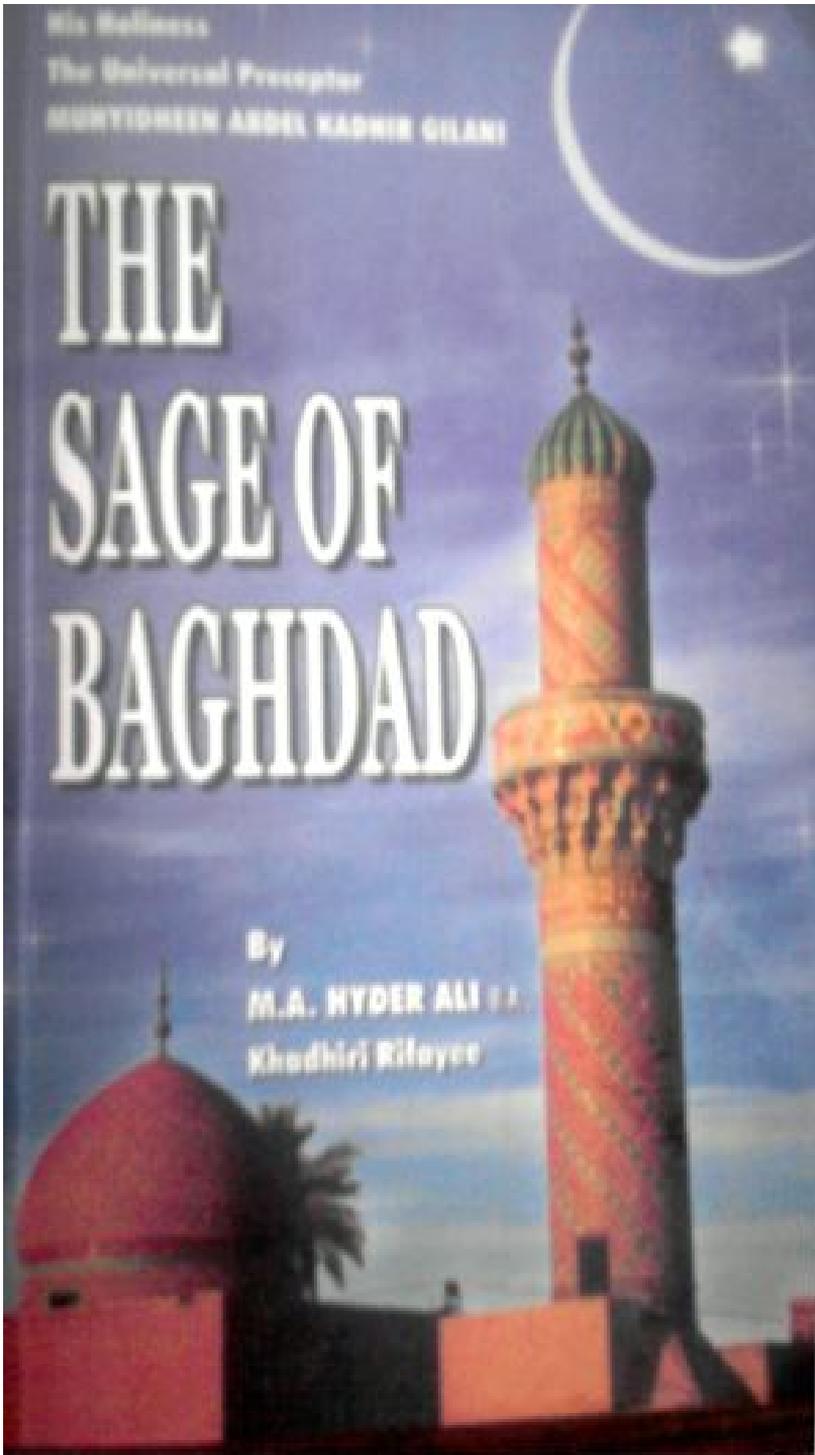


His Holiness
The Universal Preceptor
MUNYIDHEEN ABDEL KADHIR GILANI

THE SAGE OF BAGHDAD

By
M.A. HYDER ALI I.A.
Khudhiri Kilayee



His Holiness
The Universal Preceptor
Muhyidheen Abdel Kadhiri Gilani (grace)

**THE SAGE OF
BAGHDAD**

by

**M.A. HYDER ALI YAKINULLA SHAH, B.A.,
KADHIRI RIFAYEE**

Published by

MUMTHAAJ PUBLISHERS

39, Muslim Karumar St, Nellikuppam - 607105.
Cuddalore District, Tamilnadu, India.

Ph: +91 9894746014 e-Mail: thesage@yahoo.com
website: www.netsufi.com

First Edition: Feb. 2007
Copyright : Author
All rights reserved.

Printed by

United Bind Graphics
101.D. Royapettah High Road,
Mylapore,
Chennai - 600 004.

DEDICATION

Dedicated at the
Serene Shrines of
His Holiness
Hajrath Thameem El Ansari
Sahabe e Rasul (Peace)
of Kovelong,
His Holiness
Hajrath Kadhir Vali
The Saintly Light of S.E. Asia
of Nagore,
and at the
Portals of the Monument
at Pottalpudur
(Pothigai Hills - TamilNadu)
Where His Holiness Muhyidheen
visited
during his years of penance,
with prayers for the departed souls
of my parents
Ameer Ali - Fathima Bi and
my wife Mumthaj
who breathed her last in the spring of her life.

HAIL THE PRECEPTOR!

From the ocean of blissful mystical sciences,
Thou art the one, who tender us nector,
Illusion, entangled of passion and senses,
To dig 't out and deliver us, the victor
Thou art, And born to reward those Saints
Doing penance, On our heads thy feet, Thy shelter
Kunankudi, there ever enhances
Goodness, O Lord Muhyidheen, our Preceptor!

- Kunankudi Mastan Saheb.

BENEDICTION

*The eternal Divinity lay cleaved
Into its raw Being and its abysmal breed:
Ahad, the Supreme, thus blossomed to Ahamed
O Muhyidheen by Thee, the longing lead.*

*Unto me the paternal and maternal
Passion, bear no source, but Thy eternal
Bond, O Muhyidheen, with Thy flowery feet
Bless, relieve me all my woes, cruel.*

*To behold the Original, Spaceless
Dat, where light and darkness lay sourceless
Wilderness making none kings nor slaves
Plead, O Muhyidheen, me, Thou do bless!*

- Sainly Bard Badharel Dheen.

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.

PREFACE

Baghdad, the capital city of Iraq is the most controversial locus of political storm and strife. The warfield where pandemonium is prevailing, since the recent past, is an hot bed, till this day, drawing international concern.

From the days of yore, several civilizations had thrived and disappeared around Baghdad which flourished in the vicinity of memorable Babylon. The place had been ransacked and devastated by various notorious warriors, including Taimur, the Mongol and it has emerged anew time and again.

In spite of all its present day dilapidated conditions, the metropolis is the place, where the serene mausoleum of the celebrated Sage His Holiness Muhyidheen Abdel Kadhir Gilani (Allah's grace upon him), thrives with jubilance.

Amid the astral hemisphere of the Cosmos, Baghdad and its nucleus the tomb of the Saint is considered to be the unsurpassed headquarters of the mysticism and spiritualism.

The name 'Muhyidheen' is popular as a mystical formula all through the Islamic domain. Wherever there is a Muslim community, irrespective of Arab or non Arab, whether it thrives in a country as a majority or a minority population, Hajrath Muhyidheen Abdel Kadhir Gilani is held in higher esteem as the superior Preceptor of the Faith.

His fame and position in regard with the Muslim community is inferior only to that of the Prophet Muhamed (peace) himself.

The holy nomenclature was introduced to me by my maternal grandmother Muhamed Gani Ammal in my early childhood days. "Say, 'Allah Muhyidheen, Bismillah Muhyidheen,' whenever and wherever you feel helpless," she advised me.

I am thankful to God, the Beneficent that he has chosen me to render this literal biography of the renowned Sage, in a language prevalent all over the world.

With reverence to the popular saying, that English is a window through which we can look around the world, and with all my humility and humbleness, I place this Holy tome on the window, so that people of every nation around get a view of the message of Sufism contained in the radiant life of the Sage.

Above every chapter of the book including Prologue and Epilogue, a quatrain from the poems of Omar Khayyam, the contemporary Sufi poet of the Sage is prefixed as caption. There are so many translations of Omar found in English literature. However, Edward Fitzgerald's is popular and renowned.

Seemingly echoing carnality, Omar's poems incore are considered to be the warblings of Sufi doctrine. 'Grape' and 'wine' in his verses represent gnostical wisdom. Wherever he is read scornful about the here and hereafter there he underscores the importance of the love upon God.

I pray for my departed Sheikh M.G. Muhammadh Hussain Sahib, Hajrath Kibla, a descendant of Hajrath Shahul Hamidh Valiullah and Hajrath Syed Muhamed Yusuf Dadha of Nagore, who taught me the secrets of Sufism.

I pray for the departed souls of my aunty Zaitun Bi and my sister Malikun Nisa who were the cause to cherish the name of the Saint in my heart.

Meanwhile I pray for all those who intiated me to the mystic art and imparted me its knowledge from my childhood days.

May His Holiness Hajrath Muhyidheen be pleased with me and all those who rendered their help in preparing this valuable testimony and all those who spare their time to read it.

Nachiyar, I. Murugan - Radha, Ummul Falul for their cooperation.

My wives, Mrs.A.Mohamad Beevi, former teacher and Mrs.Dr.A.Ayesha. B.Sc., M.B.B.S., for their whole hearted support.

Dr. D. Rajeswaran, Ophthalmic Surgeon for reading through and making suggestions wherever the script needed an alternate scrutiny.

Ms. M.Vimala, Co-ordinator, TN Theological Seminary, Madurai, for her assistance on Biblical references.

Mr. Badhusha and Mrs. Athene Badhusha who were good enough to carry out DTP works of the book, inspite of my repeated corrections, once twice and more.

M/s. United Bind Graphics, Chennai and the owners of the Sabanayagam press at Chidambaram, Mr. Goutham Sankar, and his wife Mrs. Jayanandhini for having travailed a superb printing of the book.

M.A. HYDER ALI YAKINULLA SHAH. B.A.,

Khalifa Kadhiri Sattari Chishti and Sir Khalifa Rifayee.

Nellikuppam.

*There was a Door to which I found no Key:
There was a Veil past which I could not see:
Some little Talk awhile of me and Thee
There seem'd -- and then no more of Thee and Me.
- Omar Khayyam.*

PROLOGUE

Who knows the truth? Of course the enigmatic truth!

Whether it is Nature or Providence is the secret of the Universe.

The matter or the spirit that lurks behind us.

The Big Bang upon the skies or the Hands of the Angels in the heaven wrought our beginning.

Lo! Amoeba or Adam our forefather?

The unanswerable questions and incomprehensible answers both of science and religion.

But...

But one thing is certain that we begin from nothingness and unto nothingness do we arrive at.

'La Ilah', the Kuran declares (2:163):- There is nothing... There was nothing ... There will be nothing. The RigVeda illustrates (X:129):- Then there neither Aught nor Naught. Not air, nor sky beyond. What covered all? Where rested all? In watery Gulf profound? No death was there nor deathlessness, nor change of night and day.

'Illallah', The Kuran decrees (2:163):- Except me, Allah! The Rig Veda defines (X:129):- That one a void is chaos wrapped, inward fervour grew with it first arose desire the

primal gem of mind which nothing with existence lurks. The kindling ray that shot across the dark and dreary abyss, was it beneath or higher aloft?

R.V:- There the fecundating powers were found, and mighty forces stroke, a self supporting mass beneath and energy above.

R.V:- Who knows, whoever told, whence this creation rose? No divine had then been born. Who then can truth disclose?

R.V:- Whence sprang this world and whether framed by hand divine or no. Its Lord in Heaven alone can show.

The Holy Bible drives it home.(Genesis I: 1-27):- I am the Beginning (God said). He (God) created the Heaven and the Earth. And the Earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And then spirit of God moved upon the face of waters.

And God said but there be light and there was light... and God called the dry land earth and gathering together of waters called the seas...

And God said the earth brought forth grass, the herb yielding seed and fruit yielding tree. And God said the seas brought forth moving creature and fowl that might fly in the open firmament of heavens.

Bible:- And God said Let Us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air and over the cattle and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.

Bible:- So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him, male and female created them.

Kuran clarifies it further (38:73):- God said, 'When I have fashioned him (man) and breathed within him my spirit... (Then) He (God) called the angels to prostrate before him (man).'

He lived there in the garden of Eden with his mate merrily for years together.

Later, the man defiled and God rebuked him and threw him upon the earth and threw his mate too in diverse direction. As the humanity became prevalent there arose chaos and confusion on the earth. God found man envious and blood shedding. So He decided to send messengers.

Kuran declares (XV:36):- We assuredly sent amongst every people an apostle.

The Gita reveals:-

*Yadaa Yadaa hi dharmasya
Glanir bhavato Bharata
Abghutham adharmasya
Tadaa tamanam srjamy agam*

"Whenever there is a decline of righteousness and rise of unrighteousness, Arjuna I send forth myself."

"I am not other than my father (Eggo kai cho patter en esmen)"* thus Jesus said (Bible: John:-10:30).

"Whoever beheld me they beheld the Ultimate Truth (Mun raani Fakadh ra al Huq)": Prophet Muhamed (peace) - Hadhis-el-Qudsi.

In the very night of Miraj (meeting with God) Muhamed (peace) the Prophet of God entered the court of the Almighty Lord. As he entered the Arsh the Sanctum Sanctorum, the sight of Omnipresent Being on its sublime

* *Holy Bible - Greek text.*

throne made him taken aback as it was in his own likeness and heard the voice of peace:-

“But Ah! Thou soul at peace return unto thy Lord content in his good pleasure, enter thou among My bondmen. Enter thou My garden”.

At once the Prophet found himself becoming a red blooming moon and the Lord Almighty turned to be an yellow moon.

While there occurred a bilunar encounter the result was a triad. The arrival of the gleaming third moon with green shade was Muhyidheen.

‘Light upon Light Allah leads all those as He wills unto the Light’ Kuran :Al Noor**.

*** Light of Muhamed, Light of Muhyidheen, Light of Allah. The source and existence of Divinity is sole, single and solitary but at its functional phase it appears to be trio. It is Holy trinity with Christianity and Three Moortham with Hindu mythology. The science establishes functional triad in nature splitting the parts of an atom into three: Proton, Electron and Neutron.*

Ref: Maharibath Malai, Vedha Puranam

R.V. - Rig Veda, Bible - Holy Bible, Kuran - Glorious Kuran

*And that inverted Bowl! We call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to It for help -- for It
Rolls impotently on Thou or I.
- Omar Khayyam.*

1. SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE

It was spring season and the poet adored his fiancée as the spring of seasons, jasmine of flowers and the water of brooks, breeze of the morn, clouds of winter, and so on so forth.

But actually the essence of spring time is the music of bul bul, the nightingale, the laugh of a rose, the dance of a dew on the blade of a grass, the voice of zephyr that sings, as it goes. Of course, it is the hope of a bride, dream of a maiden, watching the petals of bliss to unclose.

Everything said is true with spring all over the earth. But at Geil in Hijra 470/1077 A.C....?

It was a night of love. And the poets sang of love:

“Brethren if love beckons you follow it, though its ways are hard and steep. And if its wings enfold you, yield thyself even the sword hidden among its petals wound you. If love speaks to you believe it. It may shatter your dreams no bother.”

Love gives nothing but itself and takes nothing but from itself. But love has no other desires but to fulfill itself.

The words true with the earth. But how about with Geil or Gilan.

It was a blissful dusk of the spring and the blooming moon was sailing along the blue sea sky. The banks of the

river Kaizil, the green fields adjacent and the lofty hills farlyng, of Thalish ranges were silently plunging in the drizzling moonlight.

A glassy cirrus passing by sighed deeply, and envied the false posture of the poets, who universally praise only the moon and compare it to the face of their damsels, and deprive the beautiful clouds of their merit and pride. "Ha!" the cirrus muttered, "That only makes them to be called lunatics".

The rolling sounds of the rivulets, that role the pebbles of the rocks along with its run, mimic the dancing notes of gipsy girls. The large giantly trees on the slopes, oak, peach and teak were standing in undisturbed serenity, soaking in falling snows.

Geil, the commercial town upon the edges of the river Kaizil which heads to the Caspian sea, was busy and noisy. But the largest mansion of the town, stood at the eastern gateway was got immersed in unbound ecstasy and peace.

The wedding ceremony took place therein in the morning is over now. The close relatives and attendants who were busy and jubilant throughout the day were resting in the various apartments of the bungalow itself.

Sweet smell of the incense smoke was prevailing over the palatable flavour, escaping out of empty caldrons, large pots and china plates and other vessels lying in and around the dining hall.

Adorned globe lights hanging atop the ceiling, were diffusing candle light through coloured glasses, illuminating the wedding hall and it looked, as if a rainbow has entered into the castle.

Nupital bed room was conjured up by the fragrance of musk and amber. The newly wed bride was waiting, upon a

cushioned sandal cot, fashioned by the famous carpenters of Palestine.

She wore silk costumes of China and silvery and golden ornaments of Azarbaizan. The bride groom came in, but the reluctance in his walk was suspicious, that something adverse fell upon him.

* * *

Alas! pity on him! Unto him this marriage is made only in hell. From the days of his early childhood he was a seeker after divinity. Abusalih, his name, alias Moosa, the jungle dhosth which means Moses the lover of jungles. He made hills and forests around his village his abode.

Being an eligible bachelor, instead of seeking a better half, he sought after God, the Eternal, the Omnipresent. Often left his parents in distress, who day in and day out implored the Almighty, that their line of progeny not be ceased, but blossom by their only son. However the adolescent rarely visited his home. He would disappear for weeks together into jungles.

A week before, as usual, in pursuit of his goal, he went astray and to quell his hunger picked up an apple from the river Kaizil and ate it. Alack! the moment after he ate, his conscience woke up to condemn him, that he has devoured another man's property which is banned by Shariat, the code of conduct.

A believer, the religion teaches, should never trespass or swallow other man's bread. Such an act is an offence mounting to deplorable sin. Abusalih with pricking conscience walked along the banks of Kaizil and arrived at the orchard, where from the fruit could have fallen down on the river bed.

Calling on the guard at the gate of the garden, he got the name of the owner. Syed Abdullah Saumai, Chieftain of

Gilan, a rich man, owner of several fruit gardens was he. However his name was known from Dhehran to Baghdad for his philanthropy. A renowned Sheikh, he had thousands of disciples throughout Thabristan.

Abusalih was gleeful to receive his name, for he would be excused by that man of alms. The proverb is well said that, 'Man proposes but God disposes'. He approached the great man, with all his piety and politeness, instead he realised it was a very bad day for him, for it lead him to altar.

The Sheikh was ardently discussing with his disciples in the courtyard of his palace. Abusalih approached and introduced himself and appraised him of his plight, and at once, the air of the court turned dramatic.

"Ha! Are you the only son of Abu Abdullah and grandson of exalted Yahya Arefubillah? Welcome to you! Welcome to your sincerity in rectifying your act of sacrilege."

He continued, " Of course, the fruit that appeased your appetite is my own property. However I can't pardon you without a punishment son?"

"How about? Will you undergo the punishment?" he asked in haste. Since Abusalih kept silence, suddenly the Sheikh yelled, "What nonsense is it? You approached me blunt. To excuse you all at once you plead! Do you know the analogy of Syed Junaid, the great Sufi of Baghdad?"

"He has said the commitment of sin is of two categories. One is that done to God, the another is done to fellowmen. The previous one, the Providence pardons with His grace, but for the later unless the briefed fellowman excuses the God would not!"

The atmosphere was growing more and more tense as Abusalih stood speechless and drew blank to the test of the master. All the people sitting and working in and around the courtyard were taken aback to see the queer behaviour of the Sheikh.

Moments passed heavily and atlast Abusalih nodded his head in agreement. The Sheikh became calm and soft. But the penalty he levied on the plaint confined everybody there into confusion.

He decreed, "Abusalih, I have a daughter, virgin but blind deaf and dumb. If you are willing to consort her legally, I will readily dispense your offence" and he added "It might be an infliction, yet if you are humane, this is an humble appeal".

Recollecting the past event of the previous week, the woe betide reluctantly entered nuptial chamber and mournfully sat aside the bride! Every bird must hatch its own eggs.

He wished salams to her. As she remained silent an Hudh Hudh, the Hoopoe from the backyard sitting on the bough of an almond tree chirped and began to chant unusually and it made the young man retrospective again.

Hoopoe is the bird that played the courier and carried the letter of love from King Solomon to Queen Shieba. The very bird is praised as the bird of celestial wisdom by various Sufi poets.

Is there any meaning in the chanting of the hoopoe while Abusalih is in depressive mood?

Ye! Abusalih, the man determined to behold God, is now entangled in wedlock. He queried in himself: is it a chastisement for him for he had forgone the words of the

Prophet (peace) that 'marriage is the way of my life and those who avert it do not belong to my community!'

However he reconciled in him, 'After all I have sacrificed myself to court a disabled woman to grant her conjugal bliss! Allah will not leave me unrewarded'.

'Jesus (peace be with him) had well said that, 'The kingdom of God is very near to those who bear burden'. He started musing further, 'Was not the Almighty compassionate to select Moses (peace be with him) as His Prophet, because he pitied a lame lamb of his herd, and carried it home upon his own shoulders'.

Now there were enough reasons with him, that Lord Merciful will appear to him as he fervently aspired from the days of his childhood. Offering salams, he sincerely touched the hands of the maiden and drew the veil over her face, but panic stricken he was alarmed, to see a blooming lotus face with gleamy eyes, leisurely acknowledging his felicitation, "Alaikum-wa-salam" and giggling at his dismay.

He shrank back, 'Certainly this is not the girl for whom the Sheikh took agreement with him'. However he reflected, 'Is not this girl that one? Whom he met a month ago in the river Kaizil and saved her and her girl friends from flood. How did she come here? What happened to that poor girl, whom the Sheikh described?'

When he drew back and set to reach the exit in doubt and dismay, the spouse forcibly held his hand and brought him down to the couch.

She laughed and retorted, "Yes I am blind, of seeing the evil. I am deaf and dumb to hear and speak evil. This is what my sire meant".

Astonished Abusalih now grew mute to hear the sweet voice of his better half. Recollecting himself the consort

began to argue. Tit for tat. He jumbled haughtily, "All right! Why not tell me the truth? Why should be making a mess of the matter?"

He blurted, "Am I a fool?". "No", she shook her head.

*Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-day of past Regrets and future Fears --
To-morrow? --Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.
- Omar Khayyam.*

2. TOTTERING PHILOSOPHER

Early at the dawn, it was drizzling, Abusalih was still on his bed lazily reflecting the episode of the last night. Ummul Hyre came into the camera spreading perfumes of Arabia from her fresh attires, with a cup of hot Sulaimani, the plain tea in her hands.

Some walker by on the adjacent roadside was airing the famous song of Omar:

*Awake for morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's turret in a noose of light!*

High spirited gentleman now suddenly got up from the cushioned cot and caught up the lady in love and held his head to her bosom and mourned again "I am sorry, I am sorry my love!".

* * *

Lo! what made him so mad after the girl, who made him a fool!

Ye! When she explained to him, the last night, "Yes I am blind of seeing the evil, I am deaf and dumb to hear and to speak evil". And he rebutted "Am I a fool?".

She said "No" and instead of answering his questions the bride Ummul Hyre stood up from the couch, went to the

table nearby and brought a plate full of date fruits and a cup of spiced milk of goat. Fed him fondly few fruits herself. Offered him the cup of milk and awaited to drink the remains.

And then she began to retort boldly but softly “ No dear! none of us made you a fool. The marriage took place with the consent of your parents. You were witnessing them, happily engaged in the function. Could it be possible to them to be so joyful if the bride was a disabled lumber?

“They knew the drama and arranged everything hand in glove, I am sorry you made yourself a fool. You were roaming from forest to forest so savagely as to be nicknamed, ‘Jungle Dhosth’. You do not know the fact that your family and mine are related. Your father used to complain of you and my sire would console him to bear up.

“You were completely in darkness at what was happening around you. None of us a culprit. You came of your own accord to be caught in the net. You know the Kalma of Thariq: ‘La Faila Illallah - There is no action except the action of Allah’, which means Allah is the sole Executor of happenings in the universe. I was chosen just a bait and that is all”.

Convincing parlance of the mistress made the fiance dumbfound. It discerned to him the will of the Providence has prevailed. ‘Gratitude is the best gift for gratefulness’, thus speaks Kuran. Allah has rewarded him for his gratefulness and sincerity in upholding His code of Shariath, the discrimination of Halal or Haram, the Right or Wrong.

Abusalih reflected, the Prophet (peace) well said: ‘There is no other happiness in the world better than that of a good wife.’ Abusalih had jumped into a fire pit, just as Prophet Abraham (peace) and found it to be a garden of delight. He accepted the hands of a log to consummate with, just as

Prophet Moses (peace) dared to apprehend the poisonous snake, to obey the Word of God, in his hands and found it turned to be his endeared staff.

Stricken with unbound blessings and bliss from the heavens, Abusalih risked to embrace the maiden. Make the hay while the sun shines! Woe is he. She refrained to give in, began to sob vociferous.

As he tried to know the cause of her wailing, he was taken aback again.

Weeping she screamed, "Is it fair on your part to leave me in dismay and distress for the past six months since the day you saved me from the floods of Kaizil?" He remained in silence, she stopped weeping and stared at his face angrily.

"Do you remember it at least? You saved me from a deluge along with my friends?"

She paused to say, "Yes! That is an act of grace and sympathy! I appreciate your service mindedness".

She paused again and proceeded, "However, as I began to sob in scare, you tried to comfort me with your words. Alright!"

She went up in air pronounced word by word. "Are you not ashamed of your conduct afterwards? Are you not an adult and youth? Am I not a maiden spinster? And then you tried to wipe my tears with your own hands. I don't understand the meaning of it. Is it an act of compassion or out of lust?" He hanged his head.

"How dared you to touch my face with your bare hand and ran off for months together".

"What sense is there in your act of eating an apple in hungry and jumping here and there, like Abul Basar Adam, eating the banned grain of wheat and then confounding.

“Whether your willful and wishful touch on my skin is Haram or Halal? Right or Wrong? Come out with the truth”, she urged.

Startled and bewildered, youngman pulled his nymph to his chest and consoled, “I am sorry, I am sorry Ummul Hyre. For what all had happened”.

She knows well the proverb, “Too much of anything is good for nothing”.

Beholding the amorous scene of love from the sky the Venus chuckled.

* * *

The Venus chuckled late by the previous night. But now early in the morning the heavens chuckle at the behaviour of the tottering Philosopher. She placed her palm on his head and fondly cropped and carassed the hair by her fingers, leaving him to confess freely.

He mumbled further, “From the day I beheld you at the river, I am tossed between the merits of matrimony and celibacy. At dawn and dusk there was a longing in my heart. My conscience was pricking me. I failed to apprehend your whereabouts. However, Allah is great. I thank Him. I thank Him a lot that he brought me to you!

‘Oh my garden of roses, Like the perfume in the petals of rose! I find thy grace within my heart!’: From the verses, he had read from the scrolls of yore, it came to his mind.

Ummul Hyre laughed heartily and proceeded to give him a punch again with her wits. “You know beloved, why my sire, seeing you anon preferred to espouse you to me?” As Abusalih blinked she revealed an unbelievable truth.

She began to expound, “Are you aware of the incident that the reputed Sufi Abu Yazid of Bustam, some thirty

years ago, preached from the pulpit of a mosque that an hallowed Saint is to be born near Thabristan and he will revolutionize the world of Islam and be called Revivor of the Faith: Muhyidheen!"

Abusalih nodded his head agreeing and brooded instantly, 'The lady seems to be more visionary than me, if at all allowed, she would make me her disciple'.

Meanwhile she revealed the puzzle open, "Look dear, my dad says, when he saw you entering his court a lightning of words crossed over your forehead revealing, 'The seed of the exalted one Muhyidheen, Revivor of Islam, is lying by the back of this man!'"

Surprised Abusalih stared at her wondering her incredible words. A bright light now appeared over her head: "The exalted one, the spiritual hunter of the universe, is now present within the womb of this noble woman", was visible to him.

He peered into her eyes, to find there a pure light of pearl gleaming.

"Ha! This is the Pearl of Eternity. Its brightness will be the Beacon light to the souls, treading on the path to arrive at Divinity".

*Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the White Hand of Moses on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.
-Omar Khayyam.*

3. THE MYSTICAL BABY

The village Neif on the outskirts of Geil was under the grip of slumber. Abode of Abusalih it was, after his marriage with Ummul Hyre he settled in this ancestral domicile. 'Omlettes are not made without breaking eggs'. He had to learn to look after cultivation in the feilds of rice and wheat. At large he renounced his spiritual tempers to become the chip of the old block.

Ummul Hyre conceived soon and the whole family on either side of the couple were awaiting the happy event. The embryo in the womb was growing just like a lotus stem and its bud and so the mother felt no tiredness due to a prime. No physiological discrepancies nor psychological upsets.

Instead, the season of spring itself had dawned upon her and she felt a fulness in herself. The singing of the birds, the softness of winds and the good palate of milk and honey everything blissful on earth made an unity in her. An oneness with the whole universe, she lightly bore, in her womb.

There was an echo of the divine powers, of the unborn offspring of Ummul Hyre felt all through the village. The orchards of apple and grape were full with yeild, the ripe and harvest of the cereal feilds were abundant and the cattle fold doubled and tripled unusually.

The whole village and all of its inmates were in a merry mood. It was the midnight of the new moon of holy month

of Ramzan. The special prayers of Tharavih were offered in the mosque of the parish.

And the people had contently retired to get up in the small hours of the morning to prepare the Sahar repast, dined before of the day - long cessation of food and drink.

Until it was pitched darkness Abusalih was reciting rhythmically from the verses of the Holy Kuran. The caligraphy of the revelation, kept open in front of him on a kiosk was a treasure of the family, preserved from the days of Hajrath Ali, his forefather.

The cool breeze from the Kaizil river, was piercing through the windows of the house, in green woollen robes, drowsing Abusalih folded the Sacred Book and dipped his thought into meditating over the situations all around him.

Geil and its suburbs, where the village Neif was located, were densely populated areas of Thabristan, a Persian state under Turkish rule. Since it had been situated in the silted delta of Kaizil the land was fertile and rich with harvest.

Mostly the Muslims, the major population of the land were farmers. They were multilingual, speaking Persian, Turkish and Arabic. The Georgian Christians and native Zoroastrians were minorities being traders and labourers as well.

Geil and its metropolis had witnessed several historic events and incidents since the time it was constructed by Alexander the Great during his invasion of the east. It is considered to be one of such seventy towns founded by the supreme warrior.

Abusalih's thoughts now inclined towards the chaos that prevailed over the Islamic world. There were three seats of Kilafat reigning at Baghdad, Cairo and Cardova, over the entire Islamic region, that spread between Atlantic in the

west and Pacific in the east, between Zibraltar of Spain and Conton of China. But they were under unceasing quarrel and conflict among themselves.

Generally the people of the realm lived content in peace and harmony. But the spirit of Islam was void and the tenets of the religion had dwindled to be mere habits and customs. Divine virtues and values were absent.

Brooding Abusalih suddenly heard a screaming voice and rushed to the bedroom to find his wife having started labour pain.

He rushed to the backyard and called out his mother and mother-in-law. Hurriedly maternal assistants were called in. However there was no pain of labour nor suffering on part of the mother. The baby was out without any help from the attendants.

To fill the cup of human life, full of gnosticism and love of God, at the very dawn of the day, a Saint of superior order is born at the abode of Abusalih.

Hajrath Abdullah Saumai reached his son-in-law's ancestral house with some of his aides and disciples in the early morning hours. He was called into the chamber to behold the newborn. Followed by his polite son-in-law the Sheikh entered the room.

There was immeasurable peace and pleasure blooming over the blossoming face of his wife, Abusalih witnessed, peeping through the shoulder of his father-in-law.

He was reminded of the gypsy song at the wink of her loveful eyes.

"Hands cling to hands and eyes linger on eyes, thus began the record of our life!

It was a moonlit night of Summer, sweet smell of Henna was in the air! My flute lay on the earth neglected and your garland of flowers was unfinished.

The love between you and me is as simple as a song!
And the very song is now lying beside you, looking at me, as a stranger!"

At the same time the grand-father looked at the face of the infant, to be stricken back by the serene brightness of its countenance and sparkling clarity of its eyes. The lips of the Sheikh pronounced instinctively 'Subuhanallah- O God, the Purest'. They both simultaneously witnessed an air of divine presence across the chamber.

As they rushed back to the courtyard Sheikh's wife stopped them to break an unusual intimation. "Ji! The child refuses to suckle milk. I myself tried to spoon him sugared warm water but he oozes it out". The Sheikh mused a while and replied her, "No worry! Try again after sometime!"

He went out, somewhat troubled yet chattered with his aides for sometime and as they dispersed he tarried and reposed at his son-in-law's home itself.

It was a day of double joy in the village. Women and children flocked the house, to have a look at the new born which was said to be the cause of the unbelievable wonders, happened in the village while his advent was in the offing.

There were speculative aged men who foresaw a good omen to the village and some went ahead to assert an aura around the baby's countenance.

The sun mounted up and languidly surged down to the west. When the sun set was near, there was jubilation in the village, to break the holy fasting. A wave of sadness lurked in the neighbourhood of Abusalih, since whomsoever came to know the newborn's refusal of sustenance were unnerved.

After the Azan of afternoon an Haqim from metropolis was called on and he hurried up to find the baby healthy and active. He could find no cause of the boy's starving, but suspected dyspepsia and prescribed an application of a paste made of acarus and cumin, upon the abdomen of the child.

The sun dropped below the horizon and the twilight began to spread its shroud over the earth. Cattles and herds were on their way back home, going down the pasturing slopes. Birds were aheading to their nestles, from the orchards and ripen fields.

Muezzin's clarion call from the minaret broke the monotonous wearisome final moments of fasting. As the children shrieked in joy there arose a rustle of busy activities, nourishing and feasting, at households and in the arena of the mosque.

Sheikh Abdullah Saumai got up heavy hearted from the bed reluctantly, performed oblusion, came back rested himself on the couch in front of a tea-trolley on which a plate of honeyed dates and gruel of wheat and rice had been kept to ease off his fasting. The eminent Shiekh picked up a date fruit in his fingers and just as he lifted it upto his mouth a flash of thought rushed across his mind.

He paused awhile and hurried, into the chamber where his darling daughter and her newborn were kept indoors.

He went near the brave boy, who denied nourishing, tried to soak the boy's lips with the oozing honey out of the fruit, meanwhile himself mumbling the formula to break the fasting, "Allah you are the giver of food. With what you have given me, I break this day's fasting".

What a surprise it was! The boy began to lick and relish the honey with his little tender tongue!

It was the first day of Ramzan by the year 470 Hijra/ 1077 A.C.

There arose an astonishing implication, that the child realized the religious tenet of fasting, throughout the day and now fulfilling it, he begins to ease off and give up starving.

The rumour of the newborn's fasting and its religious obedience on the very day of its arrival on earth became the talk of the domicile.

There prevailed in the locality an air of amazement and bewilderment about the birth of the blessed child.

As the days pass by, men and women from the Geil, even from the corners of Thabristan, came reporting ethereal dreams about the child and thronged at the gates of Abusalih.

The analogies and anecdotes spread out that Messaih has turned back or Mehdhi is born.

Within weeks time the small village Neif became a famous resort of pilgrimage.

*Look to the Rose that blows about us - "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the World I blow:
At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."
- Omar Khayyam.*

4. MEHDI OR MESSIAH!

Thirty days of Ramzan steered fast and newborn was named Abdel Kadhira. He observed fasting all through these thirty auspicious days. At the end of the month Ramzan the new moon of Shaval appeared over the horizon.

* * *

The whole village got ready for Id festival to be conducted very next morning. As the day closed a caravan of unknown traders came into the village, through the western gate, and halted at the old citadel, known as the fort of Alexander.

The citadel is erected on a raised plateau against the back drop of majestic mountains and spreading stretches of green fields. Though dilapidated often it is used as a caravanserai by the travellers.

The wayfarers delayed there, until the darkness stamped its reign over the earth, and began chanting of prayer songs. They held zikhr (recital of God's holy names) mazlis, recited maulidh songs of praise on Prophet Muhamed (peace). As the midnight approached Kazals and Kasidas, the songs, bursted out from the citadel.

The rhyme and rhythm and very meaning of the verses and hymns broke through the skies and thundered around all the corners of the earth.

*Parikas Rasmi Rahe
Kabro Mugal Mangarthur
Mursidha khirdhet kardanke
Se oh sangarhi (Persian)-
Oh my Sheikh! My supreme master!
Thou saved me from the theory of polytheism
That promotes the existence of Gods more than one!

Thou relieved me from the mental illness
That the creation and
The Creator are different entities!
I humbly bow at thy flowery feet!

And we circumbulate thy luminous throne!*

When the hours of daybreak approached, they suddenly started from the citadel and began to proceed in a procession, to the house of Abdel Kadhir, beating handy drums and voicing carols:

*Oh Mulnyidheen!
Thou art the Alpha.

With thy innate desire
Thou entered into the
Abysm of ultimate reality (Zath)

Thou art the secret of Meem
Between Ahad (God)
And Ahamed (God's messenger)!

Oh Muhiyidhin! Thou art the appearance of self
In the mirror of universal eyes!
Oh Sheikh! Have mercy upon us and open
The doors of Arsh (God's closet)*

*Oh Muhyidhin! Thou art the Spiritual Master
Ruling over all the universe and cosmos!
Oh! Master! Thou art one who is born to bless
All those who seek and search after truth!*

*Oh Sheikh! Help me break open
The riddles of sphinx
And behold the spiritual self of my being!*

Assembling at the gates of the newborn child they raised the acme and tune of the chorus to high pitch.

There appeared an apparition on the threshold of Abdel Kadhif's house.

Nay! Not an apparition the holy child himself appeared with an aura surrounding his countenance and contour!

The verse from the Holy Kuran: *"Wherever you turn, you turn to behold the face of thy Lord!"* echoed several times from the heavens.

Still it was dusk but the dawn's left hand was on the sky. Gentle zephyr was fanning his wings. A convoy of birds flit across the sky. An awful silence reigned over.

However, the strange caravan and their choir of singers dispersed and disappeared from the scene at once. But they left an assumption that what all happened was a celestial drama coujured up by divine powers.

The villagers who had assembled there and stood enchanted, came through, when one elderely among them began speak aloud:-

"Do anyone of you know that hundred years back, profound Sufi master Sheikh Junaid of Baghdad impressed his followers with the speculation:

“A Saint will be born by the end of the 5th Century Hijra, at the banks of Gilan, and enter Baghdad in his prime, to revolutionise the faith of Islam and he will be named Abdel Kadhif!”.

The clarion cry of the elderly one caught the attention of all around there.

Meanwhile a lunatic mendicant a native and Zoroastrian by birth appeared there with immense joy dancing and singing, clapping his palms.

He trilled a song complying the word of Kalma in Kuran ‘Lailaha Illalla Hu’ with a word from Zend Avesta, ‘Nest Yezdan Mager Yezden’ which does mean the same meaning of the Kalma ‘there is no God but God’ fell prostrate and swooned in trance at the gate of the new born Abdel Kadhif’s abode.

While in the afternoon the happenings in Neif was taken to Sheikh Abdulla Saumai. He laughed heartily and said, “The words of Sheikh Junaid has come true”.

And the great Sheikh went at once in trance and said, “His foot on my neck and on my heart!”

*And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!" -- the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine.
-Omar Khayyam.*

5. THE LAD INQUISITIVE

The entire village had a soft spot for the ardent son of Ummul Hyre and he held them in his spell. He grew up to be an inquisitive boy. He was unusually curious about things around, the bright sun, the beaming moon, the twinkling stars, the pouring rain, the roaring cyclone and all the natura naturata!.

His dad took efforts to educate him and he was put to local madharasa, where he byhearted the entire text of the Holy Kuran even before he was seven. It became usual with the village people often to assemble around him, to hear the recital of the Holy verses in his extremely odd musical voice.

Not only the human beings were enchanted by his melodious warblings, the birds of various kinds, cuckoos and doves, parrots and nightingales, crows and kites and even vultures, closing their wings would perch upon the boughs of large banyan trees around the Mathlab, the nursery to rejoice his vocal chords.

Sheep and goats, cows and buffaloes, horses and asses would slacken their steps to lend their ears to his carol. Dogs and cats and even plants and trees kept still to hearken his notes.

Muallims, the teachers would lift him up the dais raised for calling of Adhan. His shrill high pitch voice would go along the plains to be echoed at the caves of the nearby

hillocks and grip the hearts of the people quiver with fear and thrilled by piety and devotion.

