



LIGHTHOUSE

The Magazine for Muslim Youth

Savannah

Volume 9

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Al-Tariq : **The Comer by Night**

In the name of Allah the most Loving, the most Kind

“By the heaven and the Comer by night!
 And what will make thee know what the
 Comer by night is? The star of piercing
 brightness. There is not a soul but over it
 is a keeper.” Chapter 86: Verses 1 to 4.



Who is the Comer by night? The Holy Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) because he came at a time when the world was in total darkness, the darkness of sin and ignorance. Actually the revelation of the Quran also started at night when he was praying in the cave of Hira. Allah then calls the Prophet a **brilliant star**.

Can you think why?
 What do stars do in the night?

Allah informs us that every soul is being watched. Our actions are being recorded and there are consequences for all the things that we do. This was true for all people, good and bad, in the time of Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) as it is true for all of us right now.

Have you ever done something good and received praise or a reward for it. It is a wonderful happy feeling to have our good deeds appreciated. *And if we get caught doing something we knew we should not have been doing, we feel horrible.*

Allah has shown us the right way and has given us a choice. **We can follow the revelation of the Quran and feel glad that our actions are being recorded,** or we can mess up and then be embarrassed and punished.



May ALLAH help us to have the best recording of our life. When someone points a camcorder at us we all try to be our best self. Allah is always recording our deeds so smile (and be good) you are on Allah's camera!

Wonderful advice from our Mujaddid

Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad Qadiani

A momin (true believer) places his or her trust in Allah

“If humans had possibly existed without the help of Allah, no doubt, it would have been very tough. We are lucky to know that Allah is in control of every atom of the universe, so why should we be upset or afraid? The Powers of Allah are Mighty and his Works are Amazing. When we believe in an Almighty Allah, we are never sad and despairing. A *momin* does whatever she thinks is right and there is blessing and benefit in her actions. The difference between a *momin* and *non-momin* is one of faith. A non-believer leads a happy carefree life as long as he does not face any difficulties or trials. When there is even a slight problem, such a person cannot deal with it, because he does not trust in Allah and things seem hopeless to him. Such people are weak at heart. On the other side, a *momin* is strong and brave at heart, because of her trust in Allah. If she faces a problem, she does not despair but works even harder to get past it. Her faith becomes even stronger than before and she knows that the problem she faces will bring her closer to Allah.”



So quit complaining when things go wrong, pray to Allah and think of a way to solve your problems. Think in terms of solutions! Allah has created us for PROBLEM SOLVING, not moaning and groaning.



Jokes and Riddles

Knock Knock.
Who's there?
Who?
Who who?
Working on your *Arabic* alphabet?

Why did the kid say *Bismillah* two times?
One for himself and one for his invisible friend.

**What always prays with you but never does wudhu?
Your shadow.**

Where do skunks go on vacation?
The Wisconsin Smells.

WHERE DO WASPS GO WHEN THEY ARE SICK?
THE WASP-ITAL!

Where should you take sick teeth?
To the floss-spit-al.

WHO GOES UP BUT NEVER COMES DOWN?
A PERSON GOING TO JANNAH.

Doctor Doctor, I feel like a peanut butter sandwich.
Relax and lie down while the nurse brings me some jelly.



ALLAH LIKES SMILING FACES! SEND YOUR JOKES AND RIDDLES TO LIGHTHOUSE MAGAZINE @zamustang@msn.com.

Friday the 13th

Allah hu Akbar

Allah hu Akbar

Allah is Greater

Allah is Greater

There goes the *adhan* again. Sometimes I cannot help but sigh when I hear the *adhan*. Now please don't get the wrong impression. I like the *adhan* and I like to pray (not when it is too early though.....) but once I did think there was a problem with the *adhan*, its being so loud and Arabic. Maybe I should start at the beginning.

Ok, well my name is Maria Haq and I live in Ohio with my parents and two brothers. I am a fifth-grader at Brown Hill Elementary School. This is a story of the day we got our amazing *adhan* clock. It looks like any regular clock till it is time for the *adhan*. Then you are treated to a super melodious *adhan* that plays for a whole two minutes and twenty two seconds. Mom proudly told me that the time for *adhan* changes automatically with each prayer around the year. It never needs adjusting. You should see my Mom when the *adhan* plays. She closes her eyes and listens with this sweet peaceful expression on her face. It is the exact opposite of how she looks when she enters my room and sees my things scattered everywhere.

