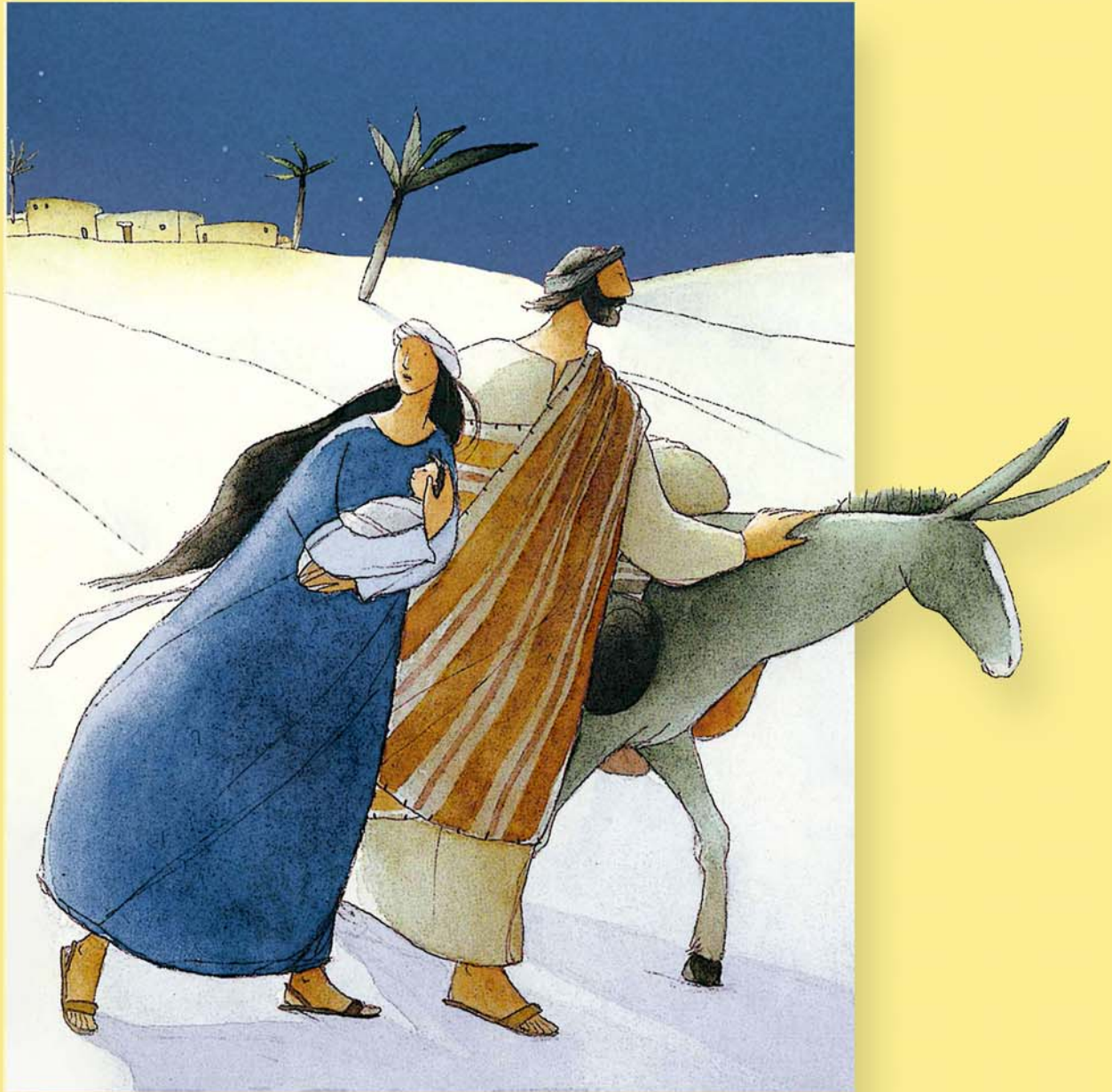


THE STORY OF



IBRAHIM

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A long, long time ago, in fact, more than five thousand years ago, there was a city called Ur in the land of Chaldea. It was a large city and in it there lived a man named Azar. He was a seller of idols and because the people of Chaldea worshipped idols Azar became very famous and wealthy.