Whenever his grand-father Hajrath Abdulla Saumai turned out to the village the lad landed him in trouble querreing him insoluble questions. He asked him one fine morning, returing from the mosque "Nanna, I long to talk to Allah just as Moses, the prophet had discourses with him. Could you take me to mount of Sinai?"

The erudite Sheikh who was baffled at the strange aspiration of the grandson began to appease him, "Of course my son, but it lies faraway from here. You have to grow up to travel to such a long distance."

"No", the grandson stirred back, "You can guide me to behold Him as if our forefather Prophet Muhamed (peace) beheld Him. Grandma other day expounded on me of the Prophet's adventure to Arsh, the abode of god on the back of a Burakh!"

After a little pause he pulled the shawl from the shoulder of his grandfather insisted, "Grand sire, tell me where, the Arsh the seat of God, is?"

The grandfather tried to put up with the boy, but he found himself at his wits end as he hasted diligently, "The Arsh is in the heart of man".

The seat of God is in the heart of man! The very meaning of his grandpa's words augmented the boy's fervour and appetite over the subject and he began to challenge him further until he found the Sufi Master fall behind.

The days were passing as if the passing of the clouds over the sky.

The Bird of Time sings every morning a song on its fruitful bough, song of glory and freshness of life and songs of poignant sorrow and passionate strife.

It sings the songs of hope that senses for the years unborn, also every evening it sings the songs of mystical silence, that might be called the death.

The adolescent Abdel Kadhir became an adept in learning the Kuran and Hadhis in Arabic and all other mundane subjects in Persian. Alas! The sudden death of the sire of the boy saddened him visibly. Abusalih passed away untimely when Abdel Kadhir was just twelve years old. The phenomenon of death occurred in the proximity of his sensual perception and intuitional absorption put him to deeply ponder over the paradox of life, the birth and death.

The mother and the son were taken over to Gilan to the house of the maternal grand-father Sheikh Abdullah Saumai. However, not long since their arrival to the town, the grand-father too gave into the ebb of life, due to sudden fever. Too bad ! The misfortune never comes single.

Abdel Kadhir was left alone to puzzle out the sphinx, the very existence of the universe. Mundane affairs of the day to day life dispersed away from his attention. He often drifted to an old mosque in the verge of the town, which was called the mosque of Khizhr and perform Nafel prayers, in hundred counts a day.

There arose a furore at the very mosque on a fine morning, while an unknown Sufi, who visited as a passing by traveller, being allowed to lead the congregation of the day break prayers, recited a maxim from the Hadhis-el-Qudsi, instead of reading a passage from the Kuran.

Just as the prayers were over some of the local adepts took the man by the shoulder. There was a wrangling over the authority and eligibility of the Hadhis-el-Qudsi, be chanted in course of a congregation.

Though it clutted up a message celestial, the very maxim recited by the mendicant, brought home to Abdel Kadhir a

mystery between alma and almighty, and made him flutter about.

The maxim, dico dict went out infra:-

‘There is a piece of flesh in the body of Adam’s son, there exists the heart, in the heart there is the soul, in the soul there is light, in the light there is mystery and I am in the mystery’.

It reminded him of his grandsire’s uttering years ago, that God is in the heart of man. Days together the maxim enchanted his mind.

*Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or Two, and went his way.
-Omar Khayyam.*

6. THE THOUGHTFUL SOUL

Years rolled by and Blessed Abdel Kadhira was sixteen years old now. Like his father Abusalih in his youth, Abdel Kadhira had become an inhabitant of jungles and hillside caves around his village.

One sultry afternoon he was climbing upon a hilly track. The summer sky was clear and silvery. The air was hot and the sun was heading to the west. Since monsoon had failed for the past three concurrent years, the land lay arid and fields were parched.

Women folk had to tread and trudge miles together along the rocky foot path, bearing heavy pitches and pots upon their head and shoulder, hoping over thorny thickets and drained gullies to fetch water from the river bed.

Abdel Kadhira, as it was his habit, began to chant the last verses of Sura Sahar in the Kuran, "Hu Allah Hulladhi...

*"God is He, than whom,
There is no other God
Who knows (All things)
Both secret and open
He most gracious
Most merciful
God is He than whom
There is no other God*

*The sovereign, the holy one
The source of Peace (and perfection)
The guardian of faith
The preserver of safety
The irresistible, the supreme
Glory is to god
(High is He)
Above the partners
They attribute to Him ...*

As he strided the path aheading the peak some monkeys from the nearly bushes clattered, hyena laughed at remote and a falcon chased a sagtail overhead. Blessed Abdel Kadhir's thoughts bent on the temporal things around him.

El Muqaddise was the Khalif of Baghdad. Malik Shah of Seljuk dynasty ascended the royal seat. He enjoyed great reputation through out the empire for he had driven the intruding Romans, beyond the borders of Kusthum Dhunya.

The valiant troops of Malikshah turned eastwards and won over the entire region of Turkministan and carried his flag to Samarkand. Meanwhile, Maliksha's Dheevan Nizam-el-Mulk set out an educational revolution, establishing mathlabs and madhrasas at the nook and corners of the domain.

El Muqaddise expired by the year 487 of Hijra and his son Abbas Ahamed Musthashir Billah was hailed as Khalifa. During his period Barkiyaruk the Sultan of Baghdad has to face the challenge of Dhanas Arsalan, de facto ruler of Damascus.

With his army he marched triumphant over Musal, Gesira, Dhiarbarg and Azarbizan. When Dhanas Arsalan camped at Gilan he with his aides was captured and carnaged by Barkiyaruq's army.

Within that fortnight confusion and chaos prevailed over Geil and its suburbs, while nature's deprivation of rain had already set in the pathos of unkind drought.

However Blessed Abdel Kadhir's contemplation was at most of the time uncanny. He would kneel, bow down and prostrate, then beg and beseech the heavens, getting no response from the Providence would cry and shout at the top his voice, "Oh God My Lord! Ya Hudha! Ya Allah!" until he strains his throat.

He would weep wail and vociferate vigorously but to no gain except few awful dreams.

When he began to shout as usual, a melancholic strain of a song in the air, the painful voice of a lass, from the dale or hill, brought him down to the earth...

She may be passing along the ravine, nearby, bearing a Batuna pot full of water, pressing upon her weak shoulder, and a thorn pricking her foot. Her voice conveying the burden of life, and the irresponsible behaviour of the heavens, withholding the nectar of life, for years together.

It disturbed him and he yearningly looked to the skies.

There arose a sudden cockling of snow cocks atop the hill, which had been suspended for sometime past, since water scarcity had made these birds migrate to distant sanctuaries.

A sudden change of atmosphere followed, the dark clouds accumulated and assembled fast on the high altitude, piercing chill air forecasted heavy rain. Blessed Abdel Kadhir recurred homewards.

Even before he reached the basement of the hillock heavy downpour lashed to the ground.

While descending down, drenching in the pouring rain by the slope, an awful scene in the village frightened him. A huge mob defying the smashing whirlwind and heavy rain thronged at the house of his paternal aunt Ayesha, a pious lady.

He hurried in distress apprehending something fatal had befallen her.

Good heavens! Approaching the neighbourhood he was eased off, coming to know, that the village people had gathered around her rectory to plead her implore the Almighty to grant a spell from the sky. She had an ear for their pleadings and the wonder set in.

When Blessed Abdel Kadhira entered the house he found his aunt Ayesha on her Musalla, the prayer mat, behind the closed doors of her chamber.

He was acquainted further, in detail by her aides at her asylum, top to bottom how the miracle occurred.

The holy woman earnestly listening to the laments of the people, became spellbound as if some heavenly spirit had descended on her.

She entered the kitchen, brought a broom in her hand swept herself, the open floor at the portico of her house. And then staring at the southern corner of the sky, voiced aloud the following verse from the Kuran.

“Kalaya Adhama! Anbihum bi asmaihim fa lamma anbahu.... God said, Oh Adam! Tell the angels about the creations and their nature, when Adam had told them God said, oh Angels! Did I not tell you that I know the secrets of heaven and earth And behold, He said the Angels, ‘Bow down to Adam’, and they bowed down”.

Detering the Kuranic passage abrupt, she pointed her finger to the horizon and commanded in stern tone, “Oh

Raphael! Thou the Archangel, ruling over the air and water!
Behold! I have swept, the floor of my corridor, now it is
your turn to pour down a shower and wash out the floor!"

The moment she pronounced her ordinance, the sky
thundered as if it is cleaved apart, and rain came down
flooding the passages, all over the village.

*Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd -- "While you live
Drink! -- for once dead you never shall return."
- Omar Khayyam.*

7. ALLURING ANECDOTES

A month later...

It was a fine morning in Gilan and its suburbs, the rain that slashed through the entire area had made the earth greeny. Almond and date palm and other trees looked bloom.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira, after the morning prayers went to the house of his aunt, as he had an urge in him to see her, following the mystical incident in her home.

As he approached the villa he could hear the mellowing voice of his aunt, now reciting the same passage from the Holy Kuran.

Kala ya Adama.....

Abdul Kadhira sat on a wooden couch and awaited his Aunt's come out from the chamber. Short while she got into the reception and wished salams to him.

"Bathiya (Nephew)!" She called him admiringly, "I was longing to see you. Thank God! You have come of yourself. I like to talk to you.

"See the death of your dad and your maternal grandsire is just natural and inevitable. 'Kullu Nafsun Dhaikathul mauth - every soul has to encounter death', is the decree found in Kuran. So take it as, the will of God and come out of your grief and sorrow!"

She paused awhile and sat beside, as if to console him.

She began to speak ardently, "However, I suppose your ego is running after the infinite. This is good. I am happy about it. Prophet(peace) has stressed upon loving the God. He said: 'Love Allah, until others call you a lunatic.'

"Of course this temperament of yours is applaudable. But you should not consider the connotation of the word 'Lunatic', as it is in this context, the word bears more sense.

"Now a days, I am heard, you are straying along surrounding hills and hillocks around our town, relinquishing your mundane duties at home.

"Of course the love of God is obvious, it is the essence of the message, the Kuran is ever conveying.

"But there is a proverb put forth by Prophet(peace) that, 'the knowledge of God is the beginning of faith'. It implies that we have to pursue the knowledge of God, the gnosticism, in its proper way and then proceed to hunt after Him, who is omnipresent yet unseen.

"See my son! Sufis stress upon a fact that Prophet Muhamed (peace) himself is not a separate entity other than Allah. They quote one of his Hadhis, 'Ana Arabiyun Bila Meem', the obvious meaning of the maxim is, 'I am Rab, the God, the sustainer'.

"There is an anecdote which brings home the very meaning of the maxim. One fine evening a petty strife set in between Hajrath Ali and his consort Fathima, the endeared daughter of the Prophet.

"Ali flared up when Fathima gibbed at him that his knowledge is moonshine as far as Prophet Muhamed's (peace) spiritual entity is concerned.

“Ali’s castles in the air, that he is the heir apparent of Prophet’s (peace) spiritual supremacy and sole representative of his Prophetic knowledge, collapsed down at Fathima’s comment. And he left his home at once to complain the Prophet (peace) of his daughter’s ridicule.

“Instead of comforting him, Prophet laughed ironically and confounded him, further saying, ‘Of course Ali, you are not fully aware of my person.’

“He giggled again and drew his long shirt apart and asked him, ‘Behold my real being now!’ Wonder! Ali saw in him the whole of universe and cosmos revolving.

“Dumbfounded Ali went home, to be greeted by his wife gleefully briefing: ‘See, my dear! I am fully aware of the phenomenon years back. When I was a child my sire placed his turban on my head, as he has to do oblation. Under his turban I realised I am pervading all through universe and I felt that I myself being the omnipresent’.

Concluding the anecdote aunty Ayesha commented, “The report could be narrative, but you must think about the fact behind the story. The Kuran instigates us, ‘La nufarrik baina Ahadhum min Rusli... There is no curtain between Allah and his Apostle’.

She continued, “See, you must seek and search after the Prophet Muhamed, even before you enter the path of love of God and get his guidance, to appraise the Omnipresent’.

Abdel Kadhira kept silent as he was convinced of his aunty’s advice.

Ayesha went in to her prayer chamber and brought in, a small Kithab containing a ballad in Arabic, upon Prophet Muhamed (peace).

Handed over it to him and said, "This is a ballad called 'Ya Sayyidhi ya Rasullulahi Kudhbiyadhi', composed and recited by angel Gabriel, a sonnet on the Prophet (peace), implying his celestial supremacy and imploring his succour, for the deliverance of one's soul.

"Keep it with you and chant it legibly and hum it, at your ease, until you behold him in vision".

*Ah, Moon of my Delight, who know'st no wane,
The moon of Heav'n is rising once again:
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me - in vain!
- Omar Khayyam.*

8. THE PROPHET IN A VISION

It was the evening of Thursday and the twilight of the dusk prevailed over the earth and the air was full of fragrance with jasmine and tulip flowers. The birds had been back to their abode. A lonely nightingale had begun to chant.

Closing his eyes, Blessed Abdel Kadhira started reciting the ballad and all at once felt a sudden jerk. Passing all through his physique he found himself diving out of his corporal body as if a little nestling wings out to the sky for the first time.

Though it was a frightful experience at the start, he found it blissful to fly into the vast sky. Neither it was a dream nor the final departure of a soul. He found himself in his astral body diving through the ether.

The colourful firmament, he was gliding through was not the material universe we live in, but an inner sphere not solid but vivid, bright and vibrant, analogues to the elemental space.

But to his surprised sight the blue sky with its galaxy of stars, the sun, the moon and the earth with all its phenomenon, the gigantic mountains, the rivulets and rivers, the enormous jungles and erupting volcanoes, the plateaus and greeny deltas, vast deserts and silent oceans were appearing as if real and natural.

He found himself aware of the queer fact that he is neither caught in a dream nor he has lost his consciousness. Meanwhile, he was astute that he has disappeared from the elemental world.

His knowledge of mystic and occult sciences, read and heard now came to his help. He apprehended that this should be Alame-Barzak, the astral world or etheric universe. So to say the Great Beyond within. As he flew an unbound bliss ran through his astral body and soul.

However in fraction of seconds he found himself standing at the threshold of the Prophet's (peace) mausoleum at Medina. The Holy Prophet Muhamed (peace) himself was sitting majestically on his throne and number of winged angels were waiting for his commands.

The young lad politely bent before him to touch his flowery feet and the Prophet (peace) began to bless him saying, "Oh, Abdel Khadhir! My son! Ya Habibi! You will be my heir apparent to the code and creed of my faith. And you will be the torch bearer of the spiritual wisdom of Islam.

He added, "My son, be helpful to Umma, the community which believe in my dictum, the wise will adore you and you will be designated and called Muhyidheen, the revivor of the faith, till the day of resurrection. Proceed to Baghdad, the centre of Islamic culture and learnings and improve your knowledge of the faith".

The scene of the etheric experience was over. Reflecting back to his place in few seconds, Abdel Kadhira found himself, entering his corporal body and then held up himself to sit conveniently reclining his back on the wall of the mosque.

The bewildering encounter made his heart pounding and his body sweating all through.

*And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean --
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!
-Omar Khayyam.*

9. THE BIRD ON ITS WINGS

The very next morning, while returning home after day break prayers Blessed Abdel Kadhira witnessed a band of traders in the bazaar and came to know they were heading to Baghdad.

The great high way that passed through Gilan is called Silk route, which joins the eastern and western hemisphere of the globe, from time immemorial. From the cities of China, Yarkand, Keshir long bullock carts with merchandise rode along the highway passing through Bukhara and Merou of Turkistan heading to Europe via Turkey.

Another highway that cut across the Silk route at Gilan is a trade route between north and south joining Slovia and Balkan countries with Eljesira, Persia and Arabian peninsular.

The young lad strolled home and climbed the stairs to balcony, to catch a glance of the journeying merchants. A band of traders were already making their way towards Baghdad, mounting on the back of the horses and camels. A troupe of musicians striding along, were enchanting the whole atmosphere with their songs and music.

The song of a poet from Siraj sung by the singers echoed by the nearby hillocks reached the ears of the young lad and excited him.

*Alas! Half of the span
Of your valuable life
You have spent
Waste in childish play
Why not you awake today
Atleast to walk
On the path
That leads you to truth.*

Startled at the meaning of the poem, Abdel Kadhir alighted down to the grand floor of the villa and stood before his mother, who was in the kitchen room, to beseech her permission to proceed at once to Baghdad, for getting higher education as he had been dictated by the Prophet (peace) in the astral vision.

As he revealed this uncanny occurrence of his spiritual journey to Medina to his mother, she was not at all scared nor surprised. Instead she simply narrated the following incident from the life of the Holy Prophet:-

“When Prophet Muhamed (peace) breathed his last, pademonium broke out at the capital city. Hajrath Omer, one of his lieutenants was away from hometown. While returning home, hearing the evil word he began to frown at the people, who spoke it, rushed to the spot and began to squabble with the mourners, challenging that the death cannot take away the Almighty Prophet.

Bewildered and prejudiced Omer, with a sword in his hand jolted here and there, threatened, ‘If anyone spells that Prophet (peace) is no more I will slang him at once’.

However Hajrath Abu Bucker and Hajrath Ali reasoned him out of his presumption, quoting him the Kuranic dictum, ‘No soul shall be exempted from relishing the bitter taste of death’.

Hajrath Omer came back to earth at their advice, but swooned and fell down to undergo an amusing vision. He saw the Prophet (peace) himself, coming to him mounted on a green horse and console him saying,

‘Oh dear Omer, death is only a shifting from here to hereafter but not an ultimate end to the self. So, comfort yourself and be conformed to the nature of things in thy world. Should I depart from here only I could yearn for the Umma, the followers in the court of the Almighty’.

Narrating the story to the lad, the mother concluded, “So my son, take it for granted that there is no end to the being of the Prophet. He is ever alive in the spiritual realm. If we consider that Prophet (peace) is no more it is tantamount to the death of the religion of Islam itself”.

*And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted -- "Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."
- Omar Khayyam.*

10. THE MAXIM OF THE MOTHER

The palm and date trees in a row, by the edge of dried lake, were nodding their head against the dismal sky. Wild vultures and eagles withdrawing their dragonic wings into their nests were reposing. The highway lay monotonous in the deadly gloom of the night.

The Kabila with whom a couple of traders from Gilan, including young lad Abdel Kadhir, enroute to Baghdad had sheltered at the village adjacent to the highway in an old fort, grew utterly tired of long journey and lay asleep.

Ardent Abdel Kadhir was awake sitting on his palm mat, reflecting over the advices of his mother, while he took his departure from Gilan, his home town, which now lies hundreds of miles away from the village Jona, the resort of the Kabila.

His mother had explained and elucidated to him the meaning of the Prophet's saying, 'Seek after knowledge, even if it could be found in China - mathlabal ilmi valau bisheen'. Where the very word 'sheen' in Arabic bear more than one meaning in that language.

Sheen does mean the forehead of a lion which implies Shariat the code of conduct in Islam, on account of its magnanimity and fearful appearance.

The another meaning of Sheen is the human heart which hints at Haqiqath the divine truth behind the precepts.

As well as the word denotes China implying the materialistic terrestrial knowledge.

The scintillating explanation of the Hadhis, given by his mother made him to ponder over the subject and lie sleepless, until an unconceivable horror suddenly took over the silent atmosphere of the desolate village.

Until then the birds were asleep, the wind did not stir, the little huts of the hamlet stood mute. Leaves did not rustle on the boughs of the trees and the water was still in the nearby lake.

But, there suddenly arose a commotion of terrible shouts and pathetic screams, that filled the atmosphere, as a band of highway robbers fell upon the caravan.

Shining swords and blazing torches held up by the thieves were giving a threatening look. Suddenly awakened traders could not reconcile at once, nor could they even think of the defensive weapons with them.

Caught hold of and frightened, they now stood in rows, just obeying the commands of the chief decoit.

“Nobody should move from his position.

“Whatever you possess gold, silver, jewels or any other valuable ornaments keep it in front of you, stand up and stay at your places”.

The chief of the thieves who was still reclining on the saddle of his horse, commanded the fellowmen to collect and heap the booties before him. In fear of their life merchants, were submitting and surrendering their valuable articles to the thieves, who with their swords in their hands, pierced through the row of merchants.

Once it was over the thief again bawled, “Is there anyone of you hiding gold or jewels, if you are found guilty you will be punished. Come out at once”.

He paused awhile and lashed again, "Is there anything hushed up? Anybody standing aside or steal behind?"

There prevailed utter silence for sometime and there came a shrilling voice of an young boy, cleaving through the monotonous air, "I am having forty gold Dhinars with me".

Now the chief's looks turned to him and the chief alighting the saddle got near the boy who confessed having forty Dhinars. It was none but the young lad Abdel Kadhir. Alibi, his name, the chief of the marauders suspiciously running an eye on the calm face of the young lad and observing his composed nature, asked him, "Is it not a fault on your part, to fall behind?"

Blessed Abdel Kadhir shook his head, disagreeing the chief and retorted, "No! I told the fact to your men, but they dismissed it off".

And one of the thieves came forward admitting, " Of course master! The boy stated it to me, myself overlooked, in haste".

The master stood now wondered and began to grill him further in Pehlavi "Where are you going? And on what purpose?" The boy simply replied, "I am bound to Baghdad and the purpose is to get higher education".

Meanwhile, he scrapped out a a small bunch of coins, carefully stitched and hidden behind his shirt, and handed it over to the decoit.

The chief suddenly became nervous to see the boldness and straight -forwardness of the boy, but managed to query him further. "Lesh Ya Ahu! (Why brother?) Why should you decide to part with the money at the last moment. If you kept silent a minute or so you could have saved it?"

"No", the boy retorted again, "I have to abide by the promise given to my mother at the time of my departure. She

has instructed me to speak nothing except truth even at critical moments”.

The chief was dumbfounded at the righteousness of the boy and became helpless to control his feelings of repentance.

Alibi asked the boy in low tone, “You will have to starve at Baghdad, by obeying the oath, you have taken at your mother’s hands?”

“No”, said the young lad, “The God who has created the human beings will allow none of them unfed, until they do not deviate from the path of righteousness”.

“Should I live this wretched life any more?” the chief of the thieves cried helplessly, again and again, and fell swooned on earth amid the perplexed merchants and the frightened traders. Moments later while he awoke, the chief got up and went near young Abdel Khadhir and took his hands in his hands and prayed with all his civility and politeness, “Ya Habbi Ahu - dear brother, beseech for pardonment of my sins”.

He wept, sobbed and cried, “Oh Bhari (God), excuse me for my sins, lootings, murders... condole me my Lord”. He cried again and again and turned to the Blessed lad again.

Took his hands again and kissed them and begged him, “Brother take me to the right path of the God. Show me the way unto Him”.

The young one spontaneously took his hands in his hands and asked him to say the the Holy Word, “Lailaha Illallah”.

While the Chief repeated the words of Kalima, there broke the Azan for the day break prayers, from the nearby mosque.

*With them the seed of wisdom did I sow
And with my own hand laboured it to grow
And this was all the harvest that I reaped
"I came like water, and like wind I go".
- Omar Khayyam.*

11. THE ESCAPE OF THE WISEST

It was a fine morning of Autumn. Yellow leaves of the season flutter and fell upon the earth. But the air was full with the odour of the ripen fruits.

Birds fly high and wish to become a cloud to reach the sky. But the clouds look down and long to be born a bird to touch the earth. The trees, like the languages of man's heart, stand upright to peep at the heaven.

A passer by was singing, *"Navvir Illahasama, Kalbil Karibikama. Navartha Kalba Ima Meinasi Gazzali - O my Lord Almighty! Let my heart, be bloomed with vast knowledge, just as the vibrant heart of Imam Gazzali"*.

The song set Blessed Abdel Kadhira's heart on the man namely Imam Gazali. Blessed Abdel Khadhir made it a point to meet the elite. But the proverb is true all the where upon the surface of the earth: 'Man proposes but God disposes'.

Arriving at the outskirts of Baghdad, Abdel Kadhira and his fellowmen witnessed the hubbubs of the city life. The neatly dressed men and women with glamorous costumes and garments, the uniformed staffs of the city administration and the dignified officials of the presidency, the bearded and turbaned clergy were witnessed here and there along the highway.

The pony pulled jutkas, mules with bundles on their back, bullock carts and camels, men riding on their hunch-

back carrier were found on the highways.

The domes of dhurgas, the minarets of the mosques, the portals and stories of the palaces were the spectacular scenes of the city. Witnessing all these wonders young Abdel Kadhira entered Baghdad on the back of an horse.

At the meantime, there prevailed a rumour in the city that the wisest man of the metropolis Abu Haamid Muhamed Gazzali had absconded and fled from the suburbs of the town into the obscurity.

The runaway scholar was the chancellor of the famous Nizamia University of the city and he was reputed for his eloquent and persuasive discourses on religious subjects.

The whole populace of the town belonging to upper, middle and lower classes along with the elite and the royal dignitaries were in dismay, because of the elite's unwarranted disappearance.

His confessions and advices to his son at the eve of his departure became the talk of the town.

The erudite had disclosed that he has failed in his aims, to achieve the ultimate knowledge of the truth, inspite of his vast and voracious reading of volumes of books and scrolls on various fields of knowledge.

He found an urge in him for sometime past, that he should leave all his mundane affairs at once and go into the oblivion, to get the riddle of the sphynx solved and attain heavenly wisdom. He added, that he got a celestial sign to follow it, as if Prophet Moses got, a sign from the top of the Sinai Mountain.

He said to his son finally, that he aims to visit Mecca to perform Haj and then into wilderness with no idea. He said, Allah willing, I will return, because everything is in His hands. He left barefoot leaving all his family affairs to the

incharge of his elder son.

There were gossips that there could be some displeasure in his family background. There were people who appreciated his thirst for knowledge. Few suspected his intelligibility and there were very few people who reviewed the act of the scholar foolish.

The secret behind the escape of the wisest was far beyond the conceptions of the public. The renowned had a young brother who was a bachelor and lead a reckless life in the neighbourhood.

Though he was a uterine of the reputed scholar of the city, seemingly infidel, his lunatic behaviour raised an oblique question amid the mob of the city, that is why his own brother has not harnessed the man.

The notorious one would never visit the mosque. He would not scare avoiding Friday congregations. Frankly criticized by the colleagues and his friends the venerable made a complaint with his mother, that the agnostic behaviour of the brother Ahmed Gazzali, corrupts his own reputation as a scholarly man of faith.

The very same day advised by the mother, Ahamed Gazzali entered the mosque to attend twilight prayers after the sunset.

Revered Gazzali was leading the prayers. After the Fathiha Sura in the first part verse of the prayer, the Imam, the leader went on to recite the verse where appears God's dictum, that women folk who menstruate on fasting days of Ramzan, should compensate the holy duty after the end of the month.

While reciting the verse aloud, the thoughtful scholar's mind tried to reason out why God had not ordered women to compensate salat, the five time prayer which is the leading duty levied by Him, but insists on fulfilling saumy, the fasting

that is a secondary duty.

By the time Ahmed Gazzali the brother of the Imam, who had joined the line of followers in prayer, made a shriek disrupting voice and rushed out of the mass, disturbing the columns of devout worshippers.

As the prayers were over scholarly Gazzali was terribly angered hearing the ruthless behaviour of his brother. Hurried home fast and grumbled at his mother of the shameful happening.

But his younger one who was awaiting there retorted ardently, "mom, obeying you, I went and joined the prayers but a bad smell of hyle (menstrual bleeding of women) pervaded through the air in the mosque. I could not bear it and I had no other alternative than to get out of the mosque".

Now the erudite was taken aback that his brother who was considered infidel and reckless could read his mind while in prayer when he tried to reason out the importance of prayer and fasting and God's decree on women folk to compensate fasting, left out on menstruating days.

Dumbfounded that scholar felt within himself that he was not at all wise and he was not devout enough to control his mind, while in prayer and the event drove him out of his home.

When Blessed Abdel Khadhir entered Baghdad, in pursuit of knowledge, the hero of the couplet he harked while entering the illuminated city, had disappeared into wilderness for he had not attained the knowledge, the blessed one aspired from the very same city.

*The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes - or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two - is gone.
-Omar Khayyam.*

12. THE TOWER OF BABYLON

The words of a silver tongue orator was ringing in the ears of the Blessed Abdel Kahir who had entered the arena of the Nizamia University.

“The Kuran says, ‘And among His (God’s) signs is the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the variations in your languages and your colours: verily in that are signs for those who know’.

The Bible clarifies:- All of the men descended from Noah, the Prophet through many generations, living in the various nations that developed after the deluge:

At that time all mankind spoke a single language. As the populations grew and spread eastward, a plain was discovered in the land of Babylon and was thickly populated.

The people who lived there wanted to build a great city and a sky scrapping tower there, as a symbol of linguistic and political unity of human beings.

But the God wanted them to have different languages and cultures.

He scattered them all over the earth and that ended in abrupt the building of the tower.

That is why the city was called Babel that means confusion. Because it was there in Babylon that God confused

them by giving them many languages, thus widely scattering them across the face of the earth. (Genesis:11)".

It was Hajrath Yahya Thabrizi who was giving a lecture about the languages of the earth and about the same flourishing in the region.

He spoke further:

"The oldest written language of Mesopotamia is Sumerian. Its cuneiform writing system evolved from pictographic stage that began about 3700 years back.

Sumerian language was largely replaced by Accadian afterwards. Among the Babylonians and Assyrians it survived for further two thousand years.

Iraq was the most ancient centre of all these urban civilizations and settled cultivation. Sumer, Akkad, Assyrian and Babylonian were all developed major civilizations in Mesopotamia, that is Iraq.

By the early centuries of Christian era, Iraq became the part of the various Persian empires. Recently, Abbasids have established their caliphate in the city of Baghdad.

Baghdad could be called the city of rebirth of Babylon. For Babylon had once flourished in the purview of Baghdad. Along the land occupied by Abbasids the Arabic language is flourishing. But its outskirts Pehlavi or Farsi or Persian is spoken by the people".

On Arabic he spoke further:

"The beauty of the Arabic language lies in its innumerable short syllables, implying imageless both spiritual and scientific connotations. By their utility in both of these fields, this unique lingo has overcome, both rigidly grammatic Hebrew and rhythmically poetic Persian.

Since the time the Arabic emerged out of Hijaz, its motherland and flourished wide, following the footprints of the warriors of Islam to the east and west, it has become the lingua franca of the entire region of the Khilafat.

Both grammarians and dialecticians make their appearance all the where in the realm. Literary efforts are going on fullfledge. But long before the birth of Islam nomads of the deserts of the Arab peninsular have sung ballads of eloquence. However, Hajrath Ali is the fountain of the honour. He is considered to be the torch bearer of the Arabic grammar and its philology.

Nowadays in our own land of Euphrates, from Koofa and Basra, varying schools of grammar have emerged. Because of the quarrels and conflicts between linguists and grammarians of these schools the vernacular of the desert has prospered and flourished as well.

The Arab language has become a parlance of pride and found prevalance far and wide. It has gained power and gathered special privilege wherever it has gone. Of course, the verses of Kuran the final wordings of the Lord, the Compassionate, aptly has set its sailing all through the world”.

Thus the flow of the soul, of the Hajrath Yahya Thabrizi, cheered to the echo by the students in a classroom of Nizamia college, kept young Abdel Khadir amused for an hour as he stood by its walls near the door.

The learned professor continued to speak up the merits and wonders of the Arabic. He said, “The names of the God, Almighty is said to be numbering a thousand, amongst it an hundred names are pronounced in Al-Kuran. They are called Asma-el-Husna the beautiful names of Allah.

The word ‘Allah’, the name of the God in Arabic bear connotation in abundance, that so much is not found in any

other language on earth.

The Kuran observes as follows:

He is Allah, than whom there is no other God, The knower of the invisible and the visible, He is the Beneficent, the Merciful.

He is Allah, than whom there is no other God, the Sovereign Lord, the Holy one, Peaceful the Keeper of faith, the Guardian, the Majestic, the Superb. Glorified be Allah from all that they ascribe as partners (unto Him).

He is Allah, the Creator, the Shaper, out of naught, the Fashioner.

His are the most beautiful names. All that is in the heavens and earth glorifies Him and He is Mighty, the wise”.

Reciting thy verse Asma-el-Husna from Kuran and then rendering its meaning in Persian Language, the principal of the college, the learned Abu Zakariya Yahya Thabrizi concluded his speech sayings: “The very word Allah, stands to be an example to the antiquity and the literary sublimity of the Arabic language”.

As the learned principal came out of the class room, he was wondered at the sight of the stranger at the portals. To his inquiries the response of Blessed Abdel Khadir was apt and interesting.

Apprehending at once, the thirst for knowledge of the young man, his aspirations to join the college as well as his holy descendancy, he took him to his office room, made all arrangements to enroll his name and to accommodate him at the adjoining hostel of the college.

Blessed Abdel Khadir learned Fikeh, the Civil code of Islam, which is derived from the Kuran and Hadhis of the Prophet, from Hajrath Khazi Abu Saidh Bin Ali Mukarram and few others. He was taught Hadith, the sayings of the

Prophet (peace) by Abu Khalib Ahmed, Abu Khalib Ali and others.

The respected principal himself imparted in him the grammar and literature of the Arabic language and made him an adept of the subject.

With him Abdel Khadir was having only forty gold Dhinars given by his fond mother. The money was enough for few months for his personal expenses. Later, he was left to suffice with one meal per day. He was mostly hungry during morning and night hours.

However the penury could not disturb his search for knowledge. Days rolled on fast. The time made changes in his physique and psyche.

He learned from the college not only the religious lessons, he also acquired the knowledge of science, medicine and maths. He studied astronomy too. He burnt the midnight oil. Whatever he was taught, he could assimilate in him easily. His prudence and erudition made his teachers awestruck. However, he considered his breath of life was the knowledge of the Providence and his own atman. When his heart went out on the metaphysical questions he kept awake during night hours.

He will suddenly get up during midnight and will run to the backyard of the mosque in the college campus and throw out his questions to the sky:

“Oh God, where art Thou?”

“What is the real purpose behind your creation?”

“Oh the vast wide and vacant sky! What is the secret behind you?”

“What about your beginning and end?”

His sleeplessness and his odd behaviours kept his co-students baffled.

*Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits-- and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!
- Omar Khayyam.*

13. TABLEAU OF THE PROVIDENCE

It was the morning hours of a day in spring. Abdel Khadir was strolling along the green fields and he was amused by the sight of the blooming apple trees, grape wines, fast running brooks and still silent little ponds.

Herds of sheep and cattle were grazing by the meadows and some donkeys and zebras were roaming around. Blessed Abdel Khadir, after walking a long distance along the outskirts of the city, reached a ruined mausoleum amid a palm grove.

The bird of time was on its wings. In the city of Baghdad, the very name which meant the Grace of the God, the young Abdel Khadir deeply absorbed himself in his studies.

There were many Bakhnama or cognomens and pet names to the city. It was called Medina-el-Salam, the town of peace, the Medina-el-Kulafa, the capital of the Caliphate and the like, but 'Baghdad' was the popular name of the town.

The river Tigris which interceded the city into two halves was the life line of the metropolis. The high raised buildings on both of its banks, palaces, mosques and mausoleums, the straight, parallel broad pathways were prompting a majestic look, while intermittent green parks and wooden groves were ameliorating and conjuring up the beauty of the city.

There was a story around, that once Imam Shaafei of

Cairo asked one of his disciples whether he had visited Baghdad, when the student shook his head in disapproval, the learned just commented, "You have neither seen the world nor its people". Baghdad was so famous a civilized and cosmopolitan city around the earth, in those days.

The young one walking, now approached and entered the dilapidated building amid a badamistan, almond grove and sat on a mound at the entrance of the mausoleum. Relaxing, he began to read a book of medicine, which he had brought with him.

As he tried to memorise few passages from the kithab, the book, there appeared on the threshold of that inn, an old man with long beard and discerning books. Glancing the young one on the mound, he called him loudly and asked him to get into the inn.

Just after few enquiries, apprehending that the lad is a thaalim, a student of the Nizamia Institution, he seated him with respect at the living room and introduced himself an Unani Haqim, medico of Unani system, namely Udumane Harouni.

The young lad was very much pleased to see him as he had already heard about him, a genius in medicine, astrology and metaphysics, lonely staying at the northern fringe of the city.

Briefing shortly with Abdel Khadir, the Hakim comprehended his hereditary lineage from the Holy Prophet (peace) and the place of his birth. He was so much gladdened and elated, that he asked the lad to visit his abode often and to turn out there for any of his needs and necessities.

Construing his interest in medicine, the medic began to converse with him on the Pharmacological book of El-Rasi,

which the lad possessed with him. For sometime, they debated and deeply indulged in the subject.

By the time a woman of twenties got into the inn and said salams to the physician. He welcomed her and asked about her welfare. The young lady was polite and she complained the plight of her sterility.

She begged him,

“Abu! (dad) My life has come to a dead lock. My mother-in-law asks her son to do away with me, since I am illfated to be an infertile woman. She has turned deaf ears to my pleadings.

“My husband seems to be much perturbed and, held back either to look his mother in her face, or to hurt my feelings. Will you please help me for God’s sake”.

The pathetic story of the lady carried away the pleasant atmosphere, that prevailed there and the physician sadly turned to the lad and explained him the sorrows of the woman in the pickle.

“This is a queer case of sickness of the uterus. For long time, I strained at El-Razi, and Firdaus-el-Hikama of El-Thabris and some other translated works from Hebrew at a stretch in search of a cure for the disease. Every effort went vain. It seems she does not have a hope in hell. She has to get along with her fate, no other go”.

He fixed the sobbing woman with a pitiful gaze and then the elite scholar closed his eyes. He withdrew himself to focus all his attention upon ‘Lauh-el-Megful, the role of the eternal fate’, hanging at the gates of the Providence and kept himself there, vigil for some time.

With an heavy breath he came to earth and turned to her to apologise, “Daughter Fauzia, keep courage. There is

no child for you found in the testament of the Lord Almighty. However, I pray for you to ease the heart of your mother-in-law, Allah willing she will change her mind and accept you earnestly”.

Weeping, the lady got up behind the screen and started moving out. Casually she turned her face into the living room to bid salams to Hajrath Jee. However, she stopped abrupt and urged the Hakim Saheb to come at hand.

As he did she anxiously spoke to him in queer voice:

“Abu, Who is this strange young man sitting with you. I saw him in a basarath, dream the previous night. He promised me a child, in the vision. Only now looking at his face I am reminded of the dream. Will you please ask him to make a prayer for me?” Stood in awe, Hakim Saheb thinking much of the lad, paced his steps to sit aside him, informed him of the dream of the dame and her humble request. Blessed Abdel Khadir now wondering at the sudden shift, made a dhua(supplication), for the woman loudly.

As Fouzia got up and went near the threshold, she slipped complaining giddiness. Hakim came near her and took her left hand in his hands and tried to feel her pulses. He was surprised to feel the presence of an embryo in her womb.

He comforted her saying, she is conceiving and gave her some pills for her giddiness and leghyam for strength. As she started home the Blessed Abdel Khadir also paying adieu to the learned Hakim left there for the college.

However, the learned physician puzzled out for a long time and decided to get a view of the Louh-el-Megful again. There was clear verdict now on the tableau of the Providence, that she will soon give birth to a child.

When he retorted, how could it happen while few moments back he had witnessed at the tableau, the infertile nature of the lady.

There echoed a response from the threshold of the Providence that the lad who had come to him was the promised 'Muhyidheen - the Reviver of the faith!' And it added the young boy prayed the Almighty, to change her fate, whereas the Sheikh just witnessed the tableau of the fate.

Hajrath Uduman Harooni was appeased and turned his ardent looks on the pathway where Blessed Abdel Khadir made his exit. He breathed deep in anxiety and set his heart on lad's next visit to his place.

*And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas -- the Grape!
- Omar Khayyam.*

14. THE RAIN AT THE BEHEST

After few years, it was the winter, but rain had failed for concurrent years. The rivers went dry. The fields lay parched, the groves and gardens went withered. There was scarcity for drinking water. Famine and poverty prevailed all through the El-Gesira, the peninsular, Iraq.

City of Baghdad had lost its glory and magnanimity. The rulers were put to hardship to manage the worst ecological situation. Tigris became a bed of sands. Penury stricken mass longed astray and thronged the banks of the river to dig out roots of shrubs and scrubs to suppress their pangs of hunger.

Blessed Abdel Khadir was not exempted, he had to go without food for days together. Even then, whenever he got some eatables he was sure to share it with other poor people.

The sky was glowing reddish and the sun set was getting near. The Blessed one was on his foot along the lawns via the outskirts of the city.

As he heard the Azan of the even tide prayers, he got into a nearby mosque performed ablusion and halted near the muezzin who was crying Iqamath, the call of attention.

The salathees, worshippers assembled in rows. The Imam, who was preceding the prayers turned back just to verify the readiness of the followers. But his surveying looks stopped, startled at the face of Abdel Khadir.

