

THE ETHICS OF PROPHET MUHAMMAD (PBUH)





THROUGH STORIES FOR CHILDREN

THE ETHICS OF PROPHET MUHAMMAD (PBUH)

By Mahmud Sami Kanbaş



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THE BLESSED CHILD

The famine had arisen. Even a single drop of rain had not fallen to the city of Mecca for months. Leaves had withered up, earth had cracked from place to place and animals had perished.

People had been yearning for drinking water. It was possible to find Meccan people at any time of the day looking at the sky in hope of seeing a piece of cloud. But days were passing and not even a single leaf was moving. Mecca was parching day by day and hopes were exhausting.

Meccans were desperate. They did not know what they were going to do and from whom they were going to ask for help. If famine kept continuing, everyone would vanish off the face of the earth. Their only hope was to go to Abdulmuttalib and ask him to find a solution.

Abdulmuttalib was one of the leading figures of Mecca. He had good reputation not only in all around Arabian Peninsula but also in the neighboring areas. He was well-liked by the public and his opinions were taken



into consideration. If a person needed help, he would come to Abdulmuttalib and Abdulmuttalib looked for a solution.

Abdulmuttalib was really sad. He listened to the people who came to him in a great silence. Then he ruminated about the situation.

- We should pray together to our Lord and beg Him for help. Please notify everyone. Tomorrow we are going to pray for rain on the mountain of Abu Kubays when the sun comes to the meridian.

The next day all Meccans with their elders and youngsters were at the mountain of Abu Kubays. And



Abdulmuttalib took along his grandson and came up to them. When they gathered, he raised his head. The sky was blue. The sun was scorching the earth with all its torridity. He looked at chapped lips, crying babies, wailing women and bended heads. Then he turned his face to Ka'bah, held and lifted his grandson up. And then he sincerely started to beg: Dear God! For sake of this child give us abundant rain.

Shortly after that, a small cloud arose on the horizon. It seemed like, while this tiny cloud getting closer to Meccan sky, it was pulling white clouds behind it. Suddenly the sky got dark. Soon later, it started to rain. Children went out and had fun under the rain

that they had been waiting for months. Rain drops and people's tears melded to each other. The scorched earth had fulfilled its need of water anymore. Birds started to happily sing. And Mecca rejuvenated.

While his grandson on his lap, Abdulmuttalib was watching the rain drops on window with tears of happiness. He knew that this rain was sent down for sake of his grandson and he now believed more that this child was going to be a great man in the future.

Indeed years after this incident, this blessed child was selected by God as His messenger. With the great help of this child, once again the world was filled with peace and tranquility. But his grandfather Abdulmuttalib could not see those good days.

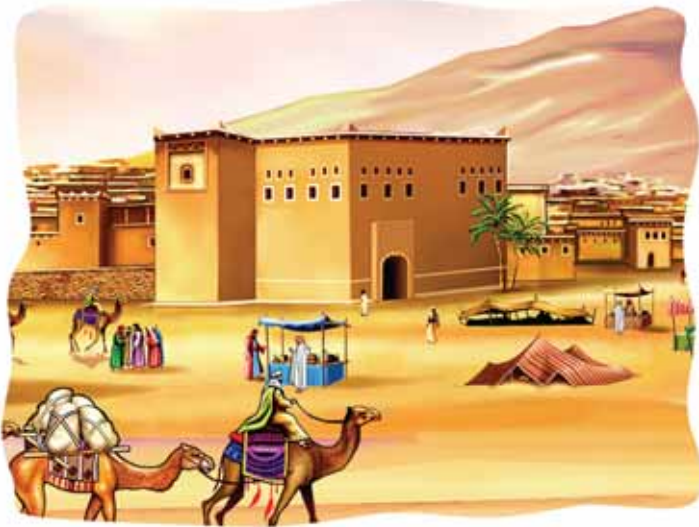


EVERYBODY SHOULD GET A GRIP ON IT!

There was no one at home. The room was pitch-dark. The whistle of the wind entering from the window was filling the room. Thunderbolts were weaving in the sky and falling behind the mountains. City of Mecca was like in the middle of a flood.

Abu Umayyah excitedly straightened himself up. He looked out of the window. Dragging the land and rocks, floodwater was flowing in the streets. At that moment he heard a noise, it came from the direction of Ka'bah. He became quite anxious. He desired to go and see the Ka'bah. But it was impossible for him to go out in this storm. He had a hard time waiting till next morning.

The day after, the storm ceased. He ran to Ka'bah before the sunrise. His face turned pale when he saw the holy sanctuary. Its walls were about to break down. It had to be repaired as soon as possible.



Without a moment's delay, he called the leading members of Mecca and of the neighboring tribes. Those who participated in the meeting unanimously decided on the reconstruction of Ka'bah. Necessary construction materials were provided within a few days. Work was shared among the tribes. Each tribe was going to construct their own part.

Soon enough, reconstruction of Ka'bah was completed. However, there remained an important matter: who was going to place al-Hajar al-Aswad (the Black Stone) to its place on Ka'bah? There was only one stone and only one single person could place it. In that case, whose hands were to put this holy stone to its proper place? Who was going to get the honor of this service?

Hereof, a disagreement arose. Everyone wanted to put himself forward and eliminate the others. Even though several days passed, they could not take a step. As the silence continued, the jealousy among the tribes was increasing. Therefore they decided to have another meeting. All leaders of the tribes gathered and made a circle. Abu Umayyah started to speak:

- O the most honorable leaders of the Arabs! With God's grace, we got through a great mission successfully. We were honored to reconstruct this holy sanctuary on which the whole world dotes. We cannot feel proud enough. I want you to know that this effort of us will be in the limelight and will be told as long as the humanity exists. As to placing al-Hajar al-Aswad...

The slim cheeked, brunet man who was sitting across Abu Umayyah drew attention upon himself with his intermittent cough and interrupted Abu Umayyah's words saying:

- Yes, as to placing al-Hajar al-Aswad... I am the only one to place it.

Another one puffed up:

- No! As the leader of a glorious and dignitary tribe, this honor belongs to me.

The tall man grabbed his dagger:

- Cut that out! Verily, we as a tribe, served for this sacred place for centuries. When it is necessary, we die for the sake of this holy stone. If you do not want anybody to be hurt, leave this work to me.

The dark skinned man stood up all of a sudden. No way! he said, and grabbed his sword as well. There was a huge stir.

At the very moment a voice was heard. It was Abu Umayya. Everybody looked towards him. Abu Umayya spoke clearly:

- Wait, I have an offer to you! Let's assign an arbitrator; he will settle the dispute between us, and everybody will accept what he says.

At first, this unexpected offer pleased everybody; but a few seconds later they begin to change their minds. The dark skinned man said:

- Who can be the arbitrator? Who can reconcile us while we are sworn enemies?

Abu Umayya continued in a calm manner:

- Let's go to the Ka'bah tomorrow morning, and appoint the first person who comes from the direction of Hillock Safa as our arbitrator.

