

Peace be upon the bodies drowned in Blood – an account on Arbaeen

<"xml encoding="UTF-8?>

It has been narrated by the eleventh Imam Hazrat Hasan Askari (A.S) "There are five signs for
a believer:

- A) Reciting 51 Rakats of Salat (Prayers) (seventeen Rakats of obligatory prays)
 - B) Ziyarat of Imam Hussain on Arbaeen
 - C) Wearing an (onyx) ring in the finger of the right land
 - D) Putting the forehead (doing prostration) on the Khak-e-Shafa (earth of Karbala)
 - E) Reciting loudly Bismillah-ir-Rahman- ir- Rahim
- Peace be upon you, O Aba Abdellah Al- Hussein (A.S)
Peace be upon the bodies drowned and laden in Blood
Peace be upon the bodies left in the desert
Peace be upon the burnt tents

Peace be upon the beards drained in the blood and upon the head, which was laid on the spear
and carried from one city to another city

Jabir Ibn Abdullah Ansari was a great companion of the holy Prophet. On the 20th of Safar (i.e.
40 days after the martyrdom of Imam Hussain), he was the first visitor to the holy land of
Karbala. Simultaneous with his arrival, the family of the holy Imam Hussain also reaches
karbala.

The below article is a brief report from their visit of the holy family members.
"Zainab descended from the camel very slowly. She answered my Salam and said: Salam
Jabir! It has been years since I have met you. Did you visit the grave of my Hussain?"
The spiritual voice of Zainab made me embarrassed. I had lost myself in front of that mighty
complaint.

O ... Yes, my respected lady!

"I give you glad tidings that the foremost pilgrims, I gather myself and ask very politely. "But
you! Shame stops me from continuing. What should I say, what happened to you Captives?

A prisoner? But, it was your family who had taken the wicked Yazid as the prisoners!
Zainab, understood that my words have become heavy, and that I cannot speak. She replied
me with a firm tone, "The cause of Yazid is finished! He could not stop us from our return trip."
"Praise be to Allah! We have been sent respectfully, and we asked the camel drivers to lead us

to our destination karbala.”

I hold Sajjad in my arms. It is as if his body does not have fever.

Then, we have to thank the Almighty God.

O dear Ali! How much you smell the sweet fragrance of Hussain! My Mawla kissed me on my forehead and held my hand warmly.

My heart became impatient to see him! Still the dust of Siffin has not fallen from your shoulders!”

How much warm he welcomes me. May be ... may be you have told him that he will see me. My Maula! May father and mother be sacrificed in your path? Praise is to Allah that I have become blind and I cannot see you so that I would have become ashamed.

But, he is so magnanimous and generous so as to blame me for my backwardness. Again, he holds me in his holy arms and kisses me.

The children, who after suffering a lot of troubles and calamities, recognize their old friend and father around him.

They talk with me in a sweet manner. I embrace the busy so that they will not remember their past difficulties. It is true that I am blind, but the old memory passes from my eyes. My memory has stored and recollects all of them.

Violet? Where is the violet of Hussain? ... As much as I search amongst the children, I cannot find her. But, then where she is ... has she honed with Zainab for pilgrimage? No, ... she had entrusted the children to me and she had gone with Sajjad. O Allah! Why is my heart beating so much? No ... no. Dust is in your mouth, o Jabir! Not this one ... this is absurd thinking wrong! Till Zainab comes, the children have gathered around me and for the first time after those difficult days, we see a little smile on their faces. Pray that they do not recollect anything. I also laugh with them. But, always I aspire in my heart, “I hope that Rokayya has also gone with Zainab”.

Centuries have passed and the sun and the moon lighten the horizons of the earth. They glimpse politely at the Turbat of their holy Imam Hussein (A.S) and pay their respects and say, peace be upon, O father of Abdullah (A.S).

And centuries have passed that they are waiting every day and night for the reappearance of the revengers of the blood.

The Mahdi (A.S) of Islam says while reciting Ziarat on the grave of his lonely forefather “O my respected forefather. Now that I could not help you during your life, I shall cry and shed .”tears day and night on your afflictions and hardships