - Isipingo Beach , Durban
Web: www.uswatulmuslimah.co.za • Email: info@uswatulmuslimah.co.za