Most people were not in favor of this opinion, for nobody knew who would come first in the morning. He



could take one of the sides. However, everybody had to accept it in order to put an end to the conflict.

Next day, all of the eyes were directed towards the Hillock Safa. Who was going to come first? Then they saw a movement far ahead and concentrated upon it. Somebody was coming towards them. The closer he came, the more they got excited. Then someone amongst them cried: "Here! Here comes Muhammad al-Amin". The others were thrilled, too. "Here comes a trustworthy one" they said.

There was a great pleasure. They told the whole story to Muhammad (pbuh) in a glimpse of an eye. They asked him to be the arbitrator.

A smile spread on Muhammad's (pbuh) holy face. He solved the problem at once. First, he ordered each tribe to choose a delegate among them. Next, he took off his cardigan, and laid it to the ground beside Ka'bah. He put hajar al-aswad on his cardigan and told each delegate to get a hold from a corner of it.

Indeed, everyone realized the solution. Hajar al-aswad would be put into its proper place by common agreement. The delegates held the cardigan. When they raised it up to chest-high, Muhammad (pbuh) took it gently and put it in its proper place. Thus, the problem was settled.

Abu Umayya sighed in relax. He had not thought that the solution would have been this easy while they had not been able to figure it out for several days. He told to himself: "Muhammad is not only a trustful man, but also a genius."

Thus the Master of the Worlds solved the problem with a unique apprehension, and prevented a probable war between tribes.



WHO IS GOING TO RESCUE YOU?

Even his best friend did not think like him or believe in the way he did; whereas they were very close until then. They were close enough to use the same toothpick. They had a friendship beyond brotherhood. Hence, their commitment to each other was narrated enviously by most of the Meccans. This fellowship became a byword in the city of Mecca.

Dasur was nervously roaming in the room. The nuisance inside him would not relinquish him. He hurtled the wineglass in his hand and shouted: "This is all Muhammad's fault". Clenching his fists he added: "Had he not come, we would not have drifted away. Now my favorite friend has become my sworn enemy. Muhammad influenced him and made him believe in Islam. I have to avenge upon him and find a solution for this matter. Otherwise, I am going to lose all of my friends." He immediately girded on his sword, quickly turned around and went out.



Dasur was a hot-blooded and a strapping man. He had a go-getter and threatening personality. He set his mind on killing our beloved Prophet. For that reason, he followed our exalted Prophet without sleep for days. Like a jackal, he spied him out. He planned to catch this exalted person alone in a corner and kill him.

The Messenger of Allah was lying under a tree. There was no one with him. Dasur, at last, found an opportunity. He sneaked up on him. He drew his sword and stood up over the Prophet. Meanwhile, our beloved Prophet opened his eyes. Dasur proudly said:

- Who is going to rescue you from me now? He smiled tauntingly.



Our beloved Prophet calmly replied:

- Allah is going to.

Dasur was suddenly startled. It was as if someone hit him on his chest and threw him on the floor. His sword was thrown to one direction and himself to another. At that moment, our beloved Prophet jumped up and grabbed his sword. He stood up next to Dasur who was still lying down on the ground:

- Now, who is going to rescue you from me?

Dasur was bewildered. Without understanding what was going on, the situation had turned upside down. He saw that the exalted Prophet, whom he had been trying

to kill a moment ago, was standing up next to him. Dasur's voice trilled. His forehead suddenly started to sweat. He looked at him with begging eyes. He stuttered:

- No one can rescue me except you, O Muhammad!

Our beloved Prophet could not stand any more. He relented and said "stand up, go your way" and set him free. Whereas, he could kill him or command his companions to give him heavy punishments. But, our beloved Prophet (pbuh) showed that he was sent as a mercy to the worlds.

Dasur was deeply impressed by the merciful treatment of our Prophet. He did not go back to where he had come from. He realized that he was on the wrong path. This time, he threw himself to the feet of the Prophet who had been his enemy before. I believe in you, too. Truly, you are the best of the prophets sent to the humankind. "Please, accept me among your companions" he said and recited the statement of testimony (shahada).



I WANT MY MONEY BACK

Sallam was in high spirits that day. He sold off the goods he had bought for a bargain price with a fine profit. Happily he rubbed his hands and took his purse out. He counted his money over and over. "Who can outstrip us the Jews in trade?" he said and raised a laugh.

His laugh made his neighbor Ahtab curious. Leaving the wheat sack in his hand on a bench he approached Sallam:

- What's the matter Sallam? Did you find a treasure in the Red Sea?

- Something like that, my brother Ahtab. No one in the Medina market could have earned more money in a week than I made today. Who could be happier than I?

- I wish I could be as delighted as you are.

- Why? Is there a problem?



- Those Muslims... Before they came to Medina, the economic potential of Medina was in our hands. But now, they have begun coming to the Medina market too. I am afraid of losing our privileges and earnings because of them.

Sallam laughed and hit him on his shoulder:

- Why do you worry about that while Muhammad and his companions are destitute? They always need money, in other words they need us.

- Yes, I guess you are right. The other day, Muhammad traded with me but he was obliged to become indebted to me for he did not have enough money.

Suddenly, Sallam changed his countenance. Thinking that Ahtab had made a grave mistake, he said:

- My friend. How could you lend money to a Muslim? How can you expect Muhammad pay his debt back as he is in such a nuisance? Tomorrow, go to Muhammad bright and early. Ask him to pay his debt back immediately.

- But, it isn't the due date yet...

- Never mind. Even so, put pressure on him. Otherwise you will not get your money back. Mark my words!

...

As a matter of fact, Ahtab was secretly following the Messenger of Allah. He had observed many good traits of him, but still, he was not sure that Muhammad was really a Messenger sent by Allah who was the prophet mentioned in the Torah. In the Torah, it was written that the forthcoming Messenger is to be tolerant and mild-mannered in addition to many other good characteristics. Was Muhammad really a mild-mannered person? He could test him by asking the money he lent him before its due date. Probably, this would be a good opportunity for him to observe.

On the following day, he rushed to the Prophet's house. Without minding Umar and other al-ashab al-kiram (noble companions) who were waiting around the house, he started to heavily knock on the door.



- O Muhammad! Come out. "Pay your debt you took from me at once," he said.

Our beloved Prophet, who heard Ahtab's voice, came to him in the midst of angry eyes. He calmly spoke:

- Yes, I became indebted to you, however, it has not been the due date yet. I will pay it back when the time comes.

Ahtab raised his voice and continued to sound off:

- You always do that. You Muslims always delay your payments. I will never lend you money again...

Umar, who loved our beloved Prophet more than his own soul, could not stand Ahtab's impudent speaking any more:

- Oh Ahtab, know your place! I swear to God, "were we not in the house of the Prophet, I would have taken your eyes out," he said and attacked him.

Umar's advance like an erupted volcano towards him scared Ahtab. He started to shake thinking that he would be lynched there and then. Fortunately, our beloved Prophet calmed Umar down and said to him:

- O Umar! God bless you. I would expect a better behavior from you. It would have been better, if you had gently asked me to pay my debt back and asked him to behave more kindly while collecting his money that he lent and wait for its due date.