At once he withdrew himself from his musalla, the prayer mat, caught the hands of the lad with piety, guided him to the imams prayer mat and asked him politely to lead the prayers himself. The lad could at once remember and recognise him as Hajrath Uduman Harouni, the Unani medico, whom he had seen years back at the outskirts of the city.

The usual prayer was over, darkness had entered in and dry breeze prevailed through the prayer hall. When the young lad sitting on the musalla raised his hands to say Dhua, the invocation,

Hajrath Uduman Harouni sitting behind him made a request in low voice, "Ya Habibi, Abdel Khadir, please beseech the Lord for rain. People are penury stricken. Animals and birds are dying of hunger and thirst. Allah has all the will to heed your supplication, please pray for the suffering poor folk of the land".

Blessed Abdel Khadir silently turned back and discerned at the anticipating face of the Sheikh and began to beseech ardently.

Moments later when he raised his voice aloud, soaked with piety and perseverance, there was sudden change in the dull dry air that was coming in through the windows of the mosque, now it was soothly and cool followed by flash of lightning and heavy thunder.

Showers drizzled and later poured heavy rain until the dawn of the next day. The dried lands became wet and rivers were flooding. The hearts of the people became jubilant.

*And if the Wine you drink. the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in -- Yes--
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be -- Nothing -- Thou shalt not be less.
- Omar Khayyam.*

15. THE RIDDLE OF THE CODE

Professor Khaya Haras of Nizamia University was arrested by the ruling authorities of Baghdad. The reason behind his arrest was that he issued a Fatwa, the condemnatory on the palace.

And hence the city of Baghdad was in a a grip of despair. The royal family of the domain was facing a destructive doom. The monarch and his queen were entangled into a dispute of divorce between them. Because of the dilemma the Nizamia academy and its erudite scholars were also facing a disaster.

Madhrasa Nizamia had gained reputation as a great unparalleled seat of learning for the culture and wisdom of the Islamic civilization. After the disappearance of the Professor Gazzali the curriculam experienced a setback.

However, Professor Abuzackaria who took over the seat of the chancellor, turned the corner by his own efforts and put the college back to its wheels.

By this time, Professor Khaya Haras, a friend of Professor Gazzali and a renowned scholar of the college was arrested and put in custody for his stated adverse remarks on the efforts to dissolve the thalak, the divorce, the King pronounced on his wife.

Higher authorities of the college were thrown into confusion and were unable to work out the professor's release from the confinement.

By the time Blessed Abdel Khadir was in progress of his studies, in the college.

Abbas Ahmed Musthahsir Billa was on the throne of the caliphate of Abdasid dynasty. Meanwhile, Barkiyarook the Sultan demised the efforts made by his adherents to crown his son Malik Sha. But Mir Muhamad of Aaron invaded the city and usurped the thrown.

In the meantime, crusade was on its threshold in the western borders of the domain. While Fathimates of Cairo sent spys and rioters into the borders of Abbasids to instigate violence and civil obedience to topple the caliphate.

Since, both Fathimid rulers of Cairo and Batinis, the religious revolutionaries were Shietes by school of thought, they worked hand in hand against Abbasids.

All the worse, the Mutasillas surfaced again putting forth their rationale countering the ethics and etiquites of the Faith. They argued that Allah stands aloof of His creation. The man's part is just obeying His rules to gain for the hereafter. They condemned holiness of the Saints and disappoved their divine powers.

While, there prevailed such a confusion and chaos in the arena of religion and reign in the domain, Mir Muhamed though he had usurped the thrown, came out with flying colours in his efforts to maintain peace, law and order all through the territory and won the hearts of its citizens in a short time.

Everytide has its ebb. By a slip of his tongue, the King Mir Muhamed pronounced a conditional talak to his wife in front of his courtiers. He uttered muttalak a conditional final

divorce, in bad temper. If he would not be able to perform a religious duty, that he only at a fixed time could perform which nobody else in the world at the same fixed time do, the divorce would go ipse dixit.

Ulemas, the learned and Hukamas, the jurists all the where in the domain, put their heads together to get the king out of the riddle. But all efforts met bad end. A plea was sent to the Nizamia college too. No scholar in the arena could make a break through.

Since the Professor Khaya Haras asserted boldly, that it is foolish on the part of the king, to make such an hasty utterance and then trying, to get off by hook or by crook, he was arrested and jailed.

*The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.
- Omar Khayyam.*

16. CUTE ANSWER OF THE PUPIL

It was Thursday of the week. Inmates of Nizamia hostel were out for the week end. It was a pleasant forenoon. Blessed Abdel Kadhira came out of his cell and proceeded towards the mosque inside the campus.

He has completed the bachelor degree in various disciplines Moulvi, Hafiz, Aalim, Qari etc., and had appeared for the Master Degree the Fazil.

And by this time staying in the hostel and brooding over his future.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira who had learned the primary courses in Hadis and Kuran in his town itself, had now expertised himself in both these subjects in the Nizamia. He mastered over Arabic and Persian languages in both courses of Maani, the grammar and Adhab the literature.

He learned Seerath-en-Nabi (The biography of the Prophet) and Seerath-en-Alam (The history of the World) Akhaidh (The principles), Fiqh (the law) Manthik (the logic) Hessab (the maths).

He became a good Qari, the one who can recite Kuran following the rules and regulations of it. As he vociferated the verses of the Holy Book even the band of learned were stricken down by the sweetness and softness of his voice.

Thibbee (the medicine), Geography were the other

subjects he was imparted. Thasauff (the gnosticism) from its the theoretical and literary point of view, Tharik (the measurement of time) and Haiath (the astronomy) were taught to him thoroughly.

Inspite of having undergone studies in such enormous bulky syllabus he found in him an unsatiated thirst of knowledge. Art is long but short is life - is the proverb that applied apt to his temperament at this turn of life.

As he stepped down the way to the mosque, for mid-day prayers, he saw a crowd of people in and out of the Nazar's office, and turned there to know the cause for the hurry burry.

A discussion was going on there inside the Nazar's office for hours together. The scholars, professors and erudites of the college had assembled there to get liquidate the decree of divorce between the royal couple.

They made a search through and thorough the ethical volumes to find whether there could be a typical duty of the Islamic creed that could be performed by a person at a time alone, all around the globe.

But the game was not worth the candle. The discussion went futile. The assembly was about to disperse.

Somebody suggested from a corner anxiated to escape the royal rage, that a common declaration could be made announcing that the pronouncement of divorce itself is false, because it was uttered in bad temper. But no one took it to account.

The sametime, on his way to mosque, the Blessed just peeped through the window of the assembly hall, anticipating to note the matter that was going on there. Thabresi, the Nazar who caught a sight of his peering eyes through the window, asked him to come into the hall and seated him in a

chair by his side. He elaborated to him the dilemma in detail.

And added, "We have got ourselves in a fix regarding this matter. Could you find a solution. Please ponder over. I hope you can". Nazir's polite request kept others astonished .

The best of the bunch of professors in the hall also anticipated to get a positive answer from him. Of course, he was only a pupil of those scholars, they cherished always a good opinion, about his knowledge wit and intuitive wisdom.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira kept silence and in a flash of time began to speak courtly, "It stands out to my mind. But you are all learned and my respectful elders, would I be pardoned if the riposte is worthless". He stopped and began to peer watchfully on their faces.

Thabriza himself gave the nod and asked him, "Don't be hesitating to speak from your heart. All day long hunt up for an answer should not end futile".

The beloved young one broke the ice,

"The man who spelt 'talak' should be sent to the House of God at Mecca and asked to perform Umra the circumrounding while none else should be allowed in the meantime to perform the same rite.

He paused awhile and proceeded, "I hope this will go in accordance with his conditional divorce and dissolve the decree de jure".

All faces ringed around him, including that of the Nazir brightened up at once. The verdict seemed parexcellence and it put them at their ease.

Thabriza was all smiles, Professors mutually looked at each other and nodded and winked in acceptance and appreciation of the adjudication of their beloved disciple.

There arose a loud noise in the hall, "*Allahu Akbar! Al hamdhu Lillah (Allah is great! Praise be to Him!)*".

The Nazir kissed on the forehead of Blessed Abdel Kadhira and hugged him affectionately.

The scholars started leaving the hall. Nazir stood up from his chair and asked Abdel Kadhira from bottom of his heart, "What are you going to do my son? If you are willing, I will like to assign you a seat of tutorship in our curriculum itself".

Blessed Abdel Kadhira said courtly, "I always do oblige you. However, many moons ago I came over here and now I long to see my mother at Gilan.

*The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all -- He knows - He knows!
- Omar Khayyam.*

17. THE CUPID'S ARROW

Just as Blessed Abdel Kadhira entered the gates of the citadel and was rushing towards the mathlab he was caught by the sight of a dove fluttering down to the earth, and a vulture hovering overhead after the slipped off prey.

At once he hurried up to the spot and took aside the bird in his hands. The frail body of the fowl was shivering and wet with blood.

He went in and sat down on his chair in the mathlab hall and began caressing its delicate body with his bare hands.

At the sametime, Bibi Medhina, the princess of Baghdad who was sitting behind a transparent screen, ogled at the marvelous scene.

Witnessing visibly a miracle that the bleeding wounds of the fragile vessel of the pigeon disappearing, by the magical touch of her master's hands, she got excited. She was unable to control the unbound bliss that ran through her body and soul and sat spell bound for sometime.

It was early morning hours of a pleasant day in winter. The birds were chanting to welcome the rising sun. Scattered dark clouds were found roaming along the sky.

The cool breeze from the Tigris running nearby was fetching mirthfully chillness into the apartments of the royal

palace. The greeny park around was wet with showers of rain that drizzled the previous night.

The fame and reputation of Blessed Abdel Kadhir had spread in and out of the metropolis. Learned Khazis and Hukamas found no hesitation to call on him, bowing at his quarters to discuss religious dilemmas and get cleared up the perplexing questions of Shariat the code.

The name of Abdel Kadhir had become popular recently because of his Fatwa, he pronounced which relieved the royal family of Baghdad from the doom it was facing.

After this peculiar event there was a call from the palace of Sultan Mir Muhamed.

While he responded politely, he was appointed the muthakallim, the teacher of the residential mathlab, the school at the premises of the palace to train the princess and few other duchess and countess in Kuran and Hadhis, and other subjects both of faith and secular.

Bibi Medina, the Princess herself a beauty was quiet intelligent too. She was just eighteen, but her thirst for knowledge was competent and she was always wise and witty. She with her colleagues would sit, behind the curtains in a manor house, amid the almond, fig and mango grove inside the fortress.

Blessed Abdul Kadhir, the muthakallim was twenty eight then and was in the good book of the royal house. His gentle behaviour, although himself a bachelor amid the youthful royal ladies, exhibited his spotless character, and earned reputation to his carrier as a teacher.

Begum Medina Sahiba quiet amused, neighed to impress her presence and politely offered her salams to him, from behind the screen. Blessed Abdel Kadhir replied her salams and easing himself sat on his chair, while the dove was let to perch

on the table. From behind the curtain, Bibi made her voice, "Shall I speak to you master, I have a question to put to you".

Blessed Abdel Khadhir always had a soft corner for Medina Sahiba in his heart and invariably paid attention to her queries since they were always scintillating. He said, "Welcome" and began to keep himself prepared to give her an apt reply. However the question came behind the purdha took him aback.

She courteously spoke. Called him "Ya Syedi, (Sir)" and continued, "With your magical power you have relieved a fowl from its fatal death". She sighed deeply and it was visible.

She resumed in more soft voice, "I would like to know when you are going to heal the pain in my heart, awaiting your proposal".

Instantly a bird from a nearby tree fluttered its wings and leaves along the bough rustled. The query was unexpected one to the youth and it made him speechless. Suddenly the fragrance of rose and jasmine flowers stealed in from the adjacent garden.

The silken curtain swang and the parless beauty behind it blushed. She again sighed deeply and it was apparent. On his part, he had expected just a doubt from the lessons.

The cupid's arrow, the princess aimed at him in the lonely atmosphere of the garden house, struck him down and he sat dumb for sometime.

The river Thijla which was flowing on the other side of the walls of the fortress was silent but the fishermen rowing their catamarans, were vociferating a song from the Psalm of David.

"Lord Almighty I trust in Thee only, let me not be ashamed.

*Accept my words of penitence for the sake of your
Benevolence.*

*Lend Thy ears to me, my Lord and relieve me of my pains
Thou art my hill and hillock for trust and succour.*

*Thou art my fortress for safety and joy my Lord, let me not
be betrayed".*

Meanwhile, Medina Sahiba from behind the screen peered at the apple of her eyes fervently and resumed chanting her melody.

She said, "I come to know that your invocation saved the entire country from grip of drought and famine. The people praise the very prayers of yours that fetched heavy rains flooding all the dried rivers of the land. I heard that your prayers relieved a sterile woman of her sorrows and gave her an offspring. Yet my eagerness for your goodness is different. You have saved my life by dissolving the legal decree of divorce between my parents, otherwise my life could have been scattered to pieces. So I decided that you only could be my life partner".

She paused a minute and proceeded to give out her heart frankly. "I am not going to compel you. Already I have spoken to my mother and through her counselled my father. He was readily willing, but hesitates.

"Because he says he had come to know, some elite of the city had already offered their daughters to you. Your refusal to accept and your Sufi way of life, preferring bachelorship holds him back. By the force of these hard inflexible circumstances, I chose to talk to you myself on my own behalf".

She stopped sharp and looked into his face for a positive response, with glow of fervour.

Fresh air from the adjacent river was still protruding into the cottage. Doves from the minarets of the citadel made a sudden chirp and flight producing loud noise. The mood of the very nature seemed inviting him into the shrouds of her love.

Oh Dear! The youthful master spurned. Excited, gave a wary look at her. Intending to put out the fire of love in her, he tried to counsel cautiously.

Breathed, "No! Bibi Medina, please, be not allured of the miracles happening around me. I am not conjuring them up, nor I consider myself the cause. They happen all on their own accord from the days of my childhood. Really, I am puzzled at the reason behind the phenomenon.

"So, be not carried away by a fancy. Regarding myself, I am more concerned about the wisdom of the Eternal One. It is still evading my sight, even after entering and staying in this city of learning and enlightenment for years together.

"Of course, I mastered over the disciplines of the Shariat. But I am athirst of Allah Himself, knowing Him, loving Him, attaining Him and that is all the aim in my life. Bibi I am sorry I am unable to..."

He paused to resume: "I dont want to hurt your feelings by my words. I am really sorry".

The exchange of words between them halted abrupt, as other girls of the mathlab, a bevy of beauties, cleaved in with Kithabs in their hands. However the eve's concluding words hurriedly hurled at him exposed her broken heart to him.

She shrieked, "No! No more of your making peace. I have made up my mind. I am not going to turn a new leaf. I will be waiting for you even to bad end. No bother, if I pass away a spinster!"

When the day's lessons were over the master, the Blessed Abdel Kadhira returned to his abode in the Nizamia Madharasa campus. He seemed worried. He could not easily get rid of the decisive words of the princess, ringing in his ears.

The night unusually became hot, moist and still he kept await on his bed until midnight.

*The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash not a Word of it.
- Omar Khayyam.*

18. THE DOVE BROKEN HEARTED

The day dawned and birds began to sing. Orchards in and out of the city eased the life of the people with fresh air. There was unknown music in the atmosphere. The mood of the blossoming day turned totally to be pleasant.

The master, Blessed Abdel Kadhira was on his chair. The class room was full. After reciting a passage from Kuran, the master inquired the pupil about the lessons taken the previous day. And they replied "Hadhis-el-Qudhsi - the traditions received from godhood."

He asked anyone of them to brief yesterday's notes on the subject.

Bibi Kulsum, the intimate of Bibi Medina, began to read yesterday's observations from her writings-

'The Prophet emphasised seeking of knowledge is a bounden duty on both men and women. He stressed further, it was a duty of course if the knowledge is found even in China'.

'The Prophet said on another occasion, it is a moral obligation on human beings to search for and reach the doors of a spiritual teacher, who will guide him unto God, even if he could be found either in China or Syria'.

*(Ja alma Farlun ala Insanu ana mathluba Sheikhan Kamilan
va idama makanahi Bi seen va Bi Sham.)*

From behind the screen now Bibi Medina retorted, “Ya Syedhi, you art the Kamil - Sheikh (the perfect guide unto God) for us. Will you be pleased to intiate us on the way to learn about the devotion to attain God and avoid mundane passions”. Blessed Abdel Kadhira was taken aback. He felt his inability to answer the question properly. He laughed in himself the artful device of the princess to catch him on the hop.

Driven to the wall, he tried to get on with, “I am not a sage nor a trained Sheikh. My knowledge of the invisible is only conventional. However I will like to tell you few Hadhis in accordance.

The Prophet said, *‘I saw my God and then worshipped Him (Raaitha Hu Thumma Ibadhattha Hu)’. He said on another occasion, ‘I saw him as an alluring beauty (Raaitha Rabbi Be ahsani surathee)’.*

So it is logically derived that the devotee should try to see the God. Then only his belief in Him will become perfect.

The Prophet had also said, ‘One who has not seen his God is only a kafir (non-believer)’.

There prevailed silence in the mathlab, since the sayings of the Prophet put forth by the master was new to them and was perplexing.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira tried elucidate the Sphinx by turns and degrees:

“Thasauf the wisdom of the eternal one is an odd subject.

So far as these proverbs of the Prophet, there are so many controvercies regarding them. Hukamas the Juries do

argue, if they are genuine or not.

The love upon God is itself an interesting theme. Reputed scholar Imam Gazzali has given some ideas over it. I have taken notes of them from my seniors. I have not seen the learned one personally. Verily by the time, I entered Baghdad he had left the city in search of eternal wisdom. His whereabouts are still unknown.

He has stressed that love of God does not end with observing Halal the right and Haram the wrong decreed in His book.

Those people who abide by only the code are not on right path.

Allah has mentioned the nature of the true believers: He says that believers love Him and He loves them. Allah is different from human geini. The man can love his own geini only, for Allah is not at all a geini, man cannot love Allah. This is a logical derivation, but made by some people in delusion.

Hajrath Hasan-el-Basri said, 'Those who know Allah love Him and those who know the earth hate it'.

My personal opinion considering all these sayings is that all our aims in life should be to meet the God and see him beyond doubts.

And another saying of the Prophet is thought provoking. Regarding Miraj the event of his meeting with God, he said, 'I saw Him at the time of Miraj as a Juvenile Bliss'.

At once Bibi Medina whispered to Kulsum, sitting by her side and she in turn loudly retaliated. "Master if so, whether Allah is a male or female and what kind of bliss is to see Him. Will you please clear our doubts?"

There arose ripple of laughter in the hall and the master

spoke after a while, "Good! it is a proper question in this regard. These are all unanswered questions, but I am sure of the Hadhis: 'The contentment of a believer is nowhere except in the meeting with his Lord Almighty'".

He continued to say: "There are so many rhymes and couplets made by eminent Sufi Masters, longing for the meeting with Allah. I think, last week I was talking to you about a verse of such category. Could anyone of you remember it to recite?"

Bibi Medina preceded all her colleagues to vociferate by her sweet voice which was blissfully vibrated by the walls and the roof of the hall.

'Rubba Varka a hathaubi Bi Luha Dhatha Sakvin Sathathu banani.

And it was the saddest tone of the dove with broken heart. The leaves of the bough, where on she is perching, are also in the grip of grief.

Thahartha alban va thazras alikba fafakath hajna fa hajath hajni.

The bird laments something about love and a tragic happening in the past and its depressive sad tone, dips me too into the depth of sorrow.

Fabukai Rubbama Arkaha Vabukaha Rubbama Arkana.

Of course, her heart is shattered to pieces. Her grief makes me distressed and my grief makes her more distressed in turn'.

The birds perching on the trees around in the groves had stopped their rejoicings and lent their ears to the enchanting voice of the princess.

'Valakath Thashkullana afhamaha vahakath askubana thabhami

However the meaning of her words are not known to her.

Thafra Anni Biljava Ahrifuha vahuja Ahlan biljava thahribui only.

By the agony of love, I could know her, and by the same agony, she could recognize me'.

Avoiding the looks of her colleagues, Medina Sahiba wiped off the flowing tears from her eyes. However, it was visible to the master.

Bearing up, he said, "This is a sonnet made by Majnun Aamiri. Though it seems a verse on mundane love. Its actual meaning is yearning for communion with God.

'Ha' the ending syllable in every couplet of this poem is feminine in gender, it is customary in Persian language to denote by 'Ha' a devotee of God, who in disguise as a girl vociferate a sonnet of love unto God".

When the master concluded his opinion about the Magnum Aamiri's song, Bibi Medina burst into tears and her sobbings broke out the silence prevailed there. The cat came out of the bag. The intension of Bibi became known to all her friends. Everyone of them was taken aback.

But they found themselves helpless.

The master set off to leave the mathlab, the dove with a broken heart, Bibi Medina had to take another birth to capture him.

*I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And merry-make; and the cold Lip I kiss'd
How many Kisses might it take -- and give!
- Omar Khayyam.*

19. THE TIDES OF TIGRIES

It seemed an isle betwixt Tigries and Euphrates. Not far off was the spot where these two rivers merge together. There arose commotion of dashing waters. Blessed Abdel Kadhira was walking ahead of the spot.

It was a deep forest of banyan, bead, bamboo and tamarind trees. The boughs hovering over made the spot dark and fearful. However, deeply immersed in his thoughts Abdel Kadir treaded along the narrow path.

The merchants of the caravan with whom Abdel Kadhira was travelling to his native town, were at rest at a worn out fort nearby. The mules, donkeys and horses were also dozing, because of the tiredness of a long journey.

The affairs that took place in the premises of the palace, the day before yesterday, came to his mind. Bibi Medina's image appeared before him. Her pleas and plights even now ringed around his ears. He tried to brush off the disturbing thoughts.

The very night, that followed the day that witnessed the cupids play, at the palace, the young one spent sleepless. At the early morning of the next day he came to a firm decision. The purpose of going to Baghdad, getting knowledge at Madharasa Nizamia, is over now. So he should return home to meet his mother and other relations.

Bidding adieu to all his colleagues and comrades and his beloved seniors in the Madhrasa and its abode, he came near

the northern gateway of the city and joined a caravan passing by, headed towards Armenia via his home town Gilan.

Two days later, when they reached a ruined fortress of bygone days, halted there to spend the night hours.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira was now walking along the path, parting away from the band of merchants ahead, the dashing waters of the rivers.

Meanwhile the surging tides of the river Tigris seemed to him to echo the words of Mansur-el-Hallaj. 'Anal Huq (I am the Truth - I am the God)'. The very words behind which there is an interesting story of a Sufi Master.

It was an unforgettable event in the Islamic History. The very words were the cause for the Sufi's arrest by the then rulers, for his trial before the judicial court of the Abbasids, and to the verdict of the juries ruling capital punishment on him.

While Hallaj started to shout his mouth off the secret of the Haqiqath (the pathway of the Truth), Syedhina Junaid el Baghdadhi, the chieftain of Sufi circle, warned him to restrict his tongues, from trumpeting the secret of the Almighty in public.

Finding his eyes drowsy, due to the drinking the nectar, of unity with God and His Omnipresence, Junaid urged him to escape into the wilderness.

The distinguished Chief of the Shiekh's foretold him, least the axe of death will fall upon his neck. But Hallaj, retorted, "No bothering. See, if the axe of death fall on my neck the cloak of Sufi will slip off your shoulders".

The declaration of Mansur-el-Hallaj, "I am the Ultimate Truth" became the talk of the town and reached the court of the Caliph Muadhasim.

It raised a question of law and order. Hallaj was put to trial and punishment. But the caliphate hesitated and asked the head of Sufi's of the time, Hajrath Junaid-el-Baghdadhi to attest and ratify, the decree of the juries.

The renowned Sheikh enabled himself to do so, removing the cloak of Sufis and donning the dress for Ulemas.

Hallaj ascended the daise of genocide and vociferated the song:-

*Unless one has immersed himself in fire of love
He cannot identify his loved one*

*One who has not forgotten himself
And find himself the love herself
Is not at all a lover*

*This is the Eternality of love
And you my people
Now you are all going to see the Climax of Love
Myself immersed in love of God.*

He laid his head on the pulpit and dagger fell upon his neck and finished him in few seconds.

However, the head and other limbs cut off rolled out of the daise cried aloud: "I am the truth".

And his blood too whirled and shouted, "I am the Truth".

This incident found in the history of Islam came to the memory of Abdel Kadhiri. He walked near waters of Tigries, which once upon a time, when ashes of the cremated body of

Mansur-el-Hallaj, thrown upon, raised to tides.

In Blessed Abdel Kadhira's mind, a doubt surfaced. Is there any contradiction between Shariath (The Law) and Haqiqath (The Truth)?

The Shariath declares that Allah is the only Truth but Hallaj who claimed the character God, of his own, when put to death claimed it by his severed limbs and blood.

Is not it a puzzling that the soul of a man claiming the quality of God openly and the nature witnessing it in public?

The event written in the history of Islam could never be erased. The game of death played by Hallaj, whirled round his mind. Meanwhile a bright phantom appeared before him .

"Oh Abdel Kadhira! Don't be afraid, I am none but Hallaj who stands before you, as a question."

Now, comforting himself, Abdel Kadhira offered salams to him. He responded it and said, "Abdel Kadhira, Allah has called upon his slaves, in His Book to ponder over the facts, symbolically he has given. But man is unable to understand everything in the Book.

"You have come from Allah and you will return to Him' is the sentence in Kuran. These are verses known to all Muslims. One who returns to Allah will become His light.

See Abdel Kadhira look at my body made of His light. This is the symbol of love unto God. Because of my love unto Him I came out of myself and mingled in His light.

Oh! Abdel Kadhira, I am the symbol of Love unto God Himself, for all time to come.

Man was made out of water and earth. The air is inbreathed and out breathed by man. As the air is blown in

the pervading warmness in him. He will get a bright picture of himself, that is called atman.

The Kuran rules, 'one who has brightened his soul is victorious and one who has burried it in mud is at loss'. The words pronounced by me that, 'I am the Truth' is not my word but the word of Allah Himself. I am not responsible for these words of Allah".

Slowly the phantom began to disappear. The Blessed one returned back to the old fort, the Kabila, the caravan was asleep.

*One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste -
The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing -- Oh, make haste!
-Omar Khayyam.*

20. PASS AWAY OF MOTHER

As the Blessed Abdel Kadhira got up early in the morning, finished his morning prayers with the Kabila and they were about to move from the resting place.

The young one had an urge in him to visit the river bank, where he had the meeting with the phantom of Mansur-el-Hallaj. He rushed fast to the greeny spot. It was a place of sober silence, except the noise of the commotion of mingling river waters.

He stood there a moment closing his eyes and started to go back. But there was an unknown call from the nearby bush. It went, "O the inquisitive one, who art thou?" Perplexed, and confused he peered here and there, around the woods suspecting, if someone hiding behind the trees and trying to terrify him.

No one was there but the voice came again behind the bush, "Who art thou?" Now he began to answer boldly and sounded up, "I am Abdel Kadhira".

"No" the unseen retaliated, "It is the name given by your parents!- What is your original name?" Stunned, the young one told, "I am a man". There was a sound of laughter from behind the bush and it tarried again. "There are thousands and millions of men and women upon this earth. We want to know who art Thou".

Dumbfounded, the scholar from Nizamia stood there motionless. There was again jeering laugh and the voice proceeded, "You are not known to yourself. But you are trying to go back home, as if you are fully well versed with knowledge and wisdom".

Confused Abdel Kadhir treading back to the dilapidated citadel found the place vacant. Kabila had already deserted the place. Hesitating for sometime Blessed Abdel Kadhir walked back to Baghdad, within a week. When he reached the Madharasa he had a bad message that broke his heart.

He was told that his mother had passed away recently at Gilan. And he had sent a messenger, from her death bed, bidding him adieu and sending some gold coins for his expenses.

He spent the whole night, awake in the adjacent mosque, recited the whole of Kuran and offered it to the benefit of his mother's soul.

Of course, the rules of the fate had written too much of bad happenings in his life.

When he was at Gilan his mother once recounted him a unique happening. While he was in her womb, one early morning in the twilight when his dad had been to mosque for prayers, a magician turned at the house and slammed the door.

As she opened, he tried to kill her, but the hand of the baby who was in her womb, came out of her abdomen and killed the magician by a sword. Finished, as she entered the bedroom, there she heard a mellowing voice, that she is going to give birth to, but 'Gauz-el-Azam - the greatest of the Saviours'.

But the things going on in his life are so wild and blunt. He could not make out how he could become the greatest Saviour of the people.

*Oh, come with old Khayyam, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.
- Omar Khayyam.*

21. THE GARDEN OF ROSES

The Blessed Abdel Kadhira was on his chair in the Madharasa cottage in the premises of the palace. Because, he had not slept the previous night his eyes were swollen, the eyelids were inflamed. He was sobbing and weeping all through the night in sad memories of his mother. Now his sublime face looked shadowed with sorrow and distress.

Informed of the arrival of the master at the mathlab, after ten days of his disappearance, most of the students thronged into the hall shortly. Bibi Medina too hurried in. Muthakallims, the girl students mutually offered salams amongst them and to the master Abdel Khadir.

Since the cottage had been kept closed for the past ten days, students themselves swept off the dust on the floors, and swiftly arranged the utensils in order. But there was a tinge of melancholy in the air.

As all of them were properly seated in the room a friend of Bibi Medina broke the pervading silence telling:

“Since, your goodselves had not turned in, for the past ten days, we were all confused a lot.

“The day after your absence, there was an urgent courier from the army quarters, of the eastern sector of the empire, that Batinis had made a law and order problem.

“The ruling authorities ran out of the situation in the city of Esphahan. His excellency Mir Muhamed left the

capital immediately with his troops to put out the mutiny. We were in darkness”.

Just as Abdel Kadhira started replying them, he chanced to have glance at the face of Bibi Medina, who was staring at him fervently.

He said, “I am unaware of the events here at Baghdad. I was on journey to my home town, Geil, to see my mother. However she had passed away even before my arrival there”.

As he stopped sadly, Bibi Medhina broke out sobbing, “What happened to her? How the message reached you?” All other young ladies were taken aback.

Meanwhile one of them set aside the screen that hanged between the master and the girl students in the class room.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira could closely look at the gracious face of Medina for the first time. Tears were flowing out of her eyes. Instantly he could discern the tender passionate looks of his mother in the gleaming eyes of Bibi.

*“Is she the one born in the womb
Of my mother of earlier births.
Or the rebirth of my spouse
Of the previous births
As the scrolls of China preach.
Or is it a garden of roses
Designed by the Almighty
To relieve me of my pains?”*

The song of Turkministan read long before, passed through his mind, all of a sudden.

Bibi Medina broke out to weep heavily and all her friends too were caught in unbound sorrow. Blessed Abdel Kadhira was unable to help. He held down his head to shoulders.

He had to console them, "All Allah's willing." He said "I lost my dad in my childhood days. My mother brought me up passionately as an adolescent of appreciable characters. She sold out an apple grove of my Bab, to afford me to go to Baghdad for higher studies.

"Now, before her demise, she has sent me eighty golden dollars through a messenger, and through him only I got the news of her passing away".

The distressing words of the young master made them all the more sorrowful. There remained a long silence and to put an end to it, the master asked them, "Allah is great, please tell me the affairs here in Baghdad, when I kept away from here."

Now it was Zuleika, the daughter Dhivan, who brought out the happenings of the palace and the empire:

Bathinies looted some of the Haj pilgrims of Sindh, Mavaraunahar and Khurasan enroute to Hijaz at the outskirts of city of Rei. Some of them were slewed to death.

Since Bathinies are hand in glove with the Fathimates of Misre the incident was presumed as a political design. Sultan Mir Muhamed proceeded immediately to put out the riot. The time being Sultan is camping at Esfahan.

He said, "Of course disturbances made by the Bathinies are increasing now and then, they play the spies to the Fathimate Calephate at Cairo. It has become a known fact. The faith is facing adversity and ordeal".

One of the students interceded, "Could you please explain us the doctrine and principles of the Bathinies?" The master explained their motto, and their designs to usurp the political power, the Bathinies all over the Islamic domain.

He added, "The Christendom has declared war on Islam. Some of regions of the Abbasids, Baithel Muqaddis. Anthaqya and Riha have already fallen in their hands.

This is a testing period for Muslims. Christians at the borders and Batinies inside territory make trial and tribulation. I think you all know the proverb that, 'Everyone should love his country even if it is an hell'.

By this worried circumstances, Sultan Mir Muhamed is away at Esfahan. I am sorry about the plight of his family here. Allah is great, let us bear up and go to the lessons, as usual from tomorrow".

As he started home, the students offered him salams and dispersed off.

*'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one day by one back in the Closet lays.
- Omar Khayyam.*

22. FLIGHT OF THE PIGEON

'The womb of the time is ripen but nobody knows its outcome,' is a famous saying of Hajrath Ali. The very next morning, when Blessed Abdel Kadhir entered the mathlab, a sad message was awaiting him.

He was given a note of message by two of his girl students from Bibi Medina.

As he read the letter, he was unable to bear up..

*Respected Sir, a courier came here late by last evening,
informing my father was wounded in the fight, and he is now
under medical care.*

*Since his condition is bad, we his family members are set
out to Esfahan at once.*

*When you are in the grip of grief, loosing your mother to
the ebb of life, my ambitions to serve you and comfort you have
become castles in the air.*

I am unable to understand the test of the Providence.

*Yours,
Medina Sahiba.*

He found himself at his wits end. Abdel Kadhir laughed within him. The mind of the man is always on the outlook for a cognitive support from another being. However, Allah disposes and makes him realise that He only is the support of His slaves.

His heart was broken by the events. He went into the streets of Baghdad, a waif like young boy.

"At last I am lost in wilderness like a crow, above the sea

In bewilderment, in the utter darkness of night"

The song of a Sufi poet ringed in his ears.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira was roaming on the outskirts of the city of Baghdad. He was having a tattered bag on his shoulder. As the days rolled fast, because of his sad and mad appearance no one could identify him.

He laughed at himself sometime. Sometime he wept. He spent most of his days hungry and thirsty. He spent his night hours awake. All his attempts to get a shelter went vain.

He laughed on the wrong side of his life. Now he was on the run seeking asylum from God Himself.

The large buildings and mansions on both the banks of the river Tigris looked as if pitying at him.

The meaning of the city's name Baghdad in Persian language is 'Gift of God', but in Arabic it meant, 'the place where the cattle are slaughtered'.

He could not understand whether the city is a gift or a slaughter home for his own self.

The story behind the city, states that the city was constructed by the Calif-el-Mansur at this place, which was just a village in those days. He named it Medina-el-Salam the City of Peace. Whether it is a City of peace or not? was the question in his heart.

He on the verge of despair stood on the left bank of the river Tigris, sang a song of benediction, looking sadly at the setting sun and the red hued clouds on the western horizon:-

*Alas! Is it not a well known fact
The succour of the God will set in
Only when the patronage of
Dear and near disappear*

*My Lord! It is the ripen hour!
Oh the Compassion and
Mercy of God
Come down to save me,
I plead come forward
To undo the tie of
Despair and sorrow entangle me!*

*Of course, No fear! Let the shadow
Of sorrow surround me
Or the darkness of dismay
Fall upon me.*

*At any cost I will not fail to swear
That the Praise be to Him!
The Lord of this worlds! Allah!
May come any trial, grief, distress or
Mishap, I will not
Extend my hands for help and relief
Except from Thee! Oh God!*

*The worries troubles and distress
That we face in our life
Could have come as a grace of God*

*Oh my soul so be not discouraged nor
Forfeit your trust in God*

*Bounties, that He bestowed upon thee
Count millions and charities
Showered are numberless;*

*Upon thy limbs and senses
He has poured His exuberance!*

*If you rest awhile to think over
You will realise it.*

*Oh my heart surrender
At His grace that rule
Over thyself and over the Earth itself!
Oh my self! Don't
Hesitate to call
Him aloud, shout out:
Oh the succour of God!
Oh the compassions of God
Come fast!*

*Come fast, relieve me
From the clutches of
Afflictions that break our throat
Oh my Lord! There is no succour
Shelter or safety for me from
Anyone else except from Thee!*

*Oh the virtuous one! Thou art
My trust, fail me not from
Safeguarding me of confound
And disbelief.*

*Oh God! Thou art the only
Guard for my trust
With Thee!*

*Oh! My soul! How long will
You be a simpleton keeping
Thyself away
From believing in the Lord?*

*How long will you struggle
The muddy offering of
Avoidance of Him!
Alas! I repent the days that I spent
Reckless without knowing Thee
And worshipping Thee my Lord.
Oh my sinful soul how long
Will you take to go back
And surrender at His
Feet, And repent for thy wrongs!
Weep and shed tears
To purify thyself by the touch of His feet.
Oh my self wail out to
Invite His succour.
Miss not thy Trust with
Him and vociferate to
Invite His succour*

*Believe in His grace
It will come even after
You loose your belief in Him*

*Oh my heart! Keep patience
And the patience is a shield
To those who don it over.
It will safeguard them
From adversities.*

*Get hold of patience
At the time of test,
The patience does
Not lie masked from*

*Compassion of God.
Those who wear patience*

*Will not go astray
Neither defeat nor despair
Will surround him*

*Of all the good characters
The patience stands above
One who dons patience
Stands victorious
Amid the human trials*

*Oh my heart! To come
Out with flying colours
In the tests of life
Seek His retreat!
Surrender thyself at Him!*

*Oh my Lord always shower
Peace on thy chosen Prophet
Muhammed (peace)*

*And upon His Kith and Kin
Descendants, and His lieutenants!*

*Until the day when believers
Could meet him at the
Banks of the river Kazhima
The Prophet who will
Show the path way unto God.**

Alas! Did the song reach Hijas, the abode of Holy Shrines at Mecca and Medina, leaping over the vast deserts?

* Translation of song of benediction, "Ya Kharathallahi" taken from Khasidha el Ghaudhiya.

*The vine had struck a Fibre; which about
It clings my Being-- let the Sufi flout;
Of my Base Metal may be files a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.
- Omar Khayyam.*

23. THE SONG OF SUPPLICATION

Few days later....

As he was treading along the streets of Baghdad, crying ya Kharathallahi (Oh the succour of God) with a tattered bag on his left shoulder, a passionate arm touched his right shoulder.

He turned back and looked at the moon like face of the unknown one. The tall figure, philosophic in his every accent, told him, "My dear son seek after a Sheikh (the spiritual master)".

The young one was suddenly reminded of the advice of his aunt Ayesha, in his early childhood days at Geil.

It came to figure in his thought that the very same saying of the Prophet, he had expounded to Bibi Medina in the cottage of the royal palace. 'To search and find the spiritual master is a duty on man even if he is found in Sham (Syria) or in Sheen (China)'.

He alerted himself and asked the unknown one, "Beg who art Thou?" The philosophic one replied, "I am the one, whom the Prophet Moses sought after". And at once he disappeared in the darkness of the night.

The Kuranic verse that referred to Khizhr the Prophet, rang behind his disappearance.

And the young one now began to cry aloud. "Oh my

Sheikh, my master, where art Thou”.

He exerted himself who recollect the song of supplication unto Prophet Muhamed (peace), taught by his Aunty Ayesha, in Geil and began to vociferate it out:

*O! Master, The Messenger of the Providence!
Lend me Thy hand, Thou art my dependence!
Light of the God! Only Thee for every Being
And the secret of His being gleaming
The succour indeed for all creatures.
The heavenly course for all futures*

*In the presence of God, who not was born
Nor gave birth, Thou climbed the gloried Thron!
A fountain leaped between thy fingers burst
Quenched in desert thy soldier's thirst!*

*Whenever I am caught in doom's peril
Patron! unto Thee only my appeal!
By Lord's grace relieve me of all hazard
Of life, And to me, thy Bliss be showered!*

*With an accent of acceptance, Behold
Me, My Lord, By thy grace sublime, me hold!
Thy admission and compassion do I need
None other than thee, would I heed or plead!*

*Gathering tinges of elegance in human race
God did wrought thy peerless beauty and grace;
Supreme of creation, the Heavenly seal
Of prophets, casket of all life art thou!
Yes! ever through him I forward my appeal*

For redumption from God, no repeal!

*Commending him my bounden duty
His herald is the lead to God's affinity
Upon him, Muhamed, offer enormously
Peace, peace, peace, anxiously.**

And when he ceased vociferating his song a vast silence enfolded the heavens and in the mirthful silence an unheard song was echoing from the depth of the cosmos.

* The translation by the author of the sonnet of supplication "Ya Sayyidhi, Ya Rasulullahi Kuthbiyadhi", sung all around the Islamic world.