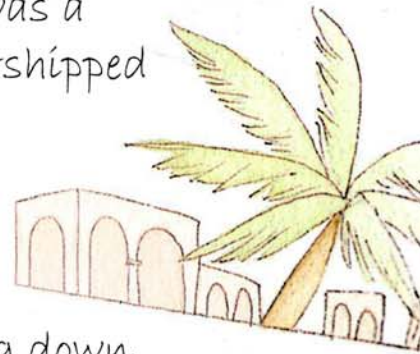
There was a huge temple in the city, a temple in the very middle, and there the people would keep their idols, spending their days and nights bowing down and presenting gifts to them. Azar was no different. He too would bow down before the very idols he fashioned, and worship them.

There were many idols, so very many. There were tiny idols, so tiny you could put one into your pocket, and there were others so huge they looked like towering giants. There were stone and gold idols and idols carved of timber. There were idols that looked like men and animals and one like a terrifying monster.

And these idols would stand there so very still, not moving an inch all day, for after all they were quite lifeless, being made of stone and wood and clay.

Now Azar had a son called Ibrahim who was very smart indeed. He was kind too, and generous and pure of heart. Even as a child Allah gave him wisdom and took him as a friend and made him a Nabí, a Prophet to all.

Ibrahim [a] would see the people bowing down before these idols. He knew that the idols were made of stone and could not hear nor see or even speak. He knew that the idols could neither help nor harm anything. He saw the flies sitting on them without being





driven away, and the mice eating the food left for the idols, this he saw each and every day. And so Ibrahim [a] would ask himself, "Why do people worship the idols and why do they pray to them, asking for their needs? I might be just a child but this I do say, that I



cannot think of anything quite as silly indeed."

Ibrahim [a] would go to his father and say, "My dear Father, why do you worship these idols and why do you bow down to them? Father, why do you ask these idols for the things you need when they can neither hear nor see nor speak? They can neither help nor harm even the smallest being, neither can they eat nor can they drink and so I say, why do you place food and wine before them, each and every day?"

Azar became angry, for after all, he could not reply to these very simple questions. And what is sadder still, is that he refused to understand what all these questions meant.

Ibrahim [a] then tried to give other people the same good advice, but they too became angry and refused to understand what it all meant.

"How am I going to make people understand?" Ibrahim [a] thought to himself, and then he struck upon a very clever plan. "I will smash the idols to pieces when the people are away," Ibrahim [a] said to himself, "Then they will understand me, there is no other way."

Chapter 2

A great day of festivity came. The people rejoiced with their children and together they all set out for the wonderful celebration.

Ibrahim's [a] father was almost ready to set out, and so he asked Ibrahim, "Why not come with us? It will be a wonderful

festival."

"No, thank you!" Ibrahim [a] replied, "I am not well!"

Now Ibrahim [a] was left all alone and there was no one at home. So he went out to the huge temple in the city, the temple in the very middle, where the idols were kept, the tall ones, the short ones, the thin ones and the very fat.

He looked up at them and spoke, and this is what he said, "O you lifeless lumps of metal and stone, you who are made by human hands, hands of flesh and bone! You are no gods I swear, answer me now if you dare!"

And there was nothing but silence, not even a tiny squeak.

"How is it that you do not speak?" Ibrahim mocked at them, "How is it that you do not hear? Why don't you eat? Why don't you drink? There is food and water and every other tasty treat here."

And as hard as he strained his tiny ear, there was still simply nothing at all to hear.

"You cannot help me nor can you harm," Ibrahim again said, "Why, you cannot even swot a small fly off your thick, stony head."

The idols were still silent because they were stones which cannot do a single a thing, not even speak.