With this display of social etiquette of our Prophet, Ahtab was astonished. For, our Prophet was right. The term of the debt had not expired yet. Moreover, he was affronted in his own house. He could have dismissed or reprimanded him but he did not treat him in that manner.

At last Ahtab's feelings had changed. The sense of tolerance in Islam softened his rigid heart. He was convinced that Muhammad was the Messenger described in the Torah. Without a moment to spare, he became a Muslim.

HIS HEART WAS FILLED WITH LOVE

There was a nice tranquility in the Prophet's Mosque as there had always been. The Prophet was having a pleasing conversation with his companions. He was talking with them about patience, love and mercy. Just then a poor man entered the mosque. The poor man had heard by then about our Prophet's generosity from many. Wishing that he would also be shown that generosity, he came directly to the Prophet and greeted him. Our beloved Prophet, with a lovely face, greeted the poor man back. He inquired about his health. Then, "Don't be shy" he said, "If you have a wish, say it".

A smile appeared on the poor man's face. He had already been waiting for such a question.

- O Messenger of Allah! he said, "I am a poor man. I ask you to give me something and to offer me some treats."



Our beloved Prophet would never send any needy person who came to him back empty handed. Even if he had nothing to give, he would get into debt and would not send them back empty-handed. And as soon as he got some money, he would pay his debt back. He gave everything he had to this poor man. However, the man did not find it enough. The smile on his face disappeared. He started to grumble:

- You give others more. As for me, you gave me very little.

The companions in the mosque got pretty angry about the rude behavior of that man. This inappropriate



manner of him in contrast to Prophet's mild and kind conduct made them furious. They wanted to throw him out, but our beloved Prophet stopped them. He asked his companions to calm down. Then, he took the man to his house. He generously gave the man from the necessity provisions. Afterwards he asked:

- Did I now give to you enough? Are you satisfied?

The poor man rejoiced now. Smiling contently, "yes" he said, "You have given me generously. May Allah be pleased with you. May our Lord adorn you and your family with goodness."

Upon the words of the poor man, our beloved Prophet said:

- Just now you had said unpleasant words, finding insufficient what I gave you. My companions heard what you had said. Thereupon they were furious with you. Now go to them say those pleasant words you have just said to me in front of them too, so that there is no rage and anger left in their hearts against you.

The poor man was quite surprised. How tactfully our beloved Prophet was acting towards him, in spite of his rude conduct. He not only pleased him, but was also trying to reconcile the relationship between him and other people. Deep inside he felt fondness towards the Prophet. He went to the companions at once and stated his pleasure. Upon his apology the companions' anger subsided. They hugged each other as if nothing had happened.

Beforehand, the poor man had come there only to get some material help. But, he was leaving satisfied both materially and spiritually. The hardness and hate in his heart had been replaced with love and mercy.

Upon the gentleness and tolerance he received, he discovered a new language; a language of love, mercy and grace purified from the coarse and harsh sensations of life.

ANGELS WERE LISTENING TO YOU

How wide and bright the sky is ... As if it is an endless world... There are large and small, millions of stars in the sky. They seem as if they are side by side, but none of them touch one another. Some of them are brighter while others are as if they have used up their light. What about the earth on which we are? It is like a tiny atom in this majestic universe... It also seems to be swimming in space in the way the stars do. Without being dispersed, it floats in certain harmony. So, why is this whole showy and exiting display? For whom is it put on for?

Usaid eluded from his thoughts with the whinnying of his horse beside him and came to his senses. He looked at the road to see whether someone was coming. There was no one. Again he dived into his thoughts. However, he could not keep his concentration. The nice picture he had been drawing for a while was scattered. Despite this, deep inside him an indescribable emotion



had remained and would not leave him. He felt as if he had come close to the secret of the creation of the universe.

Whenever Usaid fell into such feelings, he would hold on to the supreme Book. He stood up. He took the holy Qur'an which was somewhere high. He kissed and touched it to his forehead. Then, he slowly turned its pages. Under the full moon which was like a lamp in the sky, he began to read it.

Usaid's touching voice was spreading in waves and rising up to the sky. The universe lapsed into deep silence. There was no sound to be heard. Rocks, earth, trees, worms, spiders, other insects... Everything was as



if they were listening to the delightfully recited Qur'an. But Usaid's horse suddenly reared up. Usaid was scared. He immediately stopped reading. He looked into his right and left. What was the thing that made the horse startle? There was nobody around. He tied tightly the bridle of his horse.

Again he took the pages of Qur'an and went back to read. After he read a while, once again the horse became uneasy. Usaid stopped reading again. What was the matter with this horse? Why did it suddenly become so peevish? At that moment, involuntarily, he raised his head up to the sky. Oh Dear! What was that? A cloud with shiny lamps inside was rising and disappearing.

Usaid was trembling. His heart started to beat faster. He was unable to understand what he just saw. His eyes were still looking at the sky. Was he dreaming?

In the morning, he went directly to the Prophet. He told him what had happened at night in detail. He expressed that he got excited at that moment and had to stop reading. Our beloved Prophet smiled at Usaid and said:

- O Usaid! Why did you stop reading? Those things you saw were the angels who came to listen to you. If you had continued reading, they would have continued listening to you and in the morning, everybody could have seen them...

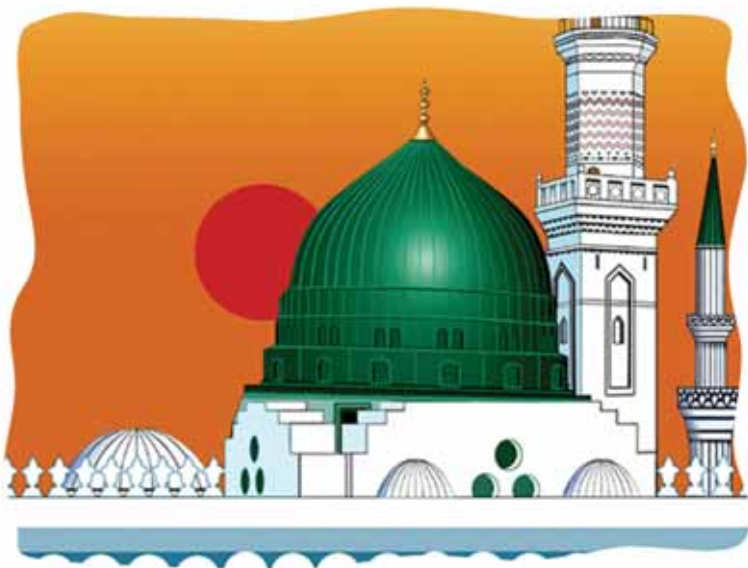
Usaid had a feeling that was both plaintive and joyful. "You mean angels came beside me to listen to my recitation of the Qur'an, is that so?" he said. He felt a glow of happiness. In order to see the angels again, he looked forward to the next night. He recited from the Qur'an with his beautiful voice for hours. But, he could not see the angels. Next night he recited the Qur'an again. Nights, months and years passed in that way. Usaid could never see the angels again that he saw that once many years ago. However, whenever he read the Qur'an he could feel them beside him.

