

الحَسْنَى لِقَدْرِ الْمُمْكِن

In the memory of Respected Mother

"Maan Jee Qiblah Kee Yaad Mayn"
1934-2005

*Zindagee Thii Teree Mahtaab Say Taabindah Tar
Khuub Tar Tha Subhu Kay Taaray Say Bhi Tayraa Safar
Your life was even more radiant than the moonlight
Similarly your journey was better than the morning star*

Salamun Alaiyakumud Khulul Jannah 1426 Hijri

"Maañ jee Qiblah
Saaliyah Marhoomah Maghfoorah"
2005 AD

Mourner

Kaukab Noorani Okarvi

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*Bismil Laahir Rahmaanir Raheem Was Salaatu Was Salaamu
Alaa Rasoolihil Kareem*

This book is written in memory of the respected Hazrat Maañ Jee (*Allaah have mercy on her*) while addressing her, by me, an unworthy son of her with throbbing heart and flowing tears.

This is an expression of sorrow and melancholy in honour of my most fortunate and extremely virtuous respected Maañ Jee (*Allaah have mercy on her*) on my deprivation of her. Moreover in relation of being a son it is an expression of thankfulness and praise on this blessing and also a manifestation of thankfulness in reference to her many qualities and good virtues.

My honour is simply my association with my gracious parents and their love and respect is my only wealth.

The legacy and wealth of my gracious parents has only been the submission of the true religion and love of the Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*). It is my desire that at every instance of my life this wealth and heritage remain associated with me. And I would be successful in the presence of My Most Beneficent and Most Gracious Rabb-e-Kareem Jalla Shaanuhu and my beloved and most desired Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*). And one day with the preference of Allaah Ta'aalaa and determination of my belief, I will go and meet my kind and caring parents (*Rahmatul Laahi Aaliehima*) in Paradise.

Ieeñ Du'aa Az Man Wa Az Jumlah Jahaan Aameen Baad
This supplication is from me and the whole world

Kaukab Ghufira Tāhu

21st, Rabeeul Awwal 1426 AH



Yumi

*Bismil Laahir Rahmaanir Raheem
Was Salaatu Was Salaamu 'Alaa Rasoolihil Kareem*

Precious Maañ Jee!

I never thought you would depart like this, the flow in my tears increases when I recall with what patience and tolerance you had spent twenty two days in a closed room in the hospital. The doctors had also stopped you from drinking water, you endured this hardship too. Your hand and arms were sieved by needles. There was a food pipe in the neck and a needle of the drip in the arm. The needle was continuously placed in your arms to give injections that kept pricking you. Despite all this you did not stop from kissing the name of your dearest Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) while hearing the Azaan. Your lips remained saturated with the recitation of Durood Shareef. A picture of the holy *Na'laien* (sacred sandal) was kept near your pillow; which you would also definitely kiss and respectfully touch to your face. You always kept the respect of pardah (veil) and hijaab (covering). Doctors had placed a tube in your nose; with what anguish you tolerated it for three days, when I think of it, I shriek. Similarly, in the hospital you did not receive any rest. This hospital did not have any arrangement for the comfort of the patients. There was an abundance of severe noise from construction work. You did not receive peace at any instance. We were unable to listen to what

you said. You kept saying your soul disagreed with the operation. Furthermore you kept telling us about your dreams but we could not tolerate to keep you deprived of treatment in sickness.

Maañ Jee! We only wanted your long-life. We kept begging all around the world for the plea of your health and safety. Where supplications (duaa's) were not done for you? We kept avoiding the operation for three to four months, but how can our intellect reach the decision of the Divine? What comfort could we ever give you during your entire lifetime that even now while departing we are still giving you so much pain?

Maañ Jee! Also while in the hospital you kept saying, "You should not disturb your sleep to come here." You would not approve my visitation if I had not received enough sleep, but I accepted to keep you in so much pain. Now I reflect, am I worthy of being forgiven? Could this somehow be my punishment that now I am separated from you?

Maañ Jee! You could not see tears in my eyes and now I keep crying bitterly for the whole night. When I do not see you, tears come from these eyes as if they are filled with sand.

Maañ Jee! Whenever I had to go anywhere you would say, "*Allaah dee supurd*", (In Allaah's care). I had also thought I would go from this world under the shadow of

your blessings. Maañ Jee, did I stay alive to give shoulder to your coffin?

I have also never thought of life without you, merely with you was all the elegance of house and life, all the blessings and happiness was with you. Now as you have gone it seems everything has gone.

Twenty two years ago, when respected Abbaa Jaan departed (*Allaah have mercy on him*) all of a sudden it had felt as if mountains have fallen over me. But you took care of not only me but sheltered us all. No matter how sad you were you would not take care of yourself until you looked after us. I was very young at the time when in October 1962 AD, respected Abbaa Jaan was severely injured in a assassination attempt on him and stayed in the hospital for two and half months for treatment. During those days your own health was also so bad that for going to the hallway of the house you would first sit and then go down three steps. You gravely needed to rest in those days but I remember you did not care about your own health. However you would not only took care of your children but also kept cooking for the hundreds of guests, nursing the respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) and doing all the chores by yourself.

Throughout your life when did you ever complete an entire night's sleep? The house would never be empty of guests. Abbaa Jaan always had a nonstop line of visitors, beggars and other callers. The whole day you would

hardly get a chance to take a breather for even a moment. The beds were also laid down after late midnight. You would just rest your back for one or one and half hours and then the respected Abbaa Jaan would return from the gatherings. You would open the door for him and until he sat in his sitting-room for his reading and writing you would make arrangements for his meal. At the approach of Fajr you would start making breakfast for the children and sending them off to school and *madrassah*. After that, until night time, you would remain busy like the needles of a clock. Picking up the beds of the children, organizing their clothes, cutting vegetables, grinding spices with your own hands, making dough, washing all the clothes and the dishes, cleaning the whole house and I wonder how many other chores would begin. Before 11 in the morning, the respected Abbaa Jaan's visitors would start coming and a series of tea, refreshments and food would continue until midnight.

After coming from *madrassah*, the children desired food before going to school. You never kept them waiting. You would keep working like a machine. You would never worry about resting. If you would get any free time then also you would be involved in stitching, embroidery and fixing buttons. You would always care in every way about the eating, drinking, clothes and rest of every member of the house. I never heard any complain on your lips or saw any creases on your forehead.

Those who are called men, when they go to hard work,

labor work or their business in the morning and come back in the evening, they cry about overwork and tiredness. Just carrying children in one's arms for hours is also not a small work and by men this work can hardly be done.

You alone did so much work. You kept doing it all your life and never showed any sign of unwillingness from this work even before going to the hospital. If ever a complaint was heard from you it was only this, "Now not enough strength is left in me, otherwise, I would never remain idle."

Maañ Jee! Not only when you were awake but also during sleep your head would remain fully covered with *dupatta* (scarf or a cloth). You were one of a kind in modesty and humility, covering and *hijaab*, goodness and piety. As much as you loved us, you cared more about what we did and how we did it. You would not give any concession to any daughter who would not cover her head or showed laziness in reading *Salaat*. If you saw any flaw in our speech, actions or behavior you would surely scold us. Every day we were instructed not to make our tone bitter and to talk to one another with softness and love; in any case you could not tolerate inappropriate words. You kept telling us about courteous talk, respect and consideration of everyone, being content and cautious as well as simple and pious. You would give a lot of stress on reading *Salaat* and the Holy Qur'aan. You would not hear lies or its support. If a child was seen eating with their

left hand you would surely tell him to eat with his right hand.