Anyway as I was saying, I don't mind the *adhan* clock. It helps to remind me when to pray. I am getting used to praying regularly now. But the day I came home and found my Mom lovingly setting the *adhan* clock up, was Friday the 13th. Now I do not believe that Friday the 13th is unlucky at all. My Dad says it is silly and un-Islamic to be superstitious. But, that was the day I had brought my two new best friends home with me. Olivia and Jackie had planned this day with me for a couple of weeks.

We moved to Ohio six months ago and it was hard making friends at first. I liked Olivia a lot and she was nice to me when she was alone. But she liked Jackie a lot and Jackie was one of the popular girls, which means it was hard to be friends with her. She was hard to figure out. But I did end up being friends with them and now I felt it was time for them to come home with me. Mom always likes me to



have friends come over before she lets me go to their houses. I suppose she wants to check them out. Mom is usually pretty cool when my friends come over. She makes neat snacks for us and cracks jokes that are actually funny. At least my friends usually think so.

But on Friday the 13th I think Mom was so excited about her new clock she forgot about my friends. I let them explore my room and came down to fix some snacks but Mom had Doritos, salsa and pizza rolls ready for us. As soon as I saw Mom chatting with Olivia and Jackie, I checked out the adhan clock sitting innocently next to the cookie jar. It showed the time of Asr as 4:15 p.m. Yikes it was already 4:10. The adhan would be on any minute now. I didn't really want to explain to my new cool semi-popular friends what that sound was. I would be so embarrassed, so I shot one last look at Mom pouring fruit punch for Olivia and quickly turned all the knobs and dials on the clock to the "off" position. *Whew, that would do for now.* I attacked the Doritos with a light heart.

We were having a great time and I forgot all about the adhan clock. I came down to see if Mom knew where the charger for my Nintendo was. She was holding the clock with a puzzled expression.

"What's up Mom?" I asked, suddenly feeling guilty.

"The clock did not work Maria. I hope it is not defective."

"Maybe Dad can figure it out. Do you know where my charger is?"

"Don't forget young lady that I am the one who assembles everything in this house."

Yikes, Mom would turn the adhan on again and it was almost time for Maghrib. I had to get that clock away from her, before Olivia and Jackie heard it and asked me a million questions. My thoughts were racing as I heard Jackie call me. I had to think of something and think fast.

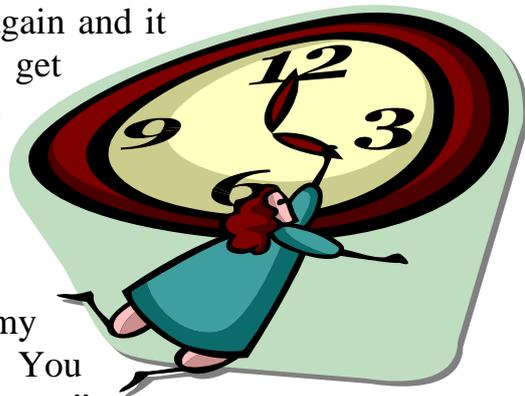
"Mom" I said, "Could you please let my friends see those old photo albums. You know the ones with your old wedding photos."

"Mom looked at me in surprise. I'm not sure where they are dear. I don't think I have unpacked them yet. Maybe they are in that box by the....."

"Please Mom. Olivia would freak out to see how pretty you looked."

"Well I can give it a try."

"Thank you Mom," I said smiling, knowing well that nothing in this house is found in less than half an hour. The next few things happened in awful sequence. I watched Mom head up and made a beeline for the adhan clock, just as Jackie came skipping down towards me.



“What are you doing, Maria? Hey is that an atomic clock?”

“Oh it’s just an, um a.....uh.....yes an atomic clock,” I said as I fumbled with the controls. And then it happened. *I somehow managed to turn the adhan on by mistake!* And it was really LOUD. Before I had a chance to turn it off I saw Mom and Olivia race downstairs. Olivia looked really surprised and Mom’s face was shining and happy like a full moon. “Oh Maria, it does work! You must have figured it out. I always tell your father that Maria understands electronics just like me, and much better than the men in this house.”

I could feel the heat rising in my neck and traveling up to my ears as Jackie and Olivia stared at me questioningly. I couldn’t turn it off now with Mom watching. I opened my mouth to explain, but right then Mom put a finger to her lips and said “Shhhh...” She wanted to listen to her precious adhan in peace and quiet. I slipped tiredly into a chair by the kitchen table. This was going to be one long adhan. I heard a key in the lock and Dad, Abdullah and Ahmad came in from their basketball game.