THE HERO DEFENDING HIS HOMELAND

Two ravenous enemy soldiers broke the door and entered by force. Even though the house folks' screams were heard from several streets far off, nobody came to help. The soldiers completely plundered the house. And they took his mother away by dragging...

Samura was drenched in perspiration when he woke up. He was breathing heavily and his heart was beating fast. He jumped up and went to his mother's room. Seeing his mother sleeping peacefully set his mind at rest. He lied on his bed to get back to sleep, but his mind would not stop churning. He could not get over the effect of the dream. His heart was still beating so fast that it seemed like it would pop out of his chest. He straightened himself up in his bed. Placing his head between his hands he dived into various thoughts.

The next day, there was going to be a great war in Medina. There was nobody left who had not heard that the enemy army consisting of approximately three thousand people was getting closer to Medina. Furthermore, the news that they were coming to plunder Medina had been talked about by everyone for days. Samura raised his



head and gazed at the mud-brick wall. What if their land was invaded by the enemies? What if something happened to his family? "No, no..." he said and gritted his teeth. He did not want even to think about these. He said: "I too have to join the army and valiantly defend my land." But, would people accept a fifteen-year-old child joining the army and fighting in the war?

It was Saturday. The black clouds covering the sky seemed like harbingers that the war to come was going to be a fierce one. Our beloved Prophet had worn his armor, and taken the charge of the Muslim army. Nearly one thousand Muslim soldiers were standing by. Standing beside his father, Samura was also among the soldiers.

Inside him there was an indescribable enthusiasm. Just then, the news that the Prophet was sending the children that joined the army back to Medina made Samura anxious. His heart started to beat in fear. He did not want to go back to Medina. He had come to protect his land. When he saw the Prophet approaching, he tried to make himself as if he were taller by standing on his tiptoes. He also puffed up his chest and widened his shoulders. But there was no use in doing so. He was told to turn back to Medina with his peers.

Samura felt some pain in his heart. His eyes filled with tears. He looked at his father with his tears running down his cheek. In spite of his young age, he was unable to bring himself to head back. He desired to fight shoulder to shoulder with other Muslim soldiers. Then he remembered the dream he had. He clenched his fists. And then he was about to say: "Father, could you ask the Prophet to let me stay and attend the war?" when he suddenly heard some talk that encouraged him. "O Messenger of Allah! Rafi can shoot arrows well. He can help us during the war. Please, do not send him back."

Samura could not hear the rest. But, he learned that Rafi was attending the war. He thought "I am at the same age as with Rafi. If he is accepted in the army, then I should be too. Rafi is talented in archery, I am talented in wrestling." He held his father's arm and said:

"Dad! Rafi got accepted to the army. However, if we wrestled, I would beat him. I am at least as skilled and strong as he is. Please, make a request of the Prophet for me. I want to fight."

The Prophet took this request kindly with a smile on his face. "If so, let them wrestle" he said. People gathered around to watch their match. Samura attacked with his whole power and pressed against Rafi. Rough-and-tumble they wrestled for a few minutes. At last, Samura pulled him down with one last move. Upon witnessing Samura's courage, the Prophet gave him permission to attend the war. Samura's joy was worth seeing. Excitedly, he hugged Rafi. He whispered in his ears: "We will fight side by side today, my brother."

...

The Battle of Uhud ended towards the sunset. The enemy was repulsed. Of course, Samura was one of those who were happiest about this. Thus, he was now enjoying the hard-earned joy of returning to Medina as a hero in the eye of the Prophet.

PLEASE SAVE ME

They were three brothers...

A beautiful garden, sheep just enough to fill a small barn and a two-year-old she-camel... These were all the three brothers had. However, the most important financial support for them was the camel. The camel was able to carry all kinds of loads without having much difficulty. She could travel in deserts for days and gave birth many times and plenty of milk. Thus, the camel became their most important means of income. But as time passed, the camel grew older and got weaker. This situation made the brothers worry.

One day, the noon sun spread its scorching heat over Medina. Under the blistering hot, the three brothers were collaboratively picking dates from trees on which the dates leaned out in clusters. The dates were collected in a sack by the youngest brother, and then these sacks were loaded on the hump of the old camel.

They had loaded so many sacks on the camel that she could not bear the burden and fell down. For, the



camel had not been fed enough, the day before. The brothers tried as hard as they could to make the camel stand up, but they were not successful.

The middle brother said: "It's not going to work." And he took a sharp stick. He began to poke the animal with it. In the end because of the unbearable pain caused by the stick, the camel stood up roaring. But, the moment she stood up, she fell back again.

Observing that the old camel has no power anymore to stand up, three brothers started to think that they would get no more benefit from it. The eldest brother said:



- I guess you think what I am thinking right now. This camel will have no use for us. I think it is time for us to slaughter her and sell her meat.

The youngest brother said:

- You are right my brother. This camel got old. We cannot benefit from her enough. I will unload the sacks on her to make it ready to be slaughtered.

Unloading the camel's load took a long time. By the time all of the sacks were unloaded, the camel suddenly stood up and quickly ran away. Not having realized what had happened, the brothers ran behind her in the hopes of catching her.

The old camel was running rising clouds of dust behind. She kept running until coming to our beloved Prophet. She looked at the most merciful Prophet with begging eyes. She got closer to him in a way as if she wanted to take refuge in him. It was as if she was saying: "Save me, please..."

Soon the brothers came who were chasing after the camel. When he saw them, the Prophet asked:

- Does this camel belong to you?
- Yes, O Messenger of Allah! She is ours. Can we take her back?

- But your camel is complaining about you

The brothers gaped at each other.

- O Allah's Messenger! What is our camel saying? Why is she complaining about us?

Our beloved Prophet replied:

- She was grown up beside you. For years, she served you by carrying your cargo and by also giving milk and many offspring. And now, you wanted to slaughter her because she was not able to carry the burden which was too heavy for her to lift. Is this true?

The three brothers:

- Yes, O Messenger of Allah. It happened just like you said.

Thereupon, our beloved Prophet purchased the camel from them by paying one hundred silver coins. Then he addressed to the camel:

- O camell! He said, go along. I set you free for the sake of Allah. Nobody can harm you anymore.

EVEN IF SHE WERE MY DAUGHTER

Rich ladies from the tribe of Ban-i Mahzun had gathered and were having fun. Tables were laid in the middle of a large hall. Accompanied by a tambourine, maids were singing. The guests were spending a wonderful evening together.

This entertainment continued until midnight. While guests were going home somebody screamed:

- There is a thief among us. My necklace has been stolen!

Doors were immediately closed. All maids were lined up. They were searched one by one, but the necklace could not be found. They were searched one more time but it did not come out from anyone. How could it be? No one had left there since the beginning of the entertainment. If the servants had not stolen the necklace, then who could have stolen it? Everyone in the entertainment was noble and



wealthy. It was impossible to think they had committed such a foul thing.