"What stops you from speaking?" Ibrahim shouted out. The idols remained silent and Ibrahim became angry. He grabbed an axe and smashed them all to pieces, except one. He left the largest idol standing there, and hung the axe around its neck.

Chapter 3

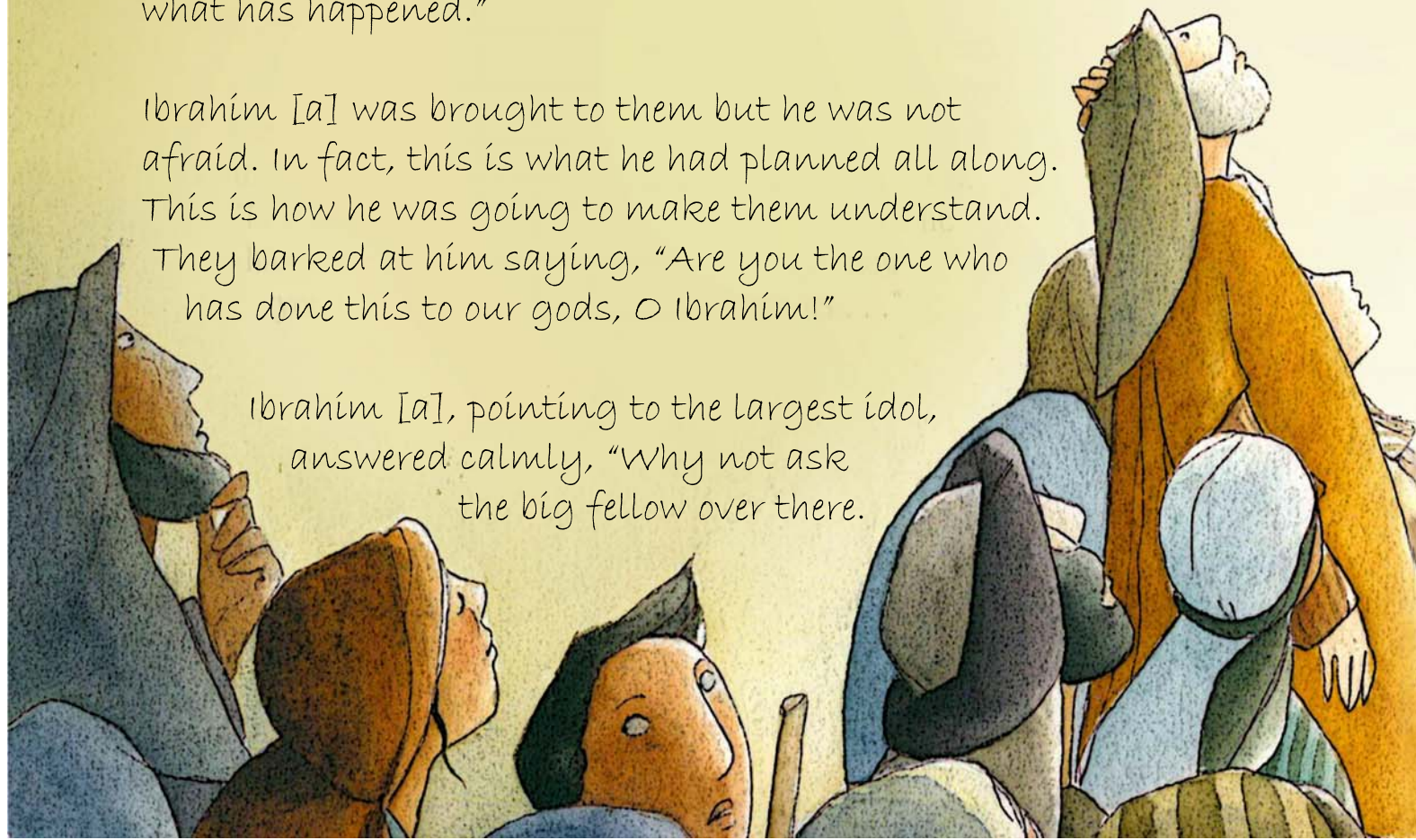
At the end of the day the people returned and went straight to the huge temple in the city, the temple in the very middle. They were especially keen to worship their idols and to bow down before them, because it was the day of celebration, the day of their grand festival. But when they entered horror awaited them. They were shocked stone cold, as stony and cold as the very idols they worshipped.

