

Like a dove I fly towards you – Visiting Karbala - Part 2

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Something that stayed in my mind throughout the trip was a statement made by Sheikh Panju. He said that those who

die in the way of Allah SWT, the martyrs, are not dead in the way we perceive one to be normally dead. In this case these are our Imams. They hear us and respond to us yet we do not hear them, who when you say alsalam alaykom to, they will reply to you with wa alaykum alsalam. In the morning's I would go to pray fajr at the shrine. Every morning the same man would stand up after namaaz to recite Dua Al-Faraj, and then go into Latmias about Imam Ali (as). You would sit there with all these people, crying every morning. Their passion is felt only in the heart. You would recite with them, cry with them, send your salams to your Imam in the morning, and then go about your day. I could almost hear Imam replying to me.

I visited Wadi Alsalam in Najaf, where the amount of graves were countless. It is believed to be the largest cemetery in the world. Whilst I was walking there, I remember 3 different bodies being carried there. Around 100 funerals take place in Wadi Alsalam a day, so you can imagine what kind of cemetery it was. In there are buried Prophet Hud (as) and Prophet Saleh (as). After their Ziyara, we prayed in the cemetery. It was a very reflective time in there. Gazing into the distance, your sight could not escape how many dead bodies were around you, beneath you. Mulla Ali Fadhil took advantage of this occasion, and to the cries of many, recited a passage from Dua Abu Hamza Al-Thumali, which read;

'Who is in a worse state than me? For when I move into my grave, without having prepared myself, what is the fate of my long sleep?

Why do I not cry?

I see my own self destroying me, and my passing days betraying me. The wings of death have descended over my head, why do I not cry?

I cry for the extraction of my soul. I cry for the darkness of my grave. I cry for the solitude of my grave. I cry for how it squeezes me. I cry from the questions of Munkar and Nakir.

I cry for the day I emerge out of my grave. Naked. Humiliated. Carrying the heavy weight of my wrong actions on my back.

I look to my left.. then look to my right. I see all these other creations going through the same thing, do any of them care about me?

For every person who will go through this and be resurrected on that fateful day... their own lives would have determined their own fate