The words of the deceased Allaamah Iqbaal have my interpretation:

***Daftar-e-Hastee Mayñ Thee Zarreeñ Waraq
Tayree Hayaat***

In the book of life, your life was a golden page

Thee Saraapaa Deen or Dunyaa Kaa Sabaq Tayree Hayaat
Your life was complete lesson of religion and the world

When my respected Abbaa Jaan was bearing the hardships of lockup and imprisonment for taking a prominent part in a movement for the protection of the Finality of the Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*), two of my elder brothers, your former children; three year old Mu-neer Ahmad and fourteen months old Tanveer Ahmad had both died within a week. Your husband was in prison and your lap was being deserted. How painful it must have been! You would often describe your dreams, and I would wonder in how many ways my Allaah Kareem offers you consolations.

Dearest Ammi Jaan! Your life was spent only in virtuous deeds and worship. You only kept all of your concern with amenity and worshipping. Even in such abundance of work you were never found neglecting Salaat or Tas-beeh. I would be surprised to see your concentration in hearing Azaan and your attentiveness in Salaat. You had

zealous love for our beloved Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*), his sacred wives, the progeny, his sacred associates, and you had great devotion with *Saiyyidinaa Ghaus-e-A'zam* (*Allaah be pleased with him*).

Every month for forwarding rewards you would do the niyaaz of *Giyaarahveen Shareef* and would never neglected it. Also before going to the hospital you had prepared the niyaaz of *Giyaarahveen Shareef* yourself. You would listen to *Na'at Shareef* with great enthusiasm. Brother Haamid Rabbani would organize a gathering of *Na'at* and for the whole year you would listen to its recording again and again.

Recording of a certain *Na'at Shareef*, written and recited by Al Haaj Muhammad Ali Zahoori had been heard by your mother, which she had liked a lot. When Zahoori Saahib came to the brother's gathering, you especially requested him to recite that *Na'at*. The speeches of respected *Abbaa Jaan* (*Allaah have mercy on him*) which were kept safe with the brother and you had listened and memorized their recordings and you would also preach to the women who came to you about them.

In the hospital on the eve of 9th May, you told me that the month of *Ghaus Paak* has started. And your words were, "The (previous) month which is completed; it was for the arrival of the Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) and the month which has started it is for the departure of *Ghaus Paak* (*Allaah be pleased with him*) and both of these are blessed months." At that time I could not un-

derstand your gesture, perhaps you were born in the month of Rabeeul-Awwal. Therefore, the association of these blessed months also became your share for coming to this world and going from this world.

You were not happy in the hospital and kept insisting on going back home. I said to you, "Maañ Jee, let the stitches of the wounds fill. Please bear the pain till then." Only pious people are tested more; their status is elevated by making them go through such hardships. You started saying, "I am very sinful." I politely said to you, "Maañ Jee you are very virtuous. There are few righteous like you." After hearing this much you started crying. "Ammi Jaan, I had not said wrong. There are simply very few fortunate women like you."

In 1959 AD, in the city of Karachi, where respected Abbaa Jaan had built the first house, the neighbour of even this first house was in tears for you. Not only her but all the women who had come to meet you said that it was only you who would ask about the welfare and well-being of all of them. Certainly you would remember everyone.

When the news had not been given to you concerning the demise of the wife of Haaji Haashim Memon, the first host of respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah be pleased with him*) by their family members, you were upset on this negligence. The respected wife of your only brother (our mumaani) had passed away. I was so sick during those days that I could not travel and both of my brothers were out of the country. You retained this complaint with us that why hadn't

any of us attended the funeral or the offering of Soyem (third day). Your visible attributes were kindness, compassion and morality.

I remember very well a familiar afflicted woman had come to visit you. You wanted to help her to some extent but your attention diverted from it and she went away. In which way you remained worried for her for so many days; I wish I could explain this easily in words. We made many efforts to find out about the address of this woman so that your anxiousness would end but we were unsuccessful. You listened to the grief and the misery of the women who visited you and would make efforts to please them and comfort them. We used to hardy meet our neighbours, because our life had only become for outside the home but you had kept alliance like family members with the women who were living in the neighbourhood. You would be concerned about all your close relatives and all the in-laws. Every one of them expressed their afflictions with you in such a way as if you were the only healer of everyone. After the departure of the respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) every year you would send eidee (Eid presents) and gifts to your in-laws and to your sister-in-law's (our paternal aunts) and our uncles. People should learn to conduct relations and connections from you. You respected all of them. You were kind to all of them. Today they are all crying for you. They are all remembering you with love and respect. Prayers for you are on the lips of everyone.

Muhammad Liyaqat Khan Qaadiree, Suufi Ghulaam

Qaadir and his sons Muhammad Saaqib would often visit; I would often say to you, if they can do any work please say so. In the recent house you would also do gardening with great pleasure. When your health started deteriorating you would ask these people to do the work of putting water in the plants and the garden. When anyone amongst them came, you did not let them go without eating food and gave gifts and donations and also worried about the well-being and safety of their families. Even for small services you had great consideration for them. In the matter of veil (purdah) and *hijaab* (covering) you had no concession for even those devotees who had been coming for years and you would also have no concession for any *Naa-mahram* (those with whom wedding is allowed). Even while taking fish and vegetables from those fish and vegetable sellers who come at the gates of houses and call out, you would remain behind the covering of the door and in full veil. You would not take anything from their hands yourself but would tell them to leave it on the cloth or the utensil lying on the floor. Then after closing the door you would pick it up from there.

Maañ Jee, your personality was filled with so many good virtues and qualities that if I recall the trail of thought does not cease. But I keep recalling only one sentence of yours again and again, and I feel like crying loudly. Whenever I would say to you, "Do not worry about me", you would say, "I am the mother."

Maañ Jee, if you had so much concern about me then why did you make me be so lonely? Why did you not

think that it will not be easy for me to live without you? How much did you care about my every small and big matter! In the hospital, people would not let me stay to massage your feet. All of them wanted me to attend their gatherings. Praise for both my brothers who remained at your service. Also the sisters, their daughters and sister-in-laws who forgot their sleep. Deprivation was only my portion. Though I am the one for whom you cared the most and it was only me who could not take any care of you. After seeing you in pain in the hospital I kept begging to my Allaah, "Your treasures have no deficiency, You may have mercy on her and dispel the pain and worries and she may come home after getting healthy." Where did I not request for your supplication!

Maañ Jee! The brothers say Almighty Allaah has been merciful on you and have saved you from these doctors and their medicines. I wonder how many more trails of suffering they would have afflicted on you but my crying is only for my deficiency. I have also not given you less pain and even you would not remain less worried because of me. I was not worthy that you would stay with me for long.

Maañ Jee! You lived a life with great faithfulness and simplicity and in every condition retained the practice of thankfulness and tolerance. We would be astonished by your simplicity and outspread religiousness. You also did not have any desire for adornment and embellishment

or any dress of glitter and glow and you never even demanded for your own relaxation or facility. I remember when my uncle, Muhammad Ikraam's first son died at a young age, all of sudden we had to go to Okara. I was sent with you, we could not get any seat in the train, so for the journey of train from Karachi to Okara we had to sit on the floor of the train. The news of the severe illness of our dear paternal grandfather respected Shaiekh Nawaab Deen came from Chishtiyyaⁿ Shareef. You were very restless. The respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) gave consolation but you were very anxious after hearing the news of your dear respected father and you wanted to go immediately. As the evening approached the news of his departing came. We never ever heard your voice of laughter all our lives but that day we heard your voice of crying. You cried very much but even in this condition you cooked for all of us and we left with the night train. The burial was done before we reached Chishtiyyaⁿ Shareef. You always had this grief at the time of his departing you could not see him for the last time. When I became worthy of anything then accordingly to my capacity I tried to make you travel comfortably but you never demanded anything for yourself.

