

# **Ayatullah Al-Boroojerdi - The Great Leader**

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A biography of the great Ayatullah Al-Boroojerdi with anecdotes of his life as example of his ethical ways and Akhlaq

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# Foreword

There were many requests through letters or phone calls, that had reached Ansariyan Publications from the dearest readers in which they were all asking for books and leaflets that explain the biography of 'Ulama and well-known scholars who got a proceeding rank in the knowledge and reasoning fields.

The matter has urged this organization, to study these requests intensively with utmost care, furnishing the faithful readers who have proved their high desire to study the Islamic culture and their characters.

In the time when Ansariyan Publications is presenting the series of "**Meeting The Pious**", it hopes that it will increasingly seize the satisfaction of our beloved readers and meets their agreement.

May Allah bless us all.

**Ansariyan Publications.**

# Introduction

The cultural assault rests on two bases: first, humiliating the original culture. and second. Encouraging the successor foreign culture. Through this culture withdrawal and disgracing the genuine culture, a society may feel to be despised in comparison with the others, heedless of its own culture and its peerless containments of treasures, begging the strangers and offering its civilization very cheap.

This was the wicked manner adopted by the Pahlavi dynasty, to initiate its vicious policy during its intercourse with the West, which declared it as the deity of civilization and art, even of morals and religion, regarding the Orient as an example and source of rudeness and retardation, or at least to be called "The Third world".

Unfortunately, that Satanic policy was too efficient, to some extent. Thus, the western world and its attitude imagined to be the world of freedom, human rights and the defender of democracy, in the public eye, especially the youth. Yet, the facts became as clear as noonday, and the era of the Islamic resurgence emerged, the era which returned masses to the pure nature and disposition, to the Holy Qur'an and real dogma and its elements in spite of the glittering and brilliant victorious achievements occurred due to the Islamic revolution led by Imam Khomeini (Q.S), notwithstanding the culture and mental assault can be seen in various sensitive and important fields, still suffering from the western abnormal effects.

The educational certificates of the West, for example. are seducing many to this time. and the medicine that does not hold eminent and illustrious western marks has actually no effective influence.

Yet. a lot of Western evidences are still firmly rooted in our land, meanwhile, the West is still selecting the style of clothes for us, determining the kinds of medals awarded to the winning athletes. Not only that, but also, we expect it to distribute the literary prizes beloved by all. In any case, is it that we regard the West as our unique and lone model and standard? That West whose ill-favoured intention with its void motion has been known by everyone, with its false claims in defending the democracy and human rights? What are the reasons for such feelings of inferiority towards the 15th A.H. century executioners?

It is the West itself that awards its literary prizes to the impolite characters like Salman Rushdie, while it withholds the Muslim genius students from participating in the Olympiads of physics. We, unfortunately, are still looking at that West as our ideal, despite its repulsive and abhorrent policy in regard with apartheid. The Islamic world should seriously collaborate to establish an "Islamic international System" and deprive all connections between it and the western slogans and pretension. to democracy, freedom and human rights.

Can we count, therefore. on the West, while we are witnessing the catastrophic scenes coming over the Islamic countries, such as: [Bosnia-Herzegovina]. [Algeria], [Palestine]? Let those whom the Muslims'

affairs may concern them know frankly that a quick return to the warm and kind wings of the Holy Qur'an and his intimate patronage is indeed unavoidable. [Meeting The Pious] series is then a practical attempt and earnest endeavor to return to our genuine identity, through the concise biography of Islamic culture starts. Those colossi whose scientific horizons may inundate the leaders of other ideological dogmas and well-known thinkers. One of the sensitive questions that disturbs and robs the West's sleep is the serious return of the Islamic nation to its identity, to its leading figures, to those who have paved the way of Islam by their honest contribution,

The "**Meeting The Pious**" staff has made a pledge to investigate the biographies of seventy glittering stars of the high Islamic sphere, presenting them as lofty shining characters who struggled to rebuild the Islamic civilization.

**Baqir il 'Uloom Research Foundation**

**Qom**

## **Chapter 1: The Beginning Days**

### **Everyone Works To His Own Manner**

The big classroom with its many shelves where the students can range their books along them. the noise caused by the children in the school yard, all that have arouse Husayn's learning instinct. who for the first time has put his feet inside the house of mulla Muhammad Raza Nahadeh. He was wearing a striped shirt, and black trousers. The boy began to search out the class room with his eyes attentively. Eventually he inquired into the upper side of the wall where a picture was suspended and drew his attention. Husayn couldn't divert his eyes from the picture which showed a man in a white cap with bis eyes wide, moustaches. and odd ears: it was somc1hing interesting to the boy. Meanwhile, the teacher, wearing his medical glasses and who got brown heard. entered the classroom.

The teacher who seemed short and fat, sat where he always used to.

– Hello dears. I hope you are alright. Today is the second of Shawwal. but we can smell the aroma of the two 'Eids; 'Eid Al-Fitr and Noroow.; Anyhow, I would like to remind both the new and the failing pupils that the school has its rules and orders, which should precisely be observed. You must be polite and keep quiet. Instead, you have to attach importance to the lessons.

– Ouch, ouch.ouch..!

That was the voice of Husayn son of Mashhadi 'Ata-Ullah (the greengrocer). and thus, the speech of the

mulla was interrupted. So the later shouted angrily:

- What happened?
- Ja'far hit me with the pen. sir...!
- When shall you behave like a human being Ja'far?
- He's lying.
- And who else did that? The wall? You have been lazy since last year, and apparently this year too. It is better that you go out and sweep the yard. By the way, clean the water-closet too!

Again, mulla went on his speech, saying: Very well, we shall have a general view of what we have learned previously. Those who like to sit an examination, can have it tomorrow. and after tomorrow I will test the others. Now try to read your lessons carefully and be ready.

'Ali Goudzi, whose face was sunburnt and have thin body got up and asked:

- How many lessons e must read for the examination?
- All that which we have already read.

Then the teacher turned his face towards Husayn and said:

- Well, Husayn! Come on here.

Husayn got up bowing his bead and proceeded to the teacher. The mulla stroke gently on the boy's shoulder and asked him:

- Arc you happy to be here in 1he school?
- Yes sir, certainly.
- Your fa1her has told me that you have learned the alphabet and could rcci1e the Holy Qur'an.
- Tha1's right, sir
- And what about writing? Can you write?
- Little.
- Very well, I will give you a lesson so that you can drill on it., until noon.

The boy began to watch his master who was drawing some strange and queer lines. so he asked:

- What do these lines mean?

- They mean the date 1299.
- What?
- It is this year's date. Now go and practice. Don't forget to continue the drill at home too.

## Before Seven Years

The father was sipping his tea, taking small quantities each time. He turned towards Husayn and said:

- Have you gone to school today?
- Yes father.
- So, what have you learned?

The boy hurried and opened his copy-book.

- Look daddy, this is the first lesson.

His father had the copy-book. examined the lines on the light of a lantern.

- Well done. Well done my dear. Do you know what you have written?
- (1299).
- And what does that mean?
- It is the date of this year. That's what the master had said. But I didn't understand what he has meant.
- That means that (1299) years had passed since the Holy Prophet (S) had emigrated from Mecca to Medina.
- And what does this denote?
- Well. to what number can you count?
- I can count up to 400, daddy.
- So.it means that more than 400 and 400 and 400 'Eids had gone by that event
- Was you there, daddy!
- No, of course not dear. Neither me nor you or your mother. You were born only seven years ago, namely in 1292.
- You mean seven 'Eids ago?

- Yes seven.

Here, the mother who was arranging the sheets and blankets for bed called:

- Husayn It is time to be in bed son. Go early to bed so that you can wake up early and go to the school.

## The Examination

The class was filled with the worried conversation hum of the pupils.

Some are repeating poems they learned, others are putting what they have learned of holy verses into their memories. while few pupils stood before the mulla to answer his questions to have their knowledge tested by this examination.

The examination started at early morning and still. Mulla seemed very tired. He spoke to the rest of the pupils saying:

- I'm sorry dears. I think it is better to postpone examining the remaining pupils for tomorrow. by the will of Allah. You should take good care of your lessons. Of course, I don't keep you from playing nor joking or laughing, but I mean that everything has its own time wherein to be performed. The lesson too has its time. Anyhow. I do not ask you but to listen carefully to my speeches. Now look at Husayn, he has been here for only one year and yet he learned the three years lesson as a whole. He does not possess four ears. He is exactly like you. The only difference between you and him is that he attentively listens to every word I say, and if he didn't understand what I have said he asks. You can obviously watch his marks and level of knowledge and etc.

Mocking voices in the corner of the classroom interrupted mulla's speech.

- mulla shouted nervously:
- Who is that stupid. Let him introduce himself if he has enough courage. Or I will be obliged to punish the whole pupils.

Complete silence reigned. The class seemed uninhabited.

Abul Fadhl shattered the silence saying:

- But we didn't laugh, sir, Muhammad Baqir is the one who has laughed.

The teacher turned his face towards Muhammad Baqir and stared at him rudely.

- Muhammad Baqir! Stand up, let me see you plainly. You have been in this class for four years. but you still can't distinguish a class from a stable! Is there anything funny in my speech? Do you know that your answers in the examination were indeed a scandal?! Come here...Yes...Now, stand on one leg.



Then mulla looked at the other pupils, and gently spoke to them:

- As for you, you can leave now.

## “Noor Bakhsh” School

- Why did you stop eating'?. Please have your food and don't consider etiquette. Make yourself at home, mulla.
- Thank you very much, Ha]. I swear I ate you out of house and home!

A relieved smile drawn on Hajji's face.

- I frequently tell Husayn's mother that mulla made us a lot of favours.
- Don't say that Hajji, I did nothing. Husayn, thank God, is himself very clever, and he; is eager to learn everything soonest possible.
- You behave modestly, mulla. The fact is that you are directing the best class in Boroojerd<sup>1</sup> with your much experience of teaching.

Hajj 'Ali stood up and began to fold away the dining table-cloth, then he carried the dishes to the kitchen.

After that, he came back and sat again in front of mulla, and continued his conversation.

- If Husayn is as you say, I am thinking to convey him to Noor Bakhsh school. Thus, he shall get a special room.
- Then Hajji stopped talking for a while. Again he spoke. saying:
- As you are teaching in that school too, I request you very kindly to continue inking care of him. Be sure that I will never forget your being at pains to help him.

Bowing his head mulla said:

- I am at your disposal Hajji to do my best.

Hajj Ali, while he was putting back the teapot to the tray, commented:

- In fact, teaching is the Prophets' job, and that which is given to teachers can. by no mean, as their reward for the praiseworthy deeds they are doing.

Hajj Ali, who then had an envelope from the shelf and submitted it to the mulla, continued:

- This is a small gift which I hope you will accept it.

- Never!
- What for?
- You have already paid me my salary yesterday.
- Yes, but this has nothing to do with the class. It is only a gift to appreciate your extraordinary efforts with my son.

Here, mulla stood up asking the permission to leave:

- Well, if you don't mind, I have to go home. I have a lot of things to do. You know, my wife is still ill.
- May Allah bestow health on her. Please give her our best regards.

## The Delayed Father

Mirza Mahdi, a friend of Hajj Sayyid 'Ali, and after he had his breakfast, said:

- O Sayyid! There is no other place which is more beautiful than Boroojerd.
- Thank God. Finally, you realised that. Did someone tell you that information? How could you leave this city with its good weather, and dwell at the edge of the world. in Damghan?[?](#)
- Actually, I have been forced to do that since the death of Rabab and Mustafa, as I felt that the whole world was driven out of my heart. So, I decided to go to Damghan to sell a garden which I had inherited from my ancestors and then leave for Karbala to spend the rest of my life, 'until God might determine the matter that was done'. May Allah have mercy upon her. She was a good wife. She always aimed to dwell in Karbala and pilgrim the Holy Shrine of Imam Husayn ('a). That was the only hope of her. Whenever I remembered them I wished I could stay, that night and die with them under the ruins.
- May Allah have mercy upon them. O Mirza! You desire and I desire, **'but God does Whatsoever He desires'** (14:27). Only Allah knows what is good for us.
- Praise belongs to God. We are pleased with what pleases Him. Really, the world goes with bitterness and sweetness. Sayyid. I have nothing to do with it
- Don't say that! You are now under 45 but still repeating your despondent words.
- They are not words, Sayyid. I believe that this is my last trip to Boroojerd! I saw a dream last night. I dreamt that I arrived from a long journey while Rabab and Mustafa were sitting beside me. We had some fruit. Then Mustafa said to me 'Why you have been late daddy? We have been waiting you for a long time'. Then Rabab spoke gently: 'Now don't leave us again'. You see Sayyid. I am sure I have got

my wish.

Meanwhile Husayn entered and said:

- Peace be upon you.
- And peace be upon. Come here dear, what's your name?
- Husayn.
- May Allah bless you son, Do you go to school?

Here, Hajj Sayyid 'Ali replied:

- He went to school for a while then terminated Jami'ul Muqaddimat of Soyooti, logic and the collection of poems of Sa'di Shirazi Gulistan. Now he is continuing his study at (Noor Bakhsh) school.
- But why Noor Bakhsh school? Why don't you take him to (Shazdeh) school, or the school of Hajj mulla Asadullah?
- Yes, but you know, Noor Bakhsh is our own school., and Husayn's maternal grandfather is its founder. Besides. it is near to our home.

Then Mirza Mahdi turned bis face towards Husayn and spoke to him saying;

- Who is your teacher, dear?
- My former teacher was mulla Muhammad Ridha', but now I've got many teachers. I usually look after the good lecturers.
- Mashallah You must be 14 years old boy now. Don't you?
- Yes.

Engaging in the conversation with Mirza Mahdi, Hajj Sayyid 'Ali inquired:

- How did you know that, Mirza?
- Husayn was born few months before that doleful event, namely when Rabab passed away under the ruins.

Then Mirta stood and continued:

- Have you forgotten my and Rabab's visiting you? Now please excuse me, I must go. I

have a lot of things to do.

- It is too early.
- The caravan of Karbala–i Mustafa shall move on Saturday, and I must go first to (Soofiyan)<sup>3</sup> to recite Fatiha in the shrine of Sayyid Muhammad. I have visited him just yesterday afternoon, and I called Allah asking him by the high rank that Sayyid to forgive us our sins and muster all of us together covered with his mercy, all–embracing.
- So, have the lunch with us today.
- No Hajj, I must go to (Silakhorbala)<sup>4</sup> near Che old mosque. I will visit (Hajj Yadullah Goderzi) my old partner, whom I was trading with his money. I want to see him and offer him my apology for what I might have done with him. He is a good man after all.

Mirza again kept silence, then he said:

- My late father had once told me that your family (At–Tabataba’i) has dwelt in Boroojerd for two centuries, while the (Gordezi) family were here a thousand years ago. or maybe more.

Mirza Mahdi laughed and added: My family came to Boroojerd only twenty years ago.

- Please do visit us in the evening.
- Well. Maybe, albeit probably I will visit (Mashhadi ‘Abbas Quli Banna) and I may spend the night there. Now farewell.

## A Leaving Friend

Hajj Sayyid ‘Ali woke up with panic caused by a noise in the house yard. and began to rub his eyes:

- What happened?
- “Hajj Yadullah Godrezi hammering on the door”. Husayn replied. “He insists to see you. I told him you are asleep, but he argued to waken you”

Hajj Sayyid ‘Ali hurried towards the door. He realized that there is a calamity, when he gazed at Hajj Yadullah’s appearance with staring eyes. Hajj Yadullah was wearing black clothes.

Hajj Yadullah, forgetfully, passed over the greetings, instead he screamed at Sayyid ‘Ali:

- Hurry up Sayyid!
- But, what’s wrong?
- Mir Mirza Mahdi is dead, may Allah have mercy upon him.

- May Allah have mercy upon him. But he was in good health this morning.

***“Surely we belong to God, and to Him we return” (2: 156).***

- We left the quarter of (Shuja't) at noon, and in the way. he fell down near Sultani masjid

and died there. It came quite suddenly, as I have been told. I think that we have to make the necessary preparation, Sayyid. Tonight, is the night before Friday, and it is a blessed night. May Allah forgive us all

- I will be ready in a minute.

Sayyid hastened to his room and soon came back putting on his complete mourning uniform so that to participate in the funeral ceremony of his friend.

## **The Grief-Stricken Hearts**

The whole members of Sayyid 'Ali family assembled in his home, and Sayyid's brother was sitting smoking hooka and blowing the smoke bitterly, until a blue cloud of smoke covered him. He spoke to his nephew, Husayn saying:

- So, you decided on travelling?
- Yes uncle. Tomorrow by the will of Allah.
- Travel means hardship and estrangement, and hearts hasten to their nests eagerly.

Couldn't you stay and continue your study in Boroojerd?

Hajj Sayyid 'Ali who was listening, immediately answered:

- Searching for knowledge is above all targets, brother. Boroojerd has given him all that it could, and it is time now to fly towards another place. Besides, travelling, hardship and estrangement all that are elements to make a person mature enough to be given too responsibility.

- That's right. But a heart is only a piece of flesh not a stone.

Isfahan is not (Khorbala) so that he can go and come whenever he likes.

Sayyid 'Ali and as an attempt to put an end to this conversation, continued:

- It seems that Husayn has seriously intended to travel. He determined to learn and come back home.

Husayn's uncle sipped his tea deliberately, and with a smile he said:

- Well done, brother. It is time for him to marry. Let us be glad with his wedding before we face (God

forbid) the destiny of (Mashhadi Safar). He slept in the evening but he didn't wake. What you say bro1hcr?

