

Like a dove I fly towards you – Visiting Karbala - Part 5

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Leaving Karbala was not easy. The wida3. My heart remains there, but not without a reminder on a lesson of detachment. I was going to depart for Dubai, as I would stay in Dubai for 2 days before coming back to London. Once I got to the airport in Baghdad, one of my bags did not arrive with me for me to take to Dubai.. In this bag were many presents for my family that I had wiped upon the graves of my Imams, as well as my sisters laptop with the pictures and videos I had taken on the trip.

It wasn't in the airport and as distressed as I was, I kept telling myself in the end these physical things do not compare to that in the heart, and hoped my family would understand. I tried to get over my disappointment. Alhamdulillah is all one should say, and I am happy that the trip had taught me to implement this. A friend told me to recite Al-Fatiha for Ummul Baneen before I left, which I didn't really have much belief in, but recited anyway. I accepted there was no way I'd get my bag back. The next day, a man who was in Iraq after I had left had found my bag in my hotel there. He brought my bag with him from Iraq, to Dubai, came to the hotel that I was staying at and personally dropped it off there. After the goosebumps, Ummul Baneen was the first person who came to mind. I have full belief now, and Alhamdulillah always, for everything. No words will do my experience justice, and I pray all lovers of Hussain (as) who read this will one day go to see for themselves. As for me, I will try to get accustomed to normal life now, though I know I can never and will never be the same again. I am forever in one place, and my heart is forever in another. My heart is one with the beloved.

'Oh how I wish with these eyes full of diamonds, filled with love and understanding, become
'worthy of seeing the Mahdi (aj) at the foot of the Zarih of his uncle Abbas