"Who has done this to our gods!" they thundered. "Who has destroyed our great Lords!"

Then someone amongst them said, "We have heard a young boy called Ibrahim saying things about them. Maybe he can tell us what has happened."

Ibrahim [a] was brought to them but he was not afraid. In fact, this is what he had planned all along. This is how he was going to make them understand. They barked at him saying, "Are you the one who has done this to our gods, O Ibrahim!"

Ibrahim [a], pointing to the largest idol, answered calmly, "Why not ask the big fellow over there."



Look! He still has the axe hanging around his neck. Ask him if he is able to speak."

The people knew that idols were made of stone and that stones can neither hear nor speak. They knew that the largest idol could not move, not even a wink nor even make a tiny squeak.

They said to Ibrahim, "Well now, you surely do know that idols cannot speak." This is just what Ibrahim was waiting to hear, and so he spoke, "How can you then worship these idols when they can neither help nor harm the tiniest thing? Don't you have any sense at all, don't you understand any thing?"

The people were silent, as silent as the idols, and ashamed too, ashamed of their foolishness and to have been admonished by a little boy. Ibrahim had finally made them understand,

or so he thought.

But little did he realise that disbelievers have no sense. And so he was in for what was to be a frightening, dreadful surprise.

"Avenge your gods!" a man shouted out. The people huddled together and whispered to one another, "What shall we do? Ibrahim has destroyed our gods and embarrassed us. How should we punish him? How should we make an example of him?"

"Burn him and avenge your gods!" they shouted. And that is exactly what they did. They lit a fire, a fire so huge that even the birds in the sky could not bear it.

And with a heave and a tremendous ho, they threw Ibrahim headlong into the very center of it.

But Ibrahim [a] was not afraid, not afraid at all, for he knew that Allah has power over all things and that He protects all His faithful servants.

Allah helped Ibrahim [a] and commanded, "O Fire, become cool and safe for Ibrahim!." And so it was. The fire became cool and a place of safety.

The people could not believe what they saw. The fire which was so hot that even they could barely approach from afar was not burning Ibrahim [a], not even a single strand of hair on him. Again, they were silent, silent and confused, and quite ashamed too.

And so Allah showed to all who wished to see, that He has power over all that can be.

Chapter 4

Now a great king ruled from Mosul city, and he ruled very cruelly. Nimrud was his name and he ruled over all Chaldea. People were forced to bow down before him and to believe in him as their god.

So when the King heard that Ibrahim [a] bowed down to Allah alone and not to any other, he became furious and ordered his capture. Ibrahim [a] was warned about the wicked king but he feared none but Allah, and so he walked bravely right up to the throne of the evil King of Chaldea.