Then they were forced to search all women. When it came to the turn of one of the noble women from the tribe of Ban-i Mahzun, she objected to be searched by saying:

- You cannot search me. I am one of the wealthy women of this tribe.

This caused quite a stir among the people. Other women whom were opposed to her said:

- Just like everyone else, you ought to be searched, too.

Despite all these objections, the woman did not let them search her. In the end she took the stolen necklace off from her breast then threw it to the floor. Then she went out as if nothing had happened.

A while later, the Prophet (pbuh) heard this incident and ordered the woman who stole the necklace to be punished. His decision made the people of Ban-i Mahzun shocked, because she was not one of the common, but one of the noble and wealthy women of this tribe.

To find a solution to this problem, prominent men from the tribe of Ban-i Mahzun gathered in their leader's house and were nervously waiting. They were too nervous to say a word. Just then the door was knocked upon heavily the Tribe leader's son opened the door. He was from the tribe of Quraish. He quickly went inside and without greeting anyone he said:

- This is a humiliating decision for us but there must be a solution.

One of them:

- There must be a way to convince the Prophet (pbuh) to change his mind.

Another one:

- This is impossible. He (pbuh) never goes back from what he surely knows that is true.

The one from Quraish excitedly broke into the conversation:

- Okay I found a solution. There is someone loved by Muhammad (pbuh), i.e. Uthama, son of Zayd. We can send this young man to the Prophet (pbuh) as a mediator. We will ask him to request from the Prophet (pbuh) to forgive her by saying that she was a noble and honorable person and she was ready to pay twice as much as the value of the stolen necklace.

This idea calmed everyone down. Because the Prophet (pbuh) really loved Uthama very much and he would do anything Uthama wanted. So they thought that the Prophet (pbuh) would certainly accept his request.

They went immediately to Uthama and told him everything. And they asked him to go to Prophet (pbuh) with the request to forgive that woman. They were Uthama's relatives. That's why he could not refuse their request. Without thinking how the Prophet (pbuh) would respond to this proposal, he came to the Prophet (pbuh). In a thrilled voice:

- O Messenger of Allah! As you know a noble woman from the tribe of Ban-i Mahzun has stolen a necklace and you have commanded her to be punished for her crime. Prominent members of the tribe came to me

and asked me to come and request from you to change your verdict. And they said that they were ready to do anything in return.

Uthama was hoping that Prophet (pbuh) would respond to him saying "O Uthama! I love you so much. Just for this time, I will forgive them for your sake." But it did not happen as he expected. The Prophet's face suddenly changed:

- O Uthama! Are you mediating to change a punishment that was enforced by our Lord? I swear to Allah that even if my daughter Fatima had stolen it, I would have punished her without hesitation.

Uthama could not say anything. He was so ashamed that he felt that he would die. He got up and went to the people of Ban-i Mahzun who had been waiting for him in hope. He informed them about the Prophet's (pbuh) decision and asked them never to come to him with such a request.

COME TO JABIR'S HOUSE

A voice reverberated through the waves of curtain. "O people! Meccan polytheists will attack Medina with a great army. Our city will be defended against this attack by excavating a ditch around Medina. Our Prophet (pbuh) is calling all men to excavate the ditch."

The announcement of the town crier came down like a fist upon Jabir's breast. "Again?" he said to himself. "They made our lives miserable for many years. They seized our houses, vineyards and orchards and they killed a lot of innocent people without pity. Like these were not enough, now are they planning to invade our city?"

Taking a deep sigh he looked out the window. Everyone who picked up their digging tools was running to the Prophet. Jabir took his pickaxe and caught up with them.



The ditch was already started to be excavated. Hundreds of people were working in a sweat. Some of them were digging and others were carrying the excavation away. Our Prophet (pbuh) was one of the carriers. Jabir gave all his heart to his arms and heatedly slammed his pickaxe down on the floor.

Three days had passed. Jabir had no power left to bear anymore. For days he had been trying to satisfy his hunger with bread crumbs. He was starving. He was not going to be able to stand the hunger anymore. He was going to ask permission from the Prophet (pbuh) in order to go home and eat something. But when he came to the

Prophet (pbuh) he was petrified. Our beloved Prophet's face had turned pale out of hunger nevertheless he was working without allowing anyone to notice him.

Jabir felt very sad. His eyes filled with tears and he did not know what to do. Without saying anything to anyone he quickly went to his home. He said to his wife:

- My wife, I saw our Prophet was very hungry. I could not stand this. What do we have in our home to offer him?

- We have some barley and a goat.

Jabir's eyes shone and his heart filled up with happiness. He said: "Okay, very good. I will slaughter the goat, and you grind the barley and make some bread. Let's prepare a delicious meal and invite the Prophet (pbuh)."

This couple prepared the meal and put it into the tandoor in a quick fashion. Jabir went directly to the Prophet. Suppressing his excitement, he said to the Prophet in a low voice:

- O Apostle of Allah! We have prepared a meal for you. Come to our home with some friends.

- What did you prepare, O Jabir?

Jabir told him about the preparations at his home. Thereupon our beloved Prophet smiled and said:

- It is more than enough and a good meal. Go to your wife and don't let her pull the meal from tandoor till I come.

Then he called out the Muslims digging the trench:

- O people of the trench! Our brother Jabir is inviting us for a meal. Come with us.

At that moment sweat drops started flowing from Jabir's face and wetted his beard as if boiling water had been poured on his head. He could not say anything. He did not know what to say. Hundreds of people were putting down their tools and were flocking into his house. He quickly went to his home without getting the chance to say to the Prophet "O Apostle of Allah! We do not have enough food for so many people."

- My wife! We are ruined. Our Prophet (pbuh) is coming to us together with the people of the trench. How are we going to feed so many people?

Jabir's wife pulled herself together and asked her husband:

- Are you the one who invited all those people to the meal?

- No, our Prophet invited them.

- Does our Prophet know how much meal we prepared?



- Yes.
- Then we do not need to be worried.

This answer calmed Jabir down. Soon after, the Prophet came to Jabir's home with nearly a thousand people who had not eaten any proper food for days. The Prophet prayed for the meal to be blessed. Jabir said to his wife:

- Put the dough into the oven and leave the meat to me.

The Companions were coming in one by one. Toasted breads were being given to the Prophet and he was putting

a piece of meat on it and giving it up to His friends. The feast was continuing. Everyone was eating to their fill. But neither breads nor the meat was diminishing. The meal remained as it was. Bewildered, Jabir was watching the Prophet. This wonderful incident made him feel cheerful again. After the feast the Prophet (pbuh) turned to Jabir's wife and said:

- Eat the remainder and offer the rest to your neighbors.

EVEN IF HE DOES NOT HAVE

Abdullah had pounded the pavement of Medina in hope of finding a job. As usual a day had passed and he could not find a job. When he came home, he was so tired that he fell down on his knees. He turned his eyes away from his wife who was waiting with the hope of some good news and looked at his children sleeping together. His wife asked him:

- Did you find a job?