*Into this Universe, and Why not knowing
Nor Whence, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the waste,
I know not Whither, willy-nilly blowing.
- Omar Khayyam.*

24. THE HOUSE OF COMPASSION

The young guy Abdel Kadhira was fed up with the life, because of the things turned out recently. Day by day his mind and body got wearied. The day of redemption was not found in the offering.

Even the tattered sac of clothes hanging from his shoulders seemed to him a burden. While wandering he happened to see a small pond and a old discarded mosque adjacent to it.

He came to the verandha of the mosque, sat there, ate a parotta taking it from his bag and laid himself upon the floor. Cool breeze from the pond, lulled him to sleep in a matter of moments.

He was awake after an hour. Closing his eyes he began to ponder over his plight. What is his goal. What is the purpose of his wandering and loitering?

Various doubts began to surface over his mind. Whether he has attained the wisdom he wanted?

However, beyond all these doubts and worries there was a sudden surge of bliss he found in his soul. He went into a swoon.

All at once Abdullah Saumai his maternal grandfather appeared before him in a vision. His daughter Saintly Ayesha was also standing along with him, they spoke to Abdel

Kadhir.

“Akhuan! (son), get up and go back to Baghdad. You will find there people who can satiate your thirst for knowledge and wisdom”.

As soon as he came out of the swoon he felt afreshed, stood up, made up his mind to proceed into the metropolis, “Oh God, show me the Scholar who will guide me unto Thy nearness”. His lips murmured as he hurried up.

On the third day, as he was strolling for sometime along the avenue he was taken aback to hear an harsh voice behind him bidding, “Hey you!”

He paused to look back and found a tall man, with bright face and broad beard, standing on the doorstep of an old building.

The man shouted at him beckoning his hand at him, “What for you pleaded with Allah Almighty?” It struck terror into his hearts. The unexpected query from an unknown man! As he stood dumbfounded the queer man stormed into the house, slamming the door behind him.

Devout Abdel Kadhir left the place at once and walking ahead few steps, he began to reflect and laugh in himself about the peculiar behaviour of the man.

However, he was shaken to the core momentarily, as it came to him that the query of the queer man was apt, while considering his plight.

In a shortwhile, he found himself in the grip of fear. His mind began whirling from all that happened in a matter of seconds. The strange man who appeared on the threshold of his house had asked him, ‘What he had pleaded with Allah Almighty’, the words ringed again and again.

Slowly it reflects to him that his continuous pleading with the Almighty, was nothing but, "Lord show me the spiritual Master".

'Is that man who appeared on the threshold is his Sheikh?

Had he missed him by misgiving or by bad luck?'

Devout Abdel Kadhira turned and hurried back to the house of the exalted man, where he was standing.

Alas! Pity on him, neither the house nor the queer man could be identified. He walked and walked in length and breadth of the avenue in vain.

He got tired and began to wail and weep, "Oh my Lord! Almighty! How foolish I was, to turn down the opportunity you gave me, to ignore the spiritual master you sent me".

His predicament became more and more worse, walking day and day out through the nook and corner of the town in search of the man, sent by the heaven.

He ate whatever he was given to him by the people who took pity on him. During the night hours preferred to retire at the discarded mosque. In those days of distress he dreamed dreams of excitement. He saw Prophets and Pious in these dreams as if they are bidding good wishes.

Sometimes he heard assuring voices and soothing songs in the air. It comforted him saying, "Abdel Kadhira, be not afraid".

One day the Imam of the mosque, an old man inquired the guy on what purpose he was staying in that deserted mosque.

The guy simply replied, "I came to this town sometime back to acquire knowledge and wisdom. But at present

loitering, in search of a Sheikh to get admitted into mystical orders and attain the secret knowledge of the Godhood”.

The Imam of the mosque was much pleased with the genuinity of the guy and sincerely wanted to help him. He immediately advocated him, names of few Sufi masters in the town.

However he contemplated aloud, “Ya habibi (dear friend), so many Sheikhs are there in this town. But we cannot judge their virtue by their appearance and pious behaviour. Allah only knows the invisible. He only knows the righteous among them.

“Of course you can approach anyone of them and get yourself admitted to the realm of Sufis. But to be certain to get a genuine person, do one thing.

“After the sunset, in the twilight, perform twelve rakaths of ‘Nafil salath’ and plead before the God, in a lonely place. This is an infallible way to get acquainted to a Divine Master.

“But you should not detain there itself your exertion. Say your prayers unto the Lord of Medina, the Messenger of God, and do implore his assistance”.

Blessed Abdel Kadhira now appreciated the likeness between the advice of the Imam and that of his aunty Ayesha.

The very evening when sun disappeared from the horizon, he began to perform twelve rakaths of prayer, after the usual salath of sunset. He again recollected the sonnet of supplication and recited out audibly sitting on the veranda of the mosque.

Within few days he was able to reap the harvest. The queer man who disappointed him on the door steps of a house now began to appear to him in his dreams. He saw him anxiously waiting for Abdel Kadhira at his doorsteps.

He was doing miracles in his dreams, flying on the sky, walking upon the surface of the water, bathing in sand and coming out of fire without wounds.

Now, the Blessed one was able to retain the face of the man in his memory. So, day by day he walked and walked through the streets of Baghdad, with inquisitiveness and anxiety looking at the face of everyone who passed by him.

After several days of pursuit, one tranquil evening he saw a sweet stall in the bazaar. As he got near, he felt very much greedy of the sweets, displayed in the showcase of the shop.

Instantly, saliva with a sweet flavour started to stream out from his tongue. He had not eaten anything. But it turned out to be a wonder, enjoying the sweet, without eating it.

Afright, as he tried to clear off himself from the place, the owner of the stall called him up and put his hands on his shoulder and he heard him say, "Bear up brother, the stall belongs to me, you are at liberty to eat. Ease yourself and take anything that catches your eye off".

Taken aback, Devout Abdel Kadhira started to look at the face of the stall keeper and it stood out to him, that he himself was the queer man who appears in his dreams and the one who strangely reproved him, month back, standing at his threshold.

The Blessed Abdel Kadhira again and again looked at his face and making certain that he only could be his Sheikh, knelt down and placed his forehead on his feet.

However, the mystic seized hold of him, embraced him and kissed at his forehead saying, "Abdel Kadhira, and now the gates of gnosis are opened to you, by the grace of the Almighty".

*Said one - "Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell;
They talk of some strict Testing of us-Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well".
-Omar Khayyam.*

25. THE WORLD OF PLEASURES

The earth looked anew and the sky was clear. The dark clouds that hovering over dispersed at the dawn. The heart and mind of Blessed Abdel Kadhira was afresh and gleeful.

When he entered the house of the Sheikh Hammad, he felt as if the doors of the Truth and Wisdom opened to him.

'Asked of wisdom a scholar just gestured his index finger at a wise man': The proverb, studied somewhere now came to his memory. The Sheikh namely Hammad gave him a treat, nicely prepared by his wife.

The delicious dishes prepared at the house of the Sheikh delighted him. The Sheikh talked only a few words and kept long silence. He just asked Abdel Kadhira, "You have learnt enormous on Fiqh(code), do you need gnosis too?"

Blessed Abdel Kadhira kept mum and avoided answering this question. His thoughts tossed here and there. But the Sheikh laughed at his helplessness. "No, the clumsy heart should be cleared off and then only the gnosis will spring up from within". The Sheikh aired this couplet.

The same evening the Sheikh took him out with him, passing few lanes he arrived at a Kankah the monastery. Few pupils staying here went out to receive them cordially.

Though the cottage, the school of gnosis of the Sheikh,

was small, Blessed Abdel Kadhira sensed an air of enthusiasm and contentment in that small inn.

Sheikh Hammad introduced the new comer to the inmates of the hostel . “See brethren this young lad is coming to our place seeking gnosis. He had a Fazil degree at Nizamia college. Though younger than all of you, I find in him gloriness which will be noticed by the entire world, in his prime. He will be staying with you”.

Everyday in the twilight at sunup and sunset, Sheikh will spend few hours with his disciples, at the Kankah. He will teach them in common and inquire them individually, of their practice in mystical disciplinaries, in privacy.

Day by day Abdel Kadhira learned varying and discrete meaning for the Kuranic verses and sayings of the Prophet from the discourses of Sheikh Hammad. But Sheikh never invited him for personal inquiries neither imparted him any special knowledge of the Thariqa, the spiritual path.

One fine evening, when sun went to cross the west, leaving its salutation to east. Sheikh Hammad came into the inn just after the afternoon prayers and sat down with his disciples and began to narrate them a story.

He began to speak with an impressive note, “my dear children, the story I am going to tell you is not at all an imagery, but it really happened at Turkministan. But there are a lot of things we have to learn from this story.

There was a king of Turkministan who ruled over the entire land with unsurpassed power and hegemony. Colloquially people will tell, ‘the king was so notorious, that even a crying baby will shut its mouth, at the pronouncement of his name’.

One day, in the spring he went on hunting. When he

ran alone after a deer into the depth of an orchard, he saw a damsel of elegance like a goddess of delight and diligence. All at once, as he looked at her bewitching beautiful eyes, he fell in love with her.

The very same day she was eloped to the palace of the monarch. She was sheltered in a separate alcazar. She was bathed in milk and rose water, dressed splendidly and decked with costly ornaments.

The king who was awaiting the approach of the night, moved into her apartment, as if the twilight enters the surface of the earth. He was with full hope and aspirations that she would be gleeful and glad that she has become the sweet heart of the king who rules over the country.

Alas! He was disappointed to see her worried and discomfited. She neither considered him nor tried to respect him. He was told, by the servants and attendants, that she was suffering from a sickness of giddiness.

Medicos were warranted but none could diagnose her illness. No medicine could relieve her of her dizziness. All those physicians who attended her came to the decision that the disease is of unknown origin and remedy is not in the offing.

However the king declared, 'My life itself is not at all a matter. She only is the life of my life. She is the remedy for the pain in my heart. I will spend all the treasures in my gazana, for her convalescence'.

Medicines given one after another increased her disease, day by day she became debilitated. The eyes of the king shed out tears of blood.

Ginger increased the giddiness. Rose water aggravated the heat of her body. Fruit juice induced stomach ache. All sort of therapies became poisonous so far as her illness was

concerned. And the materia medica lost its merit and meaning with her sickness.

As he once for all came to the conclusion, that no physician in the world could investigate her sickness, he ran unto the portals of Almighty God.

When darkness hovered over the surface of the earth, he was at the mosque and prostrated salath after salath. Weeped and sobbed and at last fell fainted on the prayer mat.

As he fainted down momentarily, he went asleep. In deep slumber, he saw a dream, the Dictum of the Kuran: 'Certainly we respond to them who do discourse with us (God)', became a truth in his concern.

He heard the voice of God in a dream saying, "Oh the King, good wishes to you, your pleadings are accepted at the santum sanctorum of Lord Almighty.

In the very morning hours of tomorrow, an unknown person will come to you. You should take him as our messenger to you. He is expert and adept in medicine so be sincere to him and behave loyally and obediently."

The very next morning the hour of the good grace arrived in. The hunter of the east caught the Sultan's turret in a noose of light. The monarch stood alert at the gates of his palace. The predicted man of divinity as a moon clearing the darkness of the earth and sky.

The king himself ran into the street to receive him and knelt before him. Their spirits understood each other and the king said unto him.

"Oh master thou art the thirst of my soul. I understand it now. Things do come out one from the other in this world. So the woman became my love and from love only brought thee to me.

“You are to me like Muhamed Mustafa (sal) and I will obey you as Omar (Ra) and carry out thy words.

“Oh the light of Allah, one who will give his hands amid despair. Thou art the representation of the Prophets words that the key of the pleasure.

When the reception was over the King took the hands of the master into his hands and lead him into the alcazar of his palace.

On his way he explained all about the damsel whom he has brought to his palace and also the nature of her illness.

He seated the master by the side of her. All at once he looked at her face he was able to invest her illness.

He could easily find that there is no ailment to her body, but the disease was in her heart. The master said, “There is nothing troublesome to her physique. But some fault is found in her heart. I have to inquire and diagnose her knowing the nature of her illness. So vacate the whole place. Send all those attendants out of the place and leave me alone with her.

The king who had been inspired, by the dream he saw the previous night, totally vacated the palace and he too went out of it, without hesitation. Now he enquired her all about her childhood days and her plights of adolescence, her relations and friends etc.,

She openheartedly told everything of her family and friends. Her sad story, sold as a servant and worked under various owners, sold to one after another.

Finally, the wise one was able to distinguish a gleam on her face while the name of the town Samarkand was pronounced.

Inquiring her thorough and thorough he was able to investigate, that she had fell in love with a goldsmith, at

Samarkand, who lives at Kadudu street by the side of a bridge, namely Sareful.

He comforted her saying, "Young bird! I have understood your sorrow. Don't be afraid of, I have come here to help you only. But don't open your heart to anyone including the King".

After warning her, he came to the King and explained to him the nature of her illness to a little extent and asked him to fetch the goldsmith to the palace. Immediately an invitation was sent to him with costumes and costly attires.

The very words that, 'You are appointed as the official goldsmith of the palace', enthused him. He went forward unto his grave on his own legs. The king trusted with him the making of the gold ornaments to the royal house and obeyed the master, to espouse the damsel to him.

Long before the honeymoon was over, the goldsmith was secretly poisoned and within a fortnight he fell ill of leprosy. Shortly his limbs grew short and wounds appeared with oozing all through his body.

The damsel who had relished him now found him rotten, and began to hate him a lot. Because the infatuation that starts by seeing the beauty of the skin, never lasts long and that will end infamely.

The colourful feather of the peacock becomes its enemy. The beauty and handsomeness of the goldsmith became the cause of his early death. Soon after his death the heart of the damsel naturally swung towards the king.

She realized that he only is the lotus of her life. She benedicted for her sins and united her soul to the king. Her pitiable nature made the king more and more affectionate with her". The Sheikh cut short the story therewith.

*Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore -- but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.
- Omar Khayyam.*

26. PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

The very next morning the master came into the inn and began to expound to the assembling disciples, the underlying message in the story which he told them yesterday.

Dark clouds were gathering over the sky. Actually, it was drizzling that started before the sunrise. There was chillness in the air. However the Sheikh wore no shawls. Joyful and brisk he was. He spoke gaily:-

“O my children!

You are all the children of my soul. I have my own kith and ken and children. They belong to my blood, whereas you belong to my soul. The relationship between a Sheikh and his disciples is blessed and divine.

See my children, I told you a story yesterday and now I am going to elucidate you the spiritual meaning behind the tale.

Children! Lend your ears to me. In the story, I told you yesterday the Kings character represents the soul or the spirit (Rooh) of the man.

The soul has deep affection for the psyche or the heart of man. Psyche (Nafs) is represented here by the damsel. The soul wants the psyche to respond its love.

The psyche has different faces of it. Psyche libidinous

(nafse ammara), psyche repenting (nafse lavvama), psyche intuitive (nafse mulhima) psyche perfect (nafse muthmainna), psyche of love with God and loved by God, (nafse ralia, marlia) and the psyche serene (nafse kamila).

Worldly pleasures are personified by the goldsmith, the fiance of the damsel. Whereas the divine Master who diagnosed this sickness in damsel's heart (psyche libidinous) the filmsy nature of the earthly pleasures and guided her to get involved in love with the king, is Sheikh the spiritual master.

Only by the efforts of the Spiritual Master, the damsel relinquished its fancy upon the goldsmith. So the help of a Sheikh is a must for the pilgrim on the path unto Providence to purify his psyche from its nature of libidinous (ammara) and attain serenity (Kamila)".

The narration of Sheikh Hammad enchanted the disciples. He went on to drive home the meaning of Kalma, the aphorism of Islamic faith.

'Kalma' "La Ilaha Illallahu" has five 'Muquams' (Stations).

'La', 'Ilaha', 'Illa', 'Allah', and 'Hu'.

'La' denotes the body, the somo or 'Nasuth'. This may be called the "Wajibul Wujud" (necessary existence). The word 'Nasuth' also denotes causal world and signifies the four elements namely, fire, air, water and earth.

From the essence of these elements human body is created. The 'Nafs' of these elements leads to evil desires. So it is called, nafse-ammara, psyche libidinous..

'Ilaha' signifies the spiritual world which is also called 'Alam-e-Malakuth' (Angelic world). The 'Nafs' of this is 'nafse-lavvama'.

This 'Nafs' is more inclined to do good and has the desire to do good things.

It, however, tends towards baseness at times, it prompts bad actions. But it has the virtue to repent in the end for its baseness and feel ashamed of its sin.

The third station, 'Ilah' signifies the 'Jabruth' otherwise known as 'Mumthaniul Wajud'. This 'Nafs' derives calmness and happiness by the Vision of 'Allah'. This 'Nafs' is called 'Muthmainna' psyche perfect.

It has the ability of observing 'Jamal-e-Ilahi' (The Beauty of God) without any obstacle and this is called, 'Muquam-e-Haquiqaath'.

This 'Nafs' covers up the 'Nasuth' (causal world) and 'Malakuth' (angelic world), and it always direct its attention to both.

'Allah' the fourth station signifies, the 'Ariful Wajud' and otherwise known as 'Lahuth' and it is full of Eternal Bliss, without any form or design.

This 'Nafs' is full of mystic brightness, glittering in its psyche intuitive and is capable of receiving divine (inspiration).

It is fully conservant with its, self existence and it is the inner soul of 'Jabruth' and is called 'Mulhima'. This encircles the whole 'Nasuth', 'Malakuth', and 'Jabruth' and this is 'Haquiqaath-e-Muhamedi' (Reality of Muhamed).

'Hu' the fifth and final station, signifies Oneness of 'Zath' (Ahdiyath) the omnipresent. This is achieved by ecstasy of love. The self is completely annihilated and submerged into nothingness which in the words of 'Sufis' is called 'Fana' (Annihilation).

'Salik', the pilgrim starts from 'Nasuth' (Causal world) passes through 'Malakuth' (Action world) and 'Jabruth' (Attribute-world) and then through 'Asma' (Divine names) and 'Ayan' (Realities of Objects) approaches 'Zath' and becomes 'Fana' (Annihilation) in the omnipresent God.

Self-negation is the only means to 'Fana' in the 'Kalma'. The 'Muquams' (stations) are interdependent on one another and are also concentric.

So 'Nasuth' in 'Malakuth', 'Malakuth' in 'Jabruth', 'Jabruth' in 'Lahuth' and 'Lahuth' in 'Hahuth' (Zath) must disappear one after the other.

This process is known as "Urooj (Ascent) of Zath".

Then he descends from this station through inverse grades that is from the unawareness of 'Zath' (Hahuth) he finds himself in 'Wahdath' (Lahuth or The Reality of Muhamed) in which he realizes the collective reality of humanity.

Then he descends to 'Jabruth' or 'Wahidiyath', where he finds that his existence and knowledge is qualified with 'Divine and human attributes.'

Zath in all its purity permeates through the transparent bodies 'Lahuth', 'Jabruth' and 'Malakuth' and descends to 'Nasuth'. The impurities of 'Nasuth' or human body block the passage of 'Zath'.

The fortunate are those who acquire knowledge of God by getting rid of these impurities and are able to have the Vision of God, with all its Bliss.

Thus 'Nasuth' or Casual world is like a mercury coated glass (Mirror) reflecting 'Malakuth'.

Just as a mirror reflects the objects before it, the human

body reflects the Illumination of God, in all His Beauty.

So one ought to be vigilant and strive hard to see this Illumination of God, in all His Beauty. So one ought to be vigilant and strive hard to see this Illumination of God, in himself during his life time.

Somo the human body is a blessing to receive the 'Tajalliath' (the Illumination of God). Hence it is 'Wajibul Wajud', (Necessary Existence) which is capable of receiving Divine Revelation.

Oh my children! The pilgrim who is poised to behold the Lord of the Universe and His Illumination in himself should endure all the perils and hazards on the path.

Sufis used to say, 'Those who are afraid of dangers do not set out on the path of lovers (lovers of God)'.

*Then to the rolling heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, "What Lamp had Destiny to guide
Her little Children stumbling in the Dark?"
And -- "A blind Understanding!" Heav'n replied.
- Omar Khayyam.*

27. THE RAINBOW AND THE UNIVERSE

Concurrently on the third day, early in the morning Sheikh Hammad called at his monastery. It was drizzling, cats and dogs and songs of twilight birds filled the atmosphere. As he stepped into the verandah of the cottage his disciples rushed upto the entrance to receive him.

There were exchange of salams between the master and his admirers. "Peace upon you", they mutually wished among themselves. Peace prevailed over there, in contrast to the hustle and bustle of the city, for the monastery had been situated amid a grove.

Before entering the hall of the cottage, the Sheikh called them out of the hut and showed them the rainbow that appeared on the southeast horizon.

It was usually bright and radiant. He stood silent for sometime and briefed that the scene of the rainbow bears an inner meaning regarding the universe.

He asserted, "See, there are seven tinges in the rainbow namely violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red which are but emission of hues, from the natural white rays of the sun split up while rays of the sun traverse across water particles of rain.

Until the sun rays do not pass through a water particle, the emitted seven hues of the rainbow, were hidden in the sun ray itself. So as the phenomenon there are seven phases of existense hidden in the zath or absolute divinity of God".

And he asked them to enter the inn, seated himself, comfortably. When the disciples too occupied their seats the Sheikh began to shed light on the phases of Zat the Absolute Divinity.

“Children! The Universe that we live in, move about and look around could be called the outerspace. Our astronomers had done marvelous in exploring the sky. From the very beginning of the reign of Abbasids, they had been eager to sponsor and encourage scholars to investigate the phenomenon of Universe and its existence.

By the year 154 of Hijra, Mansur, the Kalifa entrusted Ebrahim-el-Faizi, with the translation work of Sudada, a study of Astronomy from Hind.

Mamun, the seventh of Abbasid Kalifas was himself a versatile scholar. He installed a research station of astronomy in Baghdad and a laudable library adjacent to it. There from Astronomers scrutinized the movements of the planets and stars and other celestial bodies.

Elfazari invented Ustarlab, the instrument that was helpful to measure the distance between earth and sun. Ahmad Farkani wrote a great volume on the subject. It led to astrology. Three famous brothers namely Muhamed, Ahamed and Hasan had built a skyscraper on the banks of Tigries. Therefrom astronomers probed the secrets of clouds, lightning, thunder and rainbow.

Since astronomy had the charisma to the spiritualists, there were stories and fantasies prevalent mingling facts of cosmos with that of the next world. However the bodies of next world heaven, hell, Arsh , Kursh etc., belong to inner world which is hidden within.

The similitude of rainbow bears resemblance to the reality of the inner world. Just as a rain drop or prism is

utilized to get divergent colours of rainbow, passing a white sunray into it, the Kulb or the heart of man is the prism through which we can behold the inner world of existence namely Ahad, Wahd, Walindiyyath etc.,

And now I am going to explain you the different phases of Divine absoluteness.

The Prophet said, "I am the Light of God and all other things are from my light".

The reality of Allah Muhamed and Adam are all one and the same. In this stage attributes such as life, knowledge, will power, hearing, seeing, speaking are manifested from zat by His command "(Kun) Be".

These three phases or stages of divine absoluteness belongs to Godhood, whereas the following phases belong to the creations.

The spiritual world is the first phase of creation. This is called Jabaruth or Alame Arwah. The state of Jabaruth is midway between the creator and creations.

The first of the creations is the soul of man. The light of zath illumines the soul.

The next stage is Angelic world. This is the world where the rewards and punishments for the creations are given. This is the world where heavens and hells described in theologies exist.

The souls of the blessed people and angels live in this world. They may take whatever form they like.

This angelic world which is otherwise called Alame Arwah and Malakuth is a prototype of the living world.

The sea and the shore, the forest and mountains, the earth and the skies, the night and day, the morning and

evening, the garden and the gardener, the bulbul and the rose, and happiness and sorrow are the facets of this world just as these are the facts of the living world.

The casual world or the living world is the sixth manifestation of Zat, the divine absoluteness. The quality of the world is to break, mix and worn out. This casual world is the place where the aim or target of the creations has to be attained.

The objects and entities of the world include all things from the throne of Allah (Arshe Azam) to the extreme bottom (Thahtatara). What once was bright body, has now become dark, mixed up with elements.

From spiritual world Allah has created four elements (anasirs) made up of atoms in various combinations and with their essence the casual world is formed.

The man is the seventh final stage of the divine absoluteness. The human body is created by the extract of casual world and the soul or spirit of God is breathed into it.

Thus the entity of man is a compound of Ahad, Wahad, Wahidi, Zabaruth and Malakuth. The man is the all in one and one in all.

The holy Kuran states, 'After fashioning the man I breathed in him My spirit (Kuran - 38:72)'. Though the man seem to be separated from his origin, man does not differ from his divine reality.

The Kuran says...'We are from God and we are (returning) unto God'.

Because of his holiness, God ordered angels, to prostrate before Adam, the first man.

'Ana serrul insan wa insane el sirri - I am the secret of man,

and man is my secret' - Hadis Qudsi.

Man's external aspect is the servanthood of God (Abdul Allah). His internal aspect (Bathin) is God Himself. When man with the blessing of God realizes his own reality, he becomes a perfect man (Insane Kamil). He becomes a mirror reflecting God.

The heart of the man is the prism, that will split and reflect the rays of Divine absoluteness into its seven stages and also the zat, the Divine Absoluteness itself".

*You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse:
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.
- Omar Khayyam.*

28. THE LIGHT OF LIGHT

A week later, the Skeikh continued to elaborate the subject of Maghribath, the gnosis. The atmosphere was pleasing. The disciples were in gay mood. As he started his discourse, Blessed Abdel Kadhira was wondering to have the messages hidden in between the lines of Kuranic verses.

One of the disciples raised his voice and said, "Beloved Sheikh, kindly elaborate us the ways and means of the path to reach God". The Sheikh said, "Observing all the duties of shariat you should come to the tenets of tharikath.

To reach God the Tharikas, the spiritual paths adjoin Zikhr the recital, the disciple should sit in the posture of Attahiyath in Salath, in a dark secluded place.

Closing both his eyes, he should feel, as if the breath starts up from naval and throw it upward to the right shoulder at the sametime conjoining the first syllable of kalma 'La' with the breath.

The second step is to cast the breath with next word of the kalma "Allah" out of the skull pit. Thirdly, he should hurl the breath with the word 'illallah' forcibly into the heart, meanwhile the disciple should contemplate on the connotation of 'illallah' he is reciting.

The practice of breath and kalma, said above, has to be done by the disciple until his (nafse ammara) psyche libidinous turns out to be a good one and attain the phase of (nafse lavama) psyche benedicting.

In the phase of psyche benedicting the practice of kalma is as follows. The disciple should close his eyes and keeping aware of his breath should recite, 'Hu' by inbreath and recite 'Allah' by outbreath. The posture for the practice could be whatever it be standing, sitting or lying at ease.

As he reaches the (nafse mulhima) psyche intuitive, the kalma to be practiced is 'Hu Hu'. When he reaches the stage of (nafse muthmainna) the psyche serene, there is no recital at all. The nafs enters the angelic world and its recital is the secret of soul itself.

Definition of Ishq the love: Ishq is love upon God. Plunging one's heart in thought of God and to attain Him to avoid eating, drinking, copulating and sleeping. And merging within Him is the derivation of the word Ishq.

But loving God for God's sake is a lesson that should be learned. Prophet (peace) said that the religion begins with knowledge of God (Avvalu Dheeni Mahribathulla).

Mahribath is the knowledge of knowing your ownself. Since, the servant of God is the knower of God and God Himself is the subject to be known. The knowing will be completed only, when the knower knows his ownself.

Knowing is understanding, knowing the definitions of God, aspiring to see him and observing the duties of Shariat is called Ilm-el-Yaqin ie., the Determination by knowledge.

Stepping forward in the path, is to search and meet a spiritual master and adopt the tenets of Thariqat.

The spiritual path by his authority and advice is called the Ain-el-yaqin. Determination by observance, withholding the image of the spiritual master in between the eyebrows, until it becomes the image of the devout himself is called Kamal-el-Yaqin the determination perfect.

Brethren! Be it understood, observing yourself in everything observed, and retaining that everything observed not other than God is the gist of the path.

Thereby, a disciple raised a question whether the *ishq*, love is the origin or the *gnosis* is the origin.

Knowing about a woman, induces desire in man and thus knowing about the God, induces love upon Him and so the knowing of God, the *Maghrifatulla* is the origin of the path.

And one proceeded to question about *Mushahidha*, the master replied "Observing the identities of God within yourself is *Mushahidha*. The God had said in Kuran, 'Have you not observed the identity of your God within yourself?'

"The God will appear to you in your own image or in the image of your master. The Prophet said, 'I beheld my Lord in beautiful image in the night of *Miraj*'.

To behold the Lord, and to feel Him in your ownself, is the aim of your human life".

When the Sheikh left for his home, the disciples indulged in discussing the details of the Sheikh's discourse.

The young *Abdel Khadhir* went to his bed laid down for a long time, brooding over the Sheikh's explanations and advices.

When he woke up in the afternoon, he had dreamed a dream in which his Sheikh spoke to him further, he realized but he was not able to grasp.

He got up from the bed, finished his prayer and headed towards the house of the Sheikh. When he reached the Sheikh's house, he was ready to receive him at the door.

Devout *Abdel Kadhira* was comfortably seated before the Sheikh. And the Sheikh placed both of his hands upon the face of the young disciple.

He then placed his first fingers on both of his eyes and pressed them smoothly.

There arose a light inside his eyes and a sound inside his ears.

The Sheikh said, "This is the Light of Allah in man. A practice of looking backward within eyes itself inwardly is the penance done by Prophet (peace) in the cave of Hijra".

*But come with old Khayyam, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobad and Kaikhosru forgot;
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hatim Tai cry Supper-heed them not.
- Omar Khayyam.*

29. THE SELF AND THE MASTER

The days were passing peacefully. The vast sky, wide earth, high peaks and deep valleys, tides of the sea, sands of the desert, greeny orchards, silk pastures and so on and so forth filled the closed eyelids of Blessed Abdel Kadhir, who day in and day out indulged in the practice of meditation, taught by his spiritual Master.

The Prophet said, 'A Sheikh among his disciples, look alike a Prophet amid his followers'. Blessed Abdel Kadhir found his Sheikh Hammad compatible to the proverb. The Sheikh's advice enriched his knowledge and wisdom.

Blessed Abdel Kadhir's strolls and strides in search of truth upon the hills and forests, his cries and tantrums unto the heavens, his devout exercises of his childhood days, had disappeared without trace.

As his master had taught him, where to search for the shade of the Providence and its aura, the young one held himself inside the hermitage. The separate room meant for him in the monastery had become the cave of Hira for him.

The venues and places, wherever he had roamed in his early years, now rolled within his closed sight behind his eyelids. The Geil and its gentle citizens, the Neif, his own village, in the hubbubs of Geil, his relatives and friends, parents and grandparents and teachers were now the live scenes of his inner eyes.

Not a dream nor fancy but a stream of spectacular

scenes as if astral bodies they were. The gates of the angelic world (Alame Arwah), described by his Sheikh, has opened itself to him.

His colleagues were wondered at his strains and strivings in the practice of penance. During night hours, if any of them woke up, he could find Blessed Abdel Kadhir, in meditating posture, or in prostration, performing (nafil) willing prayers.

His strenuous endeavours and untiring pursuit of benediction, were reported to the master by the disciples, he was all smile in spite of their concern. Though the devout kept off himself from the inmates, they cared to look after his needs.

The sixth century era of Hijra was approaching, political strifes were found all around the Islamic domain. El-Mustasir-Billah was on the Chalifate. So far as the basic needs of the livelihood people were content.

But the Fatimites, at Misr (Egypt) were scudding spys to intrude into the eastern domain, to arouse riots and made all the tricks and devices, to usurp the throne of Abbasids.

In addition to their Batini ideals, propogated by their agents, Muthasilahs and rationalists too raised their flag against the long cherished ideologies of the Creed.

Orators and dialecticians set the scene for debates on theological matters. Voice of the poets were preferred over the Kuranic verses. Pals of Allah (valiyullas) and the living Sufi masters were being criticized.

Theologians were interested in logically arguing the existence of one God. As they were enjoying the war of words, the Sufis indulged in experiencing the existence of God in their own self, and they lived a life radiating the qualities of Allah, following the tradition of Prophet, 'Nurture

in thyself the characters of God (Ahlakillah)'.

All the efforts taken in the path of Sufis, is to brush aside and clear off every other thing from their heart, make it the house for God alone. But to travel upon the path of Providence, without the guidance of a master is dangerous, was the Sufis' contention.

Not less than an year or so, Blessed Abdel Kadhira was in the practice of meditation, under the guidance of Sheikh Hammad, one fine evening he was dozing upon his bed, reflecting upon the happenings of the past one year.

While, Blessed Abdel Kadhira had to obey the orders, enjoined upon him by the way of intuition (Ilham), to approach some of his friends, known people and elites to get alms and loans for the expenses of the monastery, and for the livelihood of its inmates.

He had to do away with all his self respect, to go to their houses and to stand at their portals, humbly to persuade them. He crushed his ego and kneeled before the rulings, from the seat of God, that bubbled upon the surface of his thought as intuition.

He had to bear up with the fault finders, who criticized his Sheikh as a money monger and swindler and dubious man living against the tenets and doctrines of the religion.

One fine afternoon, as he was on the bed wakeful, brooding, there arose a sudden glow of light in his inner eyes. As it disappeared in matter of seconds, he found that he had become of his Sheikh himself.

Presently his physical body was entirely changed to that of his Sheikh, the Sufi Master. It seemed real and alive. Taken aback as he tried to get up from the bed, he found the intuitional appearance disappearing and he turned back to his own self.

Washing the face, finishing his afternoon prayers, he hurried fast to his Sheikh's residence, where he found him standing with a smile on the corridors of his house.

He welcomed him meaningfully, "Peace upon you, Abdel Kadhira, brush aside all the differences of the notion 'you' and 'me'.

"He is and isness belong to Him, only to Him, the God. The ardent disciple who has annihilated his self in the self of his master is designed to turn his face towards the Prophet of God".

The Sheikh took in his hands the disciples hands fondly and lead him back to the monastery. He called at once all other disciples before him and announced.

"O my children, this esteemed friend of yours, Abdel Kadhira, in future will become a great Sufi Master and pivot of Allah (Kutub), he will be respected by all the Saints of his time. By divine dictum he will declare that his foot be printed upon the neck of the pals of Allah".

He then ordered Abdel Kadhira to leave the inn at once and start his journey to Medina. The Sheikh kissed the disciple on his forehead and all his colleagues embraced him warmful with tears of joy to bid him farewell.

Abdel Kadhira left Baghdad, into oblivion by walk, as a free bird who makes his way towards the vast sky.

*While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyam the Ruby Vintage drink:
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee-- take that, and do not shrink.
- Omar Khayyam.*

30. THE MIRROR AND THE IMAGE

It was the season in Iraq to set out for Haj Pilgrimage. People were busy entertaining feasts to the pilgrims.

The Blessed Abdel Kadhira joined a group of people who were about to proceed on camels and horses, to Hijaz.

They had to travel over hilly areas and forests. They halted intermittently at villages of Kurds. The caravan was so fond of him that they readily provided him the daily bread.

He felt the travel so heart and soul, that his thoughts hovered over the holy cities of Islam, Mecca and Medina.

Since then, he was sending his soul to the house of Allah and to the Mausoleum of the Prophet. Now he is physically going to be present himself there, the very thought of it, gave him happiness and contentment.

‘Wherever you turn you are turning towards the face of Allah’, the verse of the Kuran brightened his face and looks. The sky and the earth, the places where human folk live and the forests, where the wild animals dwell, and everything in the universe, the ongoing and relentless spectacle, seemed to him reflecting a single living spirit behind them.

After a fortnight, the pilgrims arrived at a village called Ummul Kura, on the border of the sandy lands of Arabia. As they preferred to spend a day in that village for rest the quadrupets also had a lie down.

An old man of the village casually coming there, found the pal Abdel Kadhir, sitting with the caravan and invited him to his house for supper. It was a custom there, the residents on the way, feed the Haj pilgrims.

Sheikh Ali, the host himself a seeker after spiritual knowledge, was freaked out by the accounts of Blessed Abdel Kadhir. They held a night long discussion on the queer subject.

He had a vivid idea of the tenets of Islam. According to him Shariat, the code of law, purifies the physical body of the believer. The rules of Tharika, the mystic path, cleanse the heart of man.

Both the Shariat and Tharika enables the believer to attain Haqikath, the stage of reality, and thereby to reach the ocean of Maghriba, the wisdom of the Providence.

Sheikh Ali putforth a code of conduct, to traverse the path unto god as follows: The pilgrim who is poised to acquire the wisdom of the Providence should learn seven lessons.

The first of it is Mujahidha, the Test of Truth. The beginning of Mujahidh is self clarification. The believer himself should assess whether he is performing the religious duties for the sake of God himself or he is doing it on selfish motives.

Seeing the God alone in his field of vision, hearing the voice of God alone, getting for Him only and giving for Him only, thus ever indulging in Him and awaiting Him only is the end of Mujahida.

The second lesson is Thavakal, the Trust in God. Looking forward to the orders of God and always obliging His will. Remaining calm and composed and awaiting with forbearance, till the words of God come true is Thavakal.

The third lesson is Husn al-Hulk, that is the good conduct. The good conduct of the Prophet is described that he bestowed all earthly boons and bounties on his followers and for himself he preferred to reserve the God Himself.

The fourth lesson is Shukre, the gratitude. The gratitude is enjoying the bounties of God, making sense of it with thanksgiving. The gratitude promotes again the gratitude only.

The fifth lesson is Saber, the forbearance. All the Virtues and benefits surface out of forbearance and the Kuran's ruling is to seek the favours of God by prayer and patience.

The sixth lesson for the believer is to abide by the intensions of Providence. The slave of God should not give room for his selfish desires. He would not allow in him, his own ambitions and aspirations. Instead, he will allow the will of the Providence to prevail over his endeavours.

The seventh and final lesson to follow is, the Truthfulness. One who maintains Truth even at the time of an hard test is called Sadik. The character of Sadik is to retain truth, even though his good name is spoiled. He would not reveal the virtues, he is bestowing upon his people, by the endeavours he indulge in obeying God's decrees.

* * *

Sheikh Ali wanted to join the pilgrimage. The very next morning both of them made their way ahead of the pilgrims and a week later when they had reached an oasis they found it a breathing place.

There was a grove of mango and jack fruits on the bank of a large pond around, Sheikh Ali was relaxing with the caravan. The Blessed Abdel Kadhira wanted to have a stroll.

And as he walked near the pond he could hear the notes of violin and melodious song in the saddest tone of a woman.

Looking around he found a middle aged Arabic-Negro woman resting herself and her back on the trunk of a large almond tree, closing her eyes, tuning violin and faintly warbling her thoughts.

The song was so sweet and charmed, that it captivated him. He stood there sometime listening the enchanting words of her lamentation.

*Would it not happen that
The hero of my dreams and myself
Meet today in delight!
As if the daylight and darknight
Meet each other at the secret of twilight!
Will the Providence promote it
That this very day it happens!*

*I behold his divine face
As if the lilly in the pond
Peep at the fullmoon's grace.*

*I am alive upon this earth
Only to surrender me to his feet
Unto Him, in whose bosom
The eternity cherish.*

*My soul and body a feast to him only
O the syllables of my song
Take wings, go and delight his home,
Assure him that his negligence
Leads me to my doom.*

The song was over and she opened her eyes. But she could not believe her eyes that the hero of her heavenly

dreams was present in front of her now.

He tried to hurry back to the place where his colleagues were relaxing but the woman followed him and politely offered him salams. Sheikh Ali who was awake, got up to sit and enquire her plight.

She spoke outright, "I belong to this village. I was pleading the Lord Almighty for the past sometime to take me to a Sufi Master, who will show me the path of Providence. Only the last night, I had a vision in which I saw the holy countenance of this young man with an aura, and I was said, 'If you meet this man you will get salvation, and it happens today itself that I meet this young man. I do not know the importance of this encounter'".

She turned towards the Blessed Abdel Kadhira and spoke elegantly: "It comes to my memory that a tradition of the Prophet goes like this, 'A believer's face is a mirror for another believer'. I am grateful to you for coming into my presence and for allowing me to behold your holy countenance".

The same evening when the gang of pilgrims ensued their travel the woman bid farewell to them and came back to her home.

The night approached and the earth slept upon the lap of the darkness. It was utter darkness around. And she was awake. She was alone. And she called for him again .

"Come back my darling! O the darling of my heart. The world is asleep, no one would know if you come for a moment and hide thyself under my garment, as the moon hides itself under the blanket of the black clouds.

"Come back my darling, my ardent heart is full to the brim with love and if you come to snatch one and only one

kiss from my lips of honey no one will grudge it”.

And she found in her the soul of Blessed Abdel Kadhir whirling within her body and spirit. After a moments experience she heard the voice unanimous ,“You achieved the salvation of your life”. A bright image of herself appeared before her and receded from sight at once. And she found in her an abounding bliss.