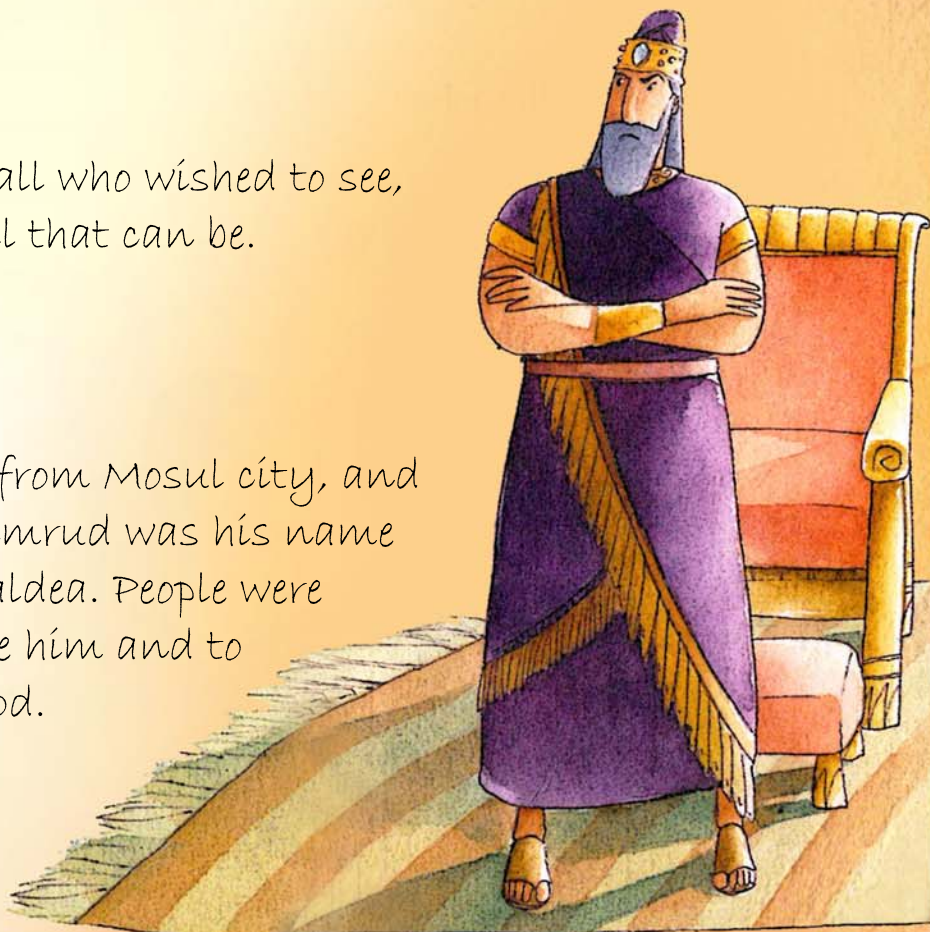
Nimrud foolishly thought that he was most powerful and so he asked Ibrahim [a], "Who is your Lord, O Ibrahim?"

Ibrahim answered, "My Lord is Allah."

The king was shocked for no one before had dared to worship any but him and he immediately asked "Who is Allah?"

Ibrahim said, "The One who gives life and death."

The King quickly replied, "Well, I give life and death. Let me show you." He had a man brought before him and had him killed. Then he had another man brought and let him live. Thereafter he very proudly said, "See! I give life and death."



"I had a man put to death and another I let live." The King was very silly indeed. All disbelievers are foolish in such matters. This is what happens to those who do not worship Allah alone.

But Ibrahim [a] wanted the King to understand. He wanted all the people in the King's land to understand, to believe in One Allah and to worship Him alone. So he said to the King, "Allah causes the sun to rise from the east. Now you make it rise from the west." The King was speechless. He was ashamed and could think of nothing to say.

Ibrahim's [a] people had become angry. The King had become angry. Even Ibrahim's father had become angry. They all refused to listen and to understand. They all refused to believe in Allah and to worship Him alone.

So Ibrahim [a] decided to travel to a different land where he could call people to Allah in peace, and worship the Creator of all, Allah his Friend, the One. With a sad sigh he said good-bye to his father and left his land.

Chapter 5

For many years Nabí (Prophet) Ibrahim [a] travelled through the earth calling people to Allah, until one day he was commanded by Allah to journey to the hills of Makkah in the deserts of Arabia. Nabí Ibrahim [a] made for Makkah with his pious wife Hajar [a] and Ismail, their baby son.

