

Somaiiyeh



# بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ

*Narrated Jabir ibn Samura: I heard the Prophet (s) saying,*

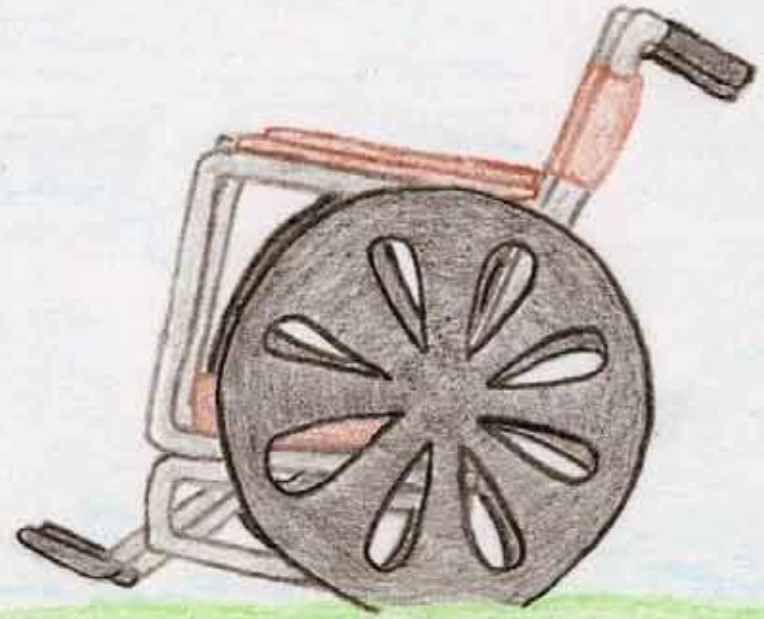
*"There will be Twelve Commanders.*

*He then said a sentence which I did not hear.*

*My father said, the Prophet added, "All of them will be from Quraysh."*

*Sahih al-Bukhari, (English)-Hadith: 9.329, Kitabul Ahkam*

*Sahih al-Bukhari, (Arabic)-Hadith: 4.165, Kitabul Ahkam*





*Glorified be the One who gave me the strength to make this book.*

*Glorified be the One who created the mountains, the skies, the trees,... nature.*

*Glorified be Him who guided me.*

*Dedicated to all those who sacrificed themselves for Allah's pleasure(as) and to a brother who has given everything he has in God's path for the past 35 years or so, Ali Tazarvi...*

*May Allah make this a blessing for you, and your family, and your supporters.*

*And to all my little sister's who have been blessed to be a reminder of God's gifts for myself and others.*

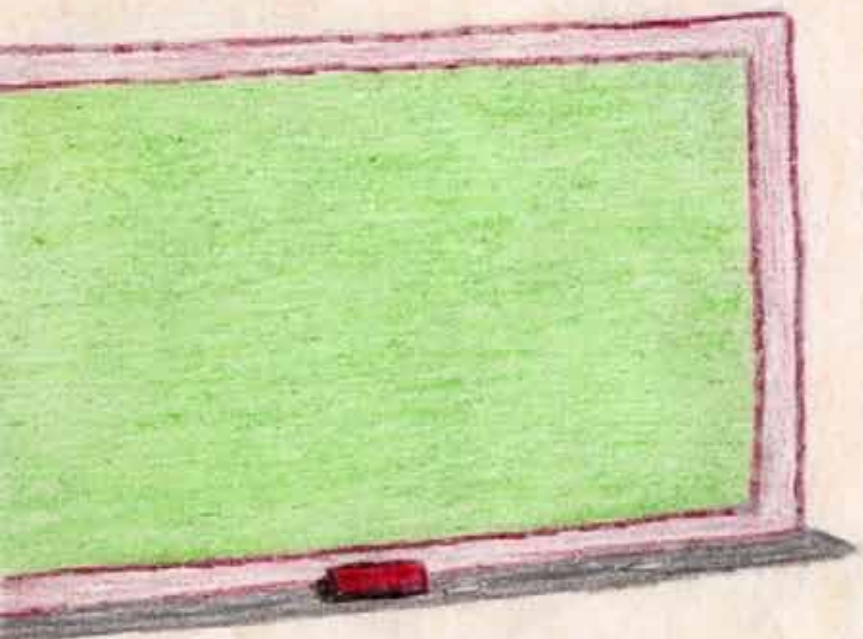




*Somaiyeh was a young girl of 8. She had a smile that would light up the whole room like sunshine and her skin was the color of the mountains at sunrise. A smart little thing, she was. She would often complete her teachers sentences when their mind froze and they weren't able to think of the right words. A day didn't pass by that her mother wouldn't smile at her little girl, in spite of her worries and concerns, and thank Allah for placing her in her care. I know I have done nothing to deserve such a blessing Allah; thank You."*







Although Somaiyeh was the sweetest girl in her class, she was very unhappy. Everyday during recess she would stand at the window to the play ground and from the bottom of her heart wish she could play hopscotch, baseball, and all the other wonderful sports the other kids played. She couldn't. She could never run with them; she could never feel the joy of hitting the baseball all the way to other side of a field and over the fence. She could never walk.