“Hey cool adhan” said Abdullah.

Dad greeted us all and suddenly seeing my family together changed something inside me. I no longer felt trembly and embarrassed. I saw that Mom had quickly explained the adhan to Olivia and Jackie. It was time to pray and we always prayed Maghrib together as a family. And why had I been embarrassed of the adhan to begin with? It seemed really silly now. It was true that in school it seemed I was the only Muslim, the only one different in so many ways. *But right here in my own home, I was where I belonged.* There were five Muslims here right now. My two Christian friends were the minority.

“Hey guys, excuse me for five minutes. We always pray in the evening together as a family,” I said, cool as a chilled diet cherry coke.

I thought they would go to my room and talk about how weird I was, but I was surprised to see when we finished our salat, that they were both sitting on the stairs. They must have watched our entire prayer. And they looked interested and sort of well, respectful. And why shouldn’t they? My Dad had the most beautiful voice and his Quran recitation was

something special. Or was it just our *salat*, when we stood and bowed together, that was special. Or was it the adhan.....

I don't know. All I know is that I found out on Friday the 13th, that I am happy to be a Muslim and proud to belong to Islam. Sometimes in school it feels as if I am the only one who has a religion that tells me what to do, and what NOT to do. But I am not alone. I only need to be quiet and listen. Somewhere in the world, someone is reciting the adhan and calling the Muslims to pray. And when Muslims come together to pray it is the most beautiful, the most powerful thing of all.

Dream Big

Your life has just begun

Think TALL

And have a lot of fun

Speak True

Be respected by all

Act Smart

May you never take a fall

Stand Up

For what you think is right

Pray Hard

Love Allah with all your might



Make your own yummy honey oatmeal



All kinds of food are blessings from Allah, but some foods are specially mentioned in the Quran. Honey is one such food. Bears are not the only ones who like honey. It is sweet and soothing, not to mention sticky! Have you ever had a hot bowl of oatmeal sweetened with honey? If your throat aches, you have a cold, or just feel out of sorts, this can be a

pick-me-up breakfast, meal or snack. The Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) loved honey and would enjoy it whenever he could.

Make sure a parent is around and you have permission before trying this easy recipe.

Measure half a cup of Quaker oatmeal in a measuring cup. Pour it into a large microwave safe bowl and add a cup of milk and a pinch of salt. Place bowl in the microwave oven. Cook for about two minutes. Open the microwave and stir the oatmeal. **Be careful as the bowl will be very hot.** Heat for one or two minutes more till oatmeal is nice and bubbly. Remove with a potholder and add some evaporated milk (if you are feeling chubby) or cream (if you are feeling skinny). Add a teaspoon or two of honey and stir well. Now sit down, relax, say Bismillah and enjoy your healthy oatmeal. Sliced bananas and chocolate chips also make a great mix-in, tasting much better than the flavored oatmeal packets with tons of sugar and weird colors.

Don't forget to thank Allah when you are done.

Fun Food activities

Oatmeal is a good food to **donate to your local food shelf**. It is inexpensive, easy to prepare, and non-perishable. Next time you go shopping with your parents, remember to buy an extra box of oatmeal to donate to someone in need.



Do some research or ask your parents **where the Quran mentions honey**. You could also look up honey bees. The Quran has an entire **Surah about the honey bee**.

At the next visit to your local library, check out a book about honey bees and how they make honey. You will be amazed at what you find out about the blessings of Allah. *Do you suppose they studied polygons in school to find out how to make honeycombs?*

My poor Grand Prix Salat

My dear salat why do I speed
 What hurry am I in?
 You don't take long
 You calm me down
 As soon as I begin

You bring me out
 Of thoughts and worries
 You help me breathe and hush
 You make me rest
 You help me think
 If only I don't rush

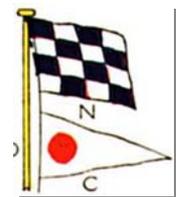
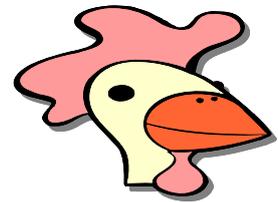
But soon as I come to pray
 The *shaitan* jumps on me
 And I turn into a speed racer
 Though I don't want to be

I forget to breathe
 And move gracefully
 Salat becomes a race
 I go faster and faster
 What a frantic pace!