Abdullah did not want to make her sad that's why he thought it would be better to change the subject:

- Did the kids sleep hungry again?

- I shared out among them a glass of milk which was brought by our neighbor yesterday. They have not been fed anything else other than that. For a while they wept together and then they fell asleep by hugging each other. What about you? Did you find a job?

- No, I did not. We have sold whatever we have in our house. There is not anything left to sell. I saw wood sellers at the bazaar and I thought if I had an axe now I would go to cut wood with it. Then I could sell the wood and buy food for you.

Abdullah's wife sat on an old mat next to the window with a great sadness. There was nothing to eat in the house. She was not thinking about herself, she was only thinking about her children. She could not stand to see her children starving every day. But they had no choice but to be patient and pray to Allah

In the early hours of the next morning, Abdullah wanted to set out on his job search again. But the hunger had made him weak and he could not stand up. He lied back down. While his eyes were closed, the voice of a town crier was heard through the streets:

- O people of the city! Our Prophet (pbuh) is waiting for the needy in his house. The people who need help go there and get whatever they want. Nobody that needs it should remain devoid of this.

Abdullah suddenly opened his eyes. He could not believe what he had heard. Was it a dream? He paid attention to the voice to be sure. The same voice re-echoed through the streets. Yes, it was not a dream. Abdullah was re-energized. Immediately he stood up and dashed out. Without looking around he began to run



toward the home of the Prophet (pbuh). He came to the Prophet in sweat:

- O Apostle of God! I heard you were helping people so I came.

But our beloved Prophet had already distributed everything he had. The poor who heard his invitation had come to the Prophet as if they were competing with each other. And the Prophet had given them everything he had. There was nothing left to give to Abdullah. His fear had come true. He wished he could have come earlier and he wished his home had been closer. He wished.... He wished... If he had not been ashamed, he would have

cried his eyes out. While he was going back in sorrow without complaining, he heard a voice behind him:

- Do not worry! You will get what you need.

Abdullah turned back and looked at the direction where the sound had come. It was our Prophet.

Abdullah asked excitedly:

- How?

Our beloved Prophet said smiling delightfully:

- Now directly go to bazaar and take whatever you need and say to the sellers "the price of the goods that I took will be paid by the Prophet."

Abdullah was surprised. Although our beloved Prophet did not have anything, he was going into debt for the need of someone else. He did not know what to say about this. After he repeatedly thanked the Prophet, he happily took the road to the bazaar. Now he was returning home with enough food for his family on one hand and an axe that would be a ticket for their meals on the other.

MAKE THEM LAUGH AGAIN

It is not possible not to envy the friends of the Prophet. Listening to his holy sayings and smelling his sweet breath, The Companions of the Prophet were living a life full of happiness near the beloved Prophet. He himself was dreaming of being there now. He wished he could sit at the place closest to the Prophet on his right, praying behind Him and looking at the Prophet's beaming face as much as he wanted.

Yemeni's heart filled with longing. If his old parents whom he was obligated to look after did not exist, he would have been on his way to Medina a long time ago. But he could not help himself. The fire of the longing in his heart was increasing every day. No matter what happens he wanted to go to Medina and meet with the Prophet.

That night, he thought about this for a long time. At the end even if his parents did not allow him to go, he set off to Medina by leaving them in tears. Crossing



over the mountains, he reached Medina. His heart was fluttering. Without waiting he came to presence of the Prophet.

And he started to sob with the excitement of seeing the beloved Prophet that he longed for many years. First he introduced himself with a sensitive heart and then he said:

- O Apostle of Allah! I migrated from Yemen in order to live with you and serve to you.

Smiling, our Prophet asked:

- Do you have anyone in Yemen?



- Yes, O Apostle of Allah! I have my parents.
- Did you get permission from them?

Yemeni suddenly stopped. He was not expecting such a question. In a thrilled voice:

- O Messenger of Allah! I could not get permission from my parents to come here. I even had to leave them in tears to come here. But I was consumed with the desire to see you that's why I had to leave them so.

Our beloved Prophet, who always advised people to show respect to ones' parents and did not approve

them to be addressed even with something so simple as "humph," became saddened. Then he said:

- Go back to your parents. Look after them kindly. Make them laugh just as you made them cry and placate them. Know that you can receive the consent of Allah only by making them content.

Yemeni had realized his fault. He learned that it was not necessary to be beside the Prophet to get his consent. It was also possible to win his affection by doing what he asked to do. Hence, he returned to Yemen. He was going to treat them with great respect and try to do everything to make them happy.

LUCKY BOY

Bujayr woke up from a nightmare that he was having. He focused his frightened eyes on the timber stringers of the old cottage. He swallowed his spittle to suppress his excitement. Then he straightened himself up slowly. The bitter chill of the morning had caused him to feel cold. He held his small hands out to the light beams filtering from the cottage. He tried to warm his hands up by using his breath.

Shortly after that, some children's voices coming from outside attracted Bujayr's attention. He shyly went out in his ragged clothes. The streets were swarming with his peers. All of them were running around in new clothes. They were so happy. Bujayr said to himself "today is the eid day" then he lowered his eyes down. He got down onto his knees and wiped his tears running down over his pinky cheeks. He remembered his last eid celebration with his father before he became a martyr and then he also remembered his last clothes that were bought by his father. One day when he was racing with his friend, he had fallen and hurt his knee. His mother



had dressed his wound with her caring hands. How much he had looked forward to getting better in order to complete the race! All of those memories flashed before his eyes. And now he was on his own and miserable. He no longer had a mother either. He felt grief deep in his tiny heart and started to cry silently.

- My little one! Why are you not playing with your friends? What is wrong with you? Why are you so sad?

Bujayr raised his head to see the owner of these kindly words. O my God! It was the Prophet loved and respected by all Muslims. He did not know what to say. He got a lump in his throat and started to sob. His



sadness reflected in the Prophet's blessed face. Bujayr hardly started to reply the Prophet's questions:

- My father became a martyr in the war. And my mother had to get married, because she could not take care of me. I do not have new clothes like other children.

With his rose like smelling hands, our beloved Prophet held Bujayr's hand. He caressed his hair, embraced and kissed him. To make him happy, he said:

- My dear child! Henceforward would you let me be your father, Aisha your mother and Fatima your sister? Would you like that?

Bujayr was very happy to get such an offer from the Prophet. He was always going to be next to the Prophet with whom all children felt desire to talk with. He could barely get himself to speak but he managed to say in excitement and a little bit bashfully:

- How can I refuse?

A while later, a boy with nice clothes came out of the Prophet's house. He was happily showing his new clothes to his friends. This well dressed boy was Bujayr whose hair had been combed and whose tears had stopped flowing. He said to the owners of the wondering eyes Henceforward our Prophet is my father, Aisha is my mother and Fatima is my sister. I am not an orphan anymore. I will run and play, just like you. The children who heard this were sighing and saying each other "what a lucky boy Bujayr is. We wish we were in his place" and they congratulated him.