During the wedding of the two elder sisters you had given away all your jewellery. You did not even have any small jewellery to wear. You never had any objection or showed intolerance. In 1975 AD, I went abroad for the first time. This journey was for Ziyaarat (visitation of the Holy places) and Umrah. You came to receive me at the airport when I returned 38 days later while spending a

whole month of Ramadaan in Madinah Munawwarah. In which way you welcomed me, even today it is my best memory of your motherhood. Respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) took you on the journey for Hajj. You were very happy to go on this auspicious trip. Daadaa Jaan and Daadi Huzoor (my paternal grandparents) stayed with us. But even during those days I felt your absence severely in the house, also during those days I kept crying. You were not in the house for just a few days therefore I did not like anything. Now you have gone on such a journey from where there is no return. Think yourself, what I might be experiencing?

Maañ Jee! When I would go outside the country, I would be away from you but this satisfaction would be enough for me that you are present in the house. If you would ever travel then I would feel the house is empty. I would remain busy in my work. Sometimes even if I only got a few moments to sit with you my heart would still be contented by your presence.

Now not only this house but also this heart is completely empty. You know very well that I only desired for food cooked by you and in the matter of roti (bread) you would also tell others that, “He only likes roti made by my hands.” We would bring wheat, you would get it cleaned and wash it yourself. We would bring the flour after getting the wheat grinded then you would make the roti (bread).

Where does anyone make so much effort? If any day I

would go without eating food then until my return it would not leave your mind. If I was late in coming back from Masjid in the evening you would ask to make calls and inquire why I was late.

If I went outside Karachi, you would instruct me to make phone calls as soon as I reached. If I was late in making phone call then I would only hear that you were completely immersed in waiting and praying.

Maañ Jee! If anything of mine was misplaced and I would mention it to you then until it was found, you would say that you have made a vow of nawaafil or sa-daqah (giving away charity). I would often be ashamed also that I only make you upset. I would bow my head in prostration and thank in the court of Allaah Kareem that my mother is an exceptional and exemplary mother. I would also pray for your long life, health and welfare.

I often saw that respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*), before starting to eat the full bread, would first eat the leftover and broken pieces of bread left by us chil-dren. Moreover for you I have only seen all my life that you would always be the last one to eat and would not only eat leftovers but would often prefer the food of an earlier day and there would only be words of thankful-ness on your lips.

If anyone among us children would not eat on time then you had no objection in warming food for any one

of us or making fresh bread again and again. Looking after everyone accordingly and maintaining all life-long is not a joke. Brother Muhammad Subhaani would remain with you from morning till night in the hospital. You would keep telling him to rest. Maañ Jee, that brother of mine, after touching your feet would rub his hands on to his chest and face. With what love you would wait for his phone call every Sunday. How happy you would be when he started coming home on holidays after a year. Whenever Brother Haamid Rabbaani would go for vacation or journey you would say to him that you became very sad by his absence in the house.

Maañ Jee! No individual can be an exchange of a mother and you were not only a great mother but due to all your other qualities were also an exemplary woman. I remember 28 years ago due to an illness you had to stay for treatment in the hospital for few a days. In the congregation of Friday, Respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) while mentioning you with immense love said that you were always ready to serve, were very pious and was a woman with great fortune; and the whole house was managed by you as well.” He had asked people to offer special supplication for you and also prayed a lot by himself. All the letters sent by the respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) which have been saved by me, in all of them instructions are written for me to take care of you in every way and to look after you.

Maañ Jee! Two days before admitting to the hospital

you came to the holy grave of the respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) with my brothers. I was also in the masjid at that time. You came and sat at the same place where you are at rest right now. For the first time you stayed for quite some time there and kept reading the verses. Then you made supplication and gave money to be distributed to the khaadimeen (employees) of the Masjid. It was also prominent amongst your qualities that with what love you obeyed and comforted respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*). Maañ Jee! No matter how much thankful we may be to Allaah Kareem Jalla Shaanuhu that we had received such blessed and great parents it will not be enough. Maañ Jee, deprivation from parents is not a small misfortune.

It is an incident of 1967 when we lived in the house (238/B) adjacent to Shahrah-e-Qaideen. It had rained severely in Karachi. The plot next to our house was empty so water had filled in it and the wall on this side of our house had washed away. During those days respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) was on a tour of Punjab. In the building of the house, around it and outside there was water above the knees. The supply of electricity and drinking water was disconnected. You made us sleep on the safer side of the house and I remember you stayed up all night. I do not know what you might have been reading, because to pray and recite Durood Shareef continuously was your habit. The string of beads (Tasbeeh) would remain in your hands even while lying in the bed.

For many years it remained like this from the month of

Ramadaan till Muharram the travelling of Haajis (those people who go for pilgrimage, Hajj) would continue in Karachi. Formerly the arrival and departure of Haajis would only be from Karachi. Every year many Hujjaaj would stay in our house while coming and going. I remember very well that some guests stayed in our house for months. You would not have any breach in the well-being of the guests. At a time you would cook food and roti (bread) for 40 to 50 people by yourself. Hundreds of *Ulamaa-e-kiraam* (respected scholars), *Mashaaiikh-e-Izaam* (sacred holy People), *Saadaat -e-kiraam* (respected Saiyyid), *Qaaris* (reciters of the Holy Qur'aan), *Na'at* reciters and guests have eaten food cooked by you.

Maañ Jee! Hazrat Qiblah Maulana Ghulaam 'Alee Saahib used to say for you that you had taken so much care of the legendary Scholars, holy people and thousands of others and have happily served them so much food cooked by yourself that just this action was enough to make you a Jannati (dweller of paradise).

Maañ Jee! If I recall your peer (spiritual leader) and Murshid Hazrat Saani Saahib Qiblaah Sharqpuri, his sons, Hazrat Saiyyidee wa Murshidee Ghanj-e-Karam Shaah Saahib Karmaañ Waalay and his whole family, Hazrat Qutb-e-Madinah in Madinah Munawwarah and his family, Hazrat Peer Saiyyid Manzoor Ahmad Makaan Shareefi, Hazrat Qiblah Saiyyid Abul Barakaat Saiyyid Ahmad Shah, Hazrat Ghazaaliye Duraañ Al-Iaamah Kaazimi, Hazrat Faqeeh e A'zam Baseerpuri (*Allaah*

have mercy on them) such personalities and it is not known how many others name would be prominent in the list? Till 1975 AD, Maulana Noorani Miyaan would often call himself and say to me that all his members (family) are coming to eat in your house and he would especially request to eat food cooked by your hands. Maañ Jee! It was seen that people who came with the scholar, the holy people or the people who came with their reference, those people who came to say good bye to the pilgrims or those who came to receive them would mostly stay in our house. You never said that some other arrangement should be made for them, but rather it was only you who would make breakfast for them, and not only food twice a day but on their demand would also make tea for them again and again. I doubt anyone else ever does like this.

Maañ Jee! Your share was only virtues and respect. Undoubtedly your respected mother (my grandmother Saahibah) was also a very pious woman. Your honorable father (my grandfather) was a very simple and saintly person. He used to respect my father Abbaa Jaan Qiblaah very much. Whenever respected Abbaa Jaan would travel to Chishtiyyaan Shareef, Naanaa Jaan would go an hour earlier to receive him at the railway station. He would give you a lot of respect amongst his daughters. Allaah Kareem blessed you with in-laws who had earned respect only through virtues. Almighty Allaah gave you a husband for whom you would be certainly grateful to Almighty Allaah for your good fortune. Your late uncle Al-Haaj Sardaar Muhammad Saahib would say that they had no children for twelve years after their marriage; you

became their daughter and lived in their house like their daughter. He was associated with the spiritual king of Alee pur Shareef, Hazrat Peer Saiyyid Jamaa'at Alee Shaah Saahib (*Allaah have mercy on him*) and perhaps he gave the good news for you that you would be "highly fortunate." Your respected aunt with the Grace of Almighty Allaah is still alive and is a model in goodness and piety. All your close relatives had respected you very much and all of them were found to be grieved by your death. Where does one ever get so many mourners?