- Don't say that? Azra'il<sup>5</sup> does not pay compliment to anyone as you know. Mashhadi Safar was more active and vigorous the night he died. We talked and laughed so much, and we determined to go on the next day morning to urge his brother-in-law to make it up with his father-in-law. But we were overtaken by his death the next morning.

- You are right. but as for Husayn it is still early and we shall do our best to him, very soon.

Sayyid 'Ali's brother stood up and said continuing his speech:

- Now I must go.

Then he turned to Husayn saying:

- Give my regards to Nooh ul-Din and tell him that we have waited for him in the 'Eid but he didn't come.

He, later kissed Husayn on his head commenting:

- May Allah guard you, son, and return to us admiringly honoured.
- May Allah protect and guard you too, uncle.

The uncle, accompanied with his wife went out; while Husayn and his father stayed at the house door until they disappeared in the darkness.

<sup>1.</sup> An ancient city south of Tehran.

<sup>2.</sup> A city in far north-west of Iran.

<sup>3.</sup> A quarter of Boroojerd.

<sup>4.</sup> Another quarter of Boroojerd.

<sup>5.</sup> The angel of death.

## Chapter 2: Bon Voyage

## Sadr School

Nooh ul-Din got a small room on the second floor of Sadr School, and it is opposite to the school gate.

Nooh ul-Din, with his white clothes, short hair, growing beard, immoderate fatness, and short of stature, was handling a cup of tea and staring at the yard of the school.

- I hope I can have more profit from Mirza Jahangeer Khan.”, he mused "but how to do it?".

He was deeply sunk into thought, when suddenly the mien of one of his beloved appeared.

- What am I seeing? My cousin Husayn?! No that's impossible.

He involuntarily stood up quickly. “Yes it's him, it's himself”. Then he shouted:

- Husayn, Husayn I am here!

He turned towards the clayey stairs. The two cousins finally embraced each other.

Nooh ul-Din astonishingly inquired with hot tears:

- Husayn Tabataba'i, what are you doing here? What has brought you to Isfahan?

- What are you talking about, cousin? You, master of Isfahan!

- How do you do and how is my uncle and aunt?

- All of them are well and sending their regards to you.

- My room is in the second floor. Let's go...

Both cousins ran swiftly hopping on the stairs with unmatched happiness.

Nooh ul-Din poured a cup of tea for his cousin and said:

- Hot tea removes the hardship of the travel and its toil.

He stopped talking for a short time. Then he continued:

- “How happy I am for you coming”, he said after he had pored over his cousin. “I felt so gloomy that I didn't attend the lectures of Mirza Jahangeer Khan”.

Husayn started looking at the school yard. He noticed a man who wore a black cloak and a hat, surrounded with some of the students. All were going towards the school gate.

- "Who could that man be?" Husayn inquired.

- He is the philosophy master. Mirza Jahangeer Khan<sup>1</sup>. Rather he is the most significant master of philosophy.

Husayn pondered for a while. then he said:

- What a wonderous face!
- Why?
- He truly has a human dignity and solemnity...
- This is normal with the men of God. You will be more amazed when you know him better. Here under my room. another eminent master lives; mulla Muhammad Kashani.
- Why? Is he unmarried?
- Yes, he is a strange man. You will discover that soon. He continually looked as immersed in thought.

Continually looked as immersed in thought.

Nooh ul-Din remained silent for a while. Then he paid a look at Husayn's bag.

He uttered:

- Well, tell me! Is that all what you have brought with you from Boroojerd?
- Oh, I was about to forget. I deposited some objects with a blacksmith near the Khan of caravans.

## In The Room

It was evening when Jaleel a friend of Nooh ul-Din, remembered his friend. So he crept along Nooh ul-Din's room and sat on a thick carpet which was put on a higher level than the usual ground, where the religious students used to sleep. Jaleel, when anyone sees him for the first time, is a kid tall man with a flowing beard. He is a 40 years old person.

Nooh ul-Din wanted to shatter the silence which reigned over the room, so he said, talking to his cousin:

- Husayn! Now, this is the honourable man whom I have told you about, before. A poet, a man, or letters and a learned too.

Here, Jaleel hemmed before speaking, then he turned to Husayn saying:

- Your cousin is joking. He always tries to be mild with me. I am only a poor miserable man who, after all those years of studying, had realised that knowledge is the only way to Allah, provided that a man



should continuously think about the aim of seeking knowledge. This thought of a man is very essential in improving his course in the life. Exactly like an astrolabe, which guides a ship in the high seas.

Jaleel then put his left-hand palm on his ear and began to chant quietly, saying the following:

**O you who searches for evolution and completeness...**

**Through the school walls...**

**You study wisdom and geometry...**

**If there is no mention of God in your heart...**

**Then be sure that whatsoever you read is a mere whisper**

Nooh ul-Din smiled while he was introducing a cup of tea to his friend:

- I haven't seen you for a long time, friend!

Jaleel turned towards Husayn and said:

- Listen to your cousin's speech. He protects himself by blaming others. I have come today

to blame him and ask him: isn't there any place for Jaleel inside your memory?'. Are you forgetting your friends so easily. Am I in Mars? My house is only few meters from here, behind the masjid of sheikh Lutfullah<sup>2</sup> .

Nooh ul-Din sipped his tea while he was looking at his friend with a smile:

- You are still repeating your previous words. First, I am sure that you are alive and being provided. Second, I have come to visit you before, but your neighbour Mashadi Kadhim told me that you have been absent from the quarter for a long time.

Jaleel laughed, and said:

- I was only joking with you. Indeed, I have been in Sabzewar<sup>3</sup>. or in fact in a village of Sabzewar looking for a learned.

Nooh ul-Din asked surprisingly:

- Are you serious?
- "Yes". Jaleel answered.
- So, have you met him?
- Well, when I reached there, he was dead.
- So, your trip went in vain.

- Don't be cruel my friend. The trip itself has a use. Now tell me about your cousin Hussein. Once you have told me about him, but...

Nooh ul-Din interrupted him saying:

- Yes. Briefly, he is Sayyid Husayn Tabataba'i, from Boroojerd. A clever and active youngster. It is said that he has never been seen without a book, never. He and the book are two intimate friends, even when we were making trips to the orchards to spend a nice time and some relax. His father, my friend, who had studied in Isfahan, is one of the learned, and was memorizing the Holy Qur'an during his additional time. I heard that he loved philosophy and gnosticism very much. He is a punctilious reader and researcher.

Here, Jaleel, clapped his hands and said:

- Bravo...Bravo. What a happy man I am tonight. Tell me Hussein!

With whom you have studied Usool?

- With Sayyid Muhammad Baqir Al-Durji<sup>4</sup>
- Wonderful! I have read his series of books regarding Usool.

Then he spoke to Nooh ul-Din:

- My friend Nooh ul-Din, I see that your cousin will be man of high rank.

Again Jaleel started chanting. saying:

**O you who are walking in the side road...**

**Don't look at the dust with misery...**

**One day they may convert to a bracelet.**

Nooh ul-Din smiled and said:

- Provided that he listen to his cousin's advice.
- And what advice shall you introduce for him?!
- Not to be solitary like me, and be brave enough to ask others if a problem happened.

Otherwise. he will be indefinite and unknown.

- What are you saying Nooh ul-Din? The satisfaction of Allah is the real aim, and to live as a solitary is not indecent attribute. But rather it is a favor. sometimes. Reputation, high position, ranks... All those are lethal poisons without the satisfaction of Allah.

He stopped talking for a while. then he continued:

- Remember, Nooh ul-Din, Hajj 'Ali the literature master (may Allah have Mercy upon him). He was an expert teacher. He had an idea regarding poetry which says: "The sweetness of poetry lies in its words and letters. While the best of it, is that which includes no labial sounds, as the poetry must come out of the mouth avoiding letters which are made by the lips".

- Yet, he was skilled master.

- I have visited him lately before he dies in his clayey '**fallen down upon its turrets**' room empty of anything called decoration or even furniture. He was, besides, alone. Now imagine, how can a blind old man, whose wife has died a long time ago, live alone? When I was there with him, I saw him dashing some hard bread into pieces, dipping them into n sour yoghurt, and when saluted him, he asked me, with a low voice: 'who are you?' I said: I am your student, Jaleel. He said: The very one who, with the company of Nooh ul-Din were representing the two covers of one book? I impressively answered: Yes.

Then he said with a sad voice: I wonder whether this food will urge your appetite to share me eating it. It is too difficult for anyone to accustom the hardship of the life. Anyhow Jaleel, I have accustomed on that.

- May Allah have mercy upon him.

- Yes, may Allah have mercy upon him.

A sorrowful silence overwhelmed the place...Jaleel, in an attempt to break that horrible silence, said:

- Husayn, your cousin Nooh ul-Din is nearer to my heart than my brother. We lived together for more than twenty-five years. Now I beg your permission to leave. May Allah protect you. Don't forget to pay us a visit, Husayn.

- I won't forget.

- See you again.

## Husayn's Problem

The lecture of Fiqh concluded. and Sayyid Muhammad Baqir Al-Durji sat aside, answering the students' questions. Later on, silence conquered again, when all the students began to leave the class.

The master stood up and walked towards the gate. Meanwhile, the voice of Adhan filled the city sphere, calling the people to the prayer.

Husayn was still gathering his things as to prepare himself to leave the place. Here, the master spoke to him saying:

- Has the matter been solved?
- Yes sir.
- I don't mean the lesson, but your cursed whisper!
- Actually, I am still suffering from it. The damned Satan causes me to fall in the traps suspicion. I still suspect myself when I perform wudhu (ablution), so I become forced to repeat it many times.
- I myself will cure you. Now let's go and perform wudhu together, then, we shall go to the mosque.
- But you will be late for the jama'at (congregational) prayer. I mean the people will be waiting for you.
- Don't mention it I want to watch your wudhu.

Both of them walked towards the pool in the center of the vast yard. Soon they performed ablution. Husayn became astonished when he saw himself performing wudhu only once, this time.

Accomplishing the prayer, the master turned to Husayn saying:

- Try to avoid suspicion, and do not ever perform your prayer in your room. I will also ask Nooh ul-Din to observe you during the prayer. On the other hand, I will watch you carefully while you are performing wudhu. It seems that is the best way to remove your useless whisper.

## All-Glorious, All-Holy

During the of afternoon, when Husayn was coming from the philosophy lecture, he, as usual. directed to his room ignoring the crowd of the students at the room of Meer 'Imad. Anyhow, he was perfectly seen by Nooh ul-Din who screamed:

- Where are you going? Did you attend the lecture of Abul Ma'ali, Husayn?
- He was sick and apologized for being absent. By the way. What's all the noise for?'
- Meer 'Imad is still astonished because of what he has last night. When he opened his eyes, he saw mulla Muhammad Kashani prostrating and mumbling: 'All-glorious, All-holy, the Lord of angels and the Holy Spirit', and the walls were repeating the same words after him. When Meer 'Imad inquired about that, mulla told him that it is not strange that every thing gives glory to Allah. but the strange is that how you heard that tasbeeh (glorification)?
- That's really very interesting. I will go there to hear more details.

## A Hasty Departure

Husayn who was folding the table-cloth up. said to his cousin Nooh ul-Din:

- I intend to go to Boroojerd, do you need anything?
- Boroojerd? What for?
- I received a letter from my father this morning, maybe he will arrange my travel to Najaf.
- Najaf? Have you satisfied your appetite with Isfahan? Aren't four years enough for you, cousin?
- Najaf embraces the 'Gate of the city of Knowledge'<sup>5</sup>. There exists the Center of Light.
- So. when you shall leave to Boroojerd?
- There is a caravan which shall start going towards there after tomorrow, by the will of Allah.
- You always were rash. Now, when shall I be able to write a letter to my father? Anyhow, I will write it tomorrow. By the way, please don't forget to ask Isma'il Godrezi whether he has received the book (Zadul Ma'ad) which I have sent it to him. Also remember to give everybody my best regards and compliments.

## Father's Instructions

Husayn hurried off along the alleys of Boroojerd towards his home, filled with eager. Everything is as it was four years ago; Noor Bakhsh school, the store of Hajj Husayn Quli, the house of mulla Muhammad Ridha'.

He murmured to himself:

- Everything remained as it was. They didn't change. Only people are changing; children grow up and old people become older.

Husayn was diving in his obsessions. suddenly he found himself in front of the door of his home. He pushed it quietly and then entered.

- May I come in?

His mother came out of the cellar, and soon tears gathered in her eyes when she saw her son. She embraced her returned son with great pleasure. His father too, hurried towards his son and kissed each other warmly:

- How are you son?

- Fine, father.
- Come on, you have just arrived in the most appropriate time.

Leading his son to the room, the father continued:

- Indeed, you have a nice and good mother-in-law.

Husayn's mother, who was holding the tray of tea and some cookies, commented:

- She is really so, because she takes good care of our son Husayn better than me.

Husayn, in fact, was astonished with his parents' speech so he asked wondering about that;

- What's going on. Father? I am hearing strange words!

Here, someone knocked the door, then Husayn's uncle came in saying:

- May we come in?
- Don't follow etiquette brother, make yourself at home.

Husayn's uncle, accompanied with his wife, entered the house, and Husayn quickly jumped to clasp his uncle in the arms and saluted his uncle's wife.

The uncle seemed very happy when he said:

- What happened to you Husayn? Have you forgotten your uncle in those four years? Have you ever inquired whether your uncle is dead or alive?
- God forbid, uncle. I always search about your news.
- When the boys told me that you arrived, I was in home, so I told my wife to pay you a visit since I was very anxious to see you, son.

Husayn's mother who then began to pour the tea, said:

- We are unable, indeed to recompense you for your increasing favours.

The uncle commented:

- My wife urged me so much to go to Isfahan. She always remembers you when she calls her son Nooh ul-Din to mind I can declare that she loves you more than her son.

The uncle's wife, while she was preparing her chador<sup>6</sup> replied:

- What can I do, man? They are both as my heart beats. Sometimes I become afraid that I may die before seeing them.

- "God forbid, my uncle's wife", Husayn commented.

Husayn's uncle then said:

- We recall you every day, son.

- It is then my fault, uncle. I really was very eager to see you again. I was ignoring that eager tortures the hearts.

While Husayn's father was nipping a piece of cookie, said:

- It is not only eager which urged me to write you a letter, but also the sense of responsibility.

–"As soon as I received the letter", said Husayn, "I collected my luggage. I yearned for you very much, albeit my yearn and strong desire for Najaf.

- Najaf?

- Aren't you intending to send me to Najaf, father?

- What are you talking about son? I only was speaking to your uncle saying that Husayn became a man and so we must find him a suitable wife in order to make a blessed family.

With obvious disturbance, Husayn murmured saying:

- Have you called me for this reason? Didn't you think about my study likewise?

- Are you angry, son?

- I am only thinking about study and research, and I don't have any intention to marry. Marriage means that I must stop studying. No, no father, I won't accept that at least for the time being.

Husayn's uncle put his cup down in the tray, and said:

- Now, try to realise your father's feelings, dear. You are now a complete young man and

your thinking about study is very natural, but

pay attention to the fatherly sense. Fathers do not think but about their children's future. Anyhow. who said that marriage is an obstacle on the way of study?

- If this is my father's desire, I won't object on condition that everything must be done quickly so that I can go back to my study.

The uncle with a loud laughter and speaking to his brother, said:

– I told you that he is in a hurry too!

Husayn's uncle's wife, who was then extremely happy, commented:

- Be not afraid of those who make noise, but of those who are bowing their heads in silence!

Everyone there laughed with great happiness and the tea tray was roving among them, carrying the cups which were full of tea, and the whole room sphere was full of the aroma of cardamom.

## The Return

Nooh ul-Din was sitting near the pool, washing his clothes. Suddenly, his cousin appeared in front of him. He quickly shook the clothes off his hands, and said with mocking words:

- What happened? Have you returned from Najaf?
- As you see I came back, but this time not to your room.
- What do you mean? Did you become weary of me so soon?
- Celibacy has gone away and forever...!
- Have you got married? What a foxy youngster you are! Why you didn't tell me?/
- How should I know? I myself heard the news very lately.
- Congratulation, cousin...I also wished today to have some cakes and tea mixed with cardamom, and I was surprising why?
- So, the calamity of some are blessings with others.
- Tell me, how did that happen so swiftly?
- Actually, I found everything prepared there, and it seemed that they were in need of me in the last moment.



- Hal ha!
- Laugh as you like, but as for me, I don't know what to accept and what to refuse. I have to go back quickly!
- You became really a paterfamilias. Oh, I was about to forget, many have asked me about you. Have you promised to teach them Al-Qawaneen<sup>7</sup>?
- I met them yesterday, and agreed to gather each Wednesday, an hour before the evening Adhan.
- Where are you going? Wait a minute. I will hang the clothing and talk for a while.
- No cousin, I have no time for talking from now on. I became responsible for a family and such a man must always return back early.

## The Country Of Love

It was springtime. The weather became more beautiful in the eyes of Nooh ul-Din and his friend Jaleel who were walking hastily towards the house of Husayn, passing through the narrow alleys. It was Friday morning

Husayn was fully immersed in studying when he heard the knock of his companions at the door. He then hurried towards the door. Opening it, he was saluted:

- Pence be upon you.
- Please come in. Welcome, men of God. Come in, make yourselves at home.

Jaleel observed the clayey room which was empty except of some old normal rugs. Yet he felt that everything was diving in love. The pure love mixed with the deep human faith.

Then Husayn came in holding the tea tray, meanwhile he was repeating his greetings for the guests.

