

My Experience of Daura Hadeeth

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As the gentle monsoon showers' generous droplets mildly touch the land gifting a new life to the tiny seed resting in its lap for a while now, similarly Allah taala also bestows his servants with those life changing showers in the form of a phase or incident or perhaps a person that changes the route of their thoughts and gives a new definition to their goals.

For me, Alhamdulillah thumma Alhamdulillah my daura year was one such experience, **one such year which brought about many changes and emotions and gave a new path and definition to my thoughts and goals.** It is one such year which is embellished and adorned with the blessed name and beautiful words of Nabi ﷺ day in and day out, one such journey which words cannot fully describe and sentences would not be enough to shed light on its beauty. **From the very first 'Haddathana' till the very last 'Wa Aakhiru Dawana' each day was filled with valuable life-changing lessons.**

I remember getting ready with fear and joy, waiting for the first class of the fourth year to begin. Back then the pages of my books were empty, just like my heart and mind unsure of what to expect and still anticipating the best. The days which followed were nothing less than pure bliss and excitement, when the resolutions, the promises everyone made to themselves for the year were still very fresh, trying to make the most of the golden opportunity.

Firstly, our Respected Asatidha gave us vital pieces of advice, then our Asatidhae kiraam taught us the inner and apparent aadab (etiquettes) of the ahadithe

mubarakah as these were not just any Kitaabs which we were going to learn but rather these blessed Kitaabs are tangible proofs of the true love and loyalty of the Faithful Companions RA to Nabi ﷺ . Each feature, each word and each action of the Beloved ﷺ preserved with precision. The inspiring introductions of the Musannif RA and the etiquettes in themselves gave us a peek into the magnanimity of what was going to follow it. Alhamdulillah, then followed the priceless moment when we listened to the first hadith from our Ustaadh on the thirteenth of June and the humbling feeling and other emotions felt then are unexplainable. *Soon, all our days were filled with precious echoes of Qaalar Rasool ﷺ .*

In the initial days, the thing which amazed me the most was the pattern of the Kitaabs and the deep insight of the Authors RA. The way the Authors RA brilliantly sequenced the chapters one after the other, each one having a meaningful



connection with the previous was simply amazing. Another prominent attribute of the Authors RA being their wisdom, the same text of the hadith sharif which we could also see in front of us, how amazingly they derived numerous rulings and points of benefit from it. The year continued to unveil it's many beautiful layers and we then started with Tilaawah classes. Tilaawah classes had their own charm and grace, one hour just filled with

valuable sayings of Nabi ﷺ . The hands of the clock kept moving swiftly as our Asatidhae kiraam continued to teach us the blessed ilm and they taught us everything, from important principles for salvation in the hereafter to the very little details which parents would teach their children in order to crown them with success in both the worlds.

Sometimes we would be learning about the Qur'an Majid and it's gems whilst the other times trying to absorb the words that described the immaculate beauty of Nabi ﷺ , sometimes being all ears to the incidents of the Ambiya AS and Sahaba RA to intricacies of Allah's plans captivating the mind and heart the other times,

sometimes learning the important rulings of the fundamentals of deen and the other times learning etiquettes of some actions as plain as eating and drinking which we thought we knew but in reality we didn't, sometimes fear gripping the heart when learning the chapters about trials to the other times learning the forgotten art and mannerisms of human interaction and dealings, as in the race of who makes more sujood we often lose the race of who wins more hearts of the slaves of Allah taala, in the aspiration of praying more and more units of optional prayer we tend to leave out the

obligatory rights of those around us. It felt as though the Asatidhae kiraam are and nourish our souls hadith by hadith and routine became now and again with the depth of his beloved Ummah, in awe at the obedience and being amazed by the often having to blink back



Authors RA and our trying to re-program us chapter by chapter, word by word. This home to the heart, being overwhelmed Nabi ﷺ's love for us, the other times being Sahaaba RA's bravery, frequently Author RA's wisdom and tears when our Asatidhae

Kiraam's sacrifices made its presence known. One noticeably different opportunity which Allah taala granted me was that he granted me wonderful classmates, all of them being an inspiration in themselves. Need a sister's shoulder? Or a mother's guidance? What about a grandmother's pure love and advices? We had them all in our class! The road was rocky for most of them but holding each other's hands, not letting anyone give up, they treaded it with perseverance finally making it to the desired destination. This opportunity in itself allowed me to learn so much from them.

One moment we were all listening to the blessed duroos trying to absorb the precious pearls of wisdom beaded with each 'Haddathana' and next we knew it was already time for our Kitaabs to come to an end. The most difficult part of the year being those last moments in each of the classes with each of the kitaabs, eyes helplessly staring at the pages, the mind inquisitively watching for ways to try and preserve the precious minute, trying to hold on to it but it kept slipping like water seeps out from closed fists and like everything in this world, our beautiful year

reached to its end leaving us behind with heavy hearts, a treasure chest of lessons and advices to serve as a light in the journey of life and beautiful memories to cherish for a lifetime. It is now that our Asatidhae kiraam's affectionate yet desperate whispers of 'make the most of this year', 'make qadr of the remaining time', 'utilise your time wisely' suddenly make so much more sense, for it does not take much time for beautiful moments to change their form and turn into unforgettable memories.

This was but just a glimpse into our beautiful year, otherwise as the poet says:

“Tarjumaani yeh dil kardu jumla numa,

Mujh se kamzor me to nahi hosla”