

# Hajj; a journey of love

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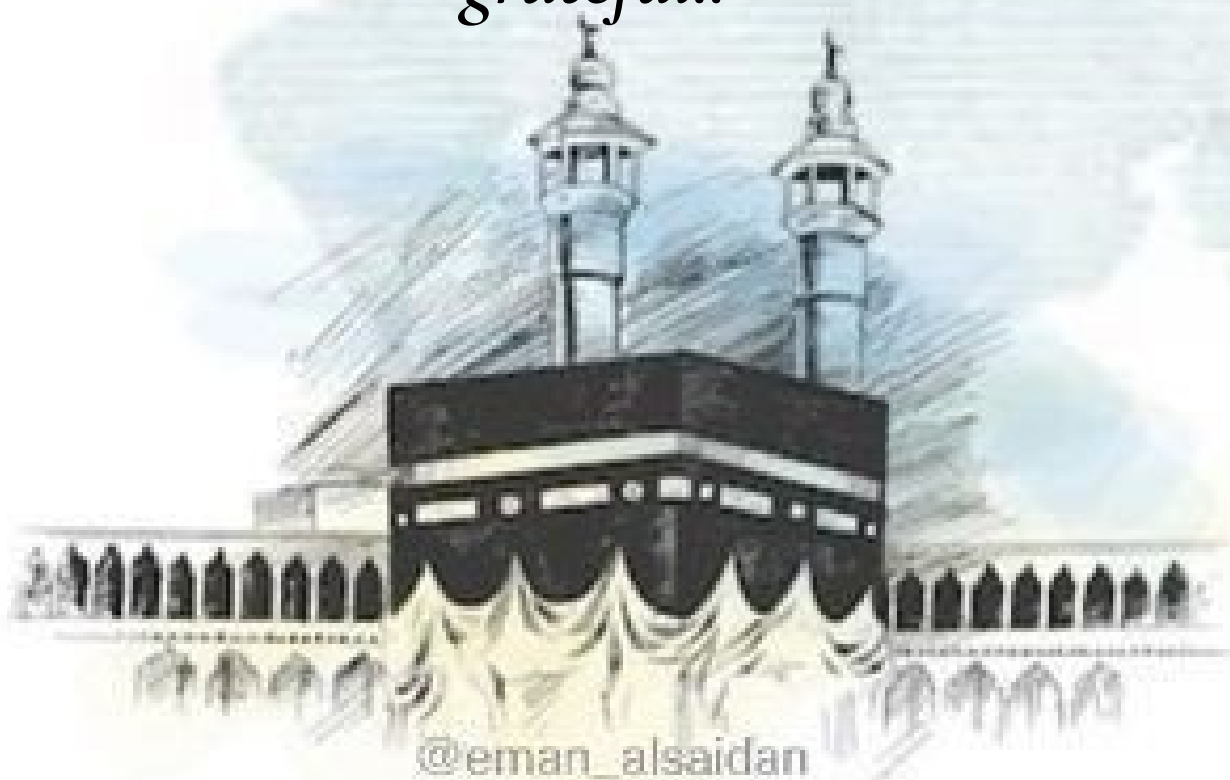


Standing motionless on my balcony, I gaze in awe as the fiery shades of sunset gradually melt into softer hues tinging the horizon. I watch transfixed as nightfall arrives with silent grace, enveloping the world in its inky shroud. Closing my eyes, I inhale the familiar scent of seaweed wafting with the evening breeze. Feelings of grief and nostalgia unfurl within the depths of my heart as my soul yearns for its homeland. Opening my eyes, I slowly walk back to my room. Cocooned in the warmth of my blanket, I open the video of the Jumuah Khutbah from Makkah Mukarramah. Taking solace in this peek at the blessed land, the ache in my heart somewhat ceases. I clutch my phone tight as unnamed emotions ravage my mind. Watching these people, hundreds and thousands of them, filling the Haram and spilling out onto the walkways and streets is astounding.