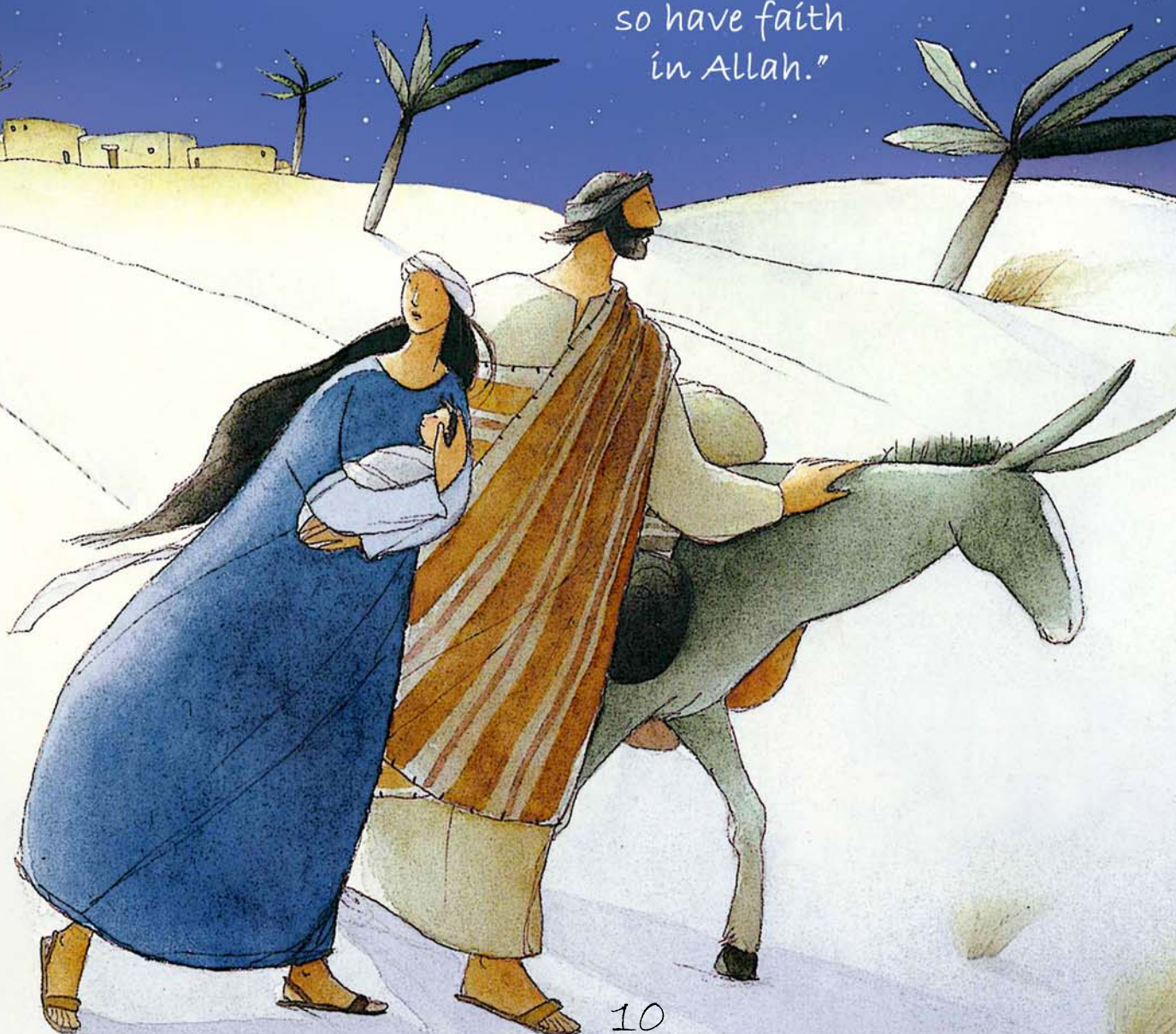
There were no plants or trees in Makkah, no well or river. There were no people or animals, no bird or any other creature. It was a hot, dry, deserted place, with only sand dunes and rocky hills. Nabí Ibrahim [a] stayed there among the sandy dunes for a

while, with his wife and baby son, Ismail.

One hot, sunny day Allah commanded Nabí Ibrahim [a] to leave his wife and baby son, and go to another land, to preach His message and call people to Allah, the One.