Nooh ul-Din smiled, saying:

- We always recall you, so why don't you recall us as we are doing.

With affectionate voice, Husayn replied:

- Life is full of difficulties. I was in Boroojerd, and when I returned. I was busy in finding a house.
- Nooh ul-Din while he was sipping his tea, commented:

Life is full of difficulties. Its roads are not covered with flowers and roses.

- I suffer because it takes a lot of my time. I always attempt to give the main of my time for studying.

Husayn then became silent for a moment and continued:

- Sometimes I think about myself, that if I was rich. I would spare all my time only to study. Then I come to my sense and say: Wealth may change my thought of study, as it may pull me to other directions, other than studying,

He smiled and added:

- When I receive the money which my father sends to me every month, I feel quite sure that it will not suffice me even for two complete weeks, while I feel that I can study more and more in the other two weeks, and make a clear progress.

Moving his head as to agree with Husayn's speech, Jaleel commented:

- Yes, that's right It seems that poverty urges one's efforts.

Nooh ul-Din who was still silent, smiled and said:

- Yes, and a student becomes a skilled master overnight A master whose lecture in Qawaneen is attended by nearly one hundred students.
- I've heard many, eulogizing his lecture and style of teaching.

Then he turned towards Nooh ul-Din saying:

- We must go now.
- "Where to?". Husayn inquired. "Must you leave so soon?".
- We thought to visit mulla Muhammad Kashani. Besides. we may delay you from your study. Goodbye.
- Goodbye, may Allah protect you.
- You too.

## The Bygone Nights

While the night was passing over. Husayn's wife was busy in gathering the luggage:

- Only few things remained to be collected... When shall we travel?

Husayn who was then reading, lifted his head. looked at his wife and said:

- After tomorrow, by the will of Allah. I bade farewell to everybody. I have got nothing here, in Isfahan. We shall stay in Boroojerd for a while, and then prepare ourselves to travel to Najaf
- Really? My brother Isma'il wants to travel to Najaf too. It is better to wait for him.
- We shall stay in Boroojerd for sometime. 'To join what God has commanded shall be joined' elongates lives and bring means of living.
- I feel sleepy. Aren't you going to bed?
- I will read some other pages. You sleep.
- There is a hard and tiresome travel in front of you. Come to bed early, at least tonight.
- There is a lot of time for sleeping. Besides, life is full of travels.

## In The Presence Of The Master

The sun was still shining from behind the hills to the west.

Husayn who arrived Najaf, was speaking quietly to the only apothecary in his small quarter, the hakeem (druggist) Mirza Yahya, saying:

- No Mirza, borage<sup>8</sup> and spikenard<sup>9</sup> were very effective.
- It is the moisture, Sayyid Husayn, the moisture! The drug must not reach the water along that time. I will bring you some mustard oil<sup>10</sup> to be rubbed on your feet before sleeping.

Meanwhile, Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani<sup>11</sup> was passing by, surrounded with some of his students. Sayyid Husayn said goodbye to Mirza Yahya and hurried to join the crowd of his master. He whispered to Sheikh Mohsin Yazdi, saying:

- Where are you going, by the will of Allah?
- To the house of an 'Alim who arrived Najaf recently. It's near. Come and join us.

The guests took their place inside the small room. and silence reigned the room. Sayyid Husayn pulled out a paper and submitted it to bis master. Al-Khonsari went over the paper.

Sheikh Mohsin, who was sitting beside Sayyid Husayn, inquired about the paper. the latter replied:

- Nothing. Only a question about today's lecture. I couldn't ask my master then.
- "A good remark" Al-Aakhond commented, "We shall talk about it tomorrow, by the will of Allah.

The students then were listening to the conversation occurred between the two learned, until the Adhan for the evening was heard. So, the whole stood up and went towards the Holy Shrine of Amir ul-Mu'minin Ali ('a).

## Attention Everybody

The 'Alawi Holy Shrine was immersed in the sublime heroism of the immortal brave Ali bin Abi Talib ('a), and whispers of more than one thousand two hundred religious scholars were being heard, mixed with the performers of prayers' supplication, and the invocation of the pilgrims. All were waiting for the master.

Sayyid Husayn rose and handed a paper over to his master Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani.

Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani., with his soft voice said:

- Some of our friends have argued with the subject lectured yesterday. I ask Sayyid Husayn, himself to set the crux of the matter forth. I request all gentlemen to pay attention to that.

Sayyid Husayn Tabataba'i rose to introduce his issues. Everyone realized that a new learned is about to emerge during those moments. The admiration of Aakhond for this genius student was only the beginning of the same student's way towards the acme of sublimity.

## The Lesson Of Al-Fosul

Sayyid Husayn Al-Boroojerdi concluded the lesson of Al-Fosul, so nearly two hundred students began to leave the place. one after another and deliberately.

- "What's the name of your master". An old man asked one of the students.
- He is Sayyid Husayn Al-Boroojerdi.
- And what he teaches?
- Al-Usool.
- I haven't seen him before!

He came recently from Iran. He could draw the attention of Al-Khorasani. Rather, when Al-Aakhon discusses a matter, he looks at him to pick up whether he agrees with him or not, and when the master finishes the lesson, Al-Boroojerdi repeats the same lesson to whom he missed some or the whole points in the lesson.

Then, he is no doubt, a learned?

- Excuse me. I have to go, or I will miss tbc lecture.

## The Sad Learned

It's just eight years (today) since Sayyid Husayn arrived here, in Al-Najaf Al-Ashraf.

He sat in one of the Holy Shrine's comers, with his brilliant face covered with gloomy outlook. The prominent characters he met in the city of Ali ('a) were passing by him one after another; Muhammad Kadhim Al-Yazdi<sup>12</sup> and other beloved persons.

He opened a book which was with him, and noticed a paper written by sheikh ul-Shari'a Al-Isfahani<sup>13</sup> confirming his being a mujtahid and showing clearly his high rank.

He murmured:

- I wonder why my father wants me to return back to Iran? Is it maybe because my mother is sick, or?
- "Why you are look sad, Sayyid?"", sheikh Mohsin, who was passing in front of him, cried, "Have you lost your ships in the high seas?".
- My father sent a letter asking me to go back. I dare not to leave whom I have loved here in Najaf.
- When will you depart?
- After tomorrow, by the will of Allah.
- Namely Wednesday. So, there is a lot of time to see your friends. Let's go to the house of Mirza Muhammad Husayn Al-Tabreezi. I heard that he is ill in the past two days.

Therefore, Sayyid Husayn rose and left the Holy Shrine intending to visit the sick friend.

<sup>1</sup>. He was born in a village of (Dahaqan) in Isfahan circa 1224., and died 1328 A.H. He spent most of his life as a farmer, but when he became 40 years old, he had much inclination to knowledge and study until he became one of the most prominent learned of his time within a typical period. He became very well-known in philosophy all over Iran. He used to put on his traditional uniform except during prayers where he puts a small turban. Jahangeer Khan spent 40 years of his life on teaching philosophy, Fiqh, Usool and maths. He composed a lot of poems about philosophy and explanations of Nahjul Balagha.

<sup>2</sup>. The said masjid is one of the most remarkable tourist places in Isfahan. It is considered to be the highest level of Islamic architectural art.

<sup>3</sup>. A City in the province of Khurasan.

<sup>4</sup>. A great Faqih who died round 1342 A.H. and was buried in Isfahan. Many writings were compiled by him. Of those: Hasiyeh 'Alal Makasib – (an annotation on Makasib – a book written by sheikh Murtadha Ansari).

<sup>5</sup>. That is to say Imam Ali (as), according to the Prophetic tradition which says: "I am the city of Knowledge and All is its gate". Uyun Akhbar Al-Ridha, hadith 299.

<sup>6</sup>. A cloak worn by Iranian women, and other Oriental people.

<sup>7</sup>. Qawaneen ul-Usool, a book written by the famous learned Mirza al-Qummi, which deals mainly with the sources of Fiqh.

8. Plant with blue flowers and hairy leaves which are used in medical treatments and curing.
9. Plant with flat leaves and small aromatic flowers.
10. Plant with yellow flowers and (black and white) sharp-tasting seeds in long thin pods used to cure cough, icterus, worms and arthritis.
11. Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani, (1255– 1329 A.H.), one of the famous faqihs of Shi'ites. Born in Mashhad and died in Najaf. He was considered one of the renowned marji'. Kifayatul Usool is one of his well-known written books in Fiqh which is still being studied in the various religious schools.
12. Muhammad Kadhim Al-Yazdi (1256 – 1327 A.H.), great 'Alim of his time. Born in Yazd (Iran). The well-known compilation title 'Al-Urwatul Wuthqaa' in fiqh, is one of his books.
13. Al-Isfahani (1266– 1339 A.H.) a very prominent and remarkable 'Alim of Shi'ites. Born in Isfahan. He was faqih, wise. Literate and mathematician.

## Chapter 3: The Years of Dispelling

### Death Predicts None

Sayyid Husayn sat on the edge of his bed, and began to regard his father's face attentively. Sayyid 'Ali, who opened his eyes, mumbled softly:

- Husayn!
- Yes father.
- Your mother has told me that you are preparing your luggage!
- Yes, that's right father.
- You have spent nine years in Isfahan, and other eight years in Najaf. Isn't that enough to stay here and be near to your old father? I may leave this world without seeing you again. Death predicts none of us about his coming, nor he knocks the door to get permission.
- What are you talking about father?
- Then, what's the meaning of your return to Najaf, after all that glorious reception held by the people of Boroojerd? They need a learned who can guide and lead them.
- That's right, father, but our city has a lot of 'Alims. There is sheikh Husayn Najafi and Hajj Mirza Muhammad Hassan Tabataba'i, who are more learned than me.
- Even so, don't you have to think about your father? I want you to be near to me in my last

few days which remained from my life. Let me close my eyes while am calm, quiet, and undisturbed about your mother and your young brother.

Those passionate words did influence the ambitious Sayyid Husayn, and could change his mind, at least for the time being, from going to Najaf.

## The Departure Of The Parents

Cold wind blew through narrow alleys of Boroojerd, embracing each house there. Sayyid Husayn and Sayyid Isma'il sat on the Kursi<sup>1</sup> and on the other side was Nooh ul-Din with his brown beard, sinking in his thoughts. Remembering Sadr school in this silent cold night He lifted his head and said:

- O Sayyid Isma'il! Isn't there any lantern? Studying in such darkness is so much harming the eyes.

Sayyid Isma'il then stood up and lightened a lantern. Putting it on the Kursi, Sayyid Isma'il said:

- I will prepare some tea. It gives warmth and enjoyment.
- "It is the best idea I have ever heard", Nooh ul-Din commented, "Indeed the best one you have said since this morning".

When Sayyid Isma'il left the room, Nooh ul-Din came nearer to his cousin and whispered:

- Now, what are you going to do?

With low depressed voice, Sayyid Husayn answered:

I have received a letter from my master (Al-Aakhond Al-Khorasani) after my father's death, in which he offers his condolences to me and expressing his desire to see me. When I prepared myself to travel, the news reached me saying that he has died. May Allah have mercy upon him, as he was exactly like my father, Now, within six months I have lost two fathers. Losing them is a real death-blow.

- May Allah have mercy upon both of them.
- After the demise of Al-Khorasani, I feel as if I have no appetite or desire to go to Najaf. Everything in that city will certainly remind me of him. Moreover, I think that my staying in Boroojerd became more essential.

The mien of Nooh ul-Din looked so glad, when Sayyid Isma'il entered holding the tray of tea. Nooh ul-Din screamed:

- Bravo, bravo Sayyid Isma'il. You are exactly like your father (may Allah have mercy upon him.) who always honoured the guests.

He then turned to Sayyid Husayn and commented:

- Yes, Sayyid Husayn, you are right. Stay in Boroojerd. The city is in great need of its citizens.

After sipping his tea, Sayyid Husayn said:

- And what about you? Are you going to stay here, in Boroojerd?
- In fact, I have decided to return to Isfahan after some months. Oh, by the way, Jaleel told me to give you his best regards, and seemed very sad to bear about my uncle's death. He aimed to join me in my coming to Boroojerd, but his wife was very sick.

He then pulled out a piece of paper from his pocket, and said to Sayyid Husayn.

- Look, Jaleel has written these few verses of poem of Sa'di<sup>2</sup>.

Staring at the paper, Sayyid Husayn replied:

- May Allah protects him. Tell him to try to come next time.
- I have to go cousin. Don't forget that you are invited too by Muhammad Husayn in his home.
- I will come there with my mother and Isma'il, we are all invited.
- So, see you there.

After a while, Sayyid Isma'il hurried in and shouted happily:

- Now. let's go. I am quite ready.

The whole stood up and walked towards the house of Sayyid Muhammad Husayn Tabataba'i.

## [The Pious Man Of Dezfool](#)

It was Tir<sup>3</sup>, and Sayyid Husayn who now was known as Hujjatul Islam, was sitting in his office preparing his daily research in Fiqh and Usool. He was immersed in studying when somebody knocked the door. He used to hear such knocks especially after the death of Hajj Muhammad Husayn Najafi, which caused many people coming to him asking about many religious issues. Anyhow, his time, Sayyid felt different against that knocking.

There was an old man, whose eyes were filled with faith beam, and divine light covers his forehead, and a long white beard.

- Peace he upon you. please come in.



- Peace be upon you. I hope I am not disturbing you in this early morning.

– Absolutely not Please come in.

As soon the old man got his scat, he commenced introducing himself.

- I'm Muhammad Ridha' Dezfooli. My doctor advised me to leave Khozestan during the summer, and some of my friends asked me to come to Boroojerd for its nice weather.

The old man stopped talking for few minutes, then he continued:

- I have been here for three days.

- Where have you spent those days? It seems that we were unable to be honoured and visit you as a sick, or receive you as a guest. so that to quench our thirst with your knowledge.

- God forgive me! Some have guided me to here. I have studied your commentaries on Al-'Urwatul Wuthqaa, and I couldn't find something more interesting that it

- Thank you for your courtesy.

Boroojeri then went to bring the tea.

Sayyid Husayn spoke politely to the old man, when he came back holding the cups of tea:

- If you are intending to stay in Boroojerd for the whole summer, then think it is good that you lead the performers of the prayer in the city's mosque, or you can give some lectures.

- I came only for rest. I will be very glad if you admit me to have a general view on your books.

- Everything here will be at your disposal

- Well, I think I will first have a look at your commentaries on Usool.

- Of course, I haven't an independent book about that. It is only a commentary on the book of "Kifayetil Usool" of my master.

While saying these words, Sayyid was picking one or the books from the shelf. He then continued:

- I wrote it when I was in Najaf.

Muhammad Ridha' stood up, asking a permission to leave:

- I don't like to distract your attention. I think you have a lecture tomorrow?

- It is too early. Why don't you stay. I will be ready in a minute.

- In fact, I expect some guests from Dezfool. They may arrive in any minute.
- May Allah protect you.
- I beg you not to forget us when you supplicate.

## Poisonous Arrows

● "By the sacred words of "La ilaha illa Allah", Hajj Yahya Dezfool screamed, and the whole crowd repeated after him saying;

- La ilaha illa Allah
- Muhammad is the messenger of Allah.
- Repeat loudly: La ilaha illa Allah.
- The coffin of sheikh Muhammad Dezfool was flowing over the heads of the crowd like a boat which pushes its way through the high waves.

Drying his sweats, Hajj Mohsin Shashteri spoke to sheikh 'Ali saying:

- Have you informed Sayyid Husayn?
- Yes. Mirza Habeeb went to inform him.

Hajj Shashteri who was staring eastwards, continued:

- Look. Here is Sayyid.

As soon as the crowd saw Sayyid Husayn, everyone repeated the salutation upon the Holy Prophet Muhammad (S) and his Immaculate Family ('a).

After a while, the funeral ceremonies began and Sayyid Husayn proceeded to perform the prayer of Meyyit.

It was sunset when the crowd directed to masjid Al-Mahdi ('a)

- "O Sayyid these are the followers of the Late Dezfooli", sheikh 'Ali whispered to Sayyid

Husayn, "They have come from different cities. Some came from Shosther, others came from Dezfool, Mashahr, Abadan, Ahwaz<sup>4</sup> ...etc:".

Sheikh 'Ali continued:

- The late Dezfooli bequeathed that people may come to you and have their solutions for

their issues. As I know, not only Khozestan inclines to imitate you, but also the western part of the country has the same desire.

- Do you think that this is sublimity for me? It is a heavy responsibility. It is even a

temptation. I see poisonous arrows in the horizons. Do you know why I became late to the funeral ceremony? I have been informed that these days some officials in the capital are spreading propaganda on behalf of the Bahaist, deriding the Islamic doctrines Besides they are removing many Muslims from their positions and employing members of that wicked sect

- "And what about the people?", sheikh 'Ali regretfully inquired. "What have the people of

Tehran done?...Are they silent?"

- Whether the people of Tehran revolted against that or not, I would perform my duty

whatever the consequences were. Don't forget, sheikh, to warn the people of the danger or the Bahaism<sup>5</sup> in your lectures and speeches.

- I will be at your service, Sayyid.

## The Project Of Mu'tamid Ul-Dawlah

The governor's office of Boroojerd was sunk in bitter deep silence. Different characters who came to assemble, sat in consequence round the table in that office, aiming to solve the problem which suddenly emerged in Boroojerd and was seriously disturbing the capital.

The eyes were staring at the governor, with his short stature and swelled belly, who intended to break the silence.

