

A TRIBUTE TO THE SAHAABAH (RADHIYALLAHU ANHUM)

Written by Administrator
Thursday, 27 April 2017 15:35 -

IN RESPONSE TO THE KUFR OF THE IBLEES, TARIQ JAMEEL

BY A SISTER FROM PAKISTAN

In response and refutation of The Shiah agent, Tariq Jameel's satanic contention that branding the Sahaabah *kaafir* is not kufr, a Sister from Pakistan wrote the following tributes to extol the Sahaabah of Rasulullah (Sallallahu alayhi wasallam):

THE GLITTERING STARS

O Sahaba of Rasulullah (sallallahu alayhi wasallam),

My Sahaba Allah has exalted you with rhythm.

As is in the Quran He is pleased with you and you with Him.

O the Glittering Stars of Ummah, your light is so illuminating.

Your virtues, your heroic deeds are truly worth remembering

Your valor, your courage no doubt surpasses every thing.

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The hardships you endured in Allah's way although grim.

Has left an ever lasting mark on each and every muslim.

These must read episodes of the strength you had within.

Of sacrifices so touching, so lasting, better than a hymn.

The story of Mu'sab (ra) the most beloved Makkan son.

Born to the richest mother of Makkah who was very prim.

O Mu'sab! you were bathed in luxury up to your solid chin.

You were the trendsetter of fashions and ever so slim.

You wore the best perfumes in Makkah to leave behind.

A trail of scented perfumed air which made you feel arisen.

But when you accepted Islam the same mother was most grim.

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You went away to Madinah leaving all comforts and whims.

At Badr when your own brother was taken a prisoner.

An Ansar was tying up the brother as you passed by him.

You told the Ansar to tighten the knots as hard as he could.

As his rich mother would give a huge ransom to make you grin.

The surprised brother said how can you say this, you are my kin.

My kin is the Ansar who is tying you up, was the golden say in.

O Mu'sab! Your words tear and render the heart crying deep in.

At Uhud you were Martyred and got a kafan very uneven.

Which barely covered your body and left your feet earthen.

O Mu'sab although 1436 years have passed since your Martyrdom.

You are alive in hearts which hold you more precious than anything.

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O Abu Ubaid (ra) the symbol of bravery, how can you be forgotten.

To the tribe of Banu Thaqaf region of Ta'if you were born in.

Umer (ra) made you the commander to fight the Persians.

Your legendary courage rendered them to dust and destruction.

O Abu Ubaid! you were always the first to leap forward like a lion.

Your ferocity of fearless attacks are incomparable and amazing.

You went around the battlefield taking part in ferocious fighting.

You wanted to please Allah and was in search of Martyrdom.

It was in the month of Ramadhan the year Hijri Thirteenth.

In the battleground of Jassar the bloodiest war ever was waging.

O Abu Ubaid you dared even the elephants and started cutting,

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Their legs from underneath, a feat unimaginably daring.

You slashed the trunk of one and speared his eyes blind.

The animal wild with anger, stepped on you before falling.

O Abu Ubaid you got what you were in search of, Martyrdom.

That ultimate sacrifice which Allah says comes to the chosen.

O Sahaba, my Sahaba you will always be the ones glittering.

Despite the Shiah agent's blithering.

A MEMORY SO TOUCHING – KHUBAIB BIN ADI

(RADHIYALLAHU ANHU)

O Khubaib (ra) my hero, you laid down your life.

In Allah's way which is the ultimate sacrifice.

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In events so unique to make one think twice.

About the way you so valiantly gave your life.

O Khubaib you were the falcon of your time.

Reaching heights with your bravery to arise.

And embrace Martyrdom in a single stride.

This journey started when you killed Harith.

The son of Amr and the head of his tribe.

It was in the battle of Badr that he lost his life.

His sons swore to avenge their father's death.

By killing the person in peace or in a strife.

O Khubaib you went on a mission towards a tribe.

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With Asim bin Thabit the head of the troop of ten.

Not knowing you all would be taken in by a surprise.

Upon reaching a place Rajii, a hundred men came.

To kill all the companions of Asim in a raid so tight.

But they refused to surrender and chose to die.

In the way of Allah to achieve memorable heights.

O Khubaib all of them were Martyred except three.

You, Asim and Dathinna who had their eyes on skies.

Asim and Dathinna also gave their lives for Allah.

Not thinking even once let alone twice or thrice.

O Khubaib you were then taken to Tan'eem.

By the sons of Harith who wanted this chance to rejoice.

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They tied you up to have you crucified.

The crowd came in tens of thousands.

To cheer and shout at the happening live.

You looked towards the gathered crowd.

And said in voice for all to hear and abide.

If you would, let me pray the last rakahs of my life.

The enemy allowed and you prayed them short.

Getting up and speaking in a tone so light.

By Allah, if you thought I was scared to die.

I would not have said the salah so short and rise.

O Khubaib the enemy then started to cut your limbs.

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Although you were suffering so much and still alive.

The screaming got intense and you were asked.

Would like Muhammad in your place and you go free.

“By Allah I would not want a thorn to hurt Him till I am alive”.

O Khubaib these golden words are in hearts inscribed.

You then looked up and called out at the skies.

O Allah count them and kill them, you cried.

Panic stricken the big names ran away far and wide.

But they returned to see you die amidst voices so high.

Just before your Martyrdom you requested Allah.

O Allah! I'm so far away from Rasoolallah (pbuh).

I have no means to inform Him of my state so ripe.

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Convey my salaam and let Him know I am about to die.

Far, far away in Madinah Rasoolallah was seated.

With many of His companions so worthy and wise.

Suddenly the blessed eyes filled with tears as He said.

Walaik As salaam Ya Khubaib, and looked around.

Jibrael has just brought the news and salaams.

Of Khubaib, who in Allah's way has laid down his life.

O Khubaib your heroism can never be expressed in words.

It can just be said what a memorable departure to eternal life.

The heights to which you reached and set an example.

Can only be felt not written to truly convey its might.

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O Khubaib before you left this world you said some lines.

Which sent a shiver of loving memory down one's spine.

The words you said amongst poems of gallantry out shine.

"I do not care when I am being killed as a Muslim.

In which way I die for the sake of Allah.

The enemy allies have converged on me.

Incited their clansmen to muster strength.

They've invited their women and children to see.

And have tied me up to a solid trunk.

To Allah I complain of my loneliness and suffering.

Of enemies who surround me to rejoice my death.

O Master of the Mighty Throne, grant me strength.

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To bear what they are doing to me.

Piercing my flesh and tearing my limbs.

They gave me a choice to turn away from Thee.

But death is preferable to this.

The very thought of which brings tears to my eyes.

Not the pain they inflict on me.

I am not afraid of death, for some day everyone has to die.

But I shudder out of fear for the fire of Hell.

For the fury of its flames.

These limbs of mine are a sacrifice for Allah.

Hoping He'll bless every limb offered in His way.

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So long I die as a Muslim, I don't regret a thing.

For my death will occur in Allah's way".

Umm Imad.

28 Rajab 1438 -26 April 2017