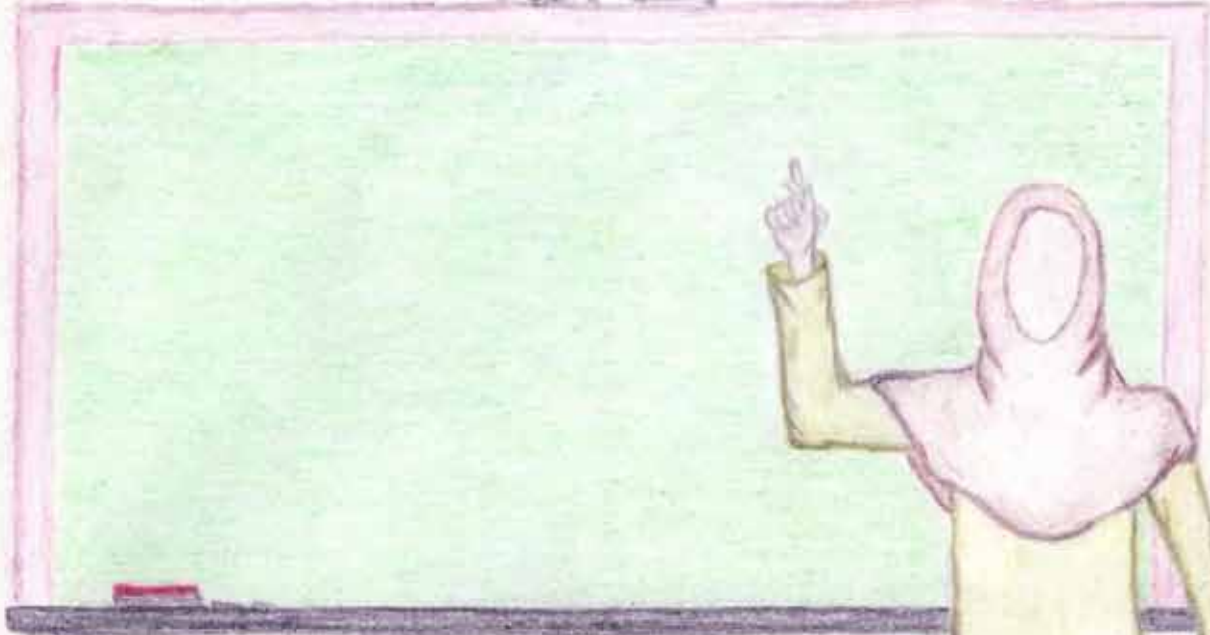




*Somaiyeh had a friend, Sakina, who was about 9; she was exactly 2 months and 2 weeks older than her. Sakina would always tell everyone this proudly. Her mother would always tell her if you want to be proud of something, be proud of something worth while my little Sakina. Somaiyeh loved Sakina very much. She would often ask her mom if she could take her to Sakina's house to play when her homework was done. Somaiyeh always loved playing hide and go seek in the park full of trees and bushes by Sakina's house. "Let's play again, one more time; please Sakina?" "I want to play some jump rope Somaiyeh." "We'll play hide and go seek one more time and then we can play jump rope." Although Somaiyeh knew she couldn't play jump rope..she said "we" never the less.*



لا حول ولا قوة الا بالله العلي العظيم



Art work of the week



The next day Mrs. Qorbani asked, "Who would like to read first; Chapter 2 verse 256? Fatima, will you read it for me?"

"Yes mam: بِسْمِ اللّٰهِ الرَّحْمٰنِ الرَّحِیْمِ لَا اِكْرَاهَ فِی الدِّیْنِ قَدْ تَبَيَّنَ الرُّشْدُ مِنَ الْغَيِّ فَمَنْ يَكْفُرْ بِالطَّاغُوتِ وَيُؤْمِنْ بِاللّٰهِ فَقَدْ اسْتَمْسَكَ بِالْعُرْوَةِ الْوُثْقَىٰ لَا انفِصَامَ لَهَا وَاللّٰهُ سَمِیْعٌ عَلِیْمٌ"

"And the translation."

"There is no compulsion in religion. The right direction is henceforth distinct from error. And he who rejecteth false deities and believeth in Allah hath grasped a firm handhold which will never break. Allah is Hearer, Knower."