The importance for every relation and connection near you was also exemplary. Whenever I would return from a foreign country I would always bring some very unique gift for you and would also bring gifts for my brother and sisters. You would say that sometimes bring for the brother-in-law's as well. Even though I used to fulfill their demands but for the first time I followed this statement of yours and you were unable to see those gifts (due to your departing). I would say sometimes to you that whatever I had brought for you, you either give it to your daughters or save it for their dowry and something should also be used in this house. You had such affection for your daughters that one day Brother Haamid Rabbaani once said spontaneously, "If I was your daughter than I would have received more attention." For the welfare of the children, you and respected Abbaa Jaan adopted restraint on your own self. How much hard work and service you did for the children and tolerated what not, its description is a whole story! After the departing of the respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) Brother

Muhammad Subhaani worked hard by himself and saved money to go and study abroad for higher education. While he prepared to go abroad even though you did not want it, you let him go and did not let yourself obstruct his way. Whenever he would call, you would be in tears. He could not come for the wedding of the two sisters. You would remain in complete supplication for your son.

I was in a foreign country when your foot was injured. Brother Haamid Rabbaani looked after you. When I came back, I do not know how many times you mentioned his amenity. Maañ Jee, all of their services cannot fulfill your dues in any way but only an exemplary mother has this graciousness that by considering a small service of their children to be so much, she keeps praising it.

Two of your grand-daughters kept looking after you in the hospital; you gave them the good news of sending them for Umrah and Ziyaarat. Maañ Jee! All your life you kept giving exemplary comfort to your children, tolerating great hardships for them and dispelling their sorrows. All of them could not do anything in return; could not give you any comfort yet you gave such importance to their service of just few moments.

A famous story of *Sultaan-ul-Aarifeen* (The Chief of the Learned) Saiyyidinaa Taiefuur bin leesaa popularly known as Hazrat Baa-Yazeed Bistaami (*Allaah be pleased with him*) is,

“One evening his respected mother woke up from sleep

and she asked for water. Hazrat Baa Yazeed got up, the water was finished in the clay pot kept in the house. He did not consider it correct to wake up the neighbors in the night and went to bring water from the well. When he came back he saw that the respected mother had fallen back to sleep. He kept standing at her headrest with the water and did not wake his mother. In the morning when the mother opened her eyes she found the son at headrest with the bowl of water. The mother who stayed up for her children for who knows how many nights and tolerated how much hardship yet still became very happy by this service of her son and gave him that supplication (du'aa) from the heart for which the Acceptance came forward and embraced it."

I remember in 1976 AD, you had to be admitted once again to the hospital. During the same days for the second time the respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allah have mercy on him*) had the complaints of heart disease again. He had returned from a journey therefore he was taken from the airport to the hospital. I would come to both of you again and again separately from morning till evening in two separate hospitals. Even in this condition you would worry only about me and give me lots of supplication (duaa).

Maañ Jee! You had this sorrow that your departed respected father could not perform Hajj. I performed Hajj from his side and you became very happy. When you came back from the journey of Hajj, your respected mother had also went to receive you. So much joy was

seen in the house that such excitement was not even viewed on a wedding. You had a lot of love and respect for your respected parents. One night I came home late. You were holding the door waiting for me and looking fairly worried. You informed me that a phone call came from Chishtiyaañ Shareef and your respected mother's health (my grandmother) was very poor. In those days the respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) had gone to South Africa. You remembered you could not go on time to the departure of your dearest father (my grandfather) and now you were very anxious. At that instance I bought air tickets for you to Multan. You did not take me with you in this journey so that I could stay with sisters. You received four days with your respected mother and then she departed from this world. You had only one brother and you were seven sisters; you were the middle one amongst all of them.

Whenever Uncle (Maamooñ) Shayr Muhammad Saahib would come, your happiness was worth viewing. He would tell me, "My mother was very pious. I have not seen a woman like her and your mother is also very pious and you will not see a woman like her." Maañ Jee! Maamoo Jaan spoke the truth. Mothers of everyone are respectful. And the devoted ones love their mothers very much but according to my observation, I bear witness with my heart and mind that this time I have not seen such caring mother like you who was so pious, pure, virtuous, patient and grateful. Whenever someone would tell you regarding any such "mother" that, "She only cared for herself instead of upbringing her children

and looking after her husband, was involved in her own world, was not fair amongst her children, spoils the children or had no fear of Allaah and was free from shame and modesty or was bad mouthed,” then you would touch your ears and would put your hands together and ask for forgiveness and say,

“Taubah, taubah, kaisee maaeñ hayñ, Allaah hi-daayat day” (“Pardon, pardon what kind of mothers are they? Allaah give them guidance”). You would shiver with the fear of Allaah and would do Istighfaar (asking for forgiveness) abundantly. You would say that if the woman does not have shame and modesty then from where will she get loyalty and sacrifice? Those women who do not stay at home they do not earn themselves respect. You did not like women who would get their hair trimmed or those women who would not wear full dress.

Maañ Jee! I never saw you neglect any care of your husband while housekeeping and also never saw you give any disregard to the management of the house or the children. Your life only had two topics, “caring and worshipping”. And this caring was also “worshipping”. You would serve not with any compulsion or displeasure but it seemed like as if this was your happiness, you found pleasure in it.

Maañ Jee! You know I had developed the habit of reading at a young age. Even in those days as well if I would read anything about the duties or sacrifices of motherhood I could not restrain myself from crying. In my

childhood I stayed in Okara for much time and continued to receive education. You called me so that you could see me. When I came back you embraced me and cried a lot. Only after a few days the war of India and Pakistan started and then you told me to study here in Karachi.

What is a mother? Only a little bit of being a mother can be understood. We can only understand the status and excellence of a “mother” to some extent. What of a mother, we do not even have the replacement for the word “mother”. The existence of a mother is a huge blessing. The fountain of the most deep, strong and everlasting spring of love roars only in the heart of a mother. Amongst all human relations and connections the relation of mother is the most beloved.

A mother came along with her two daughters in the presence of Ummul Mu'mineen (The Mother of all True Muslims) Hazrat Saiyyidah Aaishaah Siddeeqah (*Allaah have mercy on her*). Hazrat Saiyyidah gave this woman three dates. That woman gave one date to each of her two daughters then divided the third date and gave each half to both of the two daughters. Ummul Mu'mineen told the Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) about this incident. The Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) gave this woman the good news of being the dweller of paradise.