*And this I know: whether the one True Light,
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,
One glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.
- Omar Khayyam.*

31. THE SEAT OF GOD

Dharvesh Abdel Kadhira and his pal Sheikh Ali arrived at the gate of Mecca on a bright morning, just when the sun erased the darkness from the surface of the earth.

The plateau, Beca looked yellowish, as they treaded the path on the foot of an hillock. The Kaba, the House of God and Mecca the age old town, wherein the Holy Prophet was born and brought up was now in their look out.

The sight of the city made them feel happy and ecstatic. There were hills and hillocks around and the plateau was an arid land of silky sand.

Even from the distance they could now peer at the scene of crowding people, around the antique fountain zum zum, which bears historic importance from the days of Abraham, the Prophet.

The city was a thriving market place from time immemorial. It was a junction of highway that extend between Eman in the south and Palestine in the north and the trade route between Red Sea in the West and Persian Gulf in the east.

Pilgrims from all over the globe entered the plateau, per the passes, that entered into the center of the city, as usual it was every year in the month of Haj.

Dharvesh Abdel Kadhira with Sheikh Ali was setting his foot into the metropolis, thoughtful of the clarion call of

Abraham the father of the Prophets, some five thousand years ago.

The clarion call of the good old Sage is still in the air and people of different races and linguistics gather at the sanctum sanctorum of Khaba every year.

Irrespective of their tongue and lingo the mass resound the tenor in Arabic: *"Labbaik Allahumma Labbaik - Coming on unto Thee my Lord, coming on unto Thee"*.

"Labbaika La Sarikalaka Labbaik - Coming on unto Thee, the Unequaled".

"Innal Hamdha Va niamatha laka val mulk la sarika laka- All praises and bounties and eternal sovereignty belongs to Thee O Lord Unequaled".

The voice of the crowding pilgrims reverberated by the walls of the sanctum rose sky high.

The thoughtful soul of Dervish Abdel Kadhira wailed: "I have come to Thy House My Lord, where art Thou?"

As he was circumbulating the Holy sanctorum, he could see the crowd gathering near the corner, where there is the Holy Stone Hajral Aswad, to touch and kiss it.

He kept back and awaited the crowd to clear off. As he got near the stone he could behold the image of his own countenance smiling at him upon the transparent tablet and it puzzled him a lot.

Meanwhile there was a voice of clairvoyance whispered into his ears the verse from Kuran, the Ayath-el-Kursh:

"Allah the one God and there is no other God beside Him. He is Eternal and Steadfast neither sleep nor slumber take over Him".

As he stood there taken aback, the countenance that appeared on surface of the tablet came out of it, as it

approached him its serenity increased as a full moon and it wished at him salam:- "Peace be upon you".

It spoke to him further, "O Abdel Kadhira! Leave everything except me aside and rely upon me only".

As the image disappeared the Dervish Abdel Kadhira got near the stone and kissed at it.

The God has said in Kuran that He has created man and blown His soul into him.

The God has said in Hadis-el-Kudhira that He has created man in His own likeness.

*For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Line
And "Up-and-down" without, I could define,
I yet in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but - wine.
- Omar Khayyam.*

32. GABRIEL AND MUHAMED

They both Sheikh Ali and Darvesh Abdel Kadhir performed all the rites of the Haj perfectly and set out for Medina.

Hundreds and thousands of pilgrims, who performed their duties had already made a start, the journey unto the city of the Prophet.

Medina, Medinathum Nabavi, the metropolis lay about some two hundred miles northeast of Mecca.

Now, there was a brilliant smile on the face of Dervish Abdel Kadhir and it looked, as if like the rising sun.

As he walked up the dunes and strands enroute Medina his steps seemed set stable and balanced. His broad shoulders looked as if it carried the whole earth upon it.

When they halted for the repose, in the night at an ruined fort, a Bard among them began to trill a song on the Prophet:-

*"O the King of Kings
It is your mausoleum that stands upright
To sound up the Eternal Love.

As the time passes by
The God had declared that
Without you there will be no creation at all
No earth, no heavens and no living at all.*

*Thou art the mystery of creation
And the secret of its secret
Is there any doubt
In the statement of Hajrath Omer
That death cannot take away your life?
Reckoning upon you and your life
Is the basis for our living.*

*Your flowery feet are the aim of our life.
The God was sending his
Prophets all around the earth
But the Prophecy ended itself
At your arrival upon this desert"*

The full moon was beaming aloft the sky and twinkling stars were in gay mood. The pilgrims were made overcome by the thought of the Prophet.

*"My Lord Muhamed
Thou broke all the ideas of polytheism
And made the slogan
'Allah the one God the Great' resound
All along the land and the seas.*

*If you had not made thy advent
Upon this world the idiocy of wisdom
Would not have disappeared at all.*

*O thou the unsurpassed Monarch on earth
Who lived in thatched hut,*

*O thou the valiant who loved
The poor and downtrodden!*

Peace upon you".

The night was very cold and by the midnight, suddenly an hurricane began to hit the sands.

As the travellers were fast asleep, safe in the fort, Dervish Abdel Kadhira had a dream:-

It was a beautiful chamber decorated by silky clothes and costly ornaments. Of course it was Arsh, the seat of God.

The bower had been closely surrounded by a screen. And the Holy Prophet Muhamed (peace) was standing, in the hall in front of a mirror, combing his head.

His face seemed pouring heavenly light blaze around. Now there is another lone person standing outside the screen.

He was opening the door by his hand and peeping into the chamber keenly, it was none but the Gabriel the Archangel.

Looking at Muhamed in the seat of Allah, the angel began to chant mirthfully:

*"Antha Samsun Antha Badhrun
Antha Noorun Favka Noori
Antha Iksirun va Hali
Antha Misba hissudhuri*

*Thou art the sun, Thou art the moon
Thou art the panaca for my illness
Thou art the Light for my heart*

*Ya Habibi Ya Muhamed
Ya Arusal Kabikaini
Ya Muwaiyadh, Ya Mumajad
Ya Imamal Kiblath aini*

*O Muhamed! O my pal!
O the Admirable one of the Universe
O the one who art
The look out of my eyes*

*Unto Thee my salams
"Peace, peace, peace!"*

Now the Blessed Abdel Kadhira was awake. The lonely presence of the Prophet in the seat of the God made him thoughtful.

*Lo! some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.
- Omar Khayyam.*

33. FATHER OF THE MAN

The day broke. The morning birds were on their wings towards the eastern horizon to behold the smile of the rising sun. And the flowers upon the waters and land longed for the kisses of the sun rays.

Sheikh Ali and Dervish Abdel Kadhir were trailing behind the other pilgrims not of tiredness but with mirth and happiness. Their hearts were singing in silence the praises of the Lord Muhamed (peace).

As they were making their way there was a sudden change in the atmosphere.

There was whirlwind and with the wind the sands of the desert rose upto the sky. Black clouds instantly gathered around and the showers of rain touched the earth.

The travellers had to hold back and refix their tents at once for shelters. Sheikh Ali and Dervish Abdel Kadhir managed to get into safety in one of the tents.

There were few people in the tent and Dervish Abdel Kadhir comfortably seated himself near the entrance of the tent peeping at the running clouds.

Presently fiery lightning and heavy thunder rocked the entire region. However, Darvesh Abdel Khadhir could behold an human figure descending from the lightning. Wondering, he keenly observed the figure, it was obviously a man, young and valiant but barely naked.

Is the very scene real or astral he could not distinguish. The man who leaped upon the earth, now began to run here and there, in a zigzag way, as if he had lost something and wanted it to get back.

He was an adolescent, but his looks were so innocent, as that of an infant baby. He seemed tired of running a long distance, and paused to sit under a banyan tree, closing his eyes as if meditating. Ye! He is none but Adam.

If he had not got near the forbidden tree he would have been safe from this encounter with doom and despair.

He could not forget the day when he was ordained to ascend the throne in a garden in the heaven, where the angels bowed to him.

But when boredom of loneliness took over him, his psyche cried out for a company. He craved for something that could not be attained from the blooming flowers, chanting birds and tasty fruits of the heaven's gardens.

When he was sitting wearied and perturbed in his thoughts, he found a queer new creation behind him. Wonderful she was! Like himself, having the five senses of perception. Seemed as if a pleasing palatable feast, he was totally allured by the very sight of the creature, Ye Eve!

She was graciously slim and slender like a vine. As she embraced him, he was like a tree to climb on and he took her in his bold arms. He was handsome and steadfast as the earth and she was as tender as the breeze of autumn.

He was under the impression that this life in the heaven is permanent. But one day when his companion looked confused and saddened, it made him fret and unquiet.

She said, 'We should taste the fruit of the tree that stands in the middle of the grove'. Turned a daredevil woman

she rejoined, "There is something mischievous in forbidding".

His advices went futile. She was determined and persistent in her decision to pluck the fruit. She was under the grip of the satan's counselling that her man will seek other woman, if he does not eat from her.

While eating he felt hearty and was content nothing wrong happened. When the feast was over he felt that he missed out on a test of the Providence.

There was a thunderbolt cleaving the sky, "Devouring the forbidden fruit you have gone astray. No more a fit person you are to live in this holy heaven.

The tone of the ordinance seemed determined, things turned against him. And he found himself on the surface of the earth.

The celestial world was a place of blissful experiences. Whatever he wanted was at his hands reach.

But now on the earth he felt hunger and thirst. But nothing he got there to suffice his appetites.

Just for reflecting that God is there and he is affectionate with him, so that this life in heaven is permanent and everlasting, he lost the whole.

The very thought separating his self from that of God was all over with him. At once he found himself upon the earth suffering under hot sun and cold rain.

He was not aware of his mat's plight.

However after a long search upon the earth he found her and they were ardently united.

Instantly she fell swooned and gave birth to a child. He found the child a replica of himself and his mate.

She got up and took the child to leave it to suckle her breast.

Only on that day he fervently appealed unto his Master: "My lord we have done wrong unto us, forgive us and show us the right way of life".

There echoed the word of God again from the sky:

"La Ilaha Illallah, God is the God and none beside him".

And he queried, "None beside thee? Me whom?"

The word went, "I am in you. Search and find me in you. You will be relieved".

And he heard the sky echoing again, "Muhamedhir Rasulullah".

"Muhamed?" The dad of the humanity exclaimed.

"Ye" the heavens ringed, "Muhamed is My 'fulness', if I am a thought he is the action, if I am a light, he is the sight, if I am a flower, he is the fruit. He is to emerge from your seed when the hour ripens".

He lived upon the earth for thousands of years and begot of children. And his children coupled and spliced among themselves and begot children.

He realized God in himself and died one day.

When he was buried, his children got near his tomb and bowed and prayed.

The place is Khaba where the first man was buried, realizing God in Himself. The astral scene ended abrupt.

The rain ceased and Dervish Abdel Kadhir resumed his travel with others.

*Listen again. One evening at the Close
Of Ramzan, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.
- Omar Khayyam.*

34. NOAH AND THE DELUGE

The pilgrims who were about to enter the city of Medina, Al Medina, the ancient Yathrib in western Arabian desert, which was developed from an oasis settled by the second century.A.D., by Jews and nomads of the desert, were jubilant making haste.

Devout Abdel Kadhira who was with the pilgrims together with his pal Sheikh Ali, was also thrilled but seemed reflective.

The historic sights and monuments along the suburbs of the city caused him to meditate on the epoch making immigration of Prophet into the city, the momentous Hijra, that came to pass centuries back.

The speckled evening sky is burning like a firepit. The white bed of the sand flashed like the surface of a golden river. From the minaret of the Prophet's mosque Muezin's call for the sunset prayers floats like a battle flag.

Leisurely camels wind their way like the lazy wind of the desert, swinging their humps and noses. And the sheep herd is returning home, the bleat of the little ones amid, and the bells around their neck mystify the twilight atmosphere.

Subsequently, memories over the early years of the Prophet's life surged in his mind, the pass away of his Pa, even before he was born on earth, the demise of his Mom, when he was a child of six year old, and his wretched life of

loneliness when he loitered amid the rocky hills and hillocks of Mecca, as an orphaned adolescent.

The reflection over the advent of Kathijah, the elegant, graceful lady of caliber in the life of the Prophet, like a pouring rain in the middle of summer, who embraced him as a breeze of oasis in his life of sultry desert, Ya! Kathijah, the consort of God's messenger, the daughter of the noble Kuvailidh, the muse of Arab, of course, thou amused me a lot!"

The gratification of his earthly expectations and the contentment of the Prophet, derived at her intimacy and his concurrent invasion into the cave of Hira, to hunt out the mystery of the existence, to get salvation for the riddle of Sphinx.

The hard penance, he carried on years together, with Haneefite colleagues of monistic order like Abul Khubais, which is dubbed as Sultan-el-Adkar, Suguna Anhad or Avaji savath sarmadh.

And the same is described as follows:- One should wind up the faculties of seeing and hearing, cognitively effacing the existence of things and objects upon the globe and the heavenly bodies, and penetrate his thought, and spread his own self thorough and thorough the entirety of the universe, and into the fullness of the Celestial Being.

This is a state of no mind. The mind covers your ego, your desires, your hopes, your philosophies, your religions and your scriptures, whatsoever you can think is mind. All that is known, all that is knowable is within mind. Cessation of the mind means cessation of the known, cessation of the knowable, when there is no mind, you are in the unknown. The unknown is the origin of the known.

Knowing from the unknown is the knowing of the ultimate reality. As you go deeper and deeper into the

unbound unknown, your knowing becomes more and more acute and active. The prophetic acumen of the Prophet and his outpour of the Kuranic warbles, are but the deep perception of the unknown by his mental sagacity. It is the opinion of the Sufis.

And instantly the devout was reminded of the Prophet's declaration 'He the God is one and He is great', and his life long struggle against setting secondary celebrities, which is deliberate outcome of his outstanding penance, the Suguna Anhad dipping deep the know into the depths of unknown.

Thoughtful as he got near the vicinity of the Prophet's mosque by the sight of his mausoleum and the minaret, he felt heavenly and his eyes were brimful of warm tears. When he entered the mausoleum and gained access to the tomb, his countenance suddenly turned bright, with rapture he saluted the Prophet with salavath, "May God bestow peace upon you".

He was on his feet for sometime, and he went down on his knees, the moment later eyeful he was. There befell a bewitching astral scene atop the tomb.

There appeared a female peacock having the face of the Prophet, displaying a dance of entice, and when the scene disappeared in a moment, there was a mellowing sound alluring. He stood there unmoved.

The angel of the night spread her wings over the earth. It grew utter dark around. The mausoleum of the Prophet, left vacant by the pilgrims, except the devout Abdel Kadhir, where he stood still unruffled, calm composed and placid, was being ruled over by extreme silence.

* * *

However the soul of the devout found itself, a dove on the wings of the eternity, swaying upon the boughs of the tree of time, the dimension.

There appeared a ship amid the rowing flood over the earth. As the water rose higher and higher above the ground, the ship began to float and the rain came down in mighty torrents from the sky.

Noah, the Prophet of God was inside the ship with his family, and with them in the long boat were pairs of every kind of animals and domestic and wild and reptiles and birds of every sort.

For forty days, the roaring floods prevailed, covering the ground and lifting the boat higher above the earth, until finally the water covered all the high mountains under the whole heaven. And all the living things upon the earth perished, everything that lived and breathed on the dry land. All existence on the earth was blotted out, man and animals alike and reptiles and birds.

God destroyed them all, leaving only Noah alive, and those with him in the boat.

Hundred and fifty days had passed, and Noah counting the days, came upon the deck of the ship, and found the flood not receding, as promised by God.

Noah narrowed his eyes upon the heavens and bawled, "O Lord Almighty! Why not Thou has fulfilled thy promise? Why the flood had not yet receded?"

Forthwith a fiery lightning passed across the sky scribbling the Kalima *La Ilaha Ilallah - Muhamed Rasulallah* - *There is no God but God and Muhamed his messenger.*

Noah utters by his tongue the scrawl on the blue yonder, and he mused again and again under his breath, "*Allah Allah Muhamed Muhamed*". A wind blew across the waters, and floods began to disappear. The days later the ship came to rest upon the mountains of Arara, near Turkey.

* * *

Three days had worn out, but devout Abdel Kadir was steadfast in his penance, standing alone in the vicinity of the Prophet's tomb. The puzzle of the unknown young man floated across the city and beyond its frontiers.

*For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.
- Omar Khayyam.*

35. JESUS ON GOLGOTHA

The staunch feat of pious Abdel Kadhira, upright on one foot in front of the Prophet's holy tomb, struck with awe the people around and the word of mouth, made the mob of the surroundings throng at the gates of the campus, to witness the stunt of the divine acrobat.

The devout one was repeating a couplet in Pehlavi under his breath:-

*"My sins and wrongs are heavier
Than the hills and mountains,
They are numerous than
The sands of the seashore,
However, if the Benevolent Lord
Forgives me, my sins will become
Lighter than the wings of mosquitoes
And wear away thinner than an atom".*

Other than native Arabs and Nomads, the Haj Pilgrims flowing into the Prophet's city, by groups and troops, setting their heart on paying homage at the portals of his sepulchre, elbowed their way inside the sacred hall, to have a peep at the brave man of affrighting devotion.

The vertical posture of the devout one, his constant standing was a queer status in between animation and in-animation. The frame of his body looked like a dune in the desert or a hillock over an upland.

All of a sudden, on tenth day by noon, the body of the Devout one began to emit heat waves. The air around was heated up. Bare hands could not touch his body. People feeling sultry inside, hurried out of the mausoleum.

Meanwhile the soul of the Devout one was like a dove dived into the space and was on its wings across the tides of time witnessing the momentous events of the past.

* * *

Abraham, a youngster had been brought before a fire pit. Nimrudh, the despotic ruler at Nineveh and his men threatened him, that unless he drops his novel cult of impersonal worship of God, he will become a prey to fire.

Brave Abraham, still challenged their belief in polytheism and image worship. He argued that the one who created the earth and heavens, the formless, only He deserves worship and reverence.

A chieftain issued ultimatum from behind. He bawled, "You are given the last chance. If you won't change your tune, mind it out, today is your dooms day".

"No" Abraham shook his head in objection. He was resolute in his belief and resumed crossing of words: "The Providence has bestowed on me the wisdom, that which he has not given to you. Believe, the ultimate sustaining divine power is One, the formless Creator, thy images are but dubious".

"Cast him to the pit", the irked despot yelled out in anger, "Let the flame devour him" he muttered.

Having no other go, Abraham made up his mind to obey the God's will and stayed behind unfurled, so that the royal errands to lift him at ease and throw him into the pyre.

Scared of the doom awaiting Abraham, the dear pal of Prophets, the Gabriel breaks in upon, to render his service. "Shall I pitch in? Shall I save your bacon?" The archangel casts humble queries at him.

Long before Abraham makes an answer, the word, 'Lailaha Illallahu Muhamed Rasulallah- there is no God but God, Muhamed is His Messenger,' sparkles forth above the roaring flames of fire pit. Running his eyes over it, Abraham rebuffs the heavenly, "Do the Lord, the Providence is aware of my plight or not?" The angel nods in acceptance and Abraham, the endeared pal of God comes back "Ample it is! Gabriel it is ample for me!"

When he jumped into the pit closing his eyes and musing, "Allah Muhamed, Allah Muhamed", he found the pit a cool unruffled garden of comfort, soothing with fragrance of flowers.

When he came out of the pit as a miraculous champion, the mob witnessing hurried around him to kiss his feet.

* * * *

A fortnight had lapsed and with every passing day the incredible show in the Prophet's mausoleum gained momentum and drew large gathering. The body of the devout had turned thin and lean. No bad odor came out. Instead a mixed aroma of incense and sandal dust, hangs in the air around the mausoleum.

Concurrently the soul of the Devout one, discovered itself a vulture hovering over the fig tree, before which Moses stood astound upon the mountain Dhurshinai exclaiming, "Who art thou? And the reply ringed, "Hayaikh Asher Hayaikh (Hebrew) - I am that I am". He rebuffed, "Shall I behold you my Lord?" "Nay" the word burst out atop the tree and ran, "Yet, behold my light", it said.

Instantly the tree was ablaze, but still it looked alive afresh and greeny, the flames were growing higher and higher, bright and colorful, thereby scrawling Kalima by the sparkles, 'The God is but God and Muhamed is His messenger'. Moses seeing the Kalima pronounced it and blissfully went to trance.

It was the thirtieth day in the holy sepelchre of the Prophet since the devout started his penance. It was a peaceful midnight Sheikh Ali who was suddenly thrilled by a sweet sounding harp, leaned his back against a pillar.

* * *

Meanwhile, the spirit of the Devout one perceived itself a dove on the dome of Bait-el-Muqadis.

The full moon of the spring is moving over the blue sky. The dome of the mosque and the hills around drenched in moonlight, looked dreamlike and beautiful, than the blooming moon itself.

David the Prophet was on the meadow affront of the mosque with a harp in his hands. High pitched alluring silver voice of the sovereign bard with the vivid notes of harp, rapidly vibrated through the hush hush of the dark night.

Date and palm trees around the meadow, waving their fan like fronds, danced mirthfully to the solo of the divine maestro.

*"The earth belongs to God
The heavens belong to God!
Oh God! Who art thy representative?
Who is the king of glory?
O! The commander of all heavens armies!"*

The royal sage raised his question again into the heavens. Instantly there came a reply by the rumble of a distant thunder across the sky:

*"Muhammed. Muhammed
Lailaha illallah Muhammed Rasullulah".*

The echo of the rumbling that repeated again and again thrilled him a lot and was ringing in his ears through out the night.

* * *

The devout Abdel Kahir, dedicated to his penance, stood on one leg, bending and supporting, the other one, upon the knee of the standing leg, remained there for the thirty ninth day and his soul as a dove made its way through the sky over Bethlehem the ancient town of Judea.

Mary had given birth to a male baby. She had traveled from Nazareth to Bethlehem with her parents and her would be, Joseph. Still a virgin, she brings forth into the world a boy, queer, but it casts a shadow on her character.

She had laid the new born, by her side, under the shelter of a stable. Her consort was extremely happy, for he was aware, that the child is a chosen one, of the God.

But, the other people of her havoc, and her kith and kin, felt abhorred and disgust.

However the face of the baby, and surrounding aura, put the lid on to the ugly, that began to carry the day.

When people, came around, to irritate her grilling, "Will you come out with the stash? Who is the malefactor, the pop of the boy?"

Irked Mary rebuffed, "Ask the boy himself". Long before the crowd began to laugh at her, the baby - the boy articulated, outwitting the mob, "I am Jesus, the spirit of God, His messenger to make right, I will grow to shepherd you all, to the feet of the Father".

People scared and witlessly moved out of the stable one by one. The birth of the miraculous baby became a word on the street.

* * *

After forty years of Prophetic pursuit, Jesus is trudging up the hill path Valadolorasa, with a heavy cross on his shoulder. The crude soldiers of Caesar whip him then and there, to make fast his walk to Golgotha, the rock where he is to be crucified.

Great crowds trailed along behind him and many grief stricken women, who made the most of him by his counsel and miracles weep and wail. Jesus turned and said to them, "Daughters of Jerusalem, don't weep for me. The Lord above is watching everything that happens here".

While he just stared up and viewed the top of the rock, he is to be executed, with a little sadness in his heart, his tongue murmured: "Ealy Eali Sabakthani - O my God have you renounced me", Golgotha in Hebrew the rock which meant 'the skull' with a heavy thunderous noise broke into pieces and pebbles poured upon the entire region, a dark cloud of mud prevailed overhead.

On the third day of the disaster, Marie Magdalena, visited the rock with heavy heart to behold the corpse of her master. But to her surprise she saw him quick and bright eyed. "Maria" Jesus called her from behind with compassion. She turned toward him, "Oh my master!" she exclaimed.

"I am not dead. I am still alive, I will ascend to the abode of the Almighty Lord, My God and your God! I will descend to the earth, by the final days of its annals". Maria Magdalena hurried and found his disciples to pass this message, of his resurrection.

* * *

Blessed Abdel Kadhir's itinerant spirit found its unison with its physique, in the small hours of the fortieth night of his penance. And he saw the Prophet breathing in the sight of him inside the mausoleum.

He experienced in him an unbound bliss, that pervaded through his body and soul, while the Prophet embraced him fervently.

*But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be:
And, in some corner of the Hubbub couch,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.
- Omar Khayyam.*

36. THE UNIVERSAL PRECEPTOR

Devout Abdel Kadhira was strolling along the banks of the flooding river Euphrates. Upon both the banks of the river in spate, large trees were soaring skywards. The entire spot looked horrifying because of its depth and darkness.

For sometime past, he had made a ruined fort his abode, for his hard penance. The dilapidated citadel was actually a devastated palace of the past, belonging to either Sumerian or Assyrian civilization.

On the southeast direction of the latitude, presently, the city of Baghdad was thriving with world's most modern civilization of the date.

Although the crusaders were waging war along the borders of the Abbasid Caliphate, the abode of the Devout remained blessed with peace and tranquility.

Some four thousand years ago Mesopotamia, the land between the two rivers was a crowded place of hectic activities of an ancient civilization. The capital city was called Babylon. There were idols of worship namely Marduk, Shamas, Dammas and Ishtar.

Long before the Babylonian rule, Sumerians were the inheritors of the land. There were three famous towns, Urr and at north of it, Larsu and on its east, Lakash. Nippur, was the holy temple town.

Abraham, the hero of the Old Testament and Holy

Kuran is said to have lived at Urr. And for the celebrated Aryan race, according to archeologists, Urr was the motherland.

Historians consider it the Aryan race of Mesopotamia, splitting up into several groups, migrated to river basins world over.

A major group of them travelled westward and settled at the banks of Rhine and Rhone at Europe.

While another group toured eastward, to enter Hind by Khyber pass, and made the plains, along the rivers Ganges and Sind, their home.

Before the invasion of Aryans, the Dravidians had reared their renowned culture at Harappa, Mohenjadaro and other resourceful places around the north and northwest of the Indian sub-continent.

Dravidians were paying homage, to the idol of a Goddess and triheaded icon of a male God, which are considered to be the Sakthi and Siva of Hindu mythology of later days.

Contemporarily, by the banks of the river Nile in Egypt, where another civilization flourished, the Pharaohs who were the rulers were deemed godheads. While the sovereigns of Nile declared themselves the Holy Maker, the Seers and Sages of the Ganges contended: -

*"The earth belongs to Him
And these vast skies are to Him
All the seas find their tranquility in Him
However, He has laid Himself in a little pond"
(Adharoana Veda:4:16).*

The Sage of the Sumerian civilization, Abraham at Urr in the days of yore, stared unto the skies and made the following monologue, the Kuran recounts: -

*"When the night covered over him
Abraham saw a star and said
'This is my Lord'
But when it set, he said
'I love not those that set'

When he saw the moon
Rising in splendor
He said, 'This is my Lord'
But when the moon set, He said
'Unless my Lord guides me
I shall go astray'
When he saw the sun rising
In splendor; he said
' This is my Lord, This is the greatest
Of all!' But when sun set, He said
'O my people! I am indeed free
From your guilty of
Giving partners to God"*

(Kuran VI: 76-78)

And Abraham established at Urr the worship of the Formless.

The account of the worship of the Form and Formless goes back to the days of Cabel and Habel and other children of Adam.

Adam lived upon this earth giving birth to a number of sons and daughters and died at the age of nine hundred and thirty years.

The day after the burial of Adam, his son Habel came to his father's tomb and stood there, lost in thoughts.

He mused:- "O my dear Sire, till the time you were with us, you were sympathetic and supportive and guided us to the resources of the earth for our livelihood.

"But you are no more now. However you are still living in the heavens, be helpful to us".

When Habel came behind and stood before the tomb found it difficult to meditate upon his father. He made an image of his father by mud and installed it near the tomb of his father and paid homage.

Hundreds of years after, when Sheeth, among the children of Adam, he grew up to a sensible and wise, and one day when he stood thoughtful in the edifice at the burial ground of Adam, it happened.

That, he found it confused either to bow to the idol of Adam, or his tomb, to revere the Form or the Formless and Sheeth tossed his doubts unto the abode of God.

"Neither" the heavens thundered, "But I am beyond the concepts of Form and Formless, 'Anallah (Kuran) - I am Allah', 'Hayaikh Ashar Hayaikh (Bible) - I am that I am', is the Truth".

Thousands of years later, Saint Abdel Kadhira took the leaf from the scriptures, and made his queries about the significance of the rule, 'I am Allah - I am that I am'.

The God replied the meaning is with the Spiritual master, who possesses the ability to talk to Him.

"O my Lord who is the Spiritual Master, Thou refer?", the devout quizzed.

God came back: -

“Of course, Muhamed is the Spiritual Master and all the Spiritual Masters who are capable to discourse with me are none but Muhamed”.

And He added: -

“All those called Incarnates, Prophets, Holy births and Advents are but the personate of Muhamed”.

The devout Abdel Kadhira tested again, “O my Lord! Is the Spiritual Master the God?”

The heavens clarified:

“No! Just like mother indicates the father, the master indicates the God”.

The question came from the Devout: “Is there any other way to get access to Thy feet, setting aside the help of a master?”

The answer was negative,

“No, that is arduous, intricate and dangerous too”.

“Path unto deliverance is by four stages: -

Worship towards Khaba, the house of God.

Worship towards the face of the Spiritual Master.

Worship of one's self.

Worship of the Reality”.

The Prophet Muhamed (peace) when lived in Arabia was a Prophet of God to the humanity, meanwhile he was a Spiritual Master to a band of selected people among those lakhs of his Sahabas the comrades.

The religion is alive only when it lasts between a Spiritual Master and his disciples. Whatever be the creed or faith and whichever be the mode of worship and code of reverence, the God realization comes through a Preceptor only.

Now the sky had been cleared of the dark clouds. The sun was bright and the breeze was warm. The devout Abdel Kadhira came out of the old citadel relieved of his perplexity.

The blues thundered again: -

While the Prophet eschewed the worship of the forms inside the shrine at Mecca it was religious revolution. Whereas, his meeting with the Eternal and Absolute one during Miraj at the seat of God, the Arsh, in his own image, it was Spiritual Evolution.

The Devout one now observed a feeling in his heart that all the creeds of the west and east, south and north of the earth found harmonious blending and compromise in him.

There was an echo from the blues :-

“Thou art the Universal Preceptor for all those who call you the Preceptor”.

Note: -

Only by the intimacy with the spiritual masters you will get relieved of infatuation. When you get away from infatuation you will be relieved of delusion. When delusion clears off it is deliverance.

-Baja Govindam of Aadi Sankara.

Is there any benefit in acquiring the wisdom of the world unless you worship the feet of an enlightened Spiritual Master?

-Thirukural of Thiruvalluvar.

*How long, how long, in definite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadder after none, or bitter, Fruit.
- Omar Khayyam.*

37. THE YEARS OF PENANCE

It was autumn. Towards the close of the day, the setting sun shed red hues over the western horizon. The reflection of crimson clouds tinged the riverbed of Euphrates.

He was Devout Abdel Kadhira who paced alone, on the narrow path across the field, while the sunset was hiding its last golden rays like a miser.

The daylight sank deeper and deeper into the darkness and the green forest lay silent. Suddenly a shrill voice of a cuckoo rose into the sky and traversed the dark unseen, leaving the notes of her song across the hush of evening.

The devout one who had once for all decided to realize the ultimate truth, at any cost, was wandering along the forests and hillocks adjacent to Baghdad, eating fruits and roots at hand.

Sometimes, he would be seen in profound contemplative mood and go astray into the deep of the forests. At times he would be lying dormant, all alone somewhere, in any battered pile of olden days.

The very day, he was rambling and viewing the landscape queer thoughts surged in his mind.

The faith of Islam enjoins five duties for man. The word, the prayer, the fasting, the alms giving and pilgrimage and they are namely Kalma, Namaz, Roza, Zakath and Haj.

To expound it's meaning: the Word is to accept the existence of one God by uttering, 'There is no God but God' and believing it with all your heart. The Prayer is to conduct the physical and mental manoeuvres in prescribed manner five times a day.

The alms giving is to spare two and half percent of one's earnings and assets every year and distribute it among the needy. The fasting is to stay pious, avoiding food, drink and sexual indulgence, in-between the hours of sun up and sun down, during all the days in the month of Ramzan.

The Pilgrimage is to go on a journey to Mecca and perform rites of Haj and circumbulate Khaba, the House of God, while the obligation is on the people who are capable.

These are the tenets of Shariat, the code of creed, whereas with Tharikat, the spiritual path and Hakikat, the veracity of faith and the value of the tenets holds upside down.

The believer who admits himself into spiritual path longs to behold the God Himself, the owner of Khaba, the house of God and it is analogous to fulfilling the Haj Pilgrimage.

His zeal and zest with the Providence, make him needless of his holdings and he becomes reckless squanderer of his possessions and it has the look of alms giving. Day by day his cravings after God escalates, he forgets regular food and drink and it is more or less, a continuous fasting.

Believer's love longing gets intensified and he becomes aloof of the earthly affairs and delights. People consider him a lunatic after God.

He is steadfast only in devotion and this is tantamount to the observance of prayer.

Finally the devout reaches his goal. The tradition of the Prophet 'Assalath Mihraj-el-Mumineen - The prayer of the

believer is his meeting with God' materializes and God appears to Him.

The believer realizes the meaning of the tradition, '*Mun arafa Rabbahu Faked arafa Nafsahu - One who realizes his self, realizes his Lord!*'

* * *

Devout Abdel Kadhira was convinced of not going back to the human habitats, unless and until he apprehends obviously, the mystery of the cosmos and realizes the secret of the self in his own person. His firm decision got imprinted in his soul found reflections in everyone of his thought and action.

By repressing the casual senses, and suppressing the appetite of hunger and thirst, clinching the teeth and fixing the tongue on the soft palate, he would try to seal off the thought process. It would result in sweating all through his body.

He would hold up the breath, closing both his nose and mouth for hours together, the air would pass out through the ears with force and clamor. If he blocked the ear passage, he would feel pricking pain in his body and head.

As he went on eradicating the sprouting thoughts from his mind by all these tricks and devices he would fall down on the ground and go to trance.

While he comes to himself after few hours or days and open his eyes, by the emitting aggressive force from his looks, woods around would set ablaze, or a typhoon would toss the forest.

The wild animals like lions and tigers took to their heels, while reptiles like pythons and crocodiles disappear into wilderness at once, at the sight of his demonic posture.

Gigantic trees and massive hillocks around would tremble at the stamp of his footsteps. As he strided and trotted the jungle tracks unconsciously, eagles and vultures would scream, wing their way across the sky and hover over his head, as if providing him shadow from sunlight.

As the years took their flight, he gradually reduced the amount of food intake, and went on continuous hunger. He refrained from eating any food, for a full year and avoided drinking water, for another year. Concurrently by the third year, he kept himself adamant both hungry and thirsty.

In addition to all these horrible physical exercises, he performed regular prayers and he could carry out the prayers at dawn with the ablution he took for fortnight prayers.

His nocturnal habit was keeping awake and reciting the Holy Kuran from beginning to end.

However by most of his time he would sit up, in meditating posture observing the penance, of closing the eyes and turning the look to peer deep into the self.

We see through the eyes. The eyes cannot see. But it is your person that sees through. The one who is seeing is sitting behind the eyeballs.

The physical body is made up of cells. Every human cell bears the human characters in store, in the twenty-three genes, found in the nucleus of the cell.

When the practitioner of penance, closing both his eyes peeps back into his own self, he is peering into the nucleus of cell and burns out all the imprint of good and bad activities of the past from the genes.

The purified soul comes out afresh, with all its blooms. The process of penance is called, 'Suhudh' in Arabic, which bears the meaning 'witnessing', whereas in Sanskrit it is 'Thabash' the meaning of the word is 'burning'.

* * *

During the days of his rigid and rigorous penance, the devout one heard the voice of the Providence ringing from the direction of Khaba calling him:

“Oh thou, Rescuer of the mankind, stand up”.

He turned up and exclaimed, “O my Lord I am present and oblige”.

The God said:

“Be it informed to you. The phases in between Nasuth the casual world and Malakuth the astral world belongs to Shariat, the code. “The stages in between Malakuth, the astral world and Jabaruth, the spiritual world is Tharikath, the steps between Jabaruth and Lahuth, the world of Godliness is Hakikath, the Reality.

Saint Abdel Kadhira demanded, “O my Lord! Is there a specific abode for your presence?” The God said, “I am the home for all abodes. If at all I wish, I would make the heart of a devout man my abode! O thee the Rescuer of humanity, the man is my mystery and vice versa”.

The Saint queried, “My Lord! Is there any food or drink you want to delight” and the God said, “Ye! That which the poor eat and drink!”

He questioned again, “By what material have you created the heavenly beings?”

“I have created man by My own light! And by man’s light the angels”, the God said.

The soul of the Saint Abdel Kadhira went on emphasizing with the light of Lord.

“I have created man to obey me and I have created the entire cosmos to obey the man.

“I am the Besought for the one who is beseeching. The one who is beloved to me is man.

“The whole universe is but a vehicle for man to reach me”.

After the queer incident, the devout one resumed his penance. When he completed the third year of fasting avoiding food and drinks for a full year Khizr, the legendary ever living Seer Prophet (peace) appeared before him appealing him, “The Providence has accepted your penance”.

He added, “God has solicited me to impart a wisdom to you. Wait here for sometime, I will come back and teach you”.

But he never turned back yearlong. However the Saint waited there under the shade of a papal tree.

* * *

There was a roaring wind all the night, the rain came heavily and fell in floods. But now the sun is rising calm and bright.

The birds are singing from the distant wood and all the air is filled with pleasant noise of stream waters.

Twelve months had passed and on that fine morning, the Saint was resting after the dawn prayers reciting the Kuranic verse, *“Ya Aiyathuhan nafse muthamaina Ila Raliyath-el-Marliya – O the psyche serene, the appeased soul! Enter the gardens of heaven as you have accepted the God and He accepting you”*.

The Sage Khizr appeared there and asked him to recite the verse again and explained him the meaning of the verse. The Raliya means the acceptance of God by the soul and Marliya, the vice Versa.

The Seer expounded him the practical meaning of the word. "Ralia is the acceptance of somo and its psyche by the soul and vice versa. Wherein the somo plays the female part and the soul takes the role of a male.

Kizhr took leave. Devout Abdel Kadhira complied with his advice at once, separating his somo and soul, cognitively making them the female and male and mated them, to found in him the sudden surge of bliss and fell down as if tranquilized on the floors of Buruj-el-Azami. He was lying for hours, days and months together, inside that old fort.

*Ah, fill the Cup:- what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet!
- Omar Khayyam.*

38. LAILA AND MAJNUN

It was a gleeful winter evening. The sun was about to set down at the west. The atmosphere was relaxed and mirthful. There was a mysterious stir amid the leaves of the forest trees. The aching secret of love was hanging in the silent realm of the sky.

Suddenly, there arose a bustle nearby. A young lady was running with all her vigour on the footpath and a ruffian was chasing her from behind. She may be grabbed anytime.

But fortunately, she saw the Saint who chancely roused himself from sleep and tried to sit up on the corridors of the dilapidated building.

Her forlorn cry for help, stirred him up. The one who was to take hold of her with evil intentions was a stout hooligan. He was lustful and seemed dead set to force himself on her.

Saint Abdel Kadhira who came to his sense after an yearlong penance, lying dead to the world, could in no time apprehend the danger awaiting the lady. The very next moment he took one of his sandals, that was lying there uncared, and hurled it with force.

The sandal which flew in the air like a whirling ball got near the ruffian and began to beat him all out. Bawling his eyes out, he fell knocked out, on the ground.

The maiden who was out of harm's way, now drew near the Saint, saw him tired and fatigued, took a mud vessel, that was lying unnoticed there, went to the rivulet nearby and fetched water.

* * *

The Saint was slowly regaining his total consciousness. He could recollect the advent of the renowned Prophet Khizhr before him, his own efforts to go behind his advices, cognitively separating his self into soma and soul and then solemnizing them, followed by a profound experience, the unbound bliss that went through his being, as a result of this act.

In him the inner forces had met. The force of the femininity and masculinity in him had melted into each other. The inner man had intercourse with innerwoman in him. This kind of penance is called Akmal-el-Suhudh in Sufi phrasology.

Now there was no urge for an outer woman. The inner forces had come to meeting, an harmonious mingling. As a result of this fornication, a grandeur of grace had come upon his face. It was the grace of being complete.

In this state of Akmal-el-Suhudh whole existence becomes yourself or your Thou. Your all selfish qualities are dropped off, your possessiveness, your jealousy and your hatred are all dropped out.

The tradition of the Prophet, 'Cherish the qualities of God in you' is materialized. You have become pure. There is pure love in you. You have dissolved into thou and thou hast dissolved into you. The beloved disappears into the lover, and lover disappears into the beloved.

