

## DEPARTURE FROM MADINA MUNAWWARAH

**18 NOV 2009, WED 4.00PM**

I would rather be a leaf on a tree in Madina, the city of peace blowing in the breeze of Madina. I would rather be a rock on the mount of Uhad found in the city of light. Yes how I long to be a part of the city of Madina Munawwarah, Oh, Madina, Madina. I shed a tear, nay a stream of tears down my cheeks as I leave the city of Nabi ﷺ. O Allah ﷻ I beg of you, as the sun is on the decline in the city of Madina, please increase my love for the Nabi ﷺ. O Allah ﷻ I beg of you forgive me as I leave the city of your beloved ﷺ. Please o my Rabb, please o my Rabb bring me back again to Madina Munawwarah, the city light.



As I enter the mosque of Thul Hulaifah clad in ihraam to perform the salaah of ihraam, I'm torn between Madina, the love of the Nabi of Allah ﷻ and Makkah, and my Rabb. I see the multitudes walking to perform the right of entry into ihraam on the journey of hajj and I cry because I'm leaving the

abode of your beloved Nabi ﷺ . O Allah ﷻ I beg of thee, please do not deprive this slave of multiple entry into Madina and a small space in the graveyard of Baqee so that I may rest at the feet of your beloved till Qiyammah and earn the intercession of your Nabi ﷺ on the day of judgement. O Allah ﷻ you gave me the opportunity to enter into ihraam on a journey to you. I read the Labbaik in joy to be on the way to the blessed house with a pain on my heart to leave the blessed boundary of the Madani haram. O my Lord most high please I beg of you bring me back to the blessed city of illumination as soon as possible so that my heart may be illuminated by the blessing of the Messenger of mercy ﷺ .

As I leave the boundary of the haram the volcanic mountains on either side, they have jagged tops and the sun begins to dip and hide between the huge structures. My heart dips into sorrow as the sun begins to set on my heart, the pain and sorrow is unbearable but I know deep down in the depth and recesses of my heart that the sun will rise again tomorrow and InshaAllah my entry into the city of Madina will be soon, InshaAllah.



I gaze across the highway and watch the cars and busses going in the opposite direction. I look at them with envy for surely they will be in the city of Madina shortly. I gaze at the last of the date palms as we leave the precincts of the north and travel south and I wish I was a date palm. We see some camels grazing on the sparse desert plants.



I realise the boon of travelling in an air-con bus and I think back and ponder as to what the journey of Hijrah might have been for Allah`s ﷺ Nabi ﷺ and his trusted friend Siddeeq-e-Akbar (RA) the mountains they look like camel humps standing tall and firm. The road ahead is long and lined with buses and trucks and **I wonder what are the emotions of others on this once in a lifetime journey of theirs.** O Allah ﷻ grant each one a hajj makbool (accepted) and hajj mabroor (free of fault).

We pass small settlements dotted in the desert with fluorescent lights, white washed minarets and white water tanks on the roofs of these simple dwellings,

a far cry from the granite clad five star hotels we have just left. I raise my voice proclaiming the Talbiyyah (Labbaik) the call to Allah ﷻ proclaiming oneness and affirming the acceptance of the great invitation. The road snakes through the vast expanse of the desert, with silhouetted mountains in the horizon.



The glow of the bright sunset slowly fades into twilight, a recognition to me of the command of Allah ﷻ is to the sun, which is only a slave. Clad in my ihraam (two pieces of cloth) I'm reminded that I'm indeed a slave on the way to the Master's house and I read the Talbiyyah to confirm this.

لَبَّيْكَ اللَّهُمَّ لَبَّيْكَ، لَبَّيْكَ لَا شَرِيكَ لَكَ لَبَّيْكَ،  
 إِنَّ الْحَمْدَ وَالنِّعْمَةَ لَكَ وَالْمَلِكُ، لَا شَرِيكَ لَكَ

**"Here I am, O Lord, here I am, You indeed have no partner, here I am.**

**No Doubt, all praise and bounties are yours, and so is the absolute Domain. You indeed have no partners, here I am"**

I've made an intention of Qiraan, so I ask Allah ﷻ to guide me through the trial and tribulations that lie ahead. We are just entering the 1<sup>st</sup> of Zilhajj 1430 (18 November 2009) .The next 12 to 13 days will be filled with Duaa, Tawaaf, Sae'e, Naseehah (advice), tears, Tilawat, ZamZam, perspiration culminating on the 9<sup>th</sup>, the day of Arafat. The day of hajj.

We pass a board showing distances, Makkah is far away, the time now 5.50 pm. The crescent is sighted to my right, it's thin and signifies the 1<sup>st</sup> of Zilhajj (Thurs), so hopefully hajj will be on the 9<sup>th</sup> a Friday, the day of Arafaat. Makkah is 347 km away time 6.50 pm. I receive a SMS from my beloved wife reminding me of Makkah and its energy levels. The Kaaba, the house of Allah ﷻ. It brings tears to my eyes, may Allah ﷻ reward her and give her high stages in Jannah. The bus slows down but we continue to the next stop. The time of Maghrib is slipping by fast. The desert is dotted with bright white fluorescent lights and the occasional yellow small settlements. We make a quick stop for Maghrib and continue our journey .We stopped for Esha at 8.05 pm , have meals sandwiches and tea, thanks to aunty Rashida, Goolambhai and the gang, may Allah ﷻ reward them.

We enter the precincts of the haram boundary at 11.42 pm reciting the Talbiyyah. After dropping off passengers at Le Meridian towers and hotel we finally arrive at Azziziyah at 2.15 am. I stand before room 101 at orange building. I'm with Yusraah tours my 1<sup>st</sup> day of hajj has just begun.

**JazaakAllah**

**Yusuf Hassen Patel**