(Ibne Maajah 3668)

I have read in the books and heard this famous incident

that whenever I think of it my eyes also become moist. It is said,

"Hazrat Moosaa (*Salutation on him*) inquired from Almighty Allaah Jalla Shaanhu, "Who will be my neighbor in paradise?" Almighty Allaah told him, "Your neighbor is a butcher." Hazrat Moosa (*Salutation on him*) inquired about his name and whereabouts and went to see and meet him to uncover the special quality due to which this person would receive neighborhood of such a highly respected Prophet. After travelling in that area he went to the shop of that person and kept watching his ways attentively and then told him, "Today I want to be your guest." He said, "Surely. Wait for some time so that I may sell all the meat then I will take you home." When we reached his home this butcher said, "My mother is old and sick. First I will feed her then I will eat. You wait a while for me." Hazrat Moosaa (*Salutation on him*) said, "Can I go with you to your mother?" He took Hazrat Moosaa (*Salutation on him*) along and went to his mother. This person made his old and very aged woman sit with the support of his body. This person would put a bite in his mouth, chew it and make it soft then he would put this bite in the mouth of his mother. His mother would give him blessings after eating every bite, "O Allaah make my son the neighbor of Hazrat Moosaa (*Salutation on him*) in paradise". Hazrat Moosaa (*Salutation on him*) introduced himself to this mother and told her that her supplication had been accepted.

(Al-Muntazam Fii Tawaareekhil Umamm, Ibne Jauzi)

This fact is also famous about Hazrat Saiyyidinaa Moosaa

(Salutation on him) that whenever he would go to Mount Toor to talk to Almighty Allaah, his respected mother (Yuuhaaniz) would remain busy in praying for her son. Her son was highly respected and innocent Prophet but then a mother is a mother. She would say, "O, Gracious Allaah, my son, Moosaa's *(Salutation on him)* nature has some swiftness; forgive him." After the death of his respected mother when he went to Mount Toor, he heard this voice saying, "Talk carefully now the one who would pray for you is not left behind."

By the words of the Prophets this story is also narrated in the biographical memories exhibiting the excellence of the services of the mothers. Hazrat Moosaa *(Salutation on him)* was travelling on foot to the country of Syria, it was revealed to him, "Between these mountains in the valley is one of Our (Allaah's) famous persons. Meet him he will provide you transport." Hazrat Moosaa *(Salutation on him)* looked for this person who was busy worshipping in the valley. He (Hazrat Moosaa) asked him to provide transportation. This person looked above him and called a piece of cloud to come down with a gesture. That piece of cloud came down. This person said, "Sit on it wherever you want to go this cloud will take you." It is stated, Almighty Allaah said to Hazrat Moosaa *(Salutation on him)*, "What did you learn how did he receive this status?" This person did not restrain from fulfilling every saying of his mother. His mother prayed. "O Allaah, my son has fulfilled my every saying, O Allaah, you fulfill his all desires. Gracious Allaah said, "O Moosaa *(Salutation on him)* I fulfilled the supplication of this mother. Now, whatever this per-

son of mine demands I surely bestow it."

Maañ Jee! It is also seen in the biographical memories that the mother of Saiyyidinaa Imaam e A'zam Aboo Haneefah's (*Allaah be pleased with him*) mother heard the speech of someone, so she send her son to him to inquire about a certain matter. When Imaam e A'zam reached the door of this person and demanded the answer of his mother's question that person started shivering. He was surprised that such a respected person, from whose ocean of knowledge he himself receives benefit, came to inquire about the answer of a question. He said, "Are you trying to test me or are you joking with me?" Imaam Saahib said, "My mother asked me to inquire from you the answer of this question. I am fulfilling the orders of my mother."

Allaamah Iqbaal explains like this;

***Zindagee Kee Auj Gaahoñ Say Utar Aatay Hayñ Hum
Suhbat -e-Maadar Mayñ Tifl-e Saadah Reh Jaatay
Hayñ Hum***

We come down from the places of high positions of the world

In the laps of mother we become a simple child...

Maañ Jee! I said to you that you should go for the journey of Haramaien Shareefaien once again. You said, "I will take one daughter with me." I said that I would pay all the expenses of it and also presented the full amount to

you but you kept delaying the trip for until your health improved and then you spent that money on the house and the children. You only had importance for others; you never gave importance to your own self. If amongst relatives and acquaintances you heard about anyone's need, it would be your endeavor that he would definitely receive some help through you.

In reference to supplication you would never forget anyone. Hameed-ul-Laah, the carpenter who made the wooden cover of your holy grave in one night. You must have prayed for a boy in his family more than his own mother. When his son was born, I felt that your happiness was greater than his.

On Thursday 12th May, at the time of Asr Salaat I told him that the next day before Friday Salaat, he had to prepare the cover of Maañ Jee's grave. He was saying that the workshop in which he went to prepare the cover of the grave on buying the wood in Liaquatabad; every day from 7 p.m. till 1 p.m. there was no light in that area but on that night the electricity did not go out even for a minute in the workshop. After the middle of the night they suddenly required some tools and material for continuing the work and it seemed difficult to make it available before the morning, all of a sudden a man came and at that instant provided the desired material. Hameed-ul-Laah was saying, "This was also the miracle of Ammañ Jee, the work that was to be done in three to four days is being done by itself very easily in only a few hours."

Maañ Jee! Your dreams would also be revealed precisely. Often it would also happen that whatever you would say would be manifested. We would see every day the splendors of the acceptance of your supplications. On viewing your open heartedness in giving charity and donations I used to say sometimes, "Maañ Jee, be a little careful." After your sickness, a maid was kept in the house for a few hours for doing the housework. You went to the house of this maid to comfort her and would also look after her like your own children. When there was Meelaad Shareef or any arrangement of food then you would definitely keep some food for this maid.

The mother of Brother Mukhtaar Ahmad Ramzan (whose name was Saqeenah Bibi), was a pious woman and was a great devotee of the respected Abbaa Jan. She would sometimes come to look after you. You would also consider her as a family member. Moti Maaee, Maaee Haleemah, Maaee Ruqaiyyah and who knows who else would come to you, due to the respected Abbaa Jan they had a lot of love and devotion for you and wanted to look after you but we saw that you kept favoring them. You also took Moti maasi (maid) along with you to Punjab. This woman died all of a sudden and you became as grieved as if someone of your own had passed away.

If anyone amongst us brothers and sisters would get sick then you would look after with all your attention. You would cook suitable food even if you had a fever

yourself, or if your body was aching even then instead of resting you would be only seen doing work. We would hardly stay in the kitchen for only a few moments and even in very hot weather of summers you would work for hours there. At night you liked to rest in the courtyard on *chaarpaaee* (handmade bed made with ropes on wooden frame), under the sky in the open atmosphere. In the present house there had been no courtyard, for years you would place your bed on the porch. My room remained a bit hotter due to an excess of books and papers and sleep would come with difficulty. You would keep saying to me again and again to put an air conditioner. I did not like to close the door of my room, what if you called and I was not be able to listen? I hardly received this auspiciousness that I could message your legs and feet. Due to the illness of diabetes you had developed the complaint of increased urination but you never accepted to stay impure. At night whenever you would go to the washroom you would surely change your clothes after washing your legs. Many times I said to you that I could arrange for a permanent maid to look after you but you only cared about looking after others. If someone looked after you, this you could not accept. If I bought for you a wheel-chair or any other thing which would bring ease to you, you never used it and you never tolerated any helplessness in any way. You would always pray this, "Allaah Kareem, do not make me dependent on anyone." This supplication was also accepted. Even despite weakness you kept yourself involved in work. And you did not even spend a day in your house where you would be reliant on others. Even when going to the hos-

pital you preferred walking on your own feet.

Maañ Jee! Today, while writing these lines I recall an incident and I am even more ashamed. Hazrat Kahmash bin Hasan was a pious man and he would look after his mother a lot. It is told that a well off person named Sulaiemaan sent him a bag filled with gold-coins to keep a servant or a maid for taking care of his mother. Hazrat Kahmash returned that bag to Sulaiemaan and said, "When I was in need of comfort and care, meaning when I was a child, my mother did not keep a maid or servant for looking after me. Instead she helped me herself. Now my mother needs attention and care so I want to earn this auspiciousness myself and want to comfort her myself."