Nabí Ibrahim [a] trusted Allah, for he knew that Allah would protect the baby and his mother from all harm. He knew that Allah always protects his obedient servants.

As he left, his wife Hajar [a] asked him, "Where are you going? Are you going to leave us here? Are you going to leave us with no food or water? Has Allah commanded you to do this?" Nabí Ibrahim [a] replied, "Yes. I have to go now so have faith in Allah."



Hajar was a pious wife who had true faith and so she said, "If that be so then Allah will not let us perish."

Left alone in the hot, sandy desert with sharp rocky mountains all around, Hajar [a] began to search for water. She ran here and there, from the one hill of Safa to the next, Marwah, but alas there was no water to be found, not a drop anywhere.

Then suddenly, she saw a little fountain, a fountain from Allah, a fountain of cool, crystal water. The water bubbled out from beneath the sand where the child Ismael was kicking with his tiny heels.

"Zam! Zam! Stop! Stop flowing away!" Hajar [a] cried as she quickly began digging around the fountain with her bare hands.

This she did to stop the water from flowing away and to form a pond.

Many years later a deep well was dug at the fountain. The well is known to this day as the well of Zamzam. Allah has blessed



the water of Zamzam. This is the well from which people drink during the pilgrimage, the Haj. Some even take the Zamzam water back to their own countries to share with their families and friends. Have you ever drunk Zamzam water?



Chapter 6

When Ismail grew up to be a strong, handsome young boy, Nabí Ibrahim [a] returned to Makkah. Everyone was happy for now they were together once more.

Nabí Ibrahim [a] loved his son dearly, more than any father ever could. They ran and played and skipped about, and rolled and wrestled from morning to night. And together they had such great and exciting fun, Nabí Ibrahim [a] and Ismail, both father and son. Little did the two realise that yet another test was to come.

Son loved father and father loved son, so what was to come next. Ahh, remember the story of Nuh [a] - '... no partner does true love accept...'

Allah decided to put Nabí Ibrahim's [a] faith to the test - did he love Allah more or was his love for his son greater than that? So Allah commanded Nabí Ibrahim [a] to sacrifice his one and only son.

Those who love Allah and are faithful, always trust in Him and are ever obedient. They never question Allah's commands, they are forever subservient.

Nabí Ibrahim [a] turned to his son saying, "O my son, Allah

has commanded me to sacrifice you, so what do you say?" The faithful son replied, "O my father, Do as Allah has ordered !"

So with great courage and a sharp knife in his hand, Nabí Ibrahim [a] took his son and led him to the place where Ismail, the son, was to be sacrificed.

And who should show up just other than the cursed in his screachy, wicked disobeying Allah I will

there and then? Well, none shaytan. "Oh yes," he said voice, "To trick them into do my very best."



"Hey boy, your father means no good," shaytan whispered, "He is going to throw you to the ground and slit your tiny throat. So run away, far away,

and remember what I say, that sometimes Allah and His Prophet you should not obey."

But Isma'il was a true servant of Allah, even if only a child, and so he picked up some pebbles and with all his might, threw them at the cursed shaytan, and did the wicked one get a great fright.



No sooner did it strike him over his evil head but shaytan turned to stone right there in his slippery step.

Nabí Ibrahim [a] laid his son down upon his face and put the knife firmly over his son's tiny throat. And, looking up to the heavens, with all his might, he pushed down on the knife, for the love of his Creator, Allah.

But what was happening here, how strange indeed. No blood, no cut, not a drop, not even a scratch. Allah who has power over all things had commanded the knife not to cut, for Nabí Ibrahim [a] had passed the test. His love for Allah was greater than all the rest.

Allah sent a ram from Jannah, the Garden. He said, "Now sacrifice this ram. Do not sacrifice your son."

Allah was pleased with Nabí Ibrahim [a] and his son, so He commanded Muslims to make a sacrifice every year, a sacrifice to remember the love of Nabí Ibrahim [a] for Allah, the One.