* * *

As he was wide awake now, the Saint took the pot of water from the hands of the maiden, washed his face and drank the remaining water. She moved near him in compassion, though she was unaware of his identities.

However she had known him as the one, who was desperately lying there unconscious for the past one year. She has heard that whenever people considered him dead and tried to arrange funerals, he got up blooming with breath, sat awhile and then would fall into deep slumber again.

Inspite of his worthlessness, she cherished in her a queer love on him, for her dad had a positive opinion on him, that the man could be a Majzub, god loving, tranced in profound meditation.

As she stood brooding, the Saint got up and performed prayer and came back to thank her. She was all excited. Her face beaming she asked him who he was.

He exclaimed her back, with a twinkle in his eyes, "I am one seeking after the quiz, 'Who am I?'" It made her sad and she shed tears. She belonged to a family of Sheikh of spiritual path. The motto of her family was, "know thyself". She could not help pitying him.

She wished him, "May the Lord of the worlds improve thy wisdom" she added, "It is me who has to thank you. You have saved me from the hooligan who tried to ransack me".

"Shall I go home and bring some food for you. Shall I bring my sire here. He is having high opinion of you! Shall I?" She went on chattering heartily.

The Saint gazed at the maiden with amazement who by her courtesy and etiquettes, became obviously eyeful of him, and graciously replied her.

"It is getting late, drawing dark around. You should not stay here anymore. Go home. But I don't feel hungry. You

need not bring me any food now. God willing, tomorrow by the first light, I will come to your village myself”.

She left for her home.

And her song filled the depth of the night:

*“I am singing in joy.
I know not who gave me this joy.
Because I had no time to ask his name.
Because I had met him where the night
Touched the edge of the day.
I heard his flute according my song.
Filled with rapture of joy I forgot to ask his name.
In the weary evening I sought my way home.
He guided me with a lamp
In the depth of the night I am awake and ask his name.
But I hear him laughing from afar
I see his light through the silence
And feel his heart throbbing for me.*

As she belongs to a Sufi’s home and the motto of the house is, ‘know thyself’ the song of the house was ‘love all’. The path of the Sufis is more dancing and more singing than other spiritual paths on earth, the beloved of the path is none but God.

The Sufi path has come out from Prophet Muhamed’s (peace) love affairs with God. The love of the Sufi upon his spiritual master considering him the Prophet (peace) himself opens the door to the love of God.

The very life on earth becomes a celebration when its purpose is loving god. When the purpose holds different the life becomes dry and unfeeling. The love only serves the purpose.

Only through the love in heart, birds fly and sing and fishes swim and dive in the water and it is only through love you can reach yourself.

The Sufi legend of Laila and Majnun is symbolic of God loving process. The word Majnun means mad, mad after God. And Laila is symbol of God. Every human soul is a Majnun and God is Laila.

Mumina the daughter of Sufi Syed Sattar, the very next morning came with bated breath to the spot, where she had lost her heart, but found the corridors of the old citadel deserted.

However she held good in her, the dream over the moon, she dreamt the previous night, in which the Saint she met there had garlanded her and took her to his spouse.

When she came back home and unlocked her euphoric story to her friends and her entertainments that 'he only is my consort', some of them laughed at her, some other of them were taken aback.

But she mellowed a song:-

*"Athen ficup Theharan Koira anni
Athuli minal Mahabathm ita Dhikr*

*I was disappointed only because
I took the pride
That you are my consort.*

*Now whenever I think of you
I am melting like a candle.*

*Velavannaika themthula Muthis Sabjai
Vailavan vijachi ahank kaklik*

*If it is necessary, for the love
I bear in my heart and for your nobility,
I will surrender my own life at your feet".*

The song of Mumina moved the heart of her maiden friends. They shed tears along with her.

She had to await five more years to encounter her fiancé again.

*Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
And in a Windingsheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.
- Omar Khayyam.*

39. AT THE FOOTHILL OF POTHIGAI

The Devout Abdel Kadhira was sauntering by on the foothill of Pothigai in the Southern most part of Indian peninsular. Still, he was under mystification how he arrived here, in a truce, from the vicinity of the fort Buruj-el-Ajami, in the deep of a forest in Iraq.

But he was now aware that while he was coming to consciousness on the floor of the old fort, the Prophet (peace) appeared before him and bid him to go to the land of Adam, the Indian Peninsular and from there to start a journey all around the earth, to get into contact with various creeds across its surface.

Thoughtful, he now halted near a rock. It was a cloudy cool morning. Ages passed and bees haunted the flowery gardens, the sun smiled to the lotus of the day. He stood in a corner of the forest one with the trees and clouds.

While brooding he heard a mild voice, behind a rock crooning a queer song:-

*"Born at the clumpsy slum of deception
And brought up in wilderness
I am caught up and witless
To get into the habitat of Truth
Neither could I trace out the
House of the Divine scriptures*

And reach the boundaries of realisation

*If I come to behold the house of scriptures
And reach the boundaries of Realisation;
The slum of Deception
And the bag of uterus
Will become barren*

*O Thou the daughter of my aunt
O, my lady of aspiration
I don't know the whereabouts of thine*

*If I could turn up thy location
And win thy heart
O, my lady of Love*

*The cupid's arrows of sensitivity
Will go up in flames
At my sight.*

The strain stopped abrupt and a moaning voice called at him, "O Muhyidheen kindly lend me thy hands, lift me up". Instantly he could behold an ailing aged man lying behind rock.

Swiftly he got near him and helped him, with compassion to get up and sit back, but, at once he felt him, the man became juvenile, looking hale and healthy and beamed a warm smile at the Devout one.

To his surprise the rejuvenated said, "Ana Dheenum va Antha Muhiyidheen - I am the faith and Thou art the Rejuvenator of faith".

He continued, "I am Agasthiya, the disciple of Siva, the

first and foremost of divine advent on earth, who realised himself to be the omnipresent and omniscient, and his realisation is called the Saivism, the monist creed in India.

“But the monism in this land of Adam is lying now polluted by irreligious rites and evil practices. Thou art the rejuvenator of faith - Muhiyidheen- irrespective of creed or religion on earth.

“Since, thousands of years I am awaiting, your birth on earth and your advent to this holy hill, alternately with astral and physical frames”.

As he took his hands and walked a distance, there was a crowd on the esplanade of an old temple. They were arguing over the subject of religious and philosophical doctrines of the sub-continent.

The place at the foothills of Pothigai was later called Pottalpudur and the people wrangling over the metaphysical question of whether the God and His creations are basically of one and the same core and crux or of differential base, were saints and scholars of Hindu religion.

When Agasthiya, the Saint made avail his presence there with Blessed Abdel Kadhira, the people around there were taken aback by the queer appearance of the visitors.

The wise old man waved his hands in objection and asked them to put an end to their arguments. He said, “By your altercation and squabble, you cannot reach to any conclusion. Neither you can get access to the Deity by your crossing of words.

“The quiz, the Paramathman, the spirit of God and jivathman, the spirit of the created are the same or different and whether this world is real or an illusion, is all purely meaningless. The truth remains far beyond the philosophical contentions.

“I am Agasthya whom your scripts of yore do praise, I belong to an age beyond your calculations. I am disciple of Siva. I am awaiting here on this upland since thousands of years to behold this man of ultimate wisdom.

“Is there anyone of you in the assemblage who has read ‘Allobanisath’. Do you know Muhamed (peace), the eventuality of Prophethood. Do you know that it is declared in Rig Veda, that one Muhamed (peace) will ride on the back of a camel in the desert to enter victoriously the town of God’s House”.

There was murmur in the air for sometime and then utter silence prevailed over. The Saint began to sound up a spiritual message and the crowd became more and more excited.

*And, strange to tell, among the Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not:
And suddenly one more impatient cried -
"Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"
- Omar Khayyam.*

40. THE FORT AT CHINA

The sun was shining upon the crowns of hills and hillocks around. Birds of the wild were free around the grove. The Saint Agasthya the disciple of Siva, who was talking fervently became dreamy and began to chant.

*Om Bhur - Bhava - Swah
Om Tat - Savitur-Varenyam
Bhargo Devasya Dheemahi
Dhiyo Go Nah Prochoclayat*

The assemblage repeated Gayathri meter he aired:

*Om- O Thou, pervading all through
The terrestrial sphere,
And the celestial sphere*

*Let us contemplate
Thy splendor in solar spirit.*

*O Thou, the Divine creator
May Thou guide our minds!*

*Om- O thou, All pervading
All knowing, Eternal One!*

"O! My Brethren," he called out, "Brush off the views that the Rishis of yore were the phenomenon of those olden days and that their appearance ended with them.

“Providence is ever compassionate to give birth to Divine Personalities to the benefit of His creation. Spiritual Giants appear at all times. A Rishi is one perfect in evolution. He is the Saint, Sage, Philosopher, Scholar, Humanist, all rolled into one.

With march of time the appellations of the Rishis have changed. Independent of the creeds, men of perfection are of eternal values. One such person is whom you are beholding behind me.

This young man Abdel Kadhira namely, is the descendant and spiritual heir of Muhamed (peace), the Rishi, the Prophet born and lived and propagated the creed of Islam in Arabian desert. Muhyidheen is the name awarded on this young man by the Heaven. The meaning of the nomenclature is one who rejuvenates the spirit of faith in the hearts of people, irrespective of religious sects.

All the men standing around not take their eyes off his face and the face of the Devout one like a moon, was glowing with grace of God.

He turned and called on Abdel Kadhira, “O Thou, Muhyidheen, kindly look at these people, though debating, earnest in their effort to reach the feet of God”.

Devout Abdel Kadhira silently contemplated the gathering for a while and an heavenly light diffused of his eyes azured the entire atmosphere.

Cherubic he looked, began to vociferate a tune, as if he is in a trance:-

*“Va Abdel Kadhira Mashur Ismi
Va hi Nasadhun fil Rabbi Min Kabli Adam
Va Sirri Sara fil Kavni min kalvi nasvathu
My name is Abdel Kadhira*

*And this name is renowned around the earth and skies
Muhammed, the full moon of Divinity is my ancient
father.*

*Long before the advent of homosapiens on earth
My reality was found
In the ocean of God's compassion*

*The secret of my essentiality was spreading
All around long before I was born!*

The verse vocalized by Abdel Kadhira was resounded by the hillocks around in Tamil, the native tongue of the land. Little while the esplanade was vacant. No being was there either to question or to make answer.

Instead, on the northeast direction across the azure sky a strange convoy of birds was on wings. Hudh Hudh, the Hoopoe was the pioneer, the soul of Agasthya was in its ribcage.

Bitten, black bird, bul bul, parrot, cockatoo, crow, crier, culver, dove, eagle, kite were among the followers that were not less than a hundred.

Royal falcon was flying side by side with Hoopoe and its soul was none but that of Blessed Abdel Kadhira. Harpy, lark, nightingale, skylark, sparrow, swallow, woodpecker, turtle were also found with the flight.

The voice of peacock choked with sorrow and dolor was heard questioning the gaffer: -

*Hey the Wisest!
How far is it to reach Sheen (China)?
When we will encounter the Divine Shimurk.
The Diety Omniscient?*

*The Hoopoe looked back and spoke harshly:
We have to cross seven
Range of Mountains and
Great valleys lying in between*

*The palace of Shimurk
Is situated beyond.
None has turned back
From this divine journey
How far it is, is not known
Hey the impatient one!*

*When, no one has retreated
How can we give information?*

After a few days of tiresome journey all the birds were taking a gap in a grovel. They all had lost their heart to behold the divine Shimurk.

Discourse of the Hoopoe fired up their hearts and their eyes were lustful of divine bliss. Hoopoe picked up his discourse:

“A true lover will surrender everything at the feet of his beloved, the love and selfishness can never go together.

“Not only the God’s seat and His domain also everything of your aspirations on earth and sky, you should turn blind eye on them. Unless you feel content with your naked atman, you cannot attain the nearness of the Providence.

“Only when you become allured of God, like Majnun of Laila you will become a true devotee”.

There was instant rustling and murmur amid the flight. Some of them went swoon hearing the very name of Laila,

for she is the universal symbol of Love not only of carnal but also of celestial.

There arose exclamation as the Hoopoe made a query, "Do you know the secret of love?"

He resumed in full cry:

"Laila was locked up and taken to alien land, to give in marriage. Majnun who became mad of love on her was going like the wind to reach at her whereabouts.

He was loosing his reasoning. Only her lotus face was in his contemplation. His lips were able to ventilate but her name only.

As he was going like the wind as if totally blind, he chanced to hurdle over a log. A harsh voice yelled at him, 'Hold on, you mad!'

He halted at once and looked around. It was not a log but a Saint, sitting in contemplating posture. Again he howled at the top to his voice, 'You fool. You mad after an harlot and incautiously fleeing so fast.

'What a daredevil you are to unheed Saints like me, sitting in thought of Lord Almighty. See what I am going to do! How dared! You laid down your foot on my head. You brute animal!'

But Majnun came to him at once and laughed a lot. The wizard began to unleash words: 'You fool you laugh at me? Wait and see what misfortune befalls you!'

Majnun now became polite to respond to him, 'I am sorry I disturbed you as I flee fast. Excuse me, I am mad after a girl, a poor human being.

However, you are in love with the great one who created the whole universe.

How is it that a poor creature's touch by a limb could disturb you. How is that your penance was interrupted?'

This time the wizard was founded.

This is the nature of differentiation between the carnality of the earth and divinity of the heaven. The love of God means total annihilation of the self. You must be ready to sacrifice and discard everything that is created on earth and heaven, for the attainment of the Creator".

Hoopoe began to sing: -

*"Ah! the One, who came out of Thyself
And created the whole universe
The only eternal being thou art
I would not worship anyone else
But thyself!"*

And then started the recitation of divine name of God:

"Hu Allah Hu Allah Hu Allah".

When the recitation was over, the parrot from the convoy raised her doubts and made queries about the way to the Fort of Shimurk.

Now, the Pioneer began to expound: -

"As I told you earlier there are seven ranges of mountains and seven valleys in between. The first valley is reasoning and aspiration after God. The second valley is love of God.

The third valley is gnosis of God. The fourth, the loneliness of the self. The fifth is experiencing the monism. The sixth is its explanation. The final is realization of the Eternal One".

After several days of hectic travel and hardship the

convoy had soured across all the ranges and valleys and entered the forest where the fort of Shimurk had been situated.

When the journey started, there were hundreds of birds in number, now only eleven birds to count up. Of the remaining many fell back and several others slain and fallen.

It was near Kanton, a great city of China. When all the birds got near the fort and ringed the bell, the gate was thrown open and a charge sheet of crimes done by them against Shimurk was served, to each and everyone of them.

All of them fell swooned, seeing the report of the corpus delicty against the Providence, and were found dead.

Instantly the mystic word from Kuran, "Kun fa ya kun-get alive by the word of God", ringed from the fort and all of them regained life. As they were awake they saw the Shimurk, the Divine Deity sitting amidst them.

Each one of them was astonished to see the Shimurk, which was but they themselves.

"We created Adam and blew in Him our own spirit", the Kuranic verse resounded overhead!

When they heard it they beheld, that not only the Shimurk, but each and every bird that travelled with them, were none but themselves.

Long before they came out of their puzzling, the golden words of truth from the Holy Scriptures were echoing within the assembly hall.

'Thath vam Asi' (And that you aspire to see is none but you)

- Atharvana Veda.

'Anallah' (Wherever there is I ness it is none but God)

- Kuran.

'Hayaikh Ashar Hayaikh' (I am that I am)

- Bible Hebrew text.

*With me along some Strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan scarce is known,
And pity Sultan Mahmud on his Throne.
- Omar Khayyam.*

41. THE WISDOM OVER HIMALAYAS

“Seek Wisdom out, even if it is procurable at China”, thus the Prophet Muhamed (peace) had insisted on, and his descendant and spiritual heir Saint Abdel Kadhir Muhyidheen, as a matter of fact was availing himself presently at Kantan, the city of China.

The pensive experience, the amazing encounter with Shimurk the Bird of Divinity and the apprehension of the aphorism of the Prophet (peace) “One who realizes himself recognizes his Lord”, was still thrilling through him.

Comforting warm breeze was coming up from the surface of the Susiya river. He was on its bank standing in an old mosque. Drakes, ducks and ducklings were plunging their head and diving around in the nearby pond.

As he was posing thoughtful he could behold a tomb of a Saint from his look out, which seemed to be built of Islamic architecture. And it marveled him a lot.

Out of the blue, a man from the tomb came out amidst fragrant smokes of incense, cleaving the shell and came near the Saint and invited him, “Welcome to you Muhyidheen”.

The Uncanny man could be recognized as a Muslim of China by his baggy jacket and pyjama and long but wiry whisker and goatee.

To his astonishment the stranger spoke again:

“Muhyidheen, the name which the Lord Almighty blessed upon you will become popular through the earth and the heavens.

“I am aware that you are taken aback, by my unforeseen appearance and coax. See, I am Ibnu Vakas, a pal of the Prophet Muhamed (peace). I am much delighted to see you in the premises of my burial chamber.

“But this tryst with you is not novel to me. Hundreds of years ago, I beheld you on the momentous Badhr battlefield in Arabian Peninsular.

“Ye! Years ago, when I was alive and sensient on earth and engaged in the holy war at Badher field, it came about that Hajrath Ali suffered a cut on his shoulder, found himself at his wit’s end. All of a sudden mysteriously a courageous lad appeared like a skydiver, with a long sword in his hands and took Hajrath Ali under his wings and followed him until he got on with, guillotining a number of enemies and disappeared instantly.

“When the battle was at end, Hajrath Ali turned to the Prophet for an explanation of the queer event. The Prophet briefed at once, ‘the valiant adolescent is none but your scion to be born in your lineage after five hundred years, he will be named Muhyidheen, the rejuvenator of faith, by Lord Almighty’.

As Saint Abdel Kadhira stood wondering, Ibnu Vacas, the pal of the Prophet showed him a mirror and told him:

“See Muhyidheen, this is a strange mirror, it belongs to China. The marvel of it is, it will reflect even at surrounding darkness.

“The mirror resembles heart in human beings. By mystical techniques, savant makes his heart as crystal as the

mysterious mirror of China, that reflects his own image that is the image of his soul”.

Scintillating discourse of Ibnu Vakas thrilled him. All of a sudden two more supernatural forms appeared along and they were of Confucius and Laotzu.

Laozi or Laotzu said to have been seventy two years in mother’s womb, is venerated as a philosopher by the Confucianists, as a Saint or God by the common people of China, as a divinity and representative of Dao by Daoists.

Confucius, Kongfuzi or Kungfuzi, is an ancient Chinese teacher philosopher and political theorist of sixth century B.C. Confucianism was then regarded as the Han state cult, and its five classics became the core of education. His life and thoughts are recorded in the Lunyu.

The three divinities smiled at him fervently, came near him like celestial beings, dashed against his body and disappeared as if they have dissolved in him.

* * *

Manasarover! The eyecatching water bed on Himalayan mountains! The Hindus, Buddhists, Jains and Bans of Tibet do gather there to witness it, so that their sins are forgiven by the Providence.

Saint Abdel Kadhira was standing by its banks.

Above the lake sea, Manasarover, Kailasa where a large cylinder shaped frost called Ice Lingam like the symbol of Lord Siva is found. It is considered by Hindus to grant salvation on human beings at their mere sight of it.

“Yath Eva Ithadh Amudhrayah Amudhradhath Anu Then Marudhya Saurudhyan.

There is the same essence of the being everywhere in the universe. Which is found here, found there too. The atman which

attributes differences is prone to be born again and again on earth. Variation, discrimination and disaffection should be dismissed from the mind".

The verse from Kadhobanisath, the Hindu mythological literature was ringing from the surface of the Manasarover. By his broadened vision, Saint Abdel Kadhir could grasp the meaning of the verses and his own whereabouts.

"Um, Um, Um", was the intonation from the ripples of the water bed and it continuously resounded in the air. To Hindus it is the name of Uma, the consort of Siva.

To the Saint it resembled the mystical recitation of Kalma by its two middle letters 'Hu' and 'M'. 'Hu', the ending letter 'Lailaha Illahu' and the 'M', the beginning letter of Muhamed Rasullullah (peace).

While he was standing thoughtful, Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, the three godheads of Hindu tradition appeared before him as apparitions.

Brahma plays the creator of the universe is the legendary concept. Brahadarunya Upanisadh describes Vishnu: He is multitude by his presence, Everlasting, Esoteric and Purest of Godheads.

While Siva is called by several names, Bava, Sava, Mahadev, Easu, Soolapani, Sooli, Thirusooladhari etc., And his declaration runs, "My being was there even before the advent of Brahma and I will not cease to exist".

Saint Abdel Kadhir was delighted to hear a sloka of Rig Veda echoing atop the icelingam.

"Egavasi, Sarvam Puthorthanu Egam Ega Rupam....

The sole and only godliness permeates through every living being on earth and makes them look diversified in sight.

One who beholds the one and the same inner atman within him and within everything else will procure pleasure.

For those who don't see the one and the same in everything and everywhere never gets the bliss".

The saint began to moan:

"O my Lord

My heart is seeking today for the one sweet hour across the sea of time. Thou has lead me through my crowded travels of the day to this loneliness. I wait for its meaning through the stillness of this chill atmosphere".

He stood there wondering and wondering.

There arose a clamorous noise from the southwest direction:

"Namo Arahandahamam

Namo Sithanam...."

An apparition of Mahaveer, the founder of Jainism was approaching him. Of 5th Century B.C. he is said to be last of the twenty four Thirthankaras or Saints who attained Kevala, the highest of the stage of perception, and an advocate of non-violence and vegetarianism who established monistic order which contains five vows of renunciation.

There was another voice from the northeast, inspiring the atmosphere

Budham Saranam Katchami

Dhammam Saranam Kachami

Sangam Sararam Kachami

The gnostical elite of Indian sub-continent, Sittarta the Bodisatva, Buddha of sixth century was coming forward unto him as an angel.

Buddha adapted some ideas of Hinduism of his time, notably the doctrine of Karma but also rejected many of its doctrines and all of its Gods. At Saranath he preached, his

first sermon to his disciples, the eight fold path that lead to Nirvana, the Liberation of the soul.

The aphorism of Mahaveera and Buddha got near him by both of his sides and dissolved into him, and he felt in him unbound bliss.

Long before he came out of the thrill, the three Acharyas, the mystical preceptors namely, Aadi Sankara, Madhava and Ramanuja had followed on.

The philosophy of Aadi Sankara is non dualism-Advaita which was developed from the ancient Vedhas and from Mahayana Buddhist Philosophy of emptiness by Gaudapada, his preceptor. The philosophy asserts there is no duality in existence. The mind, awake or dreaming, moves through (maya) illusion.

Ramanuja, theologian and philosopher was the most influential thinker of devotional Hinduism. His conception is called visistatvaitam, which emphasized the need for the soul to be united with the personal God. His conviction is that the phenomenal world is real and provides real knowledge, and the exigencies of daily life are not contrary to the life of the spirit.

Madhava's philosophy is called Dhwaita or Dualism which propagates separate entities of Godhood and His creations.

The three of them, in their astral bodies gained and mingled into his body.

And meanwhile atop the Saint Abdel Kadhira's head a sloka from Baghavat Geeta ringed aloud.

*"Sambavami yuge Yuge....
I will be born age after age,
Whenever it is necessary
To conquer the evil and
To establish the virtue".*

*Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.
- Omar Khayyam.*

42. THE ADAGE FROM GREEK

It was Gibraltar, Jabal-el-Thahir now, where the Saint Abdel Kadhira had arrived at. It occupied a narrow peninsular of few square miles known as the 'The Rock' in Swedish language.

It appears from east as a series, of sheer inaccessible cliffs which makes it strategically important from time immemorial.

Moors held it from 711 AC. It was captured by the warrior, Thahir of Medina, and since then was the gate of invasion into Europe by the Islamic forces.

The legend goes that when Thahir entered Maida in Spain, he was with wonder to see a decorated table that belonged to Solomon, the wise. It had been bedecked with diamonds and stood on 350 legs.

Seaweeded rocks, dashed against by high waves of the sea, were a scene of good looks. Saint Abdel Kadhira was standing, thoughtful on an oblong shaped outdrop near the sea.

As he was contemplating, his eyes were surveying the sky, a divine figure was alighting upon the earth. He could at once grasp it as the Jupiter of the savians.

Jupiter or Jove was the chief God of ancient Rome and Greek. Jupiter was associated, with treaties alliances and

oaths. He was the protecting diety of the republic. He was considered to be the preceptor and was worshipped on the summits of the hills. His sacred tree was oak.

Jupiter alighted between Saint's shoulders and disappeared into him momentarily. As it was at an end, three other phantoms were moving towards him. They were none but of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle the monotheists of Greek mythology.

"Think about Thy own self" - The cry of Socrates was ringing above their head. The three of them reached Saint Abdel Kadhiri, dashed against his body and disappeared instantly.

* * *

The Saint found himself, seated atop House of God at Mecca. The whole of the Beccan Dale was in view from his look out.

And the Saint was thoughtful. "There is a person behind my eyes. It seems that he has seen things in ages and worlds, beyond memory's shore and those forgotten sights, glisten now on the sands, and shiver on the leaves of the date trees.

"The looker on, has seen under new viels, the face of the one beloved, in twilight hours of many a nameless star. Therefore his sky seems to ache with pain of countless meetings and partings.

"A longing pervades this desert through the breeze from the oasis afar. And this longing is full of whispers of ages without begining."

Opinions defer about the earliest construction of this house of God - Kaabathulla. Some theologions are of the opinion that it was primarily built by Adam, the forefather of homosapiens. Yet another opinion insists that, it was raised

by angels some thousands of years before Adam, and was circumvented by them.

Archeologists observe that the earliest constructions were destroyed during the deluge at the time of Noah. In later days, it was rebuilt by Abraham assisted by his son Ismael.

As the Saint was brooding, the intuition came flooding in, that Adam's remains were laid under this first prayer hall built by him on earth.

The very thought thrilled his soul.

A verse from Kuran echoed from the sky:

Vallahu gaibul samavathi val arli (16:77)

*To God belongs the mystery
Of the heavens and earth
And the decision of the hour
(of judgement) is as
The twinkling of an eye
Or even quicker
For God has power
Over all things*

And as the verses ceased the Saint Abdel Kadir took to the air and by moments found himself at Baitel Mukadis on the dome of the Mosque of Omer.

The Mosque located on Temple Mount, previously the site of the Temple of Jerusalem. The rock over which it is built is sacred to Muslims, Christians and Jews.

The Prophet of Islam ascended into the heaven from the site. In Judaism it is the site where Abraham prepared to sacrifice his son Ismael.

This is an octagonal building richly decorated walls and a gold overlaid dome mounted above a circle of piers and columns.

As he alighted on the mound, a Psalm of Prophet David was on air:-

*"How lovely is your Temple,
O Lord of the Armies of Heaven
I long! Yes!! I faint with longing
To enter your court yard
And come near to the living God!"*

When he entered the mosque he found the assemblage of Prophets ready to perform the early morning prayers. The Saint was standing behind the Imam.

All of a sudden the Imam, the predecessor, turned back and invited the Saint Abdel Kadhira to lead the prayers. The Imam was none but the Prophet Muhamed (peace) himself. With fear and piety the Saint lead the prayers.

When he completed the prayer followed by supplication, the people around there came near him, to confer 'Salam' on him and to embrace him.

The precursor was again the Prophet Muhamed (peace) followed by the Prophet Jesus and Prophet Moses. The Saint was blessed and embraced by a number of Prophets inside the mosque itself.

They were Dul-Kifli, Elyasa, Eliyas, Shaya, Armiya, Yahya, Zakaria, Sulaiman the Solomon, Daudh the David, Ismahel, Suib, Harun, Yusuf the Joseph, Yakub, Iyub, Yunus, Salih, Ibrahim the Abraham, Hudh, Nuh the Noah.

And by the end of the row was Adam and his consort Eve. The Saint knelt forward and felt the feet of both of them. They both kissed at his forehead. The spectacle was over.

* * *

The Saint was elevated to the Bait-el-Mamur, which is said to be at the base of Arsh, the seat of God. When he entered the mosque he found several entrances to the Arsh.

The doors were described as Babel Inayath-el-Ilahi, the door of good chances, Babul kina, the door of nearness, The Babul Shukhr, the door of indebtedness and the Babul Musahadha, the door of the divine panorama.

All they were on the thresholds, the Saint found the devout, thronging and dashing each other to enter the realm of God. Getting tired of his vain efforts, to enter, he held back and beheld the door of helplessness vacant.

He hurried to the gate and got into the hall of the Divine presence. There were screens around and they were opened off, one by one.

When he reached the dais spotted at the centre of the hall he saw Allah Subuhani, the God in its Purest form reclining on a decorated bed.

'Ana Antha: The, I ness and the Thouness' melted together in His own frame.

But the Divine one was like he himself. When the Saint Abdel Kahir got near the bed, he fell down instinctively. The divine deity who was an He until then turned into a She. The Saint embraced her involuntarily and got dissolved into Her, one body one soul.

He observed in Her, this is my eyes, nose, ears, my face, and my own person but of feminine by gender. As he was scintillating his I ness slowly was losing itself into an ocean of awareness that was new to him.

There was no time no space. He felt again She was not a human being and union with Her is not a carnal pleasure but an heavenly bliss unending.

No ugliness of sex was there.

He felt himself completely lost, instead found the presence of the single Divine Deity the Omniscient, the Omnipresent in him.

He felt himself pervading everywhere through and through the cosmos.*

* A gist of the sonnet 'Iniyya' by His Holiness Muhyidheen Abdel Kadhiri Gilani.

*I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose where as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.
- Omar Khayyam.*

43. THE WHITE FALCON

*"Come along! O bondmen of God
Come! Lend your ears to me!"*

Saint Abdel Kadhira was standing on the balcony of that mosque, where from the prayer call is made. The people of that village on the fringe of Baghdad, gathered before the mosque wondering at his peculiar holler.

Most of them suspected him a lunatic, very few of them could recognize him the wandering god loving Majzub, in the nearby forest.

The clarion call of the Saint echoed from all the directions of the sky.

He began to proclaim boldly:

*"I am the mystery of the Providence
And the secret of Its evidence
The eminence of my mystery
Is the zeal and zest
Upon its existence"*

As he vociferated so repeatedly people who gathered around fell about laughing and criticizing. "O see the man! Seems to be another Mansur-el-Hallaj who encountered gallows".

When one among them shrieked giggling, "If you are the secret of God, could you walk upon the blue?"

Long before he shut his mouth, the Saint began to step out and stroll, in the air.

As he was walking overhead in the atmosphere strange cries arose from the ground.

“Ah! I got my sight back while looking at the man in the firmament”.

“Ha, I got my broken leg healed, I am suddenly able to walk”.

And so on and so forth.

As he alighted upon the ground, those who had been miraculously healed, knelt in front of him to kiss his feet.

Saint Abdel Kadhira resumed his queer utterances:

*“And so you all make it sense of,
It is my soul that reigns
Over the earth and the skies*

*And all the happenings
Upon the surface of the earth
Comply with my ordains and devise*

*All those pals of the Lord
Are in my service
And their helping hands will
Extend at my will and wish*

*The whole of the Cosmos
Will be visible in my soul and some*

*I leaped out of my own selfish self
And became the compassionate
Self of the universe itself*

*I killed the ego in myself
There is no ocean of knowledge
Wherein I have not drowned
For pearl fishing*

*There is no branch of study
Which I have not scrutinized
And got a proficiency*

*Either of the east or the west
All the creations of God
Are under my foot*

*And all those entities of cosmos
I am having them
In the palm of my hands*

*In the grip of my fist
The universe is revolving
Like a ball*

*I am able to reach the fringes
Of the space seven times
In seconds by stroll*

*As the onset of my miracles
I began to speak*

*The mysteries of the spirit
In the days of my childhood*

*And I observed fasting
When I was in the cradle*

*My love and longings unto the god
Was the key to the doors
In whatever direction I walked
All the hurdles on my path
By the lord were set aside*

*By the earnings and prayers unto
Muhammed, Peace be upon him*

*I beheld my Lover
The Lord of the heavens and earth
On the mountain Dhurshinai*

*With my own bare eyes
I sensed His presence
And in my heart too*

*I read and stabilized
The Ten Commandments
Conferred on Moses*

*And expounded
The meaning of seven rulings
That availed on Jesus
And I made it a code of living*

*I was a hidden mystery
In the heart of Abraham and Muhammed*

*The spiritual breeze from their bosom
Filled my soul*

*The ages to come the years and months
The days and hours whirl round
At the doorstep of my home*

*The victorious flag of my wisdom
Fly atop the hills of astral hemisphere*

*On the Day of Judgement
All the spiritual kings will find shelter
At the shade of my mystical wisdom*

*I am the meaning of the verse in Kuran
Where God declares that,
"I will create an astounding one
That you cannot apprehend"
And I am the secret of that ordinance*

*When I take resolve to create something
It will come into being
By the will of the Providence*

*Indeed this frame
That is my frame is the house of God.
If you look at it with fervor
And respect you will get deliverance*

*If I throw my mystery over the hills
And mountains they will crumble to dust*

*Things of east or west
They lie within the fist of my palms*

*Wherever you might be,
My adherent
Call unto me for my compassion*

*It will reach you
All oppositions unto you will be toppled down
All your sorrows and worries will be cleared off
My words are genuine
Truthful and spotless*

*I have spoken only obeying
Charges of the Providence*

*There is no sage or seer
Or a master of spirituality or mystic
To whom I have not sanctioned his authority*

*The Providence will not bestow
Spiritual power and prowess
He has showered upon me
To anyone else*

*O thou, the people
Around the globe hark!*

*Until the dooms day
Don't ignore me
Evading me will cost you
The forbiddance
From the doors of the Providence
I loved the Eternal One
The One Omnipresent
I am merged one with Him*

*I am the divine lynch pin
With me the whole of universe turn around*

*The miracles the mystics conjure up
Are because of my reward to them*

*I cleaved through all the curtains
Around the bare truth and arrived
At the ultimate being of the God
I have attained all the powers totally
What all other godmen have attained individually”**

Meanwhile the number of convalescent people recovering from their illness increased and they crowded near him to get his blessings. But the Saint had already fallen swooned at the portals of the mosque.

At this hour of abnormal happenings, there appeared in the scene seer Abu Saied, the famous spiritual master of the town, ploughing the crowd he got near the Blessed Abdel Kadhira, spilt some water on his face to wake him up.

As the Saint came to him, the master told him blunt, “Abdel Kadhira, don’t break the secrets of the Providence in public, come to my house. I have a message for you”. Immediately he left the place and the Saint fell on the portal faint again.

But a majzub standing atop the mosque began to sing clapping his hands.

A translation by free verse made by the author for the sonnet ‘Wujuthi Sarai Fi Sirra Sirril Haqiqathi’ by His Holiness Muhyidheen - from Muniwul Zawahir Fi Muhyidheen Abdel Kadhira Gilani.

*The word of Bilal on the sands of Arabia
Ahadhun, Ahadhun the God is One
And the utterance of
Hallaj at the streets of Baghdad
Are the same! Anal Hug - I am the truth
Is the reality of existence!*

The rumour spread in and out of the city of Baghdad that a black magician flying upon the air is amazing the downtrodden people.

The Khalifa sent his soldiers to the spot to investigate and keep law and order.

Long before the soldiers reached the spot, a large white falcon from beneath the mantle, which the aspirants wrapped on the Saint, got out and flew into the blues.

*And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one - turn down an empty Glass!
- Omar Khayyam.*

44. THE SPIRITUAL RENAISSANCE

The afternoon of autumn day was cloudless. The river Tigries was full to brim washing the routes of the tottering trees by its flood.

The long narrow path that lead to the city of Baghdad lay like a thirsty tongue of a goat.

The Saint Abdel Kadhira was making a reentry into the city of Baghdad after several years in exile.

The Saint's heart was full as he looked around and saw the silent sky and flowing water of Tigries and felt that happiness was spread abroad, as simply as a smile on the face of a pious.

It was the early days of the 521st Hijra year. Ceasefire had been arrived between the Califa Absal Mustarsith Billa and the Sultan of Saljuk , Sultan Mahmud Bin Maliksha after a year long warfare and bloodshed.

The gates of the highways and ring roads were heavily patrolled by army. Herbiyah was the infantry with long swords. Ramiyah were the cavalry with bow and arrows. Kaidh, Nakib, Ahrib were the ranks in the army.

The Saint however entered the city gates fearless like a lion, the king of wilderness. His evenly built body displaying power, prowess and manliness, his philanthropic looks and long philosophic limbs, joint dark eyebrows, high heels and swift walk like a deer made a queer appearance of nobility,

dignity and even divinity.

Even though he walked through market place, nobody was there to recognize him, but every human being who passed by was full of eyes on him.

The face of the city had been totally uplifted by new built palaces, mosques and mausoleums. The records of the state registered the city population twenty lakhs.

Scientific inventions had magnificently changed style of life in the metropolis. Power generated by water pressure and air pressure, was utilised to motor the cereal grinding mills and for pumping water.

Instruments and apparatus devised by technicians like Ibnu-el-Rassan and others modernised the quality of the earthly life. Original texts and translations published by Baitel Hikam were panorama of the culture and civilization.

Although peace and harmony reigned over the Islamic domain the sudden attacks and skirmishes, by the militant Battinis, scared the public. The revolutionaries hid themselves at Elmouth fort and infiltrated, all at once.

Bait-el-Mukadis, Anthakia, El-Mouth Fort and other such cities inside the Califate were taken over by crusaders. Not only the rulers but also the commoners, were in gloom, about the loss.

Poetry and music were all the rage. Arab Kasidas had gained ground in the Farsi oriented Baghdad. The songs composed by the poet Abul Fazal Isfahani, pulled at the heart strings of women. Dhub and Udh were the mostly utilised musical instruments.

When the Saint Abdel Kahir stepped at the threshold of Abu Saied the bell from the tower clock of the royal palace, struck aloud five times and reverberated through the hubbub of the city.

While Baghdad and its people were witnessing the resurgence of science and culture the whole of Europe was in the grip of darkness of ignorance.

To drive home the situation the anthology of the century exposes that, while Charlaman the monarch of Germany received and beheld the wall clock sent to him by Harun el Rashidh, the Califa of Islamic domain, the monarch was awestruck and commented there should be a devil put inside the clock, to move the hands and to ring the bell.

Although the timer, upon the palace, exposed the civilization of the Muslims and ignorance prevailed through Europe, it also indicated a new era of spiritual renaissance in Islamic domain, by the advent of Saint Abdel Kadhira Muhyiddeen into that gigantic city of knowledge.

Sheikh Abu Saied was ready on his threshold to receive the Saint with a benevolent smile on his face. He commented, "Welcome to you renowned Abdel Kadhira! But you have not come to me at my invitation, you just abide by the counsel of the Khizr, the ever living Prophet!"

*They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshy'd gloried and drank deep,
And Bahram, that great Hunter - the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.
- Omar Khayyam.*

45. THE SUNRISE AT MIDNIGHT

The landscape on the sight was fading by the arrival of night. There was a secret joy in the bosom of the eve. The darkness was around but the air was full of solemn stillness.

Sheik Abu Saied Majumi was on the rostrum and his spiritual Califas and disciples were eagerly awaiting his discourse. He began to speak:-

“Beloved Brethren!

If anyone of the believers makes it his objective to behold God, he should observe it perfectly that none but God is present in him meanwhile avoiding partners to him.

The Holy Kuran says:-

Whoever expects to meet his God let him work righteousness, and in the worship of his God admit no one as His partner. (Kuran 18:110).

Sufis do hold the view that observance of separate entities between the worshipper and the Worshipped should be nullified so that the unity of God is established.

The Kuran says:-

And serve thy Lord until there come unto Thee, the hour that is certain(15:99). The literal meaning of the phrase, ‘the hour that is certain is ‘death’. The Sufis are of the

opinion that one should establish worship until he realises his own self as his Lord.

Mandana Huda Nabasud - Vazakin zuhudha nabasudh. This is a Persian verse. The meaning of the rhyme is neither man becomes God nor God becomes man. It drives home there is no I ness of the believer nor the Hisness of God, but there is only one livelihood and that is all pervading Omnipresent.

The phenomenal worship of God is the realisation that the Almighty and its attributes, or the Lord and His slaves are not different realities but one and the same. This is the meaning of righteousness in man.

The creation will be uplifted stage by stage. So there is no meaning in discriminating the good and bad in the eventuality of the universe.

The fact is derived home by the verse from the Kuran:-

"What is the matter with you that you place not your hope for kindness and long suffering in God.

"Seeing that it is He that has created man in diverse stages.

"See you not how God has created the seven heavens one above another".

According to Sufis, the inner meaning of the verses do ascertain that the benefit and loss, the intelligence and foolishness, the code and uncode, the up and down, the Creator and the creatures, the pleasure and the pain, Thee and me are none but delusions.

The meaning of death is the ascendance of the created from the lower phase to upper phase. Only God charges man in his endeavours and so, the fear about success and failure in any of his venture is superfluous.

