

**“Rope of Hope”**  
in the crisis of  
the Ummah

# uswatul MUSLIMAH

ROLE MODELS FOR THE MUSLIMAH

## NEWSLETTER

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The bright neon needles of the German-engineered deafening clock shone on the dressing table of my unusually ‘cold’ and eerie room. Half the night had passed without even a wink of sleep. Spending the entire day at the mall, where I ‘shopped till I dropped’ ... I was exhausted, weakened and drained. So badly was I “bushed” that I thought that my eyes would slam shut even before my head hit the pillow.

Tossing and turning since 22:30, I tried to cool myself, pacify my brain and clear my mind. Never before was I conscious that so many dogs lived ... nay, roamed ... the neighbourhood, but on this restless night I heard every single yap, howl and bark.

The nervousness, uneasiness and anxiety that haunted me and wreaked havoc with my brains were most definitely unlike the normal exam stress or the fretting and worrying about not having a ‘killer’ outfit for Aaliyah’s 18th birthday party. Zak (Zakariyya) ditching me, and Zakia back-stabbing me, didn’t tickle anymore coz I was consumed and overwhelmed by a far greater concern.

*I was dejected, depressed and drowning in a state of “emptiness”. Butterflies in my stomach, tightness in my chest, heaviness in my breath, blurriness in my vision, and palpitations turned my life upside down. I was literally drowning in my perspiration.*

Neither could my best friend Fats (Faatimah) help me, nor my adoring mother avail me. Downloading a few soothing and relaxing nasheeds didn’t

make a ‘diff’. Neither did texting my classmate, Zahra, who’s always up till late, make any dent.

*Aah! What’s gonna happen when the fiery and scary eyes of the angels replace the two neon needles in that pitch black pit six feet down?*

*What have I done for that ‘first’ night?*

My screams won’t be heard by mummy and my sobbing won’t be comforted by any.

O my God! Didn’t my favourite cousin, Raeesa, abruptly leave us at my age, sweet sixteen as they say?

*What’s sweet about my being sixteen? I’ve already messed up the first three months with guys, music, clubbing, drugging and the worx.*

*Aah! What’s gonna happen to me? I’m doomed forever ...*

Unable to handle the stress, fearing a nervous wreck, having lost hope in all, I was forced to make wudhu and perform my Esha Salaah, which I only did in Ramadhaan and on that odd Thursday night.

*Oh, what a relief!*

Is this the same salaah that would be such



a burden and seem like a never ending ordeal? It feels so brief now! How I wish it could last much longer!

Completing the salaah, my hands instantaneously lifted up in du’aa, again something I only did for five minutes in the entire year on the 27th night of Ramadhaan.

*Am I the same person? Crying and sobbing in du’aa? Is it me?*

Never before did I cry so much. Unlike other cries, this time every tear brought me more comfort and every sob gave me greater relief.

Just then I remembered having a cd with some lecture, which my aunt distributed on the occasion of her daughters’s hizf completion. It was too unthinkable of me listening to it back then ... but now, in my moment of dark despair .... the lecture-title struck: *“Don’t Lose Hope.”*

Darting to my junk drawer, I scratched

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through it and managed to lay my hands on the disc. Then it was "junk", but now it was more valuable than "gold"!

Just gazing at the title was a relief which words cannot describe .... as if a huge boulder was moved off my chest, or a mountain lifted off my head.

I then rushed over to my mp3-player, but this time with an Islamic lecture, not the latest album of my favourite pop star or the so-called "Islamic Music", which has nothing Islamic, bar a few names and words.

*"Our Merciful Allah loves to forgive our sins. He waits for us to repent to Him. No sin is too grave. He forgave thousands of disbelievers, murderers, prostitutes, fornicators, drunkards and the worst of sinners",* said the learned scholar. *"Take one step towards Him and see how He will 'run' towards you."*

"I may be bad, but not so bad" I thought. "I'm not a write-off. There's still hope for me."

The scholar then went on to explain the most 'hope-boosting' incident I've ever heard. Yes it's about the "despicable blighter" who killed ninety nine people and then 'scored' his century with the man he was misdirected to when he said there was no hope for him. Even then he didn't give up. He continued with his search for the path of repentance until he came across an experienced, pious and learned scholar who assured him that the doors of repentance are still wide open.