- Dear gentlemen! in order that everything be alright, I will try to explain the event, and in

brief. The accident happened as follows:

The general director of the census administration appointed one of his employees as his deputy, when the latter has adopted Bahaism. This news reached Sayyid Tabataba'i, who immediately phoned to the capital requesting the resignation of the said director from his position and that the matter should be taken under investigation. But Sayyid didn't find anyone who gives his ear to this subject in spite of his insistence. Therefore, Sayyid contacted the high responsables in the government, but his efforts were in vain this time too.

Then Sayyid decided to leave the city protesting against that Up to now, the case seems to be not

serious. But as you know, a great multitude is backing up Sayyid. Hence, the event became momentous, especially when it has been brought up in the mosques and religious schools. Concisely, people are requesting Sayyid to return to his own city, while he insists that the director of the census administration should first abdicate all responsibility.

Drying his sweats, the governor continued:

I spoke by telephone with the official in charge in the capital, specifically Secretary of State and even the Prime Minister explaining the issue for them. I have then received a strict instruction in regard with the same issue in order to form a special committee to search the matter. The same committee has the plenipotentiary powers in the negotiation.

After a fair cough, the governor went on, saying:

- Gentlemen! As you see, we have only two ways. Either expelling that Bahaist, or to confront the angry crowd of people. Undoubtedly, the first way sounds more logical. I, personally, think that even if His Excellency the Shah was here, his choice would certainly be this, too.

Colonel Bakhtiyari, the commander of the gendarmerie, commented:

- The governor is completely right. But responding to the people's request shall certainly weaken the position of the government and will suffer a loss of prestige, because maybe Sayyid will again be angry after one month, for example requesting the resignation of the governor himself this time. What shall we do then? I demand that this matter should be highly taken into consideration so as the people dare not to repeat this accident in the future.

Here, Ardesheer Khan "Mufakhirul Mulk" after amending himself, meddled saying:

- The opinion of the colonel was completely logical. But we have to notice, that we are living in a real crisis and decisive calamity. So, why should we think about something which may or may not happen in the future, leaving the present in agitation? I believe that the best solution, is that, which has been suggested by the governor. Otherwise, encountering an angry nation, means a fatal adventure.

Everybody shook his heads as a sign means agreeing with the proposal

Then the governor turned his face towards his deputy and whispered, saying:

- The session no.21 was held by the presence of gentlemen, the commander of the Gendarmerie squad commander, Mu'tamidul Mulk Mufakhirul Mulk, and many other distinguished loyalist persons, and decided what follows:

Due to disregarding of the director of the census administration, imposing his rule illegally, the assembly made a decision to force him to resign, and request Sayyid Tabataba'i to return to his city.

The same committee orders the commander of the gendarmerie to put that decision into effect.

So, the decision document was then signed by the attendees.

## Triumphant Return

The loud voice of the assembly that was repeating the blessings upon the Holy Prophet and his Immaculate Family was the only voice heard during the reception of Al-Sayyid Al-Tabalaba'i. A large carriage pulled by horses appeared, Hajj Mosa who was very jealous, screamed in loud voice:

Welcome, O you who gouged Islam's enemies' eyes out. Send the blessings to Muhammad and his Immaculate Family.

The assembly, and in one voice repeated:

- "Allahumma Salli 'Ala Muhammad wa Aali Muhammad"...

Someone whispered:

- So, Sayyid is coming?
- "A delegate has been sent by the government to ask him to return", another one replied.
- And what happened to that Bahaist?
- They expelled him. 'And they devised, and God is the best of devisers'!

Sayyid Husayn Boroojerdi got down and saluted the assembly, thanking them for their assistance and hearty support.

Sayyid Husayn then said:

***Thank God who disgraced the enemies of Islam and 'Praise belongs to God, who has been true in His promise to us'(39:74).***

where He says:

***"If you help God, He will help you" (47:7).***

You've made Sahib uz-Zaman (may Allah hasten his glad advent) delighted.

In this occasion. while the sacred month of Ramadhan is about to appear, we shall consecrate it by speeches about that Great Imam ('a) depending on the sunni and shi'ite sources so that we may fear the enemies and make them disappointed.

Again the blessings upon the Holy Prophet and his Pure Family was heard along with the admiration of the assembly seeing a unique leader who is able to struggle against the government, alone.

- "I kindly request the attenders to return to their work, untroubled", Sayyid Husayn added, "God is the Protector of the believers", and He will certainly guard His religion against the plots of the enemies".

## Mourning The Children

Sayyid Husayn accompanied. with some other believers, were passing through the alleys leading to the school of Noor Bakhsh.

Ghulam Husayn Shalchi, who became astonished when he saw the crowd, hurried and whispered to i:

- Where to?
- To the cemetery of Soofiyan.
- What happened?
- Nothing, Sayyid used to go there and recite the Surah of Fatiha to the soul of his daughter who died lately during childbirth...
- Indeed, children are man's liver, especially Sayyid who got only this daughter.

## The Appropriate Time

Hajj Gholam Ridha' Sa'eedi, who was sitting in his son's room Mirza Muhammad. came with some of people of Shams Aabad. Mirza Muhammad while looking at his father's face, seeing that most of his 'head is aflame with hoariness', murmured:

- What's the hurry father?
- Your mother is alone. Besides, I have a lot of things to do.
- A great learned has come to Mashhad since months. You've better go and visit him father.

Looking at the 'Alim's face is like worshipping.

- What 's his name?
- Sayyid Husayn al-Boroojerdi. He got many imitators in the western and southern parts of

the country. It is said that he has come here to pilgrim and get some relax after the demise of his sole daughter.

- Since morning we were roving here and there. Why didn't you say that before?
- We still have plenty of time. Postpone your travel for another day.
- So, let's go now and visit Sayyid.
- Now?!
- Yes, with your uncle and Hajj Barat 'Ali and many others. This is better and more honourable. Move now and put on your clothes.

Soon after that, some group was seen walking towards the house where Sayyid Husayn was dwelling.

The door was knocked, and Mashhadi Ahmad, the Sayyid's servant, opened the door saying:

- Please come in.

Mirza Muhammad immediately commented:

- We are pilgrims from Damghan and like to visit Sayyid.
- Please come in. you've reached in an appropriate time. Sayyid was about to go out to visit Sheikh Hassan 'Ali Isfahani.

The guests then went in and everyone took his place.

Sayyid Husayn welcomed his guests, and with curiosity he asked them:

- What about the agriculture and the land?
- Thank God.

Then Sayyid with a low voice recited the following holy verse:

***"Yet had the people of the city believed and been Godfearing, We would have opened upon them blessings from the heaven". (7:96).***

Believing in Allah and His power brings the blessing, and thanking Him increases provision.

***"If you are thankful, surely I will increase you" (14:7).***

The servant, holding a tray of tea cups, entered and began to distribute the cups one after another maintaining the equanimity.

Now, Barat 'Ali who kept silent up to that moment, said:

- We are indeed lucky to find you and be honoured to pilgrim you. We've heard that you are intending to return to Boroojerd.

– Yes, by the will of Allah. I have received many letters asking me to go back. I will go back I will go after tomorrow, and maybe I shall stay in Tehran for sometime.

- Now, please Sayyid, excuse us. We have to leave.
- Forget us not during supplicating. May Allah protect you all.

## The Gifts

Sayyid Husayn returned to Boroojerd for a few days, while his servant was for the thousand times repeating the news of Sayyid's trip to sacred Mashhad. In the meanwhile, he was relating that again to his brother-in-law:

- Yes, Hajj Yahya. What can I tell you, and where from shall I begin? Shall I tell you about the delegates which were visiting Sayyid Husayn in Mashhad or Tehran? Or maybe I've better tell you about the matchless reception in Qum, Arak, Malayir...etc!
- I heard that you have spent few days in Arak.
- That's right. When we arrived there, we heard that sheikh 'Abdul Kareem

Al-Ha'iri<sup>6</sup> has come to Arak to visit one of his kinfolds, so Sayyid Husayn decided to remain in Arak for some other days hoping to meet sheikh Al-Ha'iri..

Here, Hajj Yahya called his daughter saying:

- Fahimah, Fahimah!
- Yes father.
- Where is the dinner? Is it dinner or Sohoor?<sup>7</sup>
- I'm coming father.

Then Fahimah came in holding the tray of the dinner.

- "I was about to be disappointed from the dinner as I was once so from the Soohan<sup>8</sup> of your aunt's husband.



Defending her aunt's husband. Fahimah commented:

- What do you mean Father?
- No 1bing, but your aunt's husband went empty and came back empty too...!

The whole attenders laughed while they were encircling round the tray.

## A Private Message

Many days passed since Sayyid Husayn's second marriage which occurred due to his first wife's urgent demand.

Sayyid Husayn was in his room teaching some of his students.

Mirza Abul Qasim said, while he was arranging his book:

- Are you coming on Saturday?/
- Why not?
- Because we've heard that you are leaving to Mecca for pilgrimage.
- That's right, but not now. The next month, by the will of Allah.
- By the way, Sayyid! We heard that you have been invited to visit Tabreez.
- In fact, I received a private letter from some believers, asking to have my permission to imitate me.
- Finally, the people of Azerbaijan realized the truth. Moon does not remain behind the clouds for ever.
- Beware of Satan, son", Sayyid interrupted.
- Now, have you accepted their invitation, our Master.
- The banner of Islam is being held by Sayyid Abul Hasan Al-Isfahani, and everyone is Imitating him. So, sowing dissension or stir up discord among the Muslims is not convenient for Islam.

## The Arrest

The old servant was sitting in a corner immersed in deep thinking.

- “What happened. Hajj?” his host, who was one of the 'Alims of Kermanshah<sup>9</sup> asked

- They have arrested Sayyid near the borders.

- What?

- Briefly, when Sayyid was in Al-Najaf Al-Ashraf he spent one month there, meeting some

prominent characters. Like Ayatullah Al-Isfahani, Mirza Nayeeni and Sayyid Dhia-ul-Din 'Al-Iraqi. From there. we travelled to Mecca to pilgrim the Holy House of Allah. During our return, we passed by Kadhimiyah<sup>10</sup>, where he received a letter informing him that he got a baby, and so he named him (Muhammad Hasan). Then Sayyid Husayn returned to Najaf again where he spent eight months. After that he decided to come back to Iran. As soon as he arrived Qasre Shireen, he was overtaken by the security officials who then arrested him.

- When did this happen?

- That was during the evening.

- And whereto did they take him?

- I don't know exactly.

- You shall stay here. in my home until everything becomes clear.

## The Squad Commander

Boroojerd put a new uniform on. The security officials were seen everywhere and masjid Al-Sultani was covered with black cloth, while the reciting of the Holy Qur'an was being heard from minaret of that masjid.

Abdul Kareem inquired:

- What happened, Ibraheem?

- "Didn't you know? The squad commander, Abdullah Khan, has been assassinated in his way between Boroojerd and Khurram Aabad". Ibraheem Al-Najjar replied.

- Yes, I heard that. But, what's the relation between the both events?

- Shah<sup>11</sup> will stop in Boroojerd to recite Fatiha before continuing his trip to Khurram Aabad.

He stopped talking for a while, then he said:

- Aren't you coming with me to see Shah?

- I have children who are waiting for food.
- Look at the people who are going to the masjid. All of them want to see Shah.
- Leave me alone. You go and amuse yourself by seeing him.

He said that and continued his way towards his shop, which was near the old masjid.

After about three hours, the assembly dispersed in all directions... Hajj 'Ali Jum'a was going back to his home to have food.

When Mashhadi 'Abdul Kareem saw him, he screamed:

- Come in. Hajj. You must be holding some news.
- Many. Shah arrived the masjid and recited Fatiha, then he left. Before his leaving, Shah

asked one of the Tabataba'i s a question, saying;

- How many persons in your family holding the name (Sayyid Husayn)?
- "Only one" Sayyid Abdul Husayn answered, "He is our marji ' of Taqleed, and he is now in Mecca for pilgrimage".

Shah said:

- No. He is in Tehran now!
- "What for?" Sayyid inquired.

Shah answered: "Simply for some legal procedures. He was arrested near the border and was brought to the capital".

- You mean he is detained now?

Shah who noticed a murmuring in various corners in the masjid, commented:

- Be quiet gentlemen! He is now in Tehran, and he is free to stay there or to go anywhere he likes.

Then Shah turned to Hajj Qa'im ul-Mulk. his escort, and said:

- Call Tehran to let Sayyid Husayn dwell in the house of the representative of Boroojerd until I arrive there.

The whole people shouted the blessings upon Muhammad (S) and his pure family ('a). After that, Shah stood up and left the masjid.

- “But why they have arrested him?”. Mashhadi ‘Abdul Kareem asked.
- When Shah left, we asked Sayyid 'Abdul Husayn the same question. In reply he said: "It is said that some of the 'Ulama of Isfahan have gathered in Qom and protested against the government's policy. Thus. the government suspected that Sayyid maybe one of those 'Ulama.

After this conversation, Hajj went towards his shop.

## The Residence Of Thiqat Ul-Islam

It was one of the autumn's afternoon. Sayyid Muhammad Taqi Thiqat ul-Islam, the representative of Boroojerd in the Parliament was sitting in his residence. The telephone rang suddenly, and his wife answered the call, then she turned to her husband. saying:

- Muhammad Taqi!

Thiqat ul-Islam stood up and had the telephone:

- Hello! Oh, peace be upon you Prime Minister ...Thank God ...What? A guest? Who is he? Hajj Sayyid Husayn Al--Boroojerdi?.. You mean he is in Tehran?.. When did he come here?
- "He didn't come by himself, the prime minister answered," He has been brought arrested, but everything is O.K. now. Shah has contacted by telephone, ordering that he must remain your guest until he arrives here".
- Very well, I am coming. Is there anything else?

He then put the telephone down.

- "What's going on?", Thiqat ul-Islam's wife inquired.
- Nothing. We shall have a guest
- Who could that be?
- Sayyid Husayn Al-Boroojerdi.
- And who was on the phone?
- The Prime Minister.

Thiqat ul-Islam then hurried and put on his formal uniform. and when he arrived there, he found there the general staff, the Prime Minister Mukhir ul-Saltanah and some other ministers and military commanders. Here. the Prime Minister gave Thiqat ul-Islam a smile, saying:

- Don't worry Thiqat ul-Islam. He arrived just now. I myself heard the news lately. You

know, the country is passing a serious condition. That was only a precautionary procedure. I have received frank order to release him and let him be your honoured guest.

- "Anyhow, he is my cousin". Thiqat ul-Islam said, "That does not need orders or recommendations".

Few seconds passed, then a bright face appeared. Thiqat ul-Islam went quickly to receive his cousin. He bowed to kiss his feet, and he was supported by Thiqat ul-Islam to stand again, then the three persons walked towards a special car which was waiting them outside.

While having the tea, Thiqat ul-Islam asked Sayyid Husayn:

- Where did they arrest you?
- Near the borders, in Qasre Shireen<sup>12</sup>.

Sayyid Husayn then spoke to Thiqat ul-Islam with blaming words:

- Everything you've done was well but your bowing to kiss my feet has harmed me.
- I know that you hate such deed, but in fact, I meant something else by acting like that. I

only wanted to show the officials the high position or a marji'.so that they may avoid doing such things in the future.

After few seconds, the door was knocked. It was the Prime Minister accompanied with some other ministers, who came to express the Shah's and government's apology.

## An Advice

Presenting the tea cup, Thiqat ul-Islam said:

- How was your meeting with Shah?
- I didn't like to have such a meeting. You see, I was obliged to do so.
- What did he say?
- He said: "Do you need anything. I wish if you ask me something". I refused to ask him anything, but when I saw his insistence, I said: If I have to ask something, I hope that you order the responsibilities to increase the provisions of the soldiers or the general staff.

Sayyid then had a few sips of his tea cup, and continued:

- Shah was shocked with my request, saying; "This is the first time in which I hear that a religious person asks something which is related with the army and soldiers' affairs, because I used to hear only the personal requests"

I, meanwhile was astonished, why does everybody become afraid

when he sees Shah? Rather, he seemed very normal to me when I was speaking with him.

- Did he say anything else?
- We have talked about many things, and I realised whatever he said. He was trying to focus on me in order to vex Sheikh 'Abdul Karim Al-Ha'iri. He was incessantly repeating: "We honour you to a high extent, and from now on we shall consult you instead Al-Ha'iri". But answered him firmly, saying: 'It is better to consult Al-Ha'iri directly. I myself shall consult him whether you asked me anything'. I felt that I should advise him, anyhow.

With a growing sense of anxiety, Thiqat ul-Islam asked:

Advise whom? This man whom no one dares to speak with?

- Yes. I have advised him not to avoid the religious scholars and that he has to accept their advice, since they seek nothing but the country's and people's prosperity. Then I told him that I intend to go to Khorasan. When I said that, I felt that he turned very happy, and I became certain that he wants me to be away from Qom and the western parts, or at least stay in Tehran so that I can be easily observed. Due to his utmost gladness, he ordered his men to grant me fifty thousand Tumans. Maybe he thought that I would have confidence in his government.

- "It is a huge sum", Thiqat ul-Islam commented, "It can be invested to serve the religious affairs".

Sayyid interrupted him by saying:

- No cousin. That disagrees with the pride of Islam, therefore, I refused to accept the money, and said: "I will be in the hospitality of

Imam Al-Ridha' (a). Then he inquired about the date of my travel, I said: "Tomorrow morning, by the permission of Allah".

Here, Thiqat ul-Islam felt that he must leave now, and let Sayyid have some rest before his travel. So he stood up taking the permission.