MY COMPANIONS DO NOT BECOME SICK VERY OFTEN!

The famous doctor was very excited for his first day in Medina. He was appointed to a foreign city by the king of Egypt, Muqawqis, for the first time in his life. He was going to treat the patients for free. If he were to become successful in this job, who knows how the king would reward him.

When he reached Medina, the doctor first introduced himself to the Prophet:

- Sir! Our king Muqawqis sent me to serve you. I will treat your patients free, he said.

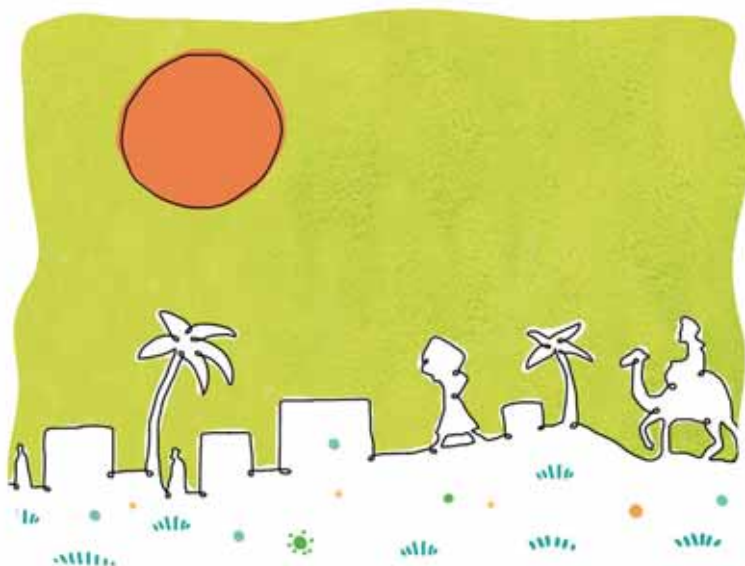
The Prophet complimented to the doctor and offered him treats. Then he charged his companions to find him a good place and provide all his needs.

The doctor was pleased. He thought that all Muslims who heard his arrival would come to him, because he



was the only doctor in Medina. That's why he asked the Medinans for a wide house. He was hoping to use this house as a clinic at the same time.

Everything was ready. The first day, the doctor waited for patients, but nobody came. There was nobody on the second day, nor on the following day... One month passed. Days were passing but no one was coming to be treated. Besides there wasn't going to be a charge for the treatments... What was the reason of this? Didn't anybody need a doctor in this city? Or could these people take care of themselves when they were sick?



The doctor was shocked. He had never thought he would be such useless. However, in his country Egypt, he used to treat tens of people in a day, hence they had showed him high respect. He wondered if the doctors were making home visits here. Why had not anybody come to him and wanted help?

He took his bag and went out right away. He began to walk around the streets of Medina. When he was passing by the houses, he focused his attention to hear if someone inside was groaning or suffering with pain. He said to the people on the street "I am a doctor. I came here to treat you for free," but nobody complained

about any illness. They were just smiling and greeting him.

The doctor got more curious. How did a community not need a doctor? There should be a secret reason behind this situation.

The doctor visited the Prophet again and said:

- Sir! I came here to serve you and to heal your patients. Weeks passed but nobody came for treatment. For this reason, it is meaningless for me to stay here. With your permission, I want to go back to my country. Yet I can't help asking. Do your friends never become sick?

The Prophet responded to doctor's bewildered look by smiling and said:

- My companions do not become sick very often, because they do not eat before they are hungry, and when they sit for food, they leave the meal before they are full!

The doctor was enchanted with these words. This was a prescription for all kinds of sicknesses. Now, he understood why Medinan Muslims didn't get sick.

SOUND OF SOBBING WAS HEARD

Ibrahim sincerely shook his friend's hand. "All right" he said, "I believe in Allah with all my heart, like you do. I accept that Muhammad is His servant and Messenger."

He got rid of the thoughts that had been torturing his mind and he finally felt relieved. At that moment his heart began to beat for Medina. He wished to be a bird, and fly to Medina. His only wish was to see Muhammad (pbuh) and listen to him with all ears.

At dawn, he got on his camel and set out on the journey. Under the moonlight he walked with difficulty in a desert that looked like an ocean. Despite the cold and strong desert wind, he was feeling warm with the fire of longing in his heart.

A Long time had passed, but it was like an endless road. He thought "was Medina so far away?" In fact he had travelled the way many times before. He sped his camel up. When he saw the houses of Medina, his eyes shined with happiness. He excitedly entered the city.

It was Friday. Ibrahim walked down the streets fast. He tried to find the way to the Prophet. He walked in and out of the streets. Yet in the end he felt helpless. He couldn't find the Prophet. He sat on a big rock that parted the way into two. "I have to ask somebody, there is nothing else to do" he thought. At that very moment somebody touched his shoulder. He curiously turned back. It was a tall, old man who had a saintly face. He asked to Ibrahim with a peaceful smile:

- O son! I guess you are a stranger.
- Yes, I am stranger here. I just came to the city.
- Are you here for a job?
- No, I am here to see the Prophet. I looked for him but couldn't find him in any way.
- Haven't you seen him before?
- No, I just became a Muslim.
- How nice! May Allah bless you. In fact, I was on my way to see him for Friday prayer. You are a lucky guy. Let's go together.

Ibrahim cheered up with great joy. He took a deep breath and said "God has sent you" to the holy companion. They went directly to the mosque.

The Mosque was jam-packed with people. They found some space in the back rows. Ibrahim looked around to

see the Prophet. Where was he? Not long after, Bilal began to recite the call for prayer with his touching voice. After that, the Prophet went up on the pulpit near to a date log and started to deliver his sermon.

He was thrilled to pieces and went all ears. How clearly he was speaking. His every single word was touching his heart. He was almost going to weep with joy. Yet somebody preceded him.

It was a sob... A harrowing sob... It was so groaning sob that the Prophet had to stop the sermon. Everybody was bewildered. Who was that?

The sob was continuing. At that moment everyone realized who the owner of the voice was. It was not a human. It was the date log. The one next the Prophet's pulpit... It was weeping like a wounded lover...

The Prophet got off the pulpit. He approached the log. He patted it many times, fondly hugged it, and consoled it. At last the sob decreased and decreased... and eventually ended.

The sob of the log ceased. This time, the companions that had witnessed the scene began to cry. Ibrahim was crying too. He didn't know why, but he was crying. In his first prayer in this enthusiastic environment, he had witnessed a miracle. Even after the prayer, the incident kept its influence. Ibrahim curiously asked to the companion who had brought him there:

- What is going on? How did that log begin to cry?

- O son! In the beginning there was no pulpit. The Prophet used to lean on this log, and deliver his sermons. Yet because the number of the companions increased, we couldn't see the Prophet from the back. Thereupon, we offered to build a pulpit with three steps, so that everybody could see him while he was delivering the sermon. The Prophet accepted, and today was the first time he delivered his sermon on the new pulpit. I guess the date log couldn't stand this because it got used to the Prophet. Apparently this separation has offended its feelings.