Maañ Jee! I have only learned to speak and write, I wish I had also done some practice on those words myself so that I was not so shameful today. Brother Haamid Rabbaani took you to who knows how many doctors. But how many medicines could you eat? Your appetite had reduced to the limit of only tasting. You could not grasp any sleep even though you cared a lot about my sleep. My associates were aware of my awakening in the night. Sometimes when I was not in Karachi and the phones would ring at night then they would disturb you during the night time.

One late night you saw me sitting on the praying mat for a long time, the next morning you prepared a high quality soft mat so that while sitting for longer duration I

would be comfortable and easy. In every way you would care for my comfort. I would get everything which I needed on time, you knew more about my temperament and nature than me. Maañ Jee! I can say that because of you I was living happily, you made efforts for only providing me comforts. Today, at each instance every such matter disturbs me even more that when was I able to give you any comfort? Maañ Jee! You kept tolerating so much. Everything I did is making me ashamed. For how many things should I ask for an apology from you? It is very difficult to realize how big the heart of a mother is.

Every year Brother Haamid Rabbaani would organise a gathering of Na'at Shareef in the house. One year, Brother Al Hajj Muhammad Afzal Saahib brought Janaab Professor Abdul Rauuf Ruufi from Faisalabad. In the gathering he briefly described the details of his faith and spiritual revolution in his life. He said that he started massaging the feet of his respected mother and his world changed. Punjabi verses said by the poet Fakhri, were heard from him in the gathering. You also started crying;

*Jinnahañ Gharaañ Wich Maañ Naheeñ Hundī
Unhāñ Day Wahyrich Chhaañ Naheeñ Hundī
Puttar Bhaanvayñ Jaan Wee Mangan
Maawaan̄ koloñ Naañ Naheeñ Hundī*

(The houses in which there are no mothers there is no shade in those homes

Even if the son ask for the soul, mothers cannot say no)

Maañ Jee! I had an elderly friend General Shafeeq-ur-Rahmaan. For Urdu satire and humour his name was very famous. He was a resident of Haroon Abaad. His respected mother died. He told me one thing. By which I kept wondering about motherhood and splendour of a mother. He stated that when he went to meet his aged mother his mother said, "One day when you were small I pushed you a little on something, I was wearing a bangle on my arm, perhaps you were hit by it, son, you must have been hurt....."

Maañ Jee! We cannot reach the limits of the excellence, grandeur and mercy of one mother then how can we fully imagine the grandeur of excellence of the Mercy to the World, the beloved Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) and the Most Gracious Almighty Allaah Kareem? It is said in an Ahadees that amongst the hundred blessings of Almighty Allaah only the manifestation of one blessing is exhibited in this world. The manifestation of all the blessings will be done on the day of Judgement. In this one blessing the kindness of mother is also included. We are unable to even count this. Undoubtedly a mother is a great blessing. It is an irreplaceable blessing. Today I cry, Maañ Jee! I could not look after you, or value you. Ah! My unworthiness.....Ah! My deprivation!

Even my Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) cried for mothers and cried in such a way that everyone also

started crying. Words of the holy Ahadees is written in *Sahih Muslim Shareef*, “**Zaaran Nabeeyu (Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam Qabra Ummeehi Fabaka Wa 'Abika Min Haulahu Faqaala.....”**

(*Hadees 448, Ibne-Maajah 1572*)

The mother of the fourth Caliph Hazrat Saiyyidinaa 'Alee Karramal Laahu Wajhahul Kareem, Hazrat Saiyyidah Faatimah Binte Asad (*Allaah be please with her*) passed away. She was the respected paternal Aunt (Chachi Saahibah) of my Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*). The Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) also cried for her and said, “After my mother she was my mother. Until I did not eat she would not eat. Until I did not sleep, she would not sleep.”

Maañ Jee! In one gathering, I heard this statement about a 'mother' from respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) that “A mother is undoubtedly a mother. If a son goes to another city, the mother prays for the safety of the whole city because her son has gone there. When a child is born, he urinates and etc. on the bed, mother sleeps on the wet-side herself and lets the child sleep and lie on the dry side. If a child is in the stomach of a mother then she tolerates all precautions and pain for its protection, gives birth to a child in a condition of struggling for life and death, tolerates how many pains. If the child does not sleep then all night she stays awake and pleases him in her lap. A Mother does not feel displeasure if a child defecates; she puts her soul in the upbringing of the child and fulfils his every demand. After grow-

ing up if the same child senses a bad smell from the clothes of his mother or complains of not sleeping due to a cough of his mother or would rather not keep his mother with him due to the complaint of the wife or considers his own mother uneducated or illiterate then isn't it a matter of great misery and misfortune?"

How important is the amenity of a mother? Hazrat Uwais-e-Qarni (*Allaah be pleased with him*) received the auspiciousness of being present in this world at the same period as the beloved Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) but because of taking care of his respected mother he could not get the honour of meeting and seeing my beloved Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) and accepted the deprivation from the status of being a Sa-haabi

(Companion). He received such elevation and status that the beloved Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) said, 'When you meet him ask him, to pray for the salvation of my followers (Ummat). And Ibne Asaakir has written that thousands of Muslims will be forgiven due to the intercession of Hazrat Uwais-e-Qarni (*Allaah be pleased with him*).

I am also recalling Hazrat Ummay Haani (*Allaah be pleased with her*), the Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) sent her a proposal for wedding (Nikaah). She accepted deprivation from this honour due to her children and my beloved Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) appreciated her reply.

Maañ Jee! How much should be the respect of a

mother? Its evaluation was done a few years ago when Hazrat Shaiekh-ul-Islaam Wal Mursaleen Maulana Ghulam 'Alee Saahib Ashrafee, Okarvi (*Allaah have mercy on him*) asked for my research about Hazrat Saiyyidah Shehr Baano, the wife of *Imaam Aali Maqaam Saiyyidinaa Imaam Zaienul-Aabideen 'Alee Ausat* (*Allaah be please with him*) used to love his mother Hazrat Saiyyidah Shehr Baano and would look after her a lot. All the people of Madinah were aware of this thing and people also knew that he would not eat with her on one *dastar khaiwaan* (cloth spread for eating food) in one plate. A person even inquired from him, "What is the reason for this?" Imaam Paak replied, 'I do this due to respect.' He was asked, "What is the element of respect in this?" He replied, "While eating in one *Dasterkhawn* (mat) and from one dish I will have this fear that my respected mother has her glance on something and I might eat that. I consider this disrespect."

(Rabi ul Abraar , Waffiyaat Ul A'yaan)

Maañ Jee! May Allaah Kareem forgive us, we were surely unworthy but we would survive by looking at you. Your view was our hajj. Your shade was our wealth and seeing you was our Eid. Doing only ordinary service for you was also a matter of great respect for us. Our pleasures, our joys were due to you. Your existence was a blessing, an auspiciousness, pleasure and mercy for us. In every journey of Umrah and *Ziyaarat* of the Haram, Masjid-e-Nawabi Shareef in Madinah Munawwarah I would com-

plete the recitation of the whole Qur'aan from your side. I used to read nawaafil from your side every day in *Riyaaz -ul-Jannat*. Every day I would read Salaatut Tasbeeh from your side. Every *sadaqah* (alms) and *khaieraat* (charity) would be done from your side. By doing all this it would feel very good. How would have I gotten the auspiciousness of all these virtues, if you had not given birth to me?