*"What! A hundred murders! Yet the doors of repentance haven't slammed shut on him! There must be hope for me then ... I may have committed tons of sins, but murder, never ever! Not even one, forget a hundred!"*

*This gave me all that I needed ... hope in His mercy.*

An intriguing side-note the scholar mentioned in this connection: "just as we refer our worldly problems to the experts of the respective fields, the accountants,

lawyers, doctors, engineers ... much more importantly we need to refer our deeni and spiritual concerns also, to some *specialist!"*

*We cannot solve them by self-study of the Quraan and hadeeth or by referring to 'Mufti Google, Shaikh Facebook and Allamah Twitter'.*

Furthermore the choice of the *specialist* is extremely critical. Just as referring to an unqualified and incompetent person in worldly issues may result in us sinking deeper into the hole ... taking deeni and spiritual guidance from someone who is unreliable, insincere and far removed from the glorious sunnah, both outwardly and inwardly, will result in us distancing ourselves further away from Allah Ta'ala. To the contrary, such "self-taught-scholars" are potential threats to the principle beliefs of deen ('*aqaa'id*). A classic example in this regard, is the disastrous outcome of the first person to whom the serial killer was (*mis*)directed to.

*"If a person has deliberately denied himself of the beauty of our beloved Nabi (sallallahu 'alaihi wasallam) on his face and on his head, how can he tell the masses about following Rasulullah (sallallahu 'alaihi wasallam)? If he inter-acts casually and flirtatiously with women, and is 'approachable' by the opposite gender, how can we take our deeni and spiritual guidance from him?"*

Wow! How true! It's just so logical and makes perfect sense! Yet it has sadly become a difficult "*common sense*" to grasp!

After giving him this assurance, the pious and learned scholar showed him a unique method of repentance. He was advised to leave his town: A town which was infested with vice and sin, due to the flood of filth, flaws, muck and evil influences. The man was asked to move over to a town where the pious resided. Hopefully, this was going to assist him in repenting and committing himself to the "*straight path*".

I immediately grabbed my Galaxy Note III, deleted a few of those "cool" apps and all those "just good 'boy' friends" I had as WhatsApp, Bbm, Twitter and Facebook contacts.

*"These are definitely negative influences for me. They cause me to slip and slide, every so often. If I really mean to change, I don't need this 'stuff' in my life."*

Sincere about repenting, this serial killer, a "centurion" at this evil, leaves on his journey towards Allah Ta'ala. En-route his moment of death stares him in the face. The angels of mercy and the angels of punishment begin to dispute about who should extract his soul. Allah Ta'ala orders another angel to decide between the two disputing parties that whichever town he (*the multi murderer*) is closer to, the respective angel/s will extract his soul.

*Guess what happens next ...*

Although he happened to be closer to the town of vice, Allah Ta'ala instructed the town to move further away, and ordered the town of virtue to draw closer to him, thereby qualifying him to be ushered into His mercy.

*"O my Allah! You are so Merciful! You are so Kind! You love to forgive! You make such strange arrangements for the one who turns to You! I am so ungrateful and unappreciative. I have wasted my early teens in heedlessness and rebellion. Please do forgive me and make me from among Your obedient servants!"*

By now I was a changed person. I turned a new leaf in my life and resolved to become an "*abiding servant*" of Allah Ta'ala.

*What can I tell you my buddies ... It's been the most enjoyable six months of my life. I am still the same girl ... still sixteen ... but the sweetest sixteen I could have ever dreamt off. Take my word for it. Make the change. Do the "upgrade" and see how sweet your sixteen would become ... Nay, even your sixties and after!*





# Do We REALLY Care?

It was winter and a very bitter one after many years. It was not a sight that I wished for. A severe blizzard was striking up outside and I needed to take out the garbage before the garbage truck could pull up.

As I stepped out, I noticed in the distance the figure of a poor homeless woman clutching on to her baby, with nobody to take care of her. She was standing all alone at the traffic light waiting for some handout or a good-Samaritan to assist her with some shelter.

Devastated and intrigued by her plight in the severe blizzard, I decided to brave the extreme weather conditions and attend to her. As I drew closer, I found that her clothing was tattered and torn, her hands were covered with sores and her cute little baby's face was marred with scars of what looked like a dog-attack.