The Prophet said, 'Men are asleep under the delusion of their self'. (*Kalan Nabiyu Annasu Niyamun Idamat Fa*

Anthabittu).

Another tradition goes on, 'Die before you encounter death (*Mutha Kabla Antha Muthu*)'.

The meaning of the phrase is, 'You should encounter the death for your I ness ie., of your being, and Hisness of His being before you die in yourself and wake in Himself'.

The Kuran vociferates:

*'By the fig and the olive
And the Mount of Sinai
And this city of security
We have indeed created man
In the best of moulds'.*

The inner meaning of the verse the Sufis hold that, '*By the fig We (God) are born as man*'.

If the devout one feels that he is a slave of the Master (God) it will create duality of being. Otherwise, in case of his observation he himself is the God it will end in disaster.

Observation, He is the whole will go wrong. When you wait in the wings by adjusting all the three perspectives, you will gain realisation.

The Prophet made the dictum, 'The God is alone at present as if, He was alone Himself, while he had not created any of the creation!' The dictum proves that even at present there is none or nothing but God is in existence".

In the end of his speech the Sheikh Abu Saied emphasised, "Brethren! be steadfast on the path of Tharik, which merges in itself the Shariat the code and Hakikat, the truth".

* * *

The very next day, just after the evening prayers, the

Saint Abdel Kadhira was given a balsom bath and dressed with gorgeous fur overcoat and pyjama. He was brought into the round house, decorated and illuminated with diffusing colourful lamps and light.

After the lustful supper with kubus and laham and the hakikath conji made of meat and wheat, honeyed date fruits and syrup of sabja seeds and badam nuts that enthused the guests, who sat around.

The cabin was full of disciples and deputies. Scent majuma was in the air. Sama the Sufi melodious music thrilled the entire atmosphere. The lithography of Persian Sufi verses on the walls and the ceiling were glittering and glinting in the affulgence.

Late in the night, the Sheikh seated the Saint Abdel Kadhira in front of him, surrounded by the gathering of his spiritual heirs. He wound a new green cloth of turban of eighteen feet in length, removed it in his hands and placed compassionately on the Saint's head.

Then touched his forehead by his right palm and blessed him in low voice, "O Abdel Kadhira, praise be to Allah who have blessed me with this opportunity of conferring the Kirka, the costumes and the Kilafat, the title of the divine representation, upon you who have already got the proximity of the Providence".

The Saint now bent down to prostrate before the Sheikh abiding by the code of Sufis, that the spiritual master who has carried away your fears, by imparting you the skill of self effacement, is your Lord.

He was taken aback, to behold the Prophet himself in the place of the Sheikh Abu Saied. As he had closed his eyelids, he saw the Prophet, filling his eyes, blessing him bounteously. At the sametime the Saint observed the unbound spiritual prowess in him, now coming into control and

harnessed.

As he came to him the words of the Sheikh was ringing.

“And this hand is not my hand but that of Hajrat Ali and this stance is certainly that of the Prophet”.

The ringing words of the silvertongue Sufi master reminded him of Kuranic verses:-

*'It is not ye (O Prophet)
Who slew them; it was God
When thou thruwest (a
handful of dust) it was not
thy act, but God's'*

The Saint Abdel Kadhira got up. The Shiekh continued his sermon.

“This winding and replacing of the turban on the deputies is not my right, in the origin, the Prophet himself wrought it on Hajrath Ali and declared, ‘I am the city of wisdom and Ali is the door of the city - Ana Madina el Ilm Va Ali en Babu Ha’.

In turn, Hajrath Ali did it on Imam Husain, from him Imam Jainul Abidin got it. Imam Muhamed Bakar, Imam Jafar Sadik, Sheikh Sirri el Sikdi, Syed Junaid el Baghdadhi, and by the lineary, Sheikh Abul Hasan Ali el Hankari, I was bestowed with this Kirka and Kilafat.

He, then made a syrup ‘Sarafan Thahura’ by his hand, adding lime water, sugar and lemon juice and meanwhile mixing up the secrecy of the Divine Wisdom in the beverage.

Feeding the syrup to the Saint by his own hands, the Sheikh spoke further, “Abdel Kadhira this syrup called Sarafan Thakura, will clear off your heart from evil thoughts and

ward off it, from everything other than God”.

There prevailed dead silence and the Sheikh made utterance of three maxims, like pearls, priceless. There contained in it answers for all those who troddle upon the spiritual path.

While others sat awe struck, the Saint Abdel Kadhira threaded the valuable pearls on the string of the Belief in Kalma. There arose noise as if a gigantic vulture flies over the sky, fluttering its large wings and suddenly all the lamps in and around the inn went off.

After the moments of scare, the sun due to appear after few hours on the eastern horizon, suddenly arrived in the sky with all its brightness vertically above the head of the Saint.

Shocked and horrified at the appearance of the sun at untimely by midnight, the assembly dispersed and the devout ran to the exit to go out of the mystical house.

However, the street and the city itself suddenly awoke from sleep to encounter the uncanny phenomenon. There was loud shouts, calls and exclamations.

“Ya Ali! Ya Ali”, was the overwhelming cry of the mob around the entire city, until the sun disappeared by moments and dreary darkness intruded upon the surface of the earth again.

*Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give - and take!
- Omar Khayyam.*

46. THE GENUINE LOVER

Hubbubs over the arrival of the sun by the midnight took a long time to die out. Although the uncanny phenomenon lasted for a little while, those who beheld the solar appearance by the midnight by their own bare eyes and those who witnessed all out brightness of the day light, were totally terrified.

After few hours of commotion the city fell asleep barring the monastery of Sheikh Abu Saied. Though the master fully understood the significance of the incredible event, he kept a long silence.

When the call for the twilight prayers was about to be made, the Sufi Master broke his reticence. He declared legibly, "the event proves the importance of the ceremony of crowning Saint Abdel Kadhira with spiritual Caliphate.

"There had been personal experiences, that the novices on spiritual path beholding the appearance of sun, moon and stars, peering before them during their penance.

But never have I heard of such an occurrence, that a celestial body publicly made its appearance as the result of a mystical gambit of a spiritual doyen.

I am informed by intuition, that this Saint of exclusive calibre will declare, 'That every pious one who gets the touch of my foot on his shoulder will become a declared pal of the Providence'.

After the twilight prayers the gathering dispersed. But everyone of the audience were contemplating over the three maxims, uttered by the Sheikh.

* * *

On the third day after the haunting event, the Saint was upright at the bottom of the tomb of his mother, making a fathiha, he fell on the ground and kissed the earth, where her holy remnants had been kept in rest and his eyes were overflowing with tears.

Still the words of the Sheikh was ringing in his ears.

“Even though you reach the threshold of God, forget not your father and mother, who begot you.

Whatever be your highest reach on the Spiritual Siera, do not go back, on contrition and beseeching condonation from God.

Unless you learn to eye up the world by the looks of the Prophet, you cannot catch the sight of your Lord”.

He expounded further.

“A preceptor among his disciples likens a Prophet among his followers’ is an adage of the Prophet and you should stay abide by this word.

Adapt the another tradition, *Ana Ahamed Bila Meem* which does mean: *I am the begining - I am the Lord Himself*, and until you are upheld by the hands of the Prophet, to behold the God, do not move away from Prophet’s front.

When you learn to make a trio by contemplating on an image of your preceptor as the image of your atman, and the preceptor himself the Prophet, and the Prophet as the absolute you will get realisation and liberation”.

* * *

It was the twilight of the evening the Saint was all alone at the graveyard of his mother. The night slowly began to spread its broad wings over him . Death had sealed up all the earth in rest except the crying soul of the Saint.

The nature overwhelmed that valiant spiritual warrior who had been armoured with supernatural powers, and the sorrow made him vail for a while. Hours together he stood silent at the foot of his mother's sepulchre. He began reciting the Kuran. Intermittently his sobs stirred and terrified, the womb of the still darkness around.

The small hours of the morning, as he vailed at her tomb, to get depart was reverberated by the voice from the heavens "*Ya Mehboob Subuhani!- Thou art the genuine Lover of the Providence*".

*And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of honour -- well,
I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the Goods they sell.
- Omar Khayyam.*

47. THE ROSE FLOWER

Saint Abdel Kadhira was on the pulpit at the Madhrasa near Babel Ajes to begin his maiden speech and Sheikh Abu Saied was on the chair.

Throughout the day excitement over the great celebration had been building up to a fever heat in the city of Baghdad. The highway around the Babel Ajas were jammed with aspirants of Spiritual path and Sufi doctrine.

The advent of Saint Abdel Kadhira had become the talk of the town. The public of the city were eagerful, that the one who like a lion swayed through jungles, in search of God around the city, for years together had now jumped upon the dais to speak to the public on subject of the sphinx.

The recital from the Kuran, followed by an introductory speech by the chair person, was over. And now it was the part of the Saint to play his roll as a religious orator.

Just as he was preparing himself, a queer person with a long Sufi attire entered the densely crowded hall, with a cup full of water and in no moments reached and placed it on the rostrum before the orator, and said, "Ya Syedhi, (Sir) the fraternity of Sufis of the city wanted me to deliver this glass of water to you".

The Saint who was taken by this incomprehensible behaviour of the man and motto of those people behind him,

now kept silent for a while, confused.

No sooner he provoked the assistance of the Prophet, who in a dream in the previous night, had blessed him to speak to the public, Hajrath Ali appeared in front of him and spit his saliva to his tongue and disappeared at once.

When the Saint came to him as if from a momentary nap, he saw a rose flower in his palm, and thoughtfully placed it on the surface of the glass water.

Now everybody in the hall were witnessing that the affloating rose upon the water was an alluring sight.

And now he turned at the courier who brought the glass of water retorted him, "Shall you be kind enough to take this glass of water with rose to those, who sent it, and wish them salams".

Now he began to speak and his words lulled the entire atmosphere. Sheikh Abu Saied was full of smiling.

*"Kavasul fakriya Kusabi
Bahril Kalbi ala dhurartil maaribi.*

*The labour on thought process
Dived into the ocean of
Inner consciousness
And he sought for pearls
Collected and heaped!*

*The tongue the translator cried:
All those who can tender worship
Can purchase the pearls of wisdom".*

The words of his discourse sounded like the hoofs of

war horses of the Abbasids and ringed through the city, its suburbs, around Iraq and all through the Islamic domains.

Citizens of Baghdad and the people of the lands afar and elites from abroad, by and by began to gather at his discourse.

Not only the Muslims but also Christians and Jews alike began to visit his sermon.

Those Sufis who sent the waterful glass, symbolically informing the Saint, that the city of Baghdad was full with knowledge and wisdom as they reside there in, and he better go somewhere else to deliver his religious dialogues, now understood the reply of the Saint:-

‘Though you are all in the city filling Baghdad, with gnostical wisdom, you all will be recognized only when my own presence in this city is accepted, as if the rose I have sent you on the glass of water’. The Sufi’s of the metropolis began to realise that they also have to learn from him.

The verses of the Kuran and the words of Prophet found new meaning and began flying on wings all through the Islamic realm. Sufism thrived fast.

Sufism is pre-Islamic, yet it is unique. It is the essential core of Islam and yet is a rebellion against the establishment of Islam too. When Muhamed (peace) the Prophet made his advent, the essential flowered on the earth.

Muhamed (peace) is real but after him the established religion went false. When this false religion, thus established religion becomes too much again, there will come people, courageous people, who will assert and who will say this is all wrong. They will expound what is right. Saint Abdel Kadhiri Muhyiddeen was of the nature.

*For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd - "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"
- Omar Khayyam.*

48. THE DIVINE MOON

There was peace prevailing all through the atmosphere. The almond, date and palm trees surrounding the monastery were seemingly under penance. The tides of Tigries made rhythm, as if the feet of dancing girls.

The Sage Muhyidheen, had furnished his routine work as a tutor of religious thoughts and Sufi art, was at his bed room for nocturnal rest.

Whenever he had to rest at the friary, any one of his wives, used to share bed with him. He had married four wives at the dictum of the Prophet who bid him in a dream that he should get into wed lock and fulfil Shariat to complete his penance.

It was the turn of Mehbooba, the passionate. As it took midnight for him to complete his works, when he entered the chamber, he found his wife fully asleep.

He came in and dimmed the effusing light, and lit up fragrant sticks and laid himself upon the bed aside the spouse.

He peeped at her tender face and became thoughtful. Beauty had its stamp on her steely eyebrows, forehead and lips. He said, "Alhamdhullilah - praise be to Allah". He was instantly reminded of a saying of Hajrath Ali, the lieutenant of the Prophet, 'I never behold anything on earth, before observing, the presence of God in it'.

As usual he began to recite chapter Sahar from the Kuran.

Huallah Hulladhi....And when he spelt the word appraising, it is God who had created and set right the shape of everything on earth, he laughed haughtily at the thought of a funny story recently floating around the city:-

The King of Baghdad, who entered alcazar late at night, had a chat with his wife Faridha. Meanwhile he was peering at the beautiful beaming full moon on the sky for sometime.

Faridha, who was longing for love from him, seeing his sluggishness, disturbed him saying, "Dear, is not my face look more beautiful than the poor moon on the sky?"

The monarch who had been tortured and tired over the administrative job of the day and by the troubling affairs of his government, suddenly got angered upon her that she is boasting too much about her beauty, teasing God's wonderful work on the sky, he got up and left the jamana and for the next few days wantonly kept away, to show his anger on her.

However, Faridha had the matter taken to the perusal of the Khaji, the justice of the city who was held in high esteem by royal authorities. The illustrious scholar appeased the monarch, just referring a verse from Kuran, which goes, 'We have created man more and more beautiful than other creatures on earth'. It became the grapevine of the public.

The loud laughter of the Saint awoke Mehbooba, stirred to ask him, why he laughed so wild.

Now the Saint folding her in his arms, explained her the piece of gossip prevailing in the city. Falling about she retorted, "Do you know what could have been my contention at such a scene?"

She herself expounded, "If you had been interestingly

looking at the moon on sky holding me in your arms, I would have told you 'My Dear! Why do you vainly look at that moon, your face itself is more beautiful than the moon in the sky', in the likeness of the tradition about Ayesha and the Prophet".

He kept silent, she entered to say, "Do you know why I say like this, I am reminded of the Prophet himself, whenever I look at your face".

She added I hope you know the tradition, that Ayesha in a situation like this, praised her consort Muhamed (peace) with the same version of the words.

Her amusing words instantly brightened him of another tradition of the Prophet, 'All those who went before me and those who will advent after me art but me only'.

The comforting and frightening lights of the Supreme Being, through the Prophet got its holy presence, in the soul of Fathima and through her was divided between, Hasan and Hussain, her sons.

By descending lineary, the Immaculate Pristine, came to the mother and father of Saint Abdel Kadhira Muhyiddeen and found it dissolved into one light of Pristine, the full moon of Divinity in him.

It was a night of blissful consummation and in the morning while his consort was preparing decamp, he casually found a brightness on her face.

He peered and found in her face, the impression of a babe in her womb and was intuitionally informed by God, that through the offspring who is a son, there will appear another Abdel Kadhira, in his eleventh descendancy, to represent the beaming fullmoon of the Supreme Being.

He will be called 'Shahul Hameed' by God and will be born in Hindustan, by the banks of the Ganges the holy river.

*Awake for Morning in Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:
And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.
- Omar Khayyam.*

49. ADAM'S PEAK

The Saint Abdel Kadhira Muhyiddeen was upright, on a rock, atop the hillocks called Adam's peak. Adam's peak is situated amid a range of mountains along the South central part of Ceylon.

The peak is sacred and a place of pilgrimage to Muslims, Buddhists and Hindus. On its summit it has a large hollow of five feet long. The hollow is venerated as the footprint of Adam, Buddha and Shiva, respectively by Muslims, Buddhists and Hindus. Many pilgrims of all faiths visit the peak every year.

The rock on which the Saint was standing thoughtful, was surrounded by steep and lofty cliffs connecting the landscape with quiet of the sky. It was a wild secluded scene.

The deep rivulets and lonely streams running wherever the nature led them, the living air and the blue sky upon the green earth were blessings of the heaven.

Instantly he was reminded, that this alluring spot of nature, is not new to him. He had visited this place earlier, when he was half consciously globetrotting, during the days of his penance.

As he was scintillating, Khizr, the living Prophet appeared there. He approached the wondering Saint and appealed him, "Thou Muhyiddeen, the chosen among the pivots of God, place your palm upon the rock. The world will last until the imprint of your palm remains tack".

As the Saint placed his palm upon the rock and found it imprinted Khizr spoke again:-

“My son! Hereafter palms of all the pivots of God will be stamped upon this rock and in the end, ‘Shahul Hamidh Abdel Kadhir’ from Hindustan, the descendant of your holy lineary will imprint his palm, below the palms of all pivots and it will be a signet, and he will be the last of the God’s pivots on earth”.

* * *

When he came back to Baghdad and began to preach Sufism and practice his art of Mysticism, miracles of the Sage Abdel Kadhir Muhyidheen became more and more awestruck and popular.

He attained the stage of ‘Kun Fayakun,’ that is the highest spiritual ascending of a pal of God who makes miracles, just ordaining ‘Be’ and his desire is done. His miracles became numberless.

Pals of God called Aulias, Valis are of two different orders Ibn el Hal and Abu el Hal. Those who wait for divine revelation and enjoy it are called Ibn el Hal, the child of spirituality.

Those pals who are quite efficient and reached great heights of mystic experience, do have the proficiency to create ecstasy of joy and themselves intake revelation are called Abu el Hal, the father of spirituality.

The Sage Muhyidheen was in the order of Abu el Hal and wrought miracles unaccountable.

A child born blind and paralytic, born to a rich merchant of Baghdad was brought to the Sage while he was dinning along with other Sheikhs and Ulemas, he just touched the boy upon his palm, instantly the boy was cured

and became hale and healthy.

When a mother of his students called on the Sage complaining that his son in his curriculum is eating poor food and becoming weak. The Sage was eating a lustful meal with a chicken porridge. She peeped an eye on the Sheikh's food.

However the Sage finishing his meals swept the bones of the fowl together and bid the bird to get up. The hen got up lively and ran away. While the Sheikh made it clear to her that her son could eat lustful meals when he attains such a spiritual stage to make alive the dead ones, she was ashamed and went out with understanding.

The Abbasid Califa called on the Sage one fine evening. His object was to receive blessings from him. He placed ten little bags filled with gold and silver coins and humbly presented it to him on a silver plate.

The Sage refused them. While the Khalifa solicited very much, he took out two of the bags and pressed them. Instead of gold coins human blood profusely flowed out. The Sage thus said to Califa, "See that you have realized the gold and silver coins only by oppressing the people. It really represents the human toil and exertion. Be kind to the people, hereafter".

The teenage daughter of one Abu Saied Ahmed of Baghdad was spirited by a jinnie by night hours. By the advice of the Sage he went alone into the ruining of the forest Kharkh. As he was reciting a particular formula given by the Sage, by the midnight, the jinnie appeared with its band.

The chief of the band made an enquiry, and released the girl, warning all its members none should enter, the vicinity of Sage Muhyidheen with evil intentions. Abu Saied brought

his daughter home right as rain and thanked the master.

On the third day of Safar 555 A.H. the Sage Muhyidheen was preaching in the curriculum. Instantly he stopped his discourse and got out and with a loud shout threw both of his sandals one by one and they disappeared in the air.

Only thirty days after the incident people of the curriculum could understand the meaning of his peculiar behaviour when a caravan approached the Madhrasa.

The traders of the caravan explained, that thirty days back, they were in danger.

‘We were attacked by a number of nomad Arabs and were looted and some of us were murdered. While the thieves tried to enter a jungle another group of marauders appeared on the scene.

Some among us suggested that we make a plead unto Sheikh Muhyidheen, the famous Sage in Baghdad. All of us said a Fathiha on him and pleaded him fervently.

There was a response forthwith. Two sandals with reverberation flying through the sky as if winged, approached both gangs of the robbers. Their chiefs were beaten to death and others dispersed and ran heels on their back to disappear into the jungle’.

It is related on the authority of Sheikh Adi bin Musafir that once the Sage was conversing with some persons who had come to hear his sermon. It began to rain.

He looked up to the sky and said, “I call together men for God’s sake, but You disperse them”. As soon as he said so, the clouds dispersed and rain ceased from the Madharsa of the Sage though it was raining in the places surrounding.

A relation of Calif Mustenjid Billah was once taken to

the Sage. The man was suffering from dropsy and in consequence of it, his stomach swelled enormously. The Sage, His Holiness, passed his hand over his stomach. It contracted to its natural size.

Once Abul Muali Ahmed of Baghdad approached the Sage and stated that his son Muhamed had been getting fever for a year and a quarter and could not shake it off by any means.

He instructed Muali to speak into the ear of his son and say, "O fever leave my son and go to the village of Hallah". Abul Muali Ahmed acted accordingly, and the fever left his son at once.

Once the Sage came to Sheikh Abul Hasan Ali Ajzi, who had been ill, inquired about his health. There he saw a pigeon and a ring-dove. It was reported to His Holiness that during the previous six months the pigeon did not lay any egg, and during the same period the ring-dove did not coo.

The Sage stood in front of the pigeon and said, "Benefit your owner by laying eggs and hatching young ones". His Holiness also said to the ring-dove, "Praise your Creator".

At once the pigeon laid an egg and in time reared a flight of birds.

The ring -dove also began to coo at once. People began to flock to the place of Sheikh Abul Hasan Ali to hear the qumri coo.

Abul Fazal bin Qasem of Baghdad has related: "The Sage, used to wear valuable dressing material. Once, his servant came to me and asked for a material high quality.

I gave him a material of that value and asked him for whom it was meant. The servant said that it was for the Sage himself. I thought within myself that he wears such fine of

cloth that is worn by kings and rich persons. At once a nail entered into one of my feet.

I asked friends to take me to the Sage. When I was taken before him, he asked me why I had criticized him by thinking so.

After this remark he said, 'I did not wear such cloth until I was ordered by God to wear it, and added that it was the covering shroud of a dead person, for which purpose the cloth is generally valuable. 'I wore the cloth after one thousand deaths'.

Abdullah Zayyal stated: "Once in 560 A.H. the Sage came to the Madhrasa from his closet with his walking stick in his hand. I was standing in the yard of the Madhrasa. I then thought within myself that I would be much pleased if the Hazrat would show me a miracle with his stick.

The Sage Muhyidheen at once set up his stick on the ground by driving one of its ends into the earth. The stick became luminous and began to glow brighter and brighter, as long as it remained erect on the ground, and the whole house became illuminated. After an hour the Sage took up the stick from the ground and it lost its luminosity.

During a famine in Baghdad, Abul Abbas Ahmed, the butler of the Sage Muhyidheen, complained to him about monetary tightness and want of food grains.

He gave the man a bag of wheat and asked him to store the grain in a covered receptacle and never to weigh it, but to take out according to necessity by opening a small portion of the mouth. He used to draw the grain in this way and used it for about five years.

Once a strong wind was blowing, when a kite flew over the assembly to whom the Sage Muhyidheen was delivering a sermon. The audience were disturbed by the shrieks of the

kite. The Sage asked the wind to cut off the head of the kite. Immediately the kite fell to the ground and its head dropped at some distance.

The Sage took it up and passed his hand over the dead kite and recited, "In the name of God the most Merciful". Under God's command the kite became alive and fly away. The whole assembly beheld it awe struck.

Once, a foreigner visiting his spiritual assembly wanted to hear the music of a maestro. But the said one was no more. However the Sage visited the graveyard and asked him to come out. The maestro came out alive, made a concert and went back to his grave willingly.

An young labourer, at dock of the port of Basra, on a trial trip of a sail boat to the high seas with navigators, disappeared. Their plight never came to be known. After seven months of the incident the young man's grand mother, took the matter to the Sage and pleaded for his life and safety. Miraculously on the third day, the sail ship arrived safely at the Basra port and all the men on board were alive and safe.

Thus the miracles were casual but routine happenings in his presence all through his life until his death.

However the miracles still make there appearance by the east and west wherever and whenever his devotees and disciples of his school of thought, plead unto his Holy Spirit.

*And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.
- Omar Khayyam*

50. PARADISE REGAINED

The morning break out and the sea birds were on their wings raising their warbling voice. Sage Muhyidheen was walking fast upon the banks along the Kayal, the back water that made a way from sea to the town of Malikan, the capital of Maldives.

Coconut trees were swinging their arms as if they beg alms from the milling sky. The threatening dark clouds were about to shower rain anytime. The spot where the sea and the Kayal, the back water were blending together was so beautiful a natural scene on earth.

Since the clouds had screened the rising bright sun still it was dusk around. But the rainbow which appeared on the north east direction of the sky, gave a marvelous appearance and beautified the sky and earth alike.

Faraway from the seashore but within the look out, the sailing ship that fetched the sage into the islands, stood anchored swaying along the dancing waves. Since it had arrived only the last evening the mast had not been set down. The hurricane lamps hanging along the mast pillars were still lit, effusing colourful lights that sported with the nature's rainbow.

The merchants, naval officers and crew of the ship were still asleep on the board of the ship. The Sage got down to a fishery boat that happened to pass by the ship and arrived at the shore before hand.

As he was stepping up to the township of Malikan, though he was seventy five, his majestic walk broad shoulders and sublime looks of his eyes, held him to be an youthful person. The birds of the air and fishes in the Kayal waters skipped in glee as they looked at him awhile.

The clouds began to drizzle. The Sage hurried fast and entered a cottage that stood amidst a grove of mango and jack trees. It looked like a parivenam (monastery), called in Paali. The cold breeze from the sea intruded the shadowed gloomy groves.

The ruby shawl surrounding his large chest and emerald green headdress the Sage wore gave him protection from showers and breeze.

Maldives is a bunch of islands of coral reef along the western end of the Hindustan, the continent of Adam, the father of the man. Malikan and Heiti were major among them populated thickly by fishermen and farmers.

Beaches of silky sands, glittering water beds of kayal and moss greeny orchards were the rich gifts of the nature to the islands.

Copras and coirs from coconut trees and dried masi and kola fishes were the major items of exports from Maldives to Arab countries and western coasts of Hind. Wheat and rice from Hind and nuts and date fruits from Persia were imported. So ships used to arrive at the shores of the island often and by fortnights.

Since the time immemorial there was trade and cultural relationship amid the Arabian sea shore countries and Maldivian islands. The people of Persia especially the gallant gents of Baghdad and Basra cherished always a dream to visit the islands and have a look at its natural sceneries and beautiful women.

Not only the geography of island but also the mystic and

occultic nature of Buddhist creed of the native people had reached the ears of the Sage from his childhood days.

While he entered the cottage the rain began to sweep. From another faraway hut the music of bells and drums mellowed in.

Humming female tone in chorus was coming out from the cottage.

*"I bow down to the all Knowing freed from all defects
Adorned with all virtues he the sole Friend of all beings!"*

And it mesmerized the atmosphere that prevailed there.

As the glances of the Sage touched the window of the chalet there gleamed a first look of a maiden as if the looks of a deer. The moment later, it disappeared, however two other maidens of polite looks came out of the hut opening its doors.

The Sage was waiting on the verandha, the women who came out brought a chair with them, and placed it the floor of the verandha, and beseeched him to sit down.

When they inquired him, "Who, thou art?" in a language mixed with Paali and Sinhalese, the Sage Muhyidheen was able to understand its meaning vividly.

Since the time he started his public discourse at the Madhrasa at Baghdad, it happened to him as a miraculous experience, that who ever come to encounter him of any land or language, he was able to grasp their language, and answer them in prompt concise words.

Silently he looked back at the path he strolled in and the banks of the back water and indexed his fingers at the ship, from which he had alighted. The women understood, made them oblige, went in and came out within moments, with a cup of water and a hot milk for him.

He was hungry and he took the water washed his face and drank the milk. He spoke few words to them with their own language, enquiring them, how and why young women like them, staying there in the hut in seclusion far away from the town.

All at once the faces of young women were shadowed with sorrow and their response took him aback. They said the woman who looked at him from the window, is the heir princess of the royal family of the islands. But she is going to be given sacrifice at the altar of a Asuro (deity) that safeguards their islands from typhoons and cyclones.

With anger and annoyance about outrage, he sat there silent for sometime, and thought over the dream a month back that directed him to the island. He sought them to bring before him, the would be victim as he wanted to know the ill omen around and he promised them, "I will save her from the peril, God willing".

While the maids tried to move into fetch her, the princess herself rushed out and fell at his feet sobbing. The very same moment a dozen of small sparrows flew in, from the orchard and sat upon his shoulders, headdress and upon his lap hopping and creaching in mirth.

The servant maids were witnessing the queer happening, birds endearing an human being. Alas! There rose a chaos behind the doors of the cottage, and young women darted out crying "help help snake, snake", and a large cobra followed them suit raising its hood.

The Sage sat silent and compose, but the princess and her two maids wailing there hurried to hide behind his back. The cobra went fast and stood before the Sage near his feet swaying his hood.

The Sage ordained now harshly, "To save your life clear

off the place at once". The cobra held his hood down and flew out of the place.

The miraculous happenings at the verandhah of the cottage encouraged the princess and her aides.

The maidens fell at his feet and begged him, "Our sire save our princess from the grip of the devil that is going to assail her life by the next evening".

He appeased them, "Don't be afraid of the devil. I will drive it out from the entire islands and save you all from its terrors".

Hearing his promise the princess raised her head from his feet and for the first time looked at his serene face.

She wiped off her tears again and again looked at his face and eyes. 'The face known to me, familiar to me, this looks of divinity and fervor. Oh my goodness who he is?' she was contemplating in her.

While the plight of the Sage was more and more confused and puzzled as he mumbled, "You, you Medina, Bibi Medina! Are you Bibi Medina daughter of Mir Muhamed the Amir of Baghdad".

Her face and looks resemble Medina Bi, who was his girl student at the Amir's palace of Baghdad some fifty years back. He queried and queried in him? He sat there in blissful posture!

*Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, A Book of Verse - and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness-
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.
- Omar Khayyam.*

51. RESURRECTION OF LOVE

There prevailed jubilation in the chamber hall of the royal palace. The whole island of Malikan was in festive mood. Bindusara the monarch of Maldivian islands was on his throne.

Sage Muhyidhin had driven out the devil that haunted the island considered to be the cause for the natural disaster, faced by the inhabitants every year. The princess of the royal family, who escaped from ravishment and slaughter, had been escorted back to the palace by the Sage.

The sacrifice of spinsters every year at the altar of the horrible devil had at last come to an end. The isles around and its entire population felt relieved and was grateful to Sage Muhyidheen.

Crowd thronged at the hall in and outside of it to steal a glance at his visage and venerable personalities tried to receive his blessings.

The king stood up and began to speak to his citizens. He said, "We are thankful to Sage Muhyidheen a thousand times for saving the country and its people from the clutches of the devil and for safeguarding the life of the Princess".

He went on to say, "We follow the creed of Buddha, the Bodhisatva from time immemorial and still we respect, practice and profess his religion and its tenets.

However the religion of Islam is known to us, since the time it emerged in the sands of Arabia, because of the trade and traditional relationship between Arab countries and our motherland.

Though we are not well versed, we have known something about the religion of Muslims its ideals and rites. The visit of venerable Saint Sage Muhyidheen seems to be a breakthrough that we can get a clear picture of the creed of Arabs and their God, Allah”.

He said, on behalf of honorable ministers, and the citizens of Maldives, the Sage of Baghdad is requested to speak upon the creed of Islam and its God. As he prayed so, Sage Muhyidheen rose from the throne, stepped up to sit upon a raised seating, in front of the audience.

After proclaiming the praises unto Allah and bestowing wishes of peace upon the Prophet Muhamed, the Sage Muhyidheen spoke about Allah the Lord of the Universe.

“Allah is the widespread name for the Creator of the universe. He is praised as the Lord of the Worlds in Kuran. And he is Beneficent and Merciful. He is the King of the Day of Judgement and all praises be due to him only.

Allah created all things from nothing and his own nothingness and made His word the cause of their existence. His power manifested itself. It become manifest and manifested.

His powers never declined. But He remained in hiding. He is called the First and the Last, the Apparent and Hidden.

When Allah wanted to see the forms of His names that is to see His own names, He exhibited His full grandeur. He exhibited His own secret to Himself, He saw it in His creation, that exhibited all His attributes so that His own secret manifested itself to Him.

All names of Allah becomes manifest in man and hence, man controls everything in the world. Allah reprimanded angels because of this man, they were not aware of his work.

Allah explained Himself in terms of man's attributes. When we observe our own attributes we observe the attributes of Allah.

He is without beginning and without end. We emerged out of Him, He is the First, we merge unto Him. He is the Last.

Perception of Allah is of two kinds, either of the person or the names. The perception of the person is an illumination of Allah. The illuminated sees his own form in the mirror of Allah and does not see Allah.

If you look into a mirror, it disappears and you see your own form. This is the highest stage to which a creature can reach. In enabling you to see yourself He becomes your mirror, and in manifesting His name you become His mirror.

And the Prophet Muhamed (peace) said, 'He who realises his self realises his God'. Gnosis enables man a glimpse of His manifestation which is beatific vision. The man gets it even in this world and more clearly in the hereafter.

Sufis, the mystics of Islam observe that Allah the God is one and all and also all in One!"

Thus the illuminated Sage spoke and got back to his seat near the king. One of the monks seated around stood up and raised a question.

"We are thankful to you for the explanations of God you imparted in us. How about the soul of the human beings according to the rules of your creed?"

The Sage came forward and said, "The Kuran, the Gospel of Islam says God created man and blew His soul into the being of him".

The monk queried again, "The Vedas of Hind is of the opinion that the soul of man is born and reborn upon the earth until it gets salvation. And Buddha, the Bodhisatva was of the same opinion.

"However I heard from the Scholars of your creed who had visited our island, that Islam, preaches about a final day, the Day of Judgement, when all the souls will be rewarded or punished for its good and bad deeds upon the earth.

"Would you please enlight us, which one is the truth whether the rebirth and salvation of the soul or the reward and punishment on the Day of Judgement".

The illumined Sage stood up again and made it clear, "In each and every creed and faith there lies an hidden truth and Prophet Muhamed (peace) said, *'seek knowledge and wisdom even if it is found in China'*.

"According to the tenets of Islam, we, the human beings are not expected to cull out or scrutinize the tour and travel of the soul. Instead the Prophet had insisted, the begining of the religion is acquiring the knowledge of God".

"I hope it will do, come out of the confusion and plunge thyself in the love of the eternal God. Who is represented by your own soul".

* * *

The very next day's morning the Sage was ctrolling along the banks of the Kayal. Through it was the day of his departure from the island of Maldives to his homeland, there was a heavyness in his feelings.

Within a week of his arrival there, there was a notable change in the thoughts and traits of the islanders. All the

where he found an inclination in the minds of the people towards the terms and tenets of his Faith.

He had become the beloved of the people. He was considered by them the dawn of their days. By the touch of his hands, so many sick persons were cured all at once. So many wrinkled coconut trees became green and tender as he touched them.

There were miracles around. People gathered around him day in day out. As he spoke of his departure, there fell a sadness upon the faces of the people. They began to cry out to him with one voice.

Elders of the island stood before him and said, "Go not away from us. A noon tide have you been in our twilight and your presence with us had given us heaven's bliss.

No, you are not a stranger to us. You are not at all our guest. You are our own son, you are the brother of our brothers and sister of our sisters. You are the sire of us, the orphans of the sea.

Your disappearance amidst us will be disappearance of our own soul".

But, he consoled them and managed to get their permission to go back home. But much in his heart remained unsaid. For he himself could not speak his deeper secret.

His thoughts were upon her, the princess of the island, who had first sought and believed in him, when he had been but a day, in their own.

He could not forget her calm visage and the gleaming in her eyes that reminded him of Bibi Medina, who courted him in days of his youth and was said to have been massacred, in the battlefield along with her father and others.

When he got near the seashore, there was a huge crowd beforehand awaiting to send him and see him off. The traders and the crew of ship were ready to set off.

The king, ministers, monks and other official staffs got near him to bid adieu. There was a sudden rustle in the crowd and the princess with her maid servants cleaved in.

The sudden appearance of the princess puzzled the people around. But the King himself stood in silence with a smile in his face.

She came near the Sage, garlanded him with the garland of roses and knelt down to touch his feet, the tears flowing from her eyes wet his feet.

He touched her shoulder to take her by his arms. However she herself stood up, placed her face upon his chest and started wailing. "I am Bibi Medina. I am Bibi Medina of Baghdad. I am yours, take me home".

No one could understand her. People stood baffled. But a monk in the crowd exclaimed, "It is *Abhinibbatti* (the rebirth) in Paali. It is the cry of an awakening soul. It happens once in a way".

Presently the King Bindusara stepped forward, took his daughters hands and placed it in the hands of the great Sage of Baghdad.

And he said: "O my Lord, take my daughter to your home, she has no mother to fondle her. For the past one week, from the day you saved her from the demon, she fell ill often. She falls down crying, 'Leave me, let me to go to Baghdad with the Sage, my fiance of the previous birth".

The great Sage accepted her with a smile. Love has no other desire but to fulfill itself.

*“How sweet is mortal Sovereignty!” - think some:
Others - “How blest the Paradise to come!”
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a distant Drum!
- Omar Khayyam.*

52. THE BLESSED CROWN AND THE VIRTUOS FEET

The golden moon gleamed sacred, solemn and bright.
The birds were dancing in the groves. While the fire flies
lighted the desolated pathways upon the streams around
the suburbs, lotus buds were stirring like sweet maidens.

After the sunset prayers Sage Muhyidheen Abdel
Kadhir ascended to the pulpit and appeared before the
audience which numbered not less than seventy thousand.

His eloquent persuasive voice and his potent forceful
arguments on the subject of theology comprising all the four
of its aspects Shariat, the code of law, Tharikath, the tenets
of philosophy, Haqikath, the crystal truth and Mahribath,
the Gnosis, charmed and lured the people around that the
number of audience at his services in front of his Ribat, the
curriculum increased day by day.

Not only the souls of the departed Prophets, Sages and
Saints but angels, archangels, other celestial beings, spirits
and ghosts and phantoms too immensely attended his
divine inspired discourses, indisguise.

Such a rumour of the visit of the unseen that prevailed
made the mortal beings throng at the mass and keep alert,
polite and devour to hear the sermon which poured like
flooding rain in the needy hour.

It was a pleasant evening of a full moon night in the month of Rajab of 559 Hijra, His Holiness Muhiyidheen was delivering sermon fervently.

In course of his discourse all of a sudden, as if under trance, the Sage Muhiyidheen proclaimed, "My foot is on the shoulders of all pals of God - Kadhami Ala Raqabathil Auliaithara".

Hearing his declaration, at once the Sheikh Bin Hitti rushed fast near the rostrum and bore his foot on his shoulder, as the Sage was sitting on a robust sofa.

Following Sheikh Ali Bin Hitti all those eminent who were present stepped forward to bow down their shoulders to bear his sinless foot upon.

While the Sage Muhiyidheen made this holy proclamation pals of God all over the World irrespective of their religion heard the declaration by their clairvoyance and lowered their shoulders spontaneously and acknowledged his supremacy over the Spiritual Kingdom.

Three hundred, Rijalul Ghaibs (hidden godmen) some of whom used to dwell on earth and used to fly about in the air, compiled with Sheikh's assertion.

Deputation from the pious jinns, the beings of astral world, present in the assembly expressed the repentance, appeared before him, and bowed their shoulders.

And all those Abdals, the chief of divine pals, staying at their where abouts, upon the globe, at once bent down to hold his feet on their necks, shoulders and upon their heads.

Few names of those Abdals are Sheikh Baqa Bin Battiu, Sheikh Abu said Khailavi, Sheikh Ali Bin Haiti, Sheikh Atiyu Bin Musafir, Sheikh Moosa Savabb, Sheikh Abdur Rehman Thahvanzi, Sheikh Abu Madyan Magribi and the great Ahmad el Kabir Rifayee.

The divine pals all around the Universe immediately saw with their eyes that the flag of the rank of the chief of pivots, 'Ghaus-el-Azam', of God was placed in front of his stage and the crown of the 'Saviour of human kind' placed upon his blessed head.

With fresh vigil and vigour he rose to speak to the public.

*Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and - sans End!
- Omar Khayyam.*

53. THE NIGHT OF ECSTASY

“Please, Please don’t cast such a bewitching glance at me. Awful it is. Shameful. Am I taken away by an orgasm. What a bliss! My legs are trembling. I can’t bear up your amorous looks.”

As she fell down moaning “Terrific” on the silken bed between the velvet sheets, closing her eyes, taken by a kip, the Sheikh fervently watched her serene face awhile and himself went asleep.

It was a midnight of spring season. The air was full with fragrance of flowers from the adjacent garden. A blending smell of jasmine, tulip and screwpine buds made the atmosphere magical. Serene peace reigned over the earth and sky and that residential cottage of Sheikh Muhyidhin Abdel Kadhira within the campus of the Madharasa.