## Alas, What A Period

● Thus, I spent about one hundred days in Tehran like a prisoner. They insisted on me to stay in there, but I refused, pretending that I have a lot of relations in Boroojerd. Then I travelled from Tehran towards Mashhad where I pitched my tent there for seven months.

The Sayyid's wife was listening to him while cooling her face by fanning it with a handy fan which was brought by her husband from Mashhad.

Sipping his tea, Sayyid continued:

● And from Mashhad I returned to Qom, and then to Boroojerd. They have withheld my passport to prevent me from travelling to Iraq to pilgrim the Sacred Shrines again.

While she was filling another cup of tea, Sayyid's wife said:

● Alas, what a period. Even pilgriming the holy shrines became forbidden.

Then she called to mind her return with Hajj Ahmad from Qasre Shireen to Boroojerd, and cursed those who have arrested her husband wresting her happiness She then looked at her husband and said:

● It seems that your meeting the 'Ulama in Najaf was the very reason for arresting you.

● 'Anyhow", Sayyid commented, "I didn't come empty-banded".

## The Years Of Dispelling

At the same time that the silver moon was shining through the alleys of Boroojerd, some merchants and rich people were gathered in the house of Sayyid Husayn.

Mirza Muhammad Wali (The Syndic of the Merchants) inquired:

● Do you know why Sayyid has sent for us?

● "Tomorrow is the 17th of the month", Hajj Kadhim Khan answered while he was playing

with his beard, we were expecting the goods to reach on 15th".

● What? The British and the Americans are filling the southern coasts like locusts and ants,

and the Russians are invading the northern parts of the country. Thank God that Boroojerd is not in their way, otherwise, we may not be able even to protect our possession and honor.

● We are heedless of what will happen in the future.

- Nothing important will happen. Everything became muddled. Some say that Raza Khan fled the country. Days are bringing a storm, Hajj, and man must keep his hat or it will fly with the wind.

- So...

Here, the speech was interrupted when Sayyid Husayn entered the room and got his place, then he began to explain why he has sent for them:

- "Everyone knows what is going on in the country. It is racing destruction and a real calamity. People are hungry. and the poor becoming poorer. Today, for example, while I was returning from masjid Al-Sultani, I saw a tragic scene. I saw a woman embracing her baby. and some other children with pale faces were behind her. She blocked my way, and bitterly said: "O Sayyid! You are the deputy of the Imam('a), how can my children eat this burned loaf?". She held a bad-smelling burned bread which she bought with expensive price...

Yes gentlemen. I cried because of that depressing sight. That was a family devastated by hunger and homelessness, while you, the rich of the city and its merchants, are living in peace. Allah the Exalted says:

***"You will not attain piety until you expend of what you love" (3:93).***

For that reason. I have sent for you to show a sense of responsibility toward the poor and the indigent".

After that, one of the merchants stood up and delivered the donations and grants of his companions. Then Sayyid recommended Hajj Mahdi Iftekharul, Hajj Muhammad Wali the syndic of the merchants and Hajj Ibraheem Mushirul Tajar (counsellor of the merchants) to get the donations and begin to build a bakery which provides the people with good and cheap bread.

- 'But Sayyid!'. someone inquired, "The sum exceeds the building of a bakery, so what shall we do with the rest of the money? Isn't better to construct a factory for producing rugs and carpet with the rest of the money, and buy an electric generator?".

The idea was applauded by everybody, and the whole shouted sending the blessings to the Holy Prophet and his Immaculate Family.

## [It's Too Late](#)

As usual, the students gathered in the house Sayyid Husayn in the afternoon. After a while. one of them asked:

- Won't Sayyid come today?



- “I don't know”, said his companion. “Maybe he will be late”. Another one trying to kill

time, said:

- Gentlemen! Do you know why Hajj Ahmad presents the tea to everyone except us?
- “Tea is only presented to guests”, one of them answered with laughter, “while we are inhabitants. We come in the morning and leave in the evening”.

The whole students laughed. Suddenly, Sayyid appeared, so everyone behaved seriously.

One of the students suggested with politeness: “O Sayyid I think it's too late. Adhan will be pronounced soon.

Sayyid, with a relieved smile, said:

- I tried to come sooner but couldn't. So, I apologize.
- What happened Sayyid?
- You know that Hajj Husayn Qommi has been exiled for Iraq due to the event of Gohar Shad. He returned to Iran recently and submitted the government a list in which he had recorded his proposals and some recommendations. Of those were, the uniform freedom and stop the obligatory unveiling of women<sup>13</sup>, allowing the establishing of classes for teaching Qur'an and religious rules in the public schools.

But the government has refused his requests in spite of the letters and telegrams which all were upholding those requests. Thus 'Ulama from Qom and Tehran have urged me to intercede with the authorities on behalf of Qommi by going to Tehran and settle the case there. But some of my kinsfolks and cousins advised me not to do that. Therefore, I think it's better that the tribes send telegrams to support Qommi's position, and if the government refused to accept the protest again, I then shall be obliged to travel to Tehran myself and I don't worry the consequences.

Thank God that the government has yielded to the public desire.

Sayyid continued, after he has dried his sweats, saying.

- Qommi has sent a telegram to me thanking me for my supporting his position, and that he intends to travel to Iraq. When I heard that he arrived Malayer, I hurried to welcome him. For that I have been late today. I apologize again for the delay.

The students showed a smile, nod after a while Adhan was heard.

## A Visit

Hajj Kadhim Khan and Mirza Muhammad Wali (Aminul Tujjar) along with other believers were in their way to visit Sayyid in his home.

One of them whispered in his companion's ear saying:

- Didn't you inquire Hajj Ahmad about the Sayyid's sickness?
- He told me that the doctors have advised Sayyid to undergo an operation in the capital.

When the gathering arrived the house, Sayyid was being assisted by some of his relatives to ride a car which was expected to go to Tehran. Tears filled the eyes of the attenders who were there observing that sad sight, that kind hearts was about to be separated from its lovers.

## Where Are We Now?

- Please hurry the doctor whispered to the driver while he was perspiring, "It is serious condition".
- "It is impossible to drive faster than this", chauffer replied, "We will arrive in the morning".
- By the will and blessing of Allah.

Meanwhile, Sayyid woke up, and asked in a low voice:

- Where are we now?
- "We've passed Qom. Sayyid", the doctor answered.

Suddenly Sayyid cried:

- I am very well now, let's go back to Qom to pilgrim!

So the driver turned back towards Qom....

Sayyid accomplished his pilgrimage to the Holy Shrine of Hazrat Ma'soomah ('a)., then the travel went on to the north.

- "We arrived. Thank God", the driver said.

The doctor who was with Sayyid, commented saying:

- You will undergo the operation soonest possible, Sayyid, by the will of Allah, and I will visit you whenever I have time.

Sayyid then, got out of the car deliberately, and by turning his face towards the driver, he said:

- I do not know how to thank you or appreciate your efforts.
- We did our job, Sayyid, we hope that you will spend good time here.

Surrounded with a lot of nurses Sayyid walked through the corridor of the hospital.

- [1.](#) A square table covered with quilts and blankets with a brazier under it to heat legs and body during the winter.
- [2.](#) Sa'di Shirazi, a famous Iranian poet.
- [3.](#) The fourth months of Persian calendar (June–July).
- [4.](#) Cities situated in the province of Khozestan, almost inhabited by Arabs.
- [5.](#) A religious sect developed out of Babism: began in 1863 A.D. by Mirza Husayn Ali in Iran. Flourished in the time of Muhammad Raza Pahlavi Shah of Iran and seized many important positions in the government. The said sect was uprooted by the Islamic Revolution. It is nowadays being bought out by Israel and the United States in order to be tasked with many indecent deeds.
- [6.](#) The founder of Hawzah Imiyyah in sacred Qom
- [7.](#) Food eaten before the dawn of the fasting day
- [8.](#) A kind of candy made of flour and honey, which is very famous in Qom, about 150 kilometers south of Tehran.
- [9.](#) A city west of Iran
- [10.](#) A city north of Baghdad (Iraq) where the two immaculate Imams: Musa Al-Kadhim and his grandson Muhammad Al-Jawad (peace be upon them) are buried.
- [11.](#) Ridha' Khan.
- [12.](#) An Iranian city near the western border with Iraq. The same city was completely destroyed During the Iran–Iraq war on 1980 A.D.
- [13.](#) Ridha' Khan was highly influenced by Mustafa Kamal Ataturk (Turkish statesman and president {1923 – 1938}), especially during his visit to Ankara. So he tried to follow the same policy. One of the elements of that policy was unveiling the women which caused an uproar over it and threatened Ridha' Shah's throne.

## Chapter 4: The Immortal Appearance

### A Friendly Conversation

Seventy days passed and Sayyid is still receiving hospital treatment.

- “We heard that Shah had visited you”, one of 'Ulama of Tehran inquired.

Sayyid, and while he was drinking his apple juice leisurely, answered:

- Yes, and it was a good opportunity to talk with him with regard to what the press is publishing nowadays of immorality against Islam.

- And what was his answer?
- He promised me to prevent that soon.

Sayyid added with a nice smile:

- I completely realise that he won't do it, because he is absolutely unable, since the reins of power and control are in hands of his masters He is a mere puppet, and a charged person is excused.as it is said.

One of the masters in Hawzah Ilmiyah of Qom, who up to that moment was silent, said:

- How nice is the conversation between the friends. Time passes without feeling It. So, you

have decided to return to Qom, Sayyid.

- Until this morning I was still hesitating about going back to Boroojerd or Qom. I have received many telegrams and met a lot of delegates. Anybow, I made a sortes with the Holy Qur'an during my pilgrimage to the Holy Shrine of Sayyid 'Abdul 'Adheem<sup>1</sup>. I opened the Holy Qur'an, so I got the following holy verse:

***“And We sent down out of heavens water in measure and lodged it in the earth; and We are able to take it away” (23: 18).***

***“Then We produced for you therewith garden of palms and vines wherein are many fruits for you, and of them, and of them you eat” (23: 19).***

***“And a tree issuing from the Mount Sinai that bears oil and seasoning for all to eat” (23:20).***

One of the attenders said:

- What a sign! What did you mean by your sortes?
- Actually, I meant Qom.
- So, you have decided to dwell in Qom?
- Yes.

Everyone screamed with happiness and sent the blessings to the Holy Prophet and his Pure Family.

- “Gentlemen!” another one commented, "I have asked the doctor who supervises Sayyid, and he declared that Sayyid is enjoying the best of health, and that he can leave the hospital whenever he likes.

- “Tomorrow is Thursday’, a second one added, "It is a blessed day for travelling and

pilgrim Hazrat Ma’soomah (‘a)<sup>2</sup>”.

After that, all stood up and bade farewell to Sayyid who was smiling as to express his appreciation of their visit.

## In The Way To Qom

The sky was covered with the clouds of winter, and a cold wind was blowing over the sandy plains. The car which carried Sayyid and two attendants was racing to Qom.

- "Did the time for prayer begin?". Sayyid queried.
- Another half an hour remained for that Maybe the time of prayer. And the lunch will be 'Ali Aabad, by the permission of Allah.

Sayyid caught sight of a gathering from distance who came to welcome him.

- "I did not want you to inform the people about my coming". Sayyid commented with regret.
- They are doing that to show the pride at their Sayyid. When we arrive 'Ali Aabad, the reception will be greater. The merchants of that city had arranged a big meal for the whole people.

## Musa Lbn 'Lmran

Mirza Qasim, who was looking at Hajj Mustafa Minabi, said:

- Are you sure that Sayyid will arrive here?
- Of course. Our master has told us that, and he ordered us to open all the doors. Don't you here the voice of people sending the blessings to the Holy Prophet (S.A.)?... Here he is. Let's go.

Sayyid then entered accompanied with his attendants, and after a short time, the whole rooms were filled with a huge number of people.

- "Why was Sayyid so late". Mirza Qasim whispered.
- That was because of the crowd, friend. It was very difficult to move a step forward, and

the city became overcrowded with buses, cars and even trailers.

Sayyid then began to greet his people who were in front of a significant and honourable person. having the mien of a prophet. Soon after that, a poet stood up from among the assembly and recited some verses of poetry:

**A visage similar to that of a prophet in nicety**

**A face like the full moon in beauty**

**Thou art Moses son of 'Imran**

**And thy white hand is a banner which is shiny**

Mirza Qasim who wished to joke with Hajj Mustafa, said:

- What happened? You didn't say a word yet. Why don't you, at least repeat: Bravo.. Bravo..?
- O my friend! People say 'Bravo' to a poet that summarizes his poem, not to this fellow! Look! He is still shouting, paying no attention to anyone.
- You cannot evaluate the poetry, otherwise you will have another position.

## **The Importance Of Water**

Many characters, such as Hajj Yahya, Hajj Muhammad Wali and others came to Boroojerd to see Sayyid Husayn. During the tea-party, Hajj Yahya, with bitter accent spoke to Sayyid's attendant saying;

- You see, we have lost Sayyid in the daytime!
- Don't exaggerate, Hajj!

***“Yet it may happen that you will hate a thing which is better for You” (2:216).***

Remember that Qom is the center of religion, and it needs Sayyid more than any other place. Sayyid was able only to lecture and lead prayer in Boroojerd.

- Anyhow, we have to be sorry for missing him. One cannot evaluate water except when he loses it.
- “Hajj Ahmad is right”, one of the attenders commented, “Let the benefit of Islam be greater than our personal desires. Sayyid does not give up a beautiful city like Boroojerd easily and go to Qom, where the salty water and the dry weather, unless he has a reasonable plea.

Hajj Ahmad continued, saying:

- Sayyid Ashrafi was right when he said: 'Boroojerd is proud to be beget a great man like Sayyid and present him to the whole world', and do not forget that Sayyid will spend the summer here in Boroojerd, which means that he didn't give up his birthplace.

Hajj Yahya, who stood up to leave the place, said:

- Excuse us, Hajj. Do you want me to perform any service for you in Boroojerd?
- Why all the hurry? Why don't you stay for some other days?
- There is a caravan of buses intending to leave to Boroojerd, and I must hurry up.

## The School Of Gohar Shad

The place was quiet, reigned by silence. There was no one inside the house but Hajj Ahmad and Sayyid Husayn, who were drinking tea. Sayyid asked about the date. Hajj Ahmad answered:

- Today is the twentieth of Sha'aban. That means one month had passed since we have come from Mashhad. The weather here is more convenient than Qom, Sayyid.
- Yes. but anyhow, we have to return back, since Ramadhan is close to us.
- But. Sayyid, here is better. Must we go that boiling weather? Meanwhile, someone knocked at the door:
- May I come in?
- Please come in, Hajj.

It was sheikh 'Ali Al-Nahawandi, who got in, deliberately. He shook hands with Sayyid warmly and sat near him.

- How do you do, Hajj?
- Very well, Thank God. I heard that you have visited the Radhawi Library.
- Yes. In fact. it is a great library which contains valuable and precious books. It needs only an index, and I have recommended them to create one.

"Look at this book", Sayyid continued while picking a book from the shelf.

- Al-Rijal of Sheikh Al-Tusi?
- I was about to be disappointed at having it, until I decided then to compile a book regarding the same subject of Al-Tusi's, but finally I got it.
- Have you compared between the two books?
- Yes, and I found some differences between them, since I have discovered that some of the dignities were not in my own compilation, otherwise, my book would be matchless comparing with the origin. Besides, my compilation included many essential notes and explanations.

Sayyid halted for a while, then he added:

- Thank God that I have found it before my return.

- What? Your return? Where to? I thought you have come here for this reason, I mean, the people of Khorasan are eager for your staying here in Mashhad, at least to spend Ramadhan.
- I was talking to Hajj Ahmad about that. He also believes that I must stay, but I prefer to return.
- What are you saying Sayyid? On behalf of myself and 'Ulama of Khorasan and its people I request you kindly to stay in Mashhad and spend Ramadhan here, leading the prayer in the School of Gohar Shad.
- But...
- Please Sayyid, I do not want to leave you empty-handed. Allow me to convey these good tidings to them.

Sayyid bowed his head for few times, then he lifted up his head again with a smile drawn on his lips, which did raise the hope of the attenders.

## The Last Photograph

Soundless moments conquered the house of Sayyid, while sheikh Mujtaba Kashani got a newspaper *Ittela'at* in his hands. Then he turned towards Sayyid Muhammad Husayn Al-Alawi (Boroojerd's son-in-law), saying:

- What did Sayyid say when he heard the news that Sayyid Abul Hasan Isfahani has died?

Sayyid Muhammad answered:

- Sayyid was busy in his room with Mir Sayyid 'Ali Kashi and were engaged in a scientific argument. When we informed him the news, he burst out crying. After a while, the delegates gathered in Sayyid's house to console him. The whole city became paralysed with shock, then Sayyid asked the people to go to the Holy Shrine to swear allegiance.

Sayyid Muhammad Alawi then inquired:

- By the way, what was written in the newspaper?
- Nothing, except few lines under the late's last photograph.
- "May Allah have mercy upon him", Sayyid Muhammad said while he was staring at Isfahani's photograph, "He became very thin lately".

Then he stood up and said:

- I will show the newspaper to Sayyid.

After a short time, a gloomy voice was heard from the Sayyid's room. So, some of the people there



murmured: "Sayyid Muhammad shouldn't do that.

With a low voice, Sayyid said:

- He was a great man. He showed a high sense of responsibility and did his duty in the best way. May Allah recompense him for that, and May Allah muster him with just men and martyrs.

## A Supernatural Call

The time was the last days of Azer<sup>3</sup>(39), and a cold wind was blowing through the narrow alleys of Qom. Hajj sheikh 'Ali Akbar Nahawandi, who arrived recently from a long and tiresome journey, entered the small room of Sayyid Boroojerdi:

- Peace be upon you.
- Peace and blessings be upon you too. Welcome...welcome Hajj.