May Allah bless Nabí Ibrahim [a], the close friend of Allah and grant him everlasting peace.

Chapter 7

Nabí Ibrahim [a] left Makka a second time and returned again a second time. This time he decided to build a house for Allah, a place where only Allah would be worshipped.

Nabí Ibrahim [a] chose the very same foundation where our common father Adam [a] first worshipped Allah when he came to earth. This was a sacred spot of land directly beneath the throne of Allah in the highest heavens. Only Allah truly knows how that is.

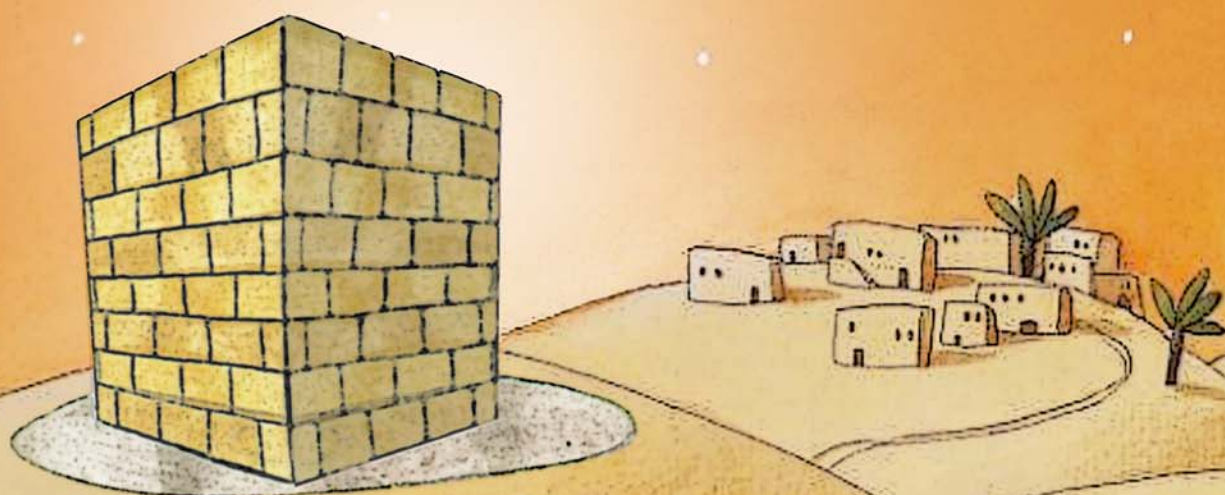
So father and son both got to work, carrying stones from the mountains and mixing water and sand. With these they built the Ka'bah, the House of worship to Allah, helping each other, and all this with their very own bare hands.

Throughout the many days of hard labour, Ibrahim [a] and Isma'il continuously praised and glorified Allah, and calling on Him, they would say, "O Allah, please do accept this from us! You are certainly the All-Hearing, the All-Seeing!"



Allah did indeed accept this service from Nabí Ibrahim [a] and the pious son Ismail, and He blessed the Ka'bah. And to this day, five thousand years later, Muslims face the Ka'bah for every single Salah, every day and every night, and while making every little prayer.

"May Allah bless Nabí Ibrahim [a] and grant him peace forever!
May Allah bless the noble son Ismail [a] and Hajar, [a] the pious wife and believer."







This book gives children an opportunity to :

- learn about the Prophet Ibrahim [a]
- recognize that children too are given wisdom and knowledge that sometimes far supercedes that of adults
 - understand that Prophets are pure & pious from childhood
- discover that people often refuse to accept the truth because they fear either poverty and the loss of wealth, social alienation or tyrannical rulers
- realize that Allah always protects those who believe in Him, trust Him and call others to His way



- ascertain that love for Allah means sacrificing those things dearest to us, even our very own flesh and blood
- discover that nothing happens without the permission of Allah, even a knife does not cut without His permission
- discern that Allah blesses his truthful servants and accepts only their offerings.