*My heart bled and I choked over my saliva on seeing this pitiful and pathetic sight.*

But my amazement knew no bounds when on closer inspection, I found that she had beside her a suitcase, that was presumably, filled with banknotes. Nay, but now it lay half empty, thanks to the unscrupulous passersby who helped themselves to their "share of the pie".

Quite interesting though, was that this seemingly homeless woman apparently did not realise that she could have afforded herself a comfortable home, sumptuous meals and the best of clothing with the suitcase of money that she had beside herself.

She was unaware of the value of the wealth she had in her possession and thus allowed herself to fall so low and attract the sympathy of others. It was indeed a misfortune ... that she had earned for herself.

*Indeed a real pitiful sight, but a point of reflection for each one of us.*

This is exactly the example of the Ummah (nation) of the greatest of all Ambiyaa, Nabi Muhammad (sallallahu 'alaihi wasallam): an Ummah whose present condition has led to this dreadful crisis. Indeed, an Ummah which possesses all the resources to haul it out from this depressing and demoralising "pit". In the words of our beloved master, Rasulullah (sallallahu 'alaihi wasallam), this Ummah is like a single body. If the eye has a problem then the rest of the body is affected. If the head aches, then, the rest of the body also suffers the pain. (Saheeh Muslim #6589)

*The Ummah's "hand" of Syria is being mercilessly butchered; the Ummah's "head" of Palestine is being bombarded with drones, the Ummah's "leg" of Egypt is being ruthlessly trampled and the list goes on and on.*

Aha, the pertinent question is, is the rest of the body merely looking on, feeling the pain and wailing, or is it searching for the valuable resources that we **have been** bestowed with, in order to disentangle ourselves from this severe dilemma.

To an onlooker it would appear as though the rest of the body is totally ignorant about the valuable resources it possesses. Certainly, those with vision and foresight can clearly "see" that we have wretchedly opted to be like the homeless woman. To that onlooker, we undoubtedly cut a depressing sight ... waiting for a benevolent individual to grudgingly offer his/her hand of help.

As Muslims, our beloved Master (sallallahu 'alaihi wasallam) has beautifully explained to his Ummah:

*"The one who constantly seeks the forgiveness of Allah Ta'ala, Allah Ta'ala in turn will make an*

*exit for him from every constraining circumstance, bring about relief for each of his worries and bless him with sustenance and provisions from sources unknown to him."* (Sunan Abi Dawood #1518)

*At the end of the day, this is the ultimate solution to the Ummah's disastrous catastrophe ... the constant begging of forgiveness from Allah Ta'ala.*

However, success will be achieved when a collective effort is undertaken towards reformation. Allah Ta'ala emphatically declares:

*"Repent to Allah Ta'ala collectively O believers so that you may be successful."* (Surah Noor v31)

*Be that as it may, the Ummah is undeniably in a crisis ... but the "rope of hope" is permanently suspended for us to latch on to.*

It is thus superfluous that when we **have** the solutions and resources at our disposal to overcome the calamity, that we still seek guidance and direction from strangers. The stranger's guidance will certainly be strange - packaged with lifestyles, practices and cultures which are alien and destructive to the noble way of life ... *al-Islam*.

Lamentably though, we have lost our direction in our journey of life. Though the needle of our life-compass faces in the direction of the first martyr in Islam, Sumayyah (radhiyallahu 'anha), who sacrificed her life for the sake of our noble deen; the Queen of Jannah, Faatimah (radhiyallahu 'anha), who on account of her modesty and shame could not even approach her father due to the men seated around him; and the sage of her time, Raabi'ah Basriyyah (rahimahallah) who dedicated her life to the worship of Allah Ta'ala, unfortunately, the pendulum has swung and we have now turned in the total opposite direction.



What we have failed to realise is that WE are an integral component of the global Ummah, and it is our actions, that play the *most important role* in the changing of events and the conditions being decided by our Maker and Creator, Allah Ta'ala.

*It boils down to the simple question: "... do we really have the concern of the Ummah at heart, or not?"*

If the answer is in the positive, then an in-depth introspection of our daily lives is imperative. We will have to gauge our every action against the yardstick of the glorious women of the past and then ask ourselves:

Would they have allowed their daughters to appear in tight tops and skinny three quarter jeans before strange men and casually talk to them?