Welcome who has left Toos and came to Qom.

- Our hearts are burning to see you, Sayyid, and I must be excused to leave my home and come to Qom.
- What are you saying, Hajj? Now tell me, how is the situation there?
- I spent an additional one or two months in Mashhad after Ramadhan. then I decided to travel to Iraq to pilgrim the holy shrines there. So, I stayed in Najaf for sometime.
- How is the situation of its inhabitants?
- It is crowded with the citizens and the pilgrims because of two important occasions; the demise of the late Al-Isfahani and Hajj Husayn Qommi.
- Yes, they were two outstanding persons of Sh'ites. May Allah have mercy upon them. In fact, everyone has the right to mourn forever and ever for them. May Allah have mercy upon them.
- Now, Sayyid. there exists no one or the prominent mujtahids. and the ark of religion became without a captain to lead it towards the shore of safety. All are waiting you to be the captain. The eyes of Imam az-Zaman (may Allah hasten his glad arrival) are gazing at you, Sayyid.
- What do mean Hajj?!
- I'm not raving, Sayyid. I am saying the truth. Today I came here to relate a story happened to me.

Hajj Nahawandi coughed, then continued:

- It was the 15th of Thil Qideh, in the evening, when I was in Najaf. Ayatullah Isfahani was in bed. Before that, he told me to lead the prayer on behalf of him. When I was sitting on my praying rug in mihrab (niche), I heard a dignified voice saying: "You have honoured my son, so, I will honour you...!" I then turned to the people, it seemed that no one has heard that voice. So, I became sure that I am the addressee. and remembered your staying during Ramadhan according to my desire. I think, maybe this was the reason why the late Isfahani had ordered me to lead the prayer.

Sayyid submissively was hearing those effective words. In that sensitive moment, Adhan was heard from a minaret calling the believers to the prayer. So, Sayyid and Hajj Nahawandi rose up and went together to the holy shrine.

## The Master And His Student

It was the 3rd of Mehr<sup>4</sup>, and Sayyid was sitting in his room with some of the masters of Hawzah Ilmiyyeh:

- Students must pursue great accuracy in the examination, and whosoever succeeds. He shall win the privileges of continuing the study in Hawzah and get its reward. There is another matter, I request everyone to improve his handwriting, spelling and composition, and increase his general information by reading more about the history of Islam and Tafseer<sup>5</sup>, since a religious scholar, in our time, needs all that knowledge.

Besides, you should not forget encouragement which is very important. So, any student studies hard, in addition to his being serving his sacred religion, I will give him a good present.

- "We shall follow your instructions precisely, Sayyid", one of the masters commented, "Now would you please give us permission to leave?".

Meanwhile, Sayyid Rashid entered:

- Peace be upon you.
- Peace and mercy of Allah be upon you. How do you do, Hujjatul Islam?
- Thank God

Sayyid Rashid who was an old man, sat and delivered a paper to Sayyid, and began to stare at Sayyid's bright mien.

Sayyid unfolded the paper and read its content, then he turned to Sayyid Rashid, saying:

- You are one of my students in Isfahan.

- Exactly. I was teaching Al-Qawaneen<sup>6</sup>.
- You grew old. Me too. But you seem more infirm than me. Do you remember my answer to your crux?
- Yes I still remember, and still not convinced with your answer.

Both Sayyids laughed, and Sayyid Husayn commented:

- Never mind. My answer will remain as it is, and you can insist on your crux

They laughed again.

Then Sayyid slipped some money into the pocket of his guest. So, Sayyid Rashid intended to leave with great appreciation. Later on, a student came in holding a paper and delivered it to Sayyid. The latter turned to Sayyid Rashid, and said;

- Look, Sayyid, this student memorizes the whole Alfiyyeh ...
- Me too, I still memorize it.

Then Sayyid began to read some verses and the student was completing them, in the same time Sayyid was smiling so as to encourage the student, saying:

- Well done, well done, you deserve a reward. Try to go on memorizing more and more.

Sayyid, then gave him an envelope that contained some money in notes.

- O Sayyid! I wonder how could you memorize the Alfiyyeh while you became eighty years old?

Here, Sayyid Rashid asked:

- I have a question about the last verse with regard to rhetoric.
- But, you know, I have not studied this art yet.

Sayyid Husayn replied:

- I will answer your question on behalf of him.

Then Sayyid began to explain some literary points precisely, until Sayyid Rashid opened his mouth with astonishment. He then said:

- You still memorize some information you've learned them during your childhood.

In the meanwhile, Sayyid Muhammad Husayn Al-'Alawi, the son-in-law of Sayyid Husayn enters the room and asks:

- O Sayyid! Have you paged through the book which I gave you yesterday afternoon?
- Al-Muraja'at ? Yes, I have read it all.
- You read two hundred pages? With all busy time you got? Did you become tired?
- On the contrary. Reading does not make me tired at all. Rather when I am tired, I go to read some pages to entertain myself.

## Under Sentence Of Death

On the 13th of Sha'aban and before evening, Sayyid Sadooqi (the representative of Sayyid Husayn in Yazd) entered the room of Sayyid astonishingly.

- "May Allah charge you with good tidings", Sayyid Boroojerdi inquired.
- It is very serious, Sayyid!
- What happened?
- Briefly, Sayyid: One of the Bahaites has been assassinated by a follower of him, but unfortunately, some of the believers have been accused of the assassination. The killers conveyed the case to Tehran, and by bribing high officials, one of the Muslims will be sentenced for that assassination. The said Muslim is now in a solitary confinement waiting the execution on the 15th of Sha'aban.
- How did you get these pieces of information?
- It was only by accident; the government recommended that the Muslim should be put in a solitary confinement, but there was no empty one, so he was put with some other prisoners until one of the cells might become empty. The young met one of his kinsfolks in the prison and told him the whole story. The young's kinsfolk, when he got out, related the story to the young's family, and thus the news reached me.
- What a hard period!! One of the followers of Sahib uz-Zaman (may Allah hasten his glad arrival) is being sentenced because one of the enemies of that Hazrat has been killed. and during the anniversary of Imam az-Zaman!!
- "O Hajj Muhammad Husayn!", Sayyid Boroojerdi screamed." O Hajj Muhammad Husayn..!'

The secretary of Sayyid hurried immediately. He then was dictated some lines to be sent to Shah and the Prime Minister, and a third one to Ayatullah Behbahani. Hajj Ahmad conveyed the said letters to Tehran. The telephone was ringing in many places of Tehran, while Sayyid seemed to be attaching a great importance to the case, and looked very serious.

News reached Sayyid, in the mid night of 15th of Sha'aban, informing him that the sentence of death has

been annulled, so he thanked Allah very much.

- “You are still awake, Sayyid”?!’, one of his relatives asked when he entered the Sayyid's room.
- Thank God, it concluded. Anyhow, whenever I sit alone, I believe that I am quite responsible for the innocents’ bloods and souls which are being violated falsely. What will my answer be on doomsday whether such transgressing went on ahead increasingly?
- What have they done with that poor young?
- They have sentenced him to life imprisonment, promising that he would be freed in the appropriate time.

## Zephyr

The sky, in the morning of 15th of Sha’aban, was clear blue, and springtime soft gentle breezes were blowing through and round the alleys, giving new lives to the beings. Many groups of students were intending to go to Sayyid’s house in order to congratulate him. Blessings on the Holy Prophet (S) and his Pure Family (‘a), mixed with glad chants and hymns eulogizing the anniversary birth of Al-Mahdi Al-Munthadhar (May Allah hasten his glad arrival).

One of the panegyrists, who was eulogizing and praising Sayyid with charming voice, suddenly stopped talking.

- “Sayyid ordered him to stop reciting the poem and sit”, one of the attenders answered Sayyid Taqi who arrived just now.
- What for? He has a nice voice.
- It seems that Sayyid does not like to be praised in personal. as he wants the celebration to be only for the Imam (‘a).

Sayyid Taqi remained silent for a while, then he commented:

- This Sayyid is astonishing me! Last year, during the anniversary of Imam Sadiq (‘a), one of the poets stood up and recited few soft and beautiful verses, that the audience believed he would get a good prize from Sayyid. In fact, some of them had asked Sayyid to do that, but he refused saying that the poet was exaggerating in eulogizing him.

Afterwards, a blind man, who attracted the whole eyes towards him, rose.

- "This is sheikh Yousif who will recite some Davidic chants", Sayyid Taqi whispered.

O soft gentle breeze!

Bring jasmine from the roses of oases

Everyone sent blessings on the Holy Prophet (S) and his Immaculate Family, loudly.

One of the audience whispered:

- Do you study with Sayyid every day?
- "Yes, Why?", Sayyid Taqi answered.
- You are indeed lucky! You are looking at this shiny mien every day. Did you know what has the Egyptian Minister of Awqaf (Religious Endowments) during his visiting the Sayyid? Replying a question [What 's your impression about the Shi'ite Leader?] the mentioned minister (Al-Baqoori) said: "He is the greatest personality I have ever seen in my life". The same minister, showing his expression towards Sayyid, afforded personally the whole costs of publishing the book titled "Al-Mukhtasar Al-Nafi", by Al-Muhoqqiq Al-Hilli in Egypt.
- "Are you dwelling in Qom?', Sayyid Taqi asked with wonder.
- Yes, I am studying the Persian literature. We must be proud of this great man. I have read, few days ago, the complete text of the interview between Sayyid and Architong (the U.N. secretary for striving against alcoholism).
- What was the subject of that interview?
- Sayyid was asked about the reason for considering alcoholic drinks as illegal in Islam. Sayyid answered: "Allah did honoured Man by granting him the sense, putting him on the way of evolution. So, in order to protect such valuable divine gem. Allah had enacted a law so as to save sense from unconsciousness and paralysis. Thus, any drink which makes one to be thoroughly intoxicated. is absolutely Haram (illicit).

The U.N. official was highly influenced by the Sayyid's declaration, so he reported to the press that Islam is the only religion which prohibits alcoholic drink decisively.

- Yes, Sayyid has successfully nourished the religion in Egypt, and Darul Taqreeb Baynel Mathahib7, after intensive contacts and efforts with sheikh Mahmood Sheltoot, declared the Imamate Sect as one of the Islamic legal sects which can be followed by anyone who desires that. Now please excuse me, it's nearly eleven o'clock.
- Eleven? Then I must leave too.
- So, let's go together.

In the way, the master of the Persian literature said:

- By the way, I've heard about the gift of king Sa'uood for Sayyid Boroojerdi, but I ignore what was it.
- It was a box containing fifteen copies of the Holy Qur'an, a piece of Ka'aba's curtain and some other things which were carried by the special delegate of the King. Sayyid then, accepted the copies of the Holy Qur'an and the piece of the curtain, but he refused to receive the other sendings. He sent a letter to the King expressing his apology in refusing the king's gifts. In the same letter, Sayyid urged the king to do his best in order to keep the union of the Muslims. Of course, I've heard that from one of the employees in Sayyid's office, and the same news was published in the Egyptian Risalat ul-Islam.

The friends then, reached the crossroads. The Persian literature student said:

- Please excuse me. I have to go to Maydan Kuhneh<sup>8</sup>. Good-bye.
- May Allah protect you.

## Higher Than Shah

It was nearly midday. Sayyid Taqi Al-Husayni was sitting in his room presenting the tea cups to his friends who came to visit him.

- "I wish you were attending Usool lectures of Sayyid", Sayyid Taqi murmured with regret

- Why did Sayyid cancel the afternoon lecture?
- He doesn't have time. He is always busy. In the morning he teaches Fiqh, in the afternoon is his lesson about Usool, while in the evening he lectures (Al-Rijal). Besides, he receives a lot of letters daily.

Then he has to meet many other people like 'Ulama and governmental officials. In addition to that, he spares some of his time to visit the school inside and outside the country, searching for the students' affairs. Also, there are many mosques and libraries which he temporarily guards. Now he does all that while he is about eighty years old.

- "Is there any piece of bread to be eaten with this tea?", sheikh Ahmad whispered, "We are very hungry".

Another man replied with a note of mockery.

- What are you talking about? Thank God for this tea, otherwise Sayyid Taqi may record the number of tea cups and charge us for them...!

Then Sayyid Ahmad stood up and got a folded table-cloth.

- Hurrah! Hurrah! What a delicious bread.... Now we lack a piece of cheese...!

So, Sayyid Taqi delivered a glass can, which was on the shelf, and said:

- Please sirs! It is a good meal. isn't it?
- Yes. Today you have proved your generosity.

Everybody laughed... Then Ahmad turned towards Sayyid Taqi. asking:

- Actually, I couldn't attend Fiqh lecture. Have you noted something important?
- Certainly! I will bring you the copy-book.
- Do you know this man, who is fond of Sayyid Boroojerdi, Sayyid Taqi?
- You mean the corpulent one? Waheed Al-Roomi!
- Yes.
- Once, when he was inquired about that, he heard him saying: I am from the north, and came to Qom to study in the Hawzah. So, Sayyid appointed a monthly salary for him, but he refused to accept it, pretending that he got a land there in the north. One year, the man's land was affected by drought and he was forced to borrow some money. until his debts became huge. He then began to sell his furniture so that he can pay those debts. At last he was obliged to put his only bed up for sale, but he was paid a cheap price which does not suffice his debts. So, he became absolutely bewildered. While he was on such state, his door was knocked by Hajj Ahmad who was holding an envelope. He gave him the envelope and went away. When Waheed Al-Roomi opened it, he found a cheque for the whole debts..!
- How did Sayyid know that matter?
- Even Waheed Al-Roomi does not know that. Since then, Sayyid gives him a monthly salary to cover his necessities of life.
- "I myself have witnessed more wonderful event than this one", Sayyid Taqi commented, "You know Mirza Husayn Al-Saqidi Al-Tabrizi who lives in Khak Faraj<sup>9</sup>.
- Yes, once I've heard that he and his wife have visited a doctor because his wife was surprised by the birthpangs. It was a very difficult situation. The doctor, with a proud note, said: "Your wife and the child would die without my help; therefore, I request you to name your child after my name (Isma'il)", and Mirza Husayn agreed on that. The child remained weak and thin for about two months. Once, Mirza Husayn came to visit Sayyid who commenced asking him: "You look grief-stricken!". Mirza Husayn told him the child's situation. Sayyid, who was grievously ignorant of the whole story. ordered him to change the name of his baby, and it will be recovered by the will of Allah...



- What happened then?
- He named the child "Emeer", and after that it became healthy.
- It is indeed wonderful.

Meanwhile, 'Imad Mir Husayni entered the room holding two parcels of books. Sayyid Taqi stood up to welcome him:

- Welcome my dear fellow. Gentlemen! I introduce my dearest friend during my studying in Tabreez. We were living in one room.

So, everyone stood up to welcome the new visitor who then sat near the tablecloth.

- I've arrived in the right time. Haven't I? I could meet the minister who was in the room or Boroojerdi. Thank God! At last, I could see a minister before my death.

- "Then you have to thank God because you are now in the presence of two Ministers" Muhammad Redha said with a smile, "Yes, two ministers, but rather two Shahs.

- Higher than Shah.

After that, Sayyid Taqi spoke to 'Imad saying:

- Don't be astonished. Follow! My friends have hired the upper part of their bodies. Really

we are better than ministers, because we didn't sell our furniture for our debts, while those ministers have sold their country.

- "Gentlemen!", Sayyid Taqi said, "Walls have ears. Whosoever plays with the lion's tail he will no doubt get a smash". With that speech, Sayyid was able to interrupt the political conversation. Then he turned to Mir Husayni and asked him:

- Now tell us, which minister you have met?

- The Minister of Culture accompanied with the editor-in-chief of Ittela'at newspaper.

- Mas'uoodi!

- Yes, Mas'uoodi. Someone there told me that the same minister had kissed the Sayyid's

hand, but Mas'uoodi didn't. After that, Sayyid spoke about the history of press and the first newspaper issued, so everyone became astonished when they heard those fruitful information of Sayyid. When the meeting concluded, Mas'uoodi proceeded and kissed Sayyid's hand with honour. Mas'uoodi then said to some of his fellows: "Sayyid was talking about press like a genuine journalist..!"

Mirza Ahmad said:

- "In fact, Sayyid is an encyclopedist whose knowledge includes a great variety of subjects. Two weeks ago, I was sitting in Sayyid's house waiting for Sayyid Taqi. Then I saw someone coming out of Sayyid's room. Later I found that the man was the major general Razm Ara who presented his invention which was a compasses refers to Qibla. In the meeting, Sayyid spoke to the major general about different astronomical subjects which amazed him and caused the major general to appreciate Sayyid's personality in a report to one of his escorts saying: I thought that Sayyid is a mujtahid in Fiqh and Usool only, but it seems that he is acquainted with most of the sciences.

At twelve o'clock in the midday, the attenders stood up and dispersed.

## Only Sincerity

- "Unfortunately, we have acquired great wealth but we lack the correct distribution. We have a magnificent heritage of narrations which are still hidden inside the books and volumes. By following a careful investment, Islam will certainly spread all over the world. Why don't we get representatives in Europe, America, Africa...etc. Now I began to think that we must send whom they are reliable. to different countries in the world".