After all these miracles, Ibrahim's heart had the same feelings with that date log. "Even a piece of lifeless tree is aware of his prophethood, it is sobbing with his love..." he thought.

The prayer was finished, but the companions stayed in the mosque. They were sobbing and looking at the Prophet. Ibrahim's wondering eyes were on the Prophet too. He was curious about the meaning of this incident and what was going to happen next. Was there any other reason behind the care of the Prophet for the log? The Companions were wondering the same things as well. The Prophet realized this, and spoke to them by smiling:

- If I didn't console it, it would have kept weeping and sobbing until the Day of Judgment...

MILK BOWL

Abu Hurairah was a poor man. He didn't have any belongings to this world. He was fed by the treats of the Muslims, but he would usually tie a stone around his belly out of hunger. In this way he would try to ease the pain of his hunger.

On that day he was very hungry. His face was whiter than the usual. He crouched powerlessly. He pushed his stomach to reduce his pain. He never felt himself so weak. Even the stone he bound on his belly was not helping much. He stood up and hardly reached the sidewalk. He was hoping that someone would recognize his condition and give him some food or invite to his house.

He saw Abu Bakr coming towards him and smiled with pleasure. He hoped that this generous man would come to him and inquire his condition. Yet Abu Bakr greeted and quickly passed by him. Then he saw Umar, but he too just greeted and walked away.

Abu Hurairah was stuck there. He had lost all his hope. If these two closest companions of the Prophet could not recognize his condition, then who would? He looked at the houses and wanted to go to the most gorgeous one and tell his situation saying "Give me a morsel of bread for the sake of God". Yet he didn't feel like he could do it. No matter how hard his situation was, he would not beg, because the Prophet had told him not to beg.

Just when he thought he was losing all his hope, he heard a voice:

- O Abu Hurairah! Follow me!

That was an order and it was coming from the Prophet.

Abu Hurairah's lost hopes revived again. With his cracked lips, he said "I am coming, O Messenger of Allah." Together they went to the Prophet's house. The Prophet entered to the house but Abu Hurairah waited outside and asked permission. "May I enter O Messenger of Allah?" he asked, and after getting the permission he entered the house.

In this small house, there was only a bowl of milk. The Prophet asked to the household:

- Where did this milk come from?

- Such and such person gave it as a gift, they said.

The Prophet said to Abu Hurairah:

- O Abu Hurairah! Go and call the people of Suffa here.

Suffa was a place next to the Prophet's house, covered with a roof of branches. People who lived there had neither family nor wealth. They were the guests of Islam. Whenever the Prophet received a gift, he shared it with them.

The Prophet's invitation for the people of suffa displeased Abu Hurairah. He wanted to say "O Messenger of Allah! This milk is just enough for me. If I invited the people of Suffa, there won't be anything left for me", but he couldn't. The order was from the Prophet, and there was no way, he had to obey his order.

While going to the Suffa, Abu Hurairah was making plans in his mind. When the Prophet served something, he would always give it first to the person who sat in his right. "So" he thought, "I must hurry and sit the right side of the Prophet, before anybody sits there." He got excited, and this excitement had not yet vanished when they had entered the house. They sat down with the permission of the Prophet.

Abu Hurairah sat down to the right side of the Prophet as he planned before. He wanted to drink the milk at once, but he hesitated. The Prophet said him:

- O Abu Hurairah! Serve the milk to the guests.

Abu Hurairah didn't object. He began to serve the milk to the guests. His hands were shaking. Each guest drank the milk until he was full, and then gave it to his friend next to him. Abu Hurairah was in awe, because the milk was not decreasing. After the last person drank the milk, Abu Hurairah took the bowl and gave it to the Prophet. The Prophet smiled to Abu Hurairah who was still appalled, and said:

- O Abu Hurairah! Just you and I haven't drunk yet.

- Yes, O Messenger of Allah.

- Sit down and drink it.

Abu Hurairah took the bowl and began to drink. The more he drank the more he wanted, but when he realized the gazes on him, he stopped. Then the Prophet ordered him to drink more, and he restarted to drink with the same desire. He was drinking and the Prophet was telling him to drink more, and more... Finally Abu Hurairah couldn't stand and said:

- I swear in the name of Allah who sent you as a messenger, I cannot drink more.

The Prophet said:

- Then, give me the bowl.

He recited basmalah and drank the rest of the milk.

ALL GODDNESS IS FOR HIM...

They were two children... the younger one, Talha was carrying his friend on his back, and struggling to climb the steep slope of the mountain.

- Come on Qasim! Hold on! Nobody will be able to find us just as soon as we go over that hill.

- Leave me! Go on, run and save yourself. I cannot stand anymore.

- No! We will reach Medina at midnight, and they will lose our trace.

When Talha and Qasim reached Medina, the city was enlightened by the shining full moon. There was no one in the streets at midnight. They didn't know to whom they would go and ask for help. Finally they stopped in front of a random house. Talha knocked gently on the wood door that was standing between two stone walls. An old man asked from inside:

- Who is it?

- Please open the door!

The old man slowly opened the door, and was shocked when he saw them. He took the two strangers into the house. He laid the unconscious Qasim on the bed and began to treat his wounds. He wiped his wounds. He got beds prepared for his tired guests, and left them alone so that they could rest. Talha and Qasim fell asleep at once.

When Talha got up, the sun had already risen. His friend was still sleeping. He sat up, and thought about what they had been experiencing for days. He remembered how Meccan idolaters had tortured them just because they were Muslims, and remembered the day they had escaped from Medina. As for now, it had begun as a peaceful day. Yet how had that old man opened his house to strangers? In his country people didn't trust anybody, even their own fathers.

While he was thinking, the old man entered the room, carrying a breakfast tray. He said with a smile on his face:

- Hope you had a good rest. It seems you had some hard days; you talked in your sleep all night long. I hope everything is alright?

Talha told what had happened. He said that they converted to Islam a month ago. And because of this,



Meccan idolaters started to torture them, and finally they decided to escape.

The old man felt very sorry for them, and comforted them saying:

- No need to be afraid anymore! You are safe here.

For three days Talha and Qasim stayed in peace at the house of the old man whom they didn't know. All of their needs were provided for by the old man. Finally it was time to leave. Talha asked the old man:

- Dear sir! You took good care of us even better than the care of parents for their own children. You helped us even though you didn't even know our names.

You showed kindness. We admire you. However, we have never seen such good manners in any other cities. Who taught you these manners?

The old man smiled and said:

- The Messenger of Allah taught me. We had not trusted anybody before we became Muslims, we acted mercilessly to everybody. Yet our Lord sent the Prophet to complete the good morals and manners, and he taught us the beauty of showing kindness. Thereupon our thoughts and lives changed. We began to do good without expecting anything. I still - in this age - don't know a better thing than helping people and taking care of their problems.

As the old man spoke, Talha's and Qasim's eyes filled with tears. They were so happy that they were going to live their religion with the Messenger of Allah and their Medinan brothers.

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