Later, when Sadika who came to herself, saw her fiancé nodding off. Took handful of water and spilt over his face. He stirred up to see her mischief and tried to embrace her.

She pushed him away by her hands and ridiculed him, “You! You lady killer who taught you all these tricks of romance, sexually collapsing women by a mere look?”

He kept mum and she shook his shoulders “Who taught you this magic of deriving orgasmic pleasure in girls by just passing a carnal look at their orb?”

He laughed soulful and consoled her. But his explanation took her aback. He said “the skillful art was taught to the Prophet by the Providence while at Mihraj”, tradition goes like this:

One day in the fulmoon light, Prophet was lying on Ayeshah’s bosom. She was erotically aroused and was ready to ravish him. Instantly there appeared the Angel Gabriel disrupting the amorous mood.

Witnessing the archangel waiting with an urgent message from the Providence, the Prophet tried to get up from her garland. But the eve not knowing the exigency, caught him by tight hold and tried to have her end away.

To break free the tight corner the Prophet peered deep, passionately into her eyes and she fell swooned, buzzing out experiencing the culmination of carnal pleasures, in a freeky moment.

The Sheikh now began to expound the technique to the astonishment of Sadika. The proverb of the Prophet goes as follows, he said:

*Let the ink to print by thy sight
Be lustful love for cupid’s art*

*Upon her hairy scalp a leaf
So careful none to take a leaf*

*Record Hae the letter on hand
Of right and on left the zal brand*

*Bae to be signed on leg of the left
And the zeem rightly on the right*

*The nun to the alluring naval
Vav exact on vaginal swell*

*And rae on the blooming breast
To put her soul in blissful rest*

*Water marks by your finger tip
Love's progress is on up and up*

*See you all the ignorant guys
Who never heed the inner eyes*

*That behind bare eyes do hide
Full of mystic powers if tried*

*To restrain the melting seed
And satiate her erotic need*

As he completed the verse there was a chirp of birds from nearby trees. Sadika laughed heartfully and commented, "Even the birds are raptured to hear your erotic verse".

He spoke to her now:- "Sadika this secret method of satisfying the women by looking at the fiancée's eyes bears hard exercises. But the Prophet had elaborated another easy method which could be learned and followed by all men.

The Prophet said "Those are the mean person in the society who forget the name of his friend and those who release themselves, before their spouses are released.

"So it is a bounden duty on every male member of the society to satiate the sexual thirst of his spouse by learning techniques. Now I will tell you the tradition of the Prophet that was passed through Hajrath Ali.

*Hearken! Lend homos your idle ears
Just after the middle of the night
When lives upon this earth delight*

*In dreams the peace surmounts the air
And an humming sound peals the ear*

*Wake up thy woman take her by hand
From head to foot with kisses blend
Scalp of the head ear lobes behind
Eyelids and that lips unbound
Of happiness, the cheek, the neck
Both the elbows, the breasts to suck*

*The navel to lick, the bosom
Below between the cuisse! Loathsome?
Rubbish! Do kiss, caress and fondle
By your langue the inner lips kindle
The clitoris the crux lying
Upper most on the opening*

*Sucer et lecher the nook gently
There lies secret of nooky
After the flow of the nector
Let her sit up, enter thy dogit
Search for the signet that there jutout*

*For thy touch by the upper zone
Otherwise your ambitious boon
Of the vaginal mouth where in
Your phallos to suckle
Feeding her mothers nipples in glee
The mouth of the womb like a baby*

*She becomes heartfelt and soulful
Find her carnal cravings peaceful.*

* * *

In the days of his youth the Sage had a mind to marry, but fearing that wedding knot would be an obstacle to his life of devotion, he did not get away. When he settled in Baghdad at the age of 51, he married, in obedience to the spiritual discretion of the Prophet.

Four of his wives, were fondly attached to His Holiness, because of his lovable character and highly mystical life. He had by them 49 children, of whom 27 were sons and 22 were daughters.

The Sage used to be engaged throughout the day in rendering service to the public and throughout the night in prayers and devotions. But in spite of these engagements he would perform properly his duties to the members of his family.

He ardently loved his wives and children and used to pass leisurely hours with them everyday. His holiness would talk and laugh with them freely. If necessary, he would do household works, and go to the market to buy the eatables required by them.

But he himself would observe fasting almost throughout the year, but in the evening he usually took only two pieces of bread.

The wives were not jealous of one another, but all of them were eager to please him by their obedience. If any wife happened to be ill, he himself would do all household work. He used to sweep, fetch water and cook pieces of bread.

Though the Sage was apparently attached to his wives and children, his heart was actually with God at all times, just as the Holy Prophet found real pleasure in prayers, in spite of his love of women and fragrance.

The Sage took care to educate his sons properly. He himself taught most of them the code and traditions and also arranged for their education under savants of the time. Thus

most of them became well educated and pious, and when they grew up some of them resided in Baghdad and others went to different places in the Muslim world.

But wherever they resided, they used to give free education to the students who flocked round them and also benefited the public by their pious life and public sermons.

Sheikh Abdul Wahab, a son of the Sage, was born in 522 A.H. at Baghdad. He learnt Fiqah and Hadith from his father and several other elites of the time. For the acquisition of learning he visited several towns in abroad.

In 543 A.H. the Sage put him incharge of his Madrasa. Sheikh Abdul Wahab used to teach the students of the curriculam and perform his duties satisfactorily. After his father's demise, he was incharge of delivering sermons and issuing Fatwas of Islamic law.

Califa Naseruddin appointed him to redress the grievances of the oppressed and to help them. He was a kindly disposed, charitable and pious person, and was liked by the public.

Sheikh Isa, another son of the Sage learnt Fiqah and Hadith from his father. He also learnt Hadith from some servants of the time. He used to teach Hadith, coach students, deliver sermons and give opinion on questions of Islamic law.

He was also a poet. After the death of his father he went to Damascus and thence to Egypt, where he settled. Here he used to teach Hadith and deliver sermons. He became very popular among the Egyptians. He wrote some books on Sufism, one of which is named Jawahir-ul-Asar.

Another son, Shaikh Abdur Rezzaq was born in 528 A.H. Like most of his brothers, he learnt Fiqah and Hadith from his father. He also searched for traditions of the Prophet from different quarters and became a Hafiz of

Hadith. He was a very pious man and his truthfulness was known to the public. In spite of his limited means, he was charitable kind to the students. His civility and virtues were known to all.

He frequently used to take part in debates and teach Hadith, Fiqah and other subjects. In spite of these occupations, he like solitude and would not come out of his closet, except on religious necessity.

Another son, Shaikh Musa, was born in 535 A.H. He too learnt Fiqah and Hadith from his father. He also studied the later subject from Abu Said Ibnu Naba and others. He proceeded to Damascus and settled there. People of the place were benefited by him. He was one of the pious and exalted men of the town.

The Sage's sons Syedh Syfudhin, Syedh Sarafudhin, Syed Abdul Razak and Syed Easa were born to Medina Sahiba.

Syed Abdul Aziz, Syed Abdul Wahab, Syed Sirajudhin, Syed Abdul Jabbar, Syedh Samsudhin, Syed Thajudhin were given birth by Bibi Sadika.

Syed Abdulla, Syed Ebrahim, Syed Abul Fasal, Syed Muhamadh Yahya, Syed Abubakar Zakariya, Syed Abdul Rahman and Syed Muhammadh were the offsprings of Bibi Mumina.

Syed Yehya, Syed Ziyaudhin, Syed Yusuf, Syed Abdul Halik, Syed Syfur Rahman, Syed Mohamadh Salik, Syed Habibulla, Syed Mansur, Syed Abdul Jabbar, Syed Abu Nasar all of them were the children of Bibi Mehbooba.

Names of his daughters were:-

Aabiya Bi, Yasin Bi, Ummul Fasal, Sahara Bi, Sharifa Bi, Jamal Bi, Halima Bi, Abidha Bi, Khairunnisa, Thaj Bi, Khakiya Bi, Shah Ganam, Sahidha Bi, Razi Bi, Shah Bi, Thakhira Bi, Ummul Fathah, Fakhira Bi.

*Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
"Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry".
- Omar Khayyam.*

54. THE DANCING DIVINITY

The city of Baghdad had been destroyed by a cyclone and heavy rain. Deluge had dipped knee deep the entire city in water. A number of houses and huts had been left collapsed and large trees had been fell by the storm. The transport was completely stopped.

However on the next day afternoon, the sun spreaded its rays above the cloudy sky. But the river Tigries was still in spate. The flow of water was edging over the banks.

Since the ruling authorities had received messages of intermittent heavy pouring at the catchment areas of Tigries, residents along the river were given alert of heavy flood and ordered to vacate at once.

Inspite of all the hubbubs and turmoil, the Saint Abdel Kadir's Madhrasa was in full swing, with its routine schedule. Everyday after the day break, a discourse on the Kuran and the Hadhis, was delivered by the Saint.

The anti meridian and post meridian hours were shared for the teaching Usul, the code and writing Fatwas, the discerning and drafting of judgements. Three days of every week, the Saint spoke for the public from the dais, in the evening after the twilight prayers.

Tidings of his astonishing miracles had become a talk of the country. While the deluge in the offing, the citizens of the metropolis decided to take up the matter to the concern of the Saint.

While the public lead by the representatives the rulers approached the Saint and reported their scare about the raging torrent in river Tigries and the calamities that are on the cards. He got up and walked out of his curriculum and headed towards the river silently.

The hole of the mass started out to follow him tight lipped, when he got near the river its edging waters shrank step by step, as he walked ahead on and on, and then he struck his walk stick at a mark and ordered openly the tides of the river pointing his index finger "Tigries you should not cross beyond this stick".

The mass behind struck with awe was waiting and watching the wonder. Instantly the call for sunset prayers was in the air.

As the people buckled to hurry up behind him to perform the prayer at his lead, they were taken aback to see him place his foot upon the surface of the river and walk further as if walking on tiled platform.

He went ahead and as he performed oblation, a prayer mat alighted down from the heavens. Since it was the day of fullmoon, the moon beamed on the horizon marvelously. The venerable Saint began to pray and vociferate aloud the verses of the Kuran. The mass behind followed him in the grip of utter silence and amazement, on the shore.

After the benediction he came back to the river bank, made for his Madhrasa, ascended the dais to speak to the people.

However the sensational and breath taking song of his spiritual powers instinctively gushed out from his lips:-

*Blissful Laila, the sovereign Goddess
Of all heavens and the earth
Aroused me to enter Her vicinity!*

*But I retorted back come along
And Thou enter my fold.*

*However I held back,
And the Nectar, her alluring looks I drank
Spell bound, I dashed and zoomed
Across the cosmos recklessly*

*Reached Her secret tryst instinctively
Won her heart! Ha! She my Divine consort
Years together I was lying at Her feet
Bewitched, beguiled and captivated.*

*Later when I came up, I made a call unto all
Those who were enchanted
By the Mystery of the Being:*

*O Brethren!
Who all have killed thy ego
Enter my Mart of Spiritual Trade*

*There you will find thy resort
O the Saints, pious, virtuous and devout
O the Pivots and Pals of Providence*

*All thou gather at my host
And drink the syrup of Divine Wisdom
I am already brimful
The Blissful Elixir of Celestial wisdom
And left for you the drops of remnants*

*O my Brethren
Of occult faculties and supernatural powers*

*Thee, the delegates of the other world
Of course thou art all
Magnanimous in thy cadres
At the court of the Providence*

*However, amidst you my Divine Locus
And my spiritual orientation is highly elevated
Never to retreat nor to get depreciated*

*Solo have I shared
The privacy in the palace of
Blissful Laila!
She, the Goddess of worlds
My swings are but for Her winks*

*To me it is plenty of the intimacy of Her
The Fair Mistress of Cosmic Solitude*

*Hark!
I am Falcon, the king among the birds*

*Is there anyone alike me amidst
The Lions of spiritual Elites?*

*She has crowned me with abundance
And enrobed me with Kaftan of Virtue*

*Guided me to dive into the timeless infinity
And behold the Chronicles of the past.*

*Rewarded me all the powers of transcendence
What all I demanded!*

*Declared me the Monarch of Divine Kingdom
And She wrought my Kingship eternal*

*See! The wheel of time will not roll
Without a call at my Door*

*Hark! The trumpet declaring my victory
From every hilltop around the world
Hear the mace heralding
That me the 'Guardian of Righteousness'*

*There is a fixed position for every Pivot of God
At the foot of an Advent
And certainly I am steadfast at the foot of
Muhammed, the heaven's messenger
Who played finale of the Prophethood
I am permanently domiciled at his lotus feet,
The divine advent of the final epoch*

*I am the pivot of God
Upon me the whole of the globe spin around*

*The Goddess poured upon me the spiritual prowess
Because of her love and longing upon me*

*O my disciple!
Who has spread out Thy hand unto me
For liberation and resurrection*

*I will shield you from the harms
Of those who speak against the spiritual path
And genocide those enemies*

*Wherever you be
At the extreme end of the east or west
When you call out to me for help*

*O my truthful devout
I will lend my obliging hand
And save you from your pathos and sorrows.*

*I am born with name Mulnyidheen
Rejuvenator of faith the Dheen*

*I was in possession of this name
Even when I was in my mother's womb
See! My victorious flags, the
Heavens rewards flying hillstop*

*Around the globe
The universally praising nomenclature
'Abdel Kadhir' is my name*

*No event on earth comes about
Without being clued up to me*

*Days and dates never make progress
Without my impetus*

*O! The base one
Who set your tongue wagging*

*And slander me in vain
Stop you nonsense at once*

*I am the Heir descendant of Muhamed (peace)
The full moon of the Divine Advents.*

The seed becomes a tree and yields fruits, the chick grows to be a bird and lays eggs, the human soul when blossoms to godliness miracles are in full bloom, around the man in whom the soul dwells.

A translation by free verse made by the author to the sonnet 'Sakanil Hibbu' by His Holiness Muhyidheen - from Munirul Zawahidi Fi Muhyidheen Abdel Kadhiri Gilani.

*Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after a To-morrow stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There!"
- Omar Khayyam.*

55. THE THWARTED EARTH QUAKE

The Sage was in his nineties. Sitting on his cot in the morning hours of a winterday he was legibly instructing a preface to the compiled volume of his speeches on mysticism, namely the Futuh el Khaib.

His son Abdul Rahman was taking dictation on a paper from China by dipping a pen, made of peacock feather, into the ink made of betal nut and saffron.

"The spirit from the unknown world got into my heart as thoughts. When I came out they surfaced and filled my mind with words and phrases. For it will help those who seek after truth, I like to comply and by the Grace of Almighty make it a manual".

As he was dictating, Abdul Rajak his another son came in and intimated that a foriegner is waiting to meet him.

The Sage Muhyidheen at once asked him, "Let him come in". He came in and the Saint shook hands with him and asked him to sit comfortably on the sofa.

After a few moments of pause the new comer began to speak. "I am from Anthalusia (Spain). I have come over here by sail and by ride.

"The Muslims in Anthalusia are now in trouble, since the Kalifa of Cordova recently was overthrown by Christian rulers. They impose on Muslim citizens to convert themselves

to Christianity. So thousands of Muslims had left the country and migrated to Asian and African territories.

I belong to a very few daring, dauntless Muslim families who still live in the hope that God would come to our help.

I don't cherish descendency. When I prayed passionately, one night the beloved Prophet appeared in a dream and asked me, 'Go to Baghdad the capital of Abasids and meet Sheikh Muhyidheen who makes sermons at Babel Ajas and apprise your sorrows'.

Sheikh Muhyidheen was thoughtful for a moment and said to the new comer, "I do make sense of your worries, there is danger in the offing, that entire Muslim domain will be put into test and insecurity.

As it happens in Anthalusia, very soon, the mosques and mausoleums at Baghdad would be destroyed by a villain from the north. But the faith of Islam and its zeal and zealous cannot be subdued.

Now it is high time for me. I have one more seed in my loins. That will be the seed of a great monist, who will make expounding treatises on monism by his writings".

Spilling the beans, he asked the newcomer to come near him, asked him to stand behind him, touching his back with his back, made a loud prayer and asked the noble alien,

"Go to your land you will get a offspring, name him after my name Muhyidheen! God willing he will be the explorer of the Mehriba the wisdom about the secret of the Supreme Being".

It was Friday, and he with his sons and the newcomer went to the mosque for prayers.

It was the heyday of the Islamic culture and civilisation, so many eminent elites were emerging in various fields of knowledge both in scientific and religious realms.

Hajrath Jafir Bin Hyan, El Kindi, El Karjeeni, El Farkein, El Razi, Rabith Bin Karra, El Badauni, Ishak, Ebrahim bin Swan el Masood, El Thabari, Abul Vaba, Ali Bin Abbas, Abul Kasim, Ibun el Jaseer, Ibnu Sina, Ibnu Yunus, El Karkhi, Ibnu el Kaidam, Ali Bin Easa, El Karsali and so many were famous eminent.

And on the zenith of it, the Thasauf, the wisdom of the transcendental had reached the acme. A new methodology had been begun in the field of mystical knowledge.

Sage Muhyidheen had been accepted as the head of the fourteen noblest of Tharikas, the spiritual paths. He had hoisted the green flag with white crescent and star on it, in the front of his monastery. He declared the moto of his school of thought, *'Awwalu Dheeni Maharibatullah - the knowledge of the God is the begining of the Faith'*.

His discourse on the faith was compiled into tomes namely, 'Fatah el Rabbani'. 'Kunyath el Thalibeen', is an expound of Sharia the code of Islam. The other one 'Futheh el Gaib', deals with the secret of the unknown, and his songs in his divine moods had been gathered under the title 'Kasida el Gauzia'.

As he entered the mosque, the Masjith el Haroon el Rasidh, the preacher who was about to ascend the pulpit turned back and gave the Asa, the priory stump to the Saint and politely solicited him to make the Kuthba, the Friday special sermon.

He ascended the pulpit, made the introducing speech, kept silent for sometime and stood up again to make the resultant discourse.

Meanwhile, the earth began to shake and the people screamed got up from their places to run out of the mosque. Pandimonium broke out.

There arose alarming frightful cry across the metropolis. However the outfit of the Saint from the pulpit made the audience at the mosque awestruck.

He stuck his Asa over the floor and vociferated loudly the tradition of the Prophet.

*“Mun Raani Fakadh ra el Huq
Those who have seen me, had seen the God Himself”.*

He repeated the words thrice and the shaking of the earth ceased once for all.

And the arousing cry out around slowly died down but a great reverberation from beneath the earth showed that a bigger earthquake had been thwarted by the the miracle wrought by Sage Muhyidheen.

*With Earth's first Clay They did the last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed:
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.
- Omar Khayyam.*

56. THE FINALE

The city of Baghdad was under the grip of melancholy and depression. The Sage Muhyidheen was breathing his last, as he predicted earlier that he will pass away on the morning hours of eleventh moon day of Rabiul Ahir of the current year 561 Hijra/1167.A.C.

By his Ninety first year of age he suffered intermittent fever for a week. Famous physicians of the metropolis, they themselves gained entry into his aboard and tried to diagnose.

Khalifa Mustanjit Billa sent him the consultant physician of the palace and himself crossed his threshold to see him and to receive blessings from him. In spite of intake of medicines the fever does not ease down, he avoided any food or drink.

However he was mindful of and was sentient enough to recognize the visitors. As he had declared his final hours conclusively, the public as well as the elite flocked at his residence, from in and out of the city of Baghdad.

There was no one in the row of the visitors who had not shed tears visibly or surreptitiously. The days were passing silently. The bazars were kept closed and the royal offices went inactive.

Tigries was in spate. All the living beings around the city, who were on the top of the world enjoying the discourses of the Sage, were in grip of despair, since his speeches had ceased permanently.

The city was preparing itself to give him a final send off. It was the night of the previous day of the doom, predicted by him. Though it was the tenth day of crescent the moon light was full to the brim.

After the midnight a lone monotonous sorrowful cry of a song that rose from the Tigries awoke and carried away the people around.

*The soul of the Sage Muhyidheen is a pass
Between the here and the hereafter.*

*The ambrosia from his speeches
Is the water of the eternal life.*

*The Almond at his courtyard was green
And yeilding all through the year until its last day.*

*The songs of that cuckoo
Bore magical relief for the sorrows of the people.*

*When that cloud poured on earth
The human buds bloomed
And aired their holy fragrance.*

*He belongs to the world of angels
He made an advent on earth
To unfold the secret
Of the Providence to the world.*

*Death cannot take him off
But he is transferring himself.*

The identity of the singer was known to none, but the song and its melody and message was heart rendering.

Early by the morning, it was the talk of the town and people were of the opinion, the Bard who sang the song was none but Khizr the living Prophet himself.

By the gloomy silence of the tenth crescent day afternoon. Contemporary Ulemas, Sheikhs, Devotees and all those who were benefited by his miracles were gathering around.

His disciples were grieved in their heart, for that he has said "I go".

But an unknown Majzub, God loving lunatic, cried from the street:

*"I shall live beyond the death
I shall sing in your ears
Even as the time takes me away
I shall go to you as a spirit invisible".*

All his wives and children and grand children were present at his villa. But everybody around felt that his death could only be a rite and not real.

Sheik Usmal Abu Omer Kuraishi, Sheik Hasib El Ban Masuli, Sheikh Ahamed Bin Mubarak, Syed Ahamed Rafi Bin Hasan, Syed Sarfudhin Easa, Sheik Abu Usman, Sheik Ala Dhani, Sheik Abu Sayidh Bin Sibli, Sheik Hayat Karate, Abu Abdul Rahman Abdulla,

Syed Samsudhin, Syed Abul Fasal Muhamadh, Sheik Saifudhin, Abdul Wahid, Sheikh Abu Nasr Musa, Sheik Abu Isak Ibrahim, Sheik Sadrudhin Navabi: All of these reputed men were the living spiritual Califas of Sage Muhyidheen.

He sat up with help, upon his bed and delivered, a short homily to his Califas disciples and sons and daughters.

He declared, "My palms are upon my disciples safe guarding them as if the sky is inverted upon earth".

He candidly revealed that he has been given a complete list of his disciples and Califas who will belong to his school of thought until the end of the world.

He went to pause and came again to recite verses legibly

*“O my disciples if you grasp me fast.
I will save you here in the world and at hereafter.
I am Muhyidheen,
I will save all my disciples from their scare
And safegaurd them from all dangers.*

*O my disciples don't go beyond the bound
Don't go astray.
I will be with you
When you are near the balance
On the day of judgement
To be weighed for your
Good and bad deeds on earth.*

*O my disciples when you are at loss
Call me 'I will help you'.*

O my disciple be dare and dauntless.

*The God is enough for us.
He has rewarded me
Spiritual prowess and powers.*

*O my disciples
Do all the good deeds
Walk cheerfully
On the path of my Thariq”.*

While the crowd had been carried away by his divine utterances one Abul Hasan, who was a long time servant and disciple of the Master and who had went abroad on a trade

tour for his master, for the past two months, arrived back and abruptly appeared in the scene crying a lot.

He went fast near the bed and touching his master's feet with his forehead began to wail. The master instantly got up and sat without others help, brushed his head appeasing him and he said: "O Abul Hasan, don't weep, I will never depart from you".

He then raised his hands and vociferated again:

*"These hands of mine are strengthful
To safe guard everyone of my disciples!*

*All those who are on the righteous path
Will get salvation from my hands!*

*Until the day of judgement
I will be called Muhyidheen
The Rejuvenator of the faith".*

He spoke again:

*"The Prophet, my grandfather appeared to me,
In a dream he called on me.
O Abdel Kadhir! You will be
The representation for all my words
Of compassion!*

*So be helpful to the people of my community!
Be steadfast with me in monitoring
The faith of Islam until the dooms day".*

He laid himself again on the bed.

After an hour he woke up and bid his people to keep away from his bed, for the heavenly are attending at his

bedside to bid him farewell. And he was offering salams to the invisible until late at night.

Got up, took bath and prayed the salath of the night, kept his head prostrated, on the prayer mat, for long.

By the hour of thahajath, the little hours of the morning, there was a cry from the sky.

“Certainly we come from God and it is certain, we return unto Him only - Innalillahi va inna ilaihi irajiun sahadha”

Alas! The people found him no more and made all the rites for the corpse forth with.

When the sun appeared over the horizon, there arose weeping and wailing over the city. The sobbing people men and women, old, young and children, Muslims and people belonging to other faiths began to cry:-

“Oh God! Spirit of Baghdad did depart!”

The villa thronged with people who dashed in, to the see finally his moonly face. Everyone of the twenty lakh of population, desired to behold his face once for good.

The salath el janasa, prayer over the corpse, was held several times.

Since the crowd gathered more and more, the burrial of holy remains could be held only after the midnight.

His holy frame was burried at the curriculum, where he rendered his spiritual teaching, to his disciple and made his moral discourses, to the public for the past forty years.

May his flowery feet be upon our head, shoulder and heart!

The necropolis became a sanctuary for the mystics and a place of resort for theologians and royal doyens and an eternal sanctorum for physically and mentally diseased and a shrine forever showering divine compassion all over the earth.

*Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!
- Omar Khayyam.*

THE EPILOGUE

'Muhyidheen' is the honorific nomenclature conferred on the Sage, His Holiness Abdel Kadhira Gilani, by the Providence. All the fame and celebrity of the Sage arise from this epithet, which is invariably known all through Islamic domain.

The key of the sphinx, the puzzle of the Providence, is in the custody of Sage Muhyidheen, is the cherished opinion of the muslim populace all around the world. Especially in the places wherever Khadhira school of spiritual learning flourish the holy nomenclature is a divine name for recitation.

The ideas of the modern society overwhelmed with reason and science, does not admit the spirituality that warrants self enquiry and God realisation. The Creator and creatures are of different entity and human beings don't have any divinity behind them, is their concept.

The rationalistic thinkers thrive in Islam from the very beginning of its annals. In the days of the Sage, Karramis, Muthazilities, and Karijis were the prominent among the defectors who argued against spiritualism.

However, Sage Muhyidheen was steadfast in his flawless idealogy, 'Vahdat el Ujood', the same single absolute being alone is in the existence all along the cosmos. He was strict on Shariat, the Islamic legislation of code and uncode but he expounded its meaning in the light of Hakikat, the Truth,

wherever it was necessary.

His hard penance not less than twenty four years in the forests of Iraq is unique in the records of the Saintly world.

Though we cannot make a comparison of it with the penance of Prophet Muhamed (peace) in the caves of Hira but it can well be compared to the spiritual plights of Buddha, the Bothisatva in 5th century B.C. at the foothills of Himalayas.

Among the Sages, Saints and Mystics who had crushed their psyche by avoiding food, drink, sex and sleep to harness the spirit in them thus striving hard to realise the ultimate truth and behold God, the name of the Sage Muhyidheen Abdel Kadhira is top on the list.

He is aptly called Qutub, the Pivot, the Polar Star, the Divine Axis etc., by the Muslim world. In mystic terminology, a Qutub is one who has attained to that degree of sanctity which is a reflection of the heart of the Prophet (peace) himself.

He is considered as the preserver of the universe, a spiritual axis on which all the spheres of existence revolve around. He is also nick named as the 'White Falcon', for his speculative and penetrative insight into the mysteries of the cosmos.

The motto of the majority of population on earth is, 'live, enjoy and die'. However a part of them, religiously inclined, do hold the view one should live a devout life and reach heaven after his demise.

Still and all, the Saintly who make advent on earth, irrespective of their religious inclination, do live a life of penance and preach that the man should know his self and realise his divine origin.

Common people are mad after their own faith, practicing its rites, as well propagating that praising the name of the God in their terminology is the way to hunt the benefits of the here and the hereafter from God's storage of beneficence. While the basic objectives of every religion, 'knowing the God and attaining Him', fall behind.

By their outlook of outward religion, people find themselves varied, brood enmity between them and instigate fundamentalists, to take to arms and sabotage the world peace.

Baghdad, the base of the renowned Universal Preceptor which could be called the headquarters of the spiritualism and Divinity, today seems to be the den of political hypocrisy and religious vendatta. God only knows the meaning behind this enigmatic truth.

The Prophet Muhamed (peace) at Medina founded Islam on unifying the Deity, equalifying humanity, established a peaceful society on earth to live harmonious in the belief of benefits in the hereafter.

Five hundred years after his demise, the clarion call of his scion, Sage Muhyidheen at Baghdad, the man should penetrate his thought into his ownself and realise his divinity, is an interesting subject to ponder over.

The code and uncode is availed in every creed on earth. The spiritualism emphasises to read the wisdom lying in between the lines of the law, for this is essential for the attainment of the Divine goal.

In all his sermons, the Sage highlighted the importance of knowing God, loving God and attaining Him. And he made it outright that the only way to attain God is but by abide by the ordains of a spiritual master, the preceptor.

He said:-

Love upon God:

You, Brethren, make your heart quite empty off this world and the next world ie., the hereafter, make room in your heart only for God and love upon Him.

You, the servants of God, your desire should not be for food, drink, dress and damsels, these are all the desires of your bad psyche.

Where is the desire of the inner heart? Where it has gone? Certainly the desire of the inner heart is the quest after God and cherish love upon Him.

Wisdom of God:

You the ignorant one, seek after gnosis, the wisdom of God. You can not find bliss in devotion if there is no wisdom in it. The belief you have undertaken, will not be perfect, unless you learn and speculate over it.

To attain wisdom you should surrender all your soma, soul and riches for it. A savant approached a wise man and asked him how he attained his wisdom and he replied, 'I attained it, by learning lessons from a crow, the early riser in the morning, from the forbearance of a donkey, from the avarice of a pig and from the gratitude of a dog.

He expounded it further, 'I will go to the house of my spiritual master early in the morning like a crow and will carry out his commands with restraint as if a donkey, wait in front of him just as dog in gratitude and devour the wisdom, he imparts me like an avaricious pig.

O the pupil on the God's path if you want wisdom of God and salvation abide by this Godman's advices.

Benevolence of God:

O my son! Keep your head upon the pillow of forbearance, fold yourself by the blanket of abiding by the

will of God, rest on yourself at the footprints of fate, be composed awaiting His arrival, then only you will witness his benevolence. That will be affluent for you.

The intuition:

Be steadfast at the portals of God and knock at His door again and again. Then only you will understand the nature of intuition. The intuition could come out of your own self, from Satan and from angels too. If you keep yourself at His door you will be able to differentiate the intuition of its truthful or deceitful sources.

The annihilation of the self:

If you want yourself to be accepted by God, be patient, forbearing the problems and troubles that come out of His creations.

Whatever be the test you are put to, bear up it with patience. You will get His acceptance. He used to do like this, in regard to His pals.

He will make their heart cleared off everything, except Himself. He will let them undergo varieties of hardship and misery and force them to behold the here and the hereafter short and belittle. He makes them self annihilated and then recreates them to keep alive in Him. Thereafter He settles them with Himself forever.

The Prophet:

With the wings of Kuran and traditions of the Prophet, fly fast to reach the sanctorum of the Lord. Be quick and surrender at the feet of the Prophet. He will bedeck you with ornaments of virtue and righteousness and take you to the court of God Almighty.

The one who becomes a believer and devout, he will carry on every rites and duties of the religion and will reach the court of the Prophet.

He will sit there composed for a certain period and beseech him, 'My Lord grant me to behold the threshold of the God Almighty. Lead me to the servanthood by which I can keep myself steadfast at his doors. Lord, lead me to the spot where I can behold Him and keep myself at His nearness'.

The Prophet will take the man with him to His sanctorum. At once a query will echo from God. 'O Muhamed (peace) who is this one you have brought in?'

The Prophet will make a polite reply. 'O my Lord, Thou art Omniscient. I have brought up a little dove and now have fetched it to your royal palace, for rendering service at your portals'. Then only the God will accept him.

Criticising God:

To criticize God at the time when, what is ordained comes to pass, is indeed death. It is the death of religion. It is the death of the unity with God. And it is the death of your trust and sincerity with God.

Test of love:

So when calamity comes from God and you are firm and unshaken, then indeed you are the one who loves Him. If your condition undergoes a change, then your falsehood is exposed and your claim of love is no more maintainable.

The fear of God:

If it be your wish, that no door should remain closed to you, then always be afraid of God. So it is the key of the door. God says, that whosoever has the fear of God, He provides a way of escape for him and gives him sustenance from a source, that he cannot conceive of. Do not argue with God, neither concerning yourself nor concerning your children, or your wealth.

Ten Commandments:

The Sage Muhyidheen has laid ten commandments for all those who like to progress on the path unto God.

Should not make promises in the name of God.

Should avoid telling lies either wantonly or ridiculously.

Should not pledge, or if pledge is given should go abide by it.

Should not curse any one and should not harm any one to the least.

Should bear up others harmful activity for the sake of God.

Should avoid other believer's agnostic and hypocritical activities.

Should avoid seeing the misdeeds.

Should not impose upon others.

Should not expect any help from others.

Should be polite with others.

Advice of the Sage Muhyidheen to discard both the pleasures of here and hereafter and to attain God, may be objected by the thinkers of the modern world.

But this goal of seeking after God has been emphasised not only by Imam Gazali, the renowned scholar of Islam but also by so many Sages and Saints like Socrates of Greek and Aadi Sankara of Hindustan and by those Godmen living till this day, whichever be their land or the creed they belong.

The mystic songs of the Sufi Master Muhyidheen, sung in divine trance, though banned from the public for a longtime has been included in this book, in time, without hesitation.

“Come unto me, I will salt the wheat flour of your devotion”.

“Shower your love upon me, I will lead you to the love path unto Providence”.

These are all the significant messages found in his songs.

Scrutinizing the dilemma of the personal and impersonal worship, we arrive at, the obeying the preceptor the spiritual master only could lead one to the meaningful worship of the Lord Almighty.

And the God said aptly in Kuran, “Obey the God, obey your Prophet, and also the chieftain among you”.

World will find peace only when the man, who bearing his script in one of his hands and fire on other hand loiter in disguise to set ablaze the other man’s prayer house, leave it and sit at home to read his script and realise his own self.

Only when the soul of man tries to understand the meanings of the script in his hand, it can avoid its avarice after the carnal pleasures on earth and attain eternal bliss.

From all the pages of Sage’s works, Fatah Rabbani, Futhuh el Khaib, Kunyathe Thalibeen and from the Kasidha e Gouzia, the songs of ecstasy, the messages said hereabove, we acknowledge.

The exegesis of the tradition of the Prophet, ‘Seek after knowledge even if it is found in China’, we find in the discourses of the Sage, which showered on Baghdad like heavenly revelations.

Finally this book obviously stress on the benefits of spell of the Holy name ‘Muhyidheen’ and the benefits of living abide by his advices.

Only the couplet, my paternal grandfather A.S. Muhamed Ali Sahib aired often in my early childhood days:-

*“Nammai naam kandariya
Naadi naam vandhome Allaal
Bomma koothada alla poum.
We have come upon this earth
Only to investigate and realise
Our ownself and not
For making scornful dances”*

inspired me to venture upon writing this biography on the great Sage Muhyidheen.

I conclude this work with the meaningful words of my celebrated Sheikh Hajrath M.G. Muhamed Hussain Sahib of Nagore, “We are born upon the earth to encounter death but we should not yeild to it, my children the elixir is with the Sage of Baghdad”.

May the touch of his flowery feet be upon my head and heart and upon those people who aspire the same.

YA QUTBA - OH! THE DIVINE PIVOT!

*Hymn our praises to Allah, the merciful Lord
Unto Him our gratitude, He the only God
Salutations and Salavath we bestow
Upon His Prophet, his clan and fold!*

*Oh! Thou, the pivot of God Almighty
Saviour of the heavens and humanity
Heir of Moula Ali, Thee, the rejuvenator
Ya Muhyidheen, of path unto divinity*

*Hail to thee, Oh Redeemer of the human races
Of all times! Thou Rescuer from Siesmic forces
Seated eternally on the throne of Truth
Thou Muhyidheen, the seer of mystic sciences*

*Who created the Skies and Worlds, He greeted you
And addressed you "Khalif come into my purview"
You learned at his behest the art of gnosis
Oh Muhyidheen, who makes the Faith anew*

*Aptly you were named Abdel Kahir! Thou went
Fasting twelve years in forests! Adamant
Kept awake, unslept, abode in godhood
Hail Thee! Spiritual Master, Muhyidheen, Fervent*

*Thou daring and defiant on the path unto Truth
Thou God's beloved, loving the worshipping worth
Forsook the filmsy life, on the path of Faith
None excels, Muhyidheen, Thee on Earth*

*Those two cities on the banks of the river Tigries
Let their fame and piety always increase
He was born at Gilan, his tomb is at Baghdad
And saints and seers surround there are numerous*

*Thou found, indeed, the body of Faith ailing
On thy walk and helped thee its healing
Thou, the preacher of Mahriba, the knowledge of God
Hail Muhyidheen! Thou saved Faith from reeling*

*Hail thee the heir descendant of Hassan and Hussein
By paternal and maternal hierarchial line
Thou art the light of Sun and the Moon alike
O! Muhyidheen who lives in hearts genuine*

*Respected by Thee, the schools of thought of Safi
And Hanbals alike! When you entered the Sufi
Realm and raised atop the flag of Khadhiriya
Emerged, Muhyidheen, the perfect Philosophy*

*By the virtue of Truth and Integrity
Abstinence, Detachment and Austerity
You stood fast unto the devotion of God
Oh Muhyidheen, adored by the men of piety*

*Miracles, innumerable sprang forth, the world adore
From Thee, like it happened to the Prophet, before
And it flourished all through the world
Hail! Muhyidheen, Thy grace the people implore*

*Your reputed gospels and wise discourses
Contending atheists and pluralist sources
Hemmed in, establishing renowned Monism
Ya Muhyidheen, the seer of occult forces*

*You enjoy His Privacy, and your demand
Allah relishes fast, declared thee, by His command
That your feet would touch the shoulders of His pals
Hail! Muhyidheen, there at once, obeyed the band*

*They saw the seal of pivots on thy shoulder
Considered it to be a treasure holder
Of celestial secrecy and one Bakar
Defyed, Oh Muhyidheen, and then did deplore*

*All those fighting religious sects
Like Karizias and Rabilis and Poets
Learned and Wise accepted thy supremacy
Ya Muhyidheen! over hidden secrets*

*Band of Scholors of profound dignity
Noble Ulemas of religious entity
And godly alike, found their doubts cleared
By thee, Oh Muhyidheen, with clarity*

*Abound myself with your dare proclamation
That thou will befriend those who seek salvation
And Thou art the guide of spiritual guides
Favour me, Oh Muhyidheen, thy affirmation*

*Your declaration, no challenge, that you shall
Appear at once, on devotees call
When thousand times with penitence he invokes
Thy name, Ya Muhyidheen! with his will*

*And you assured your graceful appearance
In vision! should one pray twelve rakaths in reverence
Nafil, reciting Fathihah and Iqhlas
By twilight, Oh Muhyidheen, sure deliverance*

*You raised both your compassionate hands
And said to the audience these are the wands
That would safegaurd who get into my realm
Of Thareeq, Oh Muhyidheen, the history resounds*

*Muhammed, the Prophet is your great grand father
Indeed, he affirmed Thou art his regent altogether
And thou art the Redeemer of his Ummath
Of good Omens, Muhyidheen, Thou the soothsayer*

*Oh Master, My leader, Our redeemer
Oh my guide and to me the cause of good humour
Save me, my Sheikh, parents, family and friends
Oh Muhyidheen, Thou art our unfailing saviour*

*Take me unto thy own band of disciples
Add me to the list of servants, scrupulous
Include me to thy Army of Soldiers
My Lord! Muhyidheen, the monarch peerless*

*Lead me my Lord, on thy path, the leading Thareeq
Unto the Providence, so as yourself did seek
Unto me blessing all its rites and duties
Me, Ya Muhyidheen, thy slave, humble and meek*

*For ever and ever may thy supremacy over
The pivots of God progress! Salavath we shower
Upon the Prophet, his clad, fold and devout
Seers! Ya Muhyidheen, Upon thee, too forever*

*Salavath be poured upon the Thabieen
Thabo Thabieen, and those laid serene,
Sacrificing their life for the creed, to them
Our salams, unto thee too Ya Muhyidheen!.*

*Original Arabic text by:
Renowned Sheikh Sadhakathulla*

*English rendering by:
The author*

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Muneerul Javahir fi Sheikh Abdel Kadhiri Gilani (Arabic).
Hidayathul Abidheen li Sheikh el Akram Muhyidheen.
Rising sun - M. Kareem Gani.
Muhyidheen Malai.
Risala-el-Auliya.
Doctrine of the Sufis.
Bards of Persia.
Kashf-el-Karamath.
The Saint Dhastagir.
The Prophet - Khalil Gebran.
Ibn-Al-Arabi - Maulvi Hasan.
Spray Birds - Rabindranath Tagore.
Miracles of Ghouse Muhyidheen.