Those were Sayyid Boroojerdi's words which were said in the presence of a group of 'Ulama and teachers of Hawzah. Then Sayyid pointed to someone and continued:

- I have sent Sayyid Muhaqqiqi, for instance, to Hamburg and he achieved great success after passing some difficulties occurred mainly by estrangement. Now there are many classes for the Muslims there in which Qur'an and lessons of Ahkam (Islamic rules) are being studied. The wedding and funeral ceremonies are all being performed according to the Islamic rules. Of course, this project requires huge sums. A house, for example, rents at DM15000 while I was able to send him only DM10000, but the rest was collected by the help of the Muslim merchants there.

The above description was a suitable opportunity for Sayyid Muhaqqiqi who explained the problems and difficulties occurred to him in Germany, like moving from a place to another.

Sayyid asked:

- Have you a car?
- Regrettably, I haven't. When I need a car, I sometime ask my friends' one.
- Sayyid turned to his secretary, Muhammad Husayn:
- Tell the responsible for the financial affairs to provide a car for Sayyid Muhaqqiqi.

Then Sayyid spoke to the whole audience saying:

"Gentlemen! I request you to bring up persons fitted and qualified for the world nowadays. Humble and adherence to duty and knowledge are the most essential matters people are looking for to be in an 'Alim. I received a lot of letters from Indonesia, England, America, France, Africa, the Far East and other countries, all are requesting me to despatch 'Ulama and missionaries. Unfortunately, some letters remain unanswered for even one year. Uptill now, we could only send Sayyid Al-Balaghi to England, and Sayyid Shari'a to Pakistan, also Al-Faqihi to Medina Munawwarah and Sadr to Lebanon. Besides, I informed sheikh Mahdi Al-Ha'iri to be ready to travel to America. Anyhow, many other countries remained without 'Alim or missionary".

Here, Hajj Ahmad entered holding a tray of tea cups.

Sayyid then, after having a sip from his cup, continued:

- "There is another matter through which I loved to serve you. That is to say consolidating your relation with our brothers, the Sunnites. We all are Muslims and brothers, thus we must not give our enemy any opportunity to intervene and cause sedition or troubles among us. Avoid everything which may produce disunity within our religion. Please inform everybody to co-operate with our brothers in the time of pilgrimage, and pay great attention to some matters like our using Turbah<sup>10</sup>, because the enemies of Islam are distributing that we are prostrating for Turbah rather than dust. Today, we have got good relationship with our sunni brothers, but we are still aiming for more improvement. I recommended Sayyid Qommi, who works in Darul Taqreeb in Egypt, to do his best for the unity"

Sayyid added:

- "The third matter which I would like to mention here, is that we have to encourage everyone who want to serve Islam, in order to show the others that there are some people who indeed appreciate their deeds and efforts, even those who are not Muslims. I request everyone to inform me about the schools which pay special attention to the rules so that we can support them financially to improve their scientific and educational programs".

- "We thank God for a person like..., sheikh Muhsin wanted to comment with admiration,

but he was interrupted by Sayyid who continued:

- Would you stop repeating your old words?

I am only telling the truth. One of my friends had told me saying: 'I met Ayatullah Isafani during the last days of his life in Baalbek (Heliopolis), I said to him: O Sayyid! Death is certain. He replied: That's right, but what do you mean? I said: Who will take the responsibility of Shi'ites after you? So he pointed to his turban and said: I was ordered to guard this, and Al-Boroojerdi will continue that after me...!'

sheikh Muhsin went on, saying:

- Thus, Sayyid when I hear your words, I remember Isfahani's words (may Allah have mercy upon him).

Sayyid murmured, after bowing his head:

- If you are the one who will reckon me on the doomsday. my reckoning will be so easy. Allah, who looks at the inward of the selves will reckon me, and he does not look at the outward of the matters. He looks at the sincerity in performing a deed. On that day, sincerity will be the only way for rescue.

## The Blessed Presence

Hajj Murtadha Soohani, who was then sipping his tea, said:

- Thank God, it was the will and desire of Allah, otherwise Qom is so far from Boroojerd. For long years, we got neither water nor electricity or even paved roads...But now, the pipes of water and electricity are everywhere in the city. The situation of the hospitals has been so much improved. Masjid A'dham<sup>11</sup> is now under serious erection. May Allah elongate his life, he does his best to help others. He always blames his students for hiding their problems from him.

Karbala-i Husayn shooked his head agreeing with Hajj Soohani, and said:

- He refuses any present from the poor. Yesterday, I saw Mirza Kadhim Dawatchi. He was very sick. So, I told Sayyid about it, and he gave me some money to give it to Mirza Kadhim who told me that he got three drafts from Sayyid up to now. So, I asked him to inform Sayyid who maybe heedless of that But Sayyid answered: I know that, I felt that you needed it.

Hajj Murtadha, with a smile, said:

- The purchasing power is increasing these days because of the coming religious scholars to Qom. They are now more than six thousand, while the pilgrims are also visiting the Holy Shrine here in a huge number every year.
- Why you say that? Don't you know that we occasionally pay a lot of drafts to Sayyid in order to be expensed in many religious ways?

A man, meanwhile enters, and thus the conversations was cut.

## The Immortal Memories

Sayyid, whose elder son Muhammad Husayn was looking at a newspaper, was having his breakfast.

- Aren't you going to have your breakfast?

- I feel quite satisfied, father.

Then he continued referring to a news in the paper:

- Listen to this news, father: "Ayatullah Boroojerdi, and according to the medical world, is the only one who reads without wearing an eyeglass, in spite that he has reached the eighth decade of his life".
- "Thank God", Sayyid whispered.

After that, Sayyid leant upon a pillow, and said:

- That is one of Imam Husayn's('a) blessings. I have kept three memories from Boroojerdi; the first: Once I was afflicted with a severe eye disease that no doctor could cure me. When the month of Muharram came, as usual the 'Ashoora ceremonies began. Some were dyeing their heads with mud. I was then crying for the calamity of Karbala, so I stood up and had some of that mud and put it on my eyes. Since then, I didn't get eye disease.

- And what about the second memory, father?

- The second one is when I once was riding my ass. In the way, the animal stumbled and I fell on my right hand, so my thumb broke and I wasn't able to write with my right hand.

- For that reason you began to write with your left hand father?

- Yes, after regular drills. While the third memory is that I used to reproach any student for his speaking during the lesson. So, I vowed that if I did that again I would fast for one complete year. The days passed, and once I reproached a student ignorantly, so I fasted for one year I have promised.

- A complete year!?

- Yes son.

In an attempt to change the subject. Sayyid's son said:

- By the way, what about the issue of the agrarian reform?

- You must rather call it the agrarian destruction. Shah is intending to destroy the agriculture of the country. He sent me a telegram about that, and I advised him not to follow on that project. Then he dispatched his prime minister in an attempt to convince me. The prime minister and other ministers talked saying that many Islamic countries have performed such reform except Iran. I answered them: Those countries have changed their royal regimes, and if Iran wants to follow them, it must first change its monarchy. Thus, they got no response for my comment. and then they went.

- By the way, father, one of the 'Ulama of Gorgan [12](#) asked me about your compilations saying that

Sayyid lacks such books in spite of Sayyid's reputation. Mirza Husayn told him: On the contrary, Sayyid has a lot of books. Of them are: Hashiyah 'ala Kifayetil Usool; Hashiyah 'ala Nihayetul sheikh Al-Tusi; and some other commentaries on Mustedrekat Fihristil sheikh Muntajabil Ameen Al-Razi, and commentaries on Kitab Al-Mabsoot (a book deals with Shi'ite learned families).and an epistle in regard with the source of As-Sahifah. Another book titled [Mustedrekun Fil Rijal Al-sheikh], some books regarding the sources of books such as Tahtheeb, Man La Yehdherhul Faqih, Al-Istibsar, Al-Khisal, Al-Amali, Tajreed Asaneedd 'Ilalul Shara'i, Fihristil Sheikh Al-Kafi, a book in Fiqh (from Tahareh to Diyyeh). Then Tabreezi told him that Sayyid has called some 'Ulama to compile a book in the Shi'ite traditions.

The man became astonished and asked: Then, why don't Sayyid print his books? Mirza Husayn answered saying: Sayyid thinks that there exist many books which should be published first. So, more than three hundred books have been published until now (namely since fourteen years). Then that 'Alim showed his desire to publish the Sayyid's books if the latter gave him a permission.

Sayyid lifted his head:

- Tell that 'Alim that the book Jami'ul Ahadeeth has been prepared for print.

Then Sayyid stood up and went to his library.

## Yoghurt And Cucumber

The time was the evening of the 15th of Ramadhan.

Sayyid Taqi was in the house of Mirza Husayn Al-Tabreezi having Fatoor. Mirza presented a cup of tea for his guest:

- This tea is mixed with cardamoms. specially prepared for Sayyid Taqi.

Sayyid Taqi was then having his porridge made of meat. He said:

- One month passed since Sayyid became absent from attending the congregational prayer, isn't that right?
- Yes, that was on 15th of Sha'aban during the opening of masjid A'dham's library, when Sayyid stumbled in his house yard, and so his right leg became seriously injured and his foot thumb broke too. Therefore, Sayyid was forced to stay in bed. But today he went to masjid 'Adham and led the noon and afternoon prayer.
- So, has the library been inaugurated?
- Of course not! This matter was discussed today, and it was decided that new inviting cards for the 7th of Shawwal should be printed.

- May Allah grant him healthy very soon. In fact we all are forever in Sayyid's debt. Lately, he began to read the newspapers. and if he found in them something disagrees with Islam, he gives it a suitable answer. Few days ago, Sayyid read a report in an Egyptian magazine which he absolutely denied and refuted it. So, he ordered one of the 'Ulama to prepare an appropriate response to the writer of that essay.

Before that, he read another report in an Indian magazine saying that other religions, particularly Buddhism have highly influenced Islam! Sayyid then, and speaking to the whole 'Ulama, said: "Do not stop like that! Answer them". Also, you may remember, when some persons from an extremist sect have attacked a woman in Yazd, killing her children and then fled. This accident made Sayyid very worried and unquiet. He immediately made his contacts with different sources, until the corrupt gang fell in the hands of justice, and some of them were sentenced to death.

- A man like Boroojedi, who receives huge sums from everywhere but he abstains to touch them, instead he distributed them in various canals without having some of them for himself. He is indeed an honourable and pure man. He gets his living from his land in Boroojerd. I remember, once I and his son-in-law entered his room without prior notice, we found him having his lunch which was only cucumber and yoghurt.

His son-in-law protested saying; "Isn't there any other food better than this. You are an old man, and you should have foods which are rich in vitamins". Sayyid answered with an unforgettable statement, saying: "I have accustomed myself on this kind of food for eighty years. You want me to change it now?".

- Why you stopped eating? You didn't eat very well!
- Thank God. May Allah bless you all and have mercy upon your ancestors.
- May Allah have mercy upon the whole believers.

While folding the table-cloth, he continued:

- Whatever we speak about this man. we are unable to fulfill. According to my information, he has contributed in building or repairing more than one hundred and thirty-four buildings in Tehran, and more than one thousand masjids, schools, hospitals, public libraries and even bathrooms, in Iran, Iraq, Lebanon, Africa and Europe...Even so, his food was only cucumber and yoghurt!

- We ask Allah by the high rank of Imam Husayn (‘a) whose birthday anniversary is

tonight, to elongate Sayyid's life and bless it.

- By the way, I have talked with Sayyid regarding the charitable deed which you have told me about, and Sayyid said:

- “Give me the estimate sum needed for that and I will write a draft”. Now, how much do you think it needs?
- I shall leave that to you.
- Try to give me some numbers, then come early tomorrow morning. while I will prepare the Sayyid's draft, then go and bring your bride soonest possible. My congratulations for you both.
- Thank you very much. Excuse, I have to leave.
- I will be waiting for you tomorrow morning.
- May Allah protect you...

[1.](#) In Ray, south of Tehran

[2.](#) Hazrat Ma'soomah (Fatimah) the noble learned and daughter of Imam Musa ibn Ja'far ('a).

[3.](#) The ninth month of the Persian solar calendar.

[4.](#) The seventh month of the Persian solar calendar.

[5.](#) Interpretation of the Holy Qur'an.

[6.](#) A book deals with Fiqh.

[7.](#) The House of 'Approaching between the Sects'.

[8.](#) Literally: The old square, a known place.

[9.](#) A well-known quarter in Qom city.

[10.](#) A piece of clay used in prayer for prostration.

[11.](#) One of the most significant mosques in Iran. It is situated exactly next to the Holy Shrine of Hazrat Ma'soomah ('a) in Qom. The dome of the mentioned mosque said to be the greatest among other mosques in Iran.

[12.](#) A northern city of Iran

## Chapter 5: The Departure

### Grief Clothes

Sayyid Taqi, who recently rented a new house. woke up and got his breakfast hurriedly, then he spoke to his wife saying:

- We are not in Tabreez, you woman! We have no kinfolks here. We know no one and no one knows us. Now tell me what do you want me to bring you? Quickly. I must hurry ..!
- What's wrong with you, Taqi'? We arrived only yesterday from Tabreez. don't you want to have some rest'? Sooner or later you will reach the lesson in time.



- I will come back soon. Who said am going to the lesson? I've heard, this morning that

Sayyid is too sick, so I intended to visit him. \_ !

- Then, don 't forget to bring some meat, onion and potatoes with you when you come back.

- Very well, good-bye.

- Bring some bread too.

- "Bread too", Sayyid Taqi answered.

Sayyid Taqi walked quickly through the alleys until he could arrive to Mirza Husayn's house:

- Peace be upon you.

- Peace be upon you too. How do you do, Sayyid Taqi?

- Thank God. By the way, how is the Sayyid? I've heard that he was not well.

- It happened in masjid A'dham Thursday night, when Falsafi was lecturing on the minbar (pulpit), Sayyid was not feeling very well. In the house. when Sayyid wanted to go upstairs, he felt that his heart was beating strongly. Anyhow, he was in a good state during the morning when he performed the prayer. Later on, he wanted to make vomit while he was performing wudhoo (ablution). Yes, Sayyid Taqi, while you were playing and enjoying your time in Tabeez, we were in emergency

here.

- What did the doctors say?

- Dr.Sabahi, Dr. Qaraghelzii (The director of Nikoo-i hospital in Qom), Dr.Nabawi and Dr. Qa'imi from Tehran , also Sayyid's private doctor (Mudarresi), all of them agreed that it is a severe coronary thrombosis.

- May Allah grant him complete health. Indeed he is our ship's captain.

- Allah is the best Healer. Last Friday the doctor came here and injected tonic into Sayyid, so he opened his eye a little and spoke to Sayyid Falfasi:"Did sheikh Muhammad Taqi Qommi travel to Egypt?

- "The diplomatic relations of the. two countries collided" Falsafi answered.

With weak voice, Sayyid murmured:

- I have struggled so much to improve the relation between the Muslims, and I was very hopeful about that. I will write a letter to sheikh Sheltoot asking him to do his best to meliorate the conditions.

Then Sayyid shut his eyes.

- What's the opinion of the doctor about Sayyid's state? Did...
- God forbid! Allah alone knows that. Supplicate Sayyid, supplicate.
- I will go...Do you need anything?
- No, just tell my family not to wait lunch for me.
- Very well, good-bye.

## Go To Bed

It was a little after midnight. Sayyid Muhammad Husayn 'Alawi (Sayyid's son in law) sitting near the bed of Sayyid, and trying to avoid the attraction of the sleeping. The servant was sitting at the room corner looking at Sayyid's face which was surrounded by a halo of light. The door was occasionally being opened, and some women appear asking about Sayyid's situation.

Within that time., Sayyid opened his eyes:

- What's the time now?
- It's twelve thirty.
- What are you waiting for? Go to your beds.
- You are not accustomed to sleep on bed, and we thought that maybe you will fall down. Therefore, we decided to remain here for a while.

Sayyid closed his eyes again. Pain was attacking his heart from time to time, and he was about to make vomit. So, the doctor, who was there injected analgesic into him, so he became a little better and went into a deep sleep.

After an hour, Sayyid opened his eyes again and murmured:

- Go to sleep now...
- There will be a lot of time for sleep, Sayyid.
- I said, go to sleep, all of you..
- "Very well, we will go to sleep". Sayyid's son-in-law said that and then he lay on a small rug.

## Professor Maurice

On the 6th of Farwadin<sup>1</sup> before the noon. ten hours have passed on the heart attack. Many telegrams from all over the country inquired Sayyid's situation, hoping a long life for him, and Sayyid was answering them with great appreciation.

Professor Maurice, the significant master in the University of Paris, came personally to Tehran in order to supervise Sayyid's state. He travelled to Qom immediately.

- "Professor Maurice has come from Paris especially to see you, Sayyid", doctor Nabawi spoke to Sayyid with respect, "Do you permit him?"

- I have no objection.

After a while, Sayyid's situation became worse and he was given first aid. Meanwhile, professor Maurice reached and got the permission to see Sayyid.

- No.. Don't let him enter.

- But why, Sayyid?!

- Don't you see, I am not in a situation to meet anyone. I represent Islam, so I don't want to look weak before him...

Sayyid was very nervous, but the attenders were completely understanding the feelings of their marji', so they quickly began to prepare the room, and Sayyid put on his turban.

Professor then entered the room hurriedly and made accurate tests.

Then he declared that he recognized the state:

“Infection in the heart, a lung tumor, coronary occlusion”.

A quick cure was done, so there was no further vomit., and the heart beating became regular, and so, the general situation of Sayyid grew better. Thus, the first medical report was issued:

The general situation of Hazrat Ayatullah Boroojerdi is highly improving. He spent a good night. Today, thank God, the fever was greatly reduced.