Just then the recess bell rang and almost all the kids screamed with joy and jumped up to run out the door to the play ground. Şomaiyeh was excited with them, but whether it was to her advantage or not in this case, she couldn't run to the door like all the other kids.

"Hold on! Just where do you think you guys are going?" Their teacher had said with surprise.

They all said in unison and with a deep desperation to go out on the play ground, "But the bell rang?"

"I know the bell rang, but that doesn't mean you just get up and run to the door. Sit." Mrs. Qorbani said in a loud, firm voice. They all went back and sat at their desk, with frowning faces, moaning, and groaning.

"I will have none of those sad faces and sounds either," she said sternly but with love. They quickly became quiet. "OK, you all can go to recess now without running to the door; walk quietly and save the running for the playground," Mrs. Qorbani said with a smile on her face, and warmth flowing from her heart for all her children. Şomaiyeh used the strong muscles in her arm to wheel herself to the classroom door where Şakina was waiting for her.



"Ow!"

"That hit me right in the nose," Mariam said.

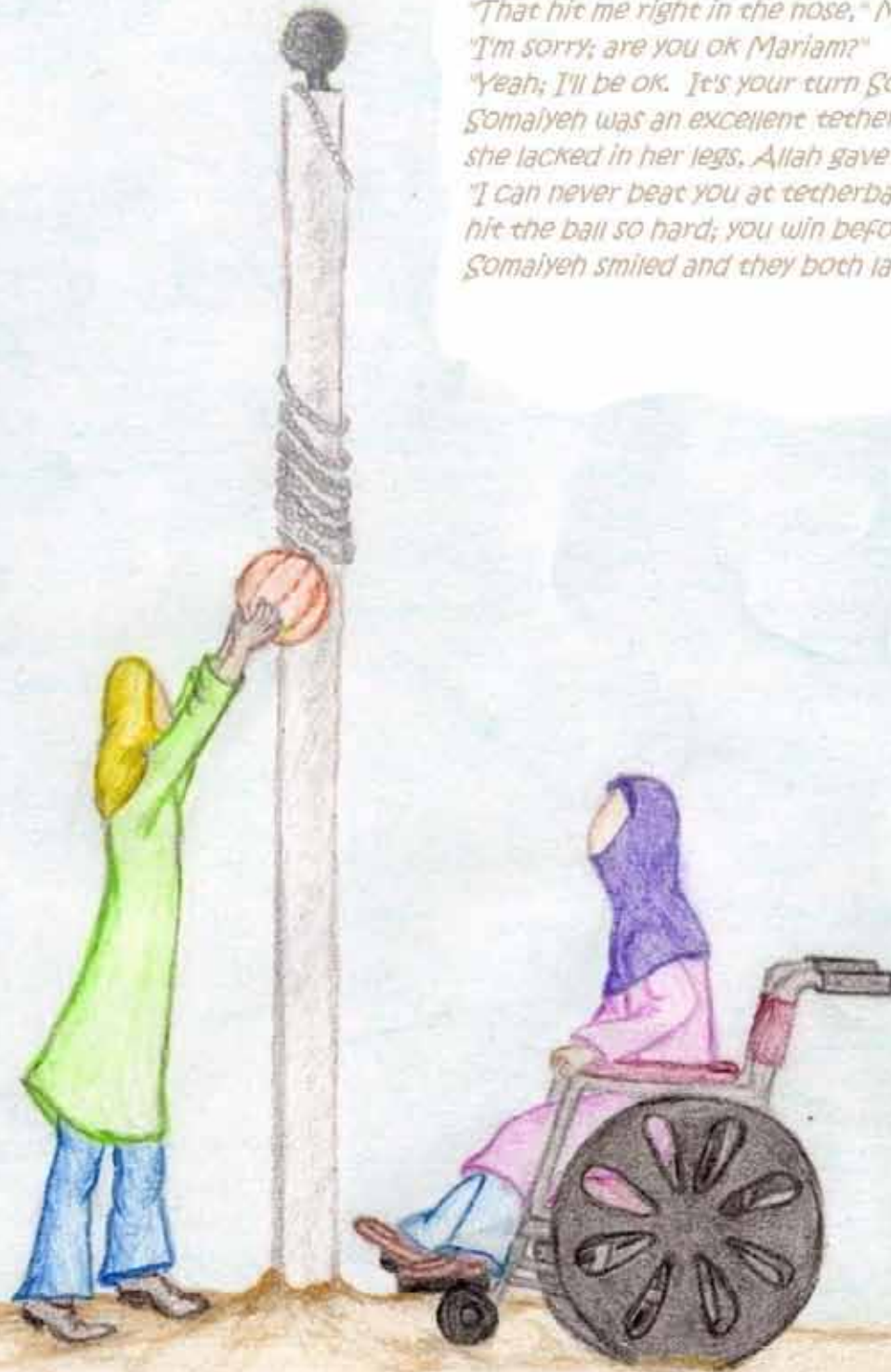
"I'm sorry; are you ok Mariam?"