As I watch the video, my mind travels back in time. My soul takes flight, soaring above dense forests and gushing rivers. Traversing golden deserts and forsaken towns. Sailing over tranquil seas and cascading waterfalls. Undaunted by sinister woods and desolate plains, my soul finds home. I imagine a lone figure standing erect amidst towering sand dunes and rolling golden sands. A pair of lonely footprints are his only companion as he battles the stifling desert heat. The arid landscape stretches out before him as far as the eye can see. I watch in awe as the man raises his blessed worn out hands towards the heaven. A torrent of emotions tumble out of his pure heart and seep through his lips like pearls. Words of anguish glazed with respect travel from the golden sand, up above to the Arsh of ArRahman.

رَبَّنَا إِنِّي أَسْكَنْتُ مِنْ ذُرِّيَّتِي بِوَادٍ غَيْرِ ذِي زَرْعٍ عِنْدَ بَيْتِكَ  
الْمُحَرَّمِ رَبَّنَا لِيُقِيمُوا الصَّلَاةَ فَاجْعَلْ أَفْئِدَةً مِنَ النَّاسِ  
تَهْوِي إِلَيْهِمْ وَارْزُقْهُمْ مِنَ الثَّمَرَاتِ لَعَلَّهُمْ يَشْكُرُونَ

*"Oh our Rabb, I have settled some of my progeny in a valley of no vegetation, close to Your sanctified House. Oh our Rabb, so that they may establish Salaah. Hence, make hearts of of people yearn towards them, and provide them with fruits, so that they may be grateful.."*



The sound of Athaan being called out jolts me back to the present. My phone is still cradled in my palm, its screen displaying people getting ready for Jumah Salaah. I watch mesmerized as thousands of people get up in unison to stand before their Rabb. People of every color, from every walk of life stand shoulder to shoulder. Emerging from the low lands of Bangladesh, descending the mountaintops of Africa, sailing across oceans and seas, they present themselves before Him. Residents of crumbling shacks and towering mansions have traveled alike. Traversing the sand, soaring over clouds and crossing oceans, they rush to answer the call of their Rabb. Awed by the majestic beauty of the Baytullah, I take a moment to pause the video. I simply stare, awestruck at the perfection of the house of my Rabb. I lift my hand, my fingertips softly brushing the screen as I trace the outline of each brick. I think of what tales these bricks would tell, if given the chance to speak... Would they explain their unfathomable joy upon being selected to adorn the house of the Rabb of mankind?.. Would they describe to me, the radiance of that day when pure hands lifted them carefully, stacking them above each other with utmost precision? Would they disclose to me the soft supplications murmured with each placement?. Would they inform me of how the call for Hajj was made in a barren land with no listening ear in sight?.. Would they relate to me the unparalleled radiance of those nights when Muhammad ﷺ ♥ stood amidst them reciting the words of Allah ﷻ .



My eyes tear as I witness more than a million people unanimately bow their heads on the hard ground in submission to their Rabb. Did Allah ♥ not promise His Khaleel that his call would certainly be answered, by people emerging from every deep ravine?

وَأَذِّنْ فِي النَّاسِ بِالْحَجِّ يَأْتُوكَ رِجَالًا وَعَلَى كُلِّ ضَامِرٍ يَأْتِينَ  
مِنْ كُلِّ فَجٍّ عَمِيقٍ

*"... And announce among people about Hajj, so that they should come to you on foot and on every lean camel, travelling through every distant hilly pathway..."*

SubhanAllah how true is the promise of Allah ﷻ ...  
Thousands of years have passed and generations have evolved, and still mankind continue to visit the house of their Rabb in multitudes every single year. The story of Hajj is profound in every way. It blooms hope in the hollows of desperate hearts and enlightens the path for weary souls. In a world obsessed with superficial beauty and lust, the tale of Ibrahim AS presents a sterling definition of true love and loyalty. It is a striking lesson of faith and sacrifice, resonating within the heartbeat of every Haaji.