In half past ten on the night of Tuesday, a meeting was held comprising professor Maurice, Dr. Nabawi, Dr. Mudarresi, Dr. Musawat (the director of public health department in Qom). and Dr. Musawi (the director of gendarmery health department). The meeting confirmed that Sayyid's situation is now very well and satisfactory.

The whole country became glad for this and lights were seen everywhere celebrating this occasion.

After two days, professor Maurice left Qom holding very valuable gifts.

## Teista

In the afternoon of the 9th of Farwardin, the weather was warm, while Dr. Nobwai, Sayyid Mohammed Husayn and Sayyid Ahmad (sons of Boroojerdi), and Sayyid Mohammed Husayn the son-in-law were sitting in the room.

Dr. Nabawi, who was reading a newspaper, said:

Look what professor Maurice has declared to the reporter of Ittela'at, when he was asked about his impression on his visiting Iran: "I have lived unforgettable hours in Qom. I confess that I have been highly influenced by Boroojerdi. His high spirituality was filling my soul, since I have never held any person in awe like Boroojerdi. I am proud to be one of those who participated in curing him.

The telephone rang, and the holder said:

- Doctor, there is someone who wants to speak with you. He seems to be a foreigner.
- Hello! Yes please.
- Hello! I am Teista, the American newspaper reporter. I've just come from Beirut and I hope to get an interview with Ayatullah Boroojerdi.

After few moments, the door was knocked, and a blonde young man appeared. He introduced himself again, saying:

- I'm Teista, a reporter of an American newspaper.

"The situation of Sayyid does not encourage anyone to meet him now". Sayyid Muhammad Husayn said that, while he was welcoming the guest.

The reporter showed a smile and said:

- Then can anyone give answers to my questions?
- Why not?
- Can you tell me how is the normal life of Sayyid?
- He has a very regular style of life. He wakes up at two hours before the dawn. Then he performs the prayer and after that he goes to study some books until the Adhan of the dawn. Later on, he recites Holy Qur'an, and again he returns to the studying. After a while, he gets his breakfast, which normally

consists bread and some cheese, then he continues his reading until ten o'clock. After that he prepares himself for the lectures. More than one thousand students attend his lectures. When the lectures conclude, he sits to meet those who come to visit him. until the Adhan of midday.

He then performs his prayer and after that he gets his lunch. Sayyid, then spare a part of his time to read the letters which arrives him daily. So, he reads about seventy to one hundred letters and make the necessary notice on each envelope. After that he takes some rest and meets some other people until the evening. Then he gets the supper after the evening prayer. Again, he passes over some letters until the midnight, then he goes to sleep for three hours only. He has appointed one day a week to reply the private letters and another day for answering the Fiqh issues.

- Where is he now?
- The house is divided into two parts: a part where he meets the people and practice his cultural activities, while the other part is specialized for his family.
- Is the other part, old and ruined like this part?
- It is maybe worse.
- Can I have a look over there?
- Yes, please come in.

Sayyid's son-in-law led the reporter through the cellar to the other side.

- Where is Sayyid now?
- He is sleeping in his room.
- I beg you to let me have a look at him. even at the door.
- Come in please.

When the reporter had a look over the room, he said. with pity:

- Wonderful! How can a great man like him live in such a humble house? Have you ever been in Vatican? If you have been there, you would see the remarkable and luxurious castle in which the Pope of the Catholic Christians lived. Shi'a do not need any propaganda or missionary. Suffice it to say that such an honourable man lives in such old place. This will be enough to attract the world towards you!

## [It Is Too Early](#)

Time: In the night, at half past eight.

Attendees: The Prime Minister's deputy, the governor, the general of the public security.

The above characters were in Sayyid's room. and when the formalities concluded, they asked the permission to leave. Sayyid murmured:

- Please have your supper first, then leave.

Here, Sayyid Alawi stood up and led the guests to another room. After a while, Sayyid opened his eyes and called his son-in-law, saying:

- Have you got your supper?
- Yes.
- What about the guests?
- Yes.
- Was there enough food?
- Thank God, the table-cloth was full of food.
- Thank God. Don't leave them alone.
- The Sayyids are many, and the food is sufficient. Moreover, no one expects any formalities while you are in such a situation. It is enough for anyone to have a piece of bread as a bless.
- That is wrong. You are living here and those people are your guests. Islam insists on honouring the guests whatever his position is.

After that, the guests left, and Sayyid shut his eyes and went in a deep sleep.

In the midnight, Sayyid opened his eyes and asked about tomorrow, and one of his relatives answered:

- Thursday.
- "Thursday?", Sayyid asked with his voice trembling, "What's the time now?".
- It's too early.

Sayyid then called his wife, and said: "Bring me my shroud!".

His wife brought him the shroud which he kept before for this occasion. She was drying her tears...staring at her dearest husband who began to search his shroud and smell the Turbat of Imam Husayn ('a) which was spread throughout the shroud's foldings. He then returned the shroud to his wife saying:

- Put it somewhere near me. I may need it tomorrow morning!

Again, Sayyid went in a deep sleep, and hours passed. Adhan from the minaret of the Holy Shrine was heard.

One of Sayyid's kinfolks put his hand on Sayyid's hand, so Sayyid opened his eyes and heard Adhan submissively.

Sayyid Boroojerdi stood up for Tayammum. He then performed the morning prayer...Dr. Mudarresi, who remained all the night awake to watch Sayyid's condition, entered.

Sayyid muttered:

- I have seen a dream, that I built a big house near Imamzadeh Ja'far in Boroojerd. A house which was bigger than all houses...!

He then continued:

- What is my food today?
- "I don't know. Shall I bring you some milk?". one or the attenders answered.
- Why not?

Here, the doctor objected saying:

- Milk? No.. No. It will urge you to make vomit. A cup of tea is enough.

Sayyid had his tea, after drinking it, he felt that he wants to make vomit. Besides, his pains became severer...!

Immediately the doctors came and began to give him the needed first aid.

- "It is the death!", Sayyid with interrupted words said...!"Death is right...Leave me now, O Allah...La ilaha illa Allah... La ilaha illa Allah ... La ilaha illa Allah ...

Finally...The great heart stopped beating forever....!!!

## **Abul Majid**

It was one o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday.

The pure corpse was lying motionless, after ninety years of continuous struggle.

The coffin was flowing over the heads of the people like a boat passing through the waves, towards the

Holy Shrine, then to masjid A'dham, where he was buried.

Mirza Husayn who was among the crowd, whispered in his fellow's ear, saying;

He emitted his last breath at seven thirty. His pure corpse was washed in a small bathroom in his house. The ceremony of washing the corpse and putting on the shroud at eleven thirty. The government declared that day as an official holiday all over the country...I remembered Abul Majid the representative of Darul Taqreeb, in the Islamic conference, when he visited Sayyid (may Allah have mercy upon him) and recited some verses of poetry...

**Pack up and leave towards the great leader**  
**Quench your thirst, in his presence, from Kawthar**  
**From his justice and truth altogether**  
**I wish I could spend months with Imam for ever**

Then he recited his poem saying:

**Allah had honoured me to pilgrim Fatimah**  
**Among who glorify and praise Allah**

- Shah will be in peace from now on. He will do what he likes. Changing the items of the constitution, perform the Agrarian Reform. There will be no one who can object.
- Don't be bothered, fellow. We have Allah.

## An Old Friend

Sayyid Habeebullah, who was drying his tears, said:

- May Allah have mercy upon him. He was matchless and unique !

The Sayyid's son was staring at his father's bright mien, and his tears were dropping like pearls on his grey beard. He asked:

- I heard my mother saying that Sayyid was contacting Sahib uz-Zaman(may Allah hasten his glad advent)!!
- Yes, my son...There is no doubt in that.
- I myself witnessed that
- How?
- I was with a friend of mine called Hasan, maybe you know him.



- The long thin fellow?

- Exactly. We were going to Jamkeran together during the Fridays' nights, hoping that we may meet our master Sahiibul Zaman (may Allah hasten his glad advent).

A year passed but we could not get that honour. One night, Hasan invited me and asked me to go to Jamkeran. but I refused, saying: I became disappointed from being able to meet our Imam ('a). When he insisted, we went there afoot. During our walking, we met a man who seemed to be a peasant. I then felt as if this man is Sahib uz-Zaman.

So, I told my fellow: Go and ask him something...! Hasan went and the man gave him a coin. Then he turned to me saying: As for you, you can have your request from Sayyid Boroojerdi. When you return, go to Boroojerdi and tell him: Why are you heedless about the fellow In Egypt...?!

Then the man left us and went away, but we remained astonished. I looked at the coin but I didn't find any engraving on it. except a mark like the letter (X)...

After three days I went to the Boroojerdi's house. When he saw me, he commenced saying: "Where have you been?? I've been waiting you for a long time!". I made my apologies to him, saying that I got many works to do.

He said: 'Your request is with me...You want to travel to Karbala to pilgrim Imam Husayn ('a)' ...

Then he gave me some money which sufficed for the trip. Thereafter, I told him the message of Imam ('a.). Then, I argued that I haven't a passport. He said: You shall not be in need of it Just repeat this Du'a (supplication) – he taught me a supplication –, then he said: Allah will help you to cross the borders without any problems.

- "Have you then travelled to Karbala?", the son asked.

- Yes. I went and came back peacefully. The wonderful thing here, is that I arrived there before my fellows who got passports and were delayed near the borders.

The father, while looking compassionately to his son, continued:

- Very well son, you have an examination tomorrow, and you've got to study hard.

- I have geography tomorrow. I have read it three-time, father. and bought some breads as my mother wanted that.

- Now go son. By the way, do not forget to bring me an aspirin. I have a splitting headache.

## The Choppy Sea

One week passed since Ayatullah Al-Udhma Sayyid Husayn Al-Boroojerdi has died. Sayyid 'Imad Mir Husayni, who came from Tabreez to participate in the funeral ceremony, he is now preparing himself to get back. He spoke to Sayyid Taqi:

- Would God I had come to Qom and studied at the hands of him...What a pity! The choppy sea was here in Qom, while I was thirsty in Tabreez.
- Don't worry friend...His sciences shall remain immortal, and his students are doing their best to record his books and compilations.

Some of which have been published by his permission like Al-Badruzzahir Fi Salat Al-Jum'a Wal Musafir<sup>2</sup> and Nihayatul Taqreer<sup>3</sup>.

- I heard that he got a unique method in teaching.
- You are right. His method was quite new. For example, when he was teaching Fiqh, he was relating traditions from both Shi'ite and Sunni sources. Thus, fiqh got a higher position, and more than one thousand students were attending his lectures<sup>4</sup> who came from different places in Iran.
- "Would you please buy for me those books which you have mentioned and send them to me by mail to Tabreez", Sayyid 'Imad requested, while he was standing up.
- Yes, of course, provided that you give my regards to the whole friends there.
- Good-bye.
- Good-bye.

## Sayyid And Rulers

Sayyid Taqi, who was peeling a cucumber with a small knife, said:

- I was eager to visit you since a long time.
- "That's very kind of you, friend", Mirza Husayn said with a smile, "But why didn't you bring the whole family so that we might have lunch together?".
- Actually, today we got some guests; my mother-in-law and her son, who came from Tehran. Her son told me that he attended the funeral ceremony held by Shah for Sayyid Husayn Al-Boroojerdi, and heard that the orator has mentioned that there was a compact relation between Sayyid and Shah.

- Does your brother-in-law live in Tehran?

- Yes. He came with his mother during her return to Qom...

- You were witnessing, Sayyid Taqi, how much they harmed Boroojerdi when he was

alive, and when he died they pretended that there was a compact relation between them and Boroojerdi.

Sayyid Taqi commented:

- In fact, Sayyid was not aloof from the rulers!

- I didn't expect a student like you, who studied in the hands of Sayyid, saying that. You are quite heedless about what's going on behind the curtains...Now, if you want to know the truth, know then that Shah, in the eyes of Sayyid, was a mere illiterate person. Shah himself once had told his Prime Minister that his father (namely Ridha' Khan) was an illiterate, anyhow he was, to some extent, clever. But the son has got nothing at all.

Sayyid (may Allah have mercy upon him), was forced to flatter him. Many times, he refused to meet him. Once, Sayyid heard that Shah ordered the train officials to stop it in Qom, during his return from Khozestan, in order to visit Sayyid. When the late Sayyid knew that, he became very disturbed, and said: I think he wants to have some photographs with me in order to put them in the album which contains his and his wife's pictures!

Sayyid was aware of Shah's intentions, and he always opposed his policy strictly. I remember when Shah wanted to change the Persian letters into Latin characters, Sayyid resisted his project declaring that the only aim of that is to separate the Islamic nation from its culture. I won't permit or agree with that as long as I am alive.

- But Sayyid, sometimes, was supporting Shah?

- When the public benefits require that. Sayyid was aware that Shah does not seize all the affairs of the country in his own hand, since foreigners were ruling most of the sensitive positions, and were pressing severely to influence the government. Once, a letter was sent to Sayyid containing a picture of Shah and his wife who was unveiled, so Sayyid commented: It seems that the sender of this letter is heedless that I know all that, but what can one do since Shah is unable to face those pressures.

It is not good that the country be so weak. Russia is lurking, also the west, America, all those powers are aiming to have some benefits in Iran. So, if Shah felt that he became weak inside the country, and his throne is trembling. he would seek the help of the foreigners. Therefore. we must flatter to prevent him from relying on those foreigners. He is still young, and the young are usually conceited.

Moreover, we cannot do anything, as the nation is not united and still weak. Sometimes we protest, but

carefully to avoid complete isolation between us and the government, because I am sure the people will not stand with us to the end.

- Wonderful! Was that the real thinking of Sayyid?
- Yes. He always supported the revolutionary movement Don't you remember how he opposed the court decision which said that Ayatullah Kashani should be prosecuted, when the complainants claimed the twelve thousand Tumans which Kashani was owing them. So, Sayyid interceded and sent 12500 Tumans.

Sayyid was moving according to the benefit of Islam. For example, to marry a woman from the People of the Book is legal in the opinion of Sayyid, but when he heard that Shah wants to marry an Italian woman, he issued fatwa forbidding that marriage, that if the leader of the country married a foreigner, that will certainly injure the nation's benefits. The text of that fatwa was as follows:

Forbidding marrying a woman from the People the books, is common among the Faqihs of Shi'a Imamiyyeh.

- So, this must be clarified and declared for the people, so that they may not be deceived

by the tricks of the government.

- This is the duty of everyone. The nation must certainly be awakened to be able to face challenges. Sometimes, I become sure that we lack a leader who can organize us, who can point to the right path...

One day Sayyid heard that someone intends to publish a book which contains the Fiqhi issues as poems. He commented saying: 'Publishing such a book is illegal'. When he was asked about the reason, he said; 'I have read some insulting words in the foreword of that book, related to some caliphs. So, the Islamic unity will receive a severe blow because of that boot'. In another occasion, Sayyid heard an orator, who was talking about the caliphate of Imam Ali ('a), assaulting on the first, the second and the third caliphs. So, Sayyid became angry and said: 'What is the meaning of inflaming the war between Shi'a and Sunni, while Israel is attacking the Muslims and committing carnages every day.

## **Thus Was Al-Boroojerdi**

- When he travels, he takes nothing with him except what suffices him in his trip in spite of the huge sums of money he receives. One day, some barefooted came to him, so he immediately ordered his men to give them some money, and present offerings to them. In the same day, when Sayyid sat to have his lunch, he found some meat on the table-cloth. He asked about its source. and he was answered that it was taken from those offerings given to the barefooted. So he refused to eat it, and

ordered them to give it to the poor.

- In Tehran, it is said that marji's and 'Ulama are having a luxurious living exactly like the rulers. These are, of course rumors which are being distributed by the colonists in order to urge the people to disgrace the religious scholars.

Mirza Husayn murmured, saying:

- Maybe you want to know how Sayyid and his family were living! Sayyid was eating the worst kind of bread. Some of his kinfolks have recommended the baker to improve his bread. But the baker said: 'What can I do. It is because of the flour which they bring from Boroojerd. So, if you want better bread, then give me better flour'. They told Sayyid about that, but he refused to support this plan.

## How Do Rulers Live?

Do you like to know the manners and behaviours of his sons. Know then, that once, one of them came to Sayyid requesting some money to buy a book. Sayyid commented: It is not a good idea that Ahmad buys the book (Mandhoomatul Sabzewari) at twenty-five Tumans. Now, how can I afford that sum?

Is this a luxurious living which the hypocrites pretend?

In another occasion, I witnessed someone who called one of Sayyid's sons as (the son of Ayatullah), and when Sayyid heard that. he became angry and said: 'Muhammad Hassan is still a student, and he must not be called (son of Ayaatullah). Moreover, he spends twelve Tumans, while I myself spend only fourteen in spite of my expenditure<sup>1</sup>.

Mirza Husayn said with regret:

- I'm sorry, I was attracted by the conversation and forgot to bring you a cup of tea...
- "By the way!", Mirza Husayn continued, while he was standing, "I want to tell you that I am going to Tabreez tomorrow.

Finally, Sayyid Taqi sipped his tea deliberately, and bade farewell to his friend, then he went out with evident happiness.

[1.](#) The first month of the Persian calendar.

[2.](#) By Ayatullah Muntadheri

[3.](#) By Ayatullah Fadhil Lankarani.

[4.](#) Some of his students were: Martyr Muthhari, Beheshti, Rabbani, Fadhil Lankarani, Subhani, Makarim Shirazi, Safi Gulpaigani, Akran, Penah, Setoodeh, Al-Ameeni, Al-Muhseni, Al-Noori, Al-Tesooji, Muntadhari...etc.

# Sources Used In This Book

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