How could I get all the worthiness for virtues if I did not have such fortunate and beloved parents? How would I be able to perform all religious services around the world? Our every virtue was only from you. Our first supplication would be for your health and long life. Whoever would say supplicating words for you we would like that too. After the respected Abbaa Jan (*Allaah have mercy on him*), we were able to live like this only due to the blessing of your living and presence. Maañ Jee, had never thought of living without you even for a moment. Read in some book this sentence, associated with Hazrat Saiyyidinaa Muhammad Nizaam-ud-Deen Auliya, (Friend of Allaah) (*Mahbuub -e-Ilaahi, Beloved of Allaah*) (*Allaah be pleased with him*) that when his mother Hazrat Zaleekhaa Bibi (*Allaah be pleased with her*) gave the news of her last journey he started crying spontaneously. "Maañ Jee, how will we live without you?"

Maañ Jee! Brother Haamid Rabbaani remained more prompt in the matter of your cure and treatment. We do not know how many doctors he consulted. They all recommended an operation as well. You kept saying to me do Istikhaarah. I kept worrying. What if I did Istikhaarah

and the answer that came was negative.....? I was only concerned with praying and crying. Kept saying only this to Allaah Kareem, "Always keep the shade of my mother firm on me." You kept saying that after the operation you might be stopped from walking and moving around. You would say, "Now somehow, I do walk a little bit. Surely on the table but at least I can prostrate. " You would say that you did not like helplessness at all. These three complaints of excessive urination, coughing and diabetes had made you weak. The complaint for which you were advised to have an operation did not worry you at all even though its severe dangers were being described. Your stomach had developed a cyst which kept growing. Doctors were saying if it burst inside or spread out then there would be no solution. Brother Muhammad Subhaani would call every day. When it was decided to operate he immediately arrived. You were anxious to see the son which he had been blessed with. He came on a leave of three weeks. And two weeks passed by just waiting for that particular female doctor who was supposed to perform the operation.

On 18th April, you had to be admitted in the hospital so that your sugar could be controlled. On Monday, 25th April, the stomach was operated upon. After ten days the same doctor operated again. Perhaps! We would have possible become a complete protest but, in your pain, to entangle with these doctors seemed more dangerous to us. You were completely stopped from eating or drinking and then for the last three days with a spoon

you were only given holy Zamzam water. Doctors had placed a tube in your nose which you were unable to tolerate. You folded those arms which were pierced with the needles of drips in front and you, on behalf of the mediation of Gracious Allaah, asked me to get this tube removed. Maañ Jee! My heart was being devastated. Maañ Jee! It was unbearable to see your pain.

Doctors had said this tube should be placed in the nose for at least three days. Otherwise it would be dangerous. That tube was lowered to your throat and was causing pain to you. But after hearing the words "very dangerous" instead of listening to you, we were begging you, " Maañ Jee, this is for your protection and only for your quick recovery, please bear it." Maañ Jee! How helpless was I? My heart was bleeding (crying) while seeing you in pain but I was helpless listening to the doctors. We also did not listen to you regarding the operation and now were also not listening to you in regards to this tube. This night I said to my Rabb-e-Kareem, "My Creator! Those who are dear to you do you only listen to them? I do accept that I could not become your obedient and thankful bondsman but anyhow I am only your slave, and beside you no one is my True Savior. My Maulaa! My mother is Your very pious and faithful bondswoman. Maulaa! Give my respected mother health and safety." My voice was lost but then my tears kept begging. Brothers, sisters and daughter had *Tasbeehs* (reading garlands) in hands. Everyone was also calling my Rabb. I had also asked people all over the world requesting for supplications.

Maañ Jee! You wanted to talk to your lady doctor but she did not come until the next afternoon. Doctors who do the operation they only come to their patient for a few moments. It was difficult for them to listen to the detailed conversation of the patient. Each moment of theirs' is worth a heavy fee. For them the value of their every minute is more precious than the satisfaction of the patients. Passion and the promise of amenity is diminishing for them. Now this department has also become commercial. Instead of intensive care, Maañ Jee was not even given the necessary attention. On the negligence of the management of the hospital I could not stay quiet.

Maañ Jee! Even with so much pain you had no complaint on your lips. This was also the reflection of your true belief and strong faith as well as your goodness and piousness that there was no anguish evident from your face. Either that or you were keeping patient and control for your children. You did not want to stay in the hospital any longer. You desired to be allowed to lie on the floor instead of lying on the bed of the hospital. We were hopeful the wounds would be filled in one or two days and the stitches would be dried, but the Divine had decided for something else. It seemed you must have desired to receive the status of martyrdom as well. It is mentioned in several places in Ahaadees of receiving martyrdom while departing due to the sickness of the stomach. Maañ Jee! This desire of yours was fulfilled therefore, you also received *Shahadat-e-Hukmi*

(Martyrdom by order)

Maañ Jee! Though the wound given to you by the doctors was not healed whereas now our heart is inflicted by the wound of your separation. Who knows for how long it will be hurting? Maañ Jee! You would often be saying this,

Mulk Maahi Daa Wassay

Koe Roway tay Koe Hassay

(The world of Allaah will flourish someone will cry, someone will laugh)

Maañ Jee! You left from this mortal world smiling and we are crying here without you. My beliefs shall remain intact; now without you none of the relations remain easy for me in this world and life.....

Zindagee Thii Teree Mahtaab Say Taabindah Tar

Khuub Tar Tha Subhu Kay Taaray Say Bhi Tay-

raa Safar

Your life was even more radiant than the moonlight
Similarly your journey was better than the morning star

This matter kept disturbing me very much that why did these doctors, without taking us in consent, performed another operation? Definitely, they made a mistake in the operation and this second operation had increased the danger. From this afternoon onwards permission was given to only drink little bit water with a spoon. Maañ Jee was given only Zamzam water in the hospital.

On the third day the tube was taken out from the nose but near the throat another tube of food was placed. Another day passed with it too. We kept mending our hopes by making supplication while standing at the feet of Maañ Jee and kept cooling our eyes by her vision.

On the evening of 9th May, we had to also witness this that blood was coming in her urine. Till Fajr the doctors kept telling me that this antibiotic medicine was being given and it was not a dangerous infection and would be cured by these medicines.

In the afternoon of 1st Rabeeul Aakhir, 10th May, while the dressing of the wound was being done, the blood pressure of Maañ Jee started dropping. Beside the doctor on duty, no other special doctor was present in the hospital. The Azaan of Zuhr was being called. The lips of Maañ Jee were busy in Durood Shareef. On the call of Brother Muhammad Subhaani, Maañ Jee was taken to the intensive care room. Now the rate of the pulse was being counted as forty. The lady doctor who performed the operation was not present. The conditions of the intensive medical care room were also sub-standard. The duty on doctor was told by the nurses therefore he left the room and casually, with the attitude of everyday life, he said without any pain, "She is expired," and in his own pace kept walking out in the corridor. In front of three sons the news of the demise of their most dearest person beloved mother was told as if this was something very unimportant.

Innaa Lil Laahi Wa Innaa Ilaiehi Raaji'oon

The staff allowed me to go in the room. I kissed the feet of Maañ Jee. She had a smile on her face. She was in very peaceful sleep. She never slept like this. Maañ Jee, who kept worrying about my sleep is now sleeping without any worries. Now she had no pain. My Gracious Al-laah had ended the pain of my Maañ Jee. The sadness of the years and all the worries of the world had kept her very restless. Rabb-e-Kareem had called her towards eternal pleasures. Now no doctors were pricking needles in her. While drinking Zamzam water now she is gone to be quenched by the drinks of Paradise.

I was looking at the shinning, smiling face of Ammi Jee. Such illumination (*noor*), such smile is a privilege of only the people of leemaan who are truly faithful and are pardoned for having well versed correct beliefs. I brought her to the same room where she had been undergoing treatment so many days. All her life she made efforts for veil (purdah) and covering (hijaab) in every way. Now I had to keep this care that any *Naa Mahraam* may not see her. The lady doctor came and went away by saying only this much that she had just found out, meaning she was not even told on time. She said "Sorry," and was on the go.....

