



## *OBEDIENCE TO YOUR MOTHER*

In this day and age, children are disobedient to their parents and speak to them anyhow. They do not realize what a great sin they are committing and how they are depriving themselves of earning good in this world and the hereafter. Insha Allah the incidents below will enlighten us of how we should serve our mothers and be obedient to them.

Hazrat Uwais Qarni (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) once owned the cloak of the Beloved Rasool (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam), which is now among the sacred treasures preserved in Istanbul. He reached his exalted spiritual rank by virtue of obedience to his mother.

Once, he had asked his mother's permission to visit Allah's Messenger (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) and she said, "You have my permission to go, see him once and come straight back. If the Messenger is at home, you may meet with him; if not, come straight back here." Hazrat Uwais Qarni (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) made a journey of three months on foot, from Yemen to Madina Shareef. He finally reached Rasoolullah's (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) apartment, where his knock was answered by the Mother of the Believers, Hazrat Aisha Siddiqa (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anha). "Allah's Messenger (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) is not at home," she told him, "You will find him in the mosque."

Being obedient to his mother, Hazrat Uwais Qarni (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) replied, "Please convey my salutations to the Blessed Messenger (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam). Kindly inform him that Uwais came from Yemen, did not find him at home, and is returning to Yemen, since he does not have permission from his mother to meet him in the mosque."

When Rasoolullah (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) came home he found the radiance of Hazrat Uwais Qarni (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) in his house and looked towards Yemen saying, "The fragrance of our friend is reaching us." The Noble Companions once asked Rasoolullah (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam), "If Uwais is your friend, why did he not come to see you?" Rasoolullah (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) replied that he was attending to his mother's service.

Today when our mothers tell us not to do something we are disobedient to them and do as we please. But this is a matter of seeing the Beloved Rasool (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) which is every Believer's wish. Yet Hazrat Uwais Qarni (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) maintained his obedience to his mother, even though he could have taken just a few steps and seen Rasoolullah (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam), because the Masjid was adjacent to the house of Rasoolullah (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam). It is through such obedience that Hazrat Uwais Qarni (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) reached such an exalted spiritual status that Rasoolullah (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) told Hazrat Umar Farooq and Hazrat Ali Al Murtaza (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anhum) that when they meet Hazrat Uwais Qarni (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) they should ask him to make Dua for the Ummah.

One day, as Hazrat Hassan Basri (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) was making Tawaaf of the Ka'bah Shareef, he encountered a young man carrying a basket on his back. He asked him what the basket contained. The youth replied, "I am carrying my mother in it. We are poor folk. For years my mother has wanted to visit the Ka'bah but we could not afford the expense of the journey. I was well aware of my mother's desire. She had grown too old to travel, but she always spoke lovingly of the Ka'bah, and whenever she thought about it her eyes would fill with tears. I could not bear to see my mother in such a state, so I put her on my back inside this basket and brought

her all the way from our house in Syria. Now, here we are, making the Tawaaf of the Ka'bah. They say the rights of parents are great indeed. I wonder, O Imam, if I shall be able to repay my mother's due by what I have done for her." Hazrat Hassan Basri (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) replied, "Even if you were capable of doing this act seventy times over, you would not compensate your mother for one kick you gave her when you were inside her womb."

Imam Qushayri (Radiallahu Ta'ala Anh) says, "My father passed away when I was a boy. My friends were all going abroad to pursue their studies, so I asked my mother's permission to do the same so that I do not remain ignorant. When she heard these words, my mother wept, saying, "My son, I have no one but you to open the door of my house. Do not leave me alone in this lower world." Nevertheless I pleaded with her to give me consent for Allah's sake, insisting on the need I felt to study, until I obtained her reluctant agreement, and I set off with my companions. Outside the town, I stopped in a secluded spot to relieve myself. Finding that I had soiled my clothes in the process, I told my friends to go on ahead; I would go back home to change and would catch up with them later. As I reached our house I heard my mother weeping loudly, crying that she could not bear being separated from me. I went inside and told her not to grieve as I was going to give up the idea of studying, but she said, "No, my son, I cannot take such responsibility upon myself. You go and study. I am a mother, what can I do but weep and pray? Go along now and get on with your studies."

In spite of this, however, I stuck to my decision not to go after all and I made her feel better. Then she said a prayer for me, "May Allah grant you His knowledge. Just as you did not leave me lonely, may He not desert you in this world or the Hereafter." Her heart was happy.

The next day a person with a shining face knocked at our door. I opened it for him and asked what he wanted. He told me he was looking for me. When I enquired about the reason, he said, "Because you did not leave your mother on her own to burn in the fire of yearning, Allah has sent His servant Khidr to teach and instruct you." I then realized that this was Hazrat Khidr (Alaihis Salaam) who had come to me. I kissed his hand, and for three years I studied various branches of knowledge under him." Subhaanallah! This is the reward for one who serves his mother makes her happy.

A certain young man intended to go on Pilgrimage so he asked his mother's permission. But she did not approve. She said, "Son, you are the only one I have. Who will look after me if you go on Pilgrimage? Besides, I could not bear to miss you." Ignoring her words, the son prepared to ride. Seeing that her boy was quite adamant, the woman got provisions ready for him and said farewell. As she saw him off, she prayed, "O Lord, send my child back to me safe and sound. He took no notice of me, but he is young. Pardon him, and protect him from accidents and trouble." As the young man was traveling with the Pilgrim caravan, someone came alongside him and said, "Let us be friends. I know a shortcut. If we go that way we shall reach the Ka'bah a week ahead of this caravan." He persuaded the boy and they left the caravan.

Soon they came to a lonely wood. In that frightful valley, with not a soul in sight, the man drew his sword and said, "Quick, out with your money!" He also told the boy to look into a ditch that lay in front of them. The boy looked, and in that ditch he saw there were many human skeletons. The boy cried, "Spare my life! Take my money but send me back to my mother!" The robber said, "I am under oath to kill the people I rob. Quick, undress and produce your money!" As the robber bore down on him, the young man said, "Please let me perform a short ritual prayer." The robber agreed and the youth performed ablution and proceeded to perform the prayer. When he put his

face to the ground in prostration, he began to make a supplication, weeping as he begged, “O Lord, come to my aid, bring some relief. Do not burn my mother in the fire of separation and yearning.” As he raised his head from prostration, he saw a majestic figure standing over him with a lance in his hand. The honourable person immediately thrust his pike at the robber and finished him off.

The youth asked, “You have rescued me from that cruel man. Who are you?” He replied, “I am an angel from the seventh sphere of heaven. Take this money the robber has here; Allah has made it yours. Go home to your mother and give up making the Pilgrimage.” So saying, he disappeared. The young man took as much money as he could carry and returned to his mother. He had learnt that to serve one’s mother is more meritorious than making Pilgrimage.

We further learn about such a reward from a Hadith in which Rasoolullah (Sallallahu Alaihi Wasallam) stated that each time a person looks at his parents with love, Allah Ta’ala grants him the reward of an accepted Hajj. And he will gain this reward each time, even if he looks at his parents hundred times in a day. Subhaanallah! What reward for such a small deed.

May Allah Ta’ala grant us the Taufeeq to be obedient to our parents, to serve them and to treat them with love and tenderness, Ameen.

*[Compiled from Irshad: Wisdom of a Sufi Master by Shaikh Muzaffer Al Jerrahi]*