What would have been their reaction if they were informed that one of their "daughters" was circulating pictures of herself in scanty clothing to the rest of the neighbourhood?

Would these Islamic-trend setting women have covered themselves with alluring perfumes when emerging from their homes?

Just imagine their response if they were to come across one of their friends spending hours reading fictitious enthralling series of girls' outrageous pre-marital flirting relationships, or gripping and obscene revelations of a super-rich girl's life considering it as the ideal "Islamic substitute" for novels and romance books.

I am pretty sure that these great illustrious role-models' only replies (*in our lingo*) would be:

*"Oh my gosh! What on earth is she up to?"*

*"No ways! How is this ever going to happen?"*

*"Oh my word! What are they really doing?"*

These are just a few actions which only form the tip of the iceberg in the ever-increasing list of deeds during the Ummah's

deepening crisis which display the Ummah's unfamiliarity with the great resources it has at its disposal. Additionally, it also reveals a frightening sense of complacency with the prevailing tsunamis of devastation and destruction pounding the Ummah.

It's about time that we realistically inspect the condition of our lives and follow the direction shown to us by our "life-compass".

But before doing so, the very first step would be detoxification (*detox*) and cleansing ourselves from the filth that has accumulated via the sins and evil that we commit. On a serious and sombre note, the obnoxious and detestable company that we keep *and* the immoral fantasies that we entertain, will all have to be cast into the incinerator ... for *total demolition*.

Thus, the great and urgent need for taubah and istighfaar ... *and not any kind of taubah ... but one with a deep sense of remorse and regret and a painful heart.*

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



**Repentance**

<b>Letter</b>	<i>Wa 'alaikumus Salaam wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuh</i>	dearly loved by Allah Ta'ala. It even honours a person with higher spiritual stages, conditional to the person being sincere. So be hopeful. Allah Ta'ala is Loving, Merciful and Forgiving. Alhamdulillah, He has given you the taufeeq (ability) of taubah, but this should not make you complacent.
<b>Respected Moulana</b>		
<i>As Salaamu 'alaikum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuh</i>	1. The hadeeth states that all of the children of Hazrat Aadam ('alaihi salaam) are sinners but the best of them are those who make taubah. "To err is human" – but every experience, good or bad, should be a means by which we draw lessons. As we go through the mill of life, we draw from our experiences and learn about the dark and dangerous zones of life, the red light areas, and the green light areas of life. But it becomes easier to escape the dark alleys of sins, when we follow someone who has a lamp or torch. Sometimes we think that the short cut is better, but the longer route is spiritually safer. However, it is only a spiritual guide who can lead us down the right path ... otherwise, nafs and Shaitaan make us branch off at some stage, taking us far from Allah Ta'ala's pleasure. Allah Ta'ala protect us all.	4. Retrace your steps to obedience. Give up sins and continue with the fardh, waajib and sunnah. Allah Ta'ala will grant the taufeeq (ability) to do even more when you prove yourself in the efforts that you will now make to obey Him.
Moulana, despite having spent 5 years at madrasah, and being occupied in the service of deen, I still find myself weak with regard to nafs (the carnal self) and Shaitaan. I still fall into some sin or the other. This makes me very despondent and a feeling of darkness envelopes me. I carry out some good actions and then spoil them with some bad deed. There are times when I find myself intending to do something displeasing to Allah Ta'ala, then though I find restlessness in my heart, I give in to nafs and Shaitaan. After this, I cry in repentance, but after some time, fall into some sin again.		5. Read the books "Combating the whisperings of Shaitaan" and "Aashiq-e-Sawdiq" (available for download from <a href="http://www.yunuspatel.co.za">www.yunuspatel.co.za</a> ). Insha Allah, there will be benefit and improvement.
<b>Reply</b>	2. The fatwa (ruling) given by your heart, by means of the restlessness, was that this deed is wrong.	
<i>Bismillahir Rahmaanir Raheem</i>		
<b>Respected Sister in Islam</b>	3. Regret, remorse and tears of repentance are	<i>Was Salaamu alaikum wa Rahmatullahi wa Barakaatuh</i> <b>Yunus Patel (Moulana)</b>