"Yeah; I'll be ok. It's your turn Somaiyeh."

Somaiyeh was an excellent tetherball player. The strength she lacked in her legs, Allah gave to her in her arms.

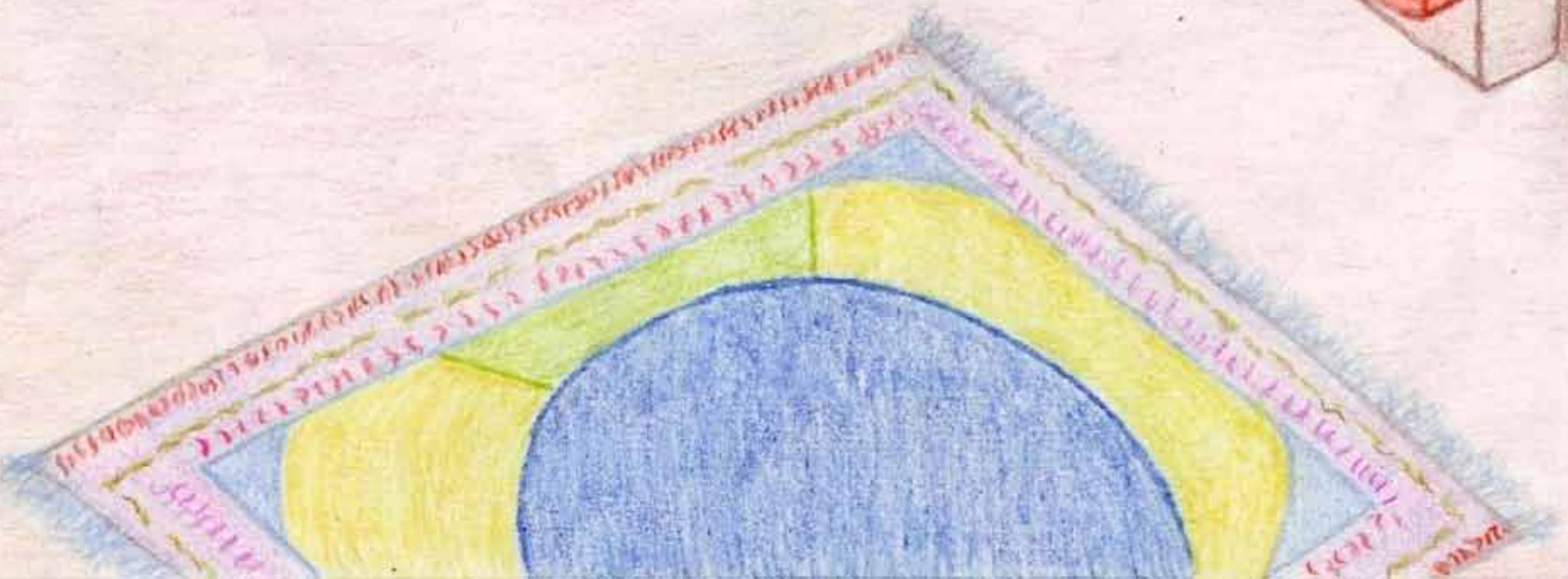
"I can never beat you at tetherball Somaiyeh. You always hit the ball so hard; you win before I have a chance!"

Somaiyeh smiled and they both laughed.





The bell rang to go home and Somaieh was looking forward to spending time with her parents. She loved sitting with her dad while he watched the news from Malaysia, UAE, and Iran. He would never miss it; even on their vacations he would watch it off of the internet. Her mother and dad both took classes to learn Arabic and Farsi. Somaieh was learning with them she loved learning new languages.





She went to her bedroom and sat looking out the window. Her mother came in and asked, "What's bothering you." She could always tell when something was bothering her.

"Why am I in a wheel chair? Why can't I go play with the other kids." Her mother resisted with everything inside her not to cry.

"My dear, dear, lovely Somaiyeh," she said while taking her in her arms. "You were born special. You are special. Allah chose to use you as an example for all the world to see how precious it is to be able to run and play. I know it hurts you and you want to run and play too. But, remember it's a blessing to be able to remind the whole world how wonderful His blessings are Somaiyeh. God gave you a beautiful heart made of love in place of anything you've lost. You see He's Just too."

"So I'm blessed Mom?"

"Yes you are my dear Somaiyeh."

Somaiyeh smiled one the biggest smiles she had and said, "Thank you."

She wondered was she thanking her or was she thanking Allah? Somaiyeh was thanking Allah.