At every instant this thought came repeatedly that Maañ Jee kept refusing to get the operation done. We did not listen to the words of Maañ Jee. She had to go through

who knows much pain here for so many days. Each new day the pains in the suffering of Maañ Jee was only increasing here. Maañ Jee had seen that we are not listening to her. She must have asked her Almighty Allaah that only He may save her from her discomforts. She was a beloved of Gracious Allaah. Her Almighty Allaah had listened to her and we got this punishment for going against the happiness of Maañ Jee that we were deprived from this great and precious mother. Under what blazing sun had I come? How deep was this shade which was lifted before our very eyes....

Maañ Jee! Salaam Aap Kee Azmat Kou

Maañ Jee! Salaam Aap kee Martabat Kou

Maañ Jee! Salutations to your greatness

Maañ Jee! Salutations to your status

Brothers and sisters started crying. In the same room at the headrest of Maañ Jee while crying and sobbing I recited Chapter Yaasseen to her.

I had to stabilize myself. I personally had to control and say to myself, "At this time courage must be kept so that there may not be any deficiency of the services left out at the time of departing her."

Brother Muhammad Naim Saahib had come to inquire about the welfare of Maañ Jee at that time. From his phone the house was informed. By contacting Janaab Saiyyid Aftaab Azeem and Janaab Saiyyid Qaasim Jalaali (GM PTV) it was requested to give news on the television.

Maañ Jee had said long ago that I should keep space for her grave beside respected Abbaa Jan (*Allaah be pleased with him*). Construction work was in progress in Jaame Masjid Gulzaar-e-Habeeb. At that instant the people doing construction work were told to prepare a grave.

The brothers said, "We are with Maañ Jee; you prepare the rest of the arrangements." I reached the Masjid and told Janaab Azhar Iqbaal Kaamraan to bring Haji Abdul Ghafoor Saahib. He had prepared the grave of my respected father (*Allaah have mercy on him*). For the construction of the grave the time was required up till the afternoon of the next day. Tariq Mahboob, the leader of Anjuman-e-Naujawaanaan-e-Islaam contacted me and cooperated a lot with me, this afflicted. All the arrangements of media and activities of the place of funeral Salaat etc., they took as their own responsibility. Here the residents of the neighborhood of Masjid, Haji Jaaved Marfaani, Shahid Aiyub Qureshi and other young men started organizing all the services by themselves.

Tayammum (dry ablution) is done on marble. After acquiring unpolished slabs of marble arrangement were made to recite Qur'aan-e-Kareem on every slab. The news of the departing of Maañ Jee was first telecasted by Geo TV. The *Namaaz-e-Janazah* (Funeral prayer) was announced in Nishtar Park.

After the space of the grave was unearthed, came home

here everyone was empowered by profound grief. Sisters and daughters were hugging me. Said to them, "I have to bid farewell to my mother and if I lose my strength it will be difficult." I was also disintegrating within myself while enduring such control. Now crying is not only for a single moment rather it is for life. When do the scars of deprivation from the blessing like a mother ever fill? In only few moments I felt myself hollow. It seemed the energy of life had vanished within me.

A crowd was gathered in the house. We kept reading all the Salaat with Jamaa'at (congregation) on time. I kept going again and again to Masjid and was looking at the preparation work of the grave. Mirza Muhammad Ishaad Mughal came from Lahore, and while he was in Karachi he would look after the work of construction in the Masjid. He also fully supervised the work of the construction of the grave.

Cloth was bought for the *Kafan* (Shroud) and it was dried after soaking in Zamzam water. I wrote the phrase written in Fataawaa Rizviyyah on the Kafani (small cloth that was to be placed on the top of shroud) myself. The piece of the sacred cover of *Ka'batul Laah* which had been kept save with the respected father (*Allaah have mercy on him*) and was spread on his sacred chest, the remaining piece of this cloth on which the name of Gracious Allaah was present clearly, I got it included in the *Kafan* (shroud) of Maañ Jee. The sacred soil of the chamber from the Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) and several other relics

were also kept. The enlightened face of Maañ Jee was full of luminance, a witness of her true faith and piety. I wrote *Kalimah-e-Taiyyibah* on her forehead with the finger of *Shahadat* (Right hand index finger) and the girls kept reading *Qaseedah-e-Burdah* and *Salaat-o-Salaam*.

I kissed the feet of Maañ Jee once again and said, “We have given you a lot of pain, could not offer any amenity to you. All of us apologize for all our disrespect, carelessness and faults. Forgive us. In Shaa Allaah you will be viewing Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu Alaiehi Wa Sallam*) as soon as you go in the grave. Give our salutations to Him (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*).

And Maañ Jee, do not make any complaint of us to my Holy Prophet (*Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam*). May Gracious Al-laah bestow His numerous and finest pleasures and blessings on you.

Fii Amaanil Laahi WA Hifzil Laahi Wa Rasoolihi
In the protection of Allaah and safety of Allaah and the
Holy Prophet
(Sallal Laahu 'Alaiehi Wa Sallam)

At 7 in the evening, we took respected Maañ Jee in an ambulance towards Nishtar Park with great honor. The traffic police had already been given instruction and they had made proper arrangements. The procession of the funeral reached Nishtar Park. Attendants read the Maghrib Salaat in congregation in the leadership of Maulana Saiyyid Muhammad Abul Wahhaab Qaadiree.

After Salaat the brothers Anwar Ibraaheem, Jawed Ibraaheem and Ashfaaq Ibraaheem recited a Na'at Shareef. During the recitation, people were coming after reading the Salaat of Maghrib from several Masaajid. There were also a large number of respected Scholars and prominent personalities, besides this, thousands of true believers were gathered. Brother Haamid Rabbaani asked the Ameer of Da'wat-e-Islaami Hazrat Maulana Muhammad Illyaas Qaadiree Attaari to lead the funeral prayers. He taught the manners of the funeral prayers, led the Salaat and did special supplication after the Salaat. The Janaazah (the respected body) was picked up. Attendants while reading Kalimah Taiyyibah in loud voices delivered the Janaazah from Nishtar Park to the vicinity of Jaame Masjid Gulzaar-e-Habeeb. May Allaah Kareem give them all *Jazaa-e-Khaier*.

Associates had made arrangements that during the time of the burial no *ghaier mahram* (with whom Nikah is allowed) would be present. Attendants went to the Masjid. Respected Maañ Jee was lowered in the grave by fulfilling all the protocols. The crowd gathered in the masjid at that moment was reading *Salaat wa Salaam*.

On 22nd Rajab, 1402 AH, in the late afternoon when respected Abbaa Jaan (*Allaah have mercy on him*) was lowered in the grave, the crowd was also reading *Salaat wa Salaam*. On the evening of 2nd Rabeeul Aakhir 1426 AH, in the echoing of sacred *Durood-o-Salaam* Maañ Jee was also departing. As the grave was being closed I could not bear

the strength to endure. A child starts crying when a toy is snatched from him. From me my Maañ Jee was being hidden.

Laieny Yuseebanaa Illaa Maa katabal Laahu Lanaa (Does not reach us only that which is written for us)

Maañ Jee, had also said to the doctors in the hospital that she wanted to be allowed to lie on the floor. The doctors had not even listened to this request of hers. Today, Gracious Allaah fulfilled this desire of my Maañ Jee also. I wished I could ask Maañ Jee, “Mothers do not allow their children to play with sand, and today you are sleeping by covering yourself with sand....”