Like a chicken pecking the ground
 I go up and down in a flash
 Zoom, zoom, I cross the finish line
 And then I really crash

I realize I was too fast
 I actually forgot to pray
 My meeting with my loving God
 Was just wasted away

I would not rush
 If a dear friend
 Came over to play
 So why is it so hard for me
 To slow down when I pray?



Ask Ayesha

and get answers to your weird, wise or wacky questions

Dear Ayesha Apa,

What happens if the Imam who is leading the prayers, passes gas during the prayer?

Dear Giggly about Gas,

This is a very interesting question and one to which I admit I don't have the exact answer. As you know, if you fart during your prayers, you must break your prayers and go do *wudhu* (wash up) again. This is so we are pure and clean when we stand in front of Allah. I also know that when you are following prayers, you are always supposed to do what the Imam does. If the Imam makes a mistake like praying an extra *rakah* (portion of salat) or something, you can say *SubhanAllah* (*Allah is pure and perfect*) to point it out to the Imam, but if the Imam doesn't get it, you are supposed to keep following him. This means you have to pray the extra *rakah* if the Imam is still leading it. So I would say that if the Imam lets one rip during prayers, and then he stops praying and goes to do *wudhu*, you follow along. If the Imam doesn't, then you just hold your breath and keep following. If you are the Imam, then you should probably go and re-do your *wudhu*. I will say that I found a report of a hadith that says if the fart doesn't smell and doesn't make a noise, you don't have to re-do your *wudhu*! However if it's silent but deadly, or sounds like a blow horn, go re-do your *wudhu*!



One more thing, Islam is a complete religion that instructs us about everything in life. If something isn't spelled out, we are

supposed to follow the spirit of Islamic teachings. So the first step when you are trying to figure out a problem is, to see if you can find the answer in the Quran. If you can't, you see if there is a *hadith* (report of the Prophet pbuh) or *sunnah* (example of what the Prophet pbuh did in his own life) that can give you an answer. These are easy to look up if you just google "hadith" or "sunnah" along with the topic you want. If not, you do *ijtihad* (ij-ti-WHO???!). *Ijtihad* means applying your reasoning to figure out what the answer should be. In doing so, it is good to ask people who might know more about the topic than you and then make your best guess as to what the right thing is to do. Since I don't know anyone who is a specialist in farting and Islam, I asked people like Dr. Noman Malik and my husband, Fazeel S. Khan, who know a lot more about Islam than me and combined that with my own knowledge of farting to come up with an answer. You can do it too!

Dear Ayesha Apa

The birthday of Prophet Muhammad (pbuh) just passed. Were we supposed to do something special? It is also his death anniversary. I don't know if I should be happy or sad?

Dear Puzzled about Parties,

Your question is an interesting one. Generally, you asked if we are *supposed* to do something special to mark the birthday or death of the Prophet. To see what we are *supposed* to do, we look at what is in the Quran and what the Prophet himself did. So I guess the answer to that is no, we are not *supposed* to do anything to mark the Prophet's birthday or death since the Quran doesn't tell us to and the Prophet didn't throw himself a birthday party either. As I explained when I got the question about celebrating Christmas as Prophet Jesus' birthday, there are only two



celebrations Muslims are told to celebrate and those are the two Eids. In either case, we don't celebrate a particular person. Allah does not want us to celebrate a particular person because sometimes, when people start to celebrate a particular person, they give him or her too much importance and start to worship the person instead of Allah! Some people in so-called "Muslim" countries *do* celebrate the birthday of the Prophet with HUGE processions and gatherings. This is not a practice of the Prophet. This practice started about four centuries after the death of the Prophet and is not something he or his companions used to do!

Now, the question remains, even if we don't *have to* celebrate, *can* we celebrate if we want to? Well, I guess you have to look at how you're celebrating. If you get cake and cookies and sugary drinks and play music and games and shake your booty till you can't party anymore, that is probably not how Allah would



want us to celebrate the Prophet's birthday. In fact, that is just the kind of thing that can lead to giving the Prophet more importance than we give Allah. However, if you get together with some friends and have a Quran lesson or tell some interesting stories about the Prophet's life, it is probably a good way to mark the passing of the Prophet's birthday or his death. Generally, that is what we do in our Organization and I think that is a